

John gave Omi a wink, as if to signal Omi to go outside.

Omi went outside and asked, "John, why did you call me out?"

"Young Master, could you please make Mr. Liu's bodyguard resign, it's disgusting."

"What's wrong?" Omi was puzzled.

"Young Master, that bodyguard of Liu's, Ah Tao, is always laying hands on Jean." John said with great displeasure.

Omi was speechless, "What does it have to do with you if people lay hands on Jean, they are fine with Jean, okay, it's fine, I'm going in."

John felt depressed, that bodyguard of Liu Chen Ming, Ah Tao, took advantage of Jean at every turn.

At this moment, in Omi's room, behind the curtains, a person has been hidden there, without a sound.

Omi was watching TV in the living room, not in a hurry to go back to his room.

It had been staying for an hour.

The old guy upstairs is going to be depressed. The first website m. .net

"It's been an hour, why isn't that brat coming up, if he doesn't come up, my Tortoise Breath Pill is going to expire."

Waiting and waiting, after another half hour, it was already twelve o'clock at night, Omi hadn't come up yet, even Liu Chenming had gone back to his room to sleep, Omi was sitting alone on the sofa.

In the room, the old man was hiding behind the curtains, his legs were sore from standing.

“Why don’t you go upstairs yet, I just want to get some face back, I’m easy I.”

At that moment, Omi went upstairs and heard the sound of stair stirrups.

Omi walked into the room.

The old man said in his heart, “This time, I’ll see how you discover me, and as soon as you lie down, I’ll suddenly appear and scare you, so that you’ll still dare to underestimate my concealment skills.”

Omi entered the room and went to the toilet to take a leak, and took a shower anyway, then lay down on the bed and leaned back against it.

Omi said, “After standing for so long, aren’t your legs sore?”

The old man behind the curtains was stunned and said to himself, “Is he talking to me? It shouldn’t be, he just went upstairs, how does he know how long I’ve been standing there.”

“Hey, I’m going to sleep if you don’t make a sound.” Omi said and lay down.

The old man hiding behind the curtains felt depressed and came out, grunting, “Don’t tell me you’re talking to me.”

Omi said, “Is there anyone else in this room?”

“You’re actually talking to me.”The old man said in shock.

“You’ve been hiding in my room for an hour and a half, and if it weren’t for the fact that your legs are sore, I wouldn’t be up here right now.”

“Ah, didn’t you just enter the room and find me?”

Omi huffed, “I’ll know downstairs before you even enter my room, so tell me, what else do you want from me?”

The old man was extremely depressed, thanks to which he had wasted a Turtle Breath Pill.

“Kid, why did you, a person who hasn’t stepped into the outer gate yet, why did you find me, I’ve gone to so many people’s homes, every time people don’t know when I appear in their rooms, but you’ve made me lose face.”

The old man couldn’t feel Omi’s realm, Omi still looked like he hadn’t broken through, because Omi wasn’t an ordinary person, even if his strength was stronger than his, if Omi didn’t want people to know his realm, others couldn’t find out, Omi didn’t want to make himself too inviting.

“Alright, old man, wash up and go to bed, I’m going to sleep, and when I leave, I’ll help by the way

I’ll pull the balcony door shut, please.”Tenzin covered up and ducked under the covers.

“Ugh.”The old man sighed deeply and walked out of Omi’s room in a tasteless manner, laughing to himself, “Kid, count you in, we’ll see you later.”

The old man closed the balcony door and flew into the darkness.

Omi had fallen asleep.

The next day, Monday, today was New Year's Day, the school was closed, but you had to go to school because you had to participate in various activities held by the college, and there was a New Year's Day party in the evening.

"Bang bang." Early in the morning, Liona knocked on Omi's door.

"What for."

"Get up, you have to go to school today, and you have a calligraphy competition in the morning." Liona shouted from outside the door.

Only then did Omi get up, Omi signed up for three talent competitions, a poetry competition, a calligraphy competition, and a musical instrument competition, Omi's musical instrument, naturally, was the violin, which he was familiar with. Liona also signed up for a talent competition, piano.

Omi finished brushing his teeth and walked downstairs, when he reached the stairs, he heard Jean and Liu Chenming's bodyguard Ah Tao talking, Ah Tao's tone was a bit flippant.

"Jean, how did you sleep last night? It's cold to be tucked in by yourself."

"Ah Tao-senpai, I've turned on the air conditioner, thanks."

"Do you want me to warm up your blanket."

"No, thanks."

"I say Jean, you wouldn't really have anything to do with that silly John, your body is fine, don't you feel bad about being let that John play with you?"

"I don't have anything to do with him."

"Che, you don't see John often look at me with resentment, alright, let's not talk about that John, Jean, we're all working at Willow Chen Ming's house, we're all lonely, do you want to meet up when it's okay." Ah Tao touched Jean's buttocks.

Little Ring was busy, "Senior Ah Tao, can you not touch your hands and feet."

"Jean, I'm a level 26 martial arts expert oh."

"Can you touch me indiscriminately just because you're high in martial arts, my young master's martial arts is much stronger than yours."

"Oh, that's not necessarily true, in case I get through the Renduji pulse in the future, I'll surpass your young master in minutes, I'm not afraid to tell you that I know someone from a big family who will help me get through the Renduji pulse, Jean, just wait for me to become strong, you're not going to stammer and suck up to me now."

"Go."

At this point, perhaps hearing Omi's voice coming down the stairs, he was busy stopping and talking.

When Omi went down to the first floor, Ah Tao greeted with a smile, "Good morning, Tang Shao."

Omi nodded casually, last night John said that Ah Tao had laid his hands on Jean, it really was true, Omi's impression of this Ah Tao had become worse. However, his actions were frivolous, this was not Omi's business, it belonged to his personal moral issues, besides what, what could Omi say.

After breakfast, driving to Baiyun Middle School, in the morning will participate in two competitions in poetry and calligraphy, in the afternoon to participate in the musical instrument competition, because in the afternoon Liona has participated, so Liu Chenming said that he will rush to see in the afternoon, in the morning his company has something can not leave.

Going to school, it turned out that there were a few hydrogen balloons hanging at the school gate, writing some words to celebrate New Year's Day and so on.

Today's school, very festive atmosphere, not only talent competition, there are garden activities, many students have already come.

Shortly after Omi arrived at the school, the school radio sounded, "Please gather in front of building number three immediately, the announcement will be played again, please gather in front of building number three for all classes."

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Omi knew what to do as soon as he heard the class flower and the class grass go to the assembly, it must be to rehearse and welcome some singer Ling Longyu or something.

Omi and Liona immediately came to the No.3 building, soon, the entire school's class flower and class grass are all here.

A teacher in charge said, "Dear students, this evening at about six o'clock, the singing star Ling Longyu will come to our school, now everyone rehearse with me, each of the boys put the drums on the ground around their necks, each of the girls take two garlands, and then rehearse with me."

Omi was helplessly like the other banchoes, hanging a drum around his neck, although Omi felt that it was too degrading to ask him, an insider, to welcome a singer, but Omi took it as just for fun, don't be so serious.

"Boys play drums, girls wave garlands, and a man and a woman stagger into two rows. Then beat the drum, play garland, together shouting slogans: welcome, warm welcome, Loongyu Loongyu, we love you. Did you hear all the slogans clearly?"

"Listen up."

"Well then, let's get started, one, two, three."

"Welcome welcome, warm welcome, Looney Looney, we love you." The class flowers and grasses began to shout, while the boys played drums, the atmosphere was so warm.

Omi also turned into a runaway feeling, that singer Ling Longyu, I don't know which life is a blessing to be able to let Omi welcome him.

Simran was also in the team, but Simran just spiritlessly moved her lips along with everyone else, not shouting out, but her eyes looked towards Omi from time to time.

Liona stood beside Omi, waving her garland and shouting loudly. Remember the URL . . . net

At this moment, in an airplane, Ling Longyu, who is wearing a colorful and beautiful dress, is sitting in the first class of the airplane. When several flight attendants saw the singer Ling Longyu, they asked for a group photo and autograph.

After the group photo was signed, Ling Longyu's agent said: "Longyu, we will be in Linjiang City around noon, we have just talked to the administrative teacher of Baiyun Middle School on the phone, we will

be in Baiyun Middle School around 6:00 pm, their New Year's Day party will officially start at 6:30 pm. You'll be singing three songs at the New Year's Day Gala, all of which are your famous songs."

Ling Longyu was a little impatient and said, "Okay, okay, okay, I know, it's annoying, there's no appearance fee for a penny, what's there to sing."

The agent said, "Oh, you don't want to sing now I can just call and tell them to cancel, but this matter, it seems to be arranged by your family."

It turns out that Linglong Yu is not truly grateful to go back to his alma mater to sing, it was arranged by Linglong Yu's family. Ling Longyu went home on New Year's Day, his family arranged for him to sing at his school, what was the main purpose, the first presumably was to show off, and the second purpose was also to show off. Because Ling Longyu's grandfather is the second master of Zhanghu Hall in Linjiang City, and his influence is very powerful.

At this time, Ling Long Yu's agent said, "Right, the school also said that when you entered the arena, they arranged a team made up of the class flowers of Bai Yun Middle School to welcome you."

Ling Longyu's eyes moved: "Class flower and class grass?"

"Yeah, it seems like White Cloud High School is still sincere in welcoming you, I'm afraid they'll be disappointed if you cancel."

"Since there are class flowers, hehehehe." Ling Long Yu laughed for a while hehehe.

Linglong Yu was also a graduate of Baiyun Middle School back then, Linglong Yu was very ugly, counted as a hanging wire one, class flower school flower and so on, he couldn't chase one of them, so once he heard about the class flower, Linglong Yu suddenly came to be interested.



In the past, I was not yet famous, and I was rated as the third most evil youngster in Baiyun Middle School, but unfortunately, I was not even a class flower or school flower.

I can't get laid, paralyzed, it's so bad to think about now. But it's good, now that I'm famous, hehehehe, I'll make up for the regret I had back then. With my current fame, what class flower and school flower, it's still a handful."

Omi and the others practiced for half an hour before they finished.

"Dear students, those who have participated in the morning talent competition, please come to the sports field, we will have a live competition, scoring and awarding of prizes. The first event is calligraphy, please be prepared for the calligraphy competition." The radio sounded.

Omi and Liona and the others walked to the sports field together.

Simran plucked up her courage and smiled at Omi, "Omi, didn't you take part in the calligraphy competition."

"Yes, Xuan'er, didn't you also participate in the singing competition."

Omi and Simran chatted, Liona followed the side sourly, Liona hated that she alone dominated Omi, no other girl could say a word to Omi, unfortunately reality was cruel. Simran found the opportunity to talk to Omi.

"Omi, where's your girlfriend?" Simran suddenly asked, actually, not suddenly, just pretending to ask suddenly.

Omi smiled bitterly and said, "We broke up."

“Ah, broke up?” Li Xuan Er’s heart thudded.

“When was that?”

“Yesterday, and now Xu Yan is also home.”

“Oh.” Simran’s eyes turned, at this moment, she felt as if her heart was happy.

Simran thought inwardly, “I was hesitant to give Omi the New Year’s Day gift this morning, but now I definitely have to, but fortunately I brought it.”

So, Simran immediately plucked up her courage, took out a delicate box from her bag, and said to Omi, “Omi, I have a gift for you.”

“Er, a gift for me?” Omi was stunned.

Simran opened the box, inside was a watch, Simran took the watch out and smiled, “A little token of appreciation, I hope you don’t mind, Omi, happy New Year’s Day.”

At this moment, Liona was startled, she hadn’t even sent it yet, she was pre-empted by Simran.

“This, how nice?” Omi chuckled.

“What’s there to be embarrassed about, you’re a great benefactor to our family, it’s only natural for me to give you a New Year’s Day gift ah, let me help you put your watch on.”

“Okay, hehehe.” Omi held out his hand and Simran put the watch on for him.

Liona was sour inside.

Omi wore the watch and shook it in front of Liona and said proudly, "Miss, pretty, hehehehe."

Liona was busy, "You guys go to the sports field first, I'll go back to my class."

Immediately returned to the classroom, Liona had prepared a gift last week and put it in the drawer, since Simran had already given it, Liona was also ready to give it to Omi right away, never lagging behind Simran.

"Thank you, Xuan'er, but unfortunately, I don't have any gift for you." Omi said.

"No need, it's just a small gift."

Omi took a seat on the bleachers in the stadium, along with Carlos and Simran, Liang Ying, and Wei Ming.

Liona soon arrived, holding a large box in her hand, the outside of which was very delicately tied up with red thread.

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Liona walked up to Omi and smiled, "Omi, this is my New Year's Day gift to you."

Omi was stunned, "What? You have a gift too."

“Mm.”Liona nodded shyly, the gift she gave was a bit special.

Omi unceremoniously unwrapped the gift from Liona, inside was a box of chocolate cookies.

Omi ate a cookie and spat it out, saying, “What the hell, it’s burnt, it’s so bad.”

Liona’s face, which had been happy, pulled down.

“It’s chocolate, chocolate is supposed to taste like this, okay.”Liona was busy saying that she had thought about sending chocolates for so long, but she didn’t expect that Omi would vomit after taking a bite and say that it tasted awful.

When Simran saw Liona’s depressed look, she seemed to have guessed why Liona wanted to send chocolates.

Chocolates represent love, and Liona is confessing her feelings to Omi in a very indirect and subtle way.

Unfortunately, playing romance with someone with a low EQ like Omi, Liona can only ask for trouble.

Omi grabbed a handful of chocolates for Carlos and Wei Ming, as well as the other students sitting next to him, and smiled: “Everyone, don’t be polite, eat, I have more here after.” One Second Remember to Read the Book

“Thank you Tang Shao.”

Liona sat depressed to the side, the chocolates she carefully sent, Omi shared them with everyone and ate them all, Liona secretly grumbled in aggravation, “Not at all romantic.”

Simran said to Omi, "Omi, you eat it too, after all, it's a piece of Liona's heart, if you don't eat it make Liona feel so bad."

"I don't like the taste." Omi also said to Liona, "Miss, next time, remember not to buy this flavor."

"Oh." Liona pursed her lips and ohed, it seemed that Omi couldn't possibly understand such a subtle confession from him.

At this time, on the podium of the sports field, the presiding teacher shouted, "Everyone, quiet, below, the first talent competition to be held is calligraphy, the judges of the calligraphy competition are Su Yang, a famous calligrapher from Linjiang City, and Meng Lun, a calligrapher."

"Pah-pah." Everyone applauded.

Omi looked towards the podium and immediately saw Meng Lun sitting on the guest chair.

"All the students who participated in the calligraphy competition, please enter the stadium, choose a table at random, the table has been laid out with pen and ink, each of you write an ancient poem silently by yourself, then write your respective class and seat number, you don't need to write your name."

Omi stood up and prepared to enter the sports field.

Simran and Liona shouted almost simultaneously, "Go for it, Tzichen."

After shouting, they looked at each other and blushed very awkwardly.

"Good." Omi walked towards the center of the stadium.

At this moment, on one side of the podium, Su Yang said to his grandson Su Yuhao, "Yuhao, play hard, you were embarrassed at school before, get a first place in calligraphy today, raise your face properly."

"Grandpa, there's no need to say it, I've been practicing calligraphy since I was young, I won first place last year, and the same this year." Su Yuhao said very confidently, Su Yuhao remembered that during the previous twenty days, he was bullied by Omi and others at school and his image was greatly damaged, he really needed to improve his image. Today's calligraphy competition was something he had been looking forward to for a long time, and there would definitely be many students worshipping him for his good calligraphy writing.

As Su Yuhao walked in, some students shouted, "Su Yuhao, first, Su Yuhao, first."

These shouting students, are Su Yuhao hired to prop, rare to have a performance of their talent, Su Yuhao does not have a good power how to do.

Omi randomly chose a table in the middle of the sports field, throughout the sports field, there were hundreds of tables in a row, each table had a pen and ink on top of it.

"Begin."

With a bang, the more than a hundred participants began to move their pens.

Omi picked up the brush and wielded it soundly for a while, in Omi's world, there were no ballpoint pens, only brushes, so almost everyone was very good at writing with a brush. And Omi, who was again the leader among all those who wrote very well, had his own style of calligraphy. It was like Wang Xizhi and Yan Zhenqing, all of whom already had their own style.

A five-sentence sentence, Omi finished writing it in a few tens of seconds, with a mound in his heart, and strokes like a god, while the other students had to think about how the character should be stroked in their minds, and that was the difference.

But this is nothing to be proud of, after all, Omi has been writing brush characters since he was a child.

After Omi finished writing, he wrote on the blank space: senior class 32, number 56.

After writing, Omi returned to the stands, everyone saw that Omi had finished writing all at once, and despised: "This first evil young man, a look is out to brush up his existence, don't even want a minute to finish writing, I guess he just wrote a class and seat number, for this kind of person, I'm powerless to spit, how about you guys?"

On the other side of the stands, Song Yu'er said regretfully, "Had I known that Omi had signed up for calligraphy, Liu Yue, you would have signed up too."

"Miss, I don't have any talent." Liu Yue was busy.

Song Yu'er stared, "Is it possible that Omi has talent? I now finally know why Omi is so hot, cheeky, it turns out to be thick skin, no talent also went to register, can't take the top three, others also think that calligraphy is good."

Liu Yue rolled his white eyes, he didn't want to embarrass anyone.

Soon, everyone had finished writing.

"Please return to the stands, the calligraphy competition will be judged live right away, please Mr. Su Yang and Mr. Meng Lun, one by one, go to the stadium and select the top three works."

Meng Lun stood up and prepared to walk off the podium.

At this time, Su Yang shouted, "Wait, I give up judging, let Meng Lun alone judge.

Su Yang said in his heart, "If I go to judge, later on, when my grandson wins first place, people will inevitably think that I'm cheating, so let's let Meng Lun go to judge."

It turned out that this was what Su Yang had planned, he expected his grandson to win first place, so he avoided suspicion.

The presiding teacher seemed to understand, so he said, "Then Mr. Meng Lun will have to work harder, and you alone will judge the top three."

Meng Lun walked off the sports field and went to look at those calligraphy works one by one, with the two teachers beside him assisting him by helping him remember some things to help him judge the best three calligraphy works.

Right now, Su Yuhao's heart was full of pride, and he was now thinking about what to say when he made his speech when he won the first place.

"What should I say? Then let me tell you how my grandfather taught me to write since I was a child." Su Yuhao had already thought of a sentiment in his heart, and could not wait to announce right now that it was Su Yuhao who won the first place in calligraphy.

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About forty minutes later, Meng Lun had judged out the top three calligraphy works.

Meng Lun returned to the podium.



At this time, Su Yuhao, who was sitting on the stand, got nervous and couldn't help but hold his breath. Those TOs hired by Su Yuhao, under the command of one of Su Yuhao's followers, began to shout, "Su Yuhao, first, Su Yuhao, first."

"Quiet, I'll ask Mr. Meng Lun, the judge's teacher, to announce the top three."

Su Yuhao's TOs stopped shouting, and the audience was quiet.

The staff found out the names of the top three, and Meng Lun picked up the microphone to announce, "I announce that for this calligraphy competition, the first place winner is..."

"Thank you, thank you all." Just then, Su Yuhao suddenly stood up and said thank you to everyone.

"Ah." Meng Lun was stunned, he hadn't even announced it yet.

Su Yuhao was so nervous because he was too nervous, or too eager to win first place, so nervous that his brain already felt like shouting his name.

Su Yangton was a little embarrassed and scolded in his heart, "Yuhao, what are you in a hurry for?"

"Ah, hasn't it been announced yet? Oh, sorry." After Su Yuhao found out, he was busy sitting down with a grey head. The first website m. .net

Only then did Meng Lun continue to announce, "The one who won first place is, Senior 32 Class 56, Omi."

"What?"

“Holy shit?You can’t fake it like that, can you?”

The whole place exploded, everyone knew that Omi was the number one villain, and he was still a scum student.

Su Yu boldly yelled, “Cheat, cheat, this is never possible.”

Meng Lun continued to report second place, but, before he could voice his opinion, Su Yang yelled, “Meng Lun, what do you mean?Why isn’t the first place Su Yuhao?”

Meng Lun said, “Su, I don’t care who was first, I was looking at the works and judging the works, I didn’t know who was who.The work that just won first place, I didn’t know it was Omi until I brought it back.”

Su Yang snorted, “Meng Lun, others don’t know about your relationship with Omi, would I not know?”

Meng Lun also didn’t want to argue with Su Yang, and said to the staff around him, “Since Su has objections, fine, you guys put these three calligraphy works, names and classes on tape, and bring them to Su to judge for himself.”

“Good.”

Several teachers immediately taped up the class seat numbers of the three works.

Meng Lun said, “Old Su, the three works are now in front of you, judge for yourself, which one is first, which one is second, and which one is third.”

“Ah.”Su Yang was startled.

Although Su Yang was good at calligraphy, but he was usually busy and specialized in medicine, he didn't know his grandson's penmanship too well, Su Yang was a little worried because he was afraid that he would recognize the words written by his grandson wrongly.

Su Yang cursed in his heart: "This Meng Lun, deliberately let them seal the class and seat number, otherwise I can see the class and know exactly which one is Yuhao's character. Damn, now what if I'm mistaken? It doesn't matter either, it shouldn't be enough to admit a mistake."

Su Yang went up, there were three calligraphy works on the table, the one on the left was the best, Su Yang said in his heart, "This one is so well written, look at the strokes, wandering dragon and snake, it should be my grandson's."

Su Yang said with certainty, "This one first place, this one second place, and this one third place."

Meng Lun asked, "Old Su, are you sure?"

"OK." Su Yang was still confident, he believed that the most beautiful words were written by his grandson.

Meng Lun Dao: "Host

Teacher, rip the tape off in front of Su, and announce the rankings on the spot, as judged by Su."

"Good."

The host teacher tore the tape of the first place work that Su Yang pointed out, and then announced, "The first place winner is, Omi."

“What.” Su Yang was shocked, busy pouncing on it to look, and sure enough, on the blank space of that piece of artwork was written Senior 32 Class 56.

Su Yang’s brain was a weng.

Meng Lun asked somewhat cynically, “Su Lao, this time you judged it yourself, what else do you have to say?”

In the stands, Su Yuhao shouted, “No, I’m the first place.”

The host teacher announced the second place again.

Su Yang said in his heart, “Second place, I believe it’s always Yuhao, I was wrong this time, so let’s get a second place, I don’t believe I’ll be wrong about the second place.”

The presiding teacher tore off the second place tape and shouted, “The one who won the second place is, Jiang Yu.”

“What.” Su Yang pounced on it again, his eyes were stupid, how could that be.

Meng Lun said, “Su Lao, it seems your grandson, third place, this time it’s you who judged it.”

“The one who won the third place is, Su Yuhao. This calligraphy competition, the top three have been released, I’ll announce the rankings again, first place, Omi, second place, Jiang Yu, third place, Su Yuhao.”

Su Yuhao lost his voice and yelled, “Give me back my first place, ooooooh, grandpa, you actually ranked me third, I hate you, oooh.”

“This.” Su Yang was incomparably depressed and could only stare at Meng Lun fiercely.

Meng Lun said, “Host teacher, by the way, announce the top three that I just judged and see what’s different.”

“Okay, the top three that Mr. Meng just evaluated are, Omi, Su Yuhao, and Jiang Yu.”

Su Yang’s body trembled, Meng Lun judged, his grandson was actually second.

Su Yang’s body trembled, “Meng Lun, you actually judged my grandson as second.”

Meng Lun snorted, “Su Lao, I don’t know which one is your grandson’s, I’m just speaking on the works, but when I saw that you put Su Yuhao’s work in third place, I reviewed it again, and I found that it is indeed more appropriate to put Su Yuhao in third place.”

Su Yang snorted heavily, feeling beaten in the face, originally he didn’t speak out against it, and his grandson was still able to get second place, now well, he was originally second, but he himself was rated third to go, what a disgrace.

In the stands, Omi didn’t have any look on his face.

Omi just spent less than a minute when he wrote that piece of writing, it was just a random piece of writing, it wasn’t Omi’s true level of calligraphy, Omi’s true level of calligraphy, it wasn’t even brought out, Omi was just a casual participant, but unexpectedly, he actually won first place.

Liona snapped at Omi, “When did you become so good at calligraphy, why didn’t you even tell me.”

Omi laughed, "It's just a few words, it's not a big deal."

Carlos said, "You even won first place in the calligraphy competition, it's not remarkable enough."

"Oh." Omi smiled calmly.

The two of them, Liona and Simran, seeing that Omi actually still had this talent, they suddenly had a better impression of Omi again, scumbag student, it's not like he's useless.

After about fifteen minutes, the host teacher shouted, "The following, will be the second competition, drawing competition, forty minutes, can be brush painting, watercolor painting, pencil painting, pencil painting and so on. Please enter and control your time well. The judge for the drawing competition is, Mr. Xiong Jiajun."