

## Superstar 141

Chapter 141: Introduce a girl to Zhang Ye?

Sunday.

Zhang Ye woke up in the morning.

He was awoken by the pain. Even before he could open his eyes, he was already groaning in pain. When he opened his eyes, he saw Rao Aimin dressing his wound.

“Don’t move!” Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye shouted, “Let go! Painful, painful, painful!”

Rao Aimin thundered, “Keep still! It’s almost done!”

Chenchen also woke up, and she was hur hur-ing at him in bed. Even a child looked down on him.

Zhang Ye didn’t care; he cherished life and was afraid of pain. He could only focus on himself now, “Lightly, lightly! The pain’s killing me! Ah, ah! I’m gonna die!”

Finally, Rao Aimin gave him a pat, “Alright, it’s done.”

Zhang Ye fell back onto the bed, sweating, “I can’t move anymore. I’m gonna die!”

Rao Aimin patted hard on his thigh, “Don’t play dumb with me. The wound has already started to close up. As long as you don’t move heavy stuff, it will be fine. Hurry up and get up!”

Zhang Ye grumbled, “Can I have breakfast? If I get breakfast, I will get up.”

Rao Aimin pulled Chenchen up, “Let’s go. The two of us will go have breakfast. He can stay there if he wants!”

“What? It has already been prepared? I’ll be right there!” Zhang Ye tumbled out of bed to brush his teeth. His actions were very quick. He tore open a new package holding a toothbrush which was placed there and used a pink face towel to dry his face without knowing who it belonged to. From the smell, it should be the landlady’s. Last night, Zhang Ye had enjoyed her scent close up. Even his hands held the scent from her body. He was naturally familiar with it.

Downstairs.

The two of them had already started on breakfast.

“Hey, why didn’t you two wait for me.” Zhang Ye sat down and took an egg with his chopsticks and stuffed it into his mouth, “Mmmm, delicious!”

Ring, ring, ring.

Zhang Ye phone, which he had left upstairs, was ringing.

“Landlady Auntie.” Zhang Ye said when he heard the phone ring, “My leg still hurts. It would be hard to go up and down the stairs. Can you help me get the phone?”

Chenchen pouted and said, "Fragile!"

Zhang Ye stared at the little one, "Your uncle, I, was hurt badly. Understand?"

Rao Aimin slammed her chopsticks on the table, staring at Zhang Ye, "I am not going to take it up with you because you protected Chenchen! Are you addicted with commanding me?" Even though she said so, Rao Aimin still went upstairs and threw the phone to him.

The phone stopped ringing.

Zhang Ye took a look at the number and called back, "Hello, Brother Hu."

"Little Zhang." Hu Fei asked, "Are you stuck in a jam? Didn't you say that you were coming earlier today?"

Zhang Ye sighed, "Let's not talk about it. I might not be able to make it today."

Hu Fei knew that Zhang Ye was very professional, as he would usually arrive one to two hours early, in order to work or clean up the office. No one was as professional as he was in the office. He was a guy who would work to death. Most of the time, he would be forced to go on leave by the Leader instead of taking leave himself. Therefore, Hu Fei understood that something must have happened, "Why? What happened?"

Zhang Ye sighed again, "Yesterday, a neighbor's house was burgled. There were two of them, and both had knives. I had to do something, so I fought them and my arm was wounded."

Hu Fei said surprised, "Eh? Is the injury serious?"

Zhang Ye replied, "It's not so serious; I just need some rest."

Hu Fei said, "You are really great. A literary man like you went up against some criminals. They even had knives. Don't you want to live anymore? Next time, don't force it. What if something happens? Luckily, you are fine! Alright, I will give you a few days off to rest. You can come back when you are better! I will bring the team to go visit you tonight!"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Don't, don't. The team is busy, and my injuries are not that serious. Don't bother everyone. I will return to work on Monday."

Hu Fei said, "Alright, take good care of yourself then."

Zhang Ye said, "Okay. Thank you for your concern, Leader."

He hung up. Rao Aimin then said to Chenchen, "When you grow up, remember not to learn from a certain person. A small injury, and he's crying like he's going to die."

Chenchen had a sip of her porridge, "Mmh."

Hearing what the landlady said, Zhang Ye was not angry. He stole a glance at Rao Aimin's outfit that she was wearing today. She was wearing an all-white pair of yoga pants and it was skin-tight. However, there was a fabric belt wrapped around her legs. Her top was black, without many frills. The landlady usually wore clothes that did not look trendy and looked old. However, she wore it beautifully.

Especially those yoga pants... They clinged to her thighs and beautiful hips tightly, showcasing her curves. Her figure was fantastic.

After breakfast.

Rao Aimin didn't keep him around, "Okay, get lost now."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then, am I going to get any lunch?"

"I'm going to bring Chenchen to the police station to have her statement recorded. You are injured, so I will bring back the statement form for you to sign. I have no time to make lunch, so don't expect too much!" Rao Aimin then chased him off.

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Afternoon.

Zhang Ye couldn't bear with the hunger any longer. He went to the landlady auntie's house, but no one was around. He received a call from his mom at this moment, so Zhang Ye decided to head home.

Caishikou.

The area around his home.

Zhang Ye pulled down his sleeves before heading upstairs. He did not want his dad and mom to see his injury, so as not to worry them.

When the door opened, there were lots of voices inside!

Zhang Ye got a fright when he entered. He saw 3-4 people the moment he entered, and there were more inside.

His mother pulled him in and said caringly, "Come inside. Did you eat yet? Mom cooked something for you."

Once inside, Zhang Ye noticed there were 8-9 people. He knew all of them. They were all the elder neighbors. "Auntie Zhang, Auntie Chen, Uncle Sun, Brother Li, Grandpa Liu."

It was 1 P.M. now and the TV was tuned in to BTV Arts Channel. They were watching 'Lecture Room' and Zhang Ye was talking about Cao Cao's life on TV.

"Aiyo, Little Ye is back!"

"You are a big star now!"

"Right, right. You've done your family proud!"

"Brother Zhang, I envy you so much. Your son is so great!"

"I carried Zhang Ye around when he was still young. Who would have thought that he has become a big star in the blink of an eye. When he was young, I had already known that he would grow up to do big things!"

“Brother Zhang, really, you and your wife. How can you tell us only today? I did now know that Zhang Ye has already become so famous in Beijing. Why did you hide it from your old neighbors?”

Everyone was busy discussing.

His mother said with pride, “That’s not true. This kid has only just begun. It wasn’t worth mentioning, hur hur. Actually our son didn’t want us to mention it to anyone. Don’t you know my son? He has always maintained a low profile! Besides, I don’t like talking about such things. It’s not a big matter, so I didn’t tell you all beforehand.” Actually, this was not the reason. The reason was because Zhang Ye had only informed them yesterday that he had started work at the Beijing Television Station. The program was also going to air very soon. They didn’t like to talk about it, my ass! He maintained a low profile, my ass! Otherwise, by that mouth of his mother’s, how could she hold it in? Whenever Zhang Ye had some results, she would want to let the whole neighborhood know!

Uncle Sun nodded vigorously, “Yes, yes. Little Ye has always maintained such a low profile!”

Grandpa Liu laughed heartily, “That’s the making of a great person! Good! Really good!”

Auntie Chen excitedly held up Zhang Ye’s mother’s hands and sat down, “Little Ye’s mom, I heard that Little Ye doesn’t have a girlfriend yet? I have a niece who is quite pretty and has a good job at the bank. Why don’t we arrange a time for them to meet up? They can get to know each other.”

His mom played hard to get on his behalf, “Aiya, our Little Ye is not that old yet. I have not considered him dating so early on.”

Auntie Chen said, “He’s not that young; he’s already 23 years old and will be 24 in no time. It’s the right time to start a family.”

Brother Li said, “You can’t say it like that. Actually, look at all the big stars. They marry late, and there are a lot of them who are not even married at 40. Marriage will affect their careers, so there’s really no rush.”

The program ended.

The neighbors went back to their own homes.

Only then did Zhang Ye begin to have the lunch prepared by his mother. He had been chatting with the neighbors earlier, “Hu, I’m starving. Dad, mom, why did the neighbors all come over?”

His dad said with a straight face, “It’s all because of your mom. She’s been telling it to everyone, and now the whole neighborhood knows that you are famous!”

Zhang Ye, “...”

His mother dismissively said, “My son is on TV! Can’t I be happy about it? Can’t I?”

His father said, “Being happy about it is one thing, but don’t exaggerate like saying Little Ye has even appeared on satellite TV, that Central TV has already targeted to headhunt him to their station. You are saying all that without any basis!”

Zhang Ye said while eating, "Dad, mom is just being happy. Let her be. I've not brought much pride to our family in all these years. Now that I have achieved some results, mom can finally be proud. Like our Auntie Chen, when I was young, she still spoke behind me saying that with my looks, I would never be able to find a wife. Yet she wants to introduce someone to me now, and it's even her niece. Just let mom get back all the pride we've lost in the past."

His mother, hearing that, immediately stood up and hugged him. She said to her husband, "Look, look. Our son is the one who truly cares about me! A mother still prides herself by her son, don't you know? Those neighbors have been talking behind our backs all these years. Now I can finally prove them wrong!"

His father did not bother anymore and continued reading the papers.

His mother sat down, "But speaking of earlier, I've seen Old Chen's niece before. Her looks are quite good and she has a good stature, and she's about 1.66 metres tall. If you really think it's a good idea, do go and meet her. If not, then tell mom who has caught your eye. Mom will settle it for you! You are a big star now, and your status is now different. In the past, others would be the one to choose you, but now it's you who can do the choosing!"

"There's no rush."

"Really, you don't have anyone in mind?"

"No one; you don't need to worry about this."

Zhang Ye ate silently. There were some things that he would never tell his mother.

Of course, he had someone in mind. The landlady auntie, the Heavenly Queen... He had them in his mind, but would they have him in their minds? Impossible! And with their ages, his father and mother would never agree to it! Therefore, there were some things that Zhang Ye only had passing thoughts about!

Chapter 142: Growing Success of "Lecture Room"!

Monday morning.

Zhang Ye went to the police station to record his statement. It didn't take too long. After taking care of the issue, he finally arrived at work.

"Ah, Teacher Zhang!"

"Why did you come to work?"

"Didn't Brother Hu give you time off?"

"How's your injury? Where is it? Is it serious?"

When he arrived, Hou Ge, Dafei and the others surrounded him and asked him many questions out of concern.

Zhang Ye folded up his sleeves to show them, "Thank you for your concern, everyone. I'm fine. It has almost recovered and shouldn't affect work too much."

Xiao Lu was shocked, "Such a big wound?"

Hu Fei also came over, "It's a knife injury? That's dangerous!"

Zhang Ye answered, "It's already healing up. A few more days and it should be totally fine."

Hu Fei pointed at him and said in earnest, "You... It's not that I want to criticize you. Even if you were being a good samaritan, there should be a limit. Do you understand? You have a good heart and intentions, but this is out of your abilities. You are in the literature field and were a radio host. Your kung fu hangs off your mouth and is written with a pen. Yet you dare to pick a fight with criminals? And even two of them? With knives? You really don't value your life!"

Zhang Ye smiled. "It was Chenchen house. I was worried that her aunt was tied up. She's very good to me, so I had to help. Besides, they were going to attack Chenchen. I was right there, so I couldn't have not done anything. Even if I had to fight for my life, I couldn't let a child get hurt."

"So that's how it was!" Hu Fei understood. He squeezed Zhang Ye's shoulders, "Well done!"

Xiao Lu had a face full of admiration, "Teacher Zhang is really an ethical man! He's a role model for the people! Our role model!"

Dafei took the initiative to get some water from the water cooler, "Teacher Zhang, don't exert yourself. Today, leave everything to us. If there's anything you need, I will get it for you!"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "I appreciate your kindness, but it's okay. I can move around. It's just a little injury. Hur hur. When I was slashed that day and bleeding, I didn't even raise an eyebrow. In the end, I fought with all I had and captured the two thieves. When the police arrived, they wanted to call an ambulance for me, but I rejected it. A small injury like that needs an ambulance? What a joke! Wouldn't that be an insult to me? It's a small injury, so don't worry!"

Xiao Lu was stunned, "You are that fierce?"

Zhang Ye boasted, "I'm not bad at all. I'm pretty alright."

After chatting, Hou Ge suddenly asked, "Teacher Zhang, did you watch yesterday's 'Lecture Room'?"

Zhang Ye replied, "I had some things to handle yesterday, but I did catch a bit of it. It was okay; it didn't have many problems."

Hu Fei laughed and said, "Yesterday, I had everyone come to work earlier to discuss the second episode's editing and the issues for the third episode. We would like your opinion on how to edit it, such as which parts to cut away and which parts to keep. After hearing about your injury, I did not ask you further. I discussed with everyone else and we decided to do it similar to the first episode, keeping it fully. However you said it, we will keep it as it is. When we saw the comments on the internet later on and asked some professionals for their opinions, everyone said this episode was as good as the first one. It was not draggy. Every part had a hook that kept the viewers interested. It's basically a textbook for history classes!"

Dafei said "Yeah, an ex-colleague, who is also an old friend of mine, called me. He said that my editing and treatment of the show were very good, and even the netizens said so. Hur hur. But they don't know that I didn't even have to do any changes. Not a frame was cut. Your lecture was too good, and the

rhythm was too well controlled, so there was nothing irrelevant to remove. Teacher Zhang, you are really making my job obsolete. In all my years of editing, even the best ones had to be edited a little. But I have never seen an episode where after a program has been recorded, no additional editing was required!”

Xiao Lu happily said, “If not, Teacher Little Zhang would not be called Teacher Little Zhang!”

Zhang Ye thought to himself. Of course, there was no useless footage. He did not know how Yi Zhongtia gave the lecture, but the “Lecture Room” he watched was the edited product; it was the essence, so of course there wasn’t anything that could be cut.

“Right... How was the rating for the 2nd episode?” Zhang Ye asked, “Did it maintain or go up?”

“We still don’t know. In a while, we will. Wait a while.” Hu Fei looked at his watch, “It will be soon.”

Everyone went back to their seats, but no one did any work. They were all anxious to know the ratings. The beginning few episodes were the most important to them. From the ratings, it would show the potential and momentum of the program. Many in the station were also focused on it; the ratings were the decisive factor in many decisions.

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

A person suddenly came.

It was Editor Wei. Zhang Ye had seen him once before. It had been the day when he arrived early and saw him, a pretty old man, cleaning the office for them. He had even asked for an autograph from Zhang Ye. Later, he found out that Editor Wei had offended Wang Shuixin and was given menial tasks to do.

Hu Fei apparently knew him, too, “Brother Wei, why are you here?”

Editor Wei smiled. “The director wants you and Teacher Little Zhang to go to the meeting room. Maybe something is up.”

“They could have just gotten someone else to notify us. There are many other younger staff in your department. Also, a phone call would have sufficed. You are poor in health, so don’t keep running around.” Hu Fei said.

Editor Wei laughed, “Don’t take me for an old man. I’m fine. My health is good!”

Hu Fei said, “I will speak to the Leader afterwards, to transfer you over to our program team. You have to bear with so much working at your department. There’s no need for that. I can’t bear to watch it go on like this.”

“Thanks, but it’s okay.” Editor Wei said.

After chatting for a while, Hu Fei brought Zhang Ye along with him.

Behind, Editor Wei followed them out. He ran into several of his team’s colleagues. Everyone was very polite and greeted him.

“Uncle Wei,” a girl said.

Another youth said, “I went home a few days ago and bought some tea back with me. I’ll bring some for you later.”

Behind, a woman said, “Oh, yes. Our department has saved a lot of bottles. When they wanted to throw them away, I didn’t allow them to. I will put them under your desk later.”

Editor Wei said, “Thank you. I will go get them from you instead.”

“No need, no need. Let me bring them to you.” the woman said.

In front, Zhang Ye witnessed the scene and asked curiously, “Editor Wei is so well-liked?”

Hu Fei sighed “That’s only natural. Every time the station holds a donation drive, Brother Wei always donates the most. Which colleague here has never received kindness from him? As long as anyone asks, he would help, no questions asked. He even takes the initiative to help everyone clean up, change the water dispenser, and fix the air conditioners.”

Zhang Ye asked, “Then what’s the matter about the bottles?”

Hu Fei explained, “Brother Wei usually sells old bottles. Sometimes after work, he would go rummage through the trash outside. You must think that he does not have enough money, right? Of course he doesn’t. The money he gets from those are either donated out or to sponsor some children who can’t afford to go to school. Previously, one of the children he sponsored graduated from a university. That child came to the television station immediately after the ceremony with his family to kowtow and thank him. The child even calls him Father Wei. When I saw it myself, I was so touched. I heard that Brother Wei supported more than ten children through school with his salary and money that he gets from selling bottles! He’s such a great man. How can anyone not respect him?”

Zhang Ye frowned, “Then why is Uncle Wei not appreciated?”

Hu Fei sighed, “Don’t mention it, or I will get angry. I will only tell you briefly, but don’t tell this to anyone else. It’s Wang Shuixin’s son. He came to the television station some years ago and flirted around. He was being very touchy with a few women, when Brother Wei saw it and used a chair to chase him away. In the end, Director Wang removed him from his position and used him like an assistant. He has him send documents, move stuff around, and does not leave him any dignity.

Zhang Ye’s expression changed, “There’s such a thing?”

“I just know about it. Don’t spread this around.” Hu Fei said.

After hearing this, Zhang Ye’s impression of Wang Shuixin became worse. This old bast\*\*d!

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In the small meeting room.

There were quite a few people who attended. The Arts Channel’s section and different program teams in charge all attended.



Wang Shuixin, who was seated in the centre, pressed his hands together and smiled. "Old Hu, you're here? Take a seat. Let's officially begin the meeting. Let me first announce the ratings for this weekend's 'Lecture Room'. 'Lecture Room's first episode garnered 7.72%, slightly lower than the estimated 7.8%. As for the second episode's ratings... It's 8.06%!"

The meeting room was in a state of shock!

"It broke 8%?"

"Breaking 8% on the second episode?"

"This... How did the rating get so high?"

The other program teams' personnel looked at each other.

Zhang Ye snapped his fingers secretly under the table. In his previous world, "Lecture Room" had a highest rating of only 0.5%. That was at its peak, but of course that was the national rating. If we were to use total viewers, the 8% that the BTV-Arts Channel had would surely not even be near to the 0.5% viewership. But it should not be compared that way. To be fair, one had to use Beijing area's viewership as a comparison. In that way, Zhang Ye's version of "Lecture Room" far exceeded Yi Zhongtian's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" ratings in the Beijing area. This was without a doubt!

Why was it higher than the original version?

What reasons caused this?

Zhang Ye analyzed the causes to be due to the numerous modifications to the culture of this world. This world had less knowledge of the Three Kingdoms compared to his previous world. It could even be said that they were far lacking in their understanding. Everyone did not have a clear understanding of this historical period. Their understanding of it was all from "Romance of the Three Kingdoms", so when "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was released, the shock and uproar it created was bigger and that caused it to be more well received!

"I called for everyone today regarding a matter." Wang Shuixin looked at them and said "I would like to single out praise for the team behind 'Lecture Room'. Through their hard work, our Arts Channel's overall rating for the weekend was also pulled up. We are already firmly in third place overall in the whole of Beijing Television Station. We were even in 2nd place on Sunday. But for the weekdays, our results are always in limbo. What's the problem? We have done some research. Yes, we are lacking a signature program. We were unable to capture the attention of the audience, to make them think of watching the Arts Channel when they turn on their televisions. We want to change that through an outstanding signature program, to pull in more viewers and bring up our ratings!"

Wang Meng, the person in charge of the Music Charts program asked, "What is your direction?"

The Entertainment News director asked, "You want to add a new program? But there are no good ideas."

"No." Wang Shuixin said, "What I want is to extend the broadcast of 'Lecture Room' from Monday to Friday as well, for a total of seven days a week!"

Jiang Fen was shocked, "But....."

Wang Meng didn't quite agree too, "But there's no program slot available!"

Wang Shuixin explained, "If there are no slots, then we make one." He took a chart out to give a look, "I noticed that at 3-4 P.M. on weekdays, there's a skit and crosstalk segment. Its ratings have always been low, as it's an old program with old material. Those skits and crosstalk have been repeated again and again, and there's nothing new to it. The audience is also tired of watching those. To obtain the rights, we have to pay for the copyright, making us lose more than we gain. I don't think that there's any need to keep such a program running. With this slot opened up, and pushing the segment at the weekday 1 o'clock by an hour, we can let 'Lecture Room' carry on broadcasting from 1 o'clock to 2. What does everyone think?"

No one said anything. Since the Leader had decided on it, they had no grounds to rebutt.

"Old Hu, can your side make it?" Wang Shuixin asked.

Increasing the program's time, and especially with an increase with five days, Hu Fei naturally agreed with both hands, "I have no problem. I'm not sure about Teacher Little Zhang..."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I have no problems, too. The program is in my head, so I can do it at any moment." Increasing the program's time also meant accelerating Zhang Ye's accumulation in his reputation, so he naturally did not object to it. It was more tiring, but all that mattered was he become famous!

An Arts Channel's Leader asked, "How many episodes of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' are left remaining?"

Zhang Ye gave some thought. Many things in the original 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' could not be used. As the world's culture had changed, for example, there was no point talking about famous people like Lu Xun or Qian Xuesen. There was definitely need for some reduction, but it could not be that much, "No matter what, there should be ten plus episodes."

That Leader nodded, "Alright, ten plus episodes is the best. If you have more to say, then please do so. You are the highlight of our channel."

Wang Shuixin looked at Hu Fei, "Old Hu, when 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' is done, quickly find a lecturer to take over as soon as possible. We must let this segment be long-lasting, and it must be well-done!"

Hu Fei said, "I got it!"

"Alright, then it's decided. You are dismissed!" Wang Shuixin got up and left.

The other segment teams said after the meeting was dismissed, "Old Hu, Teacher Zhang, congratulations."

"Hai, with such ratings, you really make us die of envy. If our segment can break 8...no, breaking 5 would do. I would be so happy that I'll wake up in the middle of sleep!" a supervisor said.

Wang Meng laughed out heartily, "Then pull Teacher Zhang over to your side."

Hu Fei stared at them, "I'm telling all of you, no one is to dare touch Little Zhang. I will really have a falling out, so don't even think about it!"

Chapter 143: Establishing Zhang Ye's Official Fanclub!

After reaching home.

The clock was pointing at 8:30 P.M.

Starting tomorrow, Zhang Ye and the program team would have to busy themselves with recording "Lecture Room". Preparing to take over the timeslot of the cancelled crosstalk program, they had to create the work plan and program, so they worked until it was quite late. Luckily, Hu Fei got someone to buy them dinner takeouts, so that they didn't go home hungry.

Huu, tired.

Oh, right. Let's take a look at the reputation.

The program had been broadcasted over the past two days and Zhang Ye had been holding back from looking at his Reputation points. When he was lying in bed, he brought up the game interface!

Total Reputation: 980,271!

980,000! It was almost a million!

Thinking back, when he had first started the broadcast for "Ghost Blows Out the Light", he would gain an additional 20-30,000 Reputation. But this time, in just two days, he had gained so much? This meant that on average, he had gained about 500,000 of Reputation each day? It was about 20 times more than what he would have gotten at the radio station?

Although Zhang Ye had a few incidents that had led to his Reputation jumping by a few hundred thousand, they were one-offs. Those times, he had captured the attention of people, which led to the jump in Reputation points. Those kind of incidents happened only once in a blue moon.

It was different now. With "Lecture Room" scheduled to be broadcast seven days a week, the large number of Reputation points earned each day would become the new normal. What sort of concept was this? Even if a lot of people went to work from Monday to Friday and couldn't watch the program in the afternoon, they could choose to watch it on the internet at night. The rating would not be as high as on Saturdays, but a few hundred thousand Reputation points a day would not be a problem!

A few hundred thousand Reputation points a day!

This would mean a rhythm of playing the lottery more than once per day!

Zhang Ye did not play the lottery today; he wanted to accumulate his Reputation points. So he bought three memory search capsules and ate one to start searching through his memory of Yi Zhongtian's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms". After finishing the first capsule, he ate another two. In the end, he had a bit left to search through, and so annoyingly had to buy another memory search capsule, for a total of four now, to finish up the series of "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" memory search.

When he first used it to search through “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, one capsule would have been enough to memorize a lot of words. But this time, he had to expend quite a number of them. Firstly, maybe because a novel was presented as text, it was more simplified and easier to memorize. A video would include subtitles, audio and video, etc, which was a lot more complex.

Secondly, “Ghost Blows Out the Light” was memorised continuously when he had nothing to do other than reading, so the memory data was more ‘whole’. “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” was watched by Zhang Ye at different times, sometimes on television, sometimes online. The timings were irregular and the continuity was pretty much broken. Therefore, there were some difficulties in searching the memory and more capsules were used.

Four capsules!

400,000 reputation points!

Zhang Ye felt the pain of spending for the extra capsule, and so to change his mood, he switched on the computer to check on the Celebrity Rankings website. He searched his name.

He was still ranked as an E-List celebrity!

But what made Zhang Ye happy was that in the past, he had just entered the E-List rankings and was at the bottom of it. He had floated around the last few places while he was out of work. Without exposure, he had even dropped a few places and had nearly fallen off the E-List! But now, his ranking had skyrocketed. It was as if he took a rocketship up from the bottom to somewhere above the middle. If the trend continued, after he finished with “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms”, he might even fly up into the D-List rankings!

Come on!

He was getting closer to his dreams!

“Is Teacher Zhang around?”

“Paging for Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“@ZhangYe! God, please respond!”

Suddenly, a lot of people were @-ing him on Weibo.

His Weibo client was always on. When he saw it, he immediately opened up Weibo to see what was happening and why they were all looking for him.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan had @ him. When Zhang Ye saw it, he replied to him, “I’m here.”

“Haha, the god is here!”

“He’s been called out!”

“We have something serious to discuss. Brother Number1, you discuss it with Teacher Zhang.”

There were many of Zhang Ye’s fans standing by on Weibo today, and Zhang Ye did not know what was going on.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan mentioned, "Teacher Zhang, we all had a discussion today. In the past, we called ourselves your troll army. In fact, we really were a troll army. We were always trolling around or getting into arguments with others. But now, most of those who joined in the commotions for fun have become fans of your works. Some of us like your novels, some of us like your modern poetry, some like your melody poems, and some like your new program 'Lecture Room'. Then, there are some like me, who like all of your works. After our discussion, we realised that we can't call ourselves your troll army; that's too meaningless. Besides, we were trolls in the past, but have now become your fans."

Zhang Ye blinked, before typing, "What you mean is..?"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan replied, "We would like to set up your fan club. Although your fame is still far off from those established celebrities, and you're only an E-Lister, many E-Listers don't have an official fanclub because they don't have many fans. But that's them. You definitely have many fans. Just our army alone has a few hundred of us. Don't see us as a pile of loose sand. When you need our help, we will always respond. We are your hardcore fans!"

"Right!"

"I will join, too!"

"Count me in!"

"My large saber is again again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Haha, Big Saber Bro is here again! Why do you always only have that to say?"

"Teacher Zhang, please decide soon. As long as you agree, we can set up the fan club. In the future, we will go wherever you command us to go!"

Everyone lent their support!

Seeing the fans like this, Zhang Ye was a little touched, "Okay. Of course, I don't have a problem, but I have been very busy lately. I definitely don't have the time to manage it. Can you all elect a moderator?"

"Is there a need for election?"

"Just let Number1 do it!"

"Right, Number1 is the most suitable!"

"I fully support it. Every time Teacher Zhang has a problem, Number1 is always the first to rush in to help. We can't do any better than that."

"Big Saber Bro is not bad, too. He is also a fierce general!"

"Then Number1 will be the moderator and Big Saber Bro will be the deputy moderator?"

No one had any qualms about that.

Zhang Ye then said, "Alright, then it's decided. I'll have to trouble Number1 and Big Saber Bro in the future."

ZhangYeNumber1Fan said, "It's no trouble at all. Since everyone trusts in me, then I won't reject it or it will appear corny. Also, Teacher Zhang please do not worry. I will definitely manage your fan club properly."

Zhang Ye private messaged him, "1482642921. This is my cell phone number. Let's keep in contact." He also sent it to Big Saber Bro.

Ring, ring, ring.

A phone call quickly came in.

Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello. How are you?"

The person on the other side of the phone had, to his surprise, a female's voice, "Hello, Teacher Zhang. I'm ZhangYeNumber1Fan. Hur Hur. It's such a pleasure to hear my idol's voice."

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "You are.. female?"

She said, "I never said I was male. Oh, the bios was made up." Saying that, she said very properly, "Let me introduce myself. You can call me Number1 or Yang Lian. I'm about twenty years old, and have been working at a private company after graduation. I'm just a small employee at the moment, but I studied management, so I have some experience in management, so I can definitely do well managing your fan club. Teacher Zhang, where do you think our HQ should be set up? We must set up a fan platform, so that it is easy for everyone to interact and increase our club's cohesion."

Zhang Ye was not very familiar with this, "What's your suggestion?"

Yang Lian said, "Typically, those A-list celebrities have their own personal websites, which are also the gathering ground for their fans. However, we do not have the ability to do so, nor is there a need. Also, a specialized website is too limiting and more closed off. I think it's best if our fan club's HQ is on Tieba. It's fast and easy to communicate. Its capacity is big, so if it is done well, it can last a lifetime!"

Zhang Ye found it reasonable, "Alright, I'll follow what you said. Sorry for troubling you."

"You're welcome. Then I'll register on Tieba now. Phew. I'm a bit tired today. I don't know why I'm so tired these few days. Hur hur. I'll quickly do it up and go to bed. I'll rally the masses tomorrow." Yang Lian said.

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, then rest early and don't overwork yourself."

This world also had Tieba, but it was not Baidu's Tieba, but it was another search engine's Tieba format. In general, there was not much difference, and it only had a few different functionalities. What Yang Lian said was reasonable. Tieba was the best HQ for a fan club. People could interact freely over there, airing their own views. They could also post notices and broadcasting information. It was quite an open platform.

What about Weibo?

That definitely wouldn't work!

Other than Weibo, in this world, there were other instant messaging programs like QQ, which all had several limitations. It was easy to see why these communication tools did not work. It was alright for a small group of people to communicate, but once the fan club's numbers increased, there was no way they could support it.

Weibo was the same. It was pretty good as a platform for promotion and posting messages. There were many people there and the spread of news was faster. The only thing was that the community capabilities were not perfect. There was not enough personal space. It was alright for Zhang Ye to use it for himself, but it was not convenient for his fans to interact with each other, so it naturally would not do.

Also, the member situation on Weibo was complicated. He already had about a hundred thousand fans on Weibo, but in fact, less than 20% of them were real fans. It was likely that only 10% of them were really fans. A large number of people were not really fans who supported him, so the number on Weibo was less reliable.

Di Di.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan's short message came: The Tieba account has been established. It's called "Zhang Ye's Nest". I'll be sleeping. Hehe. Teacher Zhang, good night.

Chapter 144: A Fan is Diagnosed with a Terminal Illness!

The next day.

Beijing Television Station, recording studio.

"Last week, I brought up a point of view, that Cao Cao was a lovable arch-careerist. So, was that right? Let us talk about it part by part."

"Let's talk about an arch-careerist first. What is an arch-careerist, exactly?"

"Cao Cao's family background was very bad....."

"So we can come to the conclusion that Cao Cao was a lovable arch-careerist. His treachery and heroism were one aspect of him, but in fact, Cao Cao had wanted to be an able minister. But what stopped him from becoming one? Please watch the next episode, 'An Able Minister's Path'. Thank you, everyone."

The third episode had finished recording.

The audience instantly stood up and applauded!

A few other people at the side clapped and cheered!

Zhang Ye had to catch his breath. His forehead was sweating. An hour of nonstop talking and standing was physical work, too!

Xiao Lu hurriedly ran over to pass him a towel to wipe off his sweat.

Dafei brought over a bottle of mineral water for him, "Teacher Zhang, have a drink."

"Thank you." Zhang Ye drank with big mouthfuls and felt better.

Hu Fei walked over, "Why don't we have a break? You are still injured, so don't force it."

Zhang Ye waved, "I'm fine, Leader. Our program will be broadcast within the next two days. Today is the deadline, so we have to record a few more episodes. Otherwise, if something unexpected happens in the next few days, what would happen if we were to stop broadcasting after just a few episodes? I intend to record three to four episodes by today."

Hu Fei said, "So many? Are you able to take it?"

"No problem." Zhang Ye saw that some of the audience members had returned from the washroom, so he said, "Let's begin."

.....

4th episode, "An Able Minister's Path"

5th episode, "Where to go from here"

6th episode, "Two wrongs don't make a right"

7th episode, "Foresight"

Although he said that he would record three to four episodes, Zhang Ye couldn't stop once he started. The more he spoke, the more spirited he became. He did not want to stop. After dinner, the audience was rotated and Zhang Ye continue recording. In the end, he had finished the recording for the 8th, 9th and 10th episodes!

Eight episodes were recorded in a single day!

They had even recorded next week's broadcast!

After the recording studio was emptied, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and Dafei were all exhausted.

Xiao Lu stared blankly, "Teacher Zhang, your battle strength is really too strong. I've never heard of anyone recording from the morning until the end of the day. And it's only you speaking; you don't even have a helper!"

"It's not only battle strength." Hu Fei laughed, "Teacher Little Zhang's eloquence and memory are also godlike. He doesn't even have a prompter and can speak off-script the entire way. Back when I heard people from the Beijing Radio Station say that Teacher Little Zhang recorded 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' for eight hours nonstop without a script, I did not believe it. I thought they were bullsh\*tting. But now, I really believe it!"

Hou Ge laughed, "Today's two batches of audience members must have got a kick listening to it. We enjoyed it, too. It was done so interestingly. The details were full of ups and downs!"

Hu Fei said, "Everyone, thank you for the hard work. Let's go. It's time to get off work."

.....

At night.



Before he slept, Zhang Ye switched on his computer and first checked for news regarding him on the internet. Most of it contained the raving reviews for “Zhang Ye’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms”. After scanning them, he clicked into his fan club’s HQ in anticipation. The Tieba’s name was “Zhang Ye’s Nest”. The two moderators had been approved: ZhangYeNumber1Fan and Big Saber Bro. Zhang Ye did not apply to be a moderator, for he did not have time to manage the affairs of the Tieba account. However, he was its spiritual leader and the core figure. After all, this was a fan club established for him.

There were nearly a thousand posts in the forum.

A stickied post was an announcement and rules of the fan club made by ZhangYeNumber1Fan was included in it. For example, they had to support Teacher Zhang unconditionally. There should not be any internal squabbles and everyone was to be united, etc. She really did seem like a talent good at management. These things were done very well.

Big Saber Bro also posted, “Why am I a moderator? I’m just in charge of battles; I don’t care about anything else.”

This Big Saber Bro was also quite an interesting fellow. Zhang Ye had left his cell phone number with him yesterday, hoping to contact him and have an exchange of words. However, who knew that Big Saber Bro would not give him a phone call? It was like Big Saber Bro only had battling and curse words in his dictionary. He did not care about anything else.

Zhang Ye tapped his keyboard and was thinking of posting something, but he stopped after some consideration. He used his voice to record a message and posted on it. He imitated a Hunan province’s accent, “Comrades, I announce, Zhang Ye’s fan club...is established...today!”

“Ha, Teacher Zhang has appeared!”

“Idol! I’ve seen my idol!”

“Why is it this accent?”

“Teacher Zhang, you are being mischievous again. Haha!”

Others might not understand why he did so. As for why a Beijing person like Zhang Ye had to use a Hunan way of speech to say it, only Zhang Ye himself was amused. There was quite a bit of mischief in it. These words were known by everyone in his world. They were the the original words said by the Chairman at Tiananmen when the country was established. The accent was the same, but it was just changed slightly by Zhang Ye. Using a mighty figure’s words as an opening speech was also a showcase of how much Zhang Ye treasured his fan club. It also showed his hope for an auspicious and smooth beginning.

Uh, the only problem was that the number of fans was lacking.

The number of people who joined Zhang Ye’s Tieba page was less than 3,000 people.

This result was even after Zhang Ye promoted it on Weibo, and ZhangYeNumber1Fan promoted it along with others fans. No matter what, while Zhang Ye’s fame was at best passable in Beijing, he was still nothing in the other provinces. He had just debuted and did not have any foundation or influential works. Naturally, his fan numbers were lacking. However, it was alright. Zhang Ye was confident that his

fan numbers would increase with time. This was just the beginning. Everything needed a gradual process. There was no reaching the sky in a single step.

.....

Inside Tieba.

Zhang Ye interacted with everyone and began chatting about anything under the sun.

Suddenly, someone said, "Eh, why isn't Number1 here today? Teacher Zhang has already appeared. Shouldn't Number1 always be the first to reply?"

"Maybe he's sleeping?"

"Recently Number1's online time isn't very stable."

"Could it be due to work?"

"She isn't feeling well. She went to the hospital today."

"Ah? She? Number1 is a female?"

"The brother on post #5, you know Number1?"

"Yes, I'm her middle school classmate. Recently, she has been lacking in energy. She even called me a while ago, saying that she would go to the hospital. I have no idea what the results are. Maybe she's suffering from fatigue with work."

Zhang Ye felt bad seeing this. He thought Yang Lian had fallen sick because of busying herself for him. Yesterday, she had said that she was tired all the time, as she felt unwell. Hence, Zhang Ye gave Yang Lian a phone call. Ring, ring, ring. No one picked up, despite it ringing more than ten times.

Zhang Ye also had nothing else to say. He went to bed.

.....

The next day.

Once again, he was caught up with work.

And the results for "Lecture Room" was building its foundation by the day!

Wednesday. It was the first day "Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was broadcast on a weekday. Although there was an inevitable drop in its rating, its reception was still very good!

Wednesday's rating: 5.08%

Thursday's rating: 4.99%.

Friday's rating: 5.11%.

When it was the sixth and seventh episode, which were broadcast over the weekend, the ratings once again jumped up, while everyone was resting. It respectively hit 8.09% and 8.12%!

With the ratings stabilized, and with a tiny growth in numbers, everything was a given. There was nothing stopping the ratings legend that was “Lecture Room”. Amongst all the similar historical and educational programs in the same period, “Lecture Room” crushed its competitors. And even when counting the number of people tuning in, the Jinshi satellite television station’s historical segment paled in comparison to “Lecture Room”’s numbers!

The program was hot. There were all sorts of discussions regarding “Lecture Room” on the internet. The number of clicks on the online video broke a million views for every episode. Many people either wanted more or felt that they had missed something after watching the television broadcast, so they would watch it on the internet another time or two. Few people watched “Lecture Room” as a form of entertainment, but rather, they watched it as a form of culture. Most watched it with the hopes of learning.

Naturally, Zhang Ye’s name as the main lecturer was mentioned again and again. He was becoming more and more recognized by the day. His career was developing very well!

.....

However, on this day.

Zhang Ye had finished recording a few episodes yesterday, so the Leader gave him a day off. He switched on the computer after eating breakfast and checked his Tieba. Immediately, there was grievous news!

“Where’s Number1?”

“Right, where’s the moderator?”

“This is our fan club’s leader. Why isn’t she here?”

“It’s already been five to six days, right? Why haven’t we seen her?”

Then, a post was made. The poster was the self-proclaimed middle school classmate of ZhangYeNumber1Fan, “Number1 has fallen really ill! These few days, I could not get in touch with her over the phone. In the beginning, she did not pick it up, but later, her phone was just switched off. It was only last night when I contacted Yang Lian’s mother. Her mother said that.. she was hospitalized in Beijing. The hospital has already diagnosed that she suffers from myelodysplasia. I heard that it is in the initial stages of contracting leukemia and needs a bone marrow transplant urgently. However, the medical fees would be more than a million Yuan. And that’s just the minimum. Their family situation has always been average. Her parents are just workers. What.. are they to do!?! I’m dying of worry!”

“What?”

“Is that true?”

“Leukemia? How’s that possible!?”

The classmate of Yang Lian said anxiously, “Which of you are in Beijing? Who can help me visit Yang Lian? I do not know the situation at all. I’m worried that something will happen to her! Yang Lian was very competitive in school! To get such a terminal illness... I really do not know what she... I beg of you. Please visit her for me!”

“Who’s in Beijing?”

“Is there anyone?”

“Everyone, help out!”

“Right, let’s see what her situation is like. If it’s bad, we can begin a round of donations!”

Zhang Ye’s expression changed and he immediately replied, “Give me the address to the hospital!”

Chapter 145: ZhangYeNumber1Fan is Jumping off a Building!

8 something.

Zhang Ye went out, despite the bright morning sun. He clenched tightly a piece of paper, which had the hospital’s address that he had obtained from Yang Lian’s middle school classmate. He then drove his BMW straight towards the hospital.

On the way, he kept calling Yang Lian.

“Pick it up! You have to pick it up!”

Once, twice, thrice. She did not pick up!

Zhang Ye could not help but curse. She did not pick up her phone and had pretended to disappear. She did not inform others of such a big matter. Was she trying to shoulder it all by herself? But can she shoulder it? Zhang Ye was burning with anxiety. He was a person whose heartstrings were easily tugged.

Yang Lian, you sure are good. Whenever I, Zhang Ye, got into trouble, every time people questioned and scolded me online, you were the first to step in front of me. You were always the one leading everyone to fight for me and protect my honor. Now that you are in trouble, now when you need help, you don’t even tell me? You must be looking down on me, Zhang Ye!

His BMW flew!

He drove faster and faster!

.....

Beijing People’s Hospital.

This was one of the best hospitals that treated leukemia in Beijing.

There were no more parking spots in the hospital. Zhang Ye left his car in a parking spot by the road and strode towards the main building of the hospital. Scanning the address, he knew that Yang Lian lived in one of the wings. However, he did not know which level and room she was in. He had to ask when he went in. It was alright. As long as he knew her name, he could find her from the hospital’s records. The most important thing was that Yang Lian had to be able to hold on!

There was a middle-aged woman in front of him.

“Big Sis, please hold.” Zhang Ye called out to her.

The woman looked back at him, “Oh? What’s the matter?”

Zhang Ye held out the address and said, "May I know which building is this wing?"

"Oh, it's that one." The woman pointed and then said to him, "You must be a reporter, right? Quickly go. It's just behind the wing. She's almost jumping off."

Zhang Ye was stunned, "What does that mean?"

The woman said in surprise, "You aren't a reporter? Hai, then it's my fault. About half an hour ago at that wing, a girl sat on the top floor, as if she was jumping off at any moment. Quite a number of policemen have come. No matter how they persuaded her, she wouldn't get off. Hai, young people these days are seriously... They think too lightly of their lives and want to commit suicide so easily. It wasn't easy for their parents to rear them. Go take a look. I'm leaving."

Zhang Ye suddenly felt an ominous premonition. He no longer walked, but ran as he charged towards the back of the wing.

When he arrived, it was filled with people!

Right inside, there were about seven to eight policemen. They had cordoned off an area with police tape.

Behind them were doctors and nurses from the hospital. There were many families and patients gathered in the outer perimeter. Everyone was looking up and pointing.

"Little Lian! Come down quickly!" an old father's voice cried out.

An old mother was wailing too, "Little Lian! Don't frighten mom! We have money! We have lots of money! We can definitely treat you! Child, come down quickly! Quickly come down!"

The old father shouted out with his head raised up, "We only have you as a daughter! Even if we smash our iron pots and pans into pieces and sell them as scrap metal, we will definitely make sure you recover!"

Little Lian?

Was it really Yang Lian?

Looking up, there was a girl with average looks. She looked to be in her twenties and was dressed in patient overalls. She was sitting on the roof of an eight-floor building. Her legs were dangling in midair!

Zhang Ye's face went pale. However, he pulled a nurse beside him and asked to confirm, "What's the girl's name upstairs?"

"It's Yang Lian." The nurse was in no mood to care about him. After she said so, she immediately went to pull Yang Lian's parents back. "Auntie, Uncle, don't say that. The more you say that, the more your daughter won't think straight! Do you think that she wants to commit suicide because she can't handle the stress and the illness? It's not because of that! I'm this block's nurse! I even took care of her the day before! She knew that she needed a million in medical fees, and that there was no guarantee of success! That's why she chose to commit suicide! She..." Saying this, the nurse's eyes turned red, "She's afraid of being a burden!"

At this moment, a female doctor in her fifties came to one of the policemen and said agitatedly, "Mr Policeman! You must save that child! She's a good child! She's too filial! She knew her family could not bear the burden of the medical fees! So, she..." There was a lump in her throat, "You do not know how she has been passing the past few days. She knew that she had nearly expended all of her family's money over the past few days. She kept saying that she did not feel good, so she did not eat. She did not take a single bite and even gave the hospital food to her parents. She only knew how to save money for her parents and ate only one meal a day. She also prevented us doctors and nurses from telling her parents. She told us to tell her parents that she had already eaten if they asked! Later on, a few of us doctors and nurses could not stand watching this any further. We then took turns bringing food for her and managed to finally make her eat!"

A male doctor also said emotionally, "Quickly save her!"

When the old mother heard this, she cried even louder, "Little Lian! Why are you so silly!? If you aren't around, what are we to do!? What do you want us to do!"

When the policemen heard this, they were clearly disturbed!

"We must save her!"

"Our men have already gone up to persuade her, but..."

"That's right. We don't dare to approach her. She is already sitting up there. If some mishap happens while saving her, she might..."

Over there, a middle-aged man in a white doctor's coat stood forward. He seemed to be the Leader of the hospital. He shouted, "Young comrade, come down first and talk. The medical fees aren't a problem. You should be treated first before we talk about the medical fees. Besides, there are a lot of good-willed people in society these days! I don't believe that no one would help you! I don't believe everyone's conscience has been eaten by dogs! I'll lead! I'll donate 30,000!"

"I'll donate 5,000!"

"I'll donate 2,000!"

Everyone expressed their intentions to donate. Although this amount of money was useless and just a drop in the bucket for the medical fees, they wished to summon back this filial girl.

But no matter how long they persuaded, Yang Lian remained unmoved. She did not even look down, nor did anyone know if she heard what they said. She only looked quietly at the sun in the sky.

The policemen looked at each other and had ugly expressions. From their experience, they knew that this young lady had made her decision. There was no way to change her mind. Typically, those who insisted on seeing various people and said a lot in a fierce manner before committing suicide were not really wishing to die. However, Yang Lian's behavior was too calm. Clearly, she had made her decision!

Suddenly, the reporters arrived!

A few Beijing Television Station's reporters came. Some drove an interview truck. The moment they got off, they pointed their cameras to the top of the building.

“Come down!”

“Everyone will help you!”

“Yang Lian! Come down first!”

“If you die, who is to take care of your parents?”

Everyone used all sorts of words, but the girl up there remained unmoved.

Suddenly, something happened. Yang Lian lifted herself with both her arms and stood up on the top of the building, “Thank you. Goodbye.”

“Ah!”

“She’s jumping!”

“Oh no, oh no!”

“Little Lian! No! No!”

The leading policeman tried his best to shout into the walkie-talkie, “Move!”

“There’s no time anymore! It’s too far!” The other side of the walkie-talkie replied in a hurry.

At this moment, many people covered their eyes. At this moment, everyone was feeling extremely grieved!

A child, a young girl in her twenties, actually chose to end her life, so as not to burden her parents or trouble her family. This sounded simple, but how many people in the entire world would do that? She was extremely filial!

No one wanted her to die!

At this moment, everyone was out of options!

A few reporters and cameramen also revealed doleful looks!

Many doctors and nurses who had interacted with Yang Lian in the hospital over the past few days even teared up. They were crying!

At that split moment, Zhang Ye had already arrived behind a few policemen. With a grab, he took a loudspeaker from a policeman and spoke out to Yang Lian, who was about to jump down the next second. Zhang Ye was not long-winded, nor did he preach. He only said a poem and did not say it slowly or quickly. His tone was very calm, “When cobwebs sealed my stove without mercy; When the smoldering embers lamented poverty; I didn’t yield, but smoothed out the ashes of despair; And with the lovely snow I wrote: In the future we trust.”

Yang Lian stopped in her motions and looked downstairs with a surprise. She looked at the person reciting the poem downstairs!

The police were angry, “What are you doing?”

“Who let you say anything? You grabbed my loudspeaker?” Another policeman charged forward.

But immediately following that, an old police leader blocked him, "Don't move. Let him speak!"

Zhang Ye looked upstairs and exchanged gazes with Yang Lian, "When my purple grapes turned into the late fall dew; When in somebody else's bosom I found my flowers lay; I didn't yield, but with a vine withered and frosty; I wrote on this dismal land: In the future we trust."

Saying that, Zhang Ye slowly walked a few steps towards her. His hands were raised into the sky, as if he was grabbing the sun, "With my finger, I'll point to the waves rolling to the horizon; With my hands, I'll hold the vast sea that props up the sun; And wielding a pen so nice and warm in the morning glow; In a childish handwriting, I'll write: In the future we trust."

Everyone was stunned!

A young man with such a mighty poem had made the entire area silent!

Zhang Ye smiled. "The reason why I have absolute trust in the future is because I trust the eyes of the future beings, who have eyelashes that bat off the dust of history and pupils that pierce through writings of years past. No matter how people think of our rotten flesh; The gloom of being led astray, and the anguish of defeat; Be they moved to tears in profound sympathy; Or shooting a sneer or even a sharp ridicule. I have no doubt that people will judge our backbone; Our countless quests, bungles, failures, and successes; With enthusiasm, in all fairness and objectivity!"

"Yes, anxiously I'm awaiting their judgement."

"Trust firmly in the future, my friends."

"Trust in our unyielding effort!"

"Trust in the victory of youthfulness over death!"

"Trust in the future, and cherish life."

Chapter 146: Zhang Ye Takes Care of the Surgery Fees!

And with the lovely snow, I wrote: In the future we trust?

I wrote on this dismal land: In the future we trust?

In a childish handwriting, I'll write: In the future... we trust?

Zhang Ye had recited "In the Future We Trust" and had forcefully stopped Yang Lian, who was at the top of the building, in her steps. Everyone in the hospital's yard was smitten by it. When they looked up to look at the girl about to commit suicide, they were shocked!

Yang Lian cried. She covered her face and squatted on the roof, crying her heart out!

"Who is this person?"

"I don't know him. Where did he come from?"

"Her parents said so much to no avail, and the police and everyone else persuaded for so long without any use. But that person used a poem and managed to change her mind?"



“This person looks familiar?”

“Right, right. I find him familiar, too, like I’ve seen him on television!”

The crowd immediately looked at the youth holding the loudspeaker!

In the end, it was a Beijing Television Station’s News Channel’s staff member and reporter who recognized him. A female reporter exclaimed “Aiyo, isn’t that Teacher Zhang Ye?”

“Zhang Ye?”

“Lecture Room’s Zhang Ye?”

“Yes, that’s him! I was wondering why he was so familiar!”

“So it’s him! No wonder he could freely compose such a great modern poem!”

This poem contained too much energy. It was a positive, energy-filled poem, filled with ponderment and an endeavor to improve. When everyone heard it, they were still wondering how a person could produce such an amazing piece of work on the spot. But when they heard that the person was the famous poem composer, Zhang Ye, they were enlightened.

Probably only this person, who became famous from writing poems, and also this Zhang Ye, who had numerous classic poems, had such skill! And many people had previously heard that it was written in the Beijing Times that when Zhang Ye was still in the radio station, he had used two poems to save a female university student who was on the brink of committing suicide. Zhang Ye had such a prior achievement in this area!

This time it was jumping off a building, that time it was cutting the wrist.

That incident had previously been a very discussed topic. A lot of the people here today had been doubtful then, thinking, “How could a few poems, which were just some literary works, have such a charm? How could it save a life which was already imminently lost?”

But today!

At this place!

When they heard Zhang Ye reciting his poem, they were no longer doubtful. All they felt was a sense of shock in their souls!

“In the Future We Trust” — This was a great poem!

In Zhang Ye’s previous world, those that were qualified to be labeled as “Great Poems” did not number many. “Flying Bird and Fish” was not one. “See Me or Not” was not one either!

But “A Generation” was one of them!

“In the Future We Trust” was also one!

This poem was written by the poet Shi Zhi in 1968. This poem used its profound thoughts and beautiful imagery and a catchy text to let people know how to live well and encourage oneself in the worst of situations. It taught people to promise oneself to have an unshakable resolve for tomorrow.

This poem was previously spread in society in handwritten form and quickly became a common thing spoken in a generation of youths. As it was quite an old poem, even quite a number of youths from Zhang Ye's world had not heard it before. However, if another work was mentioned, almost everyone would know. That was Wang Feng's song. That song was adapted from "In the Future We Trust" and was created as a song to show respect to idols.

The sound of crying could be heard upstairs.

Zhang Ye looked up and said loudly, "You said that you like my poems, so I will dedicate this 'In the Future We Trust' to you. So get down now!"

Upstairs, the police rushed over and grabbed hold of Yang Lian.

Yang Lian did not resist and disappeared back over the ledge onto the rooftop.

Seeing this, everyone present heaved a sigh of relief!

"Great!"

"She's finally safe!"

"Such a good child has finally been persuaded!"

Beijing's several television stations and newspaper reporters all rushed over to capture this scene.

"Did you record that?" a female reporter asked.

"Everything was captured; don't worry," the cameraman assured.

"That's good; this news footage is going to be great!" the female reporter said excitedly.

If it was just any typical suicide by jumping case, it might not have gone on the news. After all, this sort of things happened frequently every day, and there were too many to be reported. However, with a filial daughter who wanted to commit suicide so as not to be a burden on her parents, and with Zhang Ye, a person notorious both in the literature and broadcasting circle, whose every work went viral in Beijing? This was definitely topical. There was no need to even mention the birth of "In the Future We Trust"!

At another side, Yang Lian's parents were crying and walking towards Zhang Ye thankfully, "Teacher Zhang, you, why did you come? My daughter has always been a fan of yours. Even while she was in hospital these past few days, she has always been watching your works and poetry. She really likes you a lot!"

Zhang Ye answered, "Yang Lian's middle school classmate posted on the internet and I saw it. So I asked for the hospital address and came."

Yang Lian's mother cried, "We are so grateful to you! Thank you!"

Yang Lian's parents grabbed Zhang Ye's hands, "If not for your poem, Little Lian might have..."

Zhang Ye said anxiously, "It was nothing. You don't have to be so serious. Let's go upstairs and look at Yang Lian!"

At this moment, everyone was enlightened. So this young girl, who had contracted a terminal illness, was Teacher Zhang Ye's hardcore fan. And Zhang Ye, who was a public figure, had actually rushed here, despite work or rest for a fan. This made everyone feel nothing but respect for Zhang Ye and his professionalism. It was considered common for fans to do things for their idols, but for a celebrity to do something for a small fan was impressive!

.....

In the wing.

Fifth floor ward.

Yang Lian had been brought back to her room and was settled down by the police and nurses. She laid on the bed.

Typically, the police would escort the person back for education and a statement in such societal cases of suicide which garnered interest. If it was serious, they would be remanded, but due to Yang Lian's condition, the police did not do that. They closed one eye. Besides, this girl's matter had really touched many of them. Hence, once she lay down, the police exhorted the few nurses to watch her and prevent her from doing anything silly before leaving.

Yang Lian's parents rushed into the room!

"Daughter!"

"Little Lian! You silly girl!"

"Dad, Mom, sorry..."

Yang Lian cried as she hugged her parents and cried together!

Zhang Ye also followed in. This was the first time he had seen Yang Lian close up. She was a very ordinary girl. She gave off a very gentle and quiet vibe.

Yang Lian looked up and hurriedly said, "Teacher Zhang! Why are you here?"

Yang Lian's parents said, "Teacher Zhang heard from your middle school classmate and came to see you!"

Yang Lian wiped her tears, "I didn't want to tell others. I have even troubled you to come all the way here."

"I'm glad I was troubled," Zhang Ye felt a lingering fear. "If I didn't come, who knows what would have happened. You sure are good. You need a poem from me to stop you?" Back then, the situation was extremely dangerous. When Zhang Ye saw how Yang Lian's parents, the medical staff and police were unable to persuade her, he knew it himself as well. If he started coming up with all sorts of reasonings, it would have the same result. Even if she was his fan, she had already decided on committing suicide, so why would he listen to him? Hence, Zhang Ye had no choice but to use this method as an attempt.

Yang Lian did not speak. She did not know why she felt an emotional upheaval when she heard “In the Future We Trust”. As a result, she had abandoned the thoughts of giving up on life, and really had hope to believe in trusting the future.

The door opened.

A few doctors and nurses hurriedly examined her.

“Are you fine?”

“Little Lian, how do you feel?”

“Do you have strength? Come, let’s put her on a drip first.”

Yang Lian was still a bit resistive and reached out her hands, “There’s no need.”

Yang Lian’s mother angrily said, “Quickly cooperate with the doctors for your treatment. Don’t worry about the money!”

Yang Lian’s father sighed. At home, he had already borrowed from his relatives. Together, with his daughter’s savings and his savings with his wife, they had only managed to accumulate about 70-80,000. And most of it had been spent over the past few days. Although they had told their daughter not to worry about the money, they actually did not know what to do.

At this moment, Zhang Ye spoke. He said to the female doctor, who was in her fifties, “Doctor, do the bone marrow transplant for Yang Lian. If there is compatible match, do it as soon as possible. Please do not delay her treatment.”

The female doctor sighed, “Actually, we have already found a compatible match. However, the medical fees will be about a million Yuan. Our hospital began collecting donations today. The hospital’s Director has already said he will donate a bit, but it is still far lacking towards the required figures. We, too...”

Zhang Ye asked, “How much more is lacking?”

The female doctor said, “The most conservative estimate is 1.1 million. This includes the surgery fee and the post-surgery fees, as well as the hospitalization fees and miscellaneous fees.”

Hearing that, Zhang Ye did not even give it a thought and said, “Alright, then please immediately prepare the surgery. 1.1 million, right? I’ll pay for it!”

The female doctor exclaimed, “You are paying?”

Zhang Ye said, “I’ll bring the money over tonight!”

The female doctor and the few nurses were overjoyed, “That’s great. Yang Lian will be saved!”

Yang Lian immediately turned anxious, “No way. Absolutely no way. How can I take your money!?”

Yang Lian’s mother began to speak and then hesitated, “Teacher Zhang, We... We really can’t return it.”

“There’s no need to return it.” Saying that, Zhang Ye looked at Yang Lian, “When I was in trouble, you would lead people to fight for the injustice I suffered online. Sometimes, you will busy yourself until 2-3 A.M. Now that you are in trouble, it’s my turn to help you.”

Yang Lian's tears welled, "But...But..."

Upon hearing this, Yang Lian's parents walked over and knelt down before Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye was nimble and quickly held them up, "Don't do that. I really can't accept it, nor do I deserve accepting it. Please get up!"

Yang Lian's mother said with her tears streaming down, "Thank you! Thank you!"

Chapter 147: Gathering the Surgery Fees!

Afternoon.

Beijing Television Station's News Channel broadcasted the news.

"Next, we will have a piece of breaking news. Here is a shocking scene recorded by our reporters this afternoon at People's Hospital. Back then, a girl, who was diagnosed with a terminal disease, was standing at the roof of the hospital, thinking of committing suicide. The persuasion of her close loved ones and the police were ineffective. Just as she was about to jump down, my colleague, Teacher Zhang Ye, of the Beijing Television Station stepped forward and used a poem to save her life!"

Zhang Ye's figure appeared in the video footage.

There were people all around him, those who were present at the hospital.

"When cobwebs sealed my stove without mercy..."

"When the smoldering embers lamented poverty..."

"I didn't yield, but smoothed out the ashes of despair; And with the lovely snow I wrote: In the future we trust."

Finally, the scene changed to that of a girl squatting on the roof wailing before she was rescued by the police who rushed there in time.

Returning back to the studio, the news anchor said, "Our station's reporters learned from the hospital that Yang Lian is Teacher Zhang Ye's fan. Her parents said that she has always liked Zhang Ye's works. She could memorize every poem easily, and now, Yang Lian's surgery fees have been settled. Zhang Ye has undertaken all of the fees. With that, my heart can't help but think of a sentence, This world.. still has many good people."

Once this news was broadcast, everyone heatedly discussed on Weibo, on Beijing area's forums, and on Tieba!

"So awesome?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has another new work? He saved someone yet again?"

It's too awesome. Someone could actually come up with such a mighty modern day poem in such an intense atmosphere and scene in an impromptu fashion?"

"'In the Future We Trust' is written too well!"

“Why are Zhang Ye’s poems so good? Is he on steroids?”

“He will bear all of the fan’s medical expenses? Such morals, such virtues, I am speechless!”

“I’ve heard a few people from the industry saying Zhang Ye’s reputation is bad. But a person who would go so far for his fan, how bad of a person can he be?”

A Weibo verified vice president of a certain profession posted, “It’s not that Zhang Ye’s reputation is bad, but it’s because his morals are too good. He dares to speak up, resulting in him offending many. Honestly, the first feeling I had from seeing this piece of news was disbelief. Secondly, I was touched. I have never encouraged people who chase after stars, for I think it’s meaningless and dumb. After chasing them all day, would the celebrity know who you are? But today, I can’t be sure anymore. Maybe being one of Teacher Zhang Ye’s fans is a blissful matter.”

At this moment, a verified Weibo account made a post. It was a famous person from Beijing’s economic circle. You could even say he was an elite. “I had randomly listened to Beijing Radio Station’s Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet in the past. I remembered Zhang Ye giving a speech after winning the meet. It said something like ‘in comparison to science, literature indeed has no practical use. Yet the greatest function of literature is perhaps its lack of function.’ I always found it very difficult to understand this line for some reason, and it has been revolving in my brain all this while. Today, I think I have understood a bit of Zhang Ye’s words.”

“Well said!”

“I’ve decided. From today forward, I will be a fan of Teacher Zhang!”

“Me, too. Where do Zhang Ye’s fans gather at? I want to join!”

“Count me in. Teacher Zhang Ye has done it beautifully today!”

.....

Tieba.

Zhang Ye’s Nest.

The discussion in the fan club’s main turf was even more explosive than the discussion elsewhere on the internet!

“Number1 nearly committed suicide? How can that be?”

“She did not have enough money, so Number1 did not want to burden her parents!”

“If she didn’t have enough, she could tell us. All of us could donate! She’s so silly!”

“She’s competitive and did not want to trouble others. Thankfully, it’s so thankful that Teacher Zhang Ye rushed there in time, or the consequences would be unthinkable!”

“Teacher Zhang is too fierce! This lady loves him to death!”

“That’s right. Teacher Zhang is like a divine army descending from heaven today! It was so timely!”

“Number1’s medical fees are all going to be paid for by Teacher Zhang Ye? Teacher Zhang has so much money? He just started working, so he can’t be rich, right?”

“Do you think Teacher Zhang is like everyone else? The publication of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’ already has so much sales. Teacher Zhang is richer than the average person!”

“That’s right. Teacher Zhang is rich!”

“Then I’m relieved. Hai, we really did not become fans of the wrong person!”

“That’s for sure. Teacher Zhang is completely different from the others in the entertainment industry!”

“If anyone dares to speak badly of Teacher Zhang Ye, I’ll be the first to fight with them!”

“Right. For a celebrity to do something for small fans like us, how many in this world will do that? If anyone goes against Zhang Ye, it means they are going against me!”

“That’s right. I’ll support Zhang Ye for life!”

“Support for life +1666!”

.....

At the same time.

At the Beijing Television Station.

Zhang Ye stopped his car in the unit’s public car park. His younger cousin, Cao Mengmeng, called.

The moment the call connected, the young lass immediately chatted, “Bro! I saw the news! You are too awesome! You are too cool! You are so cool that the heavens are overturned!”

Zhang Ye said, “What’s so cool about it!?”

Cao Mengmeng said, “That poem made my blood rush!”

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh, “Enough. At that moment, I was covered in cold sweat. Alright, enough of this talk. I’m busy over here. I’m hanging up.”

Entering the television station.

Quite a number of people were looking at him. Some even greeted him. Clearly, they knew of the news.

“Teacher Zhang.”

“Teacher Zhang is back?”

“I was touched by you today. Awesome.”

Previously, Zhang Ye was like a jinx in the television station. Many people would avoid him. Even if they did not purposely avoid him, they would seldom speak to him unless necessary. This was because everyone knew of Zhang Ye’s past notorious records. He was a person who would dare scold anyone if he was enraged. But with today’s matter, Zhang Ye immediately won the respect of many people. Some

people, who never greeted him before, greeted him with a smile today. Of course, one of the main reasons was that "Lecture Room" was having better and better results.

Zhang Ye greeted them back before returning to his own office.

Hu Fei and company were all there, "Hey. Little Zhang, we heard of the matter on the news. We were just about to give you a call."

Xiao Lu chuckled, "Teacher Zhang is Teacher Zhang. Even when he is resting at home, he can still appear on the news. You are getting famous again this time!"

Dafei asked, "Right, why did you come to the unit? Haven't a lot of episodes been recorded already? There's no need to record any today."

Zhang Ye hesitated, "I'm here to raise money. Which one of you has a million. Can I borrow it? I need it by tonight. I'll sell my car and return it."

Hou Ge exclaimed, "A million?"

Hou Di said, "Is it for that girl's medical fees?"

"Yes," Zhang Ye said, "I only have tens of thousands here. It's not enough. I also can't sell my car on such short notice, so I'm thinking of borrowing first, so that Yang Lian's surgery will not be delayed."

Hu Fei said, "Your car definitely can't be sold. Yours is a bulletproof car. Typical people would not need it and it's not very practical. Few would buy it. Even if those who want to buy it and have the ability to buy it aren't lacking in cash, they will likely not buy a secondhand car. It would be difficult to sell it, even if you have just driven it for a few days. For me, I have a bit over a hundred thousand. If you need it greatly, you can take it. But it's still not enough."

Xiao Lu counted her purse, "I can provide 10,000."

Hou Ge was dumbfounded, "Teacher Zhang, could it be that you don't have spare cash? Then why did you agree to undertake all the medical fees? You are too generous!"

Dafei also did not agree, "That's right! We don't have the means. About helping others, you..."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "When I was in trouble, she helped me. Now it's my turn. Even if I have to smash my iron pots and pans into pieces and sell them as scrap iron, I'll make sure she's cured!"

"This way!" Hu Fei suddenly thought of an idea, "Yesterday, the Director chatted with me. It's regarding the rights to 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. As some other provincial television stations want to broadcast it, too, the station wants to strike while the iron is hot and create a few DVDs before the program finishes airing. Compared to letting the video websites profit for nothing, why don't we sell it? The rights belong to you, so it seems that the station wants to buy it from you. I actually wanted to have a good chat with you about it next week. Since you are in need of money, there's only this method."

Zhang Ye did not even give it thought, "Alright, I'll sell it."

Hu Fei said, "Alright, then let us go to the Director."



.....

Wang Shuixin's office.

Hu Fei explained the matter to him.

Wang Shuixin nodded, "Fine. Let's talk about the price."

Zhang Ye also did not offer a high price. He knew the value of the DVDs to "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms". Even if its sales would not be too good, it couldn't be too terrible. Hence, he offered, "1.1 million will do." It was exactly the amount for Yang Lian's medical fees.

However, Wang Shuixin frowned, "Little Zhang, you are biting off more than you can chew. You are our station's employee. To have your current results and ratings, it's all due to the station pushing for you. Without our Arts Channel's promotion, can your 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' reach this popularity and obtain such accomplishments? The moment we talk about rights, you offer more than a million. Aren't you being too particular? Even if it's half the price, I already find it too much!"

Zhang Ye said unhappily, "Director Wang, I didn't ask for too much, right? If I negotiated with cooperating merchants, people will buy it even for 1.5 million!"

Wang Shuixin stared at him, "You even want to sell your rights by jumping over the station?"

Hu Fei tugged at Zhang Ye and immediately tried to harmonize the situation, "Director, you must have seen the news just now, right? Little Zhang is doing this for a patient who is in urgent need for surgery. The surgery fees happen to be 1.1 million. He is lacking in money, so he wants to quickly raise the funds to pay for the medical fees for the young lady."

Wang Shuixin waved his hand, "This has nothing to do with the unit. I can't damage the interests of the unit because Little Zhang has agreed to donate to someone and do some charity. It is against principles!" After some thought, "600,000. It will be 600,000 at most!"

Hu Fei's face turned dark, "Director, this is too little!"

Wang Shuixin probably knew that Zhang Ye was in desperate need for money, so he took advantage of the situation, "Our unit is not a charity organization. That is the most it can give. Well, unless Little Zhang transfers the permanent broadcasting rights to our station. It happens that several provincial television stations are negotiating with us. If so, we can give a bit more. 1 million would do. 1.1 million is definitely impossible!"

Hu Fei argued, "It's just short of a 100,000. You..."

Wang Shuixin shook his head, "Not one bit more. It's a matter of principle."

Zhang Ye gritted his teeth, "Fine, one million then. I'll sell it all. However, I have a request. I need the money today. They are still waiting for the surgery now!"

Wang Shuixin put on airs, "I can't guarantee that. You will need to negotiate with Finance. Let's settle the contract first, and talk later."

Zhang Ye had originally wanted to obtain 1.1 million from selling the DVD rights, but who knew it would end up being for the permanent broadcasting rights as well? Furthermore, it was only a million. There was still 100,000 lacking. And even though Zhang Ye had said so, with his eyebrows knitted, saying it was for saving a life, he was still not guaranteed that he would receive the money today. Seeing Wang Shuixin taking advantage of the situation, Hu Fei felt coldness. Let alone Zhang Ye, Hu Fei had never expected Wang Shuixin to deal with this matter in this way, as he had not believed he was a person with such a character.

Back at the office.

Xiao Lu rushed over anxiously, "How was it?"

Zhang Ye did some calculations and said, "I have tens of thousands, so with that one million, I'm lacking about 40 to 50 thousand. Everyone, can you lend me a bit? I'll return it to you once the salary is paid. If this month isn't enough, I'll pay in installments." He did not have a credit card, so that was the only way he could do so. There was no other way.

Dafei said in surprise, "A million? Impossible. I heard the estimate given by other cooperating merchants that other than the cut from the television station, as the original creator, you should get at least 1.3-1.4 million in copyright royalties."

Hu Fei said, "That was for two of the rights. Even the right to broadcast has been sold!"

"It's all been sold? And all of that for a million? Teacher Zhang, are you dumb!?" Hou Ge could not take it any further, "This is not some pittance; how can you sell it so cheaply!?"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "Is a human life more important, or is money more important? Saving a life is more urgent; I can't care about anything else!"

Xiao Lu could not help but curse, "That Wang Shuixin! He's too wicked!"

Dafei was also angered, "He even wants to scam the surgery fees for saving a life? Does he even have a heart? Isn't he afraid of going to Hell after he dies?"

Hu Fei immediately opened his online banking, "Little Zhang, give me your account. Don't say anything else; I'll pay the remaining 50,000. You don't have to pay it back. Treat it as a donation from me."

Zhang Ye resolutely said, "Then I wouldn't want it. She is my fan, and this is also my business. I can't take your money. I'll treat it as a loan and will slowly repay it."

In the afternoon, Zhang Ye signed the contract.

Wang Shuixin did not guarantee when the money would reach Zhang Ye, so Zhang Ye went to Finance and urged them five to six times.

The Finance department was quite reasonable and knew Zhang Ye needed the money urgently to save a life, so they made an exception.

Finally, Zhang Ye managed to raise 1.1 million before getting off work. Without hesitation, he rushed to the hospital and settled Yang Lian's surgical fees!

## Chapter 148: A Celebrity Goes Broke to Save a Fan!

The second morning.

The sun moved away from the horizon, but was covered by dark clouds.

Zhang Ye had applied for absence from work. Yesterday, he had rushed to the hospital in the morning to save a life, then he raised money and sent the money. He was both mentally and physically exhausted, so he wanted to rest. After he woke up, there was nothing to do. He switched on the TV and watched some news before logging on to Tieba.

His Tieba suddenly increased a lot in fan numbers.

“Teacher Zhang, I’m also your fan. My father is sick, I wonder if you could lend me 500,000. When I have the money, I will repay you.”

“Teacher Zhang, I am sick. Please help me. My family can’t afford my medical bills, so I could only come to you.”

“I am a fan of your books. You are so good to your fans. Can you lend me 30,000 for me to see a doctor?”

“The doctor says I need 100,000 to cure me of my illness. 100,000 is enough. You don’t lack that bit of money, so why don’t you help me!”

Many threads seeking for help began appearing. Some directly asked for money without any reason, while some others didn’t go into details except to say that they were fans of Zhang Ye and were sick. Some even posted their bank account numbers directly for Zhang Ye to transfer the money to them.

Zhang Ye’s original fanclub members weren’t too happy about this. But for threads asking for help for their illnesses, the moderators didn’t dare to delete them.

“Where did all these people come from?”

“Who are they, and why are they all sick?”

“It’s definitely fake. Aren’t these people just taking advantage of the situation?”

“Not necessarily. Some might be real. Can Teacher Zhang help?”

“Are you crazy? There’s so many people here! How can he help all of them? Teacher Zhang does not own a bank. Even if Teacher Zhang has the money, he can’t possibly help like this. If anyone just posts their bank account, does that mean Zhang Ye has to transfer money to them? Based on what? There’s no such logic!”

“How should we handle this?”

“I don’t know. Let’s wait for Teacher Zhang to respond.”

“Eh, Teacher Zhang is online. He should have seen it.”

Zhang Ye did see it, but he did not respond.

One of the posters who posted several threads urging for answers saw that Zhang Ye was online but did not respond, so he posted another thread, “What is this yapping on and on about Teacher Zhang! They were all exaggerating about him on TV! I think he’s just a pretentious fella! Oh, is it just because the fan is female!? Because she’s a female, that’s why you help? Such a big amount just like that? Are we male fans not people, too? You don’t even bother about us? Aren’t you being too biased like that? Eh? What good person? You’re definitely a hypocrite!”

Another person who had earlier asked for help said, “That’s right; I bet he helped because she is a female. He didn’t have any good intentions in the first place. Such a person can go on TV? Pui!”

A lot of Zhang Ye’s fans could no longer bear with it.

“How can you say that!”

“Watch what you say!”

“Number1 had been fighting alongside Teacher Zhang since the very beginning! She’s our fanclub’s Leader! Of course Teacher Zhang will help! Who the hell are you all? Immediately asking for money after signing up! We didn’t pick on you, yet you dare to scold! What sort of people are you!”

The help seeker said, “We are also fans, so why does he help others but not us?”

Zhang Ye could no longer not reply. He posted in the thread, “I’m sorry. I’m currently unable to help.”

The help seeker mocked, “Come on. Your ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’ is so popular. And with all those poems, novels and fairy tales, how could you be short of money? A bit over a hundred thousand shouldn’t even be money to you! If you don’t help us, that means you are not willing to help us! Don’t say that you are unable to help! You’re so d\*mn fake!”

Those who wanted money all began scolding.

Zhang Ye was not bothered by this, but he did not know what to say either.

He had thought that this would pass without any issues, but it became more and more problematic. People who claimed to be his fans kept appearing on his Tieba, using all sorts of excuses to ask money from him. In the end, this matter even became a topic of discussion online.

“When a fan is in trouble, should they be helped?”

— A poll with that title appeared on Weibo for discussion.

“Sigh. This society nowadays... It doesn’t allow people to do good things anymore!”

“Why are there so many people suddenly? Teacher Zhang Ye is very unlucky.”

“Yes. He helped one person, but other people want in, too? Oh, you are helping her, but not us? Why? Why should you help her? We are all your fans, but why are you biased — It has brought about a wrong effect. If Zhang Ye wants to help, but is unable to help everyone, then the other fans will have opinions again.”

“There’s no point in doing good.”

“Why is it always like that these days?”

“That bunch of people, are they really Zhang Ye’s fans? I doubt so!”

In the end, this issue was even reported on the fifth page of the Beijing Daily newspaper.

.....

Afternoon.

An angry Hu Fei, who was at work, slammed the newspaper onto his desk, “This bunch of people, they are too disgusting! What do they know?”

Xiao Lu asked, “What’s the matter, Brother Hu?”

“Take a look for yourselves.” Hu Fei passed the papers to them.

Hou Ge had only read half of it before he also angrily hit the table, “Do they take Teacher Zhang for an ATM? So many of them are asking for money? They even act like they are entitled to it?”

Suddenly, a woman’s voice came from outside the door.

“Producer Hu, can I disturb you for a moment?” It was a familiar face. They all knew her from the first recording of “Lecture Room” as one of the guests — Reporter Ci. At that time, when Zhang Ye and the program team had disagreements with the guests, Reporter Ci had helped to smooth things over. They had a good relationship with her, and she was even one of the more well known reporters in her field.

Hu Fei said surprisingly, “Reporter Ci, you are here? Please come in. Is there anything we can help you with?”

Reporter Ci smiled. “I am now in charge of the newspaper’s literature section, but the news team asked for my help, so I came over to understand the situation. A lot of Teacher Zhang’s fans are still asking him for donations now. Do you know about this?”

Dafei indignantly said, “We just found out a while ago.”

Xiao Lu said, “These people are really wicked!”

“Don’t spout nonsense.” Hu Fei was speaking to a reporter. He had to be careful, even though they weren’t just mere acquaintances, one couldn’t be too careful.

Reporter Ci blinked, “Teacher Zhang had posted on Tieba this morning. He said he was unable to help and rejected donations to those fans.”

Xiao Lu spoke without thinking, “Of course he couldn’t help, Sister Ci. Let me tell you: do you know how Teacher Zhang Ye paid for Yang Lian’s operation fees this time? He didn’t have much saved. This money was raised by selling ‘Zhang Ye’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’. Two copyrights were exchanged for one million. If Teacher Zhang wasn’t in a rush to raise the amount, with more negotiations and time, these two copyrights would have fetched a minimum of 1.6 or 1.7 million. But because Teacher Zhang wanted to save a life, he didn’t bargain for a better price. In fact, the amount was not enough to cover the fees. Teacher Zhang had to break the bank to make the difference. He even wanted to sell his car, but as it wasn’t easy to sell it off quickly, he had to borrow money from us!”

Upon hearing that, Reporter Ci was slightly shocked, "What? There's such a thing?"

Dafei grumbled, "Yeah. Even our money was not enough. In the end, Brother Hu had to lend him 50,000. With Teacher Zhang's salary, he would need to pay it off over at least 3-4 months. Of course, Teacher Zhang was unable to help; he has less than 1,000 on him! Who can he even help if he doesn't have enough to eat!"

Reporter Ci was somewhat agitated, "What you said, is that the truth?"

"Of course, it's the truth!" Hou Ge said, "Why would we lie to you?"

Reporter Ci said with a trembling voice, "I still thought that Zhang Ye could afford the operation fees easily because he had enough. Who knew..... Alright, don't worry about it. Let our newspaper clear Zhang Ye's name this time!"

.....

That afternoon.

A freshly published newspaper went on sale quietly.

"Celebrity gone bankrupt saving fan's life"

Content: Yesterday afternoon, Beijing Television Station reported some news that had captured everyone's attention. A celebrity saved his fan's life and pledged to pay for her medical bills. Most people know this as the story, but on our newspaper reporter's further investigations, the story is not so straightforward. Although Teacher Zhang Ye had agreed to cover the medical bills for his fan, this has caused him to go broke. He had agreed to sell off his work's copyright for a low sum and even had to borrow money from his colleagues to raise 1.1 million. Teacher Zhang Ye has hardly a cent left for himself, preferring to put this debt on himself to help raise the amount for the fan's operation.

However, many self-proclaimed fans of Zhang Ye are now asking for money from him! We did some simple research and found that one of the claims is from a Mr Liu from Jiangnan. He was admitted to Jiangnan's Second Hospital and wanted to borrow money from Zhang Ye for an operation due to a terminal illness. But upon our reporter's investigations, his posting IP was not from Jiangnan; it was not even from the south, but from the northeast!

There were also many others who used illness as an excuse to ask for donations from Zhang Ye!

I only want to say a few words. Why don't you all touch your heart and ask yourselves... Are your consciences really clear?

.....

With the report made public, the internet went into a frenzy!

"What? Zhang Ye had to borrow money for the operation fees?"

"Is this news reliable? If it is, then this person must definitely not be criticized!"

"Yes. I thought that Zhang Ye was very rich. After all, he is pretty popular in Beijing. Who knew that he had to sell his copyrights and borrow money to ....."

“I’m numb. My eyes are all red!”

“Me too. I’ve not been this touched in many years!”

“Who are the ones trying to take advantage of Teacher Zhang? F\*\*k their ancestors!”

“This bunch of heartless things! Zhang Ye went broke to save a person! Yet you people are fishing in troubled waters? And even tried to discredit Teacher Zhang? Aren’t you all wicked!”

On Tieba.

Zhang Ye’s fanclub HQ.

A person had posted the newspaper report. Upon seeing this, all of Zhang Ye’s fans went silent. They didn’t know what to say; they only felt that their hearts were full.

Those who had earlier been scolding or asking Zhang Ye to lend them money no longer made a sound.

Only one person who had asked Zhang Ye for a donation posted a thread — “I’m sorry”.

Chapter 149: If You Do Not Leave Me, I Will Always Be at Your Side Until the End of Life

A few days later.

Zhang Ye’s Nest, the number of fans were rapidly increasing!

It was increasing rapidly in a straight line. When the Tieba page was first created, the fans numbered in the thousands. But just overnight, it had increased to 58,000+. It seemed like people from all corners of the country had surged in to register to be part of Zhang Ye’s fan club. As such, a presentable-looking, small-scale fan club was established!

One had to know that Zhang Ye was just an E-list celebrity, and he was just a small rookie celebrity who appeared in Beijing. With close to 60,000 fans, they were not as unreliable as Weibo fan numbers. There were no zombie fans, for all of them were genuine fans. It was almost impossible for an E-rank celebrity like Zhang Ye to have this number. Usually, similar celebrities would not have such cohesive fans, but Zhang Ye had managed it. The news of him dissipating all of his fortune to save Yang Lian had touched a countless number of fans. Many people who had no plans for chasing after stars or joining fan clubs came to become one of the members of Zhang Ye’s fan club!

It was very lively on Tieba these few days.

“Zhang Ye, we love you!”

“Teacher Zhang, we will always support you!”

“Your sincerity is something that we all can see. The fans will be sincere to you, too!”

“We heard that Number1 will be having the operation soon. We wish her well. We also wish Teacher Zhang.. a peaceful life!”

“Teacher Zhang, Number1 is in recuperation, while Big Saber Bro only cares about battling and not management. Now the matters of the fan club are under the responsibility of a few of us as junior moderators. It’s pretty much settled. The front page has changed to a picture from your ‘Lecture Room’.

It's just that we haven't written our fan club's slogan or introduction. We don't know how, nor do we have the literary talent. Can you give us something? Or maybe something you want to say to us? Anything is fine. As long as you have decided on one, we will add it to the Tieba page's most eye-catching spot, so that everyone can see it."

"Right, right. Let's not fret over it. Let Teacher Zhang think of a phrase. Haha, Teacher Zhang's literary talent is not something that even if ten thousand of us were combined together could match!"

"Watching this."

"Seated here and waiting for Teacher Zhang's words of wisdom!"

"Teacher Zhang, give us one!"

In just a short time, the thread already had over 4,000 replies!

Zhang Ye, who had just woken up, was also filled with adrenaline from the passion of the fans. There were so many fans, so many people, who supported him. Did Zhang Ye ever think this would happen to him? Besides excitement, he also felt touched. Actually, in Zhang Ye's dictionary, he did not demarcate clearly what a celebrity and fan was. He did not feel like he was much higher in status than fans, nor did he feel that whatever the fans did was something necessary. If fans looked up to Zhang Ye and supported him, that was giving him face. So naturally, he had to give his fans face, too. He needed to also support and help his fans. For example, Yang Lian's matter was an example. It was a mutual thing.

Zhang Ye got up to wash up before returning to his computer to think carefully. Then he posted, "I'm also not sure what phrase to use. If it's absolutely needed, I just want to thank everyone. Thank you for everyone's support and trust. If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life!" This was a very popular phrase in his world. It could be said to be a melodic poem, so Zhang Ye decided to use it.

When the fans saw this, their eyes lit up!

"Awesome!"

"Everything Teacher Zhang spits out is literary genius!"

"If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life? We'll use it!"

"Teacher Zhang, this phrase should be what we, as fans, say to you. If you do not leave us, we will always be at your side until the end of life. We will forever support you!"

Very quickly, this poetic phrase was placed on the front page of Zhang Ye's Nest. Zhang Ye's post was also instantaneously stickied and countless numbers of people discussed and followed the thread!

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With the matters of the fan club more or less settled, with people taking care of the backend, Zhang Ye no longer need to worry. Switching off the computer, Zhang Ye pitifully went to the open kitchen to prepare a bowl of Guamian. He had also successfully leveled up from "Instant Noodles Hero" to "Guamian Hero". There was no other choice. What else could he eat? He was out of money, so he could



only make do with noodles. This time, he had added an egg with the Guamian, which was also a change of taste.

Typically, an open kitchen made it difficult for the oil and smoke to be easily released.

As such, Zhang Ye opened the windows and door to ventilate the room, so as to release the Guamian's smell.

The moment the door opened, a neighboring tenant brought a Tupperware box over. "Little Zhang, heh, I was about to knock the door. Here, have some!"

Zhang Ye subconsciously accepted it, "Uncle Lu, what is this?"

The neighboring uncle laughed, "My wife just braised some beef. We saw the news and knew you spent all your money to help your fan in her illness, and you are in quite a bit of debt now. Guessing that you aren't eating well, and since we braised too much meat, we decided to bring you some."

"There's no need. Please don't." Although Zhang Ye said those words, his hands were grasping the Tupperware box tightly. His eyes were bulging and he looked like he was starving.

The neighboring uncle said, "Enough, quickly take it. Next time when my wife makes something delicious, I'll bring it over for you. Eat it; I'm leaving!"

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Thank you, uncle!"

The neighboring uncle waved his hand, "Don't stand on ceremony. Hur hur."

The moment that Zhang Ye returned into his room, he opened the lid. Good lad, the meat was still hot. He had not even had a bite of meat these last few days, so the moment he saw the box of beef, it was like a weasel seeing chickens. His eyes flashed and, without using chopsticks, he grabbed a piece of meat with his hands and stuffed it into his mouth!

Gu Lu!

Fragrant! Too fragrant!

Crispy on the outside and tender on the inside! Melted the moment it entered the mouth! Mouth full of... Alright, that's not used to describe beef!

Anyways, it was very delicious. Zhang Ye ate another seven to eight pieces before he was pleased. Kindness indeed begets kindness. His neighbors still remembered him, so Zhang Ye felt very heart-warmed.

After eating his fill, there was still some time before he had to go to work. As such, Zhang Ye opened the game ring's interface to check his overall Reputation. 4,300,000! A portion of the points came from the respect people had after watching the Beijing Television Station broadcast of him saving his fan, while a larger portion of it came from "Lecture Room". Everyday, it would add to his Reputation points. More than ten episodes of "Lecture Room" had already been broadcast.

Other than the first two episodes being something everyone saw for the first time, with the extremely great shock value resulting in a very high Reputation contribution, the remaining episodes gave less

Reputation. Especially the episodes from Monday to Friday. As they were aired while people were working, one could tell from the ratings that they were inferior to the weekend episodes. Even if everyone watched videos of it later, the Reputation gained back would still not be as much as the first episode. Of course, although it was little, it wasn't that little. It still provided about a hundred thousand points every day.

More than four million!

Zhang Ye felt that he had become a nouveau riche!

Time for the lottery! He had to draw once at the Lottery! He could no longer bear it!

Zhang Ye had already endured for ten days and could no longer bear it any further. Although he had felt that his career was going smoothly, and the ratings for "Lecture Room" were increasing by the day and had stabilized, he had still wanted to accumulate Reputation points and only use them when required. But like a woman, who had finished shopping at an online shopping portal, Taobao from his world, would say – if I were to shop on Taobao again this month, I'll cut off my hands. However, reality proved that this sentence was one of the top ten lies in his world. It was not to be believed. Zhang Ye was in the same situation.

Draw!

He left 300,000 points for emergencies, so there was four million left to use!

Zhang Ye tapped on the Lottery and bought a draw. He wanted to first try to gauge his luck for the first time, so he did not place any Additional Stakes. It didn't matter if it was good or bad. After all, he was not lacking 100,000 Reputation points. He was a nouveau riche now!

1 round...

2 rounds...

3 rounds...

The needle slowly stopped.

It stopped in a the biggest region, the Consumption Category!

Treasure Chest (Small) appeared. Zhang Ye took the Treasure Chest and opened it. He discovered a small bottle in it. There was a red liquid in it and the bottle looked crystal clear.

[ Health Potion ] (1): Effective upon consumption. Recovers player's injuries.

Zhang Ye put the Health Potion into his Inventory and treated it as an emergency item. It was not known when he would need to use it, so Zhang Ye would never feel like he had too many of such a good item.

Again!

This time he was going to go all in!

Zhang Ye gambled again. The moment he began the Lottery, he was planning on buying Additional Stakes, but after some hesitation, he decided to have a feel for where the needle would land before

deciding. After all, this was using 3.8 million Reputation points at one go. If he was unlucky and got tens of garbage, then he would really feel the pain.

Time for the lottery!

The needle began to move!

Zhang Ye stared unblinkingly at the wheel and watched the needle slow down after each revolution. Finally, the needle approached the Stats Category and Skills Category. If nothing unexpected happened, it would likely fall into one of those two regions. Only then did Zhang Ye feel relieved. This was because no matter how bad the items from the Stats Category and Skills Category were, they still produced an improvement of himself. That lock-picking skill from before did not seem useful, but it had also helped Zhang Ye catch the two burglars, right? As such, Zhang Ye immediately bought the Additional Stakes. Leaving 300,000 Reputation points behind, all the remaining 3.8 million Reputation points were all added!

A large bet!

This was what a real large bet was!

The Lottery carried on and the needle slowly moved!

Finally, under Zhang Ye's constant attention, the needle stopped in the Stats Category region. The Lottery ended and immediately, 39 Treasure Chest (Small) icons appeared in his inventory! Seeing the densely-packed, small, golden-colored Treasure Chests, Zhang Ye was extremely excited!

Opening the Treasure Chest, Zhang Ye checked!

[ Fruit of Charm (Voice) ]: Effective upon consumption. Permanently increases the player's voice's charm.

The voice's charm?

There was charm to voice, too?

Zhang Ye did not understand. Hence, he began taking out one Treasure Chest after another. He then took out the reddish-green fruit within the chests!

There were 39 Fruits of Charm!

Having the experience of eating Fruit of Charm (Eyes) in the past, Zhang Ye appeared very serious. He picked one up and tried eating it!

His throat warmed up and his body began to heat up!

After enduring for a few seconds, the feeling slowly dissipated!

Zhang Ye then picked up the remaining Fruits of Charm (Voice) and placed them into his mouth, taking big bites of them!

He finally finished eating them. Zhang Ye was already covered in sweat. He immediately went to the bathroom to shower. As he showered, he blinked and then said casually, "Burn, my little universe!"

Eh?

His voice seemed to have a magnetic charm to it!

But other than that, it did not seem to have any other feeling.

Slightly less than 40 Fruits of Charm were eaten, but that was all their effect? Could there be some effect that he could not feel?

Chapter 150: The Amazing Fruit of Charm!

Leaving home for work.

On the way, Zhang Ye was pondering over the effect of the Fruit of Charm (Voice). Previously, when he drew the Fruit of Charm (Eyes), although there were only four of them, the results were obvious. People walking on the street would take another glance at him. It was no longer like in the past where no one paid him any concern. Alright, although the attention wasn't that great, but at least there was some effect. This time, he had eaten nearly ten times the number of Fruits of Charm, but why wasn't there a great change in his voice? He still had his original voice, but he could not feel the charm.

There was a small sundry shop in front of him.

Zhang Ye walked over after getting off the subway, "Big Sis, give me a bottle of mineral water."

The female boss looked at him, and then, in a disinterested manner, took a bottle of mineral water with the brand of this world, "Boat Mountain", and passed it to him, "1.50."

Zhang Ye subconsciously tried to bargain, "Can it be cheaper?" He was out of money, so he had to scrimp.

What he did not expect was that when the female boss heard him, she looked at him and said, "If you want... Then 1.10. That's our cost price. It can't go any lower."

Zhang Ye immediately got the money out, "Thank you."

The female boss said, "You're welcome. I just found what you said soothing to the ear."

What I said was soothing to the ear? Zhang Ye was surprised. He still had his original voice after all.

After Zhang Ye left, the female boss began to play with her cell phone out of boredom. Suddenly, she was stunned as she muttered to herself, "Eh, why did I really sell it to him at cost price? It's just a bottle of mineral water. If he didn't want it, then he shouldn't have bought it! To think he bargained..?" After saying that, she smacked herself in the head, "What's wrong with me today? Just that kid's words made me confused!" Only then did she react. The young lad's voice seemed to have an indescribable charm to it. After hearing it, she could not help but follow his instructions. She did not understand the situation herself!

Outside the shop.

Zhang Ye finally understood. The Fruit of Charm for voice was the same as the Fruit of Charm for eyes. It did not change the player's physique in any way. For example... Making the eyes bigger? Or making the voice sound clearer? There were no such effects. Zhang Ye still had that slightly hoarse-like voice. What

the Fruit of Charm changed was something that was more like the essence and something more mysterious. Hence, the other person sold him the bottle of mineral water to him at cost price. Anyway, Zhang Ye had never heard of anyone bargaining while buying mineral water. And it could be seen that she did not recognize him, nor was she a fan of his. Then, there was no doubt that the 38 Fruits of Charm had directly increased the charm of Zhang Ye's voice or his manner of speech!

Man, why does it feel like it has the feeling of bewitchment?

If he really ate 10,000 of such Fruits of Charm for voice, would a simple word, poem or song from him cause everyone in the world to crazily worship him? Wouldn't this perfectly make up for his naturally poor voice? There was really such a possibility. When that happened, would this bro need to work so hard? He just needed to speak daily and the fans would come rushing over. Wouldn't that be easy?

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The unit.

Everyone had arrived.

"Teacher Zhang, you are here?"

"Morning, Teacher Little Zhang."

Hou Ge, Xiao Lu and company greeted him.

"Morning, everybody," Zhang Ye smiled and returned the greeting.

Xiao Lu was stunned, "Eh! Teacher Zhang, why does your voice sound different today? No, that's not right. Your voice hasn't changed, but why do I feel... Heh, I can't tell!"

Hou Ge pondered for a while, "There's something different."

Hu Fei came in, carrying his bag, "Are you all here? Then let us get to work. It's time to work. With Little Zhang taking time off for the past few days, the recorded programs have finished broadcasting. Today, we will need to produce a few more episodes. Time is tight on our side. Let's go. As for the exact details, let's talk about it in the recording studio." He rallied the people to work.

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The audience came.

The cameras were turned on.

Zhang Ye stood behind the podium and adjusted the microphone. He then began speaking, "During the last episode, we talked about how Cao Cao was good at using people. He was good at using people because he knew how to read people. And it was because he knew how to make a penetrating analysis of people that he seldom thought highly of others. He only thought differently of Liu Bei. Cao Cao once said..."

One episode was done.

The audience stood up to clap and cheer!

“Alright!”

“So interesting!”

“I think today’s episode is better than any other episode!”

“Indeed, I also have that feeling. But it seems the previous few episodes were all about the same, right? However, why do I find that this episode is especially soothing to the ears?”

“Me, too. Listening to Teacher Zhang’s lecture is like a form of enjoyment!”

It was not common for people to give a standing ovation after one episode was finished recording. It was all spontaneous from the audience. No one requested it. Even if it was requested, it was not something obtainable. What was common?

Commonly, when recording a television station program, a recording was made of the audience’s applause and cheers before the show began, as the audience would still be patient and still in high spirits. Later on, during editing, they would intersperse that into the program. That was common. Back then, “Lecture Room” did the same, too.

However, from the recording of the second episode onwards, the program team no longer used such a method, for there was no need to. Zhang Ye’s “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms ” was too interesting. If you prevented them from cheering and clapping, they might not even be able to endure it. Was there a need to record applause as backup? It was unnecessary!

In a day, Zhang Ye recorded eight episodes!

If this carried on, he could probably finish recording all of “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” this week!

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Time to knock off work.

After working hard all day, Zhang Ye’s forehead was covered in sweat. His throat was a bit hoarse. Xiao Lu rushed over to wipe his sweat and handed him some water.

As Zhang Ye gulped it down, he saw Hu Fei looking down at a sheet of paper. He looked skeptical and curious. Seeing that everyone was done with their work, he then said to the filming team and the lighting crew he had borrowed from the station, “Everyone, thank you for the hard work. Thank you. You may go now.”

After everyone left, only the segment team was left behind.

Hu Fei looked at them and said, “Today’s first recording was broadcast in the afternoon. The ratings have been calculated ahead of time. Well, there’s something strange.”

Dafei asked curiously, “Strange?”

This also caught the attention of Zhang Ye and company.

Hu Fei placed the sheet on the podium, “Take a look. Our ratings have always been very stable. Today isn’t the weekend either. I also watched the program. It’s still the same high quality as in the past.

There's nothing wrong with it, nor is there anything more interesting than the past. But today's rating actually hit 5.62%! It was higher in ratings than the other similar episodes by 0.5 or even 0.6! This increase was indeed very strange! It increased so much for no reason!"

Xiao Lu laughed, "This is good! If it's the weekend, it will definitely be above 8.6, right?"

"It may be good, but why did it increase? Is today some enforced holiday? No!" Hu Fei could not figure it out no matter what!

Only Zhang Ye had a vague idea of why this was so. This was most likely the effect of the Fruits of Charm. Now, his voice and manner of speech was infused with the effects of the Fruits of Charm (Voice). As long as he spoke, he could grab the attention of people to a certain extent. This was probably how the increase in rating came about!

Fascinating!

His path in the future would be easier from now on!