

I'm Really a Superstar - Chapter 15: Opening a Treasure Chest Again!

Weekend.

Jiaomen, inside the rented room.

It was Zhang Ye's day off. "Late-night Ghost Stories" was a nonstop weekly program. Since the Saturday and Sunday segments were pre-recorded already and left to the female assistant, Xiaofang, to broadcast, Zhang Ye could afford to stay home and be lazy. He woke up past 10 A.M. and stretched his body, before getting out of bed. The first thing he did was to bring up the virtual game screen to check on his achievements for these past five days. His Reputation points were at 110,000. Other than the first broadcast, which grew his Reputation slightly by just over 10,000, and the second broadcast, which added slightly less points, the remaining broadcasts, in total, added over 20,000 Reputation points a day. Seeing his Reputation grow so rapidly, Zhang Ye couldn't be more pleased.

There were enough points to draw at the lottery once again.

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye spent 100,000 Reputation points to open up the lottery, "This time, I'm not wishing for a Special Category. Giving me a Skills or Stats Category would do. I've already played it twice, but have still not seen what is in the other categories!"

Tapping on it!

The needle began moving!

Stats Category...Special Category...Skills Category...

The needle slowed down and constantly moved past many other regions. Just as it was about to stop on the Skills Category, a slight jerk made it move forward. It did not hold!

Missed by just a bit!

Fine, it's still a Consumption Category!

Zhang Ye accepted it as he opened the lid of the Treasure Chest (Small). Inside the chest was a clear bottle with a small wood stopper!

"Invisibility Potion": Stealth mode activates after drinking it. Lasts 5 minutes.

Seeing the game ring's introduction to the item, Zhang Ye kept the potion bottle into his ring, as if it was something that did not matter. The inventory was like a spatial storage bag. As for the item he had drawn, he was clearly not very pleased. What's the use for this? To peep in the ladies' room? Don't be ridiculous. Zhang Ye had always been a gentleman. He would not do such nasty things. He had never even thought about it. Besides, the time limit was just a short five minutes. It was not enough to see a thing!

Outside, sounds from a commotion could be heard.

After washing up, Zhang Ye opened the door to take a look. A bunch of tenants were crowding around in the hallway.

"Landlady auntie, the rooms are already expensive, yet you want to raise the rental?" a university student said angrily.

"Yeah, you are killing us. This is exploitation!" a white-collared female shouted.

Standing in the middle, Rao Aimin had a face which didn't care for emotional pleas. She squinted her eyes and confronted all of them, "Houses are so expensive right now. Everyone else is increasing their prices. Do you think I am a charitable organization? If you don't want to stay, there are others who want to. Hmph, to think you dare to argue with me. You, Little Zhao, when you owed people money and they came looking for you, who lent you the money to pay it off? And you, Little Xue, when you didn't have enough for your school fees, who helped you?"

The university student's temper suddenly subsided. Speaking softly, he said, "Didn't I return it all back to you already?"

Rao Aimin staring with her beautiful eyes, "Paid back and that's it? Have you all forgotten the good I've done for you? Eh? You ingrates! If you aren't staying, scram!"

Many of them stopped speaking, slowly moving back to their rooms.

The others, who had not benefitted from Rao Aimin's help, continued to protest the increase, but were scolded back into their rooms. Her mouth was

vicious; any ordinary person would never be able to win an argument against her!

After everyone dispersed, Rao Aimin spotted Zhang Ye, “Hey, Little Zhang. Get over here!”

Zhang Ye wanted to hide, but it was too late. Begrudgingly, he followed her to her place.

After the door closed, Rao Aimin dragged her slippers-wearing feet to the coffee table, where a low-distribution cultural newspaper laid. She flipped it open to a page, “I accidentally saw this in the papers I bought this morning. Not bad, kid. You were mentioned in the papers.” She shook the papers and spoke in a strange manner, “Recently, Beijing Radio Station’s Literature channel’s ‘Late-night Ghost Stories’ broadcasted a story called ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’. It attracted some good attention and even created history in the ratings of a late-night segment, gaining big success. It has even subtly broken the situation of physical and web publications for supernatural novels. According to this reporter, this story is an original work of the segment’s DJ, Zhang Ye. Hence, the success of this program cannot be replicated.”

It was also the first time Zhang Ye realized he was in the papers as he rushed forward, “Let me see that.”

“Although the distribution of this newspaper isn’t very wide and is a bit biased, it’s still not bad. You had such results just after entering the radio station?” After attacking him once, Rao Aimin sat with her legs crossed and quickly changed the subject, “When are you paying the rent? If you can’t pay, then clear the debt by doing house chores. It’s about time to clean the house again!”

Her attitude flipped faster than flipping a book!

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, “Landlady auntie, see, I’m already now in the papers and am a person with status and fans. Can I...”

Rao Aimin did not wait for him to finish, “What status do you have? Your only status now is a debtor!”

Zhang Ye bargained, “I can do house chores for you, but you need need to provide me lunch and dinner.” He was almost unable to afford instant noodles.

Rao Aimin leered at him, "You even gave a condition?"

Zhang Ye grumbled, "I have not even eaten lunch. I can't work, if I don't eat."

Rao Aimin clearly was reluctant as she curled her mouth before entering the kitchen. Afterwards, she threw a plastic bag with buns inside, "There's only this! I bought it in the morning!"

Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He wolfed them down right there and then without even heating it up.

Rao Aimin said disdainfully, "You only know how to eat. Did you not eat in your previous life? However, let me tell you that eating buns can kill!"

Zhang Ye had finished eating two buns in a blink of an eye as he nearly choked, "Eating buns can kill?"

"Why would I lie to you. There was a resident here who died last year because of eating buns. Who doesn't know that!" Rao Aimin recalled.

There was indeed a person who had died last year. Although Zhang Ye was not here back then, he had heard about it after moving in. He was immediately scared out of his wits. In his previous world, he had heard of Sudan Red G, gutter oil and melamine which were big problems for food hygiene. Zhang Ye was already frightened. And now hearing that someone near him had died eating buns, his face turned white, as he cherished his life greatly. He tried to vomit out the buns that he had just eaten, but failed in doing so. Just as he felt like he could not tolerate it any further, he quickly asked, "How did that person die? Was it terrible?"

Rao Aimin swept the dust off her legs and sighed, "It was terrible, so terrible. That day, after he went out to buy buns, he got hit by a large truck, killing him!"

"He died from a collision?" Zhang Ye nearly fainted. "Then, what has that got to do with eating buns?"

"I did not say there was any connection." Rao Aimin was in stitches, clearly having teased Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye, "..."

Rao Aimin was feeling good as she smacked Zhang Ye in the head, "Alright, kid. Quickly tidy up the place after eating. Also, fill up the bathtub for me. I want to take a bath."

Her smiles were like flowers and her expressions were sultry!

Although Rao Aimin teased Zhang Ye often and she had a bad temper, was older, had frequent mood swings, was cold to others, loved money like it was her life and was very venomous with her words, still.. she was very pretty!

In Zhang Ye's dreams, he also wished to marry and have such a beautiful woman as his wife!

Hai. But upon further thought, it was quite useless. So what if you had a beautiful wife? After seeing her for so long and getting used to her, it would all be the same. It did not matter if she looked pretty or not. What? You don't believe that? Let's give an example. Who wouldn't find his wife beautiful before marriage to the point of dying for love? But after being married for seven years, if you were to look into the eyes of your wife for more than a minute a day, then you can be considered to have been stung by your conscience and have rekindled your feelings!

Oh, of course, if you are outraged and say things like, "Bullsh*t, even after another 50 years, or even 500 years, I will still find my wife to be as pretty as a flower, one that can topple countries and is the world's number one beauty." Well, then I don't even have to ask. Your wife must be beside you reading this book!

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