

Superstar 581

Chapter 581 Why is it Zhang Ye again!

The PSA was broadcast to millions of homes!

It felt like, at this moment, the whole country had fallen silent!

When Beijing Television's quit smoking PSA was broadcast, everyone in the whole country was seemingly shocked all at once. Not only the citizens, even the countless media persons and professionals, as well as some of the quit smoking organizations, were all left sitting quietly in front of their television screens, staring at the frightening quit smoking PSA that left them totally dumbfounded!

The internet was abuzz with commotion!

Countless links to the PSA flooded the forums, while on Weibo, the topic of "World No Tobacco Day" was suddenly filled with countless of netizens!

"Heavens!"

"Who has seen BTV-1's public service announcement?"

"I saw it! Oh my dear lord! It was too damn scary!"

"What the heck was that! It nearly scared the shit out of me!"

"I'm still shivering from watching it! Even a horror film isn't as scary as that!"

"How could it have only lasted for 15 seconds! That made me break out into a cold sweat! In fact, it made me downright sick! It feels like my lungs are burning at every moment!"

"Is this what a quit smoking PSA is like?"

"Beijing Television Station, f**k your sister!"

"BTV-1, why are you so cruel! I'm gonna pass out soon because of it! Can we not have something so frightening next time? It's just an PSA! It looks like you're not giving a chance to so many of us smokers!"

A Weibo user named Hao Pengyao who saw that the discussions were getting livelier could not wrap his head around what was going on. He had seen many quit smoking PSAs on many of the television channels over the past few days, but there was no particular PSA that stood out for being scary at all. Quit smoking PSAs had been shown for so many years now, so how could there still be any that could scare people?

So Hao Pengyao asked out of curiosity: "What are you all talking about? What PSA?"

Another Weibo user explained to him: "Does the person above not know? Go check out BTV-1 and play back from a minute ago. After you have watched it, you will understand! Don't blame me for not warning you first! Be careful when. It's best you not smoke while watching it, otherwise, the consequences can't even be imagined!"

Hao Pengyao answered disbelievingly: "I believe I've already watched it. The quit smoking PSAs that were shown in these few days were really quite meaningless. I will still smoke whenever I want to. They don't affect me."

"Hehe, I'm sure you haven't watch it before."

"Right, go ahead and watch it then, my friend."

Hao Pengyao replied: "Alright, let me take a look then."

Then, about two minutes later, Hao Pengyao appeared on Weibo once more. The first thing he said was: "F**k! Who f**king made me go watch that! Who was it? Who was it just now! You better come out! Stand up! I promise I won't beat you up!"

"Pfft!"

"Hahaha!"

"Another one bites the dust!"

"Aiyo, I'm laughing so badly now!"

Hao Pengyao, who had still been very confident before he watched the PSA, was now in tears, "Holy shit! How could that PSA affect me so much! My heart, spleen, and kidneys are already trembling with fear! I suddenly feel like I should quit smoking!"

There were also doubters.

"The PSA doesn't seem that scary?"

"It's a little scary, but surely it's not that frightening?"

"I don't get what's so scary about it either."

Hao Pengyao came on to say: "I don't suppose you few are smokers?" Only after he had their confirmation did he continue, "The frightening part of this PSA lies in that breathing sound, the psychological pressure, and that sense of despair. It somehow captures our attention and gets into our heads. These are things only a real smoker can experience! This is a type of fear that strikes us and then envelopes us from within. I'm not good at expressing myself, nor am I able to describe it clearly!"

When this group of people started the commotion, many others who didn't watch Beijing Television or did not notice the PSA earlier could not sit still any longer. All of them went to look for the PSA themselves!

"I won't believe this shit"

"Is it really that good?"

"Let me go take a look as well!"

"Where is it at? Send me a link! I'm too lazy to play it back on TV!"

“You guys are not viral marketers hired by BTV right? There are already so many quit smoking PSAs around, how likely is it that they could come up with something new? Send me a link. I want to see it too!”

Before long, those who went to watch the PSA were left unable to say anything more!

Since the afternoon, more and more people had searched for the PSA out of curiosity. As a result, large wave after large wave of people all over the country were shocked by what they watched! Was it scary? There was no blood and gore and it only had a very gentle reminder that was written as “Give life a chance, make a new choice”. The pace of the PSA was also not intense. In place of a real organ was a prop replacement. By these factors, there shouldn’t be any reason to be frightened. If all these were presented one by one to you, you wouldn’t even feel a thing when you watched them. However, when all of them were combined with the background music and sound effects, it was surprisingly viewed with a different perspective altogether. Only when everyone saw it did they realize that even a gentle and soothing PSA message presented with a prop which had no blood or gore could leave everyone feeling such incredulous fear!

“This PSA is too godly!”

“This has to be the my favorite public service announcement this year!”

“+1!”

“The PSA’s message is such a classic as well. “Give life a chance, make a new choice”? It’s put so elegantly and beautifully. It’s so much better than those other existing quit smoking PSAs!”

“I like the PSA’s message too!”

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At home.

Zhang Ye, in his bedroom lying down, was just about to surf the internet before going to sleep. He was also very curious about what the netizens’ thoughts were regarding the public service announcement.

Yo, seems like the response is rather good?

Even though this fell within his expectations, it still left him in a good mood knowing it.

The praises for this PSA back in his previous world were also excellent and countless people had Liked it. So in this world where the development of public service announcements was not as advanced as his previous world, it went without saying how well received it was. With the slightly lowered standards of this world’s advertising industry as a background, Zhang Ye had brought out a top-notch quit smoking PSA from his world to show to them. With a lead of several years compared to the PSAs of this world, it would definitely create a much bigger sensation!

There were endless comments.

In just a short time, there were already more than 10,000 comments!

Zhang Ye read through them with gusto.

“Didn’t Beijing Television Station’s PSA get affected by the new policies just yesterday? I would’ve thought that they couldn’t come up with a new one by today, but who knew that BTV-1 would be so capable? In just a day, they have come up with such a perfect quit smoking PSA? It’s truly worthy of its name as a traditional powerhouse. They are capable of showing their experience when push comes to shove! How formidable.”

“Yea, it was really wonderful! They should’ve created such quit smoking PSAs a long ago. It should just scare smokers to death! I hate them the most, harming themselves and people around them. There’s nothing good about them at all!”

“A Like for Beijing Television Station!”

“BTV-1! Well done!”

“Hahahaha! My dad has been a hardcore smoker for over 30 years, but after watching this PSA, he actually said that he would be quitting smoking! Thank you, Beijing Television Station! Thank you!”

“Since when did we have such an awesome standard for the public service announcements in our country? Even if compared to overseas productions, this PSA’s creativity and design is way ahead of them! It feels like it has surpassed the overseas production by at least a few years. From the audio to the visuals to the oppressing feeling of watching it, every detail was simply perfect. It’s really great! So there’s really an advertising team in our country that has such a world class standard?”

“A person who could come up with such a concept of a PSA must be a crazy! Not only crazy, he is definitely the craziest among the crazies! How could he be so wicked!”

“It’s indeed really wicked!”

“Whenever I pick up my cigarettes now, I don’t even feel like lighting up!”

“I have been mentally affected by it! Who was it! Who was it! I swear to god that your child will be born without an ass! That was too damaging! You’re totally wicked, I tell you!”

At this moment, someone posted a screenshot.

It was an image of the tail end of the quit smoking PSA.

The female Weibo user who posted it said: “Didn’t you all notice the words at the end of the PSA? Could I be the only one who noticed it?”

“What words?”

“Ah?”

Many of these people had not discovered it yet, first, because they paid attention to the PSA’s content and were focused on it, and second, because the words at the ending were placed at the bottom in a small font. Besides, when the typical viewer watches an ad, their attention does not usually focus onto this textual information. It’s the same when a movie screening ends; the majority of the audience just leaves without bothering to watch the end credits.

The female Weibo user said, “Look in the bottom right corner.”

At this time, an untold number finally spotted the words!

“What!?”

“Produced by Zhang Ye?”

“Oh my god! It’s a Zhang Ye production!”

“So it was that guy!”

“Damn! I was still wondering who was so wicked! The only person who could come up with such a wicked advertisement would be that wicked wretch, Zhang Ye! Only he would do something like that!”

“Why is Teacher Zhang everywhere!”

“Aiyo, I nearly forgot. I read a news article online this morning and I think it was reporting on a matter that happened yesterday. It mentioned that Zhang Ye had appeared at the lobby of Beijing Television Station! He actually...he actually went to help Beijing Television Station put out the fire! He actually helped BTV-1 produce the PSA!”

“That can’t be? Didn’t Zhang Ye and Beijing Television Station have a feud?”

“What’s not possible? No matter how deep their feud, it was still Beijing Television Station that groomed Teacher Zhang. Teacher Zhang had also helped Beijing Television Station create a legendary story for its local provincial channel by getting very high viewership ratings. Even if he had been fired at the end, neither party burned any bridges. We all know that Teacher Zhang is a sentimental person who is a Beijing local. Even if the bones are broken, the nerves still join them together!”

“Unbelievable! Teacher Zhang had actually made a move!”

“Yeah, this is really surprising! I didn’t expect that Beijing Television Station would invite Teacher Zhang to help them out at this critical juncture! And this completed PSA of Teacher Zhang’s is really done too beautifully! In my opinion, this is no ordinary public service announcement. It is actually a form of art! Alright, I admit it. I am actually a braindead fan of Teacher Zhang Ye. As long as they’re Teacher Zhang’s works, I’ll think they’re all masterpieces!”

“You’re not the only one who sees it as a masterpiece, even I see it that way! No matter what award this PSA wins, I say that it will be well-deserved! It’s too awesome! Teacher Zhang is still the best!”

“Awesome!”

“Zhang Ye is a god!”

“I’m convinced too! He’s truly the legend that made the Brain Gold advertisement as well. His grasp of the market is well beyond the entirety of the advertising world in our country! To increase sales and raise a brand name, Zhang Ye made a super brainwashing ad. To promote his own program, Zhang Ye made a simple but passionate and inspiring ad. This time, when public awareness was needed to promote the quitting of smoking, Zhang Ye even captured the essence of the market and applied it keenly into that ‘horror’ of an artistic PSA! This is what a master is! A real master of advertising! It seems that everything was just so simple for him, so casually and handily created by him!”

Chapter 582 The Darling of the Advertising World!

In his room.

Afternoon, just past 1 PM.

After checking on Weibo for a while more, Zhang Ye covered himself with his blanket in satisfaction and fell asleep. Snoring, he felt safe and stable as he dreamed a wonderful dream. However, for the outside world and the internet, his legend was still spreading at this moment. Public service announcements—a genre that wasn't usually considered eye-catching, a simple quit smoking PSA that wouldn't have captured the attention of people in normal times—had today created quite a stir throughout the country. This was not a scene that was usually witnessed in the history of China. It created heated debates and shock as it wrote itself into the annals of the advertising world!

His mother was in the living room making some calls.

"You saw it?" His mother was grinning from ear to ear.

On the other end was a neighbor who said: "I watched it. Little Ye has really brought glory to your family. When the old man in my house saw this PSA, his usual habit of smoking 3-4 cigs in an hour was reduced to none in the past hour. Little Cao, if my partner manages to quit smoking, then I really will have your son to thank for it."

His mother laughed. "What are you being so courteous for, Grandma Cui?"

Grandma Cui said: "Let me bring some braised pork with pine nuts over to you tonight."

"No need for that, I still have a lot of food at home," his mother politely rejected.

Grandma Cui did not let her explain and just said: "I bought too much ingredients yesterday, so I insist on bringing some over to you later. When Little Ye was young, he loved eating braised pork. Hur hur, my grandson has just entered university and is majoring in advertising. Who knows? After his graduation, I might still need to trouble your Little Ye to help him find a job. It's really difficult to get a job these days. With Little Ye's reputation in the advertising field now, maybe when he is free, he could teach and advise my grandson a little. Even if a small part of your son's teachings rub off him, I'm sure it will be enough to let him have a chance in this industry."

His mother was enjoying the praises, but said: "Hai, my kid has no talents to speak off. Grandma Cui, if you're coming over, just come. There's no need to bring anything. We've been neighbors for so many years now. There's no need to stand on ceremony. In the future, when Little Yan has graduated from college, just let me know and I will get my son to help him find a job."

Grandma Cui quickly said: "Then I will thank you in advance, Little Cao. It won't trouble you, right?"

His mother said: "Why would that be troublesome? My son might not have a good relationship with many people, but he still commands some respect in the industry. Don't worry about it, leave it to me."

Soon after, Zhang Ye's first uncle also called.

First uncle: "Big Sis, where's Little Ye?"

“He’s sleeping. What’s the matter?” his mother asked.

First uncle was a little lost for words: “I need to tell him off! He made such an utterly disgusting PSA! It made me lose my appetite during lunch. I didn’t even eat more than a few mouthfuls. Make him find another job quickly, so that he doesn’t have to advance any further in the field of public service announcements. Smoking is the only thing that I enjoy, and it was nearly taken away from me by him!”

His mother was already laughing about this: “Hur hur, stop it then. Smoking less is good for you. This PSA of Little Ye’s was made exactly to help smokers like you kick the habit.”

First uncle replied in annoyance: “Feels more like causing trouble for us.”

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Online, there were also praises and curses.

“Teacher Zhang, I hate you!”

“I thought that after the mass criticism over the Peking University incident, there would be quite some peace and quiet. But who could have expected that just after a few days, Teacher Zhang has already sprung out again and is back to ‘doing evil’. Last time, he declared war on Japan, but this time, Zhang Ye has pointed the guns at a bunch of pitiable smokers like us! I’m tearing up! Flipping tables! Do you think it’s easy for us!? I am going to boycott Zhang Ye this time! And boycott the quit smoking PSA!”

“Pfft!”

“Boycotting as well!”

“Quickly take down the PSA! @BeijingTelevisionStation!”

“Yeah, I will thank you all if the PSA gets taken down quickly. Compared to this PSA, I prefer the PSA that featured blood and gore with the blackened lungs! This new policy is also too disruptive. Why do they want to take down the PSAs that had blood and gore in them! Why? Are the people who approved this public service announcement blind too? Don’t you all think that this PSA by Zhang Ye is even bloodier and gorier than the previous blackened lungs PSA!?”

“Watching this Zhang Ye PSA on BTV once is enough. I never want to watch it a second time!”

“Zhang Ye has even created something new again in the production of this PSA!”

Although there were scoldings online, these “scoldings” had to be put into quotes since they weren’t really scolding at all. It was closer to banter. You could even say that it was in response to the quality of Zhang Ye’s PSA production. If it were any other normal quit smoking PSA, these smokers would have just watched and forgotten about it. Even if they didn’t like it, they would have just chosen to ignore it after watching. Earning a collective response of protest from a bunch of smokers ensured it was definitely not a normal PSA. It clearly showed that everyone were unable to ignore this ad and just how scary it was. It was so scary that it had planted itself deep into their consciousnesses! If it were other types of advertisements, being scolded might present a problem to the advertisers. But a public service announcement getting scolded in this way highlighted just how much of a breakthrough this PSA was!

It was effective!

This was the ultimate objective of a public service announcement!

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During the evening news, quite a number of newspapers across the country reported on Beijing Television Station's PSA that had shocked many and set a new precedent for quit smoking public service announcements.

"A New Age for Public Service Announcements?"

"Shock! The Most Frightening 'Quit Smoking' Commercial in History!"

"Beijing Television Station Joins Forces with Zhang Ye Once More!"

"An Ambiguous Cooperation Between Ex-Employee and Employer!"

"Just How Many Years Ahead Is Zhang Ye's Advertisement Production Standard?"

"A Historical Breakthrough in Quit Smoking PSAs!"

"Zhang Ye: The Darling of the Advertising World!"

Because public service announcements were not a mainstream source of news, the number of reports on it were not that many either. However, this limited coverage had also attracted the attention of society at large, especially since it was on the day of the World No Tobacco Day. Some newspapers had given this news a very good place on their publications.

At 8 PM in the evening, an internet news article about plagiarism appeared online suddenly!

A large web portal was the first to report this on the homepage of its news section. In the article, there was an image that was impressively similar looking to BTV-1's public service announcement, but instead of a pair of lungs made out of cigarettes, it was a stomach. It was a stomach which was burning. It wasn't a video PSA but a still image PSA. The news pointed out that this image was put up on a Dutch television station's website for the World No Tobacco Day. Other than the difference of the prop, the core of the PSA had copied China's BTV-1's Quit Smoking PSA!

The netizens were not having any of it.

"That is obvious plagiarism!"

"Those people from the Dutch television station must have seen Zhang Ye's work!"

"I believe it counts as a reference."

"Reference my ass! This is as good as plagiarizing!"

"Sue them!"

"@BeijingTelevisionStation the foreigners are copying our ideas!"

"This is a first. It's the first time I've seen any foreigners copying our public service announcements. In the past, it has always been our Chinese advertising world learning from their advanced advertising knowledge!"

“Although I’m not too happy about that plagiarism, I have to say that Zhang Ye has really given our countrymen something to be proud of. Even the foreigners are copying us now, attracted by our work. This goes to show that our Chinese advertising standards are no longer behind the world’s standards anymore!”

“However we say it, it is still Zhang Ye who is great.”

“Yeah, there are always people scolding Zhang Ye this and Zhang Ye that, but take a look. It’s still Teacher Zhang who can save the situation even at the critical moment, so it’s still because of Teacher Zhang that our country can rise with such posterity! Although I know that Teacher Zhang has some shortcomings, like his character or his temper, but so what? No one is perfect! A genius is called a genius precisely because he is different from all other people!”

“Forever supporting Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Right, no matter how others see you or criticize you, in my eyes, you’re always the pride of China!”

At this moment, a Weibo verified professional sociology academic came forward to say something. He posted on Weibo: “A few days ago, I had criticized Zhang Ye after the Peking University incident as I felt that he had some problems. However, I must admit that after watching this quit smoking PSA, I now have a greater admiration for Zhang Ye. I am no advertising professional, but even so, I can still see just how much value and excellence this PSA brings to the table. I have always looked and judged matters on their own, not on who does it, so with regards to this PSA, I must definitely give Zhang Ye a Like!”

This time, Zhang Ye’s work was no longer attracting mass controversy like his previous ones anymore. Everyone seemed to agree on it and mainly only had positive things to say about it as it was a public service announcement. Besides, this PSA that Zhang Ye had picked from his previous world really did not have many shortfalls and was close to perfect. Just as a netizen had mentioned, even if it were not done for the sake of its quit smoking message, this PSA was still very artistic. It was a very high level piece of art that could be appreciated from many perspectives!

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On this night.

Many of the advertising companies or related television station’s advertising departments were working overtime.

Everyone sat in their meetings, as instructed by their leaders, to go through the details of BTV-1’s Quit Smoking PSA. 10 times, 15 times, 20 times. Everyone patiently watched!

“How great is this!”

“This music is totally well-suited for it!”

“The finishing touch should be the breathing track. I really don’t understand how Zhang Ye thinks. If we remove the breathing track from it, then this ad would definitely not have that much of an impact!”

“Right. When I watched it for the first time, I only thought that it was scary, that this ad had been so good because of the pair of lungs made out of cigarettes. However, after watching it more than 10 times, I find that it’s not that simple anymore. From the start, that few seconds of ‘meaningless’

introduction that feel excessive, to the music and the breathing tracks, and to the lighting, it is too uncompromising and is an advertising artform that had every step planned out! This Zhang Ye...is truly formidable! Are you all sure that he was just a broadcasting major?"

"Hai, we're really incomparable."

"A Dutch television station even copied Zhang Ye's PSA. That incident alone is already a wonder. I don't think there is another case like this in the history of our advertising industry? Those Dutch people are really quick to react!"

"They know a good thing when they see one. Just based on the value of this ad, it was worth it."

Analyze!

Study!

Analyze again!

Some of these advertising agencies who did not dabble in public service announcements were also holding meetings to discuss and study all the details and core of the PSA, not because they were planning to go into this area of advertisements, but because all ads were the same. Just like how they used to study Zhang Ye's Brain Gold advertisement, it was not so they could follow its style but because they had to know why it was as successful as it was. They needed to understand why it managed to attract people, so that they could absorb and learn from it, to raise their own level in the field to break through the bottleneck of the advertising industry! If they did not improve, they would be eliminated!

The past few advertisements that Zhang Ye produced had no doubt helped to open up a new door for the Chinese advertising industry!

Chapter 583The Heavenly Queen Comes to Visit!

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The next day.

8 AM in the morning.

The sky turned dusky and started to drizzle. This should be the first spring rain of the year. Although it did not rain heavily, the rain still pattered against the glass of the window.

Zhang Ye was still lying in bed under his blanket, not fully asleep but just alternating between consciousness and slumber. Because he had been sleeping a lot since yesterday night, he had recovered his tiptop shape after having had about 20 hours of sleep even though he had stayed up for a day and a night previously.

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone rang.

He opened his eyes and searched for a long time before he found his cell phone in the space between the pillow and the headboard. Looking at the caller ID, it displayed an unfamiliar number.

Zhang Ye picked it up. "Hello, who's this?"

It was an acquaintance. "Teacher Zhang, I'm Sun Han from Beijing Television Station."

Zhang Ye said, "Hello."

"Have you seen the response to our public service announcement?" Sun Han spoke with a very grateful tone, "Thank you very much. There are so many media outlets discussing our quit smoking PSA now. Since yesterday afternoon, the topic on this PSA has been surging all over the internet and newspapers. Many of the station leaders had not expected us to get through this crisis, but thanks to your great help, not only did we get through it, the ad even helped to increase the station's brand awareness and popularity by a lot."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "You have thanked me enough yesterday. It was nothing."

Sun Han said, "Oh right, the reason that I'm calling you is because ten minutes ago, the station was notified about our quit smoking PSA getting acknowledged by the authorities and has been shortlisted for this year's best public service announcement award. Getting shortlisted on the same day of its premiere is a first in the industry. Needless to say, this shows just how much expectations the authorities have for this PSA. Congratulations to you."

Best public service award?

It would definitely be a good thing to win the prize!

"This is a shared credit stemming from everyone's hard work and participation." Zhang Ye did not claim credit for himself as his initial intention when taking up this project was just to do it as a favor for his ex-leader, Hu Fei. He never had any other concerns or motivations so this came as an unexpected surprise.

The call ended and he stretched his himself languidly. Everything in the past few days seemed to have gone quite smoothly. The only thing left now was finding a proper job. The fallout from the Peking University incident had almost passed, but even if it had not, it did die down by quite a bit. Having contributed to a public service work which had earned him quite a bit of moral praise, there was nothing else he could do if no one came forward to contact and offer him a job. He could only wait for now.

Filming movies?

Acting in television dramas?

Or doing variety shows?

A long-term TV guest on a show?

The situation was quite bad for him now since the entire entertainment industry knew about his bad temper. Any television station or film group that wanted to use him would have to think twice. That was why Zhang Ye would accept any job right now as long as he felt the offer was suitable. The competition within the entertainment industry was considered very fierce. If one did not get enough exposure, their popularity would decline with each passing day and soon be forgotten in the public eye. If this non-exposure was only for a short period of time, it wouldn't matter much, but if it happened over a long period of time, it would prove fatal to a celebrity. This was also why the harshest punishment meted out by many entertainment companies to disobedient celebrities in their agencies was putting them in cold

storage. It followed the same principle and no matter how great one's fame and popularity, even an A-list celebrity would be banished to oblivion if he or she did not appear for some time.

Zhang Ye naturally understood this, so at the moment he wasn't too demanding either. All along, he never pursued or had any expectations of turning famous overnight. Zhang Ye was always down-to-earth and worked earnestly, no matter how popular or unpopular he was—this had always been the way Zhang Ye behaved.

As of now, the urgency was in finding a suitable employer first. Certainly, the best outcome he was hoping for was still securing something at a television station as it was the most familiar thing he was comfortable with. It was his original profession and line of work. Zhang Ye believed that if he were given an opportunity to fully display his talents by letting him do a variety show, he would surely be able to overcome the hurdle and move into the B-list celebrity rankings. Right now, he was only two rankings away from becoming a B-list celebrity. If he could get past this barrier, then what awaited him would be a whole new level. His circumstances would be very different as there was a clear distinction between being a B-list or C-list celebrity!

If he could become a B-list celebrity?

There would be endless opportunities all over the place!

As the level was not the same, the opportunities were also different!

"Dad?"

"Mom?"

While lying in bed, he shouted out twice to the living room. No one answered. He looked at his watch and guessed that his parents had already gone to work. Zhang Ye continued to lie in his bed, a hand behind his head and thinking about his future career plans.

B-list...

B-list...

He had to get there quickly!

Suddenly, the phone rang again.

An unexpected call came in.

Zhang Ye had a look at the caller ID. Eh? It's the Heavenly Queen?

He thought for a while before accepting the call: "Hello?"

A woman's voice on the other end said casually: "What took you so long to pick up?"

"Hai, I was still sleeping. What's the matter, Sister Zhang?" Zhang Ye spoke in a rather unfriendly manner. Whenever Old Zhang took the initiative to call him, it was nothing good.

Sure enough, he heard her say: "Come out for a drink."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted when he heard that. He chuckled and said: "What are you drinking so early in the morning for?"

She calmly said: "Find a place that is not so crowded and where no one will disturb us."

"Where do you expect me to find a place to drink at this hour? The bars are closed and the hotels are not open for business yet." Zhang Ye was a bit speechless: "Did you just throw aside your job and skip work?"

There was suddenly no response on the other end.

"Hello? Sister Zhang?" Zhang Ye said again.

Then, he heard some distant voices over the call. It sounded like there were several men and women. One of the voices sounded quite familiar and seemed like it belonged to Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong.

"Where is Sister Zhang?"

"I don't know."

"Liu'er, have you seen Sister Zhang?"

"No, Sister Weihong. Did Sister Zhang go missing again?"

"There will be a crew lunch at noon! This time, the leaders of the film company will be attending as well! Where did Sister Zhang disappear to again this time! She always disappears at such times. How should I explain it to the leaders of the company?! Hurry up and search for her! We must find Sister Zhang! She's the lead today!"

"Alright then!"

"I will ask get more people to look for her as well."

"Everyone is envious that I'm the Heavenly Queen's manager, but tell me, does it look like I am having an easy life!"

"Sister Weihong, please calm down. Sister Zhang has never been interested in such social events. Besides, this is not the first time it's happened. It's not...easy for Sister Zhang either."

"So what? She still has to attend it! The film's investors are going to be there as well! All of you continue searching here. I will go to her house to find her!"

Slowly, the voices got quieter.

A minute later, Zhang Yuanqi starting speaking again: "What did you say earlier?"

Zhang Ye said embarrassed: "Nothing."

Zhang Ye already understood what was going on.

She went on: "You are at home?"

Zhang Ye said: "I'm not at Jiaomen. I'm at my parents' home."

She said: "Only you?"

Zhang Ye replied: "Ah, yes. My parents have gone to work."

Without explaining, she said "Send me the address, I will buy some wine and meet you at your place."

Zhang Ye quickly said: "Eh, never mind that, why don't..."

She said: "That's it then!"

Du du. The call was cut short by the other party.

Whatever.

Hai, just come, whatever.

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, thinking that since his parents would only get off work around 5 or 6 PM there was no harm in sending his home address to Zhang Yuanqi. He yawned and got off the bed, then went to the living room to take a look. His parents were indeed not around and there was no breakfast on the table. He would have go hungry for now. He went to the bathroom. He turned on the water heater and took a shower. After his shower, he came out while drying his hair and only realized that it was raining when he looked out of the window.

The rain continued to drizzle.

The mist shrouded the surroundings.

It was a very beautiful scenery.

Since Old Zhang would be coming, Zhang Ye started to tidy up the house. He made sure that the house would be in a clean condition so he folded the blankets, put away the clothes, and also tidied up the living room while he was at it.

Chapter 584 The scenery is better over here!

A while later.

Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong.

The doorbell rang continuously four or five times.

If your own family members forgot to bring their keys and came home, they would usually just press the doorbell once, all casual like. If they were guests or relatives who had come to visit, they would usually press the doorbell twice, so they would appear a little more modest as visitors. Sometimes, some people who were more careless might press it three times. That was still fine and within accepted norms. However, someone who was visiting another person's house for the first time and pressing the doorbell continuously four to five times made it needless to ask who it was. Just from hearing that, it could only be that Heavenly Queen who was always cool and kind in front of the media but had a terrible character in private!

"Coming, coming!" Zhang Ye shouted.

Ding dong. Ding dong. He was still taking his time to get there when the doorbell rang twice more.

Zhang Ye could do nothing about it. He went to the door and pulled it open. Sure enough, the woman standing outside “armed to the tooth” was indeed Zhang Yuanqi.

“What took you so long?” She lifted a leg and stepped in.

Zhang Ye closed the door. “You have to at least let me walk to the door.”

She asked, “No one is around?”

“No one. Don’t worry,” Zhang Ye said.

She put the zipped and locked bag in her hands down onto the ground and said, “The alcohol is inside. There’s red wine and beer. Take your pick.”

Since it had come to this, Zhang Ye could only play along. “What will you have?”

“Red wine.” She sat on the sofa in the living room.

Zhang Ye bent over and opened the bag to take out the red wine. He realized that underneath the red wine bottles was some red and white clothing. As they stacked together, he did not know what type of clothes they were. He asked, “Why did you bring so many things? Where do you intend to go? I heard over the phone that your manager was looking for you.”

She lay tiredly on the sofa with her eyes closed, napping for the moment. “The suburbs in Beijing, at the movie studios. I’m filming a movie during these next few days and will be staying around that area.” She opened her eyes and looked over. “Where’s the wine?”

“I’m opening it right now.” Zhang Ye had a wine bottle opener at home that apparently came as a free gift when his mother had bought a new rice cooker some time back. However, as he was not too familiar with how to use it, it took him a very long time before he got the bottle opened. He found two glasses and poured the wine into each, one for the both of them.

Right when he finished pouring the wine, Zhang Yuanqi immediately picked it up and raised her glass.

Zhang Ye helplessly clinked glasses with her and said, “Don’t drink so much. It’s bad for the stomach to drink so early in the morning.”

Before he could finish saying that, Old Zhang had already finished hers in one gulp and then took a look at his glass.

Zhang Ye couldn’t do anything except accompany her and finish his glass as well.

Old Zhang picked up the bottle and poured half a glass of wine for herself before pouring some for Zhang Ye. “Come.” This red wine did not look cheap at all, but the way they were drinking it was as good as pouring it down the drain.

They drank two glasses in quick succession.

The wrinkles on Zhang Yuanqi’s beautiful forehead finally loosened.

Zhang Ye smiled and asked, “How many days have you been holding back your urge to drink?”

“2 months,” she said.

Zhang Ye said, "Heh, if you really want to drink, you can come look for me." Although he spoke as though he was annoyed with her, however, if Old Zhang actually came over, Zhang Ye would definitely still be very welcoming to her. In the past, whenever the Heavenly Queen wanted a break from her work, she would always end up going to Zhang Ye's place. First, because when she was at his place, no one else would be able to find her as even Fang Weihong did not know about the close relationship between Zhang Ye and Zhang Yuanqi. Second, in this world, other than Zhang Yuanqi's parents, probably only Zhang Ye knew about her aloof personality. Every time she was here at Zhang Ye's place, Old Zhang never had to put up a false front and could act like her own natural self.

She looked up at and said, "You'd still have to make time to drink with me. In just the past two months, all I've seen on TV is the news of you relentlessly causing trouble everywhere."

When he heard this, Zhang Ye laughed in ridicule. "Listen to what you're saying. What do you mean relentlessly causing trouble? I was serving the people alright? Did you watch the public service announcement I produced? How is it?"

She said, "It's whatever."

Zhang Ye just laughed it off and did not bother her anymore.

At this time, when Zhang Yuanqi had taken off her sunglasses and jacket, Zhang Ye suddenly noticed that her clothes were all wet. Old Zhang was dressed very normally today and had her hair in a ponytail, a look that kept her low profile. She wore a long-sleeved shirt paired with track pants and a pair of white canvas shoes, though they were stained with quite a few muddy spots. Her shirt was wet from the rain at the shoulders and sleeves areas. Walking outside in this getup, even if someone got beaten up and told that this was the famous celebrity, Zhang Yuanqi, they wouldn't have expected or believed it.

Zhang Ye said, "You didn't bring an umbrella?"

"What do you think?" she said.

"Didn't you bring some clothes here? Why don't you go and get dried. Change so that you don't catch a cold." Zhang Ye said hospitably, "If not, you can also take a shower here."

She agreed and said, "OK."

Zhang Ye blinked and asked, "You're really going to shower here?"

She looked over. "What, do you think I am going to take a fake shower then?"

"Hai, that's not what I meant." Zhang Ye was thinking to himself that he was just trying to appear as a hospitable host by saying that. "Then go ahead and wash up. I will turn the water heater on for you, but I have to warn you that my house's bathroom is a little messy, so make do with it."

She stood up and said, "Drink by yourself first."

"It's alright. I will wait for you here." Zhang Ye also found a towel for her. "This towel is mine, but my mom has already washed it, so it's clean."

She said, "I have my own in the bag."

"Oh, alright then," Zhang Ye said.

At last, after Zhang Yuanqi sneezed and sniffed, she finally took her bag with her and went into the bathroom. Peng, the bathroom door closed and then all was silent.

Out in the living room, since Zhang Ye had nothing to do, he started chatting with her across the bathroom door. "You have no filming schedule today?"

From inside the bathroom, a woman's voice sounded, "It's raining."

Zhang Ye acknowledged and asked, "What movie are you busy with these days?"

"Grandmasters."

"Oh, wuxia genre?"

"It's a martial arts 1 type."

"Hey, you even know martial arts?"

"There's a martial arts director."

"What kind of martial arts are we talking about?"

"Eight Trigram Palm, Xingyi Fist, and Taiji Fist."

"Taiji Fist?" Zhang Ye was stunned. "I've heard of it. Isn't it a lost form of martial arts? There are even people in the production team who know it?"

"It's just a movie. Why do you think they need to really know about it?"

"Oh, I see. I was still thinking how anyone living on Earth now could know Taiji Fist." Zhang Ye mumbled softly, like he was talking to himself.

The woman's voice sounded, "What did you say?"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Nothing."

In the bathroom, the sound of the slippers on the wet floor could be heard shuffling and squelching. Old Zhang had probably already undressed. Sure enough, the sound of the running water could be heard next.

Zhang Ye knew that even if he talked now, it wouldn't be heard from the inside. So he went back out to the living room and sat down. It seemed that Old Zhang had also showered very quickly and was probably only washing off the rain from her body. After around 10 or 15 minutes, the door to the bathroom opened, and a whiff of hot air and the fragrance of her shampoo wafted out into the living room.

"You're done showering?"

"Yes."

"I've poured some wine for you."

“OK.”

Old Zhang had not come out from the bathroom yet.

So Zhang Ye went over and saw Zhang Yuanqi in a white bathrobe, obviously her own since Zhang Ye's house did not have any. Zhang Yuanqi was looking into the mirror and applying something on her face. A bottle of moisturizing water, some face cream, and even skincare and cosmetic products were all fitted into her bag. She was so well equipped that it made Zhang Ye wonder if she was going to stay at his house and intended not to leave.

He asked, “What time will you be leaving?”

Old Zhang did not look at him and just answered, “Noon or sometime in the afternoon.”

“Alright then, my parents usually get off work at 5 or 6PM. Just leave before that.” Zhang Ye reminded and then asked, “Oh Sister Zhang, do you shed much hair?”

Zhang Yuanqi did not bother answering him.

Zhang Ye was already long on familiar terms with Old Zhang. They knew each other quite well and could speak whatever was on their minds. Zhang Ye said, “My mom's hair isn't as long as yours. If it dropped all over the bathroom floor and they see it, my parents will surely think I brought someone home.” In the past, when he was at the rented apartment in Jiaomen, it was still alright since he stayed by himself. But since this was his parents' place, he felt that he needed to be more careful.

After applying the skincare products, Old Zhang did not blow dry her hair but just walked out with that scent following her. She sat back onto the sofa and picked up her glass to have a drink by herself.

Zhang Ye also sat down and accompanied her in drinking.

“This wine's quite good.”

“It's not bad.”

“Heh, drink slowly. Wait for me.”

“Hurry up.”

“How could I drink any faster? You're the only one around here who drinks so early in the morning.”

The two had nothing serious to talk about, but the atmosphere blended together extremely well.

This had been the kind of relationship between Zhang Ye and the Heavenly Queen all along. If it was said they shared commonalities being celebrities in the entertainment circle, there wasn't actually much in common between the two of them since their personalities were very different. Old Zhang was not a person who liked to talk much in private and was even considered a little stiff, unlike her bright and cheerful persona in front of the cameras. These factors had created such a situation between the two of them. They didn't have much to talk about. But somehow, these two persons who seemingly came from different worlds and were not expected to cross each other's paths much had a friendship that wasn't shallow.

They had spent a night together at an express motel. Zhang Ye had also helped Old Zhang when she had encountered a problem during the Spring Festival Gala. When Zhang Ye met with his own problems, Old Zhang had helped him to the best of her efforts as well, prompting her fans on Weibo to help pressure the police station to release him. She had also prevented him from being discovered by the other female celebrities in the changing room during the Spring Festival Gala. They both hid and ran away from reporters by escaping through a window and scaling a wall together. The two of them had many secrets that could never be spoken to anyone else, only shared between them. This had also created a very special relationship in which they were friends even though they did not seem like friends. Speaking of, it might also be one of the more bizarre things that happened.

Zhang Ye treated Old Zhang as a friend.

Old Zhang did not put up much defense around him either.

Just like now. He didn't know if the Heavenly Queen had brought extra clothes or not. She just sat there with most of her legs showing, deep cleavage visible at the neckline of her bathrobe. As her hair was not blowdried, even if she did dry her hair with a towel, it was still wet. Occasionally, droplets of water would slide and fall from her hair onto her bathrobe at the shoulders or directly onto her neck and bosom, slowly gathering before becoming too heavy to cling onto the skin and sliding down from her neck to her collarbone and then finally down her cleavage and disappearing, unknown whether absorbed by the fabric in there or just continuing down to her belly.

The scenery outside was beautiful.

But compared to the person in the house, this scenery in here was much better.

Chapter 585 You guys are touring my house!

[collapse]

Approaching 9 AM.

It was pouring heavily outside.

On the coffee table in the living room, the bottle of red wine was almost empty. The two of them had finished it very quickly and had about enough as well. They were a little tipsy after having so much, but was still alright. Zhang Ye had not intended to drink so much at all. Although he did not say it, he cared quite a lot for Old Zhang and was afraid that she would drink without restraint, so he drank a little more himself to lessen her drinking. He was actually also a little scared that Old Zhang would again become so drunk that she'd vomit all over the place like the first time he met her. That time was enough to keep Zhang Ye busy for the whole night just taking care of Old Zhang.

"Finished drinking?" said Zhang Ye with a smile.

Breathing normally, Zhang Yuanqi said, "Yes."

Zhang Ye said, "If there's no one to accompany you to drink in the future, feel free to come over. I might have been up to a fair share of things recently, but drinking is still something I can spare time for. As long as you, Sister Zhang says so, who am I to refuse?"

Zhang Ye knew she was busy with work recently, and mind you, it was not busy in the sense of a normal white-collared worker type of busy. It was a totally different concept altogether. Being at the level of an S-list celebrity, Old Zhang's schedule was basically packed with activities throughout the year. Today, she might be flying off to Shanghai to film a music video, then in the afternoon, she would have to fly to the south again to do some outdoor shoots before flying back to Beijing at night to shoot a scene at the movie studios in the suburbs. A full day might mean anything up to 16 or 17 different activities all lined up one after the other, so the stress level and work intensity was surely imaginable. But of course, there must be a time to relax, a point where she could just drop everything and disappear to release all that pent-up stress, otherwise, she might really die from overwork.

She looked at Zhang Ye and said, "You're really something."

"Of course. I always treat friends well," Zhang Ye said. "Not to mention that you and I have even fought through the enemy lines together, making us revolutionary comrades."

She said, "That joke is lame."

Zhang Ye: "..."

She put down her wine glass and said, "Alright, I'm done drinking."

"Good, don't drink too much." Zhang Ye pointed to his own bedroom and said, "You have such dark circles under your eyes. Did you film late into the night yesterday? Do you want to take a short nap? I will go in and clean up a little."

Old Zhang had come to Zhang Ye's house today probably because she wanted to have a little to drink and also rest up, so she did not turn down his suggestion. "Alright, I will nap for an hour."

Zhang Ye said, "How is an hour enough? You just need to be up before 4:30 PM since my parents do not eat lunch at home. Rest assured. You can sleep well."

She asked, "No one visits your house, right?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "What visitors? Don't worry, no one will come."

Just as he finished saying that, a sound that struck terror into Zhang Ye's heart came from behind him!

Ding dong.

It was the doorbell!

Someone was pressing the doorbell!

Zhang Yuanqi shot a glance at Zhang Ye while he was already breaking out into a cold sweat. He did not know who it was, so he kept quiet and pretended that there was no one home.

Then, his mother's voice rang out from the door, "Little Ye, open up. I just went the market and I don't want to find my keys since I am carry all these grocery bags."

It was his mother!

Ding dong. The doorbell rang again.

Then his father's voice also rang out, "Little Ye."

Zhang Ye knew this spelled trouble. If they were just visitors, he could still have avoided them by pretending that no one was around, but since his parents had the keys with them, even if he didn't open the door for them, they would still be able to get in. He didn't know what else he could do anymore. Didn't the two of them go to work? How did it end up with them having the day off and going to the market to buy groceries instead? Hai, he was still wondering why his mother and father did not leave any breakfast for him. Turned out it was because they had the day off, so they had gone out to get the groceries for breakfast!

Old Zhang looked at him and asked, "Didn't you say there'd be nobody?"

Zhang Ye said worriedly, "I didn't expect this either."

"Think of a way," she said as she pushed all responsibility onto him.

Dong dong.

They were still knocking on the door.

When Zhang Ye looked at Zhang Yuanqi's outfit, he thought of how he wouldn't be able to explain this no matter how hard he tried. If she were dressed normally, like earlier, it would still be easy to explain, but she was in a bathrobe right now and had obviously just come out of the shower. Even if he had a hundred mouths, he wouldn't be able to clear this up!

"Little Ye? Are you awake yet?" His mother finally asked, and then said, "Forget it, I will open the door myself."

Zhang Ye knew that he couldn't delay opening the door anymore, so he shouted loudly at the door, "Mom, don't! Let me open the door, let me do it instead. I will open it soon, wait a moment." At least that delayed it a little more.

His mother acknowledged and said, "Hurry up then. Change into your clothes."

Zhang Ye turned to Zhang Yuanqi to tell her to go into the bedroom. "Hide in my bedroom for now. Close the door."

Old Zhang said, "My bag."

"I will get it for you. Go in." Zhang Ye speedily went into the bathroom and took all of Old Zhang's cosmetics and threw them into her bag. He carried the bag out and dumped it in his bedroom, then quickly cleared the red wine bottle and wine glasses from the coffee table. But at this time, he heard the sound of keys clattering outside the door. Unsure if his parents were getting impatient of waiting and were intending to open the door on their own, Zhang Ye panicked and ran to his bedroom to close the door.

But just before the door shut, Old Zhang muttered, "The wet clothes are in the bathroom."

The door closed.

Zhang Ye knew that there was no time to get the clothes anymore, so he ignored that for the moment as his parents would probably not be using the bathroom anytime soon. He would have to think of another way to retrieve the clothes later. Since it was just his parents coming home, he would have to handle them first. When there was a good opportunity, he would go and put away Old Zhang's clothes before suggesting to them that he wanted something difficult to prepare for breakfast and let his parents busy themselves in the kitchen with it. Zhang Ye would then close the kitchen door and smuggle Zhang Yuanqi out of his house.

Whew.

That seemed like a good plan and it shouldn't be a problem to execute.

In this short moment, Zhang Ye had already formulated a plan in his head. After being sure that he had left nothing to chance, his worries subsided as he regained his calm somewhat. He smiled and walked towards the door to welcome his parents home. He would just adapt his plans as the situation played out. It was no big deal. He was sure he could handle it.

The door swung open.

Then, Zhang Ye saw a scene that left him with his mouth wide open in shock!

His father was carrying two bags of vegetables as he walked into the house and said, "You're awake?"

Behind him, his mother did not walk in yet but instead stood at the door and said to Zhang Ye, "Don't sleep anymore. We have guests. They're all our old neighbors. It has been so long since we had a gathering, so I called everyone over today." She turned around and said, "Grandma Cui, come in quickly. Little Yan, are you an advertising major in university? It's a good opportunity to chat with your Brother Zhang Ye."

Grandma Cui stepped into the house and smiled. "Little Ye."

Dumbfounded, Zhang Ye said, "Granny Cui.

Little Yan said a little stiffly, "Brother Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye continued to be dumbfounded. "Hey."

Behind, another middle-aged man entered the house. "Little Ye, ha ha, I haven't seen you around the district in over half a year now. Terrific, how terrific. You're already a big celebrity now!"

Zhang Ye was still dumbfounded. "...Uncle Hu."

Outside, another woman arrived. "Little Ye, still remember me? Back when you were in middle school, I always came over to your house here to play mahjong. "

Zhang Ye kept staying dumbfounded. "...Auntie Yu."

Then, behind her, a middle-aged man followed. "Ah, I haven't seen you two in over 2 years now, Brother Zhang, Sister Cao. Your son is growing up and looking handsomer and handsomer now. Hmm, he takes after my Sister Cao!"

Zhang Ye: "...Uncle Wu."

His mother laughed and said, "That's true. If he took after our Old Zhang, no one would want him."

The door of the neighbor opposite opened. "Yo, Old Cao, what's going on here?"

His mother smiled and greeted her. "Sister Wang, hai, my husband and I went out to buy some groceries and we saw many of our old neighbors. We were just starting to do some catching up when it suddenly rained, so with the market a mess, we invited everyone up to our house for a chat. Is Brother Wang at home?"

Sister Wang said, "Yeah, he's here."

His mother insisted on inviting them as well. "Come over then, come to my place. We'll have lunch together later. It won't be awkward since we're neighbors and know each other so well already."

Grandma Cui also knew her. "Little Wang, come and join us."

Sister Wang laughed. "Alrighty then, let me grab my husband."

At this moment, it was as if many black lines had appeared on Zhang Ye's forehead as he just stood there, dumbfounded and silly while looking at them!

But just at this moment, another of his neighbors' doors also swung open and an old man between 60 and 70 years of age walked over while holding a cane. "Little Cao, you're treating everyone to a meal here?"

His mother laughed. "Grandpa Liu, I was just about to go over and ask you to join us. Yes, we're preparing lunch for everyone today, so of course you have to join us as well. Come in, quickly, come in. Let's talk first."

Grandpa Liu did not reject either as they had been neighbors for many decades now. With such a long running relationship, he definitely did not need to appear to be polite by rejecting the invitation. He said, "Sure. Then I shall respectfully obey. Oh right, my son's puppy is also at my place."

His mother said, "Flowers, right? Bring her along as well. I still have some leftover meat from yesterday that I can heat up for Flowers to eat."

Grandpa Liu: "That's great then. You're saving me a lot of work here."

His father greeted, "Come in quick. Take a seat, take a seat. I'll go and get more chairs."

His mother asked, "What tea would you like?"

"Water is fine."

"Haha, do you have green tea?"

"Yes, yes, we have everything!"

"Then I'll have a cup of green tea too."

"I'd like a soda, please!"

The group of old neighbors were all gathered at Zhang Ye's house!

A total of 12 people!

Yup. Oh, add a dog to that number as well!

This tactical formation simply looked too spectacular as the 70 to 80 square meter house was fully filled with people. The volume and chatter of everyone made it sound even busier than the marketplace!

As Zhang Ye witnessed these people slowly packing his house, his chest seemingly burned as he nearly spit out a mouthful of blood that would have spewed 3 feet away, feeling like he would be better off if he just fainted there and then. No wonder his parents had kept knocking on the door even though they had their keys with them. It wasn't just because they had a lot of things on their hands, but were instead actually worried that Zhang Ye might not have been properly dressed or in the bathroom. So in order to not inconvenience their guests with seeing what they should not see, they had knocked on the door to give a warning to Zhang Ye first!

Stay calm!

Zhang Ye, you need to stay calm!

Isn't it just a few more people than you had previously planned for? This shouldn't be a big deal at all. Just follow the plan accordingly and say that you want to get some breakfast. Call mom and dad into the kitchen and get them to prepare it for you. Then, go out into the living room and invite some of the neighbors into their room to talk before going back out to ask the other neighbors to stand by the window to enjoy the view outside while making sure they don't turn around. Oh, right. There was also that dog that must be controlled. Maybe adding some sleeping pills into its food would let it...let it...

Let it, my ass!

Stay calm, your sister!

Whatever the plan, it was useless!

With so many people and so many pairs of eyes, even if I stuffed Zhang Yuanqi into my pants pocket, I couldn't sneak her out! What the hell are you guys doing here? What special occasion is it today? Why did you all have to come here today of all days? Did all of you organize a sightseeing tour to come to my house! To come as a group to set me up!?

Chapter 586 Pandemonium!

In the living room.

It was very crowded and chaotic.

"Here, have some tea."

"Little Liu, come and sit over here."

"There's not enough space on the sofa. There's a chair here for you."

"Here, have some fruits. I just bought them at the market."

"Find a spot and have a seat. If it's too crowded, go to my bedroom."

The guests were divided into three groups: some women were talking in his parents' bedroom, Grandma Cui and some of the elderly people were sitting on the sofa chattering away, and there were some relatively middle-aged and younger people sitting on chairs and stools. Somehow, they had managed to fit all the guests in the house as everyone settled down.

People were chatting away.

The dog was barking away.

The liveliness of the place didn't even need to be mentioned!

His mother said, "Little Ye, why are you standing there like an idiot? Everyone is concerned about you. Come over quickly and talk with your uncles and aunties."

Zhang Ye wondered how he could be in any mood to chat, as there was an entire living person who was barely wearing anything in his bedroom right now!

Grandma Cui laughed. "There is no need to chat with us. Little Ye is now a busy man who can host, give lectures, and produce commercials. Let him busy himself with work."

Grandpa Liu said, "Heh, Little Ye is really that capable."

"That's right. When I saw Little Ye back then, I knew he was no ordinary person," Auntie Yu praised. "He had the potential ever since he was young and always did things low-key without showing off. One look and I knew he would be a very capable person when he grew up. Just look at how he's doing now. I was right, wasn't I?!"

His mother beamed. "Not really. This kid only got a little lucky. Little Ye, take your Brother Little Yan and the others to your room for a conversation. It's too crowded out here."

Ah?

Why my room!

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "No, I have not made the bed yet and my bedroom is a mess."

His mother pursed her lips and said, "What would that matter?"

Zhang Ye was, of course, afraid. If he opened the door right then, it would give everyone a fright!

Little Yan also came over to consult him. "Brother Zhang Ye, your Quit Smoking PSA is really good. How did you come up with this idea?"

Zhang Ye knew Little Yan since childhood, living in the same district and playing together several times before. But after they grew up and went to university, they did not hang out or play together anymore. "Hai, it was just a moment of inspiration."

After chatting for a while, his mother suddenly stood up. "You all continue talking. I need to use the restroom."

Zhang Ye was still chatting with Little Yan until his mother walked pass. He suddenly recalled that Zhang Yuanqi's clothes were still in the bathroom! He immediately called out, "Mom! I need to go first!" He walked over quickly and intercepted her.

His mother stared at him. "You, after me!"

"I really can't wait any longer!" Zhang Ye pretended that he needed to use the bathroom very urgently, which in fact, was the truth. "Could you make some breakfast first? I just woke up and have not eaten yet."

His mother pushed him aside. "Let me use the bathroom first!"

"I got here first!" Zhang Ye had already entered the bathroom and shut the door.

His mother stared angrily and scolded him, "You damned kid."

.....

In the bathroom.

The chaotic chattering noises outside had nothing to do with him anymore.

Zhang Ye took the opportunity to take a breather and clear his mind. Then he looked around and found Old Zhang's clothes on a small stool under the shower head. He went over to pick up the clothes which were damp from the rain. He intended to go back to his room after retrieving the clothes when something dropped onto the floor. Upon closer inspection, it was Old Zhang's black panties made of real silk. The material was very thin. The right side of the front was embroidered with dark black flowers and exuded a mature air.

He bent down and picked up the panties quickly. Because they were worn underneath, they did not get wet from the rain. But after dropping it on the floor, one side of them became a bit wet.

At this moment, he realized there would be a problem. How would he bring out so many clothes without being noticed? He couldn't possibly leave them in here as anyone who came to use the bathroom would surely see them. If he brought the clothes out, it would be obvious that they were not his. If parents saw them, they especially would ask. This was why the clothes must stay hidden!

How should he hide them?

F**k! He decided to hide it on himself instead!

Zhang Ye folded Old Zhang's track pants and found a good spot on himself to hide it. He pulled up his clothes and stuffed it in the back between his pants and waist. Then he folded Old Zhang's long-sleeved shirt and stuffed it into the front of his pants, which were secured with an elastic band. There were still two stockings, the sort of ankle-high nude hosiery. Although Zhang Ye's pants did not have any pockets, this was still easy to handle. Zhang Ye took off his slippers and stuffed them into his left slipper and then put it back on. The slipper suddenly became tighter fitting but he had to make do with this for now. Then Zhang Ye stared at the panties for a long time before deciding to use the same technique. He stuffed them into his right slipper before putting it back on.

In the end, only the bra was left.

That lacy black floral bra!

The material was thin, but because of its shape, it was not easy to hide. He held the bra and tried to stuff it on himself. However, because it still protruded out under his clothes, it would easily be discovered by people with just a glance.

Dong dong.

"Are you done yet?" his mother called out.

Zhang Ye immediately replied, "I'm coming. I'm almost done."

His mother said, "I've already heated up the food for you. Hurry up."

Zhang Ye sucked his stomach in and stuffed the bra under his clothes, the rough, lacy material rubbing against his belly, making him feel slightly ticklish. He opened the door with one hand while the other clutched his stomach, pretending to have the runs and not feeling well. "Huu, I'm done."

When the door opened, his mother looked at him and asked, "What's wrong?"

Zhang Ye held onto his clothes tightly and said, "I probably didn't eat well last night."

"I thought that you didn't eat dinner last night? You were only sleeping. Alright, stand aside." His mother quickly went into the bathroom without noticing anything.

When Zhang Ye dodged this crisis, he immediately dragged his feet, shuffling forward with his left foot which was stepping on the stockings while the other was stepping on the panties, hobbling back to his room.

He was almost there.

But the more he was anxious, the more mistakes he would make!

As the slippers were not tight fitting, and had something stuffed in them, Zhang Ye's heels were not fully on the slippers at this moment. When he was about to reach his bedroom door, he sped up and missed a step, making him lose his balance. His feet slid out from the right slipper and even tumbled across the floor. The compressed lump of Old Zhang's panties rolled out as the slipper tumbled along and landed beside it.

"What happened, Little Ye?"

"Be careful."

As a group, Little Yan, Grandma Cui, and the rest all looked over at once.

Zhang Ye's face turned green as he hastily put his slippers back on and said, "Nothing, nothing."

Little Yan said concerned, "Brother Zhang Ye, why are you sweating so much? Does your stomach not feel well?" Suddenly, he looked down slightly at the floor. "Eh? Brother Zhang Ye, you dropped something. What is it?"

Zhang Ye was terrified. He tugged on the bra underneath his shirt with one hand while the other hand quickly picked up the clump of black panties and calmly held it in his hand. He raised up that hand to

wipe off the sweat on his forehead and smiled. "Yes, my stomach doesn't feel good. Maybe I'm just hungry. It's nothing. I'll be fine after I eat something."

Grandma Cui looked at him and reminded, "There is sweat on your sideburns as well."

"Oh, I can wipe it off. It's fine." Zhang Ye held onto that lump of black fabric while wiping off the sweat from his sideburns and neck and then smiled. "All of you please continue chatting. I will go back to my room first."

Holding the black panties in his hand, he grabbed the doorknob to his bedroom and twisted it. After opening the door, he went in quickly as he was afraid that the guests would see the view of the bedroom. He immediately closed the door. Still feeling uneasy, he locked the door from inside. He rubbed his forehead and neck while panting, the lingering scent of the black panties on his face. He nearly cried and thought to himself, wondering what he had done to deserve this and why he was so unlucky!

In his room.

Old Zhang was lying on the bed burrowed beneath blankets. She was holding Zhang Ye's Legend of Wukong in her hands, which had originally been placed on the windowsill, and was currently reading it.

Zhang Ye was speechless. "What are you doing?"

She replied, "Reading a book."

"I'm over here working myself to death yet you're amazingly laid back." Zhang Ye whispered, "Why are you even all wrapped up in bed? If someone comes in, how can I explain it!"

She said deadpan, "What else can I do? It's impossible to leave since there are so many people around and I also can't help it if they enter the room. Is there any difference between standing or lying down in the room?"

Indeed, there was no difference at all. It would be on the headlines if it were made public that the Heavenly Queen was wearing pajamas in his bedroom! One of them was an S-list celebrity while the other was a C-list celebrity. If they were caught in a scandal, neither of them could handle the consequences. Besides, Zhang Ye already had a girlfriend now.

Zhang Ye unbuttoned his shirt, took off his slippers, took out her clothes one by one and helped put them back into her bag.

But he heard Old Zhang say, "Your house is really crowded today."

Zhang Ye said gloomily, "Who could've guessed that my parents would invite so many people in such a short span?"

Old Zhang added, "And a dog."

"That's right. There's a dog too." Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and said, "I've gotta hand it to them. They can invite enough people to even make up a soccer team with subs."

She said, "You think of a way," and continued reading her book.

Zhang Ye said, "There's no way out, we can only hang around for a while. Let's wait and see. Alright, I'll stop talking now. I'm going out for my breakfast."

She casually remarked, "I also have not eaten breakfast."

Zhang Ye muttered, "I understand."

He opened the door, walked out of his room, and quickly closed the door, all done with lightning speed.

Having used the bathroom, his mother was now busying herself in the kitchen. When Zhang Ye went over, breakfast had just been prepared. He suddenly said, "I'll take this then, Mom."

His mother asked, "Where are you taking it?"

"There are too many people out there. I'm going to eat in my room." Zhang Ye came up with an excuse. "Please give me some more."

"Can you finish all that?" His mother flicked another egg and two leavened pancakes from the night before onto the plates and asked, "Do you want pickled vegetables?"

"There's no need." Zhang Ye took it and walked away.

He closed the door very quickly per usual and put down the plates. Then Zhang Ye handed the chopsticks to Old Zhang who was on the bed and said softly, "You use the chopsticks. I'll use my hands to eat."

Old Zhang put down the book and started to eat when then she frowned. "The pancake is salty."

Zhang Ye said, "Please make do. My mom's cooking is just this way. We should be thinking of a way to smuggle you out of here. If anyone sees you, with so many of them and so many mouths, we won't even know how quickly or crazily the rumors will spread. If something really happens, your fans will surely kill me and your manager will chop me into pieces." If we were spotted at a hotel together, we might still have a way to explain things and give a reasonable explanation. But in our current situation, there's totally no way to explain things clearly. Even an idiot would not believe!

Silently eating breakfast.

Old Zhang was probably feeling sleepy again, so she leaned against the headboard and closed her eyes.

Zhang Ye sat by his bedside and listened to the noisy chatter outside his room. At this moment, he felt rather screwed!

Chapter 587 Soaking wet bush lily!

Outside the bedroom.

He opened the door and closed it behind him.

Zhang Ye took the plate out from his room.

"You've finished eating, Little Ye?" His mother looked over at him.

"Yeah," Zhang Ye said.

His mother looked at the plate in his hand. "Woah, you actually finished all that?"

Zhang Ye placed the plate in the kitchen sink and came out, saying, "I was really hungry since I didn't eat much the whole of yesterday."

His mother asked, "Your stomach is OK? If it's no problem, then quickly come here and have a chat with your aunties and uncles. We were just discussing your quit smoking PSA. After your Grandpa Sun here watched it, he did not smoke for the entire day. He has been grumbling about you for a while now, saying that the PSA was so scary and how only someone like you would be able to produce something like that."

Grandpa Sun who was playing with the dog, laughed loudly and said, "But smoking less is a good thing. Little Ye's really good. This PSA has a very effective cautionary message, and that puts it at the pinnacle of public service announcements!"

Zhang Ye gave a wave of his hands. "Grandpa Sun, you're too flattering."

"Continue your conversation first." His mother stood up unable to do anything. "I'll go make Little Ye's bed so that the young ones may go into his bedroom to talk."

Zhang Ye started in surprise and quickly stopped her. "Mom, don't make yourself busy with such things. Just sit down and rest up. It's more lively with more people around to talk with, and anyways, my room is too small."

At this moment, his cell phone rang in his pocket.

Zhang Ye took it out and had a look. It was from Hu Fei, so he answered the call as he stood beside his bedroom door: "Hello, Brother Hu?"

Hurriedly said laughed a little and said: "Little Zhang, are you busy?"

Zhang Ye said: "Ah, yes."

Hu Fei: "Do you have time in the afternoon? Come out for a meal?"

Zhang Ye answered without even considering: "Today? It's not possible today."

"Oh, like that?" Hu Fei said. "Hur hur, actually, I'm not the only one who wants to meet you for a meal. I am also doing this as a favor to the television station's leaders as they've organized a meal today and would like to invite you along."

But how would Zhang Ye have any mood and thoughts about this at the moment, so he just rejected and said: "Forget it, Brother Hu. I really cannot make it, help me decline them but thank them for the invitation."

Hu Fei coughed and said: "But the station might be looking for you for a reason."

"It's not that I am not giving you face, Brother Hu, but today is really not convenient. Besides, you also know about my relationship with Beijing Television Station. This time, I helped out because it was for you, but if it's a luncheon with many people sitting around, I'm afraid there isn't much I could talk to them about, so it's better I don't go." Zhang Ye explained and then hung up after that.

Luncheon?

Even if the sky was about to collapse over there, I couldn't go help!

If I went now, then my side of the sky would collapse!

His father looked at him and asked, "Something the matter? Go if there's something that needs your attention."

Zhang Ye said, "It's nothing, nothing. It's just a luncheon that I can miss without any issues." He did not put much thought into the reason for this call from Hu Fei since his mind was currently on another matter.

Auntie Yu was smiling widely and said, "Little Ye, you take a seat too."

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, let me find a chair."

Grandma Cui stood up and said, "You can sit on the sofa. Go ahead."

"I can't do that. Please sit down. I will find a stool or something." Zhang Ye casually took a nearby stool and sat down at an area near the bedroom door, as though he were "guarding" the room.

Little Yan also moved quickly to give up his seat. "Brother Zhang Ye, this chair is more comfortable. It has a cushion."

"It's alright, I can make do with this." Zhang Ye waved his hands.

Auntie Yu said, feeling a little moved, "Look at our Little Ye, he's already such an important member of society, yet he puts on no airs and has always been so polite. How nice."

His mother said, "How could he ever put on airs with everyone here? All of you watched him grow up."

Beside them, another auntie sighed, "Yes, who would have thought that little kid back then has already grown up to be this tall and even became a big star. He even worked together with the Heavenly Queen of the entertainment circle, Zhang Yuanqi. You see, this shows that everything in this world is very unpredictable and no one can know the future."

When her daughter who was seated beside heard that, she asked, "Brother Ye, I love Sister Zhang. Have you really seen her before?"

Zhang Ye simply grunted in confirmation.

Auntie Yu said happily, "Little Ye had written two songs for Zhang Yuanqi before. How could he not have seen her?"

The girl asked excitedly, "Then what is your relationship with Sister Zhang like?"

Zhang Ye equivocally said, "Hai, we've only cooperated twice and that was about it. We don't know each other too well nor have we exchanged more than a few words." He distanced himself.

"Is Sister Zhang's temper as good in her daily life? Is she also especially friendly to everyone? I have never seen her putting on any airs before!" Little Yan also said with great interest.

Friendly?

Good temperament?

I will gift you all two words now: HUR HUR!

But Zhang Ye still guiltily said, "Yes, she is very even-tempered and a very nice person!" Then, his eyes couldn't resist sweeping towards the direction of his bedroom door as he wondered if Old Zhang was asleep and whether she could hear what he just said.

Little Yan said in admiration, "Sister Zhang is my goddess. If I could just see her once, even from afar, then I would die a happy man."

Zhang Ye thought to himself that Little Yan did not actually have to wait for another day. If he just opened the door to Zhang Ye's bedroom, not only would he be able to see her, he would even be able to see her in resting!

"I heard that Zhang Yuanqi is filming a new movie."

"Yes, I think it's a martial arts film."

"Brother Little Ye, could you get an autograph from Sister Zhang if you get the chance? I really like her so much and I've watched every one of her movies!"

Somehow, the topic of discussion had turned to Zhang Yuanqi, possibly because she was quite popular in the singing and acting fields. No matter man or woman, old or young, everyone still liked her. Even the older generation like Grandma Cui and Grandpa Sun who might not be too familiar with other celebrities could say comment on the Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi when she was mentioned, for instance "10 years ago when Zhang Yuanqi swept the charts" and the like.

The discussion was becoming livelier and livelier.

His mother looked at her watch and went to start preparing lunch. Three other aunties also went along to help her out, otherwise, a meal for so many people would really be a headache to prepare.

Di di, a text message arrived.

Zhang Ye held up his phone and saw Zhang Yuanqi's number on the display. She had earlier switched off her phone as she was avoiding her manager and the meal schedule, but for some reason, she turned it on again.

Old Zhang: "Back into the room, now."

Zhang Ye replied: "What's wrong?"

A few seconds later, he received a reply again: "I need to go to the bathroom."

When he saw these few words, Zhang Ye got so frightened that all his hair stood on end. Why must you go to the bathroom now? Right now, when there were so many people out here, and every one of them would know you for sure. One of them even wanted me to get your signature for her. If you came out right now, then it would definitely save me a lot of trouble since you could directly give her your autograph!

Zhang Ye suddenly said, "Everyone, please carry on talking, I need to go back into my room to make a call."

"Go busy yourself then, Little Ye."

"Yes, don't bother with us."

"Work is more important."

Said Grandma Cui, Auntie Yu, and all the others.

Zhang Ye immediately opened his bedroom door and went in, naturally being very careful by only opening it enough to let himself in, since he did not want anyone outside to be able to see what was inside.

Click.

The door closed and was locked.

Zhang Ye saw that Zhang Yuanqi who was on the bed earlier was already on the floor now.

Old Zhang didn't look too good and simply said, "When are they leaving?"

Zhang Ye thought to himself, remembering how he had already warned her to not drink so much red wine in the morning. Just look, just look at this situation now, so he said anxiously, "No matter what, they won't leave before lunch. I don't even know when they will finish lunch, so I really have no idea. Just bear it for now, Sister Zhang, hold it! I will try to make them leave soon after lunch and then urge my parents to take their nap! Then you will be free to go."

Old Zhang said, "I can't wait that long."

Zhang Ye said nervously, "But you still have to wait."

Old Zhang did not bother him. She caught her breath then walked to the door, looking like she wanted to go out immediately.

Zhang Ye grabbed her arm and said, "Are you crazy? In this getup, you will never be able to explain yourself. This would cause a meltdown. Do you really wish to get onto the headlines for this?" If she really went outside now, not only would it not be as simple as getting on the headlines, the media outlets all over the country would probably be sent into a frenzy!

Old Zhang said in a cold manner, "Let go."

Zhang Ye was almost in tears. "You can't do this. Just bear with it. It will surely be OK. If you really can't hold it in...you...why don't you find a place instead?" He suggested so even though there was no toilet in his room!

Old Zhang looked at him with a dark expression.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "You can't blame me for what's happening here now, don't you think? It was just a coincidence. Who could have known that my house would suddenly be filled with so many people plus a dog? In fact, I could even say it was your fault. If you didn't shower, then it might have been easier to explain. If you came up a little later, none of this would even have happened." He was

already looking to push the blame off himself. “Anyways, since it has already happened, we will need to think of a way no matter what. Do you remember last time at the express motel where we had to pick locks and jump over walls to get out of the building to evade the reporters? That was even more serious than this and we got through that together. This time, it’s not as serious, so we will surely get through this as well. Yes, so then, in any case, just do whatever you need to inside this room. Wherever looks good to you, settle there, as long as you don’t go outside and let everyone see you.”

Old Zhang aimed a glance at him and said, “Is that all?”

“No.” Zhang Ye was also looking around for a long time and eventually he laid his eyes upon the corner of the bay window. He pointed to the bush lily on the bay window ledge and said, “Why not use that flower pot?”

Old Zhang did not say a word.

Zhang Ye did not utter another word.

Silence fell upon the room and remained that way for a long time.

Zhang Yuanqi sat on the bedside like everything was normal. She did not put her legs close together or any of those movements and just sat there. But on that beautiful face of hers that could ruin cities and topple nations, her expression increasingly got worse.

Zhang Ye knew that she was still holding it in. Actually, having had so much red wine and eating the porridge from breakfast, Zhang Ye was also unable to hold it anymore. “I will leave you here for now, Sister Zhang. I also need to go to the toilet right now.” Hearing himself say that, even Zhang Ye felt like beating himself up. So he coughed and cleared his throat without daring to look at Old Zhang, simply hoping that Sister Zhang could bear it, that she would really be able to hold it in! Then, he hastily went out of his room. When he went out, the delicious fragrance of the food being prepared drifted out of the kitchen as he rushed for the toilet.

“Little Ye.”

“Yes, I’m in the restroom.”

“Lunch is almost ready. Get ready to eat.”

“Alright, I got it.”

When he left the bathroom, Zhang Ye went to the kitchen and said a few things before clenching his teeth. He then slowly opened his bedroom door to check if Old Zhang had already passed out from holding in her pee for too long.

One read “Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Ye Living Under the Same Roof”!

Another said, “Heavenly Queen Hospitalized in Emergency Over Holding in Urine for Too Long”!

Zhang Ye could not decide which of these two headlines were more likely, but he was sure that even if either one got published, it would startle the universe and make the spirits cry!

In the room.

Everything seemed normal.

He didn't know when Zhang Yuanqi had crawled into bed again, but she was under the blankets with her eyes closed and had a peaceful looking expression on her face!

Eh?

What happened?

Did she really manage to hold it in??

Just as he was feeling surprised by this outcome, Zhang Ye shifted his eyes to the bay window in his bedroom. That flower pot with the bush lily had disappeared! No, it didn't disappear, as Zhang Ye soon realized. The bush lily had been shifted from the bedroom to the ledge just outside the window. The windows were closed and it wasn't raining outside anymore. Even if it was scattered rain, there were only a few droplets. It couldn't reach the ledge, but the lily outside was drenched, with water on more than a dozen of its leaves and still dripping from the tips. When he looked at the soil in the pot, Zhang Ye, who knew he hadn't watered it for the past few days since bush lilies did not require much water to survive, saw that the soil was waterlogged now!

Zhang Ye immediately understood when he saw this!

His poor bush lily would surely die soon!

Chapter 588 Return to the television station?

The rain outside had stopped.

The fragrance of the home-cooked dishes flowed throughout the house.

"It's time for lunch."

"Oh, it's been hard on you, Little Cao."

"Yeah, we've really troubled you today."

"It's fine. I'm very happy that everyone agreed to come. Quick, take a seat."

"Oh, there's so many dishes? I know it's good just from the smell."

"Old Zhang, shall we have some to drink?"

"Sure, let's drink together. I have some here, it's Yùyè."

"Yùyè is top-quality wine and really expensive."

"Little Ye brought it back home. Someone gave it to him."

This brand, Yùyè, is a world-famous wine with a great aroma.

In the living room, two tables were set up and was somewhat able to fit everyone. Zhang Ye also came out but did not sit around it. Rather, he kept to his usual position near his bedroom. He pulled a chair to the side and sat on the outside. Everyone even praised him thinking that Zhang Ye was being polite.

During lunch, Zhang Ye was kept extremely busy as he constantly gave food to everyone at the table. "Here, Grandma Cui, have some of this. Auntie Yu, try this one here, my mom's fish-flavored pork slices are the best. Little Yan, you too. Don't stand on ceremony, we're all family here, there's no need to feel shy. Have a taste of this dish."

Grandma Cui quickly said, "Little Ye, you have some for yourself too."

"Yeah, don't keep giving food to us. Have some yourself too," Auntie Yu said with a smile.

Little Yan felt overwhelmed by the treatment he was getting and hurriedly gave some food to Zhang Ye too. "Thanks, Brother Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye gave some more food to him in return. "What's there to thank me for? Here, there's still some of this."

Grandpa Sun nodded and said, "Look at our Little Ye, how sensible he is."

The whole table had Zhang Ye taking care of them as he busied himself here and there by giving food to everyone. Soon, the 3 closest dishes to him were already empty and in the bowls of everyone. Zhang Ye took this chance to remove the empty plates from the table and pulled the dishes that were still full closer to him and continued to distribute the food to everyone.

It wasn't that he was being hospitable.

This person was just intending for everyone to finish up as soon as possible so they could quickly go back home!

With Zhang Ye working hard, the results were striking. A meal for a dozen people only took slightly more than 30 minutes as the plates were emptied.

"I'm so full, so full."

"How delicious."

"I can't eat anymore."

Everyone put their chopsticks down.

His mother stood up and said, "I will go make some tea."

Grandpa Sun said graciously, "Don't trouble yourself, Little Cao. We won't be drinking anymore. We have already been troubling you the whole morning and it's time we go off as well. I still have to take a nap when I get home."

With someone taking the lead, the others followed suit and said their goodbyes.

"Yeah, go and rest now."

"We will come by to visit again next time."

"Yes, I have to get going too."

"Little Ye, come over to my place and visit when you are free."

Zhang Ye said cheerfully as he stood up to send them off, "That's for sure, that's for sure."

His mother said, "Why don't you all stay awhile longer. There's no rush since we've just finished lunch. Yu, I planted two pots of flowers awhile ago and was intending to show them to you."

Auntie laughed and said, "The one in your living room, right? I saw it; it's really nice. It's different when you have some greenery in the house. I was still saying that I'd buy a pot some day."

His mother smiled and said, "Why would you need to buy it? There's no need. Oh right, there's a bush lily in my son's room. He has always been complaining about how these plants attract flying insects all the time. He doesn't seem like he's interested in keeping them, so why don't you take it with you instead!"

Ah?

The bush lily!?

Zhang Ye's sweat glands nearly exploded. This was the nth time he felt like he was about to faint. All of you, this is just unbelievable!

Auntie Yu said embarrassed, "Is that alright?"

"It's fine, it's fine. Little Ye, go and get the bush lily for Auntie Yu," his mother said to him.

Get it? Why would I get it? Zhang Ye said hastily, "Not the bush lily!"

His mother stared at him, "Why not? Didn't you say you didn't like keeping it?"

Zhang Ye explained, "That plant of mine isn't doing too well and the leaves don't look good either. If you want to give one to Auntie Yu, use yours instead. The one that you have been nurturing looks quite good."

He thought to himself, Auntie Yu, it's not that I don't want to give it to you, I'm just afraid that the smell would be too musky for you!

His mother immediately said, "That's right, take my pot then. That one is well nurtured. Come, I will get it for you."

Auntie Yu said, "It doesn't need to be good. I'm not really good at gardening. The bush lily will do."

Zhang Ye quickly said, "No, no, the bush lily is really hard to care for!"

A few minutes later.

The neighbors gradually had left. Grandpa Sun also took his dog away on its leash.

His mother, looking invigorated, said, "Heh, I had such a good time chatting and catching up with the neighbors today."

"All you know is boasting." His father said in criticism, "Look at that impetuous look on your face. When our son has shown some results, it is because he is capable. Must you be so cocky?"

His mother did not like listening to this, so she said, "I was the one who raised him, so if my son is capable, can't I feel happy for him? Can't I boast a little?"

His father said, "You have to be more low-key."

His mother apathetically said, "I've been low-key for over 50 years."

"Just wash the dishes. Huu, I've had too much to drink. I need to go lie in bed for a while." His father savored and sipped a mouthful of tea and then strolled back to his room in a laid-back manner.

His mother followed up sarcastically, "You're low-key, especially when it comes to chores like washing the dishes, you're low-key as well! I have never seen you helping out with such things before!"

When he heard this, Zhang Ye immediately said, "Mom! Let me!"

His mother immediately smiled. "My son is still the best, hur hur. Don't worry about it."

"No, let me do it, Mom. Go take a nap with Dad. You've been working tirelessly the whole morning. I will handle the chores today." Saying so, Zhang Ye was already clearing the dishes off the table.

His mother did not want her son to trouble himself, so she came to try to clear the dishes instead. "Don't do anything."

But Zhang Ye did not listen and said, "Give me a chance to do something for you. Leave it to me!"

"Your main task right now is to find a job. That is more important." His mother was also rather worried about this as the matter was always on her mind. By right, her son was already a celebrity of such a level, yet he still had to look for a job? Using the word "look" was seriously a joke. Didn't people on the same level as her son have all sorts of persons trying to snatch their attention, having no end to their movie role offers, or having all sorts of programs and not having the headache of being unemployed? But her son? He did not have a management agency, he did not have an employer. He was either fired or suspended by them and the key was that no one dared to employ him! This was a C-lister who would soon become a B-list celebrity. This special case was also the only one of its kind in the whole of the entertainment circle!

It was truly an oddity!

Zhang Ye nudged his mother back to her room. "Don't worry. I will ask around in the next few days to see which television stations still require a host or have a new program lined up."

"Make the best of it."

"I know."

"Alright then, I will go and rest."

His mother went back to her room.

Zhang Ye closed the door carefully and heaved a sigh of relief. He cleared the table and brought the dishes into the kitchen half-heartedly as he waited for his parents to fall asleep. When he thought it was about time, he finally turned to walk out of the kitchen and headed back to his bedroom.

Old Zhang was still asleep in his bed.

"Sister Zhang, wake up," Zhang Ye said in a low whisper to wake her up.

Zhang Yuanqi, having been roused, did not respond in a friendly manner. "What?"

"Everyone has left and my parents are also asleep," Zhang Ye said.

Old Zhang acknowledged him, and then slowly rubbed her eyes before sitting up.

Zhang Ye went out into the living room to avoid any suspicions.

About 5 minutes later, the bedroom door opened. Zhang Yuanqi had already changed into a new set of clothes. She took every step lightly as she walked out, scanning the living room carefully with her eyes.

Zhang Ye put his index finger to his lips and pointed to the main door.

Zhang Yuanqi nodded, then followed him and walked toward the outside.

One step.

Three steps.

Five steps.

Finally, they were there.

Zhang Ye's heart was already in his throat. When he saw they had already reached the front door, he finally heaved a sigh of relief. The front door was blocked by a wall. Even if his parents suddenly came out at this time, he didn't need to be afraid of them seeing anything. And so, Zhang Ye opened the door and looked to Zhang Yuanqi, saying, "You had enough rest?"

Old Zhang replied without much of an expression, "Enough."

Zhang Ye said with lingering fear, "Next time if you're coming again, call me earlier to inform me. I will be able to arrange it better, otherwise, if something like today happens again, we might get into big trouble."

"Go back in," Old Zhang said.

Zhang Ye nodded. "Take care then."

"OK." Old Zhang had already put her sunglasses and face mask on. "Prepare more wine at home so you can save me the trouble of getting it next time."

Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner, "Then you'll reimburse me?"

Old Zhang looked at him. "Buy a 100,000 RMB worth, and I'll reimburse you."

"Woah, so generous?" Zhang Ye said happily.

Only to hear her add on, "But you must write a song for me first."

Zhang Ye said, "A song of mine only costs 100,000 RMB? Don't even think about it."

"I'm leaving," Zhang Yuanqi said as she adjusted her sunglasses and walked out the door with her bag. She headed down the stairs where she gradually disappeared from view.

Zhang Ye smiled. He had already gotten used to the Heavenly Queen's lukewarm treatment of him. As he was closing the door, he heard Zhang Yuanqi's footsteps suddenly stopping, and the sound of another pair of shoes getting closer, like someone else was coming up the stairs. His heart almost stopped there and then!

Holy shit!

Old Zhang, you better not be recognized!

Only to hear the person saying in a voice that sounded like it belonged to a middle-aged man: "Hello."

Shit!

Did she get recognized?

Zhang Ye's heart pounded hard against his chest!

"Yes?" Old Zhang's voice sounded.

The middle-aged man said, "I would like to ask if Teacher Zhang Ye stays upstairs?"

Old Zhang: "Upstairs."

The middle-aged man: "Alright, thank you."

The footsteps thudded again, with one getting softer and the other getting louder.

Several seconds later, Zhang Ye looked through the security door and saw a man in his forties who might have looked rather familiar but yet had no impression of.

Seeing that the house door was left open, the man was also slightly taken aback. "Teacher Zhang? What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye said, "I was just about to go downstairs to throw out the trash and had just opened the door. You are?" Out of courtesy, he opened the security door as well. Upon checking his expression, Zhang Ye was pretty sure that he had not recognized Zhang Yuanqi.

The middle-aged man put out his hand and said, "We met last year at Beijing Television Station during a meeting but did not have the chance to speak together. Let me introduce myself again. I am the deputy director of the HR Department of Beijing Television Station. My name is Wang Huayuan. You may also address me as Old Wang."

Oh?

Beijing Television Station?

Zhang Ye shook his hand and asked, "Director Wang, you're looking for me for?"

The middle-aged man spoke directly, "Earlier, I had asked Old Hu to invite you to the luncheon but Old Hu said that you were busy, so when the luncheon was over, I invited myself over here. I hope that I did

not bother you?" Since Zhang Ye had worked at the television station before, they could definitely check for his home address easily. Moreover, even the media had gotten their hands on both his house and his rented apartment's address, so it was no longer a secret too.

Zhang Ye had only just gathered his thoughts a moment ago and recalled Hu Fei's call in the morning. The station had a luncheon and they had invited him as well? In his mind, he could guess what the matter was, and since this person who was paying him a visit now was from the HR department, it made it even more obvious to him. However, he wasn't exactly sure either, so he suggested, "How about this, Director Wang, I just had a lot of guests over at my house and they just left a short while ago. My house is not cleaned up yet, and is still a bit of a mess now. Why don't we go to a coffeehouse and talk?"

The middle-aged man said, "Sure, I'll wait for you to get changed then."

Zhang Ye took only the keys from inside the house and directly stepped out. He closed the door and security door of his house, and then said, "It's not necessary. I'm fine being dressed like this since I'm not an idol anyway."

The middle-aged man laughed. "That's not necessarily true. My niece likes you a lot and is a hardcore fan of yours. When we were having dinner at home once, she even said that you were handsome."

Zhang Ye said at once, "Oho, then I better get a change of clothes."

"Haha!"

"Just kidding. Director Wang, this way."

They went downstairs and chatted as they walked.

Chapter 589 Beijing Television Station's three visits to the thatched cottage!

Downstairs.

At the entrance to the district, in Meiyun coffeehouse.

"Ah, you...you are Zhang Ye!"

"Hello, how are you?"

"So you really do stay here!"

"That's right. I've been living here for more than twenty years now."

"Welcome, please come this way. Our place is small and there aren't any private rooms, so let me bring you to a corner table. It's quieter over there."

"OK, thanks a lot."

"Order whatever you like! It's on the house!"

"That won't do. Please charge us accordingly, I appreciate it."

This was a small business where the shop was not big and did not have many customers, so it seemed rather quiet.

Today, Zhang Ye was dressed casually and did not wear his sunglasses. When he and Wang Huayuan stepped into the coffee house, the owner recognized him immediately. Without getting the staff to come over and serve them, the friendly proprietress personally led them to their seats. The staff at the other end saw them, and except for one who did not recognize Zhang Ye, the other two were staring with their eyes wide open. They hid a distance away, talking about them and even secretly using their cell phones to take photos and posting them onto Weibo immediately. Two customers in the shop were also looking wonderstruck in the direction where Zhang Ye was seated. A young male customer looked like he wanted to go over and get an autograph and take pictures together. He stood up a few times but eventually did not gather enough courage to approach them.

The coffee was served quickly.

The proprietress excitedly exchanged some words with Zhang Ye, telling him that he must visit them often, before walking away and leaving them to discuss their matters.

Wang Huayuan was not surprised at this as he knew that the current popularity of Zhang Ye was already not the same as the time when he was still at Beijing Television Station Arts Channel.

“Director Wang, why are you looking for me?” Zhang Ye was not exactly asking the obvious as he was still unsure what this meeting was about. After all he and Beijing Television Station had their squabbles before.

Wang Huayuan took a sip of coffee, looked at him, and then said, “It’s like this, the station asked me to come over to discuss with you, we were wondering if you have any intentions of returning to the station.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged and asked, “Why me?”

Wang Huayuan replied rhetorically, “Why not you? We’ve worked together before and are considered old friends. Even if we did not have deep bonds, we are still familiar with each other. I do not know if there are any other television stations who approached or discussed with you before this, but since I did not see any news on the media or related news from the entertainment circle, I suppose that you have yet to sign any contract. If that’s the case, why can’t we look for you? Although our satellite channel’s program ratings are not bad, it still not ranked as the top few among other provinces’ satellite channels. We lack a good program and even a top-rated host. You have fame, ability, and are a professional host and program planner. You even have a group of diehard fans who are more loyal than Hallyu fans. I believe it will be a win-win situation for us if we work together again.”

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, “To be honest, I’ve never thought of going back since the day I left BTV-Arts Channel.”

Wang Huayuan immediately said, “BTV-Arts Channel was a relatively independent provincial channel which is different from us. This time it’s BTV-1 you will be working with.”

“It’s the same,” Zhang Ye said with a mild tone.

Wang Huayuan said, “A satellite channel is different from a provincial channel.” He paused and then said, “I know that something happened back then. The station had a direct responsibility for Wang Shuixin’s wrongdoings in the Arts Channel. After discovering that, the station also swiftly punished him,

although it was a little too late and had caused some irredeemable losses, like the case of Old Wei. We also felt grief over it, but if you noticed, the station handled Wang Shuixin's matter along with the related people who were involved very decisively and severely for them. As for the case of firing you..."

Zhang Ye waved his hand and interrupted him, "I do not blame the station at all. After all, I had caused too much trouble during the live broadcast. I know that even if it were any other television station, they would punish me as well."

"But we are also very sorry." Wang Huayuan said sincerely, "It was due to our negligence that led to all that happening. If the station had discovered the problem of Wang Shuixin earlier, then it wouldn't have been necessary for you to come forward using another way to seek justice for Old Wei. It should be handled by the station instead, so regarding this matter, some of our leaders discussed in private and felt that we haven't been fair to you. If we were a little more proactive and took action promptly, it wouldn't have caused all the matters later on and we wouldn't have lost an outstanding domestic host like you."

Zhang Ye said, "Let bygones be bygones."

"It's already the past, so we also should have a new beginning." Wang Huayuan said seriously, "I hope that we can cooperate strongly together again. This was also the station leader's idea."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I'm also not afraid to reveal to you that there has been no television stations contacting me in these few days. You are the first and also the one I least expected."

Wang Huayuan said, "I know why are the others television station are hesitating. If we were to only talk about hosting experience, ability, popularity, you have everything we all are looking for. Even though you haven't hosted on a satellite channel which has nationwide coverage, no one will doubt your ability. Those television stations did not come looking for you because they are worried about when your temper will suddenly explode again. They don't dare take such a risk."

Zhang Ye asked, "And you do?"

"We also don't." Wang Huayuan said, "But since we were colleagues and worked together before, we consider you an old friend. Compared to the other television stations, we know what your temper is like. We are the ones who understand you the most as well. The station is confident that we won't let you get a chance to flare up." The last statement was almost a joke. "Besides, people are like this—there are good and bad sides. As they say, nobody's perfect. Since the station is willing to invite you to work together again, it shows that after considering all the pros and cons, we feel that your strong points surpass your weaknesses. That is why the station made this decision."

Zhang Ye said, "Don't say it that way; you are putting pressure on me. After I was unbanned and wanted to make a comeback, I considered a list of television stations. But I never thought of going back to my past experiences. Besides, after I left the Arts Channel, many television stations also did not want me. In the end it was an online television station that invited me to join them instead. I heard it was because of one of your station leaders communicated this with his contacts in the entertainment industry?"

When Wang Huayuan heard that, he shook his head vigorously and said, "That can't be true, Teacher Zhang. You think too highly of our Beijing Television Station. If it were other matters, I would believe, but of this matter, it is absolutely impossible. I give you my word that our station leaders don't take such

underhanded moves or that kind of stuff. The relationship between our station with other provincial television stations is not that harmonious. Competing for higher program ratings by snatching program producers and hosts have had all the television stations in the country nearly coming to blows. So the rest of the television stations wouldn't have reciprocated just because of something a leader in Beijing Television Station said. The station does not command such respect yet. If any of our station leaders really said those words, then our competitors would have in turn gotten even more interested in you and would have attempted to sign you over to compete with us, don't you agree?"

Right, that sounds logical.

Zhang Ye did not say anything to this as he had also known about this through rumors in the first place.

"If you use this kind of an excuse to reject us, I can't accept it." Wang Huayuan said, "Please believe me, this matter is definitely not the way you think it is."

After talking for a while.

Wang Huayuan said, "Teacher Zhang, we can discuss it further if you agree to our proposal. As for the salary offer and contract, we would certainly not disappoint you."

Zhang Ye shook his head. "Let me consider for now."

Wang Huayuan looked at him and did not speak anymore. He had said all that he wanted to as the discussion came to an end. "Alright then, I will give you my card. Let's stay in contact."

Taking it from him, Zhang Ye nodded and said, "Alright."

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When they came out of the coffeehouse, Wang Huayuan drove off in his car.

Zhang Ye was pondering while he took a stroll around the neighborhood. He was not in a hurry to go home as he felt that the atmosphere after the rain was refreshing. There were the scents of nature everywhere.

Suddenly, Hu Fei called.

Zhang Ye put his cell phone to his ear and said: "Brother Hu."

"Where are you?"

"Taking a stroll in the neighborhood."

"That's good. Let's meet at the entrance of the neighborhood."

"Oh? When?"

"I'm already here."

Zhang Ye hung up and walked towards the outside of the neighborhood. The moment he arrived, he saw Hu Fei get out of a taxi and waved to him.

Hu Fei smiled and said, "Let's find a quiet place to have a chat."

Sure. Zhang Ye brought Hu Fei back to the entrance of that coffeehouse.

The proprietress saw them and smiled enthusiastically. "Teacher Zhang is really interesting. I'd only just mentioned to you to come often, but just twenty minutes have passed and you are back again."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "We'll sit at the same spot."

"OK." The proprietress led the way.

Hu Fei sat down and said directly, "Deputy Wang of the HR Department told me that you didn't look interested in his offer, so he wanted me to do some persuasion based on our relationship. So let's cut the chase? Let me tell you, the station is really sincere in asking you back. If you still have any concerns or requests, you can tell me."

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, "I do not have any concerns or requests."

"Then why didn't you agree?" Hu Fei asked, "No television stations have contacted you yet, right? Besides, when you go back, it won't be anywhere unfamiliar since I've also transferred to the satellite channel. Xiao Lu, Dafei, and the rest of your old colleagues are there too. We are doing a new program and are waiting for you to join us!"

Zhang Ye was stunned. "Join your team?"

"Yes, I've already made a request of the station. If you are coming back, then our old team will continue to work together." Hu Fei said, "If not, what do you think I'm so busy with? It's because I need you. Besides, the program we will be doing is going to be a primetime slot at 9 PM every Friday. If you join any other satellite channels, can they give you such a good slot since you are still a newbie at their place? Besides, let alone the primetime slot, those television stations probably wouldn't dare employ you either, so what is there still to choose from? Come over quickly! Come and help me!"

Zhang Ye said, "Give me some time to consider it."

"Don't think anymore, I am the executive producer, which you shouldn't even be thinking about taking, but I have already reserved the position of executive director for you. All I'm doing is just waiting for you to join us!" Hu Fei said very firmly.

Chapter 590 Dong Shanshan has resigned!

[collapse]

Later in the afternoon.

Around 3 PM.

With the jingling of keys opening the door, Zhang Ye pushed it open from the outside and walked into his house. The moment he stepped in, he could hear a singing program currently playing on television and knew his parents were already awake from their nap.

"Little Ye?" His mother stepped out to take a look.

"It's me." Zhang Ye bent down to remove his shoes. "Did I wake you?"

His mother said, "I just woke up. Where did you go?"

Zhang Ye took the newspaper from the mailbox and passed it to his mother. "Nowhere important. Someone came to look for me from Beijing Television Station, so I went out for a short meeting."

"They were looking for you?" His father also looked over and asked.

His mother also guessed what was going on and said, "They're meaning to ask you to go back?"

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "They want me to go back to help them with a primetime slot on Friday nights. It's a program handled by my ex-leader, Hu Fei."

His mother asked, "What did you tell him then?"

"I said I needed some time to consider and will only let him know tomorrow," Zhang Ye said as he sat down.

His father gave him a look and said, "If you are willing to go back, then go. Don't be bothered by any other things. It's the satellite channel? A Friday primetime slot is quite good; it's one of the best already. Since they came over to find you to discuss this, it can be seen just how sincere they are. I suppose the salary is quite good too?"

Zhang Ye looked a little unexcited and said, "I didn't talk about that with them, but I don't suppose it is low paying."

His father nodded and said, "Alright then."

His mother was strongly opposed to Zhang Ye going back to help out Beijing Television Station last time, but this time she kept silent for a while before saying, "If you really wish to go back, I won't stop you. It's already been so many days now and there hasn't even been a television station that contacted you. I guess there is no point in waiting any further."

Zhang Ye shook his head.

"Just what are you thinking?" his mother asked.

Zhang Ye threw up his hands and said, "I've already made up my mind. I have no plans of returning to Beijing Television Station yet."

His mother wondered, "Then why did you go and help them?"

"I helped because I was returning a favor to my ex-leader. I did not take a fee for it either, so that is different from working." Zhang Ye was also struggling over his decision. He said, "But right now, I am also undecided, because first off, being able to sign with a satellite channel is really tempting. Although many people are calling me a famous host and what not, those in the industry all know that I'm not one yet. I've only hosted at a radio station, a provincial channel, and an online television station before. I have never done any work at a satellite channel before. No matter how well known I am, I would only be considered a host who is not too bad and would not yet qualify to be called a famous host yet, so of course I hope to go on and become a host at a satellite channel next. Second, Beijing Television Station has freed up a Friday primetime slot now. That's really tempting as well. Third, because Hu Fei was the person who brought me into the television industry and Dafei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge, and Hou Di are also

considered good friends, it would definitely be easier working with them, since I've grown accustomed to their work habits. Finally, it's also as you have said, there are no other television stations that have approached me yet."

His mother said, "Then go."

"A good horse would never turn round to graze on an old pasture." Zhang Ye shook his head.

His mother remarked snidely, "It's still a better choice than having no job. You might not even get such a good chance at all in the future. If you really pass up this opportunity, you could even end up staying home for the next few months?"

Zhang Ye did not say anything.

His father advised, "When they fired you back then, it was difficult to pinpoint who was supposed to be blamed and the matter was already in the past anyway. Well, forget it. I won't say more. You should decide on your own."

"I'm going back to my room to lie down for a while," Zhang Ye said.

His mother said, "I will wake you up when it's time for dinner."

"Sure." Zhang Ye went back into his room, took off his slippers and crawled into bed.

The decision this time was really difficult for Zhang Ye to make in his current situation. It was an unimaginably difficult choice to make that no one else would understand. He knew that under his circumstances right now, Beijing Television Station should have been his first choice. It was his old employer and this time he would be signing with a program on the satellite channel. It was even a primetime slot and he would be working with his old team. Right now, when no one else wanted him, it would appear to others that this would be Zhang Ye's big break in recent times, and perhaps the only break he'd get. If it were anyone else, they would probably take the offer, since in the entertainment industry, leaving and rejoining a company was very common. No one would find it strange. Besides, when Zhang Ye was helping Beijing Television Station in the urgent public service announcement incident, many of the media outlets had already speculated that Zhang Ye might be joining hands with his old employer once again as everything seemed to have played out according to script. In his meeting in the afternoon, Hu Fei even questioned him on more than one occasion about why he was hesitating, why he would even have to consider when given such a good opportunity had fallen from the heavens for him?

Yes, so why was it like this?

Zhang Ye did not seem to know the answer either. He had done a lot of things and was very different from most people. There were many other incidents that happened to him that also did not seem to have a reason for its occurrence.

He just did not wish to go!

At least for now, he did not wish to go!

He took out his cell phone, checking for someone to call and talk with.

Wu Zeqing? No, Old Wu was working at the moment.

Zhang Yuanqi? Forget it, she probably did not even switch on her cell phone.

Rao Aimin? Come on, if he called her, he would probably be listening to all her derogatory comments about him.

Then, Zhang Ye thought of Dong Shanshan. His old classmate who was also a broadcast host like himself. And so, he made the call to her.

Du...

Du...

"Sorry, the number you have just called is currently busy."

Only after two rings, the call was cut off.

Zhang Ye was speechless for a long time. How dare she hang up on me? Could it be that she was busy with a new program? He had promised Dong Shanshan in the past that if she was lined up to do a new program, he would help contribute some ideas to her. And so, he called her again, but like earlier, was hung up on again. Zhang Ye keenly realized that this was a little odd. After some hesitation, he made a call to his old workplace at the online television station. He called the WebTV department straight on its direct line.

It got through.

"Hello, Weiwo Online television station." A man answered.

Zhang Ye said, "I am Zhang Ye, may I know who I am speaking with?"

When the person heard this, he laughed and said, "Ah? Teacher Zhang? It's me, Ah Qian!"

"Ah Qian, no wonder I thought it was a familiar voice. Why is it you answering the phone?" Zhang Ye was not exactly close to him but had come into contact quite frequently before when he was working there.

Ah Qian said, "It's a little busy at the department today, so there's only a few of us at our desks. Why did you call here?"

Zhang Ye still knew quite a number of people at the online television station, like Director Wang who had a pretty good relationship with him. But Zhang Ye did not call him because his goal was no longer at the online television station. He was instead aiming to join a satellite channel. He was afraid that if he called Wang Xiong, he might attempt to invite him back to the online television station and it would be difficult to reject him. So for this reason, he might as well have just called the department directly instead. He said, "Hai, it's nothing much. I just wanted to call to ask how everyone is. I am still at Beijing and can't go over to Shanghai. Oh yes, where's Teacher Shanshan? Is she at the office? Is she busy with a new program?"

Ah Qian was a little taken aback and said, "Oh, you didn't know?"

Zhang Ye was also taken aback by this and said, "Know about what?"

Ah Qian sighed and said, "Teacher Shanshan has already resigned."

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "When was this? That can't be. I saw her posting on Weibo just some time ago to ask her fans to support her new program!"

Ah Qian said, "It happened just yesterday. Teacher Shanshan and the staff of our program planning team had come up with a few proposals for the new segment but they were all rejected by the management. They felt that it wouldn't work. A solution was then proposed by the leader instead for her to continue doing her original program for a second season as the program itself had pretty acceptable results before. The station didn't want to take this risk. However, Shanshan wanted to take up something new for her development with a new program and a consensus could not be reached. Teacher Shanshan and the leader eventually fell out over this and she decided to resign."

Zhang Ye said, "Then where is she now?"

"I don't know, but I heard that she went back to her own home," Ah Qian said.

Zhang Ye frowned, "Then does she not plan on working as a host anymore?"

Ah Qian said, "It might be that she hasn't found another place to work at yet. After all, a host at our online television station is not as accepted by the traditional media as it isn't as mainstream. So it also reflects as not too popular or stable for a host yet. This is how it is, but of course, you're an exception."

Zhang Ye said, "I understand. Thank you, Ah Qian."

"It's nothing," said Ah Qian.

After hanging up, Zhang Ye finally understood why Dong Shanshan had hung up on him twice. He also knew that she was caught in a very unfavorable situation at the moment.

After pondering about this for a few minutes.

Zhang Ye sent a message over to her: "Answer the phone! (I'm not looking for a loan!)"

A moment later, Dong Shanshan returned his call and the first thing she said was: "You should have said so earlier. I thought you wanted to borrow money from me, so I did not dare answer your call."

Zhang Ye was a little speechless at this but said: "Why are you so stingy?"

Dong Shanshan said girlishly: "Did you only just know that?"

"Don't try to change the topic. What are you doing now?" Zhang Ye asked immediately.

"Me? I am busy with my new program. Didn't you see my Weibo?"

"What program?"

"I'm still planning it. It hasn't been confirmed yet."

"How's it going then?"

"Pretty good."

"Oh, where are you now?"

“At the site having a meeting, that’s why I did not answer your call.”

“Oh. Which site?”

“Weiwo television station of course, where else? Alright, if there’s nothing, I have to hang up. I heard that you might be going back to your old employer? It must be a satellite channel this time, right? Let me congratulate you in advance then. When I go to Beijing next time, the first thing you must do is treat me to a Beijing restaurant, hur hur. That’s it then, I have to go now.”

After only talking for half a minute, the phone call ended.

Zhang Ye put down his phone and did not feel too good. This old classmate of his really never spoke a word of truth. He had always known this and was used to it, usually just smiling at what she said, but today when he heard Dong Shanshan’s lies, Zhang Ye could no longer smile at them.

Busy with a new program?

Even having a meeting at the online television station?

If Zhang Ye had not given a call to Weiwo Television Station, he would really have been fooled by Dong Shanshan. He understood that she did not say the truth so that he wouldn’t have to be worried for her. Even though Dong Shanshan was a woman, and a very sexy and feminine woman at that, she was also a very strongly independent person. She had mentioned that she still did not wish to get married early—something that could possibly be one of the few truths she had spoken before. So naturally, her focus and goals in life would definitely be on her work. Leaving her job this time would surely have messed up her plans. The fact that she did not tell this to anyone was understandable to Zhang Ye as he also thought the same as her. This was the reason why Zhang Ye did not expose her.