

Superstar 771

Chapter 771: Marrying Old Wu next year?

Not long after.

The doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch and saw that it wasn't even 7 AM yet. It was only a little more than 10 minutes since he had gotten off the phone with Old Wu. He hurriedly went to open the door. Sure enough, Wu Zeqing was standing at the door. Old Wu was dressed simply but elegantly, with her hair in a bun, looking very demure and gentle.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "That was fast!"

Old Wu smiled and said, "Didn't you say you were hungry?"

"Come in, come." Zhang Ye moved aside to let her into the house.

Old Wu wiggled the steamed buns in her hands and said, "I bought some steamed buns from downstairs. Eat them in the meantime. Big Sis will cook something nice for you around noon." Saying that, she glanced around at the surroundings.

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "My home is rather small and can't be compared to your place."

Wu Zeqing looked around the living room. "It's quite nice."

"What would you like to drink?"

"I'll help myself."

"Sure, just treat this place as your own home. No need to stand on ceremony around here."

"You're my boyfriend. Why would I stand ceremony with you?"

"Great. There's tea and coffee on the coffee table. I'll leave you on your own over there. Let me have something to eat first." Zhang Ye was already taking the steamed buns over to the table. Without even getting any chopsticks, he reached out his hand to take a steamed bun to eat.

However, Wu Zeqing slapped the back of his hand with her hand. "Have you washed your hands yet?"

"I brushed my teeth and washed my face just now," Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing made him put down the steamed bun. "Go wash your hands first."

"Let me eat one first."

"Go and wash your hands first."

"...Fine, I'll do as you say."

Zhang Ye couldn't refuse her and just did as he was told. He went to the bathroom to wash his hands. When he came back out, he saw that Wu Zeqing had placed the buns onto a plate and even placed a

pair of chopsticks down for him—Old Wu had always been that considerate in her actions and did things in a very thoughtful way.

After lunch.

Zhang Ye led Old Wu to his bedroom. “This is my room.”

Wu Zeqing looked around and commented, “The wall looks a bit yellow. It’s time to repaint it.”

“Hai, it’s because of my smoking. We’ll talk about it again when we renovate.” Whenever Wu Zeqing was beside him, Zhang Ye felt very relaxed and calm. He naturally laid down onto his bed, rubbing his temples and yawning uncontrollably.

Old Wu said, “You’re tired?”

Zhang Ye said, “No, I was woken up by my parents early this morning. I got up too quickly and have a headache now.”

Wu Zeqing nodded, then smiled and said, “Come here, let me massage your head.”

Zhang Ye faked concern. “Is that appropriate?”

“Then forget it,” Old Wu said.

Zhang Ye coughed and shifted himself closer to her. “Don’t say forget it. I was just being polite. If you insisted a little further, I would have accepted it. Why are you speaking in such an unpredictable way? Come, massage me.”

Old Wu smiled and placed one of her hands into his hair and squeezed gently. “Are you still in a deadlock with Central TV Department 1?”

Zhang Ye nodded. “For sure.”

Old Wu asked again, “Do you need me to help you handle it?”

“Didn’t we talk about this last time? I don’t need your help on this matter.” Zhang Ye waved it off determinedly and said, “You’ve probably already heard about the game that I made. The popularity of Plants vs. Zombies is constantly rising, even though it can’t be compared to the popularity brought on by The Voice or other TV shows. But it isn’t that bad at all. It should at least help me maintain my position. Do you think it will be that easy for Central TV Department 1 to put me into the freezer? This bro has worked in the entertainment industry for some time now. If it’s that easy to bring me down, then this bro had better not continue on in this profession anymore! Old Wu, don’t interfere with this matter. You promised me before.”

Old Wu nodded. “OK, Big Sis will not interfere for the time being.”

Zhang Ye laughed and asked, “What do you mean for the time being?”

While Old Wu rubbed his head, she calmly replied, “If Central TV Department 1 really pushes it too far and violates the regulations, Big Sis intends to give them a warning. They’ve resorted to removing the dissidents with unscrupulous means to achieve their political objectives. All that is making the industry an unhealthy and messed up place. Although Central TV Department 1 is not directly under my charge,

the SARFT is still responsible for them. As Big Sis has been transferred over there for some time now, I've created a network and it shouldn't be a problem if I need to deal with them. You don't have to worry about troubling me. Big Sis is not someone who's afraid of trouble."

"I understand."

"What is your plan after the puzzle game?"

"I haven't thought of it yet."

"Haven't thought of it?"

"Yes, with the Mid-Autumn Festival approaching, I'll think about it after the Festival."

Zhang Ye was not one who would plan beforehand and very seldomly prepared for rainy days or mapped out a strategy before he did something. This was his style and he did everything by instinct. As such, Zhang Ye appeared somewhat odd to outsiders. He varied between being intelligent and stupid from time to time and had a one-track mind. Only Wu Zeqing, a few of his family members, and some friends understood him well, while other people were unable to truly figure out Zhang Ye's approach to things. All they knew was that this fellow had a spirit that would kill anyone who stood in his way, even if they were God or Buddha!

"Old Wu, have you been busy recently?"

"Well, not too bad."

"Is your health alright?"

"Yes."

"Have you been sleeping well?"

"Yes."

"Have you been eating well?"

"Yes."

"Shall we get married next year?"

However, Wu Zeqing did not get trapped by those words of his. She just ignored his last question, but lifted up her head to look at him with a smile. "That will depend on the situation."

Zhang Ye blinked. "What do you mean by depending on the situation?"

Wu Zeqing replied with a question, "What suddenly made you bring up the matter of marriage?"

"I was just saying, ahem. It was just a joke." Zhang Ye was used to speaking nonsensically and was actually not mentally prepared for marriage either, but he was worried that such a good woman like Old Wu herself would leave him one day, and delaying the event only increased the chances of that happening!

To that, Old Wu said, "Why don't I arrange a day for you to come meet my family at their place?"

Zhang Ye said excitedly, "That's would be good!" But thinking about it, he started to doubt himself a little. He asked, "But the way that I am, would your parents like me?"

Old Wu shook her head. "Big Sis does not know."

Zhang Ye asked again, "Then do you like me?"

Wu Zeqing laughed. "You're passable."

"What do you mean by passable?" Zhang Ye nearly vomited blood!

Old Wu replied, "Hur hur, listen to what you're asking. If Big Sis did not like you, would I have agreed to be in a relationship with you? Would I have let you into my house?"

Zhang Ye nodded vigorously. "I like hearing that." Then he said, "But I really lack confidence in myself. I'm afraid that your family members will object to our relationship, so I was hoping to meet your parents only after I'd achieve more, like becoming an A-list celebrity or something. Otherwise, I don't think that I'm worthy of you."

Old Wu said gently, "My family members and I are just normal people, what's there to be worthy of? If we really discuss about marriage next year, Big Sis should be the one worried that your family members will not take a liking to me. After all, I'm much older than you and it's somewhat improper. Would your parents not have any ill feelings?" If it were anyone else who said that, it would definitely mean that they were being modest or saying comforting words. However, when Wu Zeqing said those words, it didn't sound fake at all. Old Wu was precisely the kind of person who would do the things she said, and the things she did were exactly what she thought. She did not look down upon others and didn't think too highly of herself either. This was the quality that Zhang Ye most liked about Old Wu.

Zhang Ye said flatly, "That won't happen. You are so beautiful, if my parents knew that you are my girlfriend, they would surely die happy!" After saying that, perhaps not feeling too confident about his words, he added, "That's probably what would happen!"

Old Wu smiled, did not say anything, and continued to rub his head.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye stretched out his hand, wanting to hold Old Wu's other hand that was on the bed. But as he was leaning towards the side of the headboard, the distance was a bit far and he couldn't reach her hand. So, he tried again, but still could not reach it.

When Wu Zeqing saw that, she moved her left hand forward slightly and considerately placed it at a spot where Zhang Ye could reach.

Only then did Zhang Ye grab hold of her hand and he couldn't help saying, "Old Wu, if we want to be together in the future, there will surely be a lot of trouble and obstacles ahead of us, so don't you run away in advance, OK?"

In turn, Old Wu patted his hands. "Didn't you say that you will become the greatest superstar in the world? I will accompany you all the way to the end of this journey."

Zhang Ye clutched her hands even more tightly. "That's fantastic!"

Chapter 772: Awarded the Abel Prize!

Morning. 8 AM.

Zhang Ye, who was currently having an intimate chat with Old Wu at home, suddenly received an unexpected phone call. It was so unexpected that he did not even manage to get prepared for the sudden news!

“Hello, is this Teacher Zhang?” A young man’s voice sounded from the other end.

Zhang Ye said: “Yes, that’s me. Who is this?”

The young man said: “Hello, I am an administrative staff member at Peking University.”

Zhang Ye said in an uncertain tone: “Peking University? Oh, hello.”

The young man sounded very anxious. “I would like to ask if you’re currently in Beijing?”

Zhang Ye said: “Yes, I am.”

“That’s great then! Could we have you make a trip to Peking University right now?” the young man said immediately. “We just received a notification fax a few minutes ago from the American Abel Math Foundation saying that you have been selected as the recipient of this year’s Abel International Math Prize. The contact who is overseeing this nomination is already on the way to Peking University, and we have already informed the university board and the School of Mathematical Sciences. Everyone is already on their way here!”

Zhang Ye was a little taken aback: “Abel Prize?”

“Congratulations, Teacher Zhang!” the young man said happily. From the tone of his voice, it was not just a complimentary happy voice but one that sounded very excited: “You have really done everyone at Peking University proud this time! This Abel Prize is very well-known in the international mathematics scene. Ever since its introduction, you’re the first Chinese citizen to receive it! In the past 40 years, there has never been a Chinese person awarded it!”

“Really?”

“Yes!”

“Thank you. Alright then, I will be over in a bit.”

“Don’t delay any longer. It’s best that you leave your house immediately. Dean Pan and the others have already heard the news and have canceled their day off to come back to the campus!”

“Sure, I’ll be right there!”

“OK, we’ll be waiting for you!”

After hanging up, the Dean of Peking University’s School of Mathematical Sciences, Pan Yang, also called.

“Professor Zhang, have you heard?” Pan Yang sounded very excited as well.

Zhang Ye laughed and said: “I just found out. I don’t know how to react right now.”

Pan Yang laughed heartily: "Same here. I still thought that for an international prize like this we would have to wait until your proof of Dale's Conjecture had been verified before there would be a chance to be selected. Who knew that it would come so early? But then again, this is how it should be, since even if Dale's Conjecture hasn't been completely proven, the basic train of thought has already been set. The few proofs by contradiction methods that you raised in the process have all contributed greatly to the worth and meaning of mathematics. That alone would have been enough to earn you a selection for the award. Awarding you the prize before the conjecture has been proven isn't going overboard at all in this case, since you have solved one of the most difficult mathematical conjectures in the world!"

Being praised so highly, Zhang Ye also became rather polite and said: "It was all thanks to Dean Pan's guidance."

Dean Pan said happily: "Don't put it that way. I wouldn't dare take any credit for this. Still, congratulations to you!"

"Congratulations to you too," Zhang Ye said.

Dean Pan said: "I'm almost at Peking University already, so you should hurry up and get over here as well. We'll discuss further once you're here. Oh yes, remember to dress nicely. The media has been notified, so there will also be many people here!"

"Sure." Zhang Ye ended the call.

In his room.

Wu Zeqing understood just from listening. "You've been awarded a prize?"

Zhang Ye smiled proudly and said, "They mentioned it was called the Abel Prize or something."

Old Wu nodded and turned around to open his wardrobe. She found him a suit and handed it to him. "Hurry up and go then. Wear that suit so that you'll look more formal. Where's your tie?"

"In the lower drawer." Zhang Ye pointed.

After getting dressed, he checked himself out in the mirror while Old Wu helped put on his tie in a meticulous manner. She tied it quite nicely the first time round, but was somewhat unsatisfied with it, so she undid and tied it twice before she was satisfied.

"It's good now," Old Wu said.

Zhang Ye felt a little embarrassed. "I'd just invited you over but I have to go out now. Why not you stay around and wait for me since it's also your day off? I'll be back in the afternoon once I'm done over there."

Wu Zeqing agreed, "OK."

"I'll be going then."

"What do you want to have for lunch?"

"I like everything you cook."

On the way to Peking University, while he was stopped at a traffic light, Zhang Ye picked up his cell phone to check on the so-called Abel Prize to find out what it was about. Perhaps the people of this world were very familiar with it, but Zhang Ye was not the same. Strictly speaking, he was not someone of this world.

It was revealed online that this prize was not the most prestigious award in the field of mathematics. But even if it was not the most prestigious, it was still a very well-known international award. Its value was worth its weight in gold and the selection process of its recipients was very strict. This was essentially standard practice for all international awards. If you did not have an achievement that was greater than someone else's achievements, you didn't qualify for the award. On top of that, this greatness mainly stemmed from being a foreigner, or more specifically, a westerner. For a Chinese citizen qualifying for this award, the qualities assessed were even more stringent and you'd need to be greater than great to have a chance to receive the award. To quantify all past international awards recipients, if it was down to two people, a westerner and a Chinese citizen who had similar achievements, then the chances of the westerner getting the award was ten times greater than the Chinese citizen's chances. There was still a chance that the outsider might win, but if anyone were to say that there was not prejudice? Zhang Ye would not believe it.

In the decades since the founding of the nation, Chinese mathematicians had obtained some achievements and awards in the international arena. But for an important international award like the Abel Prize, it was still very rare with almost no one ever getting them. The Chinese mathematicians had only ever received some secondary awards on the international level, or a mathematics award that was given out domestically. Many of the prominent mathematicians on the grandmaster level had always missed out on those international awards!

Because of this, now that Zhang Ye was about to receive this Abel Prize, it was truly going to be a great achievement. This would also be the first time that a Chinese citizen would be receiving this award in history, so it had an even greater historical meaning to it. If it had to be put in a nicer way, then it could even be said that this was the first great step the Chinese mathematics field had taken into the international arena!

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At Peking University.

When the car drove up to the school gates, there was already a huge crowd gathered!

"That's Zhang Ye's car!"

"Professor Zhang is here!"

"Professor Zhang!"

When the more than 20 reporters from the media who had rushed to Peking University saw Zhang Ye's car, they rushed like mad toward him and stopped him just outside the school gates. Further up at the school gates, many of Peking University's students and staff were holding up a banner. It was a large red banner which was freshly printed with something like "A warm congratulations to Peking University's Associate Professor Zhang Ye from the Math Department on being awarded the Abel International Math Prize" and so on written on it. The banner was already secured on the left end while the right end was

currently being held up by several people on a ladder, trying to secure it to the school gate. As there wasn't much time to react, the turnout was relatively low, yet the atmosphere was very warm!

Those Peking University students who lived in the dormitories had come out to witness the commotion.

The people sent by the media also gradually arrived in droves. Many of those reporters had driven their cars here and had to run over after parking. They arrived while they were still panting, obviously because this piece of news had come too suddenly, leaving everyone with very little reaction time!

Seeing this, Zhang Ye naturally did not just drive straight to his destination. He found a spot on the roadside and parked there.

"Professor Zhang, congratulations!" a female reporter from Beijing News Channel shouted.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Thank you. I've also just found out about this news."

A reporter from a newspaper firm raised an audio recorder and asked loudly, "Professor Zhang, what are your thoughts on becoming the first person in Chinese history to be awarded the Abel Prize?" As Zhang Ye held many different posts, when faced with different situations, the reporters would all address him differently. Sometimes, they would call him Teacher Zhang, other times Professor Zhang.

Zhang Ye answered, "I've only been selected for the award. I haven't received it yet."

A reporter laughed. "All that is left for you to do is to fly to America to receive it. Why don't you first tell us about your thoughts?"

Zhang Ye laughed heartily at that. "I will talk about it afterwards." Then he squeezed past them to go inside.

If it were another mathematician here today, a low-key academic worker would surely not be used to such a scene and might not even be able to handle all of these media personnel. But it was different for Zhang Ye, since this fellow not only dabbled in mathematics, but was also a big shot celebrity in the entertainment circle. Facing these reporters was part and parcel of his job, and whether it was an entertainment reporter, a news reporter, or an academic journalist, he could handle them all.

Soon after, a group of Peking University Math Department's teachers and professors came to welcome him.

Dean Pan led the group. "Haha, Professor Zhang, congratulations, congratulations!"

The teachers and professors from the School of Mathematical Sciences behind the Dean also offered their congratulations.

"Congratulations to you!"

"Professor Zhang, you've really done those of us at Peking University proud!"

"This award came so unexpectedly and surprisingly too!"

"We've all come out to welcome you, Professor Zhang!"

Everyone was in a joyous mood. The honor of Zhang Ye's achievement in the global mathematics field was also an achievement for the Chinese mathematics field. Similarly, it was even more of an honor for their Peking University's Math Department, thus, everyone felt very excited about it. The glory that Zhang Ye had brought to their Math Department was clearly not just any glory. Even the Chinese Academy of Sciences, which had so many Math Fellows, had never been selected for the Abel Prize. But today, Zhang Ye had been given the nod for the award, so what kind of glory was that?

Zhang Ye felt very flattered and quickened his pace. "Don't put it that way. I haven't done that much to deserve all of you senior teachers coming out to welcome me. Everyone is praising me too much."

An old professor from the Math Department said while stroking his beard and laughing, "Don't be so modest, kid. If you go out there and get more international math awards for our Peking University, I'd be more than willing to welcome you here every day!"

Pan Yang said with a smile, "Old Professor Sun, the award is not for our Peking University. That's an individual award he's getting."

The old professor stared at him. "Isn't Little Zhang part of Peking University as well? If Little Zhang gets an award, then it means that we get the award too! We're all family, what's the difference?"

Everyone from the Math Department laughed, thinking no one else would dare to claim things as they wanted, like how he just did. However, they all knew that Old Professor Sun didn't mean any disrespect. He was just an old man who was truly happy, happy for Peking University and also for their Chinese mathematics field. How many years had it been since China had someone as talented as Zhang Ye appear? A level that even many of them old veterans could not reach had now been reached by a twenty-something-year-old mathematician. The validation of the proof for Dale's Conjecture was still ongoing, so it wasn't yet time to say that the conjecture had been proven. But thinking about it, it was really just a matter of time before Zhang Ye's proof of Dale's Conjecture would be validated. At that time, without a doubt, Zhang Ye would surely reach an even higher level. It might even be possible that by then, the highest award in the global mathematics field might no longer be just a dream. They would even stand a chance to fight for it!

Amid the celebratory atmosphere, the leaders of Peking University also arrived one after another. There was even a head of the school who rushed back to the university when he heard about the news, despite being down with a flu and had originally taken a few days off to rest at home.

Several of the school heads met up outside the school gates.

"Is the news true?"

"It's verified to be 100% true! We have confirmation from the Abel Foundation!"

"That's great! From now on, there will no longer be any doubt about our Peking University's place in the Chinese mathematics field. Even internationally, our rankings will surely leap forward!"

"What about Zhang Ye's suspension?"

"Reinstate his classes! Get it done immediately!"

“Yes! Quickly get in touch with the school’s administration and get this settled immediately. Remember, don’t put today’s date as his reinstatement date and use last month’s date instead by keying it directly into the database. Otherwise, if the media finds out about this, it won’t look good for us. As for the resuming of classes, we will let Zhang Ye decide it himself. We can’t schedule his classes at fixed times, so let’s just leave the schedule to him. If he has the time, he can come back to Peking University to hold classes or talks. But if he doesn’t, we won’t force him either. There’s no need to arrange his class by time, just give it some freedom!”

“OK, I’ll have someone get it done!”

After exchanging a few words, Zhang Ye’s reinstatement as a teacher of Peking University was settled. At this point in time, no one would have the nerve to demand that Zhang Ye continue his suspension from school. On this point, the suspension had actually been given to protect him in the first place, so that the incident involving the insults to the foreign dignitaries would blow over. Otherwise, if they had the intention to fire him, they wouldn’t have needed to take an extra step by suspending him. As for those teachers and leaders of Peking University who had conflicts with Zhang Ye, they wouldn’t dare oppose the school’s decision to reinstate Zhang Ye at this point in time either. There was an abundance of teachers at Peking University, so it wouldn’t matter to the school if they were around or not. However, for a teacher like Zhang Ye who could qualify for an award like the Abel International Math Prize, there was only one of him. It was so clear that even a fool could see who was more expendable!

Ten minutes later, the Mathematics Association’s personnel arrived!

Another ten minutes later, even people from the Chinese Academy of Sciences came to offer their congratulations!

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

Chapter 773: Zhang Ye turns hostile!

At Peking University.

More and more people came to congratulate him.

Old Wu's childhood friend, Xin Ya, was here.

Fellow Liu and Fellow Qi of the Chinese Academy of Sciences were also here.

Finally, even the people from the Education Bureau and the Beijing Municipal Committee were here as well. They were all out-and-out ranked officials. This clearly showed how authoritative the Abel Prize was to be able to attract so many people into coming here!

An auditorium was opened to the public and used to accommodate the people of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, Mathematics Association, media reporters and members of the public. It could be considered the public meeting ever held here. This was not a press conference because the Abel Foundation had only selected Zhang Ye for the award but not yet convened the award ceremony for this year. Therefore, they could not announce to the public that Zhang Ye had already received the award for the time being, and it was still too early to hold a press conference or something similar. That would have to wait until after he received the award.

"Professor Zhang." Xin Ya found him.

Zhang Ye looked at her. "Oh, it's Professor Xin."

Xin Ya simpered. "Congratulations to you."

When Zhang Ye saw her expression, he did not try to sound friendly either. "Thank you."

Noticing this, a female teacher from the Math Department standing beside them could not help but laugh. "Professors, are the two of you still bearing a grudge against each other?"

The recent incident between Tsinghua and Peking University fighting over the recruitment of students had caused quite a stir. Zhang Ye argued with Xin Ya at Tsinghua University's main entrance and he even smashed a few of Tsinghua University's cars. Who still did not know about that incident? So when the two of them met on this occasion, many people's attentions were focused on them in concern.

Xin Ya grunted, "How would I dare to bear a grudge against an Abel Prize laureate?!"

Upon seeing this, Pan Yang smiled as he walked over to smooth things out. "Eh, Professor Xin is here too?"

"Of course I have to be here." Xin Ya gave a disdainful look and said, "This person has written out the entire conjecture proof and left all the verification process to our group of mathematicians to work on tirelessly day and night. Now that he has won an award, shouldn't we also get some credit for it? How could I not come?" The verification process of the proof to Dale's Conjecture has been ongoing all this while. Except for those mathematicians from abroad, Xin Ya was one of the main driving forces among the local mathematicians and had given much help in the verification process of Zhang Ye's proof to Dale's Conjecture.

A Peking University math teacher said, "Professor Xin definitely has some credit in this process. Professor Zhang should treat you to a meal afterwards."

"That's right." Dean Pan also smiled and said, "Get Little Zhang to treat you."

Xin Ya glanced at Zhang Ye. "Will you be treating then?"

Zhang Ye looked at her. "Sure."

"What are we going to have?" Xin Ya asked.

Zhang Ye replied, "Why don't we have some stewed meat?"

Xin Ya said, "...I've worked incredibly hard for you during the past six months and you're just going to treat me to some stewed meat that only costs a dozen yuan?"

Zhang Ye said, "A big bowl worth 20 RMB is fine too."

Xin Ya nearly fainted hearing that. "What's the difference?"

Zhang Ye said, "There's 2 more pieces of stewed meat."

Xin Ya: "...(%amp@^^#%^^#@!!!"

Everyone came to help smooth things over.

They thought the relationship between Zhang Ye and Xin Ya was very bad, but in fact they did not know there was still a level of relation with Wu Zeqing between them. Although the two of them snapped at each other, they bore no grudges. With Old Wu between them, they definitely wouldn't get into a real fight and just bantered instead.

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At around 10 AM, the person from the Abel Foundation arrived.

This person was named Johannes. He had pale skin and a big nose and looked to be in his 30s. He was an American, but he did not fly here from America today as he was already in China. He was also one of the better mathematicians in the American mathematics field, and although he had never received any awards on the international level, his standard was still extremely high. The reason why he was in already in China was because he had been participating in the verification process for Zhang Ye's proof to Dale's Conjecture. As Zhang Ye was selected for the Abel Math Prize this time and Johannes was also one of the committee members of the Abel Foundation, this coordination work naturally fell on Johannes's shoulders. Moreover, it was said that his wife was a Chinese American, so Johannes knew how to speak Mandarin very well.

"Hi, Johannes," Xin Ya greeted him.

Johannes nodded in acknowledgment. "How are you, Xin?"

Xin Ya said with a look of surprise, "I did not expect that you would be here."

Johannes smiled and said, "My research lab is located at the Abel Foundation. I'm also one of the administrators there responsible for matters on academics."

Although they had both worked together on the verification process, they were not familiar with each other as they did not communicate much.

Finally, Zhang Ye met Johannes. They went to a quiet spot by themselves, probably because they had some matters to settle and did not want others to disturb them.

"Hello, Zhang." Johannes looked at him.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Hello. How should I address you?"

"I'm Johannes." Then Johannes proceeded to say, "First, there's something I need to say before anything else. I was part of the selection process for this year's Abel Prize and I have also participated in the verification process of your proposed proof to Dale's Conjecture, but all of us know that the verification is not complete yet and that there's still a lot of validating work to do. Therefore no one can claim that you have solved Dale's Conjecture for now. At the very least, we will have to wait until the final step of the validation work is completed and reexamined before submitting it to the International Mathematical Union for approval before it can be confirmed. In the current global field of mathematics, Dale's Conjecture is still not considered as solved yet, so I would like you to know that this is an exceptional case for the Abel Foundation to award the Abel Prize to you this time. It was a rather forced nomination for you to get the award and there's even a chance that it will be withdrawn if any errors are found in the verification process making the proof invalid. The Abel Foundation is also taking a risk here, and well, Zhang, please forgive me for putting it so bluntly but this is how it is."

Initially, Zhang Ye was still smiling nicely. When he heard that his wife was a Chinese American, he had quite a good impression of him. But in the end, when he heard those words from him, Zhang Ye's expression became indifferent and he gave him a sidelong glance. "Oh. Then why did you all still select me for the award?"

Johannes explained, "In recent years, there haven't been too many people with outstanding contributions to the field of mathematics. Because of how famous Dale's Conjecture is, the proof that you came up with has naturally gained the attention of the world's mathematicians. Because of this recognition, an exception was made by the Abel Foundation to select you for the Abel Prize. Otherwise, based on your age and experience, it would be impossible for them to hand out this award to a person in his twenties, especially when said person is a Chinese citizen."

Zhang Ye gave a dry laugh and said, "Do you have a problem with China?"

Johannes shook his head. "No, I don't. What I meant was that the Chinese mathematics field's contributions to the international mathematics scene have never been much. Besides, my wife is also Chinese, so I'm not prejudiced against China at all."

"Regrettably, she's an American citizen." Sometimes, good and bad impressions could change very quickly. Zhang Ye then smiled and said, "When a Chinese person gets American citizenship, I don't consider them a Chinese citizen anymore."

Johannes replied, "I don't have other meaning by saying all this. I was just conveying a fact to you and did not want you to misunderstand that the barrier to entry for our Abel Prize is very low."

Zhang Ye retaliated, "Which one of your ears heard me say that the barrier to entry to the Abel Prize is low? Right from the beginning, you were the one who kept mumbling to yourself, imagining that I thought that your award's barrier entry was low, imagining that I was thinking about this and that. Why are you being so ridiculous, bro?"

He spoke those words rather quickly and they even carried a Beijing accent. Johannes did not fully understand him, but did not bother to take it up with him either. He got straight to the point and explained the various things he needed to take note of during the award ceremony.

First, he had to speak in English when he was receiving the award.

Second, he had to give a general overview of the proposed proof to Dale's Conjecture before receiving the award. There was no need to illustrate the entire process, just an introduction of some of the more important points in the process to the mathematics field's guests who were there.

To put it bluntly, other than this unverified proof to Dale's Conjecture, Zhang Ye had no other contributions to the field of mathematics. In the addition to that, he was also too young. As a 40-year-old veteran mathematician, Johannes was on the committee for the Abel Prize. This time, he represented the Abel Foundation to inform Zhang Ye of his nomination for the award, so he would naturally throw his weight around, thinking that it was rather appropriate to warn a junior like Zhang Ye. In fact, if there were other, better alternatives or suitable candidates, they would not have chosen such a young, Chinese person like Zhang Ye as one of the three recipients for this year's Abel Prizes. If Dale's Conjecture were confirmed to have been proven and acknowledged internationally, then the situation would have been different, but that was not the case at this moment.

As a committee member, why wouldn't they be allowed to give advice to a laureate in private?

Unfortunately, Zhang Ye did not take that lying down. Regarding this so-called Abel Prize, he did not even have the slightest respect for it. To put it bluntly, it was not even the most prestigious award in the global mathematics field. There are other international math awards more prestigious than yours, who do you think you are?! To Zhang Ye, what he needed was only the popularity from receiving the Abel Prize. Since he had never seen himself as an academic, why would he have any respect for an academic award organized by foreigners? It's bullshit! As a committee member, you think you can insult me? I still have to listen to what you're saying? You even thought that you had something on me? Whoa! Why are you so funny?! Who do you think you are? You came up to me and tried to show off, acting like a know-it-all?

Johannes was just touching on the things he needed to take note of for the award ceremony when Zhang Ye interrupted, "Are you done talking?"

Johannes was stunned. "I'm still talking!"

"I only hear you talking, so let me say something too." Zhang Ye stared at him and stated, "I did not beg for you all to give me the award, so don't think that you are doing me a big favor. No one is forcing you. If you people are willing to give me the award, then do it. If you're not willing, then forget it!" Saying that, this fellow turned around and walked away without even looking back.

He left Johannes flabbergasted and furious after that!

What sort of person is he?!

How could he talk like that to me?

...

Outside.

Everyone still did not know what happened inside.

Seeing that Zhang Ye came out, Pan Yang smiled and said, "You've finished talking with him?"

Zhang Ye just smiled and replied, "Yes."

Dean Pan said, "It's almost noon, but don't go yet. Let's have—"

"No offense," Zhang Ye spoke quickly, "But I have something with my family and already promised them that I would be back for lunch. We can arrange to meet up again on another day and I will treat everyone. Sorry, but I really can't make it today."

Dean Pan understood. "Your family will definitely want to celebrate with you. Alright, some other day then."

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

Chapter 774: Something big has happened again!

Caishikou.

After he got out of the car, his mother called him just before he headed upstairs.

"Son! You won an international math award?" his mother asked, sounding very thrilled.

Zhang Ye said into his phone: "How did you learn of this?"

His mother said: "It was reported on the news, who wouldn't know! When are you receiving the award?"

Zhang Ye chuckled: "A few days later. How's your trip going?"

His mother said: "Didn't we just reach Tianjin a while ago? If I had known that something like this would happen, your dad and I wouldn't have gone on the trip. I heard that you're the first Chinese person to receive that Abel Prize or something?"

Zhang Ye made a sound confirming that and said: "Take good care of the kid and have fun with Dad. There's nothing much to worry about here. My passport and airline tickets will be taken care of by someone."

He pressed the doorbell.

After a moment, the door opened.

Zhang Ye sniffed and smelled the fragrance of stewed pork. "Wow, that smells delicious!"

"It's stewed pork ribs." Wu Zeqing smiled at him. "Hungry?"

Zhang Ye appetite was whetted. "I wasn't hungry at first, but I'm hungry now."

After closing the door, Wu Zeqing asked concerned, "How did it go over there? Have all the procedures been completed?"

"What procedures can there be? They just congratulated me. There were even people from the Chinese Academy of Sciences who came to offer me their congratulations. I was so flattered by it." Zhang Ye looked at Old Wu and continued, "Only the person from the Abel Foundation left me a little frustrated. This bro did not even offend them, but that bastard started criticizing me instead, claiming that I didn't have the qualifications and it was only down to luck that I managed to be selected for the award. He also claimed how they had to specially handle this matter and were being generous, as though telling me that their award's barrier to entry was very high and how I should be grateful for it. Heh, I was so amused listening to him say all that!"

Old Wu asked, "Then what did you say?"

Zhang Ye pouted and replied, "Do you think that I would have anything nice to say to him?"

"True," Old Wu giggled.

"In the end, I just said a few words to spite him and came back home," Zhang Ye clarified.

Suddenly, a call came in from Dean Pan.

Zhang Ye curiously answered: "Dean Pan, didn't we just say goodbye? What's the matter? Are you looking for me for something?"

Dean Pan wondered: "Did you offend the person from the Abel Foundation?"

"No, I didn't," Zhang Ye pretended even though he knew it clearly.

"Then that's strange." Dean Pan said: "That Johannes seemed like he was rather upset after speaking to you. He looked quite angry and even declined to attend the press conference afterwards. Besides, who doesn't know about your temper? You often offend people, so being worried, I called you to check about it. Being nominated for the award this time, you have done our country and Peking University very proud. I don't think you need me to remind you just how important this award is, but it definitely has a place in the top six international awards for math prizes, so don't mess this up."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye waved his cell phone around at Old Wu. "Look at this, talking to me about such small things." He sat down and added, "I can't bother with them anymore. Let me have something to eat first. I'm so hungry."

"Wait a while longer."

"You've worked hard, Old Wu."

The food was served and every dish looked sumptuous.

Zhang Ye was watching the news together with Old Wu as he tucked in heartily.

As for Zhang Ye being awarded the Abel Prize, the satellite channels of every province were reporting about it. Even the news channel of Beijing Television did a special report about this matter in a segment that lasted over ten minutes. Ten minutes might seem short, but realize that the duration of a news program was not long to begin with. Whether it was the afternoon or evening news, the entire duration of the report would not exceed 30 minutes. So dedicating ten minutes to report on this news exclusively showed just how important it was.

At the beginning, Beijing Television's news channel started introducing in detail the origin and name of the Abel Prize. Then they listed the previous laureates, talking about how each and every past laureate was either a famous mathematician or had been famous before. As the first Chinese citizen and person to be awarded this prize, Zhang Ye was undoubtedly a very prominent recipient.

In the middle of the special report, there was an interview conducted with some of the profession's experts.

Dean Pan and a Fellow from the Chinese Academy of Sciences were both interviewed. From the footage of the interview, it could be seen that it was done at Peking University. It was probably sent back to Beijing Television Station immediately after the interview was done so that it could be used for the afternoon news report.

At the end of the special report, there was an interview conducted on the streets.

The Beijing Television Station's reporter asked the people some questions on the streets.

Reporter: "Can you tell us your views on Professor Zhang Ye being awarded the Abel Prize?"

The interviewee was a young man. When he heard the question, his spirit was perked up. "That is so awesome! I'm still worked up from all the excitement!"

The shot cut to a young female university student being interviewed. "I am a student from the Math Department currently in my second year of studies. I would never have thought that one day a mathematician from China would receive the Abel Prize. Teacher Zhang is my idol and as my goal is to become as good as him in the future, so that I can help mathematics flourish as a subject like he did. I want to be just like Teacher Zhang and bring glory to our country!"

A middle-aged man said: "My first thought was how awesome this is! Zhang Ye indeed lives up to his name!"

Then, yet another person was interviewed. "When I just found out about the news, I was rather shocked too. But after thinking about it, if Teacher Zhang could even prove Dale's Conjecture, then what was so shocking about him getting the Abel Prize!? Congratulations, Teacher Zhang. You've made history again!"

A third-year student at a high school said: "I will be taking my college entrance exam next year, but was still undecided on which institution and degree I wanted to pursue. However, after I learned about Teacher Zhang Ye being selected for the Abel Prize, I immediately decided that I wanted to join Peking University's Math Department! Teacher Zhang is way too amazing!"

Every television station was showing similar things, rushing to report about this important piece of news.

All with the exception of one station. The channel that was the most authoritative and should be reporting about this news at this moment dropped the ball—Central TV Department 1!

It wasn't that they did not report about it, since this was big news and they couldn't have possibly missed out on it or make no mention of it. Instead, their report about it was limited to several words only. To put it plainly, Central TV Department 1's afternoon news only gave the news a few seconds of coverage, with the news anchor summarizing Zhang Ye's nomination for the award into just a single sentence. There was no follow up to it, much less an interview. There wasn't even any live footage from the site or an insert of the university's picture, with this report being casually skipped over, leaving the audience greatly surprised.

But Zhang Ye was not surprised at this. He knew that Central TV Department 1 was now increasing their efforts to freeze and suppress Zhang Ye. From this point forward, Central TV Department 1 was not just going to keep Zhang Ye out of work, they were even going to keep him out of the news. This was an extremely ruthless move by them!

Zhang Ye sneered at this mentally. He could no longer be bothered with this bunch of people. He knew very well that he had never done Central TV Department 1 any wrong, working on his show without any rest for several months straight. He hardly went home during the production of *The Voice*, living and eating at the office just so that he could spend more time on the new show. Having put so much effort into the show and making it popular, it ended with those people turning greedy instead. Jiang Naixiong, Jiang Yuan, and the other executives of Central TV Department 1 were so greedy that Zhang Ye couldn't help fighting back. Was he in the wrong? His conscience was clear.

Enjoy your antics for now!

I will settle the score someday!

...

The next day.

Many of Zhang Ye's friends called to offer their congratulations.

"Little Zhang, congratulations!"

"Thank you, Brother Hu."

"Seeing you doing better and better with each passing day, as an elder brother, I am really happy for you!"

Hu Fei, Yao Jiancai, Dong Shanshan, Ha Qiqi, etc. Everyone sent their regards to him, but the one worth mentioning was from Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong. She got someone to send a basket of flowers to his home with a congratulatory card, making it look very formal.

When he received it, Zhang Ye hurriedly gave her a call.

"Sister Fang, I've received the flower basket," Zhang Ye said.

Fang Weihong laughed: "It's good that you got it. Congratulations again."

Zhang Ye said: "Hur hur, thank you very much. But that was such a formal congratulation. It's my first time receiving something like that."

"It's only proper. This is not a small award that you're getting, but a well-recognized math award. It's even one of the top international awards, and besides, you're the first Chinese person to receive it and gain glory for our country, so of course this asks for a more formal congratulation. If we just called, it wouldn't be that sincere anymore, hur hur. Furthermore, you should not be thanking me since it was Sister Zhang who asked me to arrange it. The congratulatory message was all in her exact words," Fang Weihong said.

Zhang Ye said with surprise: "Then I am truly honored. Alright, please help me give my thanks to Sister Zhang."

The news of Zhang Ye receiving the award was getting hyped up!

"Abel Prize: No longer just a 'playground' for the westerners!"

"The 'jack-of-all-trades' Zhang Ye debuts on the world stage!"

"Abel Prize: The award that our countrymen have looked forward to for over 50 years!"

Online, in the newspapers, on television, every media outlet was rushing to report this news. The people's congratulatory messages were also coming in overwhelmingly. As this was a matter of glory for the country, involving an international award, there were no naysayers coming out to sing a different tune. Even Zhang Ye's foes did not say much about this event.

But right at this moment, an incident occurred!

Because there wasn't much time left until the award ceremony, the matter could be considered rather urgent. Zhang Ye had already handed his passport over to the administrative staff at Peking University to

handle since he did not have his own management team. It was also the first time he had encountered something like this. Therefore, the school administration at Peking University formed a team to handle communication with the Abel Foundation and the original plan did not require much effort on Zhang Ye's end. At most, he would be required to show up at the embassy, yet somehow, Zhang Ye and the school administrative team encountered some issues while applying for his visa and were rejected by the embassy staff!

The visa application was denied!

The reason given was that the paperwork was incomplete and the supporting documents submitted by the Abel Foundation were also incorrect!

The administrative team of Peking University were confused and quickly called Dean Pan to let him know.

Dean Pan was startled by this and said: "The paperwork was incomplete? It can't be!"

The school administrative staff said: "That's right, we did everything in accordance to the procedures and even checked the procedures of the Abel Foundation as well. They have already sent us the invitation documents and I believe Johannes has also communicated beforehand with the embassy? So why didn't the application get approved? They just straight up denied the visa application? There was no room for any discussion at all? If we have to reapply after the rejection, there will surely be a delay. If we don't hurry, Professor Zhang won't be able to make it in time to America to receive the prize!"

Dean Pan hastily asked: "Where is Professor Zhang?"

The school administrative staff said: "Professor Zhang is beside me right now."

"I'll go check again. I suppose there was something we missed while communicating with them." Dean Pan hung up the call and immediately contacted Johannes. After that, he made several more calls to the embassy.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye stood outside having a smoke. He did not know this world's visa regulations so did not say anything.

Shortly, Dean Pan called back. The school administrative staff came outside to tell Zhang Ye and they went back into the embassy. They tried to do the application again but were unable to finish it for the entire afternoon. In the end, they had to settle for the embassy staff's request for them to get the Abel Foundation to resend them the supporting documents and for them to get an official stamp from several agencies. That barrage of requests left the few school administrative staff grasping to understand it all. This was not the first time they were handling such visa applications since many staff members and some academics or professors would often have to go overseas on official business. However, a visa application was something that was very straightforward to handle and it was just a matter of procedures. They had never met with a case like this where Zhang Ye's visa application was incredibly difficult to get approved. Besides, Zhang Ye wasn't just going overseas for business. He was in point of fact invited by the Americans to go over. There was no reason for the visa application to be this troublesome!

OK!

If the Abel Foundation's supporting documents were missing some information, then why don't we do it another way instead? We will apply for a work visa as Peking University. That should make things work, right?

With this decision, the school administrative staff immediately made a call back to urgently prepare a draft stating that Zhang Ye had some business to attend to in America. After signing and putting a stamp on it, they got someone to deliver it to the embassy immediately. However, the resulting application was the same. They were still rejected with the reason given as how they were not allowed to make an application for two different types of visas within the same week!

Only then did the people from Peking University feel that something was amiss.

Zhang Ye understood even better why it turned out this way. This was definitely Johannes or someone from the Abel Foundation purposely trying to trip them up. Zhang Ye had seen enough of such underhand methods before to know, but this wasn't the style of the Americans but felt closer to the style of the Chinese. Knowing that Johannes' wife was a Chinese American, and how he could speak Mandarin fluently as well, Zhang Ye was no longer doubtful.

The Peking University people were beginning to feel anxious. Reapply after a week? The yellow daylilies would have already been frozen by then! The award ceremony would be over and done with by then, so what would we reapply for? The Abel Prize required the nominee to be there to receive the prize in person!

The embassy staff were having none of that and did not budge no matter what was said. The school administrative team hurriedly contacted Johannes, hoping that he could help to coordinate on this matter.

"Hello, Mr. Johannes, we seem to have met with some trouble over here at the embassy," the school administrative staff member explained the situation to him.

Johannes pretended to be surprised on the other end: "Something like that happened? That can't be?"

The school administrative staff member said: "At the moment, Teacher Zhang Ye is unable to get his visa approved. We're all waiting over here at the embassy. Do you think you can make a trip here?"

Johannes said, "It might be that the Foundation did not communicate this well enough to the embassy, causing there to be some problems. But I have something urgent to attend to and I am out of the country at the moment."

"Ah?" The school administrative staff member said: "Out of the country?"

Johannes replied: "I definitely can't make it back today. Why don't you contact me again tomorrow?"

Zhang Ye guessed right—the situation was indeed created by Johannes. Right now, Johannes was actually in a business suite at a hotel in Beijing. Beside him were his wife and two friends from America. They were currently having steak dinner with wine in the suite.

When she heard Johannes say that he was overseas, his Chinese wife smiled slightly at that.

"Haha, let's drink up," a blond American said.

The Chinese woman shushed him while smiling, gesturing for them to be a little quieter.

Yesterday at Peking University, as the official contact person of the Abel Foundation here, Johannes had been rebuked by Zhang Ye and that gave him a grudge. After he came back to the hotel, he started complaining to his wife and friends about how Zhang Ye did not know how to behave and was too cocky because of his achievements. After hearing that from him, his wife was also fuming mad, so came up with this idea. Johannes then made a call to a friend who worked at the embassy and another call to someone at the Foundation, all of which led to today's situation at the embassy. Johannes wanted to use this to regain some honor and to give Zhang Ye a scare.

Of course Johannes knew how important the Abel Prize was. From the media coverage and news in China for the past two days, he knew just how great the Chinese and Peking University felt about Zhang Ye receiving the award this time. The message Johannes wanted to send to Zhang Ye today was that he was in charge of managing things at the Abel Foundation and also the main contact person this time. The entire itinerary of events was controlled by him, and if he did not want Zhang Ye to get his visa, then Zhang Ye couldn't even make the trip to America, much less receive the award. Because a lot of the awards in the global mathematics field were not administered by one single entity, there were specific regulations for each type of award. For example, there were some awards that were only given out to young mathematicians under the age of 40, or, like in the regulations of the Abel Prize, if the recipient was not present in person, the award would be treated as turned down—but of course, in the many years since the start of the Abel Prize, there had never been a case of anyone turning down the award.

For such an important international math award, an award that your country places so much importance on, if they saw how close you were to getting the award yet met with such an unexpected roadblock, I won't believe you won't be anxious!

Johannes thought about how no matter whether Zhang Ye begged him or hopped around in anger, he could still assert this grudge of his. By then, he would have considered himself to have stifled Zhang Ye's momentum and taught him a lesson on how he should never try to rebuke him again. With that, his purpose would have been achieved! As for not granting Zhang Ye the visa? Thus making him unable to go to America? That was clearly not going to happen. Johannes did not dare to do so. He was only trying to scare Zhang Ye a little. He did not have the guts to block Zhang Ye from receiving the award, because if he did, then it would be a huge problem. Johannes was not stupid, so of course he wouldn't do that!

On the phone.

His two friends were eyeing him and starting to urge him a little. One of them even poured Johannes a glass full of wine, hinting for him to quickly start eating.

Johannes, who was still holding the phone, smiled and nodded in acknowledgment.

The Peking University administrative staff member said anxiously: "If you can't make it over here, why don't you give them a call instead? On the other hand, you could get someone from the Abel Foundation to communicate with the embassy again. The paperwork is definitely not a problem, but since we're so close to the day of the award ceremony, we're just afraid we won't make it in time!"

Johannes put his arm around his wife's shoulder, and declined while grinning: "We can't clear up such matters over the phone. It's not like the embassy staff knows me, so why don't we wait until I get back

before we do anything. Yes, probably tomorrow or the day after, get Zhang Ye to look for me and I will help you all get it done."

Earlier, he said tomorrow!

But just a few moments later, it had become either tomorrow or the day after?

The Peking University administrative team was anxiously going around in circles. If they messed this matter up, they wouldn't be able to handle the consequences and responsibilities. This was the first time a Chinese citizen was going to receive an Abel Prize!

However, Zhang Ye who was on hand had heard everything that was said over the phone very clearly. He was not anxious or angry like the Peking University administrative team and appeared to be very calm instead. He walked over and stretched out his hand, stating, "Hand the phone to me."

The school administrative staff member was taken aback at this and subconsciously handed the phone over to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye took it from him and spoke into the cell phone: "Mr. Johannes, let's not wait for the day after tomorrow. Since my visa application was denied, I can see the attitude and sincerity of you and the Abel Foundation from this. If that's the case, I don't think there's anything else that we should be talking about anymore. You might not know me, but from now on, you will get to know me better. I am officially informing you right now that I fucking won't be going to this year's Abel Prize award ceremony, so you can find anyone else you like to receive the award instead!"

"What? What are you saying?" Over at the other side, Johannes' expression had shifted drastically. He immediately said: "Wait, wait awhile!"

With Johannes's panicked voice still shouting, Zhang Ye slowly hung up the phone and threw the phone back to the similarly aghast-looking members of the Peking University administrative team.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Everyone, you've all worked hard today. Let's go."

A young member of the team said in shock, "Professor Zhang, are...are you out of your mind?"

"Turning down the award? You want to turn down the award!?"

"Holy shit! Professor Zhang, don't be messing around at such a time! Please stop messing around like this!"

"Professor Zhang, stop scaring us like this! Aiyo, don't go away, come back!"

Zhang Ye had already exited and entered his car to drive off.

The several members of the Peking University administrative team were all panicking!

Something big had happened!

Something big had truly happened this time!!

Chapter 775: Zhang Ye turns down the award!

At Peking University.

Starting from yesterday, Peking University had set up a team to be responsible for communicating with the media and reporters. Because it was the Math Department's Associate Professor Zhang Ye who was going to receive the Abel Prize, it was considered an achievement in the field of mathematics. Naturally then, the team would be led by Dean Pan Yang of the School of Mathematical Sciences. Officially, he was known as the team's deputy chief, while the appointed chief was a vice president of the university.

Today, they were receiving a lot of reporters again.

For the past two days, the television stations, newspaper firms, and many industry insiders from the domestic mathematics field had dropped by wave after wave to pay an official visit. There were even some people who were sent by some foreign mathematics institutions and research facilities to get in contact with Peking University, with some of them expressing their hopes to meet Zhang Ye in person and had called to schedule a meeting. There was also one foreign research facility that flatly mentioned that they would like to work with Peking University on a project, but of course actually meant that they wanted to work with Zhang Ye.

Pan Yang and his team were busy up to their ears.

"Dean Pan, a reporter from Liaodong Television Station has arrived."

"Let him wait a little while, I need to finish this first."

"Hai, there will be several dozen people coming today again and we have to receive all of them."

"Our Peking University is going to be famous this time!"

"Should we call for a press conference instead, Dean Pan? If they keep coming one by one, when will all this end? There's too many people. We can't handle it as we are."

"We have to wait until the award has been accepted before we can do that. Professor Zhang's visa has yet to be approved as there was some issue with the invitation documents sent by the Abel Foundation. How is it at Professor Zhang's side now?"

"I don't know yet, but I'll ask."

"OK, that's the more important issue here, so ask clearly."

But before they could call to check on the latest development, the Peking University administrative team who went with Zhang Ye to the embassy called back to Dean Pan first. The first words they said made him feel like something heavy had struck his heart!

"Dean Pan! Something big has happened!" a person from the school administrative team said in panic.

Dean Pan said, rather taken aback: "What big thing has happened?"

What kind of an institution was Peking University? It was the top educational institution in the country and also ranked in the top 50 globally. All related staff were people who had seen the world before. If anyone mentioned that "something big" had happened, to them, it would just be a small event. They shouldn't be reacting in such a strong manner as they did right now, shouting that "something big" had happened. This clearly put things in perspective. It was definitely not a small incident!

When they heard that, everyone looked over in surprise.

“What’s happening?”

“Something big has happened?”

“What’s wrong?”

The Peking University people gathered around Pan Yang at once.

Then, the school administrative staff member on the call said something utterly surprising: “The visa application is still not successful. Johannes said that he isn’t in Beijing at the moment and would only be back tomorrow or the day after, obviously trying to make trouble for us. We could all hear that there was something fishy going on, but who could have expected it would trigger Professor Zhang!”

Dean Pan said in shock: “What did he do?”

The school administrative staff member didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “Professor Zhang...turned down the award!”

A buzz was heard in the silence as the people currently at Peking University were stunned!

Dean Pan nearly fell over and hit his head on the ground. “What? Turned down the award??”

“Yes!” The school administrative staff member said: “What should we do now?”

Dean Pan asked very angrily: “Where is Little Zhang at now?”

“He already left!” the school administrative staff answered.

“Then what are you all doing? Why didn’t you guys stop him? Why didn’t you discourage him?” Dean Pan said with a shortness of breath.

The school administrative staff member said, feeling wronged: “We tried to discourage him, but that didn’t work. Professor Zhang’s temper...it’s not like you don’t know it. When he gets angry, how...how can we possibly stop him!”

Other people might have only heard of Zhang Ye’s bad temper, either from the Internet or from hearsay, but had not witnessed his temper for themselves. However, as a staff member of Peking University, these people had not only heard of it, they even saw for themselves Zhang Ye’s bad temper on more than one occasion. That ruthless character of Professor Zhang, who in Peking University did not fear it? Even the Peking University head could not handle him! He was someone who dared to point his finger at foreign dignitaries and scold them as “idiots”! With him that fierce, how could they possibly talk him out of his decision!

After ending the call, Dean Pan stood there dumbfounded in silence, clearly stunned by what had happened!

The Peking University people were also causing pandemonium!

“I’m gonna faint!”

“Professor Zhang is...”

“This is going to be a big problem!”

“Not going to receive the Abel Prize??”

No one at Peking University believed this to be false. If it were anyone else who said that, they would surely take it as a joke, or at most think that it was just an empty threat in response to their visa not being approved. No one would take it seriously. After all, this was not some small award but the world famous Abel Prize! However, the person who said those words had been Zhang Ye. As reality had always shown them, even if this course of action was unthinkable for other people, when it came to Zhang Ye...he was the type who would do it for real!

Shit!

This time, it's going to be really messy!

What if Professor Zhang is serious about this!?

...

On main road at second Ring Road.

Zhang Ye was not home yet, but Dean Pan was already frantically calling him.

“Little Zhang! What are you doing!” Dean Pan said.

Zhang Ye laughed: “I'm not doing anything, just driving.”

Dean Pan sighed: “Do you really intend to turn down the award?”

Zhang Ye confirmed: “I've already decided. It's just a lousy award, not even one of the top three international math awards, but they're selling themselves so prestigiously. Do they think that this bro would beg them?”

“Stop horsing around!” Dean Pan said toughly: “I will pretend that I didn't hear you say that you'd turn down the award. I will get your visa application done and you won't need to worry about it. I'll definitely get it done for you!”

Zhang Ye said: “Don't bother, Dean Pan. I won't be going to America, so let them give it to whomever they want.”

“Little Zhang!”

“You know my temperament, so don't try to discourage me. That's it then.”

“Little Zhang, you...”

“I see a traffic police officer up ahead. I can't talk any longer, hanging up now, Dean Pan!”

After ending the call, Zhang Ye put his cell phone aside and continued to drive. Although he claimed to have disdain for this award, but honestly, it was still worth some popularity. If he did not have to miss out on it, of course it would be good. At the beginning, he was not biased against the Abel Prize at all. Since their foundation had chosen him to receive the award, that meant they acknowledged him. That was also the reason why Zhang Ye was very happy at that time. When he first met Johannes, he was

very polite with him and spoke courteously. But the issue now was that their Abel Foundation did not respect him to begin with. A simple award like this was made out to be so incredible by them, and they came to him to condescend to him for no apparent reason as well. Now, they even made it very difficult for him to get a visa. That was totally unacceptable to Zhang Ye. Naturally, his impression of this Abel Prize was also tarnished with no trace of any wishful thinking left for it!

If I didn't accept your award, would I die?

Bull fucking shit! Then all the more I won't fucking accept it!

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

Chapter 776: Things are getting out of hand!

Peking University was chaotic!

With such a big thing happening, Dean Pan and the rest couldn't possibly not report this to the higher-ups. The university president and several vice presidents were also startled by this news. After hearing about this matter, their expressions all changed!

"What sort of bad temper does this kid have?!"

"Hurry, get Old Pan to keep trying to contact him!"

"No matter what, this award can't be turned down!"

"It wasn't easy for our Chinese mathematicians to come so close to the Abel Prize, yet he intends to turn down the award? Why is this Zhang Ye always doing things that no one else dares to think about?!"

"Get me Little Zhang's contact number! I'll call him!"

As the matter blew up, it was impossible to keep it under wraps.

...

Beijing Times.

Inside an office at the headquarters.

After suddenly receiving a call, a newspaper editor froze. The phone in his hand slipped out of his grip and dropped onto the table with a bang, making a very loud noise!

The staff in the office were startled by this.

"Old Yu, what's going on?"

"I was nearly scared to death."

"What's the matter? What happened?"

"Brother Yu? What's wrong with you?"

Everyone looked at him baffled.

Old Yu looked at everyone in a daze. "I just received news that Zhang Ye won't be going to America anymore. He wants to...turn down the Abel Prize!"

The moment this was said, the office went into an uproar!

"What?"

"That's impossible!"

"Fuck! How's that possible!?"

"Old Yu, is your news reliable?"

Following that, the people in the office started to receive some calls as well. They were from either their friends or the foreign correspondents of their editorial department. Everyone received the news from their own various channels!

It was true!

Zhang Ye really was turning down the award!!

...

At Beijing Television Station.

The twenty or so staff members of Do You Remember's program team fell silent—they had just heard from the news channel that Zhang Ye had turned down the award!

Hu Fei gasped and observed, "If Little Zhang didn't intend to accept the award, why did he still attend the public meeting at Peking University earlier? He even did a few short interviews? There must be a reason for this to happen now!"

Xiao Lu said anxiously, "I heard that it was the Abel Foundation's people who deliberately made it difficult to approve Teacher Zhang's visa, so Teacher Zhang turned down the award in a fit of anger!"

Dafei facepalmed repeatedly. "Oh my god!"

Hou Di said, "Are the Abel Foundation's people dumb?! Teacher Zhang is such a bad-tempered individual. Tell me, why did they have to provoke him?!"

Hou Ge also exclaimed, "How will this situation end now?"

...

Central TV Department 1.

Zhang Ye's team who had received the news were all stunned!

Ha Qiqi was dumbfounded!

Zhang Zuo was left with his eyes wide and tongue tied!

Everyone was shocked by this piece of news and they failed to react in time!

Even Central TV Department 1's Deputy Director, Jiang Yuan, and several executives of Central TV Department 1 who hated Zhang Ye to his core were taken aback when they heard about this event. They couldn't believe that Zhang Ye would really turn down that Abel Prize! He didn't want it anymore?

Has that Zhang fellow gone crazy?

He even dared to do such a wicked thing that would upset a grandma?!

...

It was the most lively on the Internet.

The latest news had scattered everywhere like crazy!

"A major revelation! Zhang Ye turns down Abel Prize!"

"Zhang Ye turns down award! No line to Peking University!"

"What's the reason behind turning down award?"

"Zhang Ye rejects Abel Prize long awaited by Chinese mathematics field!"

The netizens' comments came as fast as the speed of refreshing a page!

"Heavens!"

"He's really turning down the award?"

"I thought everything was still fine yesterday. There were even many news sources praising him to the heavens. What made the wind change direction today? This turn of events is too great!"

"This is the Abel Prize we're talking about!"

"Teacher Zhang is too fucking fierce! He's turning it down just like that?"

"What the hell! I just got online and I'm already hit with such huge news?"

"Teacher Zhang was still just doing Plants vs. Zombies two days ago. How did he get into a war with the Abel Foundation in just the blink of an eye? He really won't stop fighting unless he dies, isn't that it!?"

"What happened exactly?"

...

The storm was becoming bigger and was getting more and more turbulent!

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye, the person at the center of the controversy, was already back at home. He poured himself a cup of coffee and drank it leisurely. He switched his cell phone to vibrate mode and placed it on the table, leaving it there to buzz nonstop. Zhang Ye did not pick up most of the calls from the reporters and his friends. However, there were still some calls that he could not avoid answering, like the calls from the Peking University heads or the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

"Hello."

"Little Zhang, come back to Peking University immediately!"

"Vice President Sun, I'm still busy here and can't get away now."

"Don't try that with me. It's utter chaos here. Hurry up and come back now. We'll pretend that you never mentioned turning down the award. The visa matter will be easy to handle since Johannes from the Abel Foundation has already taken the initiative to contact us, saying that he will coordinate with the embassy staff and complete all the necessary paperwork for your visa application!"

"Vice President Sun, there's no need for that."

"Comrade Zhang Ye!"

"Vice President Sun, I still have something going on. Let's end the call here. I will treat you to a meal as an apology someday."

Following that, a call from Xin Ya arrived.

"Yo, Professor Xin."

"Don't 'yo' me, come back quickly and finish your visa application!"

"I won't listen to you regarding this matter."

"Does it make you uncomfortable if you don't cause trouble for a day? I already know all about the matter. That incident with the visa was just a small misunderstanding, so it's fine as long as it's settled."

"In my opinion, it isn't a small misunderstanding. Professor Xin, I won't say any more."

"How can you be like that! Although the Abel Prize is an individual award, do you know this also concerns the honor of our country's mathematics field?! Alright, since I can't persuade you, then I'll give your girlfriend a call! I don't believe you won't listen to Sis Wu!"

"Go ahead and call her, but don't worry, Old Wu will definitely listen to me regarding this matter. There has not been a single time that she did not support me before."

"You...! I'm hanging up! You're making me so mad!"

After hanging up, a call from a certain Fellow of the Chinese Academy of Sciences also came in!

"Hello, Fellow Zhao."

"What's wrong with you, Professor Zhang!"

"Hur hur, I just decided at the last minute that I do not want to go."

"Do you understand what this award means to the Chinese mathematics field? And what this award means to the Chinese academic world?"

"I know, but it's precisely because I know that I'm turning down the award!"

"You're turning down the award even though you know what it means to us?"

"Then let me ask you a question: What do you think is more important to a mathematician of any country, the award or our dignity?"

The other side of the line suddenly fell silent.

Zhang Ye said: "Getting the award is to showcase our mathematicians of China to the world and earn dignity and respect through it. But setting our dignity aside to gain the award and then using the award to earn us back the dignity, do you think that is meaningful? Isn't it a bit ridiculous? Fellow Zhao, I am not a professional academic, so I admit that I can't quite understand the desire of wanting to be recognized. But I know that if others don't respect me, you shouldn't expect me to show respect to them either. However others treat me, I will treat them the same many times over! That's the kind of person I am!"

Zhang Ye remained impenetrable and did not give face to anyone!

...

Soon after, more news was published!

Even the television stations followed up on this matter!

"Problem with visa application, Zhang Ye denied by embassy!"

"Internal staff reveals reason for Zhang Ye's snubbing of award is due to Abel Foundation's contempt and ignorance of him. Clearly invited by them to receive award, Zhang Ye was then denied a visa!"

"Hidden rules within Abel Prize?"

"Abel Prize's authority met with doubt!"

"Source confirms news, Zhang Ye's visa application denied!"

Very soon, with the many headlines, the truth and insider news of the incident was uncovered bit by bit!

Some netizens were still crying "what a pity," hoping for Zhang Ye to go and receive the award.

"Didn't you see the news? You guys don't know a fart! It was the Abel Foundation's people who schemed and purposely made it difficult for Teacher Zhang! They invited Teacher Zhang to receive the award yet refused to approve his visa application. What's the fucking meaning of this? This is too infuriating! Even I got furious when I heard that, so you don't even have to mention a bad-tempered person like Teacher Zhang! I knew that Teacher Zhang wouldn't turn down the award for no good reason. Although Zhang Ye doesn't have a good temper, he isn't an unreasonable person after all. So that was what happened!"

"I'm unconditionally giving all my support to Zhang Ye on this matter without a doubt!"

"Johannes? What an arrogant snob!"

"Fuck, that bunch of foreigners really look down on us too much! Such contempt! Teacher Zhang did well! That's the way it should have been handled! Do you think we fucking want your lousy award!?"

"Teacher Zhang is awesome! Beautifully handled!"

"That's right! This is really uplifting for our countrymen!"

"The prerequisites of giving and receiving awards should be respect for each other. If you don't show any respect to our Chinese mathematician? Then it's better to not receive the award! We don't care if you are Abel or Uber! We don't want it! How can such an important award in the global mathematics field be infused with personal emotion? Would that make it an impartial award? How utterly disappointing!"

"Hahaha! Zhang Ye is still as charismatic as ever!"

"The only person in the country capable of doing such morally upright and uplifting things is Zhang Ye alone! Speaking of boldness, no one in the country can match up to Zhang Ye! Not everyone has the determination to make such a decision as turning down the award! Not only does he need to withstand the pressure from the different fields in the country, he even has to bear with the doubt from the global mathematics field! Brothers and sisters, this is the moment when Teacher Zhang needs us. If we don't support him now, then when should we support him?"

"That's right!"

"Go to hell!"

"Teacher Zhang, you are way too fucking domineering!"

"Losing the Abel Prize is definitely not a loss to us. The loser here is the Abel Foundation!"

"This is what I've always liked about Zhang Ye. Even if it's the most prestigious award in the mathematics field, if they angered this bro, he would still turn it down, much less the Abel Prize. What can they do about that?!"

"Losing the award and honor isn't a big deal, but Zhang Ye has won us back our dignity, and that is more important than anything else!"

The netizens' vocal support was flooding in overwhelmingly!

Of course, there were still some critics. A few members in the mathematics field cast doubt and criticized Zhang Ye's behavior. Some even cursed at him, saying that he had embarrassed all Chinese citizens by turning down such an important international award. In the future, be it the Abel Prize or some other international awards, who would still dare to award it to someone from China?

All the different voices were clumped up into a big chaotic mess!

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

Chapter 777: Johannes pays a visit!

It was quite a mess after all the praise and criticism of Zhang Ye mixed together. Johannes was at a Beijing hotel reading the comments from those professionals and Chinese citizens. He did not know what Zhang Ye was feeling at this moment, nor did he want to know. All he knew was that he wanted to vomit blood right now!

This person has gone mad!

He is simply a lunatic!

"Johannes, what have you been doing?! What have you been doing!" His boss at the Abel Foundation had called up Johannes directly. Clearly, back in America, they had already been informed of the news!

Johannes panicked and said: "There was some misunderstanding, this matter..."

The superintendent shouted: "I don't care what misunderstandings there are! Can you settle this matter?"

"Yes, I will settle it immediately!" Johannes replied quickly.

His boss made his stance clear. "If you don't handle this matter well, then you can prepare to resign as administrator of the Abel Foundation tomorrow!" Du du du, the call ended!

Johannes was taken aback!

For the past few decades in the history of the Abel Prize, there had never a case of anyone turning down the award. Even when they awarded it to an 89-year-old French mathematician in the year before last, he earnestly came in person to the award ceremony with his grandson and granddaughter helping him walk up to the stage to receive the award. The value and achievement of this award were obvious. No matter which country's mathematician you were, it was impossible to remain unmoved by the Abel Prize. They would definitely feel excited to receive the Abel Prize as it was an honor of a lifetime to a mathematician!

But now?

Now?

An idiot who wants to turn the award down has appeared!

Someone who would become the first person in history to turn down the Abel Prize!

Johannes's wife who was beside him panicked. "Think of a solution quickly! Quickly!"

Johannes slammed his hands on the table and said, "I've already contacted Peking University and the embassy!"

"Make a few more calls! Tell them that the visa application can already be processed. All they need now is for Zhang Ye to show up at the embassy and submit the necessary paperwork, and that it will be approved immediately, today!" his wife said anxiously.

"Do you think that I didn't say all that?!" Johannes exclaimed. "They only said that they will try to communicate it to Zhang Ye! But did they communicate it to him? They have already communicated for so long yet there is still no news from them!"

His wife said, "You should call Zhang Ye! And tell him directly!"

Johannes said exasperated, "I've called him already, but he won't pick up!"

His wife was all pale by now. "What...what should we do now?!"

Johannes took two deep breaths and then said, "I'll get Zhang Ye's address. I don't believe he would dare to turn the award down if I pay him a visit personally! He might just be making an empty show of strength!"

When his wife heard that, she hurriedly agreed, "That's right, he won't have the guts!"

Initially, Johannes's plan was working well. He thought that by stifling Zhang Ye with the visa application procedures, he was showing him his authority. It was to tell him who the decision maker was for this Abel Prize. But who could have expected that when Zhang Ye reacted with his move, Johannes would become totally flustered by it. By wanting to turn the award down, Zhang Ye had really caught him and the Abel Foundation in America completely off guard!

Johannes understood that a comment posted on a discussion forum was very true. He couldn't be sure how badly affected Zhang Ye would be if he gave up the award, but to the Abel Foundation and Johannes, there would be grave repercussions! As such, they couldn't afford to bear it! Zhang Ye must definitely accept the award! There was no room for negotiation! Otherwise, the Abel Foundation's reputation would take a big hit! No one could bear such a consequence!

...

At home.

Zhang Ye was currently on the phone with his mother.

"You are not going to accept the award?"

"You know about the news already?"

"Of course, how can I not know about it!? We were bringing the child out to sightsee when we overheard some nearby tourists discussing about this matter. It wouldn't be difficult for me to find out even if I tried to pay no heed!"

"Anyways, I won't accept the award. Let Dad know about this as well."

"Rascal, are you crazy? This is a major international award and you're just turning it down like that?"

"That Johannes was making things difficult for me, so tell me, why should I treat him nicely?"

"But that doesn't have anything to do with the acceptance of the award! The Abel Foundation has nothing to do with that!"

Zhang Ye shook his head and said: "Hur hur, how could they be not related, Mom? You sure are funny. Would Johannes alone be able to halt my visa application? Do you think he is capable of that? Does he have the capability to do so? The problematic invitation documents were sent from the Abel Foundation. Do you believe that no one from the Abel Foundation knew about this matter? He has been coordinating on both sides all this while!"

His mother said angrily: "I can't help but wonder why all the good things always end up badly when it involves you. Why didn't the other award recipients have any problems and only you are running into problems every time?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said: "That's because this bro abhors evil! I can't bear having grit in my eyes!"

"Come on, you! You might as well drive me to the grave!" His mother mocked at him for a brief while before hanging up. She did not go on rambling anymore as she understood her own son well. What type of person was Zhang Ye? He could make something out of nothing while lazing around, much less if there was something going on. She was already used to it.

At this moment, the doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye wondered who was at the door. When he answered it, he saw Johannes standing at the doorstep. Whoa, the person in question had arrived?

Johannes was sweating profusely. He immediately said, "Zhang, I've finally found you!"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Mr. Johannes, didn't you say on the phone that you were currently out of the country? And that you could not make it back within the next two days? So what is the meaning of this? Did you come here in a space shuttle?"

Upon hearing this, Johannes looked somewhat awkward. He coughed and replied, "Zhang, after knowing that your visa application was denied, I hurriedly rushed back. Who could have guessed that when I got back, I heard that you wanted to turn down the award. You...you are being too rash. Was there a misunderstanding on this matter?"

Zhang Ye smiled but did not speak.

When Johannes saw that, he immediately said in outrage, "The embassy staff were too much! I will be honest with you, I couldn't stand those bunch of people since a long time ago! For such simple paperwork formalities like a visa application, they insist on going through so many troublesome procedures. Even I would get angry when I see them like that, let alone you! Don't worry, Zhang. When I return to America, I will give feedback about this situation to the relevant people! We must deal with them seriously! Criticize them! We will expedite the process with a separate channel for such famous academics like you in the future! We must be able to change the procedures for the processing of visas—simplify! Simplify! And further simplify! Efficiency! Efficiency! And more efficiency! We cannot let such a diligent academic like yourself waste your precious time worrying about the procedures of a visa application!"

As Johannes's wife was Chinese, he had fully mastered the essence of Mandarin!

"Zhang, you don't have to worry about this matter anymore. Give me your passport and we will go to the embassy right now. Just show your face and I will make sure they handle all the paperwork for you!" Johannes offered to bear all the responsibilities on himself.

But Zhang Ye smiled and said, "There's no need to."

Johannes hurriedly said, "Zhang, you don't have to worry about troubling me. Please don't be so polite with me. I'm your old friend from America. I will definitely handle this matter properly for you!"

Zhang Ye stayed silent.

"Zhang!" Johannes tried his best to convince him. "You shouldn't be turning down the award just because you are angry with those detestable embassy staff. It's not worth it! It's really not worth it! Although they have made some mistakes, you must also give them a chance to turn over a new leaf!"

Zhang Ye looked at him.

Johannes said, "Zhang, I'm begging for leniency on behalf of them. Give them a chance and don't take it up with those embassy staff. Can you give me, Johannes, some face regarding this matter?"

Zhang Ye asked, "Is that all?"

Johannes: "Uh? Yes."

However, in the next moment, Zhang Ye closed the door lightly. "Bye."

Outside, Johannes, who was rebuffed, was becoming even more anxious now. He banged on the door and shouted from outside, "Zhang, come out first. Let's discuss this again, please don't be rash, don't be rash! You're being irresponsible to yourself, your family, and the field of mathematics! Please open the door, Zhang! Let's talk it over again!"

"Zhang!"

"Open the door! Open the door!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Open the door!"

"Zhang Ye, I'll curse your great-grandfather!"

After shouting for a long time, he finally let out a curse.

Zhang Ye was angered when he heard that, so he rolled up his sleeves, stood up, and opened the door. However, after opening the door, Johannes had already disappeared. Zhang Ye could only hear the sound of running footsteps coming from the corridor!

Zhang Ye shouted down the corridor, "Fuck your grandpa!"

He closed the door and returned to his room, doing whatever he wanted to do. A while later, his cell phone rang again. This time, it was a number calling from America. Even if Zhang Ye thought with his feet, he knew for certain that the Abel Foundation's people were also getting anxious. He rejected the call immediately without picking up the phone. He had already made up his mind, so it was useless no matter who they sent!

...

Online, on Weibo, and even on a debate program on TV, the experts and industry insiders were still divided into two camps and arguing nonstop!

A Fellow of the Chinese Academy of Sciences said: "Dignity is always greater than the award itself!"

A social affairs commentator: "Zhang Ye makes a mockery of the entire world! I have never considered this to be so-called dignity and respect! In my opinion, this shows a lack of magnanimity and self-restraint instead!"

An educator: "Magnanimity does not equate to tolerance!"

The famous songstress, Zhang Xia: "This is Zhang Ye's personal award. Whether he accepts it or not, we should respect Zhang Ye's decision. Why is everyone scolding him?"

Today, all the news headlines seem to have been occupied by Zhang Ye!

Actually, back when Zhang Ye proposed the solution to Dale's Conjecture, he had already caused a stir in the world. At that time, those who knew him already knew him, so even if he received the award now, most people would find it unexpected in a sense but not beyond reason. Although it was rather surprising, it was not that shocking. Therefore, based on common sense, even if Zhang Ye went to America to accept the award, his popularity would still not increase by much.

However, Zhang Ye's sudden turning down of the award today had instead allowed his exposure to rise dramatically. With the ongoing debates and discussions, Zhang Ye's popularity soared along with them!

He wouldn't have gained much popularity if he chose to accept the award. However, by turning it down, his popularity surged instead?

That's right! In this world, there were just some things that worked in mysterious and dramatic ways!

[I'm Really a Superstar](#)

Chapter 778: His infamy spreads overseas!

The next day. Monday.

It just past 6 AM when the doorbell at home rang.

His parents had returned home with Chenchen from Tianjin last night. Everyone was still sleeping except for his mother, who was up early, so she answered the door.

"Who is it?" his mother asked.

Han Henian asked anxiously, "Auntie, hello. You must be Professor Zhang's mother, right?"

His mother looked at Han Henian. "Who are you?"

Han Henian immediately answered, "I am Han Henian from Peking University's Math Department, a colleague of Professor Zhang. I was assigned by the university to come invite Professor Zhang back to the school for a meeting!"

"Oh, you're Teacher Han?" His mother said, "Little Ye is not at home."

Han Henian quickly asked, "Where did he go? Everyone is waiting for him now and Dean Pan is also worried sick. They told me that I have to bring Professor Zhang back no matter what!"

His mother said, "I don't know either. He left last night but did not tell me where he was heading."

After dragging the matter and rambling on for a long time, she finally got him to leave.

When his mother closed the door, she went and knocked on his bedroom door. "Little Ye, your colleague came over just now, but I've fending him off for you."

A few moments later, the door opened and Zhang Ye walked out sleepily and yawned. "OK, Mom, thanks. No matter who comes over in the next few days, just say that I'm not at home." Then he went straight into the bathroom.

His mother stared in the direction of the bathroom and said, "It's easy for you, just ignoring everything after creating such a huge mess. I even have to be your shield in this situation now. When will ever let me and your dad not worry about you?"

Zhang Ye said rather helplessly, "I've already said that I won't go to America, but they're still very insistent. What can I do about it? I've even turned off my cell phone." He sighed, then added, "This bro has been in the industry for over a year now and has gotten into all sorts of incidents before, so it's not like they don't know about my temper. If I say I won't go, then I definitely won't go. What's the point in them coming and trying to persuade me?"

Just as he was saying that, the home phone rang.

His mother went to pick it up.

"Hello, who is this?"

"Hello, I am calling from Peking University's Math Depart..."

"Oh, you've dialed the wrong number."

"Ah? It can't be, I'm sure I dialed the right number."

"This is the restaurant delivery hotline. Would you like a rice bowl or pulled noodles? [1.]

Zhang Ye: "..."

His mother hung up the phone and gave a hmph in annoyance.

Throughout the afternoon, another three groups of people came to the house and around eight calls were made to Zhang Ye's house. There were even a few people who managed to get their hands on Zhang Ye's parents' cell phone numbers and called them, showing just how much effort they were putting into this. However, still, none of them managed to get to Zhang Ye himself. As evening approached, the calls gradually became fewer, probably because everyone understood Zhang Ye's determination by now and knew that they could not change his mind anymore.

...

Meanwhile.

The Abel Foundation located in America suddenly released a public statement!

First, it announced that the Abel Foundation had removed Johannes from his administrative position at the Foundation.

When the citizens of China saw that, they all applauded.

"Beautiful!"

"Well removed!"

"You even dared to make things difficult for Professor Zhang? Of course you'd be removed from your post!"

"A person who throws their weight around like him is a maggot in academia!"

However, the Abel Foundation released another statement, but it was not the Chinese citizens' expected clarification or apology. Moreover, there wasn't any written explanation on the already known situation in which an Abel Foundation staff member had made things difficult for the selected award winner, not even a single line. Instead, the statement condemned Zhang Ye!

The original excerpt read as follows:

Abel Foundation: The Foundation has verified the news of Zhang Ye, the Chinese man selected as winner of the Abel Prize, turning down the award to be true. It leaves us with deep regret, and at the same time, we find this to be a very naïve and ridiculous behavior. The Abel Prize is one of the most prestigious awards in the global mathematics field, therefore turning down the award is hard to understand. We do not know what kind of arrogance led Zhang Ye to make this decision, but we hereby clarify and announce that in the future, Zhang Ye will never again be nominated for the award!

When this news came out, many people started scolding!

"What dogshit is this!"

"Forever rejecting Zhang Ye for consideration of the award? Pui! It was clearly Teacher Zhang who rejected you, yet you people are still trying to make yourselves look good!? Stop pretending!"

"Zhang Ye might be arrogant, but you guys are ten times more arrogant than Zhang Ye!"

"I guess we have finally found out what kind of an organization the Abel Foundation is! If you give the award to someone, they have to ingratiate themselves to you? If someone turns down the award, you lose your temper from the embarrassment? Even issuing a public condemnation? Never nominate the person for the award again? What sort of lousy international math award is this! Is this all there is to it!?"

"Teacher Zhang was right to reject such an award! This sort of lousy award is not worth receiving!"

"The entire statement was contemptuous and pretentious. It makes me want to scold someone!"

"I don't see how this award will still exist in several years from now!"

The domestic sentiments were frenzied as countless Chinese citizens waved Zhang Ye's flag and shouted for him. There were even a lot of people who went to the American Abel Foundation's official website and its affiliated mathematics research website to air their opinions!

At this moment, the incident had been pushed beyond China's borders and into international attention!

Due to the lag in the global news flow, coupled with how the Chinese mathematics field was not too integrated with the global mathematics field, and time zone differences on top of everything else, even

though some people had already learned of this news, it wasn't until the Abel Foundation's public statement was announced that every country's mathematics field truly learned of it, even finding out about the scandal from the news in China. With that, the global mathematics field blew up. Every country's mathematicians were also dumbfounded! [2.]

A German mathematician publicly stated: "This is truly unbelievable!"

A French mathematician: "What on earth happened? Can someone tell me?"

A famous American mathematician: "This has to be the darkest day for the Abel Prize since its inception! I still can't believe that someone would actually turn down the award!"

An American mathematician even publicly criticized: "Those haughty and arrogant Chinese mathematicians! One of these days, they will surely pay for the naivety!"

The global mathematics field was full of criticism flying around!

Some overseas citizens raised some doubts instead.

In Germany.

"Aren't you people getting it all wrong?"

"Wasn't it the American Embassy that denied the visa application first?"

"If I am the award recipient and my visa was denied, that is basically a great insult to me. If I were them, I wouldn't have gone to attend the awards ceremony either!"

United Kingdom.

"This is the first time I've learned of a Chinese mathematician's temper!"

"I like them, hahaha. They actually went ahead and turned down the award!"

"There's such a big scandal regarding the Abel Prize now, yet they did not give an explanation? They did not explain why the Chinese mathematician's visa was denied? I used to think that this award was an authoritative one with great international prestige, but I no longer feel so!"

"So even the Abel Prize has a shady side to it!"

Following the overseas citizens' questioning of the Abel Prize's authority, many global mathematicians also gradually calmed down from the shock of Zhang Ye turning down the award and started noticing the cause and development of this incident!

Several mathematicians who had been at Summer Palace when Zhang Ye solved Dale's Conjecture and had struck up a friendship with him then also stepped forward one by one to openly question the Abel Foundation!

The English mathematician who had invited Zhang Ye to the United Kingdom back then said: "I'm sorry, but I don't see any hint of arrogance from Zhang Ye in this incident at all. Instead, it is the Foundation's attitude that makes people very uncomfortable!"

The German mathematician who led the youth team for Germany said: "I do not know the exact details of the scandal, but what I know is that Zhang is truly quite a good person!"

All at once, the Abel Foundation was under enormous pressure!

Of course, in the global mathematics field, there were also many who called out Zhang Ye for being unable to judge what was good for him!

Turning down the Abel Prize wouldn't be that big of an issue for many of the foreign citizens. A sixth-ranked mathematics award in the global mathematics field would not even raise an eyebrow on these people. But to the global mathematics field, this was a big deal, it was a earth-shatteringly big deal!

...

Back in China.

Some of the international reactions and news were gradually published by the newspapers!

The netizens were yelling!

"There are many people overseas who are very understanding as well!"

"Yeah, there's even quite a number of foreign mathematicians who are supporting Zhang Ye!"

"But similarly, there are also those who are scolding him. Damn, this is so maddening!"

"This Abel Prize really has no morals!"

"Why are those at the Abel Foundation behaving like a bunch of bastards!"

However, a person familiar with the happenings said: "Hur hur, don't bother scolding anymore. The Abel Foundation is already paying for their arrogance. Teacher Zhang's rejection of the award has not only ruthlessly slapped their faces, those issues like the denied visa application and other matters were also revealed. The situation that everyone's seeing now should be how Zhang Ye is being scolded and how he has lost the award, while everything's still going on as usual for the Abel Foundation, right? But that's not what's happening! The Abel Foundation has suffered the greatest loss already!"

Someone asked: "What do you mean?"

"Hurry up and tell us!"

That person said: "I just heard some news from a friend that the International Mathematical Union has sent their people to the Abel Foundation's headquarters to investigate the affair. Although it's not likely they'll be able to find anything, what can be said for sure is that the Abel Prize will no longer have its glory days like before. Do you guys know what the most important thing an international award has to have? It isn't the size of the funding or the number of research facilities, nor is it the rigorousness and strictness of the award committee, rather the authority it has and how impartial they are! That's what makes an international award gain credibility in the eyes of the public! Once they lose their impartiality, everyone will doubt the authority of the award. That's when the award is relegated from its place! A fifth or sixth-ranked award of the global mathematics field? Starting from tomorrow, I'm afraid that will be history. With someone rejecting the award and the revelation of the scandal, it will be considered

lucky if the Abel Prize can still stay within the top 15 awards in the global mathematics field! Perhaps, after years pass, they won't even be able to maintain that rank! It can be said that the Abel Prize has had its reputation stripped by more than half! Hurt by this affair today, it might take them a decade to several decades to recover their reputation!"

This Weibo post was immediately forwarded by countless people!

"Is that true?"

"Just because Teacher Zhang turned down the award, he managed to deal such a big blow to the Abel Foundation?"

"Fuck me! If that happens, I'll be damned!"

In the end, it didn't take long for the news of the International Mathematical Union sending personnel down to the Abel Foundation to spread!

There was shock throughout China!

The global mathematics field was also shocked!

At this moment, people didn't need any explaining for them to know that beginning today, the Abel Prize had entered a period of slow decline! The incident had been blown out of proportion so much that it even alarmed the International Mathematical Union!

All of a sudden, the global mathematics field was lively once more!

Over a dozen Abel Prize laureates collectively came forward, some of them casting doubt on Zhang Ye's proof to Dale's Conjecture, saying that there had been logical errors in his reasoning. There were others who attacked Zhang Ye regarding his morals and also someone who suggested that Zhang Ye's name be rejected by all international math awards!

They were all Abel Prize laureates. The award was one of their greatest achievements and a gloss on their resumes. If the Abel Prize depreciated from here on out, then who would be affected the most? Of course it was them! That was the reason why they all started scolding Zhang Ye without sparing any effort! They did not want to see the value of the Abel Prize drop!

It was chaos!

Everything was in turmoil!

Zhang Ye?

Many of these foreigners and foreign media reporters were hearing Zhang Ye's name for the first time!

In China, if you went around the streets and pulled anyone out of a crowd to ask, they would definitely know who Zhang Ye was. If you picked ten people from those who knew Zhang Ye to ask about Zhang Ye, then nine of them would tell you the same thing. Zhang Ye was very infamous for: beating his leaders, battling his peers, fighting a Korean celebrity, and scolding foreign dignitaries. All of those incidents were no longer a secret in China. Even a three-year-old child likely knew of them. Zhang Ye's notoriety was known to all within the country!

This time, however, Zhang Ye's name had finally spread outside of China. For the first time...his infamy had spread overseas!!!

I'm Really a Superstar

Chapter 779: Feats or faults, leave it to the future generations to judge for themselves!

On the same day.

Peking University's Dean Pan had called Zhang Ye's mother several times. When his mother could no longer bear this incessant hounding, she finally gave in and allowed him to speak to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye took his mother's cell phone.

"Dean Pan, I'm really busy right now."

"Even if you are dying, you still have to come back here!"

"But I've already turned down the award. What's the point in me going over there?"

"The reporters have already clogged our doorsteps and there's also foreign reporters!"

"Then why don't you help me handle them a bit?"

"You're the main character. If you don't make an appearance, who can possibly handle them? Everyone is waiting for you to show yourself! You'd better hurry and come back here right now! The whole world has already found out about your rejection of the award. The Abel Foundation has also issued their statement. None of us are going to ask you to accept the award anymore, so even if you want it, there's nothing to accept. I want you to come back here and handle the media and clear up the incident yourself. There has to be a follow through no matter what. How can you just say nothing and not show yourself? What would that demonstrate? If the foreign media sees that, they might even think that all of our Chinese professors are this unreasonable!"

"Al-alright then."

"The press conference will begin immediately, so come down at once."

"OK, I got it."

"You must be here at the venue!"

"I know. I won't make things difficult for you."

After he put down the phone, Zhang Ye informed his parents and changed into formal wear. Dean Pan was right. Ever since yesterday when this incident occurred, Zhang Ye had not made an appearance in public at all, nor did he express his attitude. Now that everything could no longer be changed, with his award turned down, Johannes getting sacked, and the Abel Foundation suffering a great blow, Zhang Ye was receiving a lot of criticism in the global mathematics field. No matter how it went, Zhang Ye still had to make an appearance and not let Peking University and Dean Pan bear the brunt of this pressure. In any case, Zhang Ye was used to such situations.

...

At Peking University.

Evening, 7 PM.

When Zhang Ye arrived in his car, a small-scale press conference was in progress in one of the smaller halls. Zhang Ye was escorted by Peking University's people through the back entrance, where he immediately saw the small hall packed with media reporters. The camcorders and cameras were set up all over the place, and about nine blond and brunette foreign reporters stood out in the crowd of people. Every one of them was staring at Dean Pan and a vice president of Peking University, posing questions to them.

When Zhang Ye appeared, the entire venue's atmosphere changed at once!

"Professor Zhang!"

"Zhang Ye has arrived!"

"Teacher Zhang, did you turn down the award because of the Abel Foundation's contempt for you?"

"Professor Zhang, do you know the stir that you have caused in the global mathematics field with your rejection of the award? What are your views on the criticism from the foreign academics?"

The reporters were asking questions like they were on stimulants as question after question was raised!

A Peking University staff member immediately tried to maintain order. "One by one! Please raise your questions one by one!"

Dean Pan gave Zhang Ye a look.

That vice president of Peking University also looked at Zhang Ye with blame. Ever since the incident, this was the first time they were seeing him in person again. Regarding Zhang Ye's rejection of the award, it would be a lie if they said they didn't care. Which person of Peking University did not hope to see Zhang Ye be honored with the award? Yet it was too late to say anything anymore. It was already a foregone conclusion, so what else could they do? They could only hope that after the proof of Dale's Conjecture had been validated, there would be another chance at getting an international award. By then, Zhang Ye had better not act impulsively like this anymore. Though coming back to the point, after this incident, which international award would dare come knocking on Zhang Ye's door again!? This fellow's handling of matters was simply too unreliable. He was too much of a troublemaker!

Zhang Ye went up on stage and took a seat near the Peking University Vice President. Compared to the glum people up there, today's VIP, Zhang Ye, had a much more relaxed expression than everyone else. He even occasionally showed a smile, making that vice president and Dean Pan grit their teeth.

Zhang Ye spoke after he took his seat, "Good evening, dear friends from the media. The reason for my rejection of the award this time was entirely personal, so please don't speculate about it."

Hearing that, the Peking University Vice President and Dean Pan nodded slightly, looking a little better this time. They knew Zhang Ye had explained it this way because he had given it proper thought. The matter was already laid to rest; he had also gotten his revenge and vented his frustration. If he still raised the issue of the visa application, then that would have been very meaningless, and would also show his pettiness. Therefore, at this point, he might as well not bring it up anymore. Otherwise, if he

continued being aggressive about things, the criticisms against Zhang Ye would surely increase. If that happened, it would guarantee that no one would ever consider him for any international awards in the future. This was something that Zhang Ye clearly understood.

But the more Zhang Ye understood this, the more Dean Pan and the school leaders felt helpless about this situation. Who said Zhang Ye was dumb? This fellow was definitely not stupid, and he knew and understood everything very well. However, for all his cleverness, it made the things he did seem even more unreasonable. Sometimes, this really made people not know how to react!

Zhang Ye continued answering the questions. "As for the criticism against me from the global mathematics field, since I did not go online today, I'm unclear about them. However, I must make clear that rejecting the award was purely a personal decision. Therefore, if anyone has anything they want to say, please aim it at me alone. Do not make things difficult for my bosses and colleagues at Peking University."

More questions were thrown out in quick succession.

One...

Ten...

Twenty...

Zhang Ye answered without reservation, with a mostly bureaucratic tone.

An hour passed. The vice president looked at his watch and then interrupted the reporters' questions to announce, "It's getting late. I'm sure everyone has asked enough questions, so let's end the press conference here!"

Zhang Ye and the Peking University people stood to leave.

The Vice President successfully left the stage, with Dean Pan following close behind, nearly making it out as well. However, it wasn't so smooth for Zhang Ye as he got surrounded by the reporters who had rushed up onto the stage!

A reporter from The Morning Post: "Give us a little more detail, Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "Alrighty then, I will answer one last question."

A foreign reporter asked, "Zhang, I heard that there were some Chinese mathematicians who also expressed their dissatisfaction with your rejection of the award. How do you view your fellow mathematicians' comments of you?"

A female reporter from Beijing Times asked, "Professor Zhang, there are people who are praising you, but at the same time, a lot of people are scolding you. There's a great amount of controversy surrounding you, so what I would like to know is not how others see you, since that is already publicly known. I'm curious about how you view yourself. If a monument was erected for future generations and you could write your deeds or achievements on it, or if you prefer, your regrets and self-criticism, what would you pen?"

This question was very interesting.

Zhang Ye looked at her and smiled. "On that monument, I would not leave any words."

"Not carve anything onto it?"

"Why?"

"What do you mean by that?"

Zhang Ye said very calmly, opening his mouth to slowly speak, "Feats or faults, leave it to future generations to judge for themselves!" With that, Zhang Ye turned and left without another word.

When Dean Pan heard that, he was taken aback.

The vice president also heard and immediately stopped in his tracks. He gave Zhang Ye a slightly startled glance.

The reporters on scene also showed shocked expressions!

Zhang Ye's words had not been heard by the people of this world before. However, this saying was very well-known in his previous world. The most widespread version of it was "there will be future generations to judge" or "give it to future generations to judge." The meaning behind these words was that perhaps several decades or centuries later, future generations would give a fair assessment. However, Zhang Ye did not put it this way here, as he chose the words "leave it to future generations to judge for themselves"—he essentially did not care how the future generations judged him. Be it praise or criticism, however the future generations judged him, Zhang Ye would not care. The only thing that mattered to him was this: a clear conscience!

As for anything other than that?

You can say whatever you like!!

Chapter 780: Central TV Department 14?

The next day.

The incident of the award rejection had created quite a stir for the past two days. At yesterday's press conference at Peking University, they had somewhat reached a conclusion on the matter. It was gradually subsiding as well. Zhang Ye who had been idling at home for several days now noticed the good weather today and decided to wake up early to go back to the office for a rare day of work.

He drove and arrived at work.

He could feel the fresh autumn air outside and see the clear blue skies when he looked up.

Zhang Ye bought a morning newspaper at the entrance of Central TV Tower and flipped through it as he walked to his office. Within just two pages, he saw his picture that was taken during the press conference at Peking University yesterday. The headline of the newspaper was very prominent, occupying about one-seventh of the page, with color added to it. Zhang Ye's original words were quoted: "'Feats or faults, leave it to future generations to judge for themselves!'"

Actually, not only did The Morning Post's newspaper feature him in their report, all the other major newspaper outlets also commenced wide coverage and commentary on this news. The earliest report

was published yesterday, while those who reported it late published the news this morning. Live recordings from last night's press conference were shown on some television stations, portraying the scene in its unedited form. Zhang Ye's quote of "feats or faults" immediately created quite a stir in the online community and went viral with countless netizens labeling it a famous quote! You could just randomly go online and most of the updates and news would be about the "Uncharactered Stele"!

He folded the newspaper and scanned through the Weibo app on his cell phone.

Overnight, more than 10,000 private messages and comments were left on his Weibo!

ChineseCabbage: "Idol! You said it so well!"

OriolesFlygrass117: "I really, really like you! What a great 'feats or faults, leave it to future generations to judge for themselves'! Only you could say such strong words that shock the hearts of all of China!"

DJFOIK: "I've never chased any stars in the past and do not pay attention to anyone in the entertainment circle. At most, I just watch some celebrities who I like on television, but I can't even remember most of their names. But when I heard about this quote on 'feats or faults' yesterday, I was greatly moved by it as it was too shocking. I immediately looked up your works on the Internet and even checked out some of your past incidents. After reading everything, I just want to say this: You really are different from all of the other celebrities! From now onward, you will have another person added to your fanbase. I'm not chasing after stars, what I'm chasing is the special aura you emanate!"

LittleFei: "I will support you forever! Teacher Zhang, I'm cheering you on!"

Everyone was very supportive of him. During the past few days, his Weibo followers grew by a few hundred thousand to around 3 million fans in total. Although his follower numbers could not be compared to the S-list or A-list celebrities who had tens of millions of followers, and could not even compare to those Korean idol groups who came to China to develop their careers, everyone knew that these fans of Zhang Ye had an irrepressible combat strength that no other fanclubs could ever have!

Posting for the sake of posting?

Scolding others?

Making trouble?

Stirring up trouble?

They were experts in all of these! In a fight, one fan could take on three! This was not merely empty talk, the notoriety was earned from all the fan battles fought in the past!

Zhang Ye was delighted when he saw everyone's messages and noticed that his fanbase had once again expanded in scale, so he simply chose a few random messages to reply back to. Just by rejecting an award and making a comment inspired by the Uncharactered Stele, it had brought him so much popularity? Indeed, this was something that Zhang Ye did not expect.

This world also had Wu Zetian and a part of the important history remained the same. However, the quote 'feats or faults, leave it to future generations to judge for themselves' about the Uncharactered Stele was not said by Wu Zetian herself. It was the later generation who came up with such a theory. There were some other similar theories. For example, how Wu Zetian thought that her feats were too

great, and a stele was not enough to describe them all, therefore leaving it blank. Another theory suggested that Wu Zetian knew she lacked virtue, so she did not write anything on it. But in this world, some of those theories by the later generations did not surface at all. He knew this because he had spent a lot of reputation points after the college exam question setting duty, reading up on books and audio-visual materials of this world, then reviewing them from memory after that. He was familiar with a lot of this world's workings now. That was why he dared to graciously bring up the quote regarding the Uncharactered Stele.

Some long-lost classics must never be buried. That would be disrespecting history and the past generations. As the only spokesperson in this world, Zhang Ye naturally had the responsibility and duty to plagiarize the classics...no...to pass down the classics. Heh, isn't this what Lei Feng's spirit was about?!

He took the elevator and went upstairs.

Ding. The elevator door opened and he reached the floor his program team office was on. The moment he stepped out of the elevator, Zhang Ye saw two people engaging in a shouting match not too far away.

Who were they?

Why were they arguing this early in the morning?

After fixing his eyes on their faces, he saw that they were Jiang Yuan and another middle-aged man.

Yan Tianfei stared and said, "Old Jiang, are you people from Department 1 finding trouble with us? Our department has just recruited two high-caliber fresh graduates to join us, but look at what your department has done! You took both of them for yourselves? Leaving nothing for us at Department 14?"

Jiang Yuan looked at him, feeling troubled, knowing that this person was not easy to get along with. He was also the director of a department. If not for the special status that Department 1 had in Central TV, in terms of rankings, Yan Tianfei was still ranked higher than him as a vice director. "Department 14 has already been established for two years and still couldn't make a mark in the industry, so why would you still need so many people and equipment? After the Deputy Station Head considered all the factors and thought that those two graduates were not suitable for your department, he sent those two saplings to Department 1. Old Yan, we did not snatch your people, the Deputy Station Head was the one who made this arrangement. If you think it is improper, you can approach him to discuss it. As long as he gives his approval, we will release them immediately."

Yan Tianfei replied, "Since they went to your department, I should look for you!"

Jiang Yuan countered, "But it's useless even if you look for me. This matter was decided by the station heads after holding a meeting."

Yan Tianfei declared without giving him any face, "Old Jiang, don't try that with me. If you people did not request for them, would the station transfer away from my department? I can't understand this! Your department gets all the money, talent, and everything else good! Are all the other departments treated as stepchildren of Central TV? I'll fucking have it out with you today! After I finish with you, I will go and look for the Station Head! I'll demand an explanation for our Department 14 today! Otherwise, we'll just be dawdling around here! If I can't work properly? Then none of you will get to work properly either!"

Jiang Yuan knew that Old Yan actually dared to kick up a fuss over this. Old Yan was a veteran in Central TV and his qualifications were even higher than Central TV Department 1's Jiang Naixiong, much less Jiang Yuan. He had worked at Central TV all his life and had decades of experience. He even worked alongside two of the Deputy Station Heads at the same department before. So even if Yan Tianfei had a bad temperament and would shout or scold others over small things, he could still maintain his position as the Director of Department 14. The station heads did not bother him much since they could not control him anyway.

Jiang Yuan exclaimed, "Old Yan, what are you intending to do?!"

Yan Tianfei asked, "Where's Jiang Naixiong?"

Jiang Yuan said helplessly, "Director Jiang is not here yet." After thinking a bit, he got a little worried about the unyielding temperament of his opponent, so he took a step back and stated, "I'll make a decision on behalf of the Director. If you think you lack people on your side, except for those two fresh graduates, you can choose anyone who is idle or not doing any shows in our department now. Just one, be it an editor or producer. Will that be good enough for you?"

Yan Tianfei sneered, "Of the two graduates you took, one of them was the top scholar from Jiangsu's college entrance exam while the other was the vice president of the student council who had just graduated from Media College this year. For such good saplings, even ten of your staff cannot compare to them!"

Jiang Yuan threw up his hands and said, "Then I can't do anything about that."

Yan Tianfei added, "Fine, if you want me to choose, I'll take Zhang Ye from your department. Even if it's ten college entrance exam scholars who you took, I won't care. Just give me Zhang Ye and you can take as many people as you want from our department!"

Jiang Yuan: "..."

Zhang Ye who had just stepped out of the elevator was a little taken aback by this.

Eh?

Why did they mention me?

Central TV Department 14? What is this all about?