

Superstar 91

Chapter 91: Television Station Interview – Literature Contest!

That afternoon.

Beijing Television Station.

In an office at a certain floor, Zhang Ye was led by a staff member from the front desk. He did not even see which floor the elevator had stopped at. This was because he was feeling a bit worried. He knew this was the last chance for him to enter a television station. So he treated it with highest regard, hoping that he could grab this opportunity.

The office was empty.

“Teacher Zhang, please wait a minute.” the staff member said.

“Alright.” Zhang Ye sat on a chair by the side.

The staff said, “The Leader should be coming soon.”

Zhang Ye said, “Sure, do what you need to do. Thank you very much.”

“You’re welcome. Then I’ll go first.” The staff left after closing the door.

After a few minutes, a plump, middle-aged man pushed open the door and saw Zhang Ye immediately. He said with a sigh, “Teacher Little Zhang, you’ve come?”

“You are?” Zhang Ye found the voice familiar.

The middle-aged fatty said, “I’m Hu Fei. We’ve spoken on the phone twice.”

Zhang Ye immediately came forward to shake hands with him, “Oh, so it’s Teacher Hu. It’s nice to meet you.”

Hu Fei had previously seen Zhang Ye at the Silver Microphone Awards, but Zhang Ye had not seen him. This was the first time they had actually interacted, so they exchanged pleasantries.

Finally, Hu Fei got round to business, “Teacher Little Zhang, you have to be mentally prepared for today’s interview. There might not be too much hope.”

Zhang Ye was stunned, “...I got it.”

Hu Fei explained, “I have already repeatedly communicated with the management. In the morning, when I spoke with you, I still thought that I could convince them. But after all I said, they still felt you were not up to the task. The incident of you saying ‘Dead Water’ back then gave them concerns, and they were not... I have tried my very best. In a while, I will also try my best to help you win the job, but I can tell that they do not wish to let you come to the Beijing Television Station. Even if you were to pass the interview perfectly, they might not hire you. So, I’m informing you beforehand. You can only blame me for not doing my job in advance.”

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I can't blame you. You have already helped me so much. It was my fault. Since I said 'Dead Water', scolding the unit and the management, then I already had the preparations to bear the consequences. So it's alright."

Suddenly, footsteps from outside could be heard.

Hu Fei stopped talking with Zhang Ye and sat on an interview seat behind the desk.

Zhang Ye was feeling bitter. This was like a roller coaster ride. A few hours ago, Hu Fei's words had given him hope. But in a blink of an eye, the situation had changed. He went from having hope to not having hope. He had not even gone through the interview, but he already knew he was sure to fail the interview? It was meaningless, no matter how well he answered? Zhang Ye felt his heart go cold to the freezing point, but he did not complain. As he said, since he had done certain things, he had to bear the consequences. Life had always been fair, so he had nothing to complain about!

Getting something is because I'm lucky!

Losing something is because of my fate!

Zhang Ye remained silent for a moment. His mental state also calmed down. Of course, he did not completely give up. Even if he knew the chances were slim or even zero, he still wanted to try!

The interviewers came in, one after another.

There were around 8-9 people. They were probably the channel or station's junior heads or staff.

"Old Hu, you've already come?" A 40+-year-old middle-aged man said.

"I also just came in," Hu Fei answered.

The middle-aged man looked at Zhang Ye, "This is Zhang Ye? Let's begin then."

"Alright, then let's allow Little Zhang to prepare?" Hu Fei suggested.

Zhang Ye said calmly, "I'm fine. I can have my interview any moment."

Everyone sat down. The middle-aged man that had spoken previously then sat in the middle. His name was Wang Shuixin. His name sounded slightly feminine, and he looked gentle, with his golden wire-rimmed glasses. Zhang Ye had checked the television station's official website's information before he came. He knew this person was the Beijing Television Station's Arts Channel's Director. He was probably the Leader of all the people present, and head of the Arts Channel.

There was not much public information one could find on the internet, but there was plenty of information about Wang Shuixin. Before he left, Zhang Ye had happened to find it online. Director Wang happened to be a poet in the past. A few years ago, he had published a few works and anthologies. He was best at modern poems. Although he did not have many works in recent times, he was still famous. Most people in the industry still knew him.

It was quite obvious after giving it some thought. As the head of the television's Arts Channel, he would not be able to have the role without some ability. He definitely had to have some literary quality to him.

"First introduce yourself?" Director Wang Shuixin said.

“My name is Zhang Ye. I’m 23 years old this year. I graduated from...” Zhang Ye began his self-introduction.

During this, a few interviewers were whispering to each other. Some frowned, while others shook their heads. It was as if they did not wish for Zhang Ye to enter their Arts Channel.

Wang Shuixin was also one of them. Back at the Silver Microphone Awards, he and Hu Fei were present. He had heard with his own ears Zhang Ye’s angry recitation of “Dead Water”. The atmosphere seemed to have exploded, but Wang Shuixin had secretly shook his head. He knew that Zhang Ye was a problematic person. It was not easy to handle him. His literary standards were passable, but his temper was too terrible. No Leader would want such a person. Leaders tended to want obedient subordinates, so by getting such a different kind of guy in, he would not be as gregarious and he had to worry that he would stir up something daily! So even though he treated Teacher Hu’s recommendations seriously, Wang Shuixin was unimpressed!

Of course, there was another reason.

Wang Shuixin actually felt that Hu Fei was blowing Zhang Ye’s so-called literary level out of proportions. And it was this matter. He never believed that Zhang Ye could compete on the same level as him. He felt that Zhang Ye was still far inferior! “Dead Water”? “A Generation”? Wang Shuixin believed that he could write such poems, too. He even felt that his previous works were much better than Zhang Ye’s.

Cultured people tended to scorn each other!

No one considered themselves inferior!

Actually, the other interviewers had the same thoughts. Although Zhang Ye was highly acclaimed on the internet, they did not think that Zhang Ye could be compared to a master like Wang Shuixin. In the literature scene, Wang Shuixin was clearly not the most famous person, but he was a veteran who had many excellent works. Furthermore, he had several poems that were very popular. So how good could Zhang Ye, a young kid who had just appeared, be against Director Wang? At this interview, they were, in fact, not bothered. As Director Wang’s attitude was very clear, Zhang Ye was definitely not going to be hired!

Zhang Ye finished his introduction.

Hu Fei interjected, “Director, Teacher Little Zhang has one of the highest literary skills amongst his generation. He is the best amongst his peers. Besides...”

Wang Shuixin interrupted his words, “He can be considered good amongst his peers, but he is far too inferior compared to predecessors who are in the arts.”

Hu Fei tried to fight for Zhang Ye, “With Little Zhang’s literary foundation, he is not necessarily worse than the predecessors.”

Wang Shuixin was amused, “You are too absolute, Old Hu. I know that you appreciate Little Zhang, but maybe Little Zhang’s literary skills match your appetite and managed to move you. But that does not mean others will be moved. It does not mean his literary skills are flawless. I know about the matter from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. I also know Big Thunder, Old Zheng and a few of them. Do you think Little Zhang has exceeded people from the older generation just because you think Little Zhang

overshadowed them? Not really. Actually, Big Thunder and company's poems are just a bit famous in the Beijing circles. They aren't much in the country. I also heard their poems back then at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. They were all quite average. So Little Zhang overshadowing them can't show anything."

This Director was clearly a scholar to the bone. His temperament was competitive. He did not mince his words and had said it in front of Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye gave him a glance and did not comment.

Hu Fei wanted to add on, "But Teacher Little Zhang..."

"Then let's test him with an interview question." Wang Shuixin said very confidently, "I can tell you, Old Hu, that he is weaker than me, not to mention other predecessor masters." Saying that, Wang Shuixin looked at Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, we are just blindly chatting amongst ourselves. We aren't saying you are terrible, so don't take it to heart. Actually, to write 'Dead Water' at your age is already not bad."

Just not bad?

Zhang Ye smiled without speaking. He only thought that he was too careless!

"Alright, I'll not talk about your physical factors. I'll give you an interview question. There will only be one today for this interview. I actually want to see how much ability and skill a young man like you, who was recommended by Old Hu, has." Wang Shuixin said.

Zhang Ye said, "Please say it."

Wang Shuixin seemed to have the intentions to compete with Zhang Ye in literature, "I have a poem that I'm not sure if you have heard of. It's called 'Everything'."

He began reciting.

"Everything is fated."

"Everything is unreal."

"Everything has no end."

"Everything has no home to return to."

"Every happiness doesn't come with a smile."

"Every suffering doesn't have tears."

"Every past is in the dreams."

"Every faith comes with longing."

"Every burst is preceded by moments of silence."

"Every death has a prolonged echo!"

After a few interviewers heard this, they gave their praises again.

“Good poem!” a middle-aged woman said.

A youth said, “This is Director Wang’s best poem, right? I always feel something whenever I hear it!”

Hu Fei also had to admit that this poem was excellent. This was probably written about four to five years ago by Wang Shuixin when he was at the lowest point of his life. It was very powerful. It called out to people’s hearts and shocked the world!

Wang Shuixin said calmly, “Little Zhang, this is the interview question. This is one of the works that can be considered famous, and also a modern poem that I’m most pleased with. Teacher Hu has always said that your poetry is excellent and you have deep literary foundations. Then can you compose a poem here on the spot, to show us your literary level?”

If it was a poem that had no boundaries, it would have been nothing!

But it was Wang Shuixin who said his own poem first, which meant he wanted to compete with Zhang Ye. It was also called a “Poem Contest”. If Zhang Ye was to create another work, it had to be targeted at Wang Shuixin’s work. Furthermore, it had to exceed Director Wang’s poem for him to pass. But was this possible?

Hu Fei knew it was impossible!

Not to mention the other interviewers!

What sort of poem was “Everything”? It was a poem that was previously included in high school textbooks! Although it was in an appendix and was not eye-catching, and was eventually removed due to its dark and depressing artistic quality, it was still a model essay that was once made into teaching material!

What could Zhang Ye use to compete with it?

He had nothing to compete with it!

Chapter 92: “This is also Everything”!

The interview question was out.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ye, wondering how he was to answer. He had to follow up on a tough poem that had previously gone in Chinese language textbooks, Wang Shuixin’s most famous poem, “Everything”.

Zhang Ye did not speak for a long while.

“Everything”? Why did it sound so familiar?

He was sure that he had heard this poem somewhere, but he could not remember it clearly. Hence, he said, “Can I have some water?”

“Yes.” Wang Shuixin turned his head.

An interviewer threw a bottle of mineral water to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye used the time to drink the water and opened his game ring and bought a “Memory Search Capsule”. He closed his eyes, pretending to be in thought. In fact, he had swallowed the capsule while drinking water. He was searching the memories in his brain, and finally Zhang Ye opened his eyes. He had found his memory and had finally remembered why this poem sounded so familiar!

What the f**k!

Wasn’t this Bei Dao’s “Everything”!?

However, there were some slight differences!

For example in his world, Bei Dao had written, “Every fate is destined. Every cloud is fleeting. Every beginning is without an ending. Every search is brief.”

As for Wang Shuixin’s poem, it was “Everything is fated. Everything is unreal. Everything has no end. Everything has no home to return to.” It may look different, but the format and meaning were about the same. The core idea was similar. One of the lines, “Every faith comes with longing”, was identical in both poems. There was not a single word different!

This world also had something similar to “Everything”?

However, there was no Bei Dao, but it was written by Wang Shuixin?

This was not surprising either. The two worlds’ cultural backgrounds weren’t much different. The Four Great Classical Novels, such as Romance of the Three Kingdoms and Water Margin, still existed. Maybe it was because the Four Great Classical Novels had too strong of an effect ingrained in the country, so there was no way of changing it. So it was not modified by the game ring. Then it was pretty normal to have similar literature works from both worlds. Of course, they were just similar. In Zhang Ye’s world, Bei Dao was a very famous poet. In terms of text and profoundness, Zhang Ye clearly believed Bei Dao’s “Everything” was much more excellent than Wang Shuixin’s “Everything”!

This was the topic?

Zhang Ye laughed, for he could not control himself.

Bei Dao’s “Everything” was considered quite famous, but the reason why Zhang Ye did not remember it to the point of needing to use the Memory Search Capsule to search his memories for it was because there was another poem that was more famous. It was written as a retort to Bei Dao’s “Everything”. It had completely negated Bei Dao’s work, hence Zhang Ye and the people from his world had a deeper impression of that poem and had forgotten about Bei Dao’s “Everything”. Even if people from his world mentioned “Everything”, it was to use it as a reference or backstory. It was as if “Everything” existed just to accentuate the other poem. Hence, no matter how well it was written, and had cried out the lives of people so perfectly, in front of that poem, “Everything” was just a supporting role, and considered a sidekick. It could only be hidden under a shade!

“Are you done?” a woman urged.

“Can you begin?” a young interviewer was also turning impatient.

Seeing that Zhang Ye did not speak for so long, Hu Fei guessed that Zhang Ye was unable to follow up. He sighed in his heart. Zhang Ye had low odds of success, and it would have been impossible for him to

be accepted by the Leader. Wang Shuixin's attitude was very clear. Now, by not being able to answer the interview question, the chances of hiring him were close to nil.

However, Hu Fei's love for talent was very deep. He was still trying his best to help Zhang Ye fight for it, "Director Wang. Little Zhang is still young, so no matter how much talent he has, he can't compare to you. This question is indeed quite difficult. Shall we change a topic and let Little Zhang have freedom to express a poem?"

"Brother Hu, " a female interviewer said, "then what's the point of an interview? Anyone can write something freely. That's not ability."

Wang Shuixin also lightly laughed, "Old Hu, to speak the truth, I want to test Little Zhang's creative ability on the spot today. It seems all his poems in the past were created on the spot. As for the poem's quality and logic, I'll reserve my judgment. I don't believe those good works of his were written on the spot by Little Zhang. It doesn't agree with reason. Even if it was written on the spot, it couldn't be done without any stammering, right? And those poems of his had so much logic? And the parallelism was done so well? And since you appreciate this youth so much, I'm testing him this time. So I purposely used my poem to let him follow up. First, it's to see if he really can compose on the spot, and secondly, to see if Little Zhang really has as much literary skill as people say."

Hu Fei said, "But to follow up on a classic poem that even entered language textbooks, Little Zhang will..."

Wang Shuixin waved his hand to stop Hu Fei from continuing. He looked at Zhang Ye, "It's alright, Little Zhang. Take your time to think; there's no hurry. Hur Hur. At your age, you might not have heard this poem. When you were in high school, the materials for your language class might not have included "Everything". If you did not catch everything, I can recite it to you again."

A youth volunteered, "Since you already recited it once, why don't you let me, Director Wang?"

"Alright, Little Xu, you do it. Hur Hur." Wang Shuixin was in a good mood. He had been doing administrative work all these years, so for him to once again display his literary works was a rare event. Seeing Zhang Ye remaining silent, and his subordinates looking at him with admiration and respect, Wang Shuixin was very pleased.

The other interviewers and the youth completely ignored Zhang Ye. They knew that it was impossible for Zhang Ye to follow up on the poem. The only reason that they were still in here to interview Zhang Ye was to kiss ass and flatter the Leader. They wanted to see with their own eyes how their Leader defeated Zhang Ye, a newcomer who had been praised for his poetry. Besides, even without the flattering factor, Director Wang did have the absolute ability!

Zhang Ye? A newcomer!

Compared to Director Wang, what was he!?

He wanted to compete with Wang Shuixin in literature and poetry? Wasn't this do something beyond his ability!?

Director Wang's "Everything" came about due to his using all his senses to come into maximum contact with the pulse of life. He had used his critical perspective to inspect the interpersonal moral and ethical

relations, as well as the sparks that arose when people clashed. He had also subconsciously pondered above love, freedom, joy, suffering, hope and death, which were all common factors of human life. It was one of the best modern poems, and could be said that he had written a poem of such a genre at its peak. Zhang Ye wanted to use the literary insight from “Everything” as a topic to exceed “Everything”? That was impossible!

Well, but it was not that the poem did not have its flaws. If one wanted to pick faults with it, it was probably the reason why it was eventually removed from the language textbooks. The poem was too dark and oppressive. There was no hope in it. This was also why “Everything” was criticized by some people. But the flaws could not obscure the splendor it possessed. This poem was still enjoying a relatively high status in the poetry world. It could be considered a “pessimism” masterpiece.

“Let me recite it, while you listen well.” the youth said to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye ignored him, and already had his plans.

The youth frowned. You even turned haughty? Just because you were praised to the skies by people who did not know literature, you already forgot who you were? See, your original form has been revealed! I have no idea why Teacher Hu appreciated you so much. You can only have your way with Big Thunder and those slightly known poets in Beijing. But take a look; once you encounter a real master of literature, you have nothing against them, right?

The youth grunted and cleared his throat, “Everything is fated. Everything is unreal. Everything has no end. Everything has no home to return to.”

Wang Shuixin squinted his eyes as he listened to his poem.

The other interviewers again revealed their reverence. Their mouths moved gently, as if they were tasting the poem, and were also reciting it along with the youth.

The youth carried on, “Every happiness doesn’t come with a smile. Every suffering..”

But suddenly, a scene no one expected happened. Zhang Ye opened his vocal cords and interrupted the youth, who was having a good time reciting, rudely!

Zhang Ye shook his head, “Not every tree has been broken off by the storm; Not every seed cannot find soil to root; Not every true feeling is lost in the deserts of human hearts; Not every dream wishes to be cut off at its wings. No, not everything... is like what you said!”

Hu Fei gasped. This...This poem...

Wang Shuixin and the other 7-8 interviewers were stunned!

Zhang Ye looked at Director Wang and then at a few interviewers, then began stressing his words, “Not every torch is burning itself, but not illuminating others; Not every star indicates darkness, but does not predict the dawn; Not every song passes through the ears, but does not stay in the hearts. No, not everything... is like what you said!”

The second paragraph was also out!

It was another massive parallelism! His tone also grew stronger!

Wang Shuixin's expression instantly looked ugly, but he made no sound!

However, Hu Fei got a kick hearing this. He clenched his fists and was so excited that he wanted to stand up to cheer for Zhang Ye. This was the first time that he had such a bright smile on his face. He was happy for Zhang Ye and also happy for himself. He had not evaluated Zhang Ye wrongly! He was really a remarkable talent of the age!

Zhang Ye scanned everyone with his eyes and purposely paused before reciting the last paragraph. For this paragraph, he wiped off the solemnity and seriousness, and changed it to that of a smile. There was even mockery in his smile, "Not every appeal has been dismissed; Not every loss cannot be compensated; Not every abyss is death; Not every grief lands on the heads of the weak; Not every heart and soul are to be stepped on and buried in the mud; Not every consequence is blood and tears, but without mirth!"

"Everything in the present is creating the future!"

"Everything in the future is grown from yesterday."

"Hope, and to fight for it, please put all of them on your shoulders!"

The last shout was Zhang Ye saying it to Wang Shuixin, and could also be him saying it to himself!

Everything was darkness? Everything was suffering? Every success was accompanied by tears and sorrow?

Be it Bei Dao's "Everything" or Wang Shuixin's "Everything", Zhang Ye could not agree with them!

He knew that many people hated him, or had a grudge with him or disliked him. He also knew that he had not much hope for this interview, but Zhang Ye had never felt that his life was filled with darkness. He had never hesitated in his life. As long as he had a glimmer of hope, he would never give up!

That was everything?

Everything is like what you said?

No! Not everyone is like what you said!

At least, I am not! I, Zhang Ye, am not!

Chapter 93: The Outcome of the Interview?

Everyone had their own recital style.

Some had highly exaggerated expressions. Some liked to use body language. Some had varying tones when delivering the recitals. And some did it with a straight face. There were all sorts of reciters. Those who were not skilled at recitals would always attempt to copy someone else's style or just not attempt a style at all and recite it just as it is. But someone like Zhang Ye, who was from a background of media arts, would always recite in their own style. This was his rice bowl; he would not lose to anyone in a basic skill like that. His recitals tended to be calmer. He was used to expressing his emotions through the subtle expressions of his eyes and the tonal changes in his voice, and did not use exaggerated body language like dancing and shouting.

From the results, it looked like he had done a very good interpretation of the poem.

These interviewers, each and every one of them had a shocked look!

"I've finished reciting it. This poem...is called 'This is also Everything'." Zhang Ye said lightly after adjusting his breath and looking at the interviewers.

Director Wang's "Everything"!

Zhang Ye followed up with "This is also Everything"!

The former was filled with the cries of darkness! While the latter was overflowing with the light of hope!

Zhang Ye's work was heard! The 8-9 interviewers looked at each other. They were thinking that this wasn't some poetry competition with Director Wang; it was clearly a smacking of face! You were clearly here to mess things up! They had initially thought that Zhang Ye was unable to follow up, or even if he did, it would not have been good. As for a "pessimism" poem, "Everything" was impeccable! Using the line of thought of Wang Shuixin's poem to carry on writing a pessimistic modern poem? He would never be able to write something better than "Everything", no matter how much he tried!

However, no one had expected Zhang Ye to do the opposite. He did not follow the line of thought of "Everything". He had instead used "This is also Everything" to lambaste this pessimistic view!

Not all!

Not all!

No, not everything... is like what you said!

A few lines of "Not everything" had gradually stepped up the mood of this poem and at the same time stepped down on "Everything"!

If this wasn't face slapping, what was?

If this wasn't a blatant challenge, what was?

But somehow, this blatant challenge had sent shockwaves down everyone's spines. A few interviewers who had not thought much of Zhang Ye initially had been swept along with their emotions while hearing Zhang Ye's poetry. A few lines of "Not everything" had convinced them as they maintained their stunned faces.

This is Zhang Ye? This was the Zhang Ye that they didn't think much of? Director Wang had doubted Zhang Ye's composing on the spot before this? He felt that his poems were all prepared beforehand to fool the listeners? And felt that Zhang Ye's literary standards could only be compared alongside amateur poets? And if he met a professional poet, he would be exposed? Those who had thought this to themselves earlier were now blushing from embarrassment!

And they thought he was just so-so?

Or that he could not compose on the spot!

This was called a low literary standard that could only be compared to low-grade poets?

Zhang Ye's "This is also Everything" had made them swallow their words. Even the least literary educated person present could tell that Director Wang had been outdone by a newcomer! "Everything" had really been overshadowed by "This is also Everything"! And the gap did not feel like it was by a small margin. It was a crushing victory! There was no question about it!

Zhang Ye's poem had even answered the biggest flaw of "Everything" — Pessimism! It was full of optimism in "This is also Everything"! Full of positive influence on the people! No wonder "Everything" was only in the appendix of the high school textbook for a short one year. Compared to "This is also Everything", "Everything" was such a shallow and weak piece. Instead, Zhang Ye's poem looked like it should be added into the textbooks!

They all whispered to each other. All of them had been shocked by this poetry piece of Zhang Ye's!

But none of them knew. In Zhang Ye's world, this poem was precisely born because of Bei Dao's "Everything".

"This is also Everything" — This was a piece by a famous poet in Zhang Ye's old world, the writer Shuting's work. It was rumored that after Bei Dao's work was criticized for being too pessimistic, Shuting had also criticized something about it. Soon after, "This is also Everything" was born. From its words, parallelisms and thoughts, it could be seen that "This is also Everything" was targeted at "Everything"! So after Wang Shuixin had read his poem, Zhang Ye's immediate thought was this work of Shuting's!

Poetry competition?

This poem was made for it!

This was walking into the line of fire!

Hu Fei had given Zhang Ye a thumbs up in his heart. He looked over at the silent Wang Shuixin, "Director, Little Zhang has answered the interview question. What do you think?"

The others also looked over at Director Wang.

Wang Shuixin acknowledged, "It's matched pretty well."

How was it just pretty well! It was perfect! But of course they did not say that... No one was that dumb!

Hu Fei took advantage of the situation and asked, "Then about Little Zhang's recruitment?"

Wang Shuixin looked at Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, stand up and let me have a look at you."

"Stand up?" Zhang Ye did so accordingly.

Wang Shuixin took a look and shook his head, "I won't comment on his looks since a minority of successful hosts and guests are lacking in that department, too. But your height is even more important compared to your looks. If I'm not wrong, after your shoes are off, your height is around 1.65m, right? That's too short; even with shoes on, you won't hit 1.70m. If you were onstage with other hosts or guests, your height would be a problem. If a female guest wears slightly higher heels, you'd probably be shorter by half a head or more. How can you become a host like that? It will affect the broadcast quality. If your looks are ordinary and you are lacking in height, then it certainly will not work!"

Great!

You couldn't find fault with my literary standards, so now you started picking on my height?

Zhang Ye was thinking that if he was f**king tall and handsome, then he wouldn't be wasting so much effort here! He would have gone to become a singer or movie actor!

Hu Fei added, "Little Zhang can add insoles to his shoes."

"That at most will add 6-7cm to his height. Any taller than that and it wouldn't look natural. A look and you will know there's no conformity. What's the use of that 6-7cm? At most, he will be 1.7m tall with his shoes and insoles." Wang Shuixin was finding faults, "Our male hosts at the Beijing Television Station, which one of them doesn't reach 1.8m after wearing shoes? It is the minimum requirement to reach the height of 1.8 with shoes." After that, he also sighed, "Old Hu, I've seen Little Zhang's talent today. It's not bad. You didn't make a wrong choice, but his height is not enough. If his height can reach the standard, he can report to work after National Day! I wouldn't say anything else!"

He could be hired as long as he was taller?

But this was actually a load of rubbish!

Looks were not hard to change. There was plastic surgery. But how could one change one's height? Zhang Ye was already 23 years old. As the saying goes, one could still grow at 23, but no matter how much you grew, you couldn't go from 1.65 to 1.75! Do you think that you were sitting on a rocket!? That you could increase your height so easily!?

It was clear that he did not want Zhang Ye!

It was just a way of rejecting him by saying that he would be hired if he was taller!

Hu Fei was disagreeable with it. He strongly insisted, "Director, I really want to hire Teacher Little Zhang. My segment is about to begin recording. Little Zhang will be of great help to me, and will also greatly help the station." Saying this, Hu Fei said to Zhang Ye, "Teacher Little Zhang, why don't you go out to the resting area and wait for a while?"

"Alright." Zhang Ye could only take his things and leave the room.

Outside, he could hear Teacher Hu fighting for him. Zhang Ye knew that there was no hope left. He could only take Teacher Hu's appreciation of him in his mind. He would return the favor in the future slowly.

After he waited for a while, no one came out.

Zhang Ye leaned on the windowsill and watched the traffic flow below. Suddenly, he saw a shoe shop across the road. Seeing this, he also wanted to try to see how much elevator shoes could increase his height. Who knew if he could reach the height of 1.8m wearing them? Zhang Ye had never tried them, so he quickly took the elevator downstairs.

On the side of the road.

It was a foreign shoes shop named HT.

"Sir, what type of shoes do you want to buy?" A female attendant came forward.

Zhang Ye asked, "Do you sell any insoles or shoes that can raise a person's height?"

The female attendant smiled. "There aren't insoles, but there are elevator shoes. This way, please." She led Zhang Ye over. "There are two styles. They are elevated leather shoes and can increase your height by about 5-8cm."

Zhang Ye tried them. Although he felt some discomfort in his heels, he was indeed much taller. However, it was clear that 8cm was an exaggeration. It was not that much, and was probably at most 6cm. With Zhang Ye's height, he could only reach 1.71m at most. He was still shorter than Wang Shuixin's lowest requirement of 1.8m by nearly 10cm. The difference was too great, and could definitely not meet the requirement. Zhang Ye smacked his lips but still decided to buy the shoes. He did not wear his shoes and let the attendant remove the tags. He wore the new shoes and walked back to the television station, returning to the resting area.

Every bit helps in becoming tall.

Who knows... If Teacher Hu was helping him, maybe he might have a chance?

Hai, what was he thinking!? He was still having hopes when he knew there was no chance?

Right, why was he relying on others? He still had his game ring! He could try his luck at the Lottery!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of it. Every time he faced a tough situation, he had used the magical items from the game ring to resolve them. Who knew if the Heavens would be standing on his side today?

The office on the other side was still having arguments. There was Hu Fei's voice, and the voices of the other interviewers. It did not seem like it would be over in ten minutes.

He did as he thought!

Zhang Ye immediately opened the game interface!

The menu opened, and a virtual screen was presented before Zhang Ye's eyes. Staff from the television station who walked past could not see it at all.

Then, a glance at the Reputation points he had accumulated over the past few days made Zhang Ye extremely pleased. His overall Reputation points had reached an alarming 930,000!

Chapter 94: A Huge Discovery About the Lottery!

The explosive outbreak of "Dead Water".

The receiving of the Silver Microphone Award.

The listenership ratings of the unstopped 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'.

The large scale promotions and sales of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'.

And even 'Tribute to the White Poplar' and various other contributions.

All these Reputation points that were accumulated allowed Zhang Ye to have more than 900,000 Reputation points at this moment. It looked like an exaggeration, but it was accumulated by Zhang Ye bit

by bit through hard work. Every Reputation point increment was not easy for him. Of course, before the “Memory Search Capsule” that he had bought just a while ago, it had already exceeded a million.

The Lottery interface opened.

Zhang Ye decided to take a gamble.

He clicked on the Lottery and spent 100,000 Reputation points. Confirm!

The wheel began to move. The needle began rapidly moving. As it was a bet, Zhang Ye decided to have Additional Stakes. After clicking the Additional Stakes button on the bottom right, he gave it some thought and added two Additional Stakes. After all, he needed to leave some Reputation to bet on the next chance. He could not use it all on one try.

The needle began to move slowly.

Special Category... Skills Category...

Stats Category...Consumption Category...

The needle began to slow down gradually. Finally, it stopped on the Consumption Category!

Zhang Ye did not have much hope, nor was he disappointed. This was because he did not know what items he needed at this moment. He was only trying his luck.

Three Treasure Chest (Small) appeared!

Zhang Ye brought them and placed them on a table in the resting area. He opened one after another. Since all the items that were obtained from Additional Stakes were the same, he just needed to see one.

[Lucky Bread] x 3!

He had previously obtained this prize before. And this was also the first time that Zhang Ye had obtained an item that he had received before!

However, Zhang Ye gave a wry smile. The Lucky Bread may be good, but it was not very useful for him now. Back at the award presentation ceremony, the Lucky Bread had expounded its miraculous effects, allowing him to magically receive the award. But it had a reason to. It was because of luck that the trophy and certificate both had problems backstage, which caused such an effect.

But this time, it was different. Luck was useless here. As it was not something that could change from subjective means. Wang Shuixin had objectively not wanted Zhang Ye. He had already said that Zhang Ye was not tall enough. So no matter how lucky he was, Director Wang would definitely not change his attitude.

He had lost the bet!

Hai, there aren't many opportunities left!

Zhang Ye was feeling down. He was already used to having items he received from the Lottery being of use. For example, the Save, the Unlucky Sticker, or the Memory Search Capsule, all of them were a great help to him after they were obtained. And even though the Lucky Bread from back then was not

something that he had received on the spot and was something he had stored from a previous luck of the draw, it had been effective at the critical moment. Even the Unlucky Halo and the Invisibility Potion had their own usage.

However, this time it wasn't enough!

Zhang Ye no longer had the luck from before!

His hand nearly pressed down on the Lottery purchase button, but he paused and did not press down on it. Zhang Ye knew it was impossible. Actually, upon careful thought, the items he had received from the Lottery were not really just right for the purpose. For example, the Save... He might have used it, but if he had obtained the Memory Search Capsule, he could have also used it to help him recite from memory. If he swept through at a glance and used the Memory Search, Zhang Ye could similarly recite out 900 words. Furthermore, he could save the time he took to memorize it, and the accuracy would be even higher. And with the Unlucky Sticker, if he had obtained the Lucky Bread or something else, those items could probably create a similar effect, allowing Zhang Ye to get a program. Similarly, if he had used the Unlucky Sticker at the Silver Microphone Awards, giving Zhāng Yě bad luck, resulting in him being unable to receive an award, the award would have still ended up in Zhang Ye's hands.

It may be said that his luck was good when he had played the Lottery in the past, but it could also be said that the difficulty that Zhang Ye faced was relatively smaller. The difficulty range was much wider, which resulted in many items being able to be used as magical weapons. They could all help.

But this time it was different. Wang Shuixin had made his attitude clear. His requirement was on Zhang Ye's height. Hence, the items that he could draw that would be useful from the Lottery were extremely specific and limited. How could Zhang Ye have such good luck and draw whatever he needed at the Lottery? What a joke. Zhang Ye had never felt that he had good luck!

Eh, luck?

Wait a moment! Luck?

Zhang Ye was suddenly shocked. Then he excitedly stood up from the couch. Right, usually when he played the Lottery, he definitely could not obtain items he was in desperate need of, for he did not have the luck. No one in the world had such luck. Even if they had luck for a moment, it would not be for life. However, Zhang Ye had a sudden thought. So what if he did not have luck? This was not a problem! Without luck... He could create luck!

Lucky Bread!

He had just drawn Lucky Bread!

Zhang Ye's mind opened up. Previously, when he had received items from the Lottery, he had only thought about how he could use them in reality, but who made the rules that the luck from the Lucky Bread could not be used on the game's Lottery? The Lucky Bread's description said that it could increase the Luck stat of a player for five minutes. Since Zhang Ye's Luck stat would increase, then drawing at the Lottery was also within its range. He could completely use this to create luck, so as to obtain things he needed!

Could it work?

Even if it didn't, he had to try!

Zhang Ye felt that this discovery of his was too important. It would be very important for his future. If it was like his speculation, then whenever he was faced with a difficult problem, Zhang Ye would have a chance and method to solve it. He did not need to bet on the so-called luck!

Zhang Ye immediately reached his hand into the game ring's inventory. He took out one of the Lucky Bread, and immediately ate it!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Countdown, 4:59...

Zhang Ye was afraid that there was not enough time, so he quickly clicked on the Lottery and did not even wait for the needle to slow down as he gritted his teeth to have Additional Stakes. Seeing the needle pause temporarily, Zhang Ye immediately added all his remaining Reputation. Having just spent 300,000 Reputation points, and having spent 100,000 for the Lottery, he still had 5 more Additional Stakes left. Success was all counting on this. Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye spent nearly all of his Reputation points!

Additional Stakes completed!

The needle began moving again!

One revolution...Three revolutions...Five revolutions...

Then it slowed down, and the needle slowly moved towards the small region of the Special Category!

Zhang Ye was almost about to cry. If it was some normal time, he would love to have the Special Category, because he greatly had the need to be able to permanently purchase items in the Merchant Shop. It was unlimited purchase, and he did not need to draw at the Lottery. But now, he did not need it. Even if he had obtained the right to buy an item, he did not have enough points to buy it! He was only left with about 30,000 Reputation points, so even if he wanted to buy something, it would not be enough!

Move!

I don't want the Special Category!

A treasure mountain was right in front of him, yet Zhang Ye did not want it. This was the first time that he felt cheap. However, there was no other choice. He had to solve the problem he had now!

Move a little bit more!

Just a little bit more!

Finally, the Special Category was moved past. It did not stop there!

The Lottery wheel's category size was fixed. For example, the Consumption Category's probability was the greatest, while the Special Category was the lowest. Hence, the size of all the regions were the same every time. However, the placement of the regions were random. For example, the last time that he drew at the Lottery, the Special Category was between the Consumption Category and the Skills

Category. But this time, the Special Category was now in the middle of the Stats Category and the Skills Category. After the needle moved past the Special Category, it immediately stopped at the Stats Category!

Bada!

Six Treasure Chest (Small) appeared!

At this moment, there was still one minute left for the Lucky Bread!

Zhang Ye did not dare to delay. This was because he was not sure if the item in the Treasure Chest was decided at the moment it was drawn or if the Lottery only fixed the type, and the specific item was decided only when the treasure chest was opened. Hence, he used the remaining amount of lucky time to open the Treasure Chest!

The first Treasure Chest opened – Fruit of Growth!

The second Treasure Chest opened – Fruit of Growth!

The six Treasure Chests all contained a small white fruit. It was basically round, but it was not uniform. It did not have leaves, but had a brown root zone.

[Fruit of Growth]: Effective upon consuming it. Activates the player's growth genes. Can be stacked repeatedly.

Growth?

Activates genes?

He got it! He really got it!

At this moment, the lucky effect ran out. Zhang Ye nearly cried out! His theory was right! The Lucky Bread really could be used on the Lottery system!

After a moment of excitement, Zhang Ye regained his composure. He quickly picked up a Fruit of Growth and ate it. He still did not know the effects of the fruit. Although the Fruit of Charm had already proved the effects of such Stats Category items, but what did growth mean? Where would he grow? Please don't make my chest hair grow? This bro doesn't need that!

After consuming it, his whole body heated up!

Zhang Ye nearly shouted out as he felt his bones crunching, as they sounded out!

After a few seconds, the strange feeling disappeared. Zhang Ye looked around and looked at his chest. Thankfully, his chest did not get any bigger.

But which part of him changed?

He could not detect it!

But when he looked at his pant legs, Zhang Ye was slightly surprised. His pants had been slightly longer, so that it would roll up above his shoes. But now, the rolls had relaxed a bit more. What was the

meaning of this? What did this represent? There was only one possibility presented. That was... Someone had secretly cut his pant legs with scissors when Zhang Ye was slightly distracted!

Alright, actually there was another possibility. It meant that Zhang Ye had grown taller!

Although it was just a tiny bit, but it no doubt made him excited!

Zhang Ye decided to consume the remaining five Fruits of Growth in one go. The sound of his bones cracking incessantly lingered on.

One centimeter...

Two centimeters...

Three centimeters...

Finally, Zhang Ye used the change in his pant leg's length to guess that he had grown about 5-6 centimeters taller! That was to say, every Fruit of Growth increased his height by nearly a centimeter!

Zhang Ye was overjoyed. His looks and height had always been a chronic problem for his development. He never expected one of them to be solved just like that!

The Fruit of Growth was too amazing!

Zhang Ye understood that this fruit probably did not increase his height directly. It had helped activate his potential within his genes. That was to say, Zhang Ye's genes should have allowed him to grow to that height, but Zhang Ye had grown up in relatively poor conditions. Without milk to drink, or eggs and much meat to eat, his poor nutrition when he was young stunted his growth. If he was properly fed and nourished when he was young, then he could definitely be like others. At least, he would have a good average height.

Now, the Fruits of Growth had remedied all of this!

Now, his height was 1.71 meters! He already entered a normal range!

Chapter 95: You are Changing Persons!

Upstairs at the Beijing Television Station.

Today was National Day, so not many people worked. However, even the small number of people who came to work was definitely more people than people from other industries by several times. As this was a television station, it was similar to supermarkets or shopping malls. They were busier during this period. There were quite a number of people working overtime, who not far from Zhang Ye, who were looking at him.

"What was that sound just now?"

"I also heard it. It sounded like cracking."

"Did that youth come for an interview? What was he doing just now?"

"Yeah, why was there so much noise? Was he molting?"

A few people began discussing as they pointed fingers at Zhang Ye. They found him weird.

Actually, from a certain point of view, Zhang Ye had indeed “molted”. His height was now 1.71m. If he wore the elevator shoes that he had just bought, he could barely tell from the receding of the pant leg that he was about 1.78m tall with the elevator shoes, even though he did not have a ruler on hand. He was about 2cm shorter than Wang Shuixin’s minimum requirement.

Zhang Ye tried to find some paper to pad the bottom of his shoes, but it was obvious that it wouldn’t work. Even if he could pad his height a bit more, it would not be natural. This was already a height increased by a pair of shoes. The heels were already very high, so by padding it with paper, his foot would probably come out of the shoe. There was no way that he could go on screen like that. Even if he went on screen, he was unable to walk, as the shoes would just drop the moment that he walked. There were boots that could increase his height a bit more. However, it was autumn, and the weather wasn’t cold yet. It was sometimes hot, so how could he go on screen with boots? This was also not practical. The interviewers would also not agree to it!

...

The other side.

In the office.

Wang Shuixin looked at his watch, “Old Hu, don’t be in a rush. It’s not that I don’t believe in your judgment and professional achievements. Our station headhunted you because we appreciated your experience and ability. However, a host is a combination of various aspects. He can’t just be accepted because of his literary foundation. Even if Zhang Ye was made a guest, he is also not up to it. I believe that you know the importance of a segment’s host and its guests. If the audience doesn’t like the visuals, the program will suffer a hit, no matter how good it is. It will also lose a large number of the audience members. I cannot gamble on this.”

“If we are excluding Zhang Ye because of his height, it would be such a pity!” Hu Fei’s eyebrows were knitted together. “This is too unfair to Little Zhang!”

Wang Shuixin said lightly, “The entertainment business has never been about fairness. Little Zhang’s height is indeed not enough. I cannot give the go ahead for him alone.”

Hu Fei said, “Weren’t there also hosts who had heights around 1.6m in the past?”

“But were they ever popular?” Wang Shuixin retorted, “How many hosts of those heights managed to make it big? Also you are talking about some second or third tier cities’ small television stations. Where are we? This is Beijing Television Station!” He stood up, “Alright, Old Hu. There’s no point in talking about this anymore. What time is it already? I still need to hold a meeting soon!”

“Director!” Hu Fei tried to speak.

Wang Shuixin interrupted, “I can lower my final requirement. He doesn’t need to be 1.8m. As long as he can reach 1.78m with elevator shoes, I will immediately hire him! I will not say another word!”

“Brother Hu, forget it.”

“That’s right, Producer Hu. There are plenty of good seedlings.”

The other interviewers also persuaded Hu Fei.

However, Hu Fei was thinking, "What was the difference between 1.78m and 1.8m? Zhang Ye was just 1.65. He wouldn't reach that height even if wore any kind of shoes! Unless he went on stage with stilts!"

...

Outside.

As the final exchange of words were done while they were approaching the door, Zhang Ye had heard the last line. He just needed 1.78m? Ha! I was just waiting for that word of yours! It looked like the twenty minutes that Teacher Hu had fought for Zhang Ye was not in vain! It had helped him a great deal!

The door opened and Wang Shuixin was the first to exit. He looked at Zhang Ye in the resting area. "Little Zhang, you can go back." It meant that the interview was over.

Hu Fei looked at Zhang Ye, apologetically shaking his head.

Zhang Ye gave Teacher Hu a "nevermind" look. He sat there and said to Wang Shuixin, "Director Wang, I think I have reached the standards you mentioned."

"What did you reach? Height?" A young interviewer was amused, "Enough. Go back."

Zhang Ye did not say anything further. He only slowly stood up from his seat.

A few interviewers were planning to leave, as they had been delayed for far too long. There were many programs for National Day that they had to busy themselves with. However, when they saw Zhang Ye stand up, a person who was about to turn and leave was suddenly stunned. He immediately turned back with his eyes staring widely!

Several others also stared widely with their eyes!

Holy sh*t! Your height, why... Why does it seem...

Zhang Ye walked closer and let them take a closer look, "Does this height meet your standards?"

Wang Shuixin was also dumbfounded. He patted his forehead and also rubbed his eyes. He felt as if his eyes had gone blurry before looking at Zhang Ye again, "You..."

Taller!

This person was actually taller!

During the interview, Wang Shuixin and a few interviewers remembered clearly that Zhang Ye was about half a head shorter than many of them. Although they were not very tall, they were about 1.7m tall. But now, twenty minutes later, this person was no longer shorter than them, and was instead... He was instead taller than them by a lot more!

Shorter by half a head to taller by half a head?

Are you doing magic?

They could hardly believe their own eyes!

After his surprise, Hu Fei quickly said, "Little Sun, bring a measuring tape!"

A youth looked at Wang Shuixin and seeing Director Wang nod his head, he quickly left and came back shortly after with a retractable ruler.

"Teacher Little Zhang, please stand nicely." Hu Fei gestured.

Zhang Ye held his back to the wall and stood very straight.

Hu Fei personally measured him and then looked at the marks on the ruler. He turned with a look of surprise and said to everyone, "1.78! Exactly 1.78!"

Someone did not believe it and also measured Zhang Ye, but the result was also the same!

The female interviewer nearly fainted on the spot!

Wang Shuixin also never expected such a situation!

A young interviewer said with fear, "How, how did you do it?"

Zhang Ye pointed to his feet, "I changed my shoes. I just bought them!"

Wang Shuixin, "..."

"How could this be possible!? Where was there such elevator shoes that could increase that much height!?" the youth exclaimed.

"It could increase more than 10 centimeters? And not a trace of it can be detected? Not unnatural at all? What sort of shoes are those?" Another interviewer nearly cursed vulgarities!

Go to hell!

How are you changing shoes here?

You are f**king changing persons!

Hu Fei did not care about this. He treated it as if there was such a magical shoe, for technology had developed so much. He stared at Director Wang, "Little Zhang has reached 1.78m with the shoes, and you said previously?"

Everyone else looked at the Director.

Wang Shuixin was really... This guy really did it? He had originally found a reason to reject a problematic person like him, as he did not want him. However, the outcome was too surprising! What should he do now? He could not rescind his words, and furthermore he had said it in front of so many people. He was also the Leader...

After a long silence, Wang Shuixin looked at Zhang Ye, "Report to work next week." After saying that, he turned and led the others away.

He had entered the television station!

He had finally entered the television station!

Zhang Ye suddenly felt like all the hard work had paid off!

Chapter 96: Face Smacking Specialist!

Evening.

The sun had set, dying the sky red.

Zhang Ye had returned to his rental place. After taking the elevator, he did not return to his house, but followed the aroma from the landlady's house. The door was open and the sound of oil splattering could be heard from the kitchen. At a glance, the little rascal Rao Chenchen was in the living room, doing her homework.

"Chenchen, are you busy?" Zhang Ye smiled as he entered the house.

Chenchen immediately shouted to the kitchen, "Aunt! Zhang Ye is here to scrounge for food again!"

Zhang Ye nearly planted himself on the floor, "This unlucky child. I treated you well for nothing."

Chenchen gave her trademark smile, "Hur Hur." Then she lowered her head and carried on doing her homework.

Rao Aimin from inside probably heard this. She opened the kitchen door and did not look kindly at Zhang Ye, "You really came on time. Is your Chinese Zodiac a dog? You followed the aroma over?"

Zhang Ye was also not mad, for he had already adapted to her vicious tongue, "I worked so hard for Chenchen, and you said the last time that my food for these days will be settled by you."

"You only know how to eat. Did you not eat in your last life?" Rao Aimin's mouth was vicious, but she was soft-hearted. "Wait a while. I'll cook another two more dishes!"

"Thank you, Landlady Auntie!"

"Make sure that Chenchen does her homework!"

After the small rascal did her homework, the table was already filled with dishes.

Rao Aimin threw a pair of chopsticks at Zhang Ye, "You sure look happy today! Did you pick up a wallet? Eh, wait a moment. Come over and let me take a look. Why are you so much taller?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "You finally noticed it. I'm wearing elevator shoes."

"Oh, I was just wondering. Alright then, let's eat!" Rao Aimin sat down and handed a bowl and chopsticks to Chenchen.

Actually Zhang Ye was not wearing his elevator shoes, but his own normal shoes. He had said that for fear of not being able to explain it. After all, he had grown so much in a blink of an eye. No one would believe him if he said it. Hence, he decided to use the reason of elevator shoes to let others be used to his height. When people were accustomed to it, then there would not be a problem. Well, actually it was not something new for a person to grow 5cm overnight. At least in Zhang Ye's world, he had frequently heard of such miraculous things happening, such as waking up to realize that one had grown 6cm, or how family members heard his bones crackle at night while he was sleeping. When Zhang Ye

heard of this, he was skeptical, but people growing tall overnight was indeed a fact. There were more than ten such cases in the world as examples, but the reasons were still unknown. Hence, Zhang Ye did not have any pressure. Even if others questioned him on this, he could use this as an excuse.

“Landlady Auntie, I’ll tell you something.” Zhang Ye told the good news, “Just now, I was hired by the Beijing Television Station. I will be either a host or a guest after National Day.”

Rao Aimin said, “Oh, you sure can create miracles in life. That can even happen?”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, “I’m using my strength! Absolute strength!”

“Stop bragging.” Rao Aimin laughed, “Chang’e 4 just went up into space, and was taken down by your bragging!”

Chenchen swallowed the celery in her mouth, “...Hur Hur.”

Zhang Ye curled his mouth, “Keep trampling on me. When I become famous, I’ll let you open your eyes!” After the meal, Zhang Ye was feeling bloated. He was too lazy to go home, “Let me borrow your computer.”

“Go home and use yours!” Rao Aimin said impolitely.

“I can’t even move. I’m too bloated.” Zhang Ye ignored her.

Rao Aimin smacked her lips, “It’s upstairs. Use it yourself.” She went to wash the dishes.

Zhang Ye clutched his belly as he walked upstairs with great difficulty into the landlady’s bedroom. The moment that he opened the door, he was caught off-guard. A dazzling array of underwear and fall clothing assaulted his eyes. There were clothes of Big Sister Rao’s on the bed. There were about 20-30 pieces. It was obvious without asking that Rao Aimin was clearing her closet in the afternoon. She was keeping her summer clothes and preparing to wash and dry her autumn clothes. But before she was done, she had to cook. Hence, there was a bunch of clothes left on the bed and balcony. This made Zhang Ye’s heart race!

Floral print dress.

Hollow flesh-colored underwear.

Black silk stockings with decorative patterns.

There was white underwear that had just been taken off.

Zhang Ye looked behind to make sure there was no one before closing the door. He could not help but pick up a few pieces of Rao Aimin’s underwear and examine them before throwing them back. This Big Sister Rao was seriously too much. She was too careless. Forget it, let’s look at my computer. Actually, just like Rao Aimin’s vicious tongue, Zhang Ye was also slowly getting accustomed to Old Comrade Rao’s careless demeanor. She had always been like that and never took heed about their difference in gender. But she had to be such a unkempt big sister, yet she made amazingly delicious food and was particular good at taking care of others.

People were just so strange.

At times, there were such contradicting amalgamations.

Switching on the computer and going online, Zhang Ye was initially intending to check the current events and entertainment news. But he habitually first logged in to Weibo. He discovered that his poem had been posted online!

"Let me post a poem. I happened to hear it while chatting with a friend at the television station. The original author should be Zhang Ye."

"The title is 'This is also Everything'."

"Not every tree has been broken off by the storm."

"Not every seed cannot find soil to root."

Finally he concluded, "I was very excited after hearing it, so I posted it to share with everyone!"

Zhang Ye looked at the discussion and messages below. It had already broken 1,000 views, and there were numerous messages!

"Teacher Zhang's new poem?"

"Holy sh*t. I remember there's a poem called 'Everything', right?"

"Yes. It's 'Everything' written by Wang Shuixin. It even went in textbooks. This poem is clearly targeted at 'Everything', rejecting everything in it!"

"Haha, this poem is so great!"

"As expected of face smacking master Zhang Ye's work!"

"Wow, everyone take a look quickly. Face smacking specialist, Teacher Zhang Ye has a new work!"

"You don't say. This really is a smack in the face. Every line contradicts 'Everything'! Teacher Wang Shuixin is probably crying! To encounter such a face smacking specialist!"

"But 'This is also Everything' is really much more suitable as a language education material than 'Everything'. I pity Zhang Ye. Why can't such a good poet like him enter the Writers' Association? There is no official recognition of his position in literature."

"@BeijingWriters' Association."

"Who told Teacher Zhang to trample on the people from the Writers' Association!?"

"Supporting Teacher Zhang's entry into the Writers' Association. Or providence would not forgive!"

"That's right. It doesn't make sense. Can the Beijing Writers' Association respond? Why isn't Teacher Zhang invited into the Association? Just because cultured people tend to scorn each other?"

"Summoning the Beijing Writers' Association!"

"Teacher Zhang is impressive! He has to enter the Writers' Association!"

Everyone stood in solidarity. Zhang Ye's works came one after another, and each one was more interesting and wonderful than the last. It made people feel disappointment that the Beijing Writers' Association did not have any response!

But what Zhang Ye was most concerned about was his nickname and description!

Face smacking specialist?

Your sister's a face smacking specialist!

Why is my nickname so terrible!?

Chapter 97: Night!

It was very late.

Other households were slowly switching off their lights.

Zhang Ye was still online. When Rao Aimin returned back to her small duplex bedroom on the second floor, she pushed the door open and frowned. She began to keep the clothes on the bed, hanging them up, and those that could not be hung up were thrown into the washing machine. She turned back and said unkindly to Zhang Ye, "You, I'm speaking to you. Look at the time. Quickly grab your stuff and get lost. It's time for Chenchen to sleep. Go back to wherever you came from!"

She was wearing a very homelike sportswear. It looked old on her, and the colors did not look good. It was probably worn when she cooked.

Zhang Ye glanced at her and said, "Oh, alright. I'll be done once I finish reading this."

It was news related to the first day's sales of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". Although there were no specific numbers, and the publisher firm had not made it public, by analyzing the numbers from various bookstores, there was only one conclusion, and that was that "Ghost Blows Out the Light" had a craze-like sale. Except for a few large bookstores who had still one or two copies of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" left, as they had a large inventory, the other smaller bookstores that ordered fewer copies were completely sold out!

This was just the first day!

The initial printing of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was just 100,000 for one volume, and 200,000 for two volumes!

And almost half of it was already sold out? In recent years, very few books would have such crazy sales. They could be counted on one hand, not to mention a niche supernatural genre like "Ghost Blows Out the Light"!

After reading the news, Zhang Ye closed the page.

At this moment, Chenchen was walking heavily up the stairs. She came and took a look at Zhang Ye. In her tiny pajamas, she slipped into bed.

"I'm going, little rascal." Zhang Ye bade her farewell.

Chenchen looked at him, "Zhang Ye, tell me a story."

Rao Aimin was done packing her clothes, and she said, "Your Uncle Zhang needs to go home and sleep!"

Chenchen ignored as she looked at him with silent big eyes, "Zhang Ye, tell me a story, or I won't be able to sleep. My aunt doesn't read me stories."

Rao Aimin mumbled, "How old are you to still want to listen to stories!"

Chenchen reached out her tiny hand to grab Zhang Ye's big hand, as if she did not want him to leave.

Zhang Ye had no other choice but to sit on the bed. Seeking the opinion of the landlady, "Then I'll tell Chenchen a story?"

"Read it, then. I'll go shower." Rao Aimin did not care and went into the bathroom and closed the door. A moment later, the sound of flowing water could be heard. Maybe she was feeling the comfort of showering, which resulted in the whistling sounds of Rao Aimin coming out of the bathroom.

"Zhang Ye!" Seeing him wandering with his mind, Chenchen called out very unhappily.

"Oh. Oh, alright." Zhang Ye asked, "Have you heard my fairy tales? Which ones have you listened to?"

"Our school has read your 'Little Bunnies Be Good' and 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarves'." Chenchen closed her eyes as she lay in bed.

"Alright, then. I'll read you 'The Wizard of Oz'." Zhang Ye began reading. After speaking for so long, he also ended up tired. He ended up lying on the perimeter of the bed, with his shoes off and the blanket over him, as he carried on narrating to Chenchen.

However, this little thing got more spirited the more she heard. Her large eyes grew brighter, and all the sleepiness had disappeared from her eyes.

The landlady had finished her shower and, seeing that Zhang Ye was not gone, she looked at him, "Still reading?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile, "She doesn't want to sleep."

Chenchen insisted, "I still want to listen."

Zhang Ye said, "Let's do it tomorrow. I'll read to you tomorrow."

"No, I must listen to it today." Chenchen said, "We don't have classes on National Day. I can sleep later."

Rao Aimin may look like the devil daily who stops people and grumble daily, but whoever had long exposure to her would realize that she was a very careful and soft-hearted big sister. "This child is so disobedient. Let's see when this aunt of yours will beat you up one day." After saying these ruthless words, she added on, "Alright, alright, keep listening." Then she said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, I'm not going to care about you. I'm tired, so I'll sleep first."

"Uh, alright." Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin tightened the towel on her body and went to the other side of the bed and slipped into it. Then she turned with her back facing them, "Keep it down. Don't disturb me."

Chenchen said like a small adult, "Sleep then. Cover your blanket well. Good night, Aunt."

There were three people in bed. Thankfully, the landlady's house was big, and her bed was big, too. It was not crowded at all. Now, Zhang Ye and Rao Aimin took up both sides of the bed, with Chenchen in the middle. This scene looked like a family, making Zhang Ye feel some warmth.

"Zhang Ye," Chenchen said softly.

Zhang Ye then said, "Alright, I'll carry on."

He read from 9:30 to 10, and then from 10 to 10:30.

When it was nearly 11, Rao Aimin turned around in a sleepy daze in an annoyed fashion, "Why are you still reading the story? Quick sleep!"

Chenchen did not answer, for she was already sound asleep.

Only then did Zhang Ye notice. He was also extremely tired. He was too lazy to make a move, so he just slept where he was in the bed.

...

The next day.

The morning of the second day of National Day.

There were a lot of sparrows here, so they began chirping the moment the day broke.

The soundly sleeping Zhang Ye felt hot, so he kicked the blanket off him, then he turned sideways to find a comfortable position. He even lifted his legs over. He had the habit of hugging his blanket in his sleep.

Oh?

Why was there the scent of a woman?

And it was the special body smell of a mature woman?

Zhang Ye was a bit more awake, and he finally recalled that he did not sleep at home last night. Hence, he opened his eyes to take a look and was covered in sweat!

This was the landlady auntie?

Man! Why am I cuddling her!?

Zhang Ye was still wondering why he could feel the touch of flesh on both his hands and legs. Chenchen had somehow crept to the end of the bed, and was near Zhang Ye's feet. Without any barrier in between him and Rao Aimin, Zhang Ye might have not been a honest sleeper, for he had snuck towards Big Sister Rao!

Rao Aimin was still sleeping, but after a night of tossing and turning, the red towel on her body had unwrapped. Most of her shoulder was revealed. Her thigh was just barely covered by the towel, concealing the most critical region. The remaining two firm long legs were left revealed outside. He could see a tiny trace of flesh-colored cotton underwear on her right most side. Clearly, this was

revealed when Zhang Ye kicked the blanket previously. The three people were in bed, but now, Big Sister Rao had been exposed!

And it was not only that!

The scene gave too much information!

Zhang Ye's legs were lifted above Rao Aimin's buttocks. Her knees were fixed there and his knees moved floated up and down as Big Sister Rao's body breathed. What was most worth mentioning was Zhang Ye's hand. This pair of unlucky hands had happened to snuck into Rao Aimin's towel when he turned his body. His hands were located very close to her chest. Zhang Ye had never really touched females before, so he was not sure what the feeling was on his hands. He was not sure if he had touched things he should not have touched!

Things were not good!

Zhang Ye's sweat began streaming down his head. He did not dare to stay a second longer, nor did he dare to appreciate the soft touch. He quickly pulled his hand out a bit.

But this made Rao Aimin wake up!

It's over!

Bad things are going to happen!

Zhang Ye's face was green. He recalled the glorious deed of Rao Aimin beating up the two young renters in the past. Big Sister Rao was a powerhouse in the entire small district. Who wouldn't know this story? "Woman challenges two hooligans. Hooligans beaten up badly." was even the title of the article that had appeared on some small unknown newspaper! Rao Aimin had gotten fame from that one fight. Her fighting prowess was well known by everyone in the small district.

At this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly recalled his home country, recalling the parents he left behind in the far countryside. He recalled of his long lost child... Alright, it was just an artistic exaggeration.

Anyway, he was just scared out of his wits!

Zhang Ye remained motionless, hoping for a miracle to appear. He hoped Rao Aimin would not realize it and would go back to sleep.

But Rao Aimin was still awake. Zhang Ye was already prepared to get beaten, but... The development was completely different from what he thought!

"Oh?" Rao Aimin uttered.

Zhang Ye did not dare breathe. His hands were still by her chest, and his leg was still on her hips.

Rao Aimin smacked her lips, "What are you doing?"

Zhang Ye did not know how to answer, so he did not speak.

"Don't go around touching and sleep." Rao Aimin reprimanded with a sentence.

Zhang Ye's body had been tightened, awaiting the fury of the landlady, but he never expected those words. What did it mean? Why didn't you beat me up? Why were you so calm?

Rao Aimin turned around, and her back faced him. The towel on her body slipped even more. Now her entire smooth back was revealed. She carried on sleeping.

When she rolled over, Zhang Ye's hand had also slid off from her body, and fell onto her waist.

Zhang Ye's heart was beating, but he was also emboldened. This time, he began touching on purpose. He was moving his palm on the landlady's waist!

Flesh!

The feeling was really good!

Rao Aimin remained motionless, but she said, "Sleep. Stop messing around. I'm sleepy."

She was still not mad? Zhang Ye was excited as he emboldened himself further. He knew such an opportunity did not befall him usually. He slipped his hand downwards and touched the landlady's thigh. At first, he did not dare to move much, but after observing Rao Aimin's reaction, he noticed that Rao Aimin did not say a word this time. As if he was given permission to continue, Zhang Ye shifted his body closer, sticking himself to Big Sister Rao's body. Then he began to carefully touch her!

What about below?

What should he do next?

Zhang Ye did not know. He had no experience in this at all!

...

Chapter 98: The Landlady's Loss

In the bedroom.

A picturesque scene.

The landlady did not make any obvious rejection, and didn't even reprimand him with any harsh words, so Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He used the principle of "you are an idiot not to take advantage" to explore the landlady. Zhang Ye, who was a person who had never had a relationship before, obviously had never experienced such a scene. He could only move steadily. This ambiguous atmosphere made Zhang Ye agitated. He felt like his entire body was almost melted by the landlady's flesh and mature body scent!

This was a memorable occasion that made Zhang Ye want to give a song of love.

You are my little, dear little apple*!

Lighting my life's fire fire fire fire fire!

Forget it, it spoils the atmosphere a bit. It's best not to sing it!

Anyway, Zhang Ye was now feeling very daring. He felt life was pleasant.

But when Zhang Ye wanted to change his position, with his palm preparing to attack the landlady's seductive ass, Rao Chenchen suddenly woke up!

The little rascal said in a daze, "Aunt, I'm hungry!"

The landlady said gracefully, "Got it."

"Aunt, I'm hungry." The little rascal constantly nagged with her eyes closed. "I'm hungry. I'm hungry."

Suddenly, Rao Aimin was awake. Her body suddenly stretched and in a blink of an eye threw away Zhang Ye's unmannerly hands!

Before Zhang Ye could even react, his wrist was pinched by Rao Aimin!

His eyes went blurry and his head went dizzy. Zhang Ye had no idea what had happened. He only felt the world spinning, and even the ceiling and the ceiling lights and pictures on the wall had flashed past him. Then, his ass was thrown off the bed. Only then did he feel the intense pain!

"Aiyah, hey!" Zhang Ye screamed.

Rao Aimin looked at him from the bed, "So it was you! What were you doing on the bed!?"

As Zhang Ye moaned, he said, "Of course I'm there. Ah, wasn't I telling stories to Chenchen yesterday. I was also sleepy and then I fell asleep!"

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Then what were you touching me for!"

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded, "You did not know I was around?"

He finally understood. Damn, the landlady had not quietly allowed him to take advantage of her, but it was because she had been sleeping with little Chenchen these past few days, so she had treated him as Chenchen? She thought the person touching her was her niece? Hence, she said, "Stop messing around." Just now, when Chenchen shouted that she was hungry, the voice came from the other side of the bed. Only then did Rao Aimin realize? And then threw Zhang Ye off the bed!

It was a misunderstanding!

Your sister, it was a big misunderstanding!

Zhang Ye felt like crying his heart out. He laid on the ground, without being able to get up. It was too painful. He didn't even know what had happened. He had been thrown off the bed with a single hand of the landlady. Big Sister Rao! Goddess Rao! How much strength do you have? You did a over-shoulder throw with one hand? That was too crazy! But since Zhang Ye was initially the one at fault, he could only be the first to complain despite being the one to offend. He lain on the ground screaming, "I can't take it anymore! Aiyah! I'm dying! My waist has broken! I can't take it anymore!"

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "Who let you grope!? Fine, stop screaming. Treat it as I mistakenly overused my strength!"

Zhang Ye was embarrassed, so he shouted even louder, "Oh, my elbows! Aiyah, my knee! Aiyah, my disc!" It was quite a catchy phrase.

Rao Aimin wrapped the towel on her body again, then stepped off the bed with her bare feet. She squatted down and touched his elbow, "Is there pain here?"

Zhang Ye said, "It's not painful here."

"What about here?" Rao Aimin examined his knee.

"Ah, it's not painful here, too," Zhang Ye said.

"What about here?" Rao Aimin pressed on his intervertebral disc.

"Also not painful," Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin kicked him in the ass with an unhappy face, "Damn kid, if it's not painful, why are you screaming? Quickly get up. It's no big deal!"

Zhang Ye's screams became worse, "I can't get up, I can't move!"

Rao Aimin curled her mouth and stretched her arm underneath his waist. And like she was lifting a bag of rice, she threw Zhang Ye onto the bed. It was unknown if she knew traditional Chinese medicine, as Rao Aimin checked his pulse. She then firmly said, "It's alright. You just have some muscle injury. Lie down. I'll give you some medicine!" Turning towards Chenchen, she said, "Bring my medicine box over. It's at the bottom of the cabinet."

Chenchen gave a nonchalant, "Oh." and went to take it.

Zhang Ye was still shocked that he had been thrown by Rao Aimin with one arm, "Landlady Auntie, have you practiced kungfu before?"

"Why do you care?"

"Then why are you so powerful?"

"Don't mind my business."

"...Oh." Zhang Ye did not ask again.

With the medicine box brought over, Rao Aimin took a bottle of safflower oil. It was one of those especially old bottles. Right, it was like those sesame oil bottles.

"What's that?" Zhang Ye complained, "Will it work?"

"Are you just full of nonsense? Lie down and stay still!" Rao Aimin pricked him with a sentence. She then spread the safflower oil on him and massaged him, "Tell me where it hurts!"

After seeing this, Chenchen went downstairs. She was probably too hungry, so she went searching for food.

After rubbing him a few times, Rao Aimin went onto the bed with her bare feet. It was likely because her pose was not conducive for her to use her strength, and it was also uncomfortable. She crouched beside Zhang Ye's side and massaged his back. This allowed her to use more strength.

"It's painful here, it's painful here!"

“Got it.”

“It’s painful here, too!”

“...Alright. Bear with it.”

Rao Aimin must have definitely learned before, for her technique was very good. She was more professional than a professional.

Zhang Ye’s pain was slowly alleviated. What replaced it was more and more pleasure. It felt so good! It was too comfortable! Zhang Ye enjoyed it while closing his eyes!

“Still painful?”

“Painful.”

“Why don’t you look like you are suffering to me?”

“No, it’s especially painful!”

Rao Aimin did not say anything more. She carried on massaging his back and thigh. She even grabbed his ass and gave him an angular massage.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye turned his head and saw a flowery scene. As the landlady was crouching on the bed and her body was wrapped in a towel, the opening to the towel by her thighs was undefended. As Zhang Ye’s position was low, so he could clearly see what was underneath! As he was afraid the landlady would discover it, Zhang Ye did not dare to keep looking. He looked away, but after waiting a while, he turned his head to sneak a peek.

Ten minutes later.

Rao Aimin patted his ass, “Alright, it’s done.”

Zhang Ye sat up and stretched, “Why do I still feel sore?”

“Of course. You should be happy that it was just a simple muscle pull after being thrown by me. If I had really went all out, it would be a light injury if your forearms and calves were only fractured.” Rao Aimin chased him off the bed, “Hurry up and get lost. Be more honest when you sleep and don’t go groping around!”

“I haven’t eaten breakfast.” Zhang Ye looked at her.

“None! Go home and make your own!” Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye could only hobble downstairs to return to his home.

Yes, this is the end of the chapter. Why? You asked why the title is called “The Landlady’s Loss”? Alright, it’s because I wrote the wrong word. The title should be “The Landlady’s Mistake”!

Hai, actually, it’s about the same.

*This song is “Little Apple”, a Chinese song by the Chopsticks Brothers that went viral in 2014. It was also remade into a Korean version, sung by Korean girl group, T-ARA

Chapter 99: The Five Million Copyright Fee has been Banked In!

Home.

After returning from the landlady's house in the morning, Zhang Ye crashed back into bed. There was nothing he could do about it. Rao Aimin's throw had caused him to go into a daze. He had still not recovered from it. Of course, the landlady was not easily taken advantage of. He had been taught a lesson, a bloody lesson!

Beep, beep. A short message was received.

Zhang Ye twisted his arm while feeling the pain and tapped on the phone. However, the next moment, he could not be calm. His waist did not ache, and his legs were no longer painful!

It was a notification from the bank!

He had received the copyright fees! There was more than five million Yuan!

Excluding taxes, this was the amount Zhang Ye received for selling "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and several of his fairy tale stories!

His cellphone vibrated. A call was coming in. It was a call from the man from the Beijing Education Publishing Firm, "Hello, Teacher Little Zhang. Haha, did you received the royalty fees? Congratulations! The sales for 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' yesterday was a huge success. No, I should say it was an unprecedented success! In all these years, our publishing firm had never, besides non-commercial publications, had a first day sales record of 90,000 copies!" He was very excited, "To be working with you, it is our honour. All along the way, you have been a man of miracles!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "You are generous with your praises, I'm not that great. It's great due to your sales promotions."

"But this sales figure is certain to decline; it won't be able to hold at such high numbers going forward. Our most conservative estimates say that we will hit at least 700,000 copies per series this year. The next year estimates will likely increase very little, but we will still reprint. I think that with time, to break through a million copies sales per series should not be a problem at all." said the middle-aged man excitedly.

This sales figure was also within Zhang Ye's own estimates. It wasn't too much of a surprise to him, "How about the fairy tale stories?"

The middle aged man reported happily, "We have already started on the promotions. When some of the bookstores and web stores knew that we were going to publish a compilation of "Snow White", "The Wizard of Oz" and other fairy tales, many of them approached us to make pre-orders. The pre-order figures are already over 30,000. We have also put a priority on this publication. The firm's Leader has already decided to speed up the publication of your fairy tales for release in a short time!"

They hung up.

Zhang Ye was still a little worried, so he went online to check his bank account. There was indeed 5 million more in his account. This large amount of money made Zhang Ye dizzy. When had he ever seen so much money?

I'm rich!

Time to buy a house and car!

Zhang Ye first thoughts were to buy a 3 bedroom apartment within the 2nd Ring Road of Beijing City. Then what next? Then what's left to buy? Cough, cough... All you can buy is a fart, because you still have to pay it in installments after that! 5 million and you want to buy a 3 bedroom apartment within the 2nd Ring Road of Beijing City? That is something that would only happen in the New York Times and the Washington Post!

At once, Zhang Ye opened up Weibo to interact with his followers. This was an activity that he liked doing very much recently because his followers had increased to around 89,000 odd people. He had found out that he could increase his Reputation this way, too. As long as he posted something interesting or something that left them in admiration, he would gain a certain amount of Reputation. Afterall, this was also a form of social media, not unlike that of a radio or TV station.

After posting: Received the royalty fees, but after doing some calculations, I'm still far from buying a house. Forget it; I won't be buying one after all.

Unsure if ZhangYeNumber1Fan had been on standby for Zhang Ye the whole day, immediately after it was posted, the first to forward and comment on it was him, "That can't be? Teacher Zhang also cannot afford a house?"

"How much is the royalty fee? Requesting for insider news!"

"Definitely on the level of a million. 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is too hot!"

"How can it be just a million? It has to be a least a few millions to do justice to a work like this!"

"Haha, Teacher Zhang is deliberately playing dumb again. But honestly, property prices are getting expensive. I doubt I will ever be able to afford one in my lifetime. I can only afford to rent."

Everyone was busy discussing.

Suddenly, a nasty comment appeared, "Is this Zhang Ye retarded? How are property prices expensive? It's cheap enough. If you can't afford it, it's because you are useless. Don't complain. Even though I can't afford one myself, the people around me have all bought one and have paid in full. And they're even in the top-tier cities!"

This poster was nicknamed "I'mTheBest".

Someone below replied, "Are you for real? Paid in full? Top-tier city?"

"I'mTheBest" replied "Of course. Those are even houses in the city. It's not difficult!"

"Laughable." Someone retorted, "Do you even know how much property prices are right now? Don't you watch the news?"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan was speechless, "This person watches the news, but I bet it's News Simulcast*!"

After following Zhang Ye's Weibo, many of these followers were "fighters". This challenge had provoked a war. Everyone was now arguing!

All of these comments were posted under Zhang Ye's Weibo post, so, of course, he felt helpless and irritated. Scolding me? Even saying property prices are cheap? So he followed up with a post "Everyone, don't argue. Actually, 'I'mTheBest' has a point there. I also know a friend who paid in full for a house in a top-tier city, too. It's not impossible. You can still work for others and be able to afford a so-called luxury home. This is not an impossible dream."

"An employee can afford a luxury home?"

"How's that possible!"

"Eh? Why is Teacher Zhang talking for that guy?"

"There's can't be any logic in this? Even a fool knows how high property prices are!"

"Teacher Zhang's gone crazy today, right?"

The masses were now questioning Zhang Ye. Some of their comments were very nasty.

Zhang Ye replied, seemingly unaffected "Listen to my friend's story first." He had randomly remembered a very popular story from his old world.

"Tell us!"

"How is this not bullshit!"

"I would like to see how you explain yourself out of this!"

A lot of people began to talk down to him.

Zhang Ye posted "Five years ago, my friend Xiaoke ran into walls when he was seeking employment. In the end, he found a job as a small-time programmer in a small IT company in Beijing. After half a year, Xiaoke felt that he could not continue on like this anymore and came up with a plan to buy a house within five years. Every step was carefully planned and followed! 'At first, it was really difficult. I could not do any social or entertainment activities.' Xiaoke related. 'From the start, I used any free time from work to study financial planning and programming courses to increase my knowledge.' Just like that, Xiaoke took all sorts of IT certification exams and got his company to give him yearly raises in increments of 3%. 'I even applied for management courses and got to know many outstanding industry people.' Using such networking, Xiaoke slowly built up his contacts. Finally, with the five years of accumulated savings of 50,000, adding on the 7.95 million that his parents gave to him, Xiaoke managed to buy his first ever house. It's even a house in Beijing City's 2nd Ring Road area. 'Having a dream that can be turned into reality is the most beautiful.' said Xiaoke with determination in his eyes."

At first, everyone was still seriously reading, trying to understand Xiaoke's miraculous plan to buy a house and learn from it. But when the story ended, everyone passed out!

"Pu!"

"Hahaha!"

"That was a godly reversal!"

"This is definitely Teacher Zhang's style!"

“Teacher Zhang is too cute! That was such a tease!”

“This is what a master is. A short story can be written with such sarcasm and depth!”

“Turns out to be ironic! I had thought that Teacher Zhang went crazy! I quickly apologize! I’m ashamed to have treated Teacher Zhang wrongly! I will definitely support you in the future!”

“This story has written out our voices and frustrations!”

“This is what a writer should be, at least to me. Look at Teacher Zhang; he can write modern poetry, ancient melody poetry, novels, fairy tales and even such thought provoking and humorous short stories. The Beijing Writers’ Association must be blind. Are you sure that you won’t be admitting Teacher Zhang Ye into the association?”

This story had actually been so overused back in Zhang Ye’s old world. If you surf the internet often enough, you’d have heard of this story before. But it has never appeared in this world before, so everyone’s curiosity was piqued and they laughed so hard at it. Then came the forwarding and dissemination of the story!

A simple short story like that had now been voted to rank 9 of the main page!

An explosive viral effect had been achieved within such a short time!

This also made Zhang Ye secretly shocked. The power of the masses was indeed great. The number of Weibo fans and his Reputation points were both increasing! It seemed like he had to do such things more often in the future. He could not give up any opportunity to be famous. His goal was to be the world’s number one superstar, so naturally, he had to grab every opportunity. No matter how small a mosquito was, it was still flesh. If he could go onto the front page of Weibo or make the headlines, it would greatly increase his popularity. And the poems, novels, passages and essays in Zhang Ye’s mind were what he relied on greatly. He was not lacking in knowledge!

*News Simulcast (Xinwen Lianbo) is considered to be a government inclined news outlet.

Chapter 100: Buying a Car!

Afternoon.

The landlady auntie did not cook for Zhang Ye anymore. He grabbed something to fill his stomach before going online to transfer 100,000 Yuan to his father. It was an instantaneous transaction. After the transfer was made, his mum called him with her cellphone.

“Son, did you transfer money to your dad?” his mum asked with some surprise.

“Yes, my royalty fees have been paid, so I transferred 100,000 over to spend first.” Zhang Ye said like he was a nouveau riche, “When you finish spending it, you can ask me for more! We are not short on money!”

“You are really my good son.” Mom said happily, “Is the money for me or your dad?”

Zhang Ye did not know to cry or laugh, “Isn’t it the same who I give it to? Alright, alright, it’s for you.”

Mom seemed to be showing off at Dad on the other side of the phone, "Heard that? Our son is giving it to me. Don't you touch the money. In a while, I'll go buy some jewelry. Our family has been suffering for so many years, and we have finally reversed our situation. Ha, my son is indeed capable. Mom did not work for nothing by feeding you through sh*t and pee!"

So, I grew up being fed sh*t and pee?

Then everyone, please be careful when you are close to me!

Recalling how others talk about their youth, they would say stuff like, "thinking back to my innocent childhood", and then say how it was, but when it was my turn, it's "thinking back to my days of being fed sh*t and pee childhood"? Just this impressive opening speech would make people listen to his childhood stories with their noses pinched!

Zhang Ye grumbled to himself a little, then finished up the conversation with his mother before taking an afternoon nap.

.....

In his dreamlike state.

Bang, bang, bang. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Brother!"

"Brother, open the door!"

"We know you are home!"

Zhang Ye was awoken by three chattering voices. He knew from their voices at once that they were his cousins, "Coming, coming!" After putting on his clothes, he went to open the door.

three nice-smelling girls streamed into the room.

The slightly more reserved eldest sister, Cao Dan, stuck out her tongue, "Brother, I was pulled over by the both of them."

The second sister, Cao Tong, smiled and put her arms over Zhang Ye's shoulder, "We heard from First Auntie about your new book. It earned a few million?"

"Is that so? Why do I not know about it?" Zhang Ye played dumb. He thought to himself that he had been utterly defeated by his mum. His mum's loud mouth was really strong. Oh, it's only been an hour and the secret is out? Did everyone in the family find out, too?

The third sister, Cao Mengmeng, pouted cutely, "Brother, you are already a big time author. How can you be so stingy? We already know and you still don't want to admit it?" She shamelessly sat down on Zhang Ye's bed, not even removing her shoes before she laid down, "I don't care. In any case, I want the newest model of a Phoenix laptop, the ultra thin type. If you don't buy it for me, I will not leave." She rascally kicked her feet in the air.

Phoenix laptop? It should be a brand of this world, since Zhang Ye has never heard of it.

Cao Tong also laid down on the bed, "I'm not leaving either. I want an OC business class laptop!"

"Their eldest sister, Cao Dan, looked at Zhang Ye and coughed, "Brother, I also lack a laptop. Any type is fine, as long as it's usable."

Zhang Ye seemingly scammed, "Sure. If you aren't leaving, I will."

"Brother, you are bullying us!" Cao Mengmeng's eyes turned red. Don't even mention that acting, "When I go back, I will tell First Aunt and Uncle that you bullied us!"

When a hard stance doesn't work, try the soft way.

Zhang Ye was just the type to fall for emotional blackmail, "What are you doing? What are you crying for!"

Cao Mengmeng said with tearful eyes, "You are earning so much money, yet you won't even spend some to buy things for your sisters. Aren't you ashamed to be our brother? Not ashamed?"

The hypocrite rascal Cao Tong also joined in the pitiful nagging, "Brother....."

Cao Dan, witnessing it all, said, "Why not you buy it for them both; they need it for their studies. Forget about me."

"I can tell that you three are here to rob me." Zhang Ye laughed bitterly. He knew that he could not escape this, so he said, "Alright, alright. Buy it; I will reimburse you all!"

Cao Mengmeng immediately stopped crying and jumped in excitement, "Long live Brother!"

Cao Tong had wanted to buy a laptop since a long time ago. She went over to give Zhang Ye a peck on his cheeks, "I love you to death, Brother! My sister is included too, right?"

"Yes, yes. There's one for everyone." Zhang Ye helplessly said.

The three sisters were all very happy at this time. They hugged together and cheered!

Zhang Ye was also happy to see them so joyful. They quickly pulled him out of the house to go with them to the mall to buy the laptops.

Sigh, I can't help it that I'm their brother. Let's go!

.....

At Yintai Mall beside Jiaomen subway.

"Brother, this is the laptop that I want!"

"Buy."

"Brother, that is the one I want."

"Buy."

"Brother, I want this laptop."

".....Buy."

“Brother, can I also have a bag? It’s only 800. Not really that expensive.”

“.....Buy.”

“Brother, I would like a pair of sunglasses and also, you are now a famous author; you will need one too. This is a unisex design. One for you and one for me, okay?”

“.....Buy.”

Outside the mall, the three sisters had their arms full and took the subway home.

Zhang Ye’s mouth complained, but he did not feel sorry at all. He was more capable now, so taking care of his little sisters was the normal thing to do. He was really not feeling sorry, only that his heart was bleeding a little. This trip had cost him over 10,000. The blood was splashed all over!

These three prodigal women!

I will definitely not let them enter the door in the future!

Wearing his new sunglasses, Zhang Ye wandered around in the streets. He walked until he came upon a large 4S shop. (4S – Sales, spare parts, service, survey. An integrated auto shop.) Zhang Ye no longer wanted to buy a house. Although he was usually stingy, there were things that he wanted only the best of. For example: a house. He couldn’t buy a large one with only five million. It wasn’t too bad where he stayed now, so why not be a little cautious? But a car? That he had the capability to buy. It would be more convenient and besides, he will be starting work at the TV station in a few days, either as a guest or a host of a show. If he were to continue taking public transport, that would somewhat be belittling his status.

He went inside.

A female shop assistant came over, “Sir, which price range of a car would you like to look at?”

“Show me around. I want to see if there’s any I like, thank you.” Zhang Ye had a passion for cars. He was a man, after all. He was all excited since stepping foot in here.

“Sure. This way, please.” The female shop assistant in her high heels said, “What do you think of this sedan model? It’s an imported Reizi, top of the range. 4T, and is selling very well right now.”

Reizi?

What the hell was that brand!

Zhang Ye waved his hands, “I don’t really like it.”

“How about this model? It’s a J-Bond, imported from Europe. It’s a seven seater, very suitable for the family outings. It is very spacious. It’s also very suitable for businesses.” The shop assistant introduced.

J-Bond?

Why don’t you call it a Durex instead!

Zhang Ye continued to shake his head. He was not interested in this world’s new car manufacturers. Although these brands may not be “new”, Zhang Ye still had totally no concept of them. He still

preferred the manufacturers of his old world, maybe because he was nostalgic, or because he was used to them. Or maybe even because those were the only things that reminded Zhang Ye that he did not truly belong in this world.

Eh! He saw it!

BMW! There's "Don't Touch Me" (Bie Mo Wo) over here, too!

Upon going further over to the other side, he saw the logo of Mercedes-Benz, too!

There weren't many brands that this shop was selling, so he could only find two brands that were exactly the same as the ones back in his world, "What about the BMW?" He wanted to know whether BMW was also a high-end manufacturer here.

The female shop assistant blinked, "BMW is an international brand, but it's quite expensive." She looked at Zhang Ye's dressing, obviously thinking that Zhang Ye could not afford it.

"Can you tell me more about it?" Zhang Ye didn't mind.

The female shop assistant said okay and pointed at one of them, "This is the BMW 3 series, recommended selling price is 320,000, but there's a promotion right now and the price is lower by 10,000. This is the BMW 5 series....."

After understanding the situation, Zhang Ye found out that the BMW here and the BMW from his world were almost exactly the same. The models, configurations, exterior and interiors were hardly different. He was immediately relieved. He thought about it, and felt that he was more inclined towards BMW's SUVs. They were larger, more stable and looked more impressive!

If he was buying, make it a good one!

X5 or X6? Which is better?

X6 look more stylish. It was sportier. X5 was much more stable and had an air of dominance.

Zhang Ye eyes swept over them several times. He had taken fancy to the X5. He pointed to the X5 far away at the display window, "How much is that?"

The female shop assistant hesitated slightly, "That model is not a conventional X5. You should be referring to the one over here." She pointed at an exactly same looking black X5 beside her, "This one with a lower configuration is 804,000. There is ready stock available."

Zhang Ye said, "The two are not the same, right?"

The female shop assistant smiled wryly "They look the same, but the one you pointed out earlier, that's the bulletproof version of the X5. It's the current year upgraded version of the bulletproof X5. The recommended selling price is 4,720,000. With a full configuration, it would be slightly above 5,000,000. It's the most expensive BMW model here."

Bulletproof vehicle?

Upgraded version?

There's even the bulletproof X5 in this world?

When Zhang Ye heard that, he got excited. They had this over in his world, too. It was also released this year. He remembered that when he was lucky enough to have a ticket to see the International Security Equipment Expo at the Conference Center, a promotional video for the X5 bulletproof vehicle caught his attention. He swore at that time that if he ever became a superstar, he would buy one for himself. Now that his dream was right before his eyes, Zhang Ye was trembling!

Five million?

Zhang Ye clenched his teeth and forced himself to point toward the armored vehicle, "I will take that!"

"Ah?" The female shop assistant was dumbfounded, "Are you sure about that?"

"I am very sure. Do you have available stock?" Zhang Ye inquired.

"There's no available stock, you have to place a reservation. We have to transfer the stock from another location. You can collect the car in about two days. It doesn't take too long." The female shop assistant, upon realising that Zhang Ye was serious about buying, became excited, too. This was the most expensive car in their shop and had been on display for several months without selling, even though there were a lot of curious viewers. She wouldn't have thought that a car worth over five million would be sold by her, a rookie employee. She felt happy to death about the successful sale!

"Okay, then I will pay the deposit first. Please expedite the transfer of the car." Zhang Ye exhilaratingly followed the shop assistant to make his payment.

This world's right to obtain a license plate was also through a lottery. At least, the machine that did it was stricter than Zhang Ye's world. The probability was very tiny, but there was a government policy that if any local family did not have any member who had a car under their name, they did not need to participate in the lottery the first time they bought a car. As such, Zhang Ye fulfilled that criteria.