

Boss Lady Chapter 131-132

Chapter 131

The column for the optional question on this paper is written.

Although it was not written all over the paper, it was written neatly with a single stroke.

The words seemed to be written in a casual manner, but they were definitely not written casually.

The head of the physics team stopped humming and gradually became more serious.

He moved closer and began to look carefully.

Then he found that the steps on the answer key were different, except for the first two steps, which were the same as the standard answers.

There were sixteen steps in the standard answer, and only seven steps on the answer card.

However, the answers worked out to be the same at the end.

The Physics Team Leader knew that the question chosen for this answer key was from Option 3-4, which was about mechanical and electromagnetic waves.

However, this question also involved the theory of relativity, so many students failed to do it.

The answer was not a precise number, but a long series of equations.

The answer was not a precise number, but a long series of equations, the kind that could not even be hoodwinked, let alone a good letter.

The head of the Physics team looked at the answer card for half a day and his whole body cracked up.

He found that he could not understand the solution to the problem.

It was not the same as the standard answer, and he could not give a mark, so he had to call the head of the teaching staff.

“Hello, Director.” As soon as the phone was answered there, the head of the physics team was busy asking, “Who produced the physics paper for the Yingcai class this time?”

He was leading the Talented class, but just because he could lecture, it didn’t mean he could produce questions.

If he wanted to produce questions, the standard had to be even higher.

“It’s always been the Physics Department of the Imperial University that comes up with them.” The academic director wondered, “What’s wrong?”

“So no other answers have been given from Imperial University?” The head of the physics team frowned, “There should be many ideas for solving a problem, right?”

Maths physics was not like other subjects, especially proof problems, there was basically more than one way to do it.

“I suppose, you should call and ask yourself.” The head teacher was perfunctory, “I’m at the beach, I’m going down to the sea soon, don’t bother me.”

Physics team leader: “.....”

He hung up the phone angrily and tried to drag the head teacher into the blacklist.

But there was no way out, he just had to find out the number of the physics department side of the Imperial University and call it again.

This time it was a young professor who gave the questions.

He was in his early thirties, but the questions he asked were ghostly, the kind that didn't look too difficult, but he didn't know what to write when he put pen to paper.

After the head of the physics team sent this answer card with the solution idea, it didn't take long for the message to come back.

Old excitement.

[Come on, come on, come on! Tell me who did this.

[Three minutes, I want all the information on this student!

The head of the physics team wiped a sweat and asked back.

[So it's right?

[Crap, that's right, why the fuck didn't I think of that? I can't believe it can be solved like this, stop, one word, give me this student's information, if this is not recruited into our physics department, am I still a human being I.]

Looking at this string of replies, the head of the physics group was really cracked up this time.

The physics department of the Imperial University was ranked in the top five in the world, and was no better than the top universities abroad.

Not to mention the initiative to recruit, it is not always possible to be selected even if students rush to apply.

The head of the physics team also wanted to know which student this was, but he couldn't see the name when he was correcting the papers.

I don't know, but I'll send you the results when they come out.

I'll send it to you when the overall results are out.] [Okay, okay, okay, you guys hurry up, I can buy the tickets here.

After dealing with this slightly crazy young professor, the physics teacher took a moment to mark a perfect score before shakily proceeding to correct the paper.

**

Hengdian Film and Television City.

The news of Luo Ziyue's expulsion was no longer a secret, it spread throughout the entire crew in one day, causing many people to talk about it.

"It should have been mentioned to the iron plate, otherwise it wouldn't have rolled."

"I've been sick of her for a long time, she puts on a dead face every day, I don't know who she's showing, a second female is just a second female, the whole crew has to provide for her, she's got a thick skin."

"I can't help it, who told her to have a golden master behind her? Even the debut position is bought, what else can't be done."

The other actors had long been discontented with Luo Ziyue, but they just couldn't help it.

In the past, there was an actress who was kicked out of the production that day just because she contradicted Luo Ziyue.

Heaven's way is good, and now it was Luo Ziyue's turn.

"What are they all muttering about?" The producer walked over majestically, "Hurry up and get ready, it's time to shoot the scene."

The actors were immediately silenced and began to sort out their clothes.

They were shooting a web drama, not a big production, and they couldn't afford to delay.

Nie Chao's company was just for fun, and if he was really asked to invest in a big drama, he would still find it too much trouble.

Moreover, it is much easier to get a web drama reviewed and the production is very fast.

In a month, one can be completed.

"Big Brother, do you see what drama you want to watch?" Nie Chao was beaming, "I'll ask them to customize it for you directly, the script, the actors, the genre, it's all up to you, big brother."

Ying Ziji propped his chin up watching a live version of the concubine tearing off, with interest, "A dog and pony show."

Nie Chao: "....."

No, there are really people who love dog and pony dramas?

"Good!" Nie Chao slapped his thigh, "I'll let them go and add two memory loss, three jumps into the lake and four miscarriages!"

After saying that, he got up and went to find the producer.

Not far away –

A man and a woman were walking past.

I don't know what he saw, but the man suddenly stopped in his tracks.

The woman beside him frowned and followed his gaze, very coldly: "Yaozhi, what are you looking at?"

Shang Yaozhi didn't answer and walked straight away.

When he walked in front of the girl, he stopped: "Miss Ying Shen, I didn't expect to meet you here."

Ying Ziyi looked up: "Coincidence."

Not a word more was said.

"I've been a bit busy with work, I haven't been able to thank Miss Ying in person." Shang Yaozhi coughed and smiled faintly, "The recipe given by Miss Ying is very useful, my vocal cords have recovered."

"You're welcome." Ying Ziji looked at him again and side-stepped to make way, her voice faint, "Here you go."

Fu Yunshen was playing with her hair when he lifted his head at the words, "?"

"The good looking male celebrity you want to see."

“.....”

Most afraid of the sudden silence in the air.

“I’m just Miss Ying’s patient.” It was Shang Yaozhi who broke the silence first, explaining, “I’m here to give her my thanks this time.”

Fu Yunshen lowered his fingers and suddenly smiled, “Hm?”

Ying Zidian ignored them both and went on to watch the tearing drama.

“Mr. Shang doesn’t have to be formal.” Fu Yunshen leaned back, “The kids are right, I’m here to see a good looking male celebrity.”

“It’s my pleasure.” Shang Yaozhi’s jaw lifted and pointed to the right, “I’m filming over there, if you two are interested, you can come over and take a look, I won’t bother you now.”

He said another thank you before leaving.

**

Evening.

The lights were bright and people were coming and going.

There was a show at Hengdian today, and a few of the hot young stars of the moment had been invited to support the show.

Many tourists have come and bought tickets.

Ying was not interested in the show and just went backstage for a visit before going back to browse the nok forum to see what bounties were available.

It was dark at eight o'clock, so Fu Yunshen naturally didn't worry about her being alone and waited for her outside.

When he saw her come out, he gave her a slight nod: "Yoyo, let's go."

The two of them had only taken a few steps when a sudden noise erupted to their right.

A staff member shouted at the top of his lungs, "Where are the dance costumes? Who has taken the box with the dance costumes?"

"What should we do? They're going to perform on stage in a few minutes, how can they perform now that their clothes are gone?"

"There's nothing backstage? We still have five minutes before the next show, so there's still time to find them.

As soon as the leader of the working group gave the word, the staff went to look for the suitcases in a frenzied manner.

But the venue was so big and crowded that they didn't have a clue where to look.

It wasn't until a leader from above came down and spoke angrily, "Go check the CCTV, fools, the case is backstage.

Only then did a staff member go to the surveillance room to transfer the surveillance.

Fu Yunshen glanced back and said, "It's not Nie Dynasty's."

The implication was that they didn't need to bother with it.

But after taking another step, Ying Ziyi stopped.

Her phoenix eyes swept slightly, and her pupils were cold.

Fu Yunshen also stopped: "Yao Yao?"

At this moment, over there, a staff member shouted.

"Surveillance, surveillance has been found!"

"Quick, quickly see who it is."

Another staff member came out from the backstage with a computer in his arms and started playing the surveillance straight away.

After watching it, he raised his head and looked for something in the crowd.

The head of the working group rushed over, chopping his head off and asking, "Well, did you find out? Who took the dance costume?"

"Team leader, we've found out." The staff member turned his head, pointed at the girl and his tone was cold, "This young lady, she was the last one to leave."

Chapter 132

"After she left, the box with the dance costumes disappeared."

Two words that brought the cacophony around them to a halt.

The people around looked over, with scrutiny in their gazes.

In particular, the eyes of the few dancers who were about to go on stage instantly went cold.

This performance was very important to them, in order to be seen by the director and producer, so that they could enter the entertainment industry.

After all, they were only the company's trainee, or the most ordinary one, not even qualified for the talent show.

Now that the dance costumes were lost, they had no way to go on stage, so how could they attract the attention of the circle?

Ying was wearing a black baseball cap, the brim of which was pressed down, covering her eyebrows and eyes, revealing only the bridge of her nose and lips.

It was night again and the lights were bright, so the girl's appearance was not very clear, only an outline could be seen.

It was hazy, but it was even clearer.

The team leader also looked over, "So, she took it?"

"It doesn't show up in the surveillance." The staff member who was watching the monitor on the computer said, "But she was the last one to leave, and she wasn't part of the group."

Not a member of staff, not a performer, how did she get backstage?

The head of the working group frowned and quickly stepped forward, stopping the girl in front of her, "This young lady, please come backstage with us again."

He raised his hand and was about to tug her arm.

But just as soon as he reached out, midway, he was intercepted by another hand.

The man's fingers were long and slender, their tips glistening white and flawless as jade.

It was clearly a very light movement, but it was inexplicably stern.

A ringy killing blow.

The working group leader froze and lifted his head.

This was close enough to be startled for a moment by the face of the person in front of him.

Hengdian Film and Television City was more than three hundred kilometres away from Shanghai, in a small city.

Although the people here have an idea of the four powerful families in Shanghai, they have never seen them in person, so naturally they would not know Fu Yunshen.

Fu Yunshen raised his jaw, a smile on his lips, his tone very light: "Go check the surveillance, complete."

The head of the working group froze again, his brows furrowed even tighter.

It was reasonable to say that there was really no need for people to take dance costumes either.

Although those dance costumes were exquisite, they weren't exactly luxury items.

The working group leader had seen a lot of people in Yokohama and could tell at a glance that the clothes the men and girls wore were high fashion.

Was it necessary to make things difficult for a few dancers?

He took the walkie-talkie and called a technician over.

Ying raised her eyes: "Well, I can--"

"No need." Fu Yunshen pulled the brim of his hat down again for her, "It's not your business, what's the point of wasting time."

He didn't stay in the entertainment industry, but he had heard Nie Chao talk about some of the tricks in the entertainment industry.

Quite nasty.

Now, it had gotten to the point where even vegetarians weren't spared.

Ying Ziguai didn't say anything, nodding slightly.

This kind of trivial matter, which happened so recently, she took a glance at it and already understood the cause and effect.

Sometimes, when dogma happens to her, it really isn't as interesting as watching it herself.

This side, the technician hurriedly arrived and began to look at the surveillance copied from the surveillance room.

A few minutes later, he looked up, "Team leader, this surveillance has indeed been cut, with a section missing in the middle."

The look on the team leader's face changed: "How long will it take to restore it?"

"There's some trouble." The technician was embarrassed, "I'll need an hour."

"No." The dancer in charge was in a hurry, "We've got ten minutes before we go on stage."

Even if we went back to customising the dance costumes now, it would be too late.

"Team leader!" On the other side, a few staff members rushed over, "Found it, the dance costume was found, I don't know who threw it into the gap over the stone bridge."

Hearing this, Ying deleted the text message and pressed the phone out, "Let's go."

Seeing the two people leave like that, a staff member was dissatisfied: "Team leader, just let them go like this?"

"The dance costumes have been recovered anyway, and there's no evidence that they did it, so what's the point of stopping them?" The working group leader shook his head, "I don't know where the noble son came from, it's good enough that he didn't count, and he still wants to cause trouble?"

The staff froze.

"Proceed to restore the surveillance." The head of the working group ordered, "Someone is targeting this performance, make sure to find out."

**

The first floor of the small building.

Ying Ziji walked out of the bathroom, towel in one hand to wipe her hair, phone in the other, and boarded the nok forum.

The nok forum actually only had a computer version of the login program, but she found it quite troublesome to carry the computer around every day, so she made up a new mobile version.

As soon as she logged on, the private message box was ringing like crazy.

Ying turned off the sound and deleted all the messages from strangers in the private message box without looking.

Ever since she posted the bounty on the forum that day, the number of people messaging her every day had never stopped.

There were even a ton of messages to add friends, and even admins.

But she had opened this account firstly to learn about the current Earth, and secondly to read gossip about her retirement.

The hidden section has more bounties than the normal home page, but the big boys still come out to water post and have some fun too.

Yesterday, for example, there was a discussion about an officer in the ibi who had been thrown out of his home by his wife with a stick and had to go and find an agent under his command to take him in.

The ibi, which is a scandal to the outside world, is just a talking point in the nok.

It was a normal thing, after all, sometimes ibi couldn't find anyone, and the International Intelligence Directorate iia couldn't find out anything, so they had to come here and post for help.

After she deleted the private message, she saw a friend message.

[Divine Doctor! God doctor! After using that medicine you sent, the scar on my body has finally healed, the growth value would have been useless to me, I think you're losing out, Doctor God, let's see what you're missing, I'll send you something?]

Remembering that this was a bounty she had received before she entered the hidden section, Ying Ziji replied with four words.

[No, try the medicine.

Just after she replied to this message, a red dot appeared on her friend bar.

[Ding, @Please take a pill request to add you as a friend, do you agree.

[No. Yes]

Ying Ziji took a look at the nickname and her phoenix eyes narrowed slightly.

She had already browsed through all the messages once she entered the hidden section of the nok forum.

Of course there was no way she hadn't seen the reward message at the top, which was why she had to use her new number to retire properly.

She now also knew that the one who wanted to kill Fu Yunshen at that time was one of the hunters on the nok list.

A hunter is just a generic term, and there are many categories under it.

There are many categories under it: marksman, hypnotist, assassin, disguiser, and poisoner, to name a few.

For each of these categories, there is a ranking.

This id, "Please take a pill", is the third ranked poisoner on the poisoner list, and is said to be selling sunscreen on some beach.

But it had nothing to do with her.

Ying Zidian moved her finger and clicked "no".

Then she browsed through the gossip of the day and went offline.

** The next day.

The next day.

Ying Ziji slept until after ten o'clock.

Fu Yunshen had gone out early in the morning and left her a message.

It was best for her to just wander around until he returned.

Nie Chao, who hadn't received any instructions, was heartbroken.

He was with Big Brother, he was the soft one, and he should be the one being protected, right?

Ying Zidian opened the map and searched, going to a teahouse for dim sum.

Nie Chao hastily followed.

Even if it was for his own safety, he had to keep the big brother close.

The teahouse was also inside the Hengdian Film and Television City, a street that was modeled after the Tang Dynasty architecture, and there were also erhu-playing zither players downstairs.

“Big Brother, what do you think Seventh Younger thinks?” Nie Chao sighed, “I think he really holds you in his hands, he’s afraid you’ll melt.”

“Your big brother holds you in such high regard too.”

“.....”

Nie Chao almost died.

His big brother that was the one who had to beat him into melting.

As the two were eating, there was the sound of footsteps, the clatter of high heels.

It drew the attention of the other patrons in the teahouse.

It was a woman, red lips and black hair, black suit dress, a strong woman in the mall at first glance.

The receptionist of the teahouse was busy welcoming her, “Ms. Gao.”

The woman waved her hand and walked straight to a table by the window.

She leaned down and tapped her hand on the table, her tone cold and condescending: “Miss Ying, right? May I ask why you took away our staff’s dance costumes?”

Nie Chao had gone out for a drink yesterday and didn't know what had happened, so she was a bit confused.

Ying Zidian didn't answer, she was looking at her phone.

The woman subconsciously frowned, and without asking, she said straight away, "I don't know why you're doing this, but Hengdian is not a place for you to spill your guts, please leave the place."

After she finished, she waved towards the receptionist lady on the side, "Ask them out."

The receptionist lady froze, but went forward anyway.

This Ms Gao was a valuable customer of the teahouse and had invested a lot, not something they could mess with

Ying Ziji sat still, still with her head down.

The woman frowned, displeased: "Miss Ying, please have some manners."

"Excuse me." Ying Zidian slowly raised her head, her tone of voice was the usual cold and light, "I bought this place ten seconds ago.

Boss Lady Chapter 133-134

Chapter 133

"....."

There was a sudden silence in the teahouse, and the guests who heard the words were stunned, including the receptionist who had followed them over.

And with the girl looking up like that, her face was exposed to the sight.

In an instant, all the people around, whether of the same or opposite sex, were dulled.

The killing power of the face was too powerful.

“What did you say?” The woman just felt ridiculous and almost laughed, “You said you bought the place?”

She often came here to dine and did know that the owner of the teahouse was going to sell it because he was leaving the country.

But the teahouse was so dated and expensive that she hadn't wanted to buy it.

After all, her company consumed a lot every month and there was no need to add another bill.

But ten seconds ago?

What big words.

Beneath her sunglasses, the woman's expression could not hide her contempt, shaking her head repeatedly and changing her title, “Little girl, it's good to be young and prosperous, but there are occasions for that.”

Does a high school student know how sinister society can be?

The woman spoke again, meaning to say, “Little girl, there are some people you can't afford to offend, so be careful in future.”

Ying Zidian ignored it and answered the phone in front of the woman.

“Hello!” On the other end of the phone was a very excited voice, “Miss Ying, I don’t know where you are, I’ll have someone send it to you now?”

Star’s vip accounts were all real names.

But only when the two parties make a big transaction will the names be visible.

If necessary, photos would be exchanged to facilitate identification.

The girl’s voice was cold and slow, brief and concise: “You’re downstairs.”

The owner of the voice on the phone was none other than the teahouse owner, who froze but quickly responded, “Fine, fine, I’ll have the staff take it to you directly, thank you so much, I can finally get rid of it.”

The call hung up.

The woman frowned again, this time with a real smile, “Good acting skills little girl, if you hadn’t taken my staff’s dance costume, I might have even recommended you to enter the entertainment industry, pity.”

It’s a pity that there’s no such chance.

With a casual remark, she could place a blocking order.

Although Nie Chao still didn’t know what was going on, he heard the fire rise up: “I said you-”

His words were cut off by the ringing of the receptionist’s mobile phone.

“Boss?” The receptionist took a glance at the caller ID and was busy picking it up, “May I ask if there is anything I can do for you?”

“I’ve already bought my plane ticket and sent you a picture on WeChat.” The teahouse owner spoke quickly, “You give this young lady all the papers in my drawer, she will be your boss from now on, and we’ll say goodbye.”

The receptionist was a bit messy.

She opened her WeChat to take a look, and only after a long time did she look up in a daze and look at the girl: “You are our new boss? The boss told me to give you the prepared file bag.”

The woman’s smile froze on her red lips.

“Put it away first.” Ying stood up, faintly, “Ask her out.”

The receptionist looked at the woman, apprehensive, “Ms. Gao, sorry, the boss has sent word to ask you to leave.”

She was just an employee, she still had to listen to the boss.

The woman’s face was blue for a moment, and there was a moment of wretchedness on her face.

She was six-foot-four and had 5cm high heels.

But even so, she was still almost half a head shorter than the girl.

Even the strongest aura shrank at once.

The woman gritted her teeth, turned around and walked away quickly.

It was like she was running away.

Things reversed so quickly that Nie Chao looked dumbfounded.

“Crap, big brother, how did you buy that?” He only had time to be shocked, “No, when did you buy it?”

They had been here the whole time, not even five minutes of light before or after.

Ying carried the packed snacks and said one word carelessly, “STAR.”

She was going to buy them anyway, there was no difference between buying them early and buying them late.

Only then did Nie Chao remember that such a buggy online shopping platform.

When it was first launched, star’s slogan was –

There is nothing you can’t buy, only what you can’t think of.

Even the Principality can buy and sell, a teahouse is really nothing.

But to be able to buy a teahouse, STAR’s membership level must not be low.

For something of this magnitude, the platform would not sell it without the financial security of a low-level member.

Nie Chao had bought quite a few things on STAR, but they were all daily necessities, and he hadn’t bought anything big yet.

But his family's old man, five years ago, auctioned off an o-continent ancient castle on STAR, which was said to have been handed down from the 14th century and had an excellent view.

Master Nie bought this in order to one day hand over the Nie family to his descendants and retire on his own.

Unfortunately, the wish never came true.

Nie Chao was curious: "Who is that woman?"

Ying Zidian looked puzzled: "You run an entertainment company, you don't know her?"

"Ah, this." Nie Chao scratched his head, "I'm just playing around, I'm not even trying to make money."

I don't know how the producer could make so much money from such a bloody drama.

Ying Zidian gave a faint "hmm", "It's quite crazy, no need to know."

**

Ying Zidian went around and brought the snacks to Fu Yunshen, then returned to the room.

There were a few more messages on WeChat, from Shang Yaozhi.

It was ten minutes ago.

[Doctor Ying, I'm really sorry, the person who went to see you today was the chairman of our company, she saw me talking to you earlier and misunderstood you and wanted you to stay away from me, she's a bit sick in the head, that's why she had that incident yesterday, I'm so sorry.]

There was nothing surprising about Ying Ziyi.

The loss of the dance costume, the lack of surveillance, it was all that woman's handiwork.

It was just too cheap to be of much use.

She was more than accurate in setting up newcomers in the entertainment industry.

[No need, it has nothing to do with you.]

After this message was returned, Shang Yaozhi quickly replied.

[In any case, Dr. Ying has suffered an undeserved disaster because of me, fortunately you are not in trouble, I will definitely help you if you need anything in the future.]

Ying Ziji looked at the message and thought about it.

After thinking about it, she decided to say a little more.

[A reminder, if you don't want to die, change your company as soon as possible.]

Shang Yaozhi, who was sitting in the nanny car, saw the words and fell into a deep pause.

A few seconds later, he turned his head and asked the agent next to him, "How long do I have left on my contract with Star Entertainment?"

The agent froze for a moment before returning, "Six months left."

Star Entertainment, Star Entertainment, was currently one of the top three entertainment companies in China.

But in the first few years, it was a small workshop.

It was only when Shang Yaozhi, a movie star, was brought out that Star Entertainment became bigger.

It was only when the outside world said that Star Entertainment had overbearing terms and conditions, many of the trainees signed contracts but were not given the opportunity to be exposed, and when they wanted to cancel their contracts, they did not have the money to do so.

At that time, when Shang Yaozhi signed with Star Entertainment, he was still only sixteen years old.

This time, it was ten years.

Now, he is twenty-six years old and still has the same contract he had ten years ago.

The Golden Flower Award was a great success, but all his salary had been deducted by Star Entertainment.

“Well.” Shang Yaozhi was silent for a moment, “When this half year is over, the contract will not be renewed.”

The agent also knew the situation of Star Entertainment and agreed: “With your status, it is impossible for Star Entertainment to forcefully tie you down or place any blocking order, there would have been no need to leave, just Chairman She”

He shook his head and didn't say anything further.

Looks quite normal, but in reality is a crazy woman.

**

On this day, the 5th of May, the teachers of the second year of high school ended their vacation early and returned to school.

They had to work out the results of the mid-term exams, list the rankings and post the top 100 on the school's notice board before school started tomorrow.

It was thought to be a simple task, and it was, but this time the results

A few teachers, facing a computer, fell into silence in unison.

They stared at each other wide-eyed, not knowing what to do.

Just at this time, the head teacher walked in with his hands behind his back in his newly bought short sleeves, "Have the overall results come in?"

A group of teachers turned around and saw the head teacher who was as sunburnt as coal: "....."

The teacher in charge of the total grade calculation had an odd expression and a difficult voice: "It's out, it's this grade, right, director, it what that"

"What that what?" After a painful trip, the head teacher was in a good mood and waved his hand, "I've brought you specialties from the beach, let's share them once and for all."

The teachers were not in the mood to share the specialties, so they pushed the computer directly in front of the head teacher, expressionless: "Director, you should look at it yourself."

"Of course I should look at it myself, you can't tell me with so many people, I just want to know who was first and how many points they relied on." The head teacher fished his eyes out of his pocket and put them on, looking over at the computer, "But what's with that incoherent look on your face, what's wrong, this exam was too hard and put you-"

The words came to an abrupt halt.

Chapter 134

The head teacher looked at the scores in the first row and was silent for a long time, thinking that he must have been looking at them the wrong way.

He hurriedly took his glasses off and wiped them off and put them on again.

After looking over once more and realising that nothing had changed, the man was straight away dumbfounded.

“Director, you saw it, didn’t you?” On the side, a teacher looked inscrutable, stretched his hands and said, “We really can’t calculate the final overall ranking for this.”

The first row of the excel sheet read like this –

Name: Ying Zidian

Class: Senior 19

Language: 90

Maths: 150

English: 150

Science: 300

Total score: 690

Special note: Class of Excellence paper

Of course, a total score of 690 is actually nothing in Qingzhi.

After all, last term, there were many students who scored over 700.

The problem, however, is that this is the result of the Talented Class paper, which is not the same as the algorithm for the regular paper.

There is a factor of 1.2 if you want to convert it within the grade ranking.

This makes the total grade –

Language: 108

Maths: 180

English: 180

Science: 360

Total score: 828

The reason why the paper of the Talented Class and the ordinary paper are so converted is the experience that Qingzhi has summed up for more than ten years.

Over the years, even if a person was a genius, he would never score more than 620 points on the paper of the Talented Class.

This is why Qingzhi has been using this conversion method to rank the overall grade.

But now, there was a pervert who scored perfect marks in everything except languages!

After the conversion, the score directly exceeded the total score of 750.

Not even a little.

How could this be ranked?

The head teacher looked at this set of data in silence for a long time before slowly looking up, "Was the paper for the Talented Class this time very easy?"

Otherwise, how else could there be students who scored full marks in both Maths and Science?

"....."

When these words came out, several teachers were even more speechless.

"Director, the paper for this Talented Class is not easy, it's hard, very hard." The chemistry group leader shook his head, "I'll just tell you this, the chemistry optional organic big question, just this one was done, not a single word of the rest was written."

On the other side, the biology team leader also spoke up, "I corrected the genetics big question, and I got all of one right."

The Physics team leader didn't make a sound, thinking to himself that he didn't seem to be the only one who was shocked.

Once again, the head teacher was silent.

It was so hard, and you could still get a perfect score?

So –

Really just a pervert?

Maybe if you did all these questions, you could go straight to Imperial University and become a doctor, what else would you study at Qingzhi?

Come to school specifically to play?

“Hiss.” The head teacher’s teeth hurt a little as he pointed at the marks in the language column, “But isn’t this kid a bit off-track?”

He had scored full marks in Maths, English and Science, but he had only just passed in the language?

For students in the Talented Class, the highest marks are usually in the language subject, and even the worst ones are above 105.

This 90 mark was a bit unreasonable.

The head teacher balanced things out a little.

It seemed that this pervert, too, was flawed.

Hearing this, the head of the language team stepped forward.

She entered her school number on the computer and brought up the answer card, “Director, you can look at this one yourself as well.”

The head teacher slid the mouse and began to look at it, "Hey, this is really beautiful writing, I see that you didn't all give full marks for this reading literary text? Why is it only a pass?"

The language team leader reminded with a blank face, "Director, move your hand and turn it over."

The head teacher flipped it over.

The second page of the answer card was blank.

The essay was not written.

The title was not even there.

Sixty marks had been deducted.

So the language was 90 points.

The head teacher cracked up instantly: "....."

It was a long time before he drifted back into a trance: "So what about this overall grade?"

"We've discussed it and here's what we think." The head of the Physics team coughed and said with a straight face, "Or we'll skip the conversion this time and just do the overall ranking."

Who would have thought that someone could do the paper of an outstanding class and still score so high?

"Wait." The head teacher pulled the ranking down and looked at the overall score of the second place in the Talented class.

608 points.

Without conversion, this score would have been ugly.

The head teacher checked the first place in the general paper again.

689 marks.

These two scores made him sure that the paper was going to be harder than ever this time.

Even the first place in the experimental science class hadn't actually scored 700.

"Let's do it then." The head teacher was deeply tired, "I'll call the headmaster first."

Such an important matter must be reported.

He had just walked out when he stopped in his tracks.

Wait a minute—

Who was in first place?

He was so excited about the scores that he had only scanned the names and forgotten them.

The head teacher slapped his head and turned back.

**

Ying Ziji and Fu Yunshen had lunch in Hengdian Town before driving back to Shanghai.

When they returned to the Wen family, it was already 5pm.

Originally, she had planned to cleanse the toxins from Master Fu's body during the Labour Day.

But before the exam, Ying checked Master Fu's body and found that with his current physical condition he could not yet withstand the impact of the medicine.

So she left behind some toning pills and was prepared to wait for some more time.

The six herbs had already arrived and she had finished processing them, sealing up the most essential parts.

After all, a few of these herbs could be poisoned by a single sniff, let alone touching them directly.

"Yao Yao is back." Under Ying Ziji's physiotherapy, Wen Fengmian's asthma had completely recovered and he was not as thin as before, he smiled faintly, "How did you have fun outside with Mr. Fu?"

He was quite worried about Ying Zigi.

In the past, the family didn't have money and he couldn't take the two siblings out to play.

Perhaps it was because they had been bored in Qing Shui County that both of them had become more and more reticent.

That's why when Ying Zidian was picked up by the Ying family, he persuaded her to leave.

It was just that no one had expected that something like that would happen.

Wen Fengmian let out a sigh.

If not, he wouldn't have sent Ying Zidian away, even if his life was poor.

"Well, that's good." Ying Zidian turned his head, "Dad, where's Xiaolan?"

"In the house." Wen Fengmian glanced at the door to his right, "He should be playing with the Rubik's Cube."

Ying Zidian nodded his head.

The psychological treatment for Wen Huilan required the use of many external objects, so that he could gradually integrate into reality and not isolate himself.

When she heard the movement, Wen heard Lan come out of the bedroom, "Sister."

"Brought this for you." Ying Zigui pointed to the box of snacks on the table, "You can't eat more than one, one piece a day."

After a pause, she asked again, "Didn't go to school?"

She remembered that Qingzhi's senior year was not a holiday, and she was also taking mock exams these days.

"No point." Wen Listen Lan's eyelashes dropped, a very cold tone, "They're all stupid."

Wen Fengmian got a headache: "Guiya, you tighten up a bit."

"Also." Ying Zigui but mused, "Just do the questions I gave you."

Wen Huilan nodded his head.

Wen Fengmian pinched his brow, sort of understanding.

This was also spoiled.

“Sister, are your results coming out tomorrow?” Wen Listen Lan was silent for a moment, “The forum said that the bet between you and the students in the Excellence class

“Well, it’s fine, eat yours.” Ying Zigui looked bland, “It’s just an exam.”

She was about to open the box of snacks when her eyes stopped abruptly.

She remembered that earlier Fu Yunshen had looked cold and left in a hurry.

No wonder.

It was her negligence.

Wen heard Lan sensed her abnormality: “Sister?”

“Something’s wrong.” Ying Ziji wiped her hands and stood up, “I’m going out, you take care of dad.”

After taking a step, she stopped again, “Dad, please ask the teacher for two days’ leave for me.”

Wen Fengmian froze for a moment, but didn’t ask deeper, “Okay, Yao Yao, you take care of yourself.”

**

The first hospital.

The doctors and nurses had their hands full, and even the dean and vice dean had been alerted.

Neither the Fu family nor the hospital had expected Master Fu to have another attack at this time, or the heaviest one ever.

After all, for the past two months, Master Fu's health had been turning around, so maybe a miracle would happen?

Although Elder Fu had retired, he was still the one in charge of the Fu family today.

If this was really accounted for in their hands, the Fu family would definitely not rest in peace.

Fu Mingcheng and his siblings were also waiting anxiously outside the ICU.

But whether they are really anxious or not, only they know for sure.

"Do you think Dad he will"

Fu Mingcheng's cold eyes swept: "Shut up."

The others were instantly silenced.

"Fu Yichen, come here for me." On the other side, Mrs. Fu pulled Fu Yichen into a corner, her voice stern, "What did you say to your grandfather in the study?"

Fu Yichen pursed her lips, "I didn't say anything, I just scolded Fu Yunshen a few times, at all"

Who knew that Master Fu just suddenly passed out?

You can scold him how you like in private, but you have to put it in front of your grandfather? Are you a pig in the head? Ah?”

Fu Yichen was speechless and chagrined.

“Fu Yichen, I’m telling you, just expect your grandfather to pull through this time.” Madam Fu took a deep breath, “Or else you’ll be a murderer and your big brother will be dragged down with you.”

The people outside were anxious, and the doctors and nurses in the ICU weren’t much better.

They were also in a hurry, but there was no room for error in the operation.

The doctors and nurses were all very careful, especially as Master Fu was very old.

The attending doctor quickly said, “Get the defibrillator.”

The nurse hurriedly went to get it.

At that moment, the ECG machine suddenly emitted a “drop” sound.

Boss Lady Chapter 135-136

Chapter 135

A sharp alarm sounded.

It was unusually abrupt in the ward where only the sound of footsteps and breathing was heard.

The doctor in charge of monitoring Master Fu’s heart pulse looked over and instantly changed his face.

Previously, although Master Fu's heartbeat was faint, it was there and the ECG image was smooth.

But now, the images on the ECG machine were all in a line.

Cardiac arrest!

"Quick!" The attending doctor hurriedly took the defibrillator from the nurse and immediately started to give Master Fu cardiac resuscitation.

**

Outside the icu.

After reprimanding Fu Yichen, Mrs. Fu walked back to Fu Mingcheng and lowered her voice to the lowest level: "Mingcheng, I'm afraid that Master Fu won't really make it this time."

Everyone knew that Old Master Fu's health was very poor.

He had been through a calamity and famine, and Shanghai City was very turbulent in those days.

While covering the escape of one of his juniors, Master Fu was seriously injured and was dying of his wounds.

But fortunately, Mu Heqing, the ruler of the Mu family in the imperial capital at the time, happened to be in command in Shanghai City and saved Master Fu.

But in doing so, his body also fell quite ill.

Originally, he could have relied on the Fu family's foundation to get well.

But the bad thing was that 20 years ago.

For reasons unknown, Master Fu's health took another sharp turn for the worse.

Over the years, he has been kept alive by the high cost of hospital medication.

Three years ago, everyone in Shanghai said that with the departure of Master Fu, the city would be in great turmoil.

However, no one expected that these three years would be the best three years for Master Fu's health.

Fu Mingcheng's expression was inexplicable: "After so many years of torture, it's time for the old man to rest."

How could he not know for whom Master Fu had lasted until now?

Just as the hearts of Fu's family were divided, the door to the ICU opened and a nurse hurriedly came out of it.

"Where are the relatives?" She held up a piece of paper in her hand, anxious, "A sickness notice, please sign it."

The moment these words came out, the faces of Fu's family changed in an instant.

This wasn't the first time the hospital had given a sickness notice, but this time was the fastest.

After all, Master Fu had come to this step.

"Here." Fu Mingcheng took the sickness notice form, looked at it, and was ready to sign it with that pen.

But he had only written a stroke of his surname when, at the end of the hallway, a sound of footsteps suddenly rang out.

It was hurried, but orderly.

When Fu Mingcheng looked up, he couldn't help but stare.

At the head of the group was a young man, who was followed by a few bodyguards and a group of doctors.

Those doctors, however, were obviously not from the First Hospital.

The young man came to the front and back of the ICU, and without looking at Fu Mingcheng, he directly ordered the people behind him, "Start the transfer now."

Before the Fu family could react, the group of doctors had already gone inside the ICU.

It didn't take long either before they pushed Master Fu out with his bed and quickly rushed him outside.

"What are you doing?!" Fu Mingcheng was shocked and angry, "Who are you people? You say you're transferring him to another hospital? Who am I to let you take my father away?"

"You are of no use." The young man turned around and sneered, "You can't save the old man with this place, you can try to stop it too."

Fu Mingcheng's face changed.

As if he remembered something, he still did not go forward, and just stood in place with his fists clenched, the veins in the corners of his forehead pulsating violently.

Those few bodyguards were tall and big, so the other Fu family members dared not go over.

The young man took a few steps and then stopped.

His eyes swept over the crowd of Fu's family members and finally landed on Fu Yichen's body.

"Take him along with you."

Fu Yichen was still in shock when he was carried away by two bodyguards, without even struggling for Yudi.

This tactic stunned the rest of Fu's family.

"Yichen!" Mrs. Fu's face turned white as she chased after him, "Where are you taking my son?"

"Madam Fu, don't be in a hurry." The young man turned back and smiled faintly, "As long as the old man is alright, this second son of yours will be guaranteed to be returned to you in one piece, if anything happens to the old man-"

He raised his hand and made a cutting motion at his throat, "You'll just have to wait too."

Madam Fu's eyes went black and she simply passed out.

There was another flurry of hands and feet in the hospital.

Mrs. Fu managed to turn awake and grabbed Fu Mingcheng, her voice trembling, "Mingcheng, is that group of people, is it"

"It should be that group of people." Fu Mingcheng's gaze was heavy, "It hasn't appeared for three years, and now it's here again."

He had sent someone to check, but he couldn't even find out the names of these people.

He had also asked Master Fu about them in the past three years, but Master Fu had repeatedly played dumb and said he was not sure.

Remembering what happened twenty years ago again, Fu Mingcheng's face became even more ugly.

**

Ten minutes later.

East of Shanghai.

This is a private hospital.

Three years ago, Master Fu was also referred here to recover his health.

This group of doctors had come from o continent, and several of them were at the top level in the international arena.

Even so, they were at a loss as to what to do about Master Fu's condition.

If it was just an ordinary disease, it would be fine, but what was bad was the poison in Master Fu's body.

It was unheard of and unseen.

Not to mention how to solve it.

“Young master, it still won’t work, as soon as our people come into contact with the toxins in the old man’s body, those toxins are particularly active.” The young man frowned, “I reckon, it’s because the side that put the poison in found out.”

They had long since determined that that toxin within Master Fu’s body was definitely a poison made by a certain poison master.

And, it was also bound to be in the top five of the poison master list!

These poison masters with high ranking names all made poisons with very personal characteristics.

Not only that, the antidote is only available to them personally.

A poison master in the third ranking might not necessarily be able to solve the poison configured by the fourth ranking.

And this poison in Master Fu’s body was somewhat similar to the kind of compulsion in the Miao tribe in China, which was alive.

This time it was even completely alive.

So as soon as the doctor made a move to remove this poison, the poisoner was able to detect it directly through the toxin.

In the past, they had asked the third ranked poisoner on the nok forum to help, but they still couldn’t get rid of the poison.

As for the poison master on list two, he had not appeared on the nok forum and did not have an account, but there were still traces.

They suspect that the poison in Master Fu’s body was configured by the poisoner in list 2, but whether it was ‘him’ or not is unknown

The Anonymous hacker alliance tracked down the poisoner of list two, but instead a few hackers died.

And that's with a few thousand metres between them.

The poisoner on list two was already so terrifying, what about the poisoner on list one?

It's just a pity that there was not even a trace of the list one poisoner.

Many of the bigwigs on the nok forum are certain that there is no list one at all.

Fu Yunshen's expression did not change much, but the air pressure around him was extremely low.

The peach blossom eyes, which had always carried a smile, also gradually froze.

"How sure is it?"

This time the toxin had completely come to life, and it had obviously caught the attention of the poisoner.

As long as it was not cleared, then it was fine.

Once it was clear, this poison master would definitely move as well.

Fu Yunshen also believed that Ying could definitely solve it, but this would involve her as well.

It's just that he doesn't want to involve the others anymore.

It didn't matter to him, he could give his life away.

He had wanted to wait until the toxin was most stable before removing it, but who knew it would come so violently.

The young man was silent for a brief moment before he spat out the words with difficulty, "Zero point one percent."

This possibility was no different from zero.

Not to mention that even an operation with a 90% success rate could still fail.

Fu Yunshen propped one hand against the wall, his eyelashes dropping.

After a long time, he let out a low laugh.

When he looked up again, the smile on his lips had already been curtailed, and it was cold and icy.

He said, "Take me into the operating theatre."

The young man was taken aback and blurted out; "Young master!"

He knew that the cause of Master Fu's poisoning was related to Fu Yunshen.

That incident twenty years ago

No one wanted to mention it.

"Young master, the old master must not want you to trade your life for him, he would have done it for you." The young man was anxious and advised, "Moreover, even if you transferred that poison into your own body, the old master's heart and veins have all been eroded by the toxin, there is no"

Fu Yun Shen looked at him and repeated again, "Send me in."

The tone was unquestionable.

The young man knew that he had no reason to stop, nor did he have the ability to do so, so he only agreed.

The doctors only followed orders and could not say anything.

The operating theatre was divided into two sides, separated by a curtain.

Master Fu's body was already deficient and could not satisfy those toxins.

A young body was just right.

It barely even took any effort.

The doctors set up the instruments, adjusted the indicators and were ready to perform the toxin transfer.

Outside the operating theatre, the young man was so anxious and angry that he took out his mobile phone and was about to call O Chau.

But at that moment, a figure came through the door.

He was in a hurry, obviously with some urgency.

When the young man heard the voice, he raised his head and instantly froze there in a daze.

“You, you are

Chapter 136

The girl had obviously arrived in a hurry.

Her hair was a little dishevelled and clung to her skin.

But it was hard to hide the nobility that flowed from her bones, as if she had come to the Middle Ages, to come face to face with aristocrats who had been trained in the rituals of the court.

The girl’s jaw lifted and she pointed to the operating theatre, her voice faint: “The man is in there.”

It was clearly a question, yet it was certain.

The young man was still in a daze and subconsciously said “Ah”.

Ying Zidian nodded slightly and cleaned up his body a little.

She pulled out the sterile suit from the side and put it on, and pressed her hand on the door.

“Wait!” The young man finally came back to his senses at that moment and blocked, “You can’t go in!”

He remembered that he had met her when he was reporting progress on the whereabouts of the herbs to Fu Yunshen.

But at that time the girl was wearing her school uniform and still eating a lollipop, just a good-looking but ordinary high school student.

Not so indifferent and cold, much less with this overpowering aura.

Ying Ziguì didn't look at him, and her hand blocked.

“Boom!”

There was a crisp sound in the air, very small and subtle.

The young man, however, was abruptly startled and his eyes widened.

This was internal energy!

An ancient martial artist?!

How could an ancient martial artist appear in Shanghai City?

Just as he was shocked, Ying Ziguì had already pushed the door and walked in.

The doctor inside, who was stabbing a needle into a blood vessel, looked back and was also stunned to see the man on the operating bed straighten up.

With Fu Yunshen's ears, even if the operating theatre was well insulated, he had heard the commotion outside the door.

When he saw the girl come in, his expression changed slightly, and his voice, which was always gentle, sank down: “Yoyo, get out.”

“See, the poison is completely alive.” Ying Ziguì looked sideways, just a glance, “You think that, transferred into your body, you're fine?”

Of course she knew what Fu Yunshen was thinking.

Transferring the poison from Master Fu's body into his body, allowing the poison to calm down, and then carrying out the detoxification.

But once this poison came to life, it would be exceptionally sensitive and also more ferocious.

Transferring the toxin would be a solution, but that was the worst case scenario.

Ying did not go out, but added: "There is a better solution, you want a life for a life, stupid."

This approach reminded her of that good friend of hers who had done the same more than once.

Fu Yunshen was silent for a moment and smiled, "Yao Yao, in matters of emotion, sometimes it can be foolish."

Without saying a word, Ying Zigui held out her hand.

At that moment, the young man also rushed in, "Young master, she-"

He couldn't finish the words that followed.

He then saw, dumbfounded, that with just one hand, the girl had pulled the man up from the hospital bed.

And it didn't look like she used much force.

Young man: "....."

He cracked up.

He was one of the few people who knew clearly about Fu Yun Shen's force.

After all, it was the one that had swept across a continent.

Even if this girl was an ancient martial artist, even if she was an extremely powerful ancient martial artist, then it couldn't have been this easy.

Unless, Fu Yunshen just didn't resist and let her be.

"That said, if you help me, I'll help you too." Ying Ziyi turned off the instrument that transferred the toxin, and she looked up, "If something really happened to me, you wouldn't just ignore it."

Fu Yunshen sniffed and was silent for another moment, "Little friend, sometimes you're even more stubborn than me."

After a pause, he gave a low laugh, his voice gentle, "But it's a good point, how could I possibly let anything happen to you."

He had fought with that Rank 2 Poisoner, and the other was no match for him.

But it was because the Poison Master's entire body was covered in bizarre poison, and no one else could get close except for him.

And it was also because of the poison in Master Fu's body that he could not deal a death blow to the other party.

But this time, if that poisoner really came after him, he could just kill.

If he couldn't even protect a little friend, he had indeed worked in vain all these years.

Fu Yunshen nodded his head and gestured for the other doctors to step back.

One of the doctors hesitated: "Don't you need any help?"

"No." Ying took out the medicine bottle and placed it next to the operating bed, "It's not something that you can help with."

Several doctors who had an international reputation fell into silence when they heard this.

They silently stepped aside and just stared.

Not even daring to breathe for fear of missing something.

Ying Ziji took out the silver and gold needles from the long box and inserted them into several of Elder Fu's acupuncture points.

She dropped the needles slowly this time, nowhere near the dozen or so stitches and a few seconds it took to save Mu Heqing.

The young man looked on, shocked: "Young master, this is ancient medicine?"

"Mm." Fu Yun Shen faintly, "Not an ordinary ancient doctor."

The young man cracked up once more.

It was an ancient martial artist who could also do ancient medicine, was this still human?

But this poison of Master Fu's, it wasn't like they hadn't hired someone from the ancient medicine world, and still there was nothing they could do.

The young man asked in a low voice, "Young master, is she a native of Shanghai City?"

"No." Fu Yunshen turned his head, "Don't say anything."

The young man swallowed back the doubts behind him and continued to look carefully.

Because the medicine bottles were filled with the essence of highly poisonous herbs, Ying Ziji was very careful when using them.

This body of hers was ordinary and not very strong, and when she laid the needles, it would take more effort.

But luckily, she had encountered this kind of poison once before.

Ying Ziji's eyelashes drooped as she dropped another needle.

Old acquaintances, meeting again.

**

May 6 closes for the holidays and the students in class 19 are all very happy.

The students in other classes didn't know what Ying Zidian was capable of, but how could they not?

Even the worst students in the class, after listening to their father Ying's biology lesson, had scored over 75 marks in this assessment, only 15 marks short of the full mark.

Xiu Yu, as Ying Zidian's tablemate, even saw her casually pick up a five-centimetre back physics book and start flipping through it.

The students in class 19 held their tongues, even when they saw that the campus forum was a sea of mocking posts.

“This Lu Fang is really stupid.” Little Brother snorted coldly, “What’s not good enough to eat, you have to eat shit.”

Jiang Yan’s excitement was also high, his grumpy mood all calmed down quite a bit, “Get him a frame of it and let him eat it.”

This was the kind of thing he could get a few pigs to satisfy Lu Fang.

At the thought that he would soon be able to watch Lu Fang live, the little brother suddenly slapped his thighs in excitement, “Brother Burn, Sister Yu, do you think I should personally-”

“Get lost!” Xiu Yu was furious, “You’re disgusting.”

Little brother scratched his head, knowing that Xiu Yu had misunderstood, “No, I mean I’ll keep an eye on him myself.”

“That’s disgusting enough too, stop it.” Xiu Yu’s face was expressionless, “I’m going to throw up.”

“Wait.” Jiang Yan looked up, “Did Ying Dad take a leave of absence?”

“Yes.” Xiu Yu nodded, “Now that the morning reading is over, usually Ying Dad is at the right time.”

Jiang Yan frowned, “You didn’t call?”

“You don’t have to tell me, I would have called.” Xiu Yu shook his head, “But it didn’t get through, so it should be some kind of emergency, you can’t control your dad’s business, so don’t think too much about it.”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

He had a sentence that he didn't know whether to say or not.

“Out out out!” Another junior came running through the door, “Brother Burn, Sister Yu, the overall ranking has come out, I saw the teacher from the teaching team go down with the red paper and stick it up, let's go and see.”

Just as the students from Class 19 were going downstairs, on the other side, Talent Class.

Lu Fang was just waiting for the forum to put up the overall ranking, and then he would arrange them in reverse order to find out how disgraceful Ying Zigui's results really were.

He had even written a review for Ying Zidian to apologise to Zhong Zhiyan, and when the time came he would post it on the forum so that Ying Zidian would not be able to stay in Qingzhi.

A girl looked out the window and called out, “Zhiyan, don't you want to go down and check the rankings?”

Usually, when the rankings were posted on the bulletin board, students in the Talent Class would not go there.

They didn't even have to look at them, because they knew that the top 50 were definitely their class.

After all, the students in Talented Class were always on the move, and if they fell out of the top 50, they would be moved to the Science Experimental Class.

But this time, because Lu Fang had made a bet with Ying Zigui, and because the face of the class was at stake, when Zhong Zhiwei said so, the other students were also moved.

“Zhiyan, wait for me!” Lu Fang put his mobile phone back together and ran after him.

When Zhong Zhiyan arrived at the bottom of the school building, there were already many students gathered around, most of them were from the science experimental class.

When she swept her eyes, she saw the excited students of Class 19, and could not help but let out a light sigh.

She couldn't help but let out a light sigh. They were all about to be publicly executed, and they were still so happy.

"Zhiyan, this time the first place in the grade will definitely still be yours." Lu Fang did not forget to boast, "If you get 125 in maths this time, won't that translate to 150 full marks? That's amazing."

Zhong Zhiyan smiled lightly and didn't say anything, but she obviously thought so too.

The teachers put up the red paper and left.

The students all looked up impatiently.

Boss Lady Chapter 137-138

Chapter 137

There are two sheets of red paper with rankings written on them.

One for senior and one for sophomore, with the sophomore on the right.

Zhong Zhiwei also raised her head and her eyes fell on the first position of her age.

She didn't see the names either, she was looking directly at the scores.

After all, from the first year of high school until now, she had always been first in age, and she would often pull second by a tenth of a point.

690 points.

How could it be so low?

She had clearly estimated the marks after the exam, and with the paper from the Talent class, her total score should be around 610.

But when converted into an overall age ranking, the score would be above 720.

690 points was too far from her estimated score.

Zhong Zhiwei frowned and was instantly a little depressed.

She didn't want to watch anymore and was about to leave, when a fierce cry of surprise suddenly erupted from the group of students next to her.

"Crap? Am I blind, not only did she not flunk, she's still number one?!"

"I can't, my legs are getting weak, give me a hand, I just want to know how I got 300 points in the science synthesis."

"Let alone 300 in science, 150 in maths you guys give me a try? And when we made the bet, we used the paper from the Talent class, right? I can't, I'm going crazy."

Hearing these words, Zhong Zhiyan froze and looked away again, her expression freezing in an instant.

Her eyes widened as she looked at the name at the top, unbelievable now.

Her head buzzed as if she had been hit hard on the head, and the colour of her face was rapidly disappearing.

The sounds around her were chaotic, pouring into her ears in a frenzy.

It was as if they were mocking something.

“I have to say, Ying Ziyang is a bully, she has directly overpowered everyone in Talent Class to get the first place in the year.”

“No wonder that group of people in Class 19 didn’t react at all, I guess they knew about it a long time ago?”

“I once passed by their class when I was going to the toilet and saw Ying Zidian on the lectern, talking about biology.”

“I think I’ve heard that too. Didn’t Ms. Bai like Ms. He? Then because Teacher He hated Ying Zidian, she refused to teach them after she moved to class 19 unless Ying Zidian got out, which ended up with her getting out herself, which is ridiculous to me.”

“Ugh, when will she get out of our class too.”

Bai Shaoshi also leads the science lab class, and the students in the science lab class naturally know what kind of temper she has.

Her lectures are just like that, and she likes to scold people and threaten them with marks at every turn.

I heard that she had a backstage and was related to the imperial capital, so she had never been dismissed by Qingxiang.

For a while, the students of the science experiment class were envious of class 19.

The youngest brother held his chest out and raised his head majestically.

Envious, right?

There was nothing they could do about it.

Ying Dad was theirs, but they couldn't let it.

Suddenly, someone shouted again.

"Eh, it's not right, even if the first in grade is Ying Zidian, Zhong Zhiyan didn't even get the top ten? That's not scientific, is it?"

"What's so unscientific about it? If you didn't do well in the exams, you didn't do well."

Only when she heard this did Zhong Zhiyan realise that something was wrong and started to look for her name on the red paper.

But she looked several times, but she didn't see it.

Nothing!

From the second to the first hundred, there was nothing!

What happened?

Zhong Zhiyan's heart twitched as if a million insects were tearing at it, and she could hardly breathe.

At that moment, the campus radio blared.

It could be heard in front of the school building, in the classrooms, and in the playground.

“Attention, sophomores, attention, sophomores-”

“Because some students made high scores in this exam with papers from the Talented Class that the school did not expect, so the final ranking was not converted by a factor, it does not mean that you did not do well in the exam, the situation is really exceptional, please forgive me, students from the Talented Class.”

“If this happens again in the future, the school will carefully consider the situation and try to have a better optimisation plan.”

The whole school went crazy.

“Crap, so this 690 that Ying Zigui got is a 690 without conversion?”

“No factor conversion and still top of the grade, fuck, she’s sick, right?”

“The point is, she got a perfect score in everything except language.”

“No, that’s not the point either, the point is that I went to the teaching team this morning and heard from the teachers in the team that Ying Zidian didn’t write her essay and only scored 90 in the language.”

“.....”

Once again, the whole school went crazy.

Coming in second place was the first in the science lab class, a girl.

She put her hands together and worshipped at the red paper with true feelings, "Thank you, God of Ying, for being merciful and not writing the essay, so I only missed you by one point."

Zhong Zhiyan naturally heard the announcement, and with trembling fingers, she took out her mobile phone and started to log into the education system to check her results.

Name: Zhong Zhiwei

Language: 109

Maths: 121

English: 128

Science: 250

Total score: 608

Age Ranking: 1001

Looking at this "1001", Zhong Zhiwei's eyes went black and she almost fainted.

Including the Talented and International classes, there were 21 classes in the second year, with 60 students in each class.

However, the international classes did not take the entrance exam, so the total number of students taking the exam was only 1200.

1001, no different from the bottom.

Zhong Zhiwei's fingers trembled even more, and her throat was dry.

The whole Talented Class was no better, they all wanted to die.

Because of Ying Zidian's manipulation, everyone in the class was ranked outside the top 1,000.

Although the school did explain, it was a slap in their face.

Even if they did the same paper, Ying Zidian could get full marks.

Without conversion, it was also the top of the grade.

A public execution was carried out on everyone in the class.

Lu Fang's teeth were clenched and his face was pale.

Apart from disbelief, he was more afraid.

As if he had thought of something, he turned around and ran towards the school gate.

But he had only taken one step when he was stopped by two men.

Jiang Yan threw away the can in his hand and sneered, "Keep an eye on this kid, prepare what he wants to eat as well, and when Ying Dad comes back, let him broadcast it live on the shark platform."

"I'll give a hundred rockets for the bounty then, so the whole internet can see how much you love that stuff."

**

At this time, in the private hospital.

A day and a night had passed, and although Master Fu hadn't woken up, his condition was already good.

Now he was not unconscious, but drowsy, and there was no sign of pain yet.

His heartbeat had also gradually turned from weak to strong, leaving the other doctors in awe.

If it hadn't been for the occasion, they would have been tempted to go up and ask questions.

No one had closed their eyes this night, but none of them could match Ying Ziguí's consumption.

Fu Yunshen asked her to stop many times, but was refused.

She was not only removing the toxins from Master Fu's body, she was also restoring Master Fu's body.

The toxin had lingered for twenty years and even the strongest body could not carry it.

Otherwise, even if the poison was cleared away, Master Fu wouldn't be able to live for long.

Ying Ziji looked sideways at the transparent catheter, which was already completely black, and slowly let out a breath.

This was a special tool she had made for the purpose of treating Master Fu's illness.

If it had been replaced by an ordinary catheter, it would have burst open quickly the moment the toxin was channeled out.

By then, a room full of people would have suffered.

A poison of this level should not have appeared in Shanghai City, or even in China.

After Ying Ziji pulled out the last silver needle, the nerves that had been tense were relieved.

She stood up on the bed, but she couldn't hold on any longer because she had used up too much energy.

Her body swayed and she collapsed.

Fu Yunshen was at her side, and with a change of expression, he lifted his hand and held her in his arms.

When he looked closely, his fingers were trembling faintly.

He paused for a moment, but still picked the girl up by the waist.

He brought another shirt and wrapped her up tightly, his other hand shielding her head.

Fu Yunshen turned around and said in four faint words, "Get ready."

The young man's expression was awe-inspiring: "Yes."

**

Qingzhi's side.

Two classes had passed, and none of the students in the Talent class were in the mood to listen.

On the campus forum, all those mocking posts had been brushed down.

The front page was clear of posts like [Worship the God of Learning, Ying], [Is it too late to join Class 19], and [Looks like Talented Class isn't good either].

The students in Yingcai's class looked at them and their faces were burning.

At first, they also posted mocking posts and were sure that Ying Ziji would never pass the class, waiting to see her apologise to Zhong Zhiyan.

The slap in the face came too soon, and the term "first in class" was slapped in their faces.

Luckily, the campus forum was anonymous and no one knew who was who, which saved them some face.

"Impossible, absolutely impossible." Lu Fang was brought back by Jiang Yan, his face was blue, "How could she have gotten a perfect score? She was at the bottom of her grade last semester, and she took pills to be top of her grade all of a sudden?"

Another student shook his head, "The school is as strict in correcting papers as they are in the college entrance exams, so they definitely won't correct mistakes."

Although, none of them could accept this result.

"Ying Zidian must have the answer!" Lu Fang laughed coldly, "Or else she would have gotten full marks on the subjective questions in the language? And she even took off work today, isn't she just weak-minded?"

Zhong Zhiyan had barely calmed down, but her heart was still shaking.

690 points.

Even if she studied for another ten years, she wouldn't be able to achieve such a score.

Ying Zidian could do it?

She really had to laugh.

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips and took out her phone to edit a long paragraph.

Then, she sent an email to the headmaster, the teaching team, the language team and all the other teacher groups.

[Reported by name to Senior 2 Class 19, Ying Zidian, for cheating in the mid-term exam].

Chapter 138

Zhong Zhiwei specifically marked the word real name.

This was done in order to draw the attention of the school authorities.

She wouldn't believe that Ying could get such a score, not to mention her, and no one in the school would believe it.

It was obvious to the whole internet how difficult the paper for Ying Cai's class was.

Every year, they are dragged onto the internet to be admired and worshipped by the netizens.

When Ying Zidian got the answers, it was fine to copy a pass, but a full mark?

Isn't that just a way to get caught out?

What a brainless thing to do.

She really doesn't know what else Ying Zidian can do besides writing and drawing.

Zhong Zhiwei finished sending the email and quickly put her phone in her desk, her back straightened, afraid that others would find out what was going on.

Fortunately, during this class period, the students in the Talent class were too struck to speak, and each one of them was burying their heads in their studies.

"Zhiyan, don't be sad." The girl at the same table turned around and comforted Zhong Zhiwei, "If the conversion was carried out, you would be 730 points, isn't this first position still"

The rest of the sentence didn't go on, it was embarrassing to say it.

If the conversion is really done, Ying Ziyang's score will directly explode to a full score of 750.

What about Zhong Zhiyan's 730 points?

When the girl saw that Zhong Zhiyan's face was not right, she quickly remedied the situation: "Zhiyan, one exam is nothing. Besides, who knows if she cheated or not, your strength is obvious to everyone."

"Stop it." Zhong Zhiyan bit her lip hard and bowed her head, "It's almost time for class."

The girl didn't dare to say more and took out her English textbook.

**

The vibrations in the school didn't affect Ying Ziyang at all.

She slept through the afternoon.

Ying Zidian sat up with her head propped up, her body still a little weak.

She opened her eyes slightly, and in the haze there was a slender figure, breaking through the darkness of her vision, coming her way.

The light shines like a morning star.

Remembering the metaphor once more, Ying pressed her head and wrinkled her brow.

Before she had fully adjusted to the light in the room, her back was lifted by a hand.

Warmth and heat came through a layer of clothing.

Fu Yunshen was protecting her with one hand and holding a bowl in the other, his voice dropping: "Drink some porridge first when you wake up."

"I'm fine." Ying Ziji sat on the bed for a few seconds before accepting the bowl, "Thank you."

The bowl is a medicinal congee, but the smell of herbs is not strong, only a light fragrance.

Ying Zidian picked up the spoon and took a sip when her hand abruptly lurched.

Her sense of taste and smell had always been very sensitive, and even if it was just the medicinal congee that had just touched her taste buds, she sensed that something was wrong with it.

There was a very faint rusty taste, and even though it was suppressed with other ingredients, it still hadn't been completely eradicated.

Ying Ziji lowered her eyes, her eyes slightly fixed.

Someone's blood can be used in medicine.

But this kind of blood was precious, and using it would deplete the body instead.

"What?" When Fu Yunshen saw that she didn't move again, his peach blossom eyes narrowed, "The taste is not good?"

Could it be that his cooking skills have regressed?

"No, it tastes good." Ying Ziji paused and sighed softly, "It's just that I thought of something from the past again."

"Who?" Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, his tone slowing down, "That good friend of yours?"

"Yeah."

"She's not in Shanghai?"

"No, she's far away."

Fu Yunshen fell silent.

He thought of the time she had spent in Qing Shui County, and the year she had spent with the Ying family.

Personal freedom was a problem, let alone going to a place far away.

“It’s alright, when you’ve completely recovered, brother will take you to find it.” Fu Yunshen raised his hand, but in the end he only patted her back gently, “We’ll find it.”

“No need.” Ying Ziji went on to drink the porridge with a spoon, and after a few sips, she said softly, “It’s enough for me to know that she’s doing well.”

“How can that be.” Fu Yunshen was faint, “One always has to see for oneself.”

After saying that, he got up, but he couldn’t help rubbing the girl’s head again, “Little friend, get some rest.”

“Don’t go to school these days, your body is important, study and other things, put it on the back burner.”

After closing the door, Fu Yunshen collected his smile and turned his head: “Where is the person?”

The young man was originally dazed, when he heard this he gave a jolt: “Young master, the basement, it’s tied up.”

Because of Master Fu’s condition, they had been on high alert all night, and Fu Yichen had also been tied up all night, still hanging upside down.

Another person was specially assigned to help him turn around in order to prevent his head from filling with blood and fainting to death.

By now, Fu Yichen hadn’t even had a sip of water, and was still in a dark, confined space, and was on the verge of collapse.

He had no idea where exactly he had been tied up, and after being taken away from the First Hospital, the group of men had put a sack over him.

They took him all the way around, and all he could do was vomit into the sack when he got carsick.

Fu Yichen had never suffered like this before, but he had no way to ask for help and crying was useless.

Just as Fu Yichen was breaking down, he was let down.

His feet hit the ground again, but his legs could not support his body.

Fu Yichen fell to his knees with a bang and looked up shivering.

When he looked, his eyes widened: "Fu Yunshen? How come it's you?"

Fu Yunshen didn't look at Fu Yichen's miserable state, nor did he respond, he tilted his head: "Fight."

The two bodyguards immediately stepped forward, holding sticks in their hands.

There was no force to be gathered, and they struck down firmly.

Fu Yichen let out a miserable scream.

He didn't even have time to think about why Fu Yunshen was here, he just screamed. And arrogantly: "Fu Yunshen, how dare you hit me? If Dad and Mom find out, you'll be finished!"

"Aren't you just relying on grandpa to dote on you? Without grandpa's favor, what are you? You're just a ah!!!"

The young man covered his ears and thought to himself that this lion's roar was fine.

“Then tell Fu Mingcheng not to mess with me.” Fu Yunshen raised his hand, patted Fu Yichen’s face, and laughed lowly, “Grandpa, it was my last bottom line before I didn’t touch you.”

Under the extreme fear, Fu Yichen was unable to withstand the shock and directly fainted.

Fu Yunshen stood up, faintly, “Lock up for seven days, then put it back.”

**

On the other side.

Zhong Zhiyan was secretly reading the discussion on the campus forum, and the more she read, the more depressed she became.

She clearly saw a few posts suggesting that Ying Ziji had cheated, but they were quickly deleted by the moderator.

What else could this be if not a weak heart?

Zhong Zhiyan was waiting with her textbook in her hand.

It had been more than eight hours since she sent the report, but why had the headmaster and the head teacher not reacted at all?

Just when Zhong Zhiyan wanted to go and see for herself, a student from the Student Union knocked on the door of the classroom of Talent Class and shouted towards her.

“Goddess Zhong, the headmaster wants you to go over there, there should be something important for you.”

Zhong Zhiyan tried to suppress the smile at the corner of her lips and replied indifferently, “Got it.”

Inside the headmaster's office, the head teacher was also there.

When he saw Zhong Zhiyan enter, his face turned cold.

Zhong Zhiyan naturally noticed it, and she was a little confused.

She was number one in her year, and the head teacher was naturally very tolerant and fond of her, usually welcoming her with a smile, and had never shown such an expression.

"Classmate Zhong Zhiwei." The headmaster pushed up his glasses and his voice was serious, "Why do you think that Ying Ziyang cheated?"

On the computer, there was Zhong Zhiyan's email.

Apart from the title, there was a lot more written at the bottom.

After a pause, the headmaster asked, "If I remember correctly, she is your cousin, right?"

Zhong Zhiyan didn't answer this second question, and her heart lightly puzzled over it.

Since when was the adopted daughter of the Ying family her cousin?

She only called her cousin Ying Zidian because she couldn't bear to break Master Zhong's heart.

"Headmaster, I've written the evidence below the email." Zhong Zhiyan smiled lightly, "And this kind of thing, even if no one said anything, they wouldn't be able to see it, right?"

Everyone knew that Ying Ziji had been forced into the Talent Class by Ying Luwei.

She is often sleepy in class and leaves school at every turn.

What could she learn from this?

Not to mention, what a degenerate class Class 19 is.

Zhong Zhiyan pinched her palm and added, "This time, the paper for the Talented Class is even harder than before, and isn't the school's conversion factor a multi-year experience? That genius senior, he didn't get a perfect score either."

Hearing this, the headmaster glanced at the email again and frowned even more: "Your proof, is to guess out of thin air? If you report it without evidence, you are the one who will be disciplined."

"How can this be a guess out of thin air?" Zhong Zhiyan's smile faded, "It's common knowledge, anyone with common sense knows it, and"

"That's enough!" The faculty director on the side couldn't listen to this anymore, he was furious, "Zhong Zhiyan, I originally thought you were a student with good studies and good character, but now it seems that your ability is fine, this jealousy is also very strong."

"The paper was produced by the Imperial University, sealed and sent to Qingzhi, it wasn't even opened before the exam, even the teacher didn't know the questions, so you tell me how did she cheat? Hmm?"

Boss Lady Chapter 139-140

Chapter 139

"She's still your cousin, and you question her like that? No half-trust? Thinking of pushing her into the fire?" The head teacher grew angrier as he spoke, "You don't know what the consequences of cheating on an exam are, do you?"

Cheating on exams leads to direct expulsion and dismissal from school.

Moreover, no student expelled by Qingzhi would be accepted by any major high school in China.

It's the same as having your future cut short.

"Zhong Zhiyan, I'm telling you, the school teacher knows exactly whether or not Ying Zidian has cheated." The head teacher slammed the table, "You question, you have no evidence, and when you question, you have to think about what consequences you have to bear!"

The head teacher's anger was so severe that he did not show any mercy just because Zhong Zhiyan was a girl.

Zhong Zhiyan's face turned white and her lips trembled fiercely.

As the number one girl in her year and the eldest girl in the Zhong family, she had never been lectured by a teacher like this before.

It was because of Ying Zidian again.

Ying Zidian was so good that she could even bribe the head teacher.

Who in their right mind would believe that someone could get a full mark on a paper from a class of excellence?

Even the university students at the Imperial University don't have this ability.

Wouldn't it be normal for her to question it?

"Student Zhong Zhiwei, I'll suppress this report for you." The headmaster's tone was quite moderate, "If you still want to question it, then the school will directly discipline you, you have classes next, go back first."

Zhong Zhiyan stood up violently, her movement so big that it brought the stool down.

Her eyes were red and glowing, and a mist of water coalesced in her eyes, so she didn't hold back and ran away, covering her face.

"Principal, that's too much." The head teacher was still angry, "I don't believe she's the only one who thinks that, there must be many others who think that Ying Zidian has cheated."

Of course, it's only human.

A student who had failed in every subject suddenly got a perfect score and was the top student in her year, so he would be suspicious, not to mention the students.

But everything has to be based on evidence.

Without evidence, why should he assume that someone had cheated?

"Ugh." The headmaster shook his head, "The matter of those few families, it's too complicated, but we still have to talk about it, let me think about it."

**

Outside the Academic Affairs Building.

Zhong Zhiwei didn't go back to her class, but sat on the steps, wiping her tears one by one.

It was a good thing that it was class time and there were not many people outside.

The more Zhong Zhiyan cried, the more aggrieved she became, and the sadder she was.

If Ying hadn't cheated, the overall ranking would still have been converted by a factor this time.

Then, she would still be number one in her grade, and there was no way she could have left such a rubbish ranking of 1001 in her file.

With such a result, she couldn't even bring it home to show Mrs. Zhong.

After the mid-term exams, it would be the parents' meeting.

What would all those parents think of her then?

Zhong Zhiyan was crying when a confused, low voice rang out above her head.

"Student Zhong?"

Zhong Zhiyan hurriedly dried her tears and looked up, "Teacher He."

He Xun saw that her eyes were swollen with tears and was stunned, "What's wrong with you?"

"It's nothing Mr. He, I just don't understand anymore, grandpa still doesn't care about me after all, he even got the answers to the paper for his cousin." Zhong Zhiyan said, tears flowed out again, her voice choked, "Is it just an apology? Is it hard? Ying can't lose face, but I can?"

The papers were sealed yes, but the answer had been given a long time ago.

The bet on the campus forum was known to Master Zhong, and could he not get the answer to Ying Zigui?

There was absolutely no thought for her feelings.

He Xun frowned.

He had also come to the headmaster for Ying Zidian's exam results.

That result was, to be honest, too fake.

Not to mention that he had watched Ying Zidian writing casually when he was invigilating the science exam.

A perfect score?

It was ridiculous.

"Classmate Zhong, you should go back to class first, I'll go find the headmaster." He Xun glanced at his watch, he looked cold, "Fair enough, it's always not late."

**

The other side.

Biology group office.

Bai Shaoshi didn't have class until the afternoon, so she didn't come in the morning.

She had taken a trip back to the empire for the five-day Labour Day holiday, and hadn't corrected her papers, so she didn't know the ranking of the results of this mid-term exam yet.

As soon as she entered the office, Bai Shaoshi saw the other teachers looking at her with a very odd look.

She frowned, slightly displeased, "What are you guys doing looking at me like that?"

A biology teacher coughed and asked, "Teacher Bai, do you know the age ranking this time?"

"I haven't looked yet, isn't it just the same old thing?" Bai Shaoshi was perfunctory, "The average score of our class, it's definitely the top of the grade."

She led an experimental science class, the children in the class gave her a good fight and she got her hands on the prize money.

"Teacher Bai, it's different this time." That biology teacher shook her head, "The average score of this subject of biology, class 19 is only the first in the grade."

Bai Shaoshi's footsteps lurched, amused, "Which class are you talking about?"

Seeing that she didn't believe her, that biology teacher directly placed the computer in front of her, "Look, the average score of Class 19 is 80.93, while the science experimental class you are leading is only 75.98."

Bai Shaoshi's expression froze: "That's impossible!"

What kind of students were in Class 19, could she still not know?

When she taught in Class 19, not many people listened.

But Bai Shaoshi knew that Class 19 was actually very united.

For those few poor students who had to listen to the class, they would surely come and beg her to kick Ying out of Class 19, but no.

“Teacher Bai, it’s too bad.” Another biology teacher spoke up, unable to say whether it was regret or gloating, “You said you’d still be leading Class 19, how generous your bonus would be this time?”

Qingzhi was not stingy at all in order to retain good teachers.

If a student’s grade ranking improved by one hundred, not only did the student get a bonus, but the teacher did too.

When the class average improves by one, the teacher gets fifty thousand.

And this time, Class 19’s average score in Biology, was the first in the grade.

Not many people took the exam last time, so naturally it was the bottom of the list.

The Yingcai class was not counted, so Class 19 improved by 18 places in one go, which translated into a bonus, how could it be 900,000?

Bai Shaoshi’s face turned blue straight away, and she almost couldn’t catch her breath.

A few of the teachers in the biology group were also quite uncomfortable with her, but they didn’t say anything at this point, and they all went about their business.

**

In the private hospital.

Ying Zidian was holding the hot tea that Fu Yunshen had made for her and was thinking about it.

Her mobile phone rang, she looked at it and picked it up.

There was the headmaster, who briefly recounted the events of the day.

“Student Ying, the solution from the teacher’s side is to send a clarification, after all, there are quite a lot of posts in the forum, and several teachers, and there is a lot of damage to your reputation.”

Ying was not surprised, she was light: “No, let’s settle it in person.”

The headmaster was stunned: “What does Ying mean?”

“As they wish.” Ying Ziyi yawned, “I’ll take their questioning face to face and ask them any questions.”

When the headmaster thought about it, there seemed to be no better solution than that.

But this would really be a public execution for those few who questioned.

The headmaster agreed, “Good, student Ying, when do you think you will return to school?”

“The day after tomorrow.”

After ending the call, Ying Ziyi remembered that there was a scholarship for being first in age.

Well, that was okay.

On the other side, Fu Yunshen asked Qingzhi for Ying Zidian’s answer key and looked at it.

He hesitated to go past the language subject, but his eyes moved away from the blank essay paper and fell on the girl, stopping.

Fu Yunshen remembered the conversation the two of them had a few days ago.

—“Are you sure you’ll pass?”

— Well, the language is.

I’m sure I’m very sure.

Not a single mark.

It wasn’t because they couldn’t do it, but because the children were too lazy to write the essay.

Ying Zidian finally noticed the look in his eyes.

Those peach blossom eyes were converging with a smile, and when they looked at people, it was as if there was a deep love.

It was tender and loving.

She gave her hand a start: “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, it’s just that I think-” Fu Yunshen narrowed his gaze some, his expression lazy, “Our little friend, is really a treasure.”

A treasure that deserves to be cherished.

**

6pm.

All the students in Ying Cai's class were packing their bags and preparing to go home.

But an unexpected guest came to their classroom, a young man, walking in a hurry and panting, obviously in a hurry.

Zhong Zhiyan was not at all in the mood, and with her head down, she didn't bother to look.

"Zhiyan, that's someone from the Imperial University!" The girl at the same table was suddenly surprised, "Look at the school badge he's carrying!"

Zhong Zhiyan looked up and her heart skipped a beat.

On the top right corner of the youth's shirt was a white gold badge pinned on.

There wouldn't be any high school students who didn't recognise it.

This was the emblem of the Imperial Capital University.

Imperial Capital University, the high school where every student in China dreamed of going.

"Zhiyan, he must be here to see you." The girl was excited, "In the previous classes, weren't there seniors and sisters who had been accepted within the Imperial Capital University in their second year of high school?"

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips and smiled, "What are you talking about, where is it to find me."

"Zhiyan, don't be modest." The girl said, "To say that there is someone in the Talent Class who is worthy of a personal visit from the Imperial University, who else but you?"

Zhong Zhiyan didn't respond.

It was a tacit acknowledgement.

“Zhiyan, go over there.” The girl pulled her towards the door without any further ado.

Zhong Zhiyan stood in front of the youth, nervous: “Hello, I’m Zhong Zhiyan, I don’t know what you want to see me about?”

The young man didn’t look at her, but looked at the classroom and said, “Excuse me, is Ying Ziyang in?”

Chapter 140

“.....”

The entire Talent class instantly fell silent.

Zhong Zhiyan’s smile froze.

She just stood frozen in place, her ears buzzing, her head filled with blood all of a sudden and exploded with a “bang”.

In particular, many people in the class and in the corridor looked over.

So many eyes converged on Zhong Zhiyan, making her feel like a clown who was clamouring for attention.

“Hmm?” The youth didn’t get a response and asked again, “Excuse me, which one is student Ying Ziyang? I’m a professor from Imperial University and have something I want to see her about.”

This sentence caused the students in the Talent Class to be stunned.

A professor from the Imperial Capital University had come to Qingzhi personally for Ying Zidian?

What a joke.

“Professor! Wrong wrong wrong!” The head of the physics team ran over, “Professor Zuo, you left in such a hurry that I had time to tell you that this child is not from the Talented Class.”

He was so old and leggy, he still had to compete with the youngsters for physical strength.

“Not in the class of excellence?” The young professor was surprised, “The paper is not from the class of excellence?”

“Professor Zuo, it’s a long story.” The physics team wiped off a sweat, “The boy is sick and didn’t come to school today, so let’s go to the headmaster’s office and talk slowly.”

The young professor nodded his head and followed the head of the physics team.

Next to him, Zhong Zhiyan was ignored cleanly.

Zhong Zhiyan’s lips trembled fiercely, her face pale, finally revealing a few moments of vulnerability.

The strong sense of humiliation made her eyes swish with tears.

“Goddess Zhong, don’t be sad.” Some boys couldn’t bear to see her like this and comforted her, “It’s not a big deal, can’t you just not go to Imperial University?”

The Qingzhi Talent Class is actually a place where students are trained by the Imperial University, otherwise it wouldn’t be a special paper.

It was better if she didn't say this, but when she did, Zhong Zhiyan became even sadder.

She squeezed the strap of her school bag tightly and ran away with her head down.

**

That night, Qingzhi's campus forum exploded straight away.

It was all over the place, all saying that there was a serious injustice in the mid-term exam.

[Honestly, it's too fake for Ying Zidian to get a perfect score, my second brother is in the physics department of the Imperial University, and he only did half of the elective questions last year. Tsk.]

[I can't stand it anymore, a bunch of students bragging about it during the day, you know what you're bragging about? I could have done so well with the answers.]

[Everyone can see how bad Ying Zidian's grades were before. I don't believe it if she didn't copy them to save face.]

If she hadn't cheated, she wouldn't have been number one in her year and become over a thousand.

[My heart goes out to Goddess Zhong.] [My heart goes out to Goddess Zhong.]

[Heartbroken +1.]

[Heartbroken +10086]

Here is a group of top posters.

The campus forum is anonymous and no one knows who it is, which makes many students even more reckless.

Especially some of the students in the Talented class, this time the grade ranking had caused them to have a lot of resentment in their hearts.

[I've already dropped a report letter to the headmaster's mailbox, and when the results come out, Ying Zigui will have to be expelled.

[Is there a template for a letter? I'll do it too, there's strength in numbers.

[So many people want it? Then I'll post it on the forum.

Zhong Zhiwei was naturally one of those who spoke on the forum, but she wondered why the people in class 19 hadn't made a move.

As usual, a group of people from Class 19 would have come out to protect them.

Instead of waiting for the people from Class 19, Zhong Zhiwei waited for an announcement on the school's official website the next morning.

The school has already received all the letters of report, and after the Q&A is over, the school will punish them severely according to the school rules.

Bai Shaoshi and He Xun, who were in the office, and several other teachers who thought that Ying Zidian had cheated, received a notice directly from the teaching team.

The notice told them to prepare the questions they wanted to ask and to ask them at that time.

When He Xun looked at the notice, his eyebrows relaxed and his heart finally felt better.

If the questions were openly asked, then there was no way Ying could get the answers.

With so many people watching, it was even more impossible to rescue them off-site and reveal them all at once.

The penalty for cheating in examinations is very high.

But this is what Ying Zigui had asked for, and there is no one else to blame.

He Xun turned off the notice and started to ask questions.

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The following day.

The students were not in much of a mood to go to the morning classes, waiting for the afternoon session of the synagogue quiz.

This was the first time ever that Qingzhi had clamped down on cheating in such a mode.

Even the answers were not available, so how else could Ying Zigui copy them?

The students in Class 19 also had a hard time getting through noon, so they bought a burger and headed straight to the assembly hall to take the best seats.

“Is it going to be okay?” Jiang Yan was even in the first row and he frowned, “I heard that He What, the international class, came up with a bunch of questions for university science majors.”

“Come on, let’s not talk about universities, you can bring the questions of graduate students, but it’s useless.” Xiu Yu shrugged, “Do you know what book Ying Dad read last time? Quantum mechanics, I went back and looked it up, scientists are still working on this field today.”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

Just don't be a person.

“When the time comes, it's the group of teachers and students who reported it that will make a fool of themselves instead.” Xiu Yu, “Let's just watch the fun.”

Two o'clock had not yet arrived and the synagogue was already full of people.

The head of the physics group had specially reserved a front row seat for the young professor from the Imperial University to watch.

“Are these teachers at your school sick?” The young professor pointed to the row of seats in the middle of the synagogue, “How can I copy someone else's little girl's answers, which are even more concise than the standard answers I gave?”

The head of the physics team had a hard time saying, “Professor Zuo, I don't know either, I've told them, but they don't believe me.”

The young professor shook his head repeatedly, “Superficial.”

“Why isn't Ying Ziyi coming?” In the seat, Bai Shaoshi was still fixing her make-up and snorted, “You don't dare to come, do you?”

She had specially prepared many difficult questions, some of which even she couldn't answer herself.

“If you don't come, you'll be fired straight away.” He Xun looked indifferent, “The result is the same, none of it has anything to do with us.”

“That's true.” Bai Shaoshi snorted again, “She really has the guts too, daring to take a Q&A in public.”

What was this if not asking for death?

“Zhiyan, Ying Ziji must have just magnified her words, she wouldn’t even dare to come.” Lu Fang was solicitous, “Wait, if she doesn’t come at two o’clock, she’ll have stood everyone up and you’ll still be first in the year.”

Zhong Zhiwei responded absentmindedly, but the excitement in her heart couldn’t be suppressed.

Whether she came or not, the result would be the same.

At two o’clock, the girl arrived as promised.

Ying Zidian swept the hall and then sat down in the seat specially prepared for her.

Opposite her were seven or eight teachers, including He Xun and Bai Shaoshi.

It was quite a big gathering.

Ying Zigui didn’t bother to look at He Xun and looked at the green plants in the distance: “Ask away.”

“In the last physics question, you used a very deep knowledge of special relativity.” He Xun’s gaze was cold and his tone mocking, “What do you know about special relativity? And what would be the solution idea of this problem?”

Physics elective 3-4 only briefly covered relativity, which was so shallow that most students didn’t know how to use it.

“Theories about space-time and gravity.” Ying Zigui side-eyed, “I not only used the theory of relativity, but also quantum mechanics, what you see, is more than relativity, it’s a deformation.”

Hearing this, He Xun's expression stiffened, and he had the feeling that he had been slapped in public.

He hadn't really seen it.

The girl's voice was unhurried, "The solution to this problem starts with putting a few variables"

Jiang Yan only felt like he was listening to a heavenly book, his head was spinning.

On the other side, Zhong Zhiyan gradually went from smiling to green in the face and couldn't even sit still doing it.

She didn't even understand what Ying Zidian was saying.

Of course she had studied relativity theory, but quantum mechanics?

Bai Shaoshi saw He Xun choked, his face was cold, immediately asked: "Biology elective question, you wrote about cre-loxp recombinase system, as far as I know, this system has toxicity, and poor tissue penetration of purple and blue light, the topic requirements have the word 'efficient', what makes you use it?"

"Not long ago, a domestic university has developed a cre-loxp recombinant enzyme system with low toxicity, high temporal specificity and strong tissue penetration, please do your homework next time."

Bai Shaoshi's face was white and red as she lost her breath from the gag.

Next, several other teachers were no better.

In particular, one of them suggested that some of the words in Ying Zidian's English composition were not pure English and had the meaning of showing off.

Ying Zidian took a sip of water before saying, "There are quite a few words in English that are still used in Latin, just because you haven't seen them doesn't mean they aren't there, please go and catch up again."

The English teacher's face turned red with anger: "But this is a mid-term exam, how can you use Latin? What if the marker can't read it?"

"Hmm." Ying nodded, "I used a very common root word, if you can't read it, that's because you're not educated enough, it's enough that Teacher Deng can read it."

Teacher Deng was sitting down and nodded when he heard this, "It's indeed very common and can be used, the locals say the same thing."

"....."

The people below went crazy.

"Sister Yu!" On the side, little brother clutched her shoulder, "I suddenly want to marry Daddy Ying so badly, Mrs. Ying is too handsome."

Jiang Yan kicked him and sneered, "You want to be on top of me for generations?"

Little brother wilted.

What do you mean by "fighting with words"? Today everyone had seen the real thing.

"Professor Zuo, calm down, calm down." The head of the physics team held the young professor down, "You can't rush up there at this time, isn't that disturbing the children?"

The young professor reluctantly agreed.

One of the language teachers, who had been forced to make up the numbers, asked helplessly, "So why don't you write an essay? I can see from your reading that you have a strong literary background, so essay writing should not be too difficult for you, right?"

Ying Ziji was silent for a moment: "There are many words and I am lazy."

Language teacher: "....."

The group of students below cracked up.

Not writing essays or coming first, what is it if not a pervert?

He Xun's lips were tightly pursed and the knot in his throat rolled, clearly shaken to the core, more in disbelief.

Ying Zidian put the mineral water bottle down and asked politely, "Have you finished asking all the questions?"

"....."

There was a flurry of silence.

What else could be asked here?

If you asked, you would be losing face yourself instead.

Especially those students who reported it, they didn't even understand the answer.

Ying Ziguai changed to a more comfortable position and leaned back, but did not lose his poise and politeness.

The professors from the Imperial University were sitting right below, and apart from He Xun, the other teachers were all very formal.

Not as relaxed as she was yet.

“Good then.” Ying Zigui raised her eyes, slowly, “It’s my turn to ask.