

Boss Lady Chapter 141-142

Chapter 141

“.....”

Four words that plunged the entire synagogue into dead silence.

The students below had not yet reacted from the earlier tongue-lashing and were once again shaken over.

The head teacher was silent for two seconds and lowered his voice, “Headmaster, it’s not what I think it means, is it?”

The headmaster also seemed to have just come back to his senses as he slowly pushed his glasses up, “I suppose, I suppose.”

The head teacher drew a backward breath, “That’s bad.”

The previous quiz had lasted less than forty minutes in total, but almost all of astronomy and geography had been tested.

But even so, it was not difficult for Ying Zidian.

Apart from the language teacher who had been forced to make up the numbers, the other teachers who had reported the cheating had their faces turned purple.

It was the first time he had seen that a student had to ask a teacher.

“Awesome, that’s awesome.” The young professor vigorously patted the physics team leader on the shoulder, his eyes lit up, “This student of yours, with his personality, is just perfect for learning our physics.”

The physics team leader, who almost vomited blood from the pat, said, “.....”

He didn’t even know how to do philosophy.

The young professor seemed to think of something and took out his mobile phone, thinking, “I have to call the dean.”

The questioning table.

Those few teachers all looked changed.

He Xun also raised his head, his eyes under his gold-rimmed glasses showing a bit of confusion.

“Ying Ziyi, you’re not going to ask us in return, are you?” Bai Shaoshi was already ashamed and angry because she had lost face, and when she heard this, she laughed sarcastically, “Remember, this quiz is because of the anomaly in your grades, not because of-”

But before she could finish, the emotions of the students below rose up.

All of them, whether they were from the Science Experimental Class or the Ordinary Class, or even the Talented Class, shouted out in unison.

“Let her ask!”

“Quick! Let her ask! Let her ask!”

“That’s right, let her ask, we want to listen!”

“Zhiyan, I’m suddenly so excited.” The girl at the table grabbed Zhong Zhiwei’s hand, “Teacher He is down there, and Ying Ziguai has the courage to ask questions, she’s really good!”

Admittedly, none of the teachers down there were over thirty-five years old, but if they could be hired by Qingzhi, their qualifications couldn’t be any lower.

Especially He Xun, the word Norton University made his status in Qingzhi even higher.

What is the difference between provoking He Xun and Norton University?

He really dared.

Zhong Zhiyan’s smile could not be maintained anymore.

She looked deadly at the girl in the middle of the hall, her fingers squeezed her school uniform trousers tightly, and a cold sweat had broken out on her back, chilling her body.

Ying Zidian was not a cheater?

Then she had given her name to the school authorities and made a second report without believing the headmaster and the head teacher, and wouldn’t she be the one to be disciplined in the end?

Zhong Zhiyan suddenly remembered the announcement and realised that the “severe punishment” mentioned in the announcement was not aimed at Ying Zidian, but at those of them who had reported without evidence.

“Zhiyan?” When the girl saw her face was pale and pale, she was concerned, “Zhiyan, are you alright?”

“No, I’m fine.” Zhong Zhiyan forced a smile, “I’m not feeling well, I’m going to the infirmary.”

After saying that, she lowered her head and didn't dare to look at the people around her as she hurriedly left the synagogue.

Below.

"Since quantum mechanics has been mentioned, there are some parts I don't understand." Ying pondered a little and nodded, "So I would like to ask Mr. He to tell me how to measure the collapsed quantum wave function."

The students were keen to notice that she said "Mr. He", not "Teacher He".

Jiang Yan was silent for a moment, then turned his head with difficulty: "Collapse what?"

"Joke." Xiu Yu shrugged her shoulders, "If you've heard it, you're the father."

She poked Dudu's little belly, "Dudu, don't you think so?"

Dudu made a mocking humming sound.

Jiang Yan: "....."

He Xun's expression went cold when the question was posed.

He hadn't studied physics at Norton University, it was just that engineering more or less involved physics.

As for quantum mechanics, that was a field that scientists had been working on for so many years, and there was still a lot that had not been breached.

Quantum mechanics goes to the deepest level and even deals with whether parallel universes exist.

The collapsing quantum wave function he had heard of, but had not taken a close look at.

“The quantum itself has wave-particle duality, which is difficult to measure.” He Xun tightened his lips, “It’s still an unsolved problem in the physics world.”

Ying tilted her head slightly and smiled very lightly, “Quite right, what Mr. He asked me earlier is also an unsolved problem in the mathematics world.”

He Xun looked fiercely at the girl, his throat slightly dry, and his expression woefully out of place for a moment.

The other students hadn’t understood from the beginning of quantum mechanics, and all of them had a “I don’t know what this is about, but I dare say it’s very impressive” look.

But they got it, and immediately exploded.

“What does Mr. He mean? Asking high school students about unsolved problems in the world of mathematics?”

“I heard from the teaching team, they sent out a notice in advance for Teacher He and the others to prepare questions, I was thinking, even if they think Ying Ziyi is cheating in this exam, how come they have to mention the ones within the scope of the exam, right?”

“This is really not a deliberate attempt to make things difficult? I’m a bit disillusioned.”

Once again, He Xun’s status in the minds of all the students plummeted.

“What a pity.” Ying got up, “A Norton University graduate with a bad character.”

She had learnt about Norton University over the years.

Those below A Pole Academy were no different from students who were not from Norton University.

Norton University provided a platform for these students to teach, but it was up to the students themselves whether they could move on to the next level.

She really thought that some alchemy madman would also lower the standards for recruiting students in order to open the university as the number one in the world.

He Xun's face was completely changed this time.

These words were like a slap in his face.

Norton University could be said to be a sacred place in the heart of all studies.

Although it is difficult to get into the Imperial University, but at least you can touch it, and you can visit the campus even if you can't get in.

The University of Norton, on the other hand, is said to be a place where no one knows where its main campus is, except for the students of the school.

It's the mystery that makes people yearn for it.

"Well said!" The young professor patted the physics team leader's shoulder once again vigorously and gratefully, "It's still our Imperial University that's good."

The Physics Team Leader spat out blood thinking, "But you've had enough."

"I'm done with my questions." Ying nodded in greeting towards the other teachers' directions, "Thank you."

She retreated from the meeting, and the teachers in the question box, still sitting there awkwardly, didn't move.

The headmaster sighed and stood up, "This question and answer session is now over, everyone go back to class."

The public question and answer was enough to show that justice was done, and some disciplinary actions, it was time to hand them out.

**

Outside the assembly hall.

Ying Ziyi throws the mineral water bottle into the rubbish bin.

She stood propped up against the street lamp and sighed slowly.

She still overestimated her body.

In just a moment, all the energy she hadn't recovered was used up again.

Ying took out a white pill from her pocket and took it down, ready to still proceed to take a leave of absence and go back to rest.

As soon as she turned around, she was stopped.

She raised her eyes.

"Hello, student Ying Zidian." The young professor extended his hand, "I'm a professor from Imperial University, Zuo Li, and I'm here specifically to see you this time, I wonder if I have time to talk?"

“I’m not feeling well, I can’t today.” Ying refused, “I’m still in my second year of high school, it’s too early to talk about university.”

“Early? No.” Zuo Li didn’t think so, “With your level, not to mention bailing out of university, I could just apply for you to be an associate professor at Tidu University, a full professor would have to go up on his own.”

Today, he had seen a feast of knowledge.

Ying Zigui smiled and pondered, “An associate professor has to lead students?”

“Naturally.”

“And write papers?”

“That’s right.”

“Oh, forget it then.”

“.....”

Zuo Li’s expression cracked and he only had to back down, “Ying, really, why are you still studying in high school, come to Di Da, we all welcome you, the bonus is definitely more generous than Qing Zhi.”

You’re kidding.

He had a hunch, thanks to the fact that he was the first one to come running.

Otherwise, the group of guys from the maths department would be afraid of grabbing it from him.

To prevent this from happening, Zuo Li added, "This way, student Ying, even if you don't want to come now, I can first integrate you into our Physics Department, and you can come anytime you want later."

"This is our annual bonus entry for physics." With that, he pulled out a minute of paperwork, "Student Ying, you can-"

She raised her hand, "Professor Zuo, please wait for a moment."

She raised her head and looked precisely in a certain direction.

Chapter 142

"What's wrong?" Zuo Li froze and looked over as well.

The blue sky was white and the sun was shining.

There weren't even any birds all the time.

What was looking at?

Just as Zuo Li was confused, he watched as the girl picked up a stone from the ground, then put it in her hand and tossed it towards the air.

"Ka-ching!"

There was an extremely small crunching sound as something shattered and opened up.

It passed away in a flash.

Zuo Li stared at that part of the sky for a full thirty seconds before he drifted back to his senses:
“Student Ying, did you hear anything?”

“Hm?” Ying Ziyi withdrew her gaze and wiped her hands, her expression unmoved, “Nothing.”

It was just that she hadn’t expected that Earth’s technology had advanced to this level.

But that didn’t stop her from retiring.

“Oh oh.” Zuo Li nodded, wondering if he was so excited that he was hallucinating.

**

Same time.

Somewhere in the world.

A lab door was suddenly opened from the inside and a figure rushed out, “Where’s the admissions department? Quickly, quickly, it’s urgent!”

It was an old man, with silvery white hair, but walking with a steady, strong presence that did not show his age at all.

Someone next to him warned, “Professor, over there.”

The old man immediately ran away.

When he arrived at the admissions department, he placed the USB stick in his hand in front of the admissions specialist on duty: "Where I am in charge, I found a genius, take a look and give me the invitation when it looks good."

"Yes, this will be taken care of for you." The admissions specialist took it and a minute later he looked up, puzzled, "Professor, are you mistaken, there's no video here."

"No way!" The old man looked closer and cracked up when he saw that the computer was blank, "Where are my records? Who erased my footage?"

Norton University had placed stealth drones on campuses around the world as a way of capturing those gifted students.

Of course, it is impossible to monitor the private activities of students.

All conversations about privacy are automatically turned off by the drone cameras.

Only when a student worthy of being recruited to Norton University is sensed, the camera turns on and records the relevant footage for transmission to the main campus.

This USB stick, then, is connected to a drone.

The old man didn't know who had actually invented this drone, and he didn't have time to care.

What he had to do now was to get the invitation letter and immediately travel to China to enroll this student into Norton University early.

"Professor, that's not possible." The female assistant passed by, clutching her papers, and shook her head when she heard this, "Even the boss of the Anonymous hacker alliance couldn't have destroyed our footage, they couldn't even find the drone."

“But it’s really just gone!” The old man was in a hurry, “I just watched it again, how could it be gone all of a sudden?”

The female assistant shook her head again, “Maybe you should take a break.”

No, the presbyopia was coming out.

**

The Zhong family.

Even though it was a weekend, Master Zhong had gone to the office.

Only Mrs. Zhong and Zhong Zhiyan were left in the old mansion.

Zhong Zhiyan was stiff, standing in front of the sofa, her palms kept sweating, not daring to look up to see Mrs. Zhong’s expression.

“Zhong Zhiwei, what’s going on with your exam this time?” Mrs. Zhong looked at the ranking on the paper, so angry that she laughed, “1001th place? Are you making fun of me?”

“Mom, it’s not.” Zhong Zhiyan blushed and whispered, “This time the school’s calculation system made a mistake and didn’t convert, and our class ranked very low.”

She paused and added, “Mom, look, my class ranking is number one, there’s no way our whole class didn’t look good.”

“Is that so?” Mrs. Zhong frowned and took a look at the class ranking and found that it was indeed, “If you convert it, you would be 730 points, number one in your grade?”

Zhong Zhiyan bit her lip and didn’t respond, a tacit acknowledgement.

“That too.” Only then did Mrs. Zhong’s expression soothe, “Don’t blame mum for being so harsh with you, mum is doing it for your own good.”

She said, sighing, “Evening, among the young ladies of your generation, you and Xiao Xuan are the most outstanding, and I’m always happy that you’ve been able to beat her in studies.”

Zhong Zhiyan was even more afraid to say anything.

She was afraid that Mrs. Zhong would find out that this time, the first in her grade was Ying Zidian, the adopted daughter of the Ying family.

Luckily, at the parents’ meeting this time, the class teacher didn’t mention the first in class.

With Madam Zhong’s nature, she didn’t even bother to look at other people’s results.

“That’s why you must work hard and not fall behind.” Mrs. Zhong’s tone was a little more stern, “In three days’ time, the Mu family side of the empire will be sending someone over, Evening, you must be careful with your words and never leave a bad impression on the Mu family, do you understand?”

Zhong Zhiyan remembered the disciplinary action the school had given her yesterday, her heart tightened and her voice lowered: “Mom, I understand.”

“There will be a banquet next Friday then.” Mrs. Zhong thought for a moment and admonished, “Don’t worry about that, just study hard.”

**

Han Court.

After the waiter had laid out the cutlery and dishes, he retired.

Coming here once again, Ying Ziyi gazed sideways and paid attention to the incense burner next to her.

Naturally, she could smell that the incense burning in the incense burner was different from the first time.

It not only calms the mind, but also soothes the depressed qi.

Ying Ziji's eyes twitched slightly.

It had been prepared on purpose.

She looked at the man sitting across from her, pondering.

"Well, Yoyo, last time I promised you that if you get a perfect score on the exam, what about my brother, I'll give you an entertainment company." Fu Yunshen pushed the phone in front of her, "Now, it's time to keep the promise."

Ying Ziji raised her eyebrows slightly, seemingly surprised.

"Yao Yao, this expression on your face-" Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes raised, "You don't think that brother is lying to children, do you?"

Ying Ziji propped his hand on his chin, half-heartedly, "Yes."

"Little friend, you're not being conscientious." Fu Yunshen's eyes narrowed, "When have I ever cheated you."

Ying Ziji looked sideways, as if she was remembering something.

Three seconds later, she repeated the words she had said at their first meeting, "You see, I have no power, what if he arrests us?"

Fu Yunshen: "....."

I think he had said that.

"Can." Fu Yunshen leaned back on the sofa, silent for a little while, smiled, "Remember brother's handle remembering backwards clear, can this gift be offset?"

Ying Ziji took his phone.

The webpage on the screen was Sky Eye Search.

It was a commercial security company that could look up information about companies.

At the top of the webpage were four words.

First Light Media.

Ying Zidian looked puzzled.

She knew this company.

In another web drama she was watching, the vicious female second in it was from First Light Media.

Since the actress was quite good-looking, she paid more attention to it and looked up the company by hand.

First Light Media is the top-ranked entertainment company in China.

It has produced many movie stars and international superstars.

It can be said that it is the mecca of the entertainment industry, and there is not a single student from the Imperial Film Academy who does not want to join Chikou Media.

The company does not produce stars, only actors.

Anyone who is chosen by First Light Media is bound to have a bright future.

The annual revenue of Primordial Light Media is also a terrifying figure.

This is a gift.

Ying Zidian's eyes moved down.

She landed on the legal representative's column.

The name was written in her name.

Below that there was the registered capital, a long number.

"After thinking about it, this one is better." Fu Yunshen poured a cup of tea, looking lazy, "There are quite a few young stars, I haven't noticed, but it should be something you like."

"If you don't like it, you can also take it again."

"Let me make a medicine for you." Ying Ziji paused, "This time it won't be a kidney tonic, it will definitely prolong your life."

“Hmm, good.” Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows and trailed off. “It’s not impossible to really supplement the kidneys.”

He couldn’t use it, he could send some to Nie Yi.

**

Monday.

He Xun went to the headmaster’s office after letting the international class students help themselves to their topics.

The headmaster had been waiting for a long time, and after seeing him arrive, he pushed his glasses, “Teacher He, please have a seat.”

Ever since the question and answer session a few days ago, He Xun had noticed that the students in the school looked at him differently.

Instead of the previous admiration and adoration, there was a bit of contempt in its place.

He Xun had never received such a gaze before.

These days, he was even more worried that the Norton University side would call again, not enough no.

He Xun’s throat tightened before he asked, “What’s the matter with the headmaster?”

“Mr. He, it was said at the time that insisting on reporting students for cheating when there was no evidence was punishable.” The headmaster took out a document, his voice was still moderate, “This is the result of the school’s punishment for you after discussion.”

He Xun pursed his lips and suppressed the uneasiness in his heart.

He took the document and opened it.

Boss Lady Chapter 143-144

Chapter 143

After he took out the document from inside the file bag, he only took a glance at it and his face just changed.

He Xun looked up sharply, somewhat in disbelief, "Headmaster?!"

"Teacher He, I know that you graduated from Norton University and are learned enough." The headmaster nodded, "When Qingzhi hired you, it was also because of these two points, but what happened these days proves that you-"

After a pause, he said in a euphemistic tone, "You still need more experience in society."

The implication was that you were not suitable for the position of teacher.

How could He Xun not have thought that Qingzhi had given him the punishment provision of dismissal?

He had always felt superior because of his graduation institution.

At least he was able to go to Norton University, many people that are not able to go.

"Mr. He, what about Qingzhi, putting the students first." The headmaster, "In my opinion, the mental health of students is far more important than how well they study, have you ever thought about the day when you suppress those students who study poorly, have you thought about the day when they can't handle the pressure and there will be irreversible consequences?"

Ying was actually not the first, before she transferred here, there were students from ordinary classes who were reprimanded by He Xun to the point of transferring to another school.

The headmaster originally didn't even know that this matter was related to He Xun.

It was because of this public Q&A, He Xun's image was greatly damaged, and some students rehashed the old incident and reported it.

He Xun spoke coldly: "But she answered it."

Half of it was not lost.

"Teacher He, you see, this is your flaw." The headmaster's expression was cold, "It's nice that you're a Norton University graduate, but if you treat students differently like this, Qingzhi won't want it."

As soon as He Xun heard these words, he knew that there was absolutely no room for turning back on this matter.

"Principal, I can accept the dismissal." He Xun had to lower his posture, "But the matter of the Norton University interview, please also ask the headmaster to let me continue to follow up on it, as my atonement."

One thing that Qingzhi High School never knew.

It wasn't that Qingzhi couldn't leave him, but that he couldn't leave Qingzhi.

If he left, there was no way he could complete his examination.

If Norton University did cancel his schooling.

“Oh, there aren’t many days left.” The headmaster nodded, “Then please ask Mr. He to leave Qingzhi as soon as possible after the interview at Norton University is over.”

When the words had come to this point, He Xun could not stay any longer, so he grabbed his papers and headed out.

Just as he opened the door, the headmaster’s voice came again behind him, “By the way, since Mr. He is no longer a teacher at Qingzhi, please also move out of the flat assigned by the school as soon as possible.”

**

Class 19.

Jiang Yan was sleeping with his school uniform over his head because the internal energy in his body had recently started another round of rioting.

But the constant noise in his ears was so annoying that he kicked his desk.

After raising his head, Jiang Yan saw a group of people gathered at the front and back doors of the class, with a few juniors blocking the doorway in not letting those students in.

Jiang Yan forced himself to be grumpy and asked, “What are they doing? Catching up?”

He preferred to be clean, so Class 19 was at the end of the floor.

Since all the male and female school bullies from Qingzhi were in class 19, the students avoided them as much as they could.

When had there been so many people?

“Oh.” Xiu Yu looked in the small mirror and was using the new lipstick that Ying Ziguai had brought her, “Don’t you get it yet? Worship the Ying God.”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

He lost his temper now, turned to the girl and coughed lightly, “So what, Ying Dad, can I borrow an earplug?”

Ying Ziji gave him a look, fished out a box of unused earplugs from his schoolbag and threw them over.

Just as Jiang Yan was about to close his eyes and go back to sleep, the little brothers came in with some boxes in their arms and put them on the floor: “Here, Ying Dad.”

“What’s this?” Jiang Yan looked down and saw a pile of pink and blue envelopes, “.....”

Something like this was all too familiar to him.

“A love letter.” Little brother could be proud, “In order to prevent them from disturbing your rest, Brother Burn, we specifically asked them to be outside the door and hand over the love letters.”

Jiang Yan immediately plugged his ears and fell asleep with his head covered.

“These two boxes, a few hundred letters, right?” Xiu Yu picked up one of them, “Ying Dad, awesome, the most I can do is a few dozen letters at a time.”

Ying Ziji put down the book in his hand and pondered, “The love letters they handed me were because I did well in the exams?”

Xiu Yu thought about it, “I think so.”

Ying Zidian said, “Oh,” and looked down again, “No vision.”

“Father Ying, that’s a good thing.” Xiu Yu was choked, “It means they don’t look at the face, they look at the inside.”

“That’s not possible, I look at the face.”

“.....”

What a good reason to say no.

The little brother scratched his head and scuffled to move the box again.

“Ying Dad, what did the professor from Imperial University say the other day?” Xiu Yu was curious, “Was it to put you in for special admission?”

“No.” The book Ying was reading was Celtic mythology, “He wanted me to work for him as a hard worker.”

Xiu Yu: “?????”

She probably didn’t understand what the big brother was thinking.

“Ying Dad, if you don’t want to go to school when you graduate, you can come with me to the Imperial City.” Xiu Yu said with a straight face, “I can still support you.”

“Di Du,” Ying Zidian paused, “Let’s talk about it.”

**

It was Wednesday morning before Fu Yichen was released back into the Fu family.

He was thrown straight to the door of the Fu family's old residence, his hands and feet tied and a cloth ball stuffed into his mouth

All Fu Yichen could do was whimper, and if the gardener hadn't happened to come out to water the flowers, he would have had to lie in the grass all day and night.

Master Fu had been sent back to the First Hospital a while ago, and Fu Mingcheng had gone to the office, leaving Mrs Fu and the other sisters-in-law at home.

Mrs. Fu was stunned when she saw Fu Yichen: "Yichen, how are you"

"Mom" Fu Yichen didn't even dare to cry, when he cried his wounds hurt.

His nose was bruised and swollen, his teeth were knocked out, and he stuttered: "Mom, you, you must do something for me, Fu, Fu Yunshen, he went too far, he beat me up like this, he clearly didn't put you and Dad in his eyes."

When the sisters-in-law next to her heard these words, they all looked over.

One of them said in a tone that was half puzzled and half sarcastic: "Sister-in-law, did you hear right, he was talking about Young Master Seven?"

Who in Shanghai didn't know what kind of person Fu Yunshen was?

He was a fop, a flirt and a loafer.

How dare he hit his own second brother?

Unless he wanted to be kicked out of the Fu family.

“He’s just saying that.” Madam Fu’s face didn’t look too good, “You guys talk first, I’ll take him up to get medicine.”

Fu Yichen had difficulty moving on his own, so Mrs. Fu had to ask the two servants to carry him up.

Once in the bedroom, Mrs. Fu was distraught, “Yichen, why have you become like this?”

“Mum, didn’t I say so?” Fu Yichen was so angry that he wanted to jump to his feet, “I’ve been beaten by that little son of yours.”

“Yichen, it’s just the two of us now, and you’re still talking such nonsense?” Mrs Fu took out the iodine stick and shook her head, “What’s going on?”

“Mom, it’s true.” Seeing that Madam Fu didn’t believe her, Fu Yichen became anxious, “I saw it with my own eyes, the people who took Grandpa away were all Fu Yunshen’s men too, he kept me locked up for seven days and seven nights and only gave me water to drink, I was dying.”

A person can survive for about a week by drinking only water, Fu Yunshen had obviously calculated this time and threw him back into the Fu family.

“No food for you?” Mrs. Fu was startled, “I asked the kitchen to make you some liquid food, you should lie down and rest first.”

This time Fu Yichen was angry and cried, “Mom, it’s really Fu Yunshen, believe me, he must be waiting to get back at us, really!”

“Come on, don’t talk.” Mrs. Fu scolded, “Don’t say such things again, if I hear you again, you will be punished for kneeling in the ancestral hall.”

**

There were only a few days left before the recital, but Ying Luwei was in a good mood.

Even if she couldn't play Vera Hall's "The Sun and the Moon", her persona wouldn't collapse.

After all, without even a complete score, even some top pianists would not be able to play it down.

The most important thing now was how she could get Ying Ziji to agree to come to her recital.

While Ying Luwei was racking her brains for a solution, the door was pushed open.

It was her manager.

"Lu Wei, good news." The agent was very excited, "An offer has been handed to you, saying that you have been asked to play a role in their film, but you have to be seen on camera."

Hearing this, Ying Luwei laughed, sarcastically, "What company is so stupid as to ask me to act in a movie? I'm not one of those showbiz sellers."

She is in the music industry, she is marketing her persona in the entertainment industry just to attract more fans to worship her.

She was the number one woman in Shanghai, how could she be like those stars?

"Of course it's not an ordinary role, would I still come to you if it was?" The agent spoke quickly, "This time it's a film collaboration between First Light Media and Universal Pictures, about the history of music in a continent from the 17th to 18th century."

"The role they've asked you to play is Vera Hall!"

It had to be a young woman, with class, who played the piano well and had great appeal online.

The agent couldn't think of anyone else who would be suitable for the role, apart from Ying Luwei.

Unless Vera Hall is still alive.

Ying Luwei was also taken aback: "Really?"

If she could do this film, she could enter the international music world and have exchanges with real top musicians.

Before the agent could answer again, the phone rang.

He glanced at the caller ID and became even more excited.

"It's a call from First Light Media, it must be about this." The agent picked up, "Hello, hello, this is Miss Luvvie's agent."

Chapter 144

The agent's hands were shaking.

He could even imagine what a sensation this film would bring when it was broadcast.

It would affect not only China, but the whole world, and could even lead to the development of a series of industries.

The fame that will be reaped is also endless.

Even the celebrities in the imperial capital would definitely not turn down this olive branch.

Perhaps one First Light Media is not enough to put the big giants in their eyes, but Universal Pictures is different.

It is world class.

Those who can be invited by Universal Pictures to make films are top actors from around the world.

In these fifty years, no one in China has been able to achieve this honour.

Universal Pictures is backed by a powerful o-continent plutocracy.

Luckily, one of the personas that Ying Luwei is marketing is the next Vera Hall.

Otherwise, such a good thing would not have been their turn.

“What?!” The agent was smiling when his face suddenly changed, “Why? Didn’t we agree last week? It’s not a contract, but-”

Before he could finish his sentence, the phone beeped and hung up.

There was no mercy.

There was no leniency because he was Ying Luwei’s manager.

As the number one entertainment company in China, Primeval Media is not just a big family in Shanghai that they can look at differently.

When she saw his expression, she knew that something was wrong.

She wrinkled her eyebrows, a little unhappy: “What’s going on?”

The agent looked at her phone for a long time before she froze, "First Light Media said that although they wanted you to audition last week, they have just changed bosses in the past few days and are busy with the handover."

"As soon as the new executive went up, he took the work away from the film, and the role of Vera Hall was not allowed to be brought in from below."

There was one more thing that the agent didn't dare say.

The original quote from First Light Media was this –

When Vera Hall appeared in the limelight left and right, she wore a mask that could have been synthesized by ai, no need for a real person.

They can even go to the music academy and cast a random person to play the role without Ying Lu Wei.

In short, Ying Lu Wei is not worthy.

"What? Why won't you let us shoot?" Ying Luwei laughed, "Does this new CEO think she is Vera Hall? Does she think she's Vera Hall and can influence the decisions of Universal Pictures?"

"The film is a co-production between First Light Media and Universal Pictures, and Universal Pictures is in the lead." The agent sighed, "But the role of Vera Hall was the only one that was given to First Light Media."

"Why?" Ying Luwei was angry and couldn't understand, "Vera Hall is from O-continent, isn't she?"

"No, Luvvie, I only just found out about it." The agent lowered her voice, "According to First Light Media's internal disclosure, they were told by Universal Pictures that Vera Hall is from China."

"In order to closely fit the historical character, so the casting had to be Chinese as well."

“Chinese?” Ying Lu Wei was shocked, “How is that possible?”

If Vera Hall was from China, would the history of music in o continent not be written?

“And how can we know for sure?” The agent shook her head, “You know that big o-continent plutocrat behind Universal Pictures? It’s said to be a very old family that used to finance a number of literary giants.”

“Their oldest ancestor was good friends with Vera Hall, too, maybe.”

“Ignoramuses!” Ying Luwei snorted, “If they don’t invite me, I don’t see how they can make this film.”

“Lu Wei, don’t be impetuous, this role is really good for you.” The agent thought for a moment, “The First Light Media side said that their new CEO is over here at the Shanghai branch.”

“Let’s go meet and beg, we might be able to salvage it.”

**

First Light Media, Shanghai City Branch.

After the female secretary made the call, she cautiously asked again, “Executive Director, do we really have to use ai synthesis?”

“Computer technology is very advanced.” Ying Ziyi raised her eyes and examined her for a moment, “You’re tall enough, I think you can act with a mask.”

The flattered female secretary: “.....”

Although she was happy to be complimented but this she really couldn't and didn't deserve.

"Executive, I actually think there just aren't many suitable candidates for the role of Goddess Vera." The female secretary was peeking at the girl and quickly withdrew her gaze, quickly setting her face straight, "Miss Ying Lu Wei is also the first lady in Shanghai City and knows the piano, so it's really more apt."

She wasn't from Shanghai City, she had only changed chief executive because of First Light Media and had been transferred from the imperial capital.

Before that, the secretary had learned a bit about Ying Luwei and found that this first lady of Shanghai was really quite suitable for the role of Vera Hall.

She played the piano and was also of noble birth.

Ying Ziyi was looking through the photos of the actresses under First Light Media and didn't look up at her words: "She has fox odour."

The female secretary was confused: "???"

"So..." Ying Ziji selected a few photos of actresses she thought were good and pushed them over, "These ones, let them go for auditions."

The female secretary took a look and sighed, "Executive Director, you have a good eye, picking all the company's aces."

The chief executive was very young, but he was decisive.

She had only been with the company for a day and had already sorted out a lot of information.

It's true that there's no need for Ying Luwei to act, because when she puts on a mask, no one knows who she is.

Besides, there is an international film queen among these actresses, who has much more appeal than Ying Luwei.

Ying Ziyi put away a few documents and got up: "If there's anything else, just ask the general manager."

She had discovered that she was really too lazy to manage the company.

It was better to watch dramas every day to nourish the eyes and the body.

The female secretary was busy following the girl and escorting her out.

**

The fact that First Light Media had changed its new executive director was known to only a few people internally.

After all, even before the change, they didn't know who the executive director was.

There was no difference between this change and no change at all.

Many of the staff did notice the girl, but they all thought of her as a new actress signed by First Light Media.

They were just amazed by her face, but soon went about their business.

First Light Media has become the number one entertainment company in China because its employees are dedicated to their duties and don't do their personal business at work.

All departments are clean from top to bottom, and the company will give the artists the maximum benefit.

Even if a movie queen or a movie star goes out to open a studio, he or she will not step on Primeval Media's toes, but will instead introduce the younger generation.

In recent years, however, Primeval Media has withstood the impact of many smaller companies.

Among them are Shang Yaozhi's proprietor, Star Entertainment, and Tian Xing Media, which is owned by the Jiang Group.

But no matter which company they are, even if they have done something dirty in secret, they are still unable to shake the leading position of Primeval Media in the entertainment industry.

And because the backstage of First Light Media is strong enough, the actors are not forced to attend the drinking parties.

It's just that Primeval Light Media has a very high eye, and people without acting skills and aura can't get in.

The 100-person talent show "Youth 101", which hit the internet at the beginning of the year, was the only one in which Primeval Media did not send a trainee.

Fu Yunshen sat inside the Maserati waiting for her and asked her lazily, "Little friend, how does it feel to be a new official?"

Ying Ziji leaned against the car window, looked at the roadside scenery for two seconds and pondered, "It's easier to be a student."

But it did let her also learn that Universal Pictures was preparing to make a musical history of the O Continent.

When the name Vera Hall was mentioned again, Ying thought more about the past.

All the musicians she had consulted in the past had invariably received funding and support from the Laurent family.

This status of hers was clear to a certain person who regarded money as his life and only liked it.

Three hundred years ago in those days, the Laurent family were the kings of Filippo, with a large fortune in hand and gold like mud.

The outside world only knew that Universal Pictures was backed by a big o-continent plutocrat, but they didn't know which one, there was just a lot of speculation.

And this time when First Light Media cooperated with Universal Pictures, she also learnt that the one standing behind Universal Pictures was the Laurent family.

Ying Ziyi pondered.

Could it be that she had been found out about something, otherwise, why would she suddenly make such a film?

However, even if her divine calculation ability was not restored, she would not be able to find her if she wanted to.

She could still retire in peace.

“Well, naturally, you're still underage.” Fu Yunshen tapped his fingers on the steering wheel and mused, “Brother will find someone to manage it for you, just sit back and watch your favourite stars, and collect the money.”

He was going to send his little friend home and then go see Master Fu again.

There were still some after-effects after the toxin had been completely cleared, but Master Fu's body was completely fine.

The hair that had gone completely white had darkened considerably because of the reversal of vitality.

There was really no way for him to return such a great favour.

An entertainment company, there is no way to compare it to a life.

The car starts up and heads off into the dust.

Ying was about to rest and refresh herself, but then she raised her head abruptly.

At the same moment, the Maserati braked violently and made a 360 degree turn.

There was an ear-piercing, sharp chirping sound.

The sudden turn made the other car owners around startled.

Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes converged and his smile was hidden, leaving only an icy coldness.

"Yaoyao, sit tight, don't move.

Boss Lady Chapter 145-146

Chapter 145

The next second, the Maserati lurched off once more.

It kept on picking up speed until it drove away from the city, and only gradually did the speed settle down.

Without Fu Yunshen having to say anything, Ying Ziji knew that something had happened.

Her eyes were cool and she glanced at the rear-view mirror.

Behind the car they were sitting in, there were ten other black cars.

From the rear-view mirror, they could see that those cars had been modified and were not ordinary cars.

In particular, they were now driving into a section of mountain road.

There were twists and turns, many curves, and many road repair signs.

If they were not careful, the car would be destroyed.

Miss Ying faintly closed her eyes, knowing what Fu Yunshen was going to do.

The car behind her saw the Maserati drive into the mountain and then followed suit, speeding up.

As soon as they saw it, they were already on a par with the Maserati, and even vaguely overtook it.

“Stab...”

Fu Yunshen’s eyes were cold as he pushed the accelerator to the floor, brushing the car next to him by only an inch, quickly overtaking it and turning a wide corner.

The next moment he overtook the car, the car failed to stop its speed and plunged off the side of the road.

But this did not affect the other cars, which continued at high speed, sandwiching the Maserati in the middle.

This was not racing, it was trying to kill.

Fu Yunshen glanced at the speedometer, his lips hooked for a moment, and once again he picked up speed.

Within a second, the speed reached the extreme in an instant, and even the body made a slight trembling sound.

At such a high speed, Ying did not even tilt her body, she was calm and her voice was calm: "Left."

"Bang!"

The Maserati swung back and knocked the car on the left out of the way.

Seeing this, the remaining cars all leaned over and crashed into the Maserati, clearly intent on destroying it.

There was a "bang, bang, bang" sound in the air.

The tyres of several of the cars could not cope with the speed and they all burst.

The speed of the cars suddenly plummeted and they were left far behind.

Fu Yunshen lifted his head and his peach blossom eyes narrowed slightly.

There was a big bend ahead, and the road was narrow enough for just one car to pass.

“Swish...”

Fu Yunshen turned the steering wheel, and with extreme speed, he actually turned directly over that bend.

Infinite drift!

All the cars behind stopped, and the people inside just watched in disbelief as the Maserati disappeared from their sight.

The Maserati didn't stop in the mountains, and after descending the other side, it rejoined the city.

There was not even a dent in the car, apart from a few scuffs on the body.

No one could have imagined that the car had been through a life and death struggle earlier.

“Little friend, go home first.” Fu Yunshen drove the car back to the Wen family, his expression still cold, his voice tone low, “I'm going to take care of something.”

**

An hour later.

At the entrance of the Fu family's old residence, there were ten more people with broken arms and legs.

This time they were not thrown in the dense grass, but at the entrance.

People came and went in the villa area, anyone could see them.

Those who could live here, although they were no match for the Fu family, were all small and medium-sized gentry in Shanghai, and inevitably had big and small deals with the Fu family in the business world.

Seeing this scene right now, they were all a little surprised.

A powerful family like the Fu family naturally had numerous enemies.

But the Fu family was, after all, one of the top four powerful families, so who in Shanghai would provoke the Fu family?

Fu Mingcheng's face was gloomy as he had the servants carry all ten people in.

Naturally, he could see that these were the Fu family's secretly trained vassals, all of whom were extremely skilled.

Even if one of them had a broken arm or leg, it would be a huge loss.

Fu Mingcheng didn't know what was going on, but Fu Yichen, who had followed him over, was stunned: "Didn't I tell you to deal with Fu Yunshen? How did you become like this?"

Several people tried to speak, but could only make whimpering sounds.

Apparently, the voices were also broken.

"Stupid bastards!" Fu Mingcheng now understood, he was so angry that he raised his hand and slapped Fu Yichen directly, "How old are you? Twenty-seven years old! You're not a child anymore, look at what you've done!"

Fu Yichen's injuries had not yet healed, and now that he had been hit by Fu Mingcheng, he directly fell to the ground.

The servants in the villa were so shocked that they were all confused.

“Mingcheng, if you have something to say, why are you hitting the child?” Mrs. Fu was heartbroken, “Yichen has only just been released, his body is still weak, you have a strong hand, isn’t this killing him?”

“You’re the one who’s spoiling him.” Fu Mingcheng was furious, “Fu Yichen, tell me honestly, what exactly did you let these courtiers do? If you don’t tell me one good or bad thing, I will beat you to death today!”

“I just... I just asked them to deal with Fu Yunshen.” Fu Yichen shrank back, “Who let him keep me locked up for seven days without feeding me, I almost died, of course he can’t have a good time either.”

“How dare you slyly argue!” Fu Mingcheng was even more furious, and ignored Mrs. Fu’s obstruction, he gave Fu Yichen another slap, “Say, did you get into something again?”

“Yichen, tell your father the truth.” Mrs Fu was also anxious, “Things are already like this anyway, it won’t matter if you tell the truth.”

“Dad, mum, why don’t you guys believe me?” Fu Yichen was even crying with anger, “It’s really all Fu Yunshen’s doing, can’t it be that this injury on my face, and this person on the floor, are all fake?”

“Take your good son down with you.” Fu Mingcheng didn’t even want to look at Fu Yichen anymore, his chest heaving, “In these few days, don’t give him a penny, and don’t let him out of the house.”

No matter what Fu Yichen said, Fu Mingcheng and Mrs. Fu still did not believe that these two incidents were related to Fu Yunshen.

After locking Fu Yichen into the bedroom, Mrs. Fu worried, “Mingcheng, Yichen is not mentally ill, is he? Even if he is jealous of Yunshen, he is not so jealous that

The company’s main business is to provide a wide range of services and services to the public.

If Fu Yunshen had the ability to do such things, he would still be the number one flirtatious dude in Shanghai City?

"I think he just has too little to do lately and is too idle, daydreaming every day." Fu Mingcheng's anger was still fresh, "Let him do some soul-searching, and you should spoil him less in the future."

Mrs. Fu did not dare to touch his bad luck.

Fu Mingcheng calmed down a bit and still said, "Take him to the first hospital the day after tomorrow to see the brain department."

**

Lu Fang had been hiding for the past few days, afraid that he would be caught by the people of Class 19 and really let him go live to eat shit.

He was also a bit chagrined now, why he had made such a bet with Ying Ziyi in a fit of anger over Zhong Zhiwei.

Lu Fang gulped and planned to do the same trick again, climbing over the fence.

But before he could start climbing today, footsteps sounded behind him.

Lu Fang shivered and jerked back to see Qing Zhi's school bully heading this way with a group of people from Class 19.

"Kid, what are you running for?" Jiang Ren sneered, "It's not like you forgot

"Brother Burn, how dare you, how dare I!" Lu Fang laughed repeatedly, "Brother Burn, look, it's already six o'clock when school ends, shouldn't we go back to our homes and find our mothers?"

“Find your own mother? I’m looking for your mother!” Jiang Yan was still in a good mood, but these four words made him grit his teeth, “Hold him down, is everything ready?”

The little brother immediately replied, “Brother Burn, there’s a car full of food.”

“Very well.” Jiang Yan sat down on the rock next to him, “Let him eat.”

“Brother Burn, Brother Burn it’s all a misunderstanding.” Lu Fang panicked, “Brother Burn, I’m really wrong, I’m a dog’s eye, I won’t dare to do it again, you guys are generous, let me go.”

“Okay, it’s fine if you don’t eat.” Jiang Yan let out another cold laugh, “Bury him in.”

Before Lu Fang could react, he was vigorously kicked into the car by his little brother, and was immediately smeared with paste.

He almost died.

But Jiang Yan hadn’t given the word, and he didn’t dare to get up, so he could only lie there stifled.

“Watch him and let him clean up the place.” Jiang Ren pinched his nose, “It stinks, I don’t know how you got this hobby.”

The little brother shouted at his back, “Brother Burn, where’s Father Ying and Sister Yu?”

Jiang Yan didn’t reply.

He had gone to look for them both.

The two had gone over to the senior class.

He had only found out today that their class father had a younger brother.

What should he call this?

Was it hard to be uncle?

Jiang Yan's face darkened and he left with a stinky face.

At this point in senior high school, school was not yet over and there were only recesses, after which there was an evening study session.

He doesn't arrive early or leave early, he just leaves at the right time.

Ying Ziji saw the teenager coming out and nodded slightly, "Let's go."

Xiu Yu, who was in the midst of ranking Shang Yaozhi on Weibo, followed behind the two.

After coming out of the senior class of excellence, the trio passed by the music classroom.

Xiu Yu glanced at it while playing with his phone and gave a tsk, "Ying Dad, your Little Aunt Bai Lian is playing the piano for Senior One, it looks like she's trying to raise a bunch of brain-dead fans again."

"What do you think of this piano skill of hers? If she can touch the goddess Vera, she's at least a bit good, right?"

Ying Zidian didn't even look at her words, indifferent: "Rubbish."

A piano piece finished playing just before these two words came out, and the music classroom was quiet again. All the students sitting inside heard this word and looked up in shock.

“Rubbish?” One of the boys below stood up and sneered, “You don’t think you know how to play the piano just because you got first in your sophomore year, do you?”

“Teacher Ying has received many accolades from pianists, and you say rubbish? Then come up and try playing one? If you don’t know how, don’t stand here.”

Chapter 146

Although the senior students also knew about the mid-term exam a few days ago, they hadn’t experienced that public quiz and were separated by a school building, so naturally they didn’t know anything else.

At most, they knew that there was a god of learning in senior two who was so good-looking that the people who queued up to go to senior 19 class every day could line up downstairs.

Naturally, the most popular person in the second year is far more than Ying Luwei, who has given them several music appreciation lessons.

Ying Luwei is very conscious of her image outside and markets her persona as a quiet person.

So every year, even if she was busy, she would give a music lesson to the first year students when they first started, to establish her gentle appearance in the minds of the new students, and then keep the frequency of one lesson per month.

In the second year, Ying Luwei’s influence was greatly reduced because of Ying Zidian.

In her senior year, she was preparing for the entrance exams and had no time for music lessons.

The students in the second year had always liked Ying Luwei, but now she was not as popular as she used to be, both in the Talent Class and in other classes.

She froze for a moment and smiled, "Isn't Dicky over in the second year building? Why are you here?"

Ying Ziyi ignored her and didn't even give her a look.

"Dickey, wait!" Ying Luwei wouldn't let go of this good opportunity and called out to the girl.

As soon as she turned her eyes, she noticed Wen Hailan and frowned slightly.

This teenager, she seemed to have seen him there before.

"Let me introduce to you all, this is my niece." Ying Lu Wei turned back, very good-natured, "Also your sophomore sister, I teach her piano, if you want to listen to it in the future, you can also go to Little Dickey."

When those senior students heard this, they didn't react a bit.

"Teacher Ying, you teach her piano?" The boy from before was even more upset, "Then I'd like to know what kind of divine piano this student is playing, and she's calling the teacher rubbish in return."

Since last term, they had heard five music lessons from Ying Luwei.

Most of the students at this age had never been to a real top piano recital and naturally thought that Ying Luwei's piano level was the highest level.

"Isn't there a saying that 'out of the blue, the blue is better than the blue'?" Ying Luwei didn't get angry, she just smiled, "Little Dickey is a good learner, she can even learn to be number one in her grade, so it's not like she's better at piano than me as a sister-in-law..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she was interrupted.

“Big Mother, don’t call her so affectionate.” Xiu Yu snorted, “How did you treat Ying Dad, we’re not all blind.”

Pointing at Ying Luwei, she then spoke directly to the senior students, “Know what this teacher of yours, Ying, has done? She has haemophilia herself and couldn’t find a blood source for her rare blood type, so she conspired with her fiancé to find a living blood bank.”

“Here, this living blood bank, standing right in front of your eyes, if not.”

Xiu Yu smiled and mocked, “How come I heard that Ying Dad didn’t even have the energy to teach her piano before because she was forced to draw blood from you? You had to force her to take a break and couldn’t even rest, right?”

“It’s not just your piano that’s rubbish, it’s all over your body.”

“.....”

The entire music classroom was silent, the students were shocked and more than a little incredulous.

The word living blood bank was cruel just by the sound of it.

They looked at Ying Lu Wei with eyes so new that it was like they were seeing it for the first time, and the kind of enthusiasm they had for Ying Lu Wei gradually receded.

Ying Luwei didn’t expect that this kind of thing would be brought up once again, in front of so many students.

In front of all the students, the blood in her body rushed upwards and into her head, buzzing so loudly that she could hardly sit still.

Ying Luwei’s lips were trembling and her face was pale: “You, you

The boy who spoke for Ying Luwei was also in shock, he pursed his lips and still said forcefully, "This is just your side of the story, how do we know if it's true or not? Since she said that Ms. Ying's piano was rubbish, didn't she? Let her come up and play."

"Who are you to come up when you tell me to?" Jiang Yan walked over with his trouser pocket in his pocket, "It's been 0202 years and you still have this kind of thinking? Is it possible that I find the bakery over in Pune so bad that I still have to be a cook for them?"

Jiang Yan's reputation as a school bully, not to mention the senior year, even the three grades of junior high school that was clear.

The boys didn't dare to speak up this time.

"Little belt, little aunt has already apologised to you, it's not all my fault, our family was too eager at first." Ying Luwei held back her humiliation, "My recital is in a few days, can you come? Little Auntie has prepared a seat for you, it's in the first row."

As if she was just waiting for these words, Ying Ziji stopped.

She tilted her head slightly sideways and gave one word: "Yes."

"If it doesn't work, it's not-" Ying Luwei didn't expect the girl to agree straight away, so she was slightly stunned, "Little Dickey, you agree?"

But Ying Ziyi didn't say yes again, she took a bag of milk out of her school bag and threw it to Wen Hanlan, and left.

Looking at the girl's back, Ying Lu Wei had an inexplicable feeling of bad luck.

Her heart was pounding, as if she had made a very wrong decision.

But after thinking about it, she couldn't figure out what was wrong.

After being disturbed by this, she was in no mood to stay any longer.

She closed the piano lid, took her bag and left in a hurry.

The students in the classroom looked at each other with different thoughts in their minds.

**

It was eight o'clock when Lu Fang finished cleaning up the carload of faeces.

He didn't dare to go home in this condition, so he went to the hotel next to the school to change his clothes.

When he got back to Lu's house, Lu Fang saw Lu Zhi packing her luggage.

He couldn't help but stare, "Sister, what are you doing?"

"I can't find a job over here anymore." Lu Zhi whispered, "I'm going to go abroad to further my studies, if any school wants me."

"Sister, it's not that bad, is it?" Lu Fang was confused, "Our Lu family is not a big family, but it's still a big family, there's still a need for you to work."

"It's my own decision, Xiao Fang, listen to my sister." Lu Zhi pursed her lips, "No matter what you do in the future, don't mess with Ying Ziguai, she's really not something you can mess with."

To Lu Zhi's surprise, Lu Fang did not retort this time.

So, she added one more sentence, "If you can get on good terms with her forget it, it's already too late."

Lu Zhi shook her head, still regretting.

She was just leaving the house with her suitcase when she received a phone call from Ying Luwei.

"Lu Zhi, why are you leaving the country?" Ying Luwei looked surprised, "Has the Lu family cut off your financial resources again? It's okay, I'm still here, you can come to me."

"Ying Luwei, I've seen through your nature." Lu Zhi laughed coldly, "You used to use me as a gun every day, it was fun, right?"

She really believed in Ying Luwei's nonsense, saying that Ying Zidian was hooking up with Jiang Moyuan.

The fact that there was a miracle doctor at Shao Ren Hospital had all spread to the imperial capital.

She even got word from her tutor that there were national medical saints in the empire who were coming over to Shanghai just to see this divine doctor.

The people looking for the divine doctor were also some of the gentry in the imperial capital.

Jiang Moyuan is the chief executive of the Jiang Group, but the Jiang family can't even make a splash with the money they spend in the imperial capital.

If a divine doctor of Ying Zigui's calibre makes a single visit, that's a powerful family.

Jiang Mo Yuan is also worthy?

“Lu Zhi, what are you talking about?” Ying Lu Wei’s heart panicked, but she quickly calmed down, she said calmly, “Alright, stop it, I’ll go to you tomorrow, it’s a deal, I still need to rely on you more for my mother’s condition.”

“I bullshit?” Lu Zhi didn’t want to remind her, then she sneered, “Ying Luwei, I’m telling you, keep pretending, in a short time, your Ying family will collapse!”

After saying that, she hung up the phone and quickly blacked out Ying Lu Wei.

**

Only a few senior executives of Primeval Media knew about the 17th to 18th century O-continent music history that Primeval Media and Universal Pictures were going to make.

Since the dust has not yet settled, the executives are keeping the matter under wraps.

Ying Luwei would like to use public opinion to get First Light Media to give her the role of Vera Hall, but she is not sure.

If she could be the number one entertainment company in China, her background must not be small either.

She thought for a moment and logged on to Weibo, which she hadn’t logged on to in two months.

[@YingLuwei: Today is May 10th, my first recital of the year, scheduled for May 18th, I’ll be waiting for you all at the Shanghai City Assembly Hall then, looking forward to reuniting with you all [lovely], and to apologise to Dickey, I’ve invited her to my recital, she’s also very good at the piano, and the green is better than the blue].

Nine-tenths of Ying Luwei’s fans came off, the remaining one-tenth were the most die-hard.

As soon as she posted this Weibo post, her fans, who had been empty for a long time, rejoiced.

If not for the last sentence.

[Sorry, we don't dare to scold our sister for fear of being sent in by said net riot, but I still have a doubt, why did she come to Luvvie's concert and stick her nose in? Can you not add to the mess? It's Luvvie we want to see, not you.

[Luvvie is going to play Vera Hall's Sun and Moon for us, what is @Ageing Out Do Not Disturb going to play? What, is it going to be another Vera Hall piece, 'Holy War', which is even more difficult than 'Sun and Moon'? Or is it the Song of Mount Vernon, which no pianist has played yet? [smile] [smile]]

Boss Lady Chapter 147-148

Chapter 147

Maybe they want to play them all? Luvvie said that the blue is better than the blue, so I don't think it's right for my sister not to play both "Holy War" and "Song of the Filippo", right?

[All right, all right, all right, all right, all right.

Because Vera Hall is so mysterious, obviously a famous pianist in the history of O Continent music, but not a single portrait remains.

This mystery, too, has triggered the yearning of future generations.

People are curious, and the more mysterious things and people are, the more they want to unravel that mystery.

Unfortunately, some historians on the O Continent have been digging for a long time and have not unearthed any new information.

History records that Vera Hall had two musical mentors who were also top pianists of their time.

The world's first difficult piano piece was composed by one of Vera Hall's musical tutors.

But there is no record of this disciple of theirs in the written notes left by these two musical mentors either.

It is as if Vera Hall had never existed on earth.

In addition to the widely known Sun and Moon, Vera Hall left two other compositions –

The Holy War and The Song of Fiddlesticks.

Both of these, too, are equally difficult world-class piano pieces.

Jihad is even more difficult than Sun and Moon, again because there is no real score and only two pianists have played it so far.

The Song of Filippo, on the other hand, has not yet been played.

When Ying Luwei marketed herself as the next Vera Hall, she didn't even dare to mention the two piano pieces "Holy War" and "Song of Filippo".

She was afraid that fans would get excited and ask her to play them again, causing her to flop in the end.

The Sun and the Moon was already so difficult for her, and Ying Luwei couldn't even imagine how much more difficult the Holy War and the Song of Filippo were.

The difficulty of these three piano pieces created by Vera Hall is well known.

As soon as that comment came out, many layers of replies came in below.

[Pure passers-by, who clicked in because they saw Vera Hall's name, you don't know how difficult 'Holy War' is, do you? Otherwise, how else would you have had the good sense to pull the piano piece "Holy War" here?

The first chapter is about God's creation of the angels.

The first chapter is about God's creation of angels and the peaceful life in heaven.

The second chapter tells of God bringing the first human, Adam, before the angels, canonising him and ordering the other angels to worship him.

But the archangel Lucifer refused to obey, refusing to submit to the Son and leading a third of the angels out of heaven to make war with God.

The third movement depicts the story of the fall of the former Archangel Lucifer to Lucifer, the demon king of hell, and is the saddest of all, closing the piece.

It's actually the piano piece 'Holy War' that is more revered over on the O Continent, more so than 'Sun and Moon' in the music world.]

[No, just reading that description makes my head spin. I don't know much about piano, but I have to admit that Vera Hall is really too talented.]

[So the difficulty of "Holy War" is not only in playing it, but also in whether the player has that kind of poise and can hold it up. I see that this what's-his-name Pensioners Don't Disturb doesn't even know what "Holy War" is about, right? How can you play it? I'm laughing my ass off.

[With all due respect, if there's anyone else in the world who can play "The Sun and the Moon", "The Holy War" and "The Song of Filippo", it's Vera herself.

With the roadies on board, the only remaining die-hard fans of Yingluvi were even more courageous in their charge, each one with a high fighting spirit.

But having learnt from the past, they really didn't dare to bother Ying Ziyi and only dared to dance wildly under Ying Luwei's Weibo.

This is exactly the effect Ying Luwei wanted.

She turned her head to look at her manager, "Have you sent out all the invitations? Who's coming?"

"They've been sent out, but no one has written back yet." The agent sighed, "Lu Wei, as you know, this recital is the starting point for your entry into the international music scene, and we've invited musicians of repute in China."

"They're all quite eccentric and high-minded, so it's not just a matter of inviting them."

"That's true." Ying Luwei wrinkled her eyebrows, and then she thought of something, "Tell them this."

She tilted her head and said something in a very low voice.

The agent was a bit surprised, "Is it really good? What if it affects you?"

"It won't." Ying Luwei smiled dismissively, contemptuously, "You don't really think that Ying Ziji can play anything, do you? I know how good she is, she stumbles over the kanun."

"And my sister-in-law, who cares most about saving face, will give up anything to save face. "

Just thinking about it, Ying Luwei couldn't help but laugh.

The agent didn't know much about the rest of the Ying family, so when she said that, she nodded: "OK, I'll send out another invitation."

This was the only chance they had to turn it around.

**

Elder Zhong had been keeping an eye on Ying Luwei.

It's not that he didn't want to deal with the Ying family, but he was stopped by Ying Zigui.

Because the Zhong family was not like the Ying family these years, she did not want to influence Elder Zhong.

But because of the theft of the Ten Square Realm last time, it was only a matter of time before the Zhong Clan caught up with the Ying Clan.

When Elder Zhong saw the tweet that Ying Luwei posted, he was instantly furious: "What a good old white lotus, doing such nasty things again."

He was about to go to Ying's house in anger when there was an extra cup in front of him, "Grandpa, drink more water and be less angry."

"Ziggy, you can't go to this recital." Master Zhong was furious, "If you go, you'll be doing what that old white lotus wants."

"It's fine." Ying Zidian didn't take his time, "I volunteered."

"Voluntarily?" Elder Zhong put on his old-fashioned glasses and looked at her worriedly, "Dickey, are you angry?"

"....." Ying Ziyi's face was expressionless, "Don't like being rubbed in her heat."

Elder Zhong was a bit confused, failing to understand what this statement meant.

Wasn't it Vera Hall's hotness that Ying Luwei was rubbing off on?

"That's just it, what you decide, Grandpa can't interfere much." Master Zhong thought for a moment, "Grandpa knows a few pianists, I'll call them over here and help you practice."

**

Shao Ren Hospital.

Ying Ziji only comes to Shao Ren Hospital at the top of the night every Wednesday.

She sat in the separate office prepared for her by the director, with a deck of tarot cards on her desk.

She had bought it from the underground market and it was not a proper tarot deck, but it was a real one.

With the help of the tarot cards, she could make it easier, and could count the big events without using her divine calculation ability.

But the tarot cards can't be used too many times at once, it will reduce the divinatory power of the tarot cards.

An internal line called, it was the specialist department: "Miss Ying, Mr Shang is here for a follow-up consultation."

"Just tell him to come straight up."

Five minutes later, there was a knock on the door.

Only after receiving permission did Shang Yaozhi push the door and walk in.

It was already summer in May, but he was still wrapped up tightly.

His hat, sunglasses and scarf were all there.

Only after he came into the room did he take off his disguise.

After taking a breather, Shang Yaozhi thanked him again, "Miss Ying, thank you so much, after having your medicine, my voice is much better than before."

"You're welcome, just pay the money in place."

"....."

Shang Yaozhi then noticed the cards on the table and was slightly stunned, "This is a tarot card?"

"Hmm." Ying Ziyang looked up, "Choose three?"

Shang Yaozhi hesitated for a moment.

Most people in the entertainment industry were actually somewhat superstitious.

Some artists would seek advice from feng shui masters to change their names to change their star path in order to become popular.

Needless to say, some of them were really successful.

"Take your pick." Ying Ziji leaned back in his swivel chair and raised his eyebrows slightly, "Don't have a psychological burden."

Shang Yaozhi lost his smile when he heard this, “Miss Ying is just like my niece, she likes this kind of stuff.”

He was also taking it too seriously.

Nowadays, those who play tarot cards are just trying to have fun.

Ying Zidian didn’t say anything, just gestured for him to choose the cards.

Shang Yaozhi raised his hand and was about to choose at random when a card was automatically sucked up in his palm as his palm swept over the top of the deck.

He froze, “Is there static electricity?”

“It’s not static electricity.” Ying Ziyi faintly, “This is your card.”

Shang Yaozhi looked paused and handed the card to the girl without saying anything.

But what confused him even more was that the next two cards, rather than being his own choice, were also automatically attached to his palm, just like the first card.

Just right, three cards.

Ying Ziji took one look at them and started flipping them over.

Shang Yaozhi noticed that her method of divination was different from all the others who played tarot cards.

In a normal tarot divination, one also needs to set up card formations.

There were also very strict requirements for the order of flipping the cards in each array, the front and back, as well as the clockwise and counterclockwise.

But the girl just flipped straight through, without a spread, and without asking him what he wanted to divine.

This was nonsense in the eyes of those who played tarot cards.

But Shang Yaozhi was still looking at it very carefully

Ying Ziji nodded slightly after he had turned over the first two cards.

Then he turned over the last card.

His eyes stared abruptly.

Chapter 148

There are no rules when Ying Ziji flips the cards, just whatever.

The tarot cards that require card formations are those sold in the market.

Because of the low divination ability, there were many rules when laying out and flipping the cards, just to be able to improve the divination ability.

It was naturally different from this real deck of tarot cards she bought at the underground bazaar.

With the real tarot deck, there is no need for such preparation.

When the cards were selected, the cards would all be posted up on their own.

The first two cards of Shang Yaozhi's deck were moderate and uninspiring.

One is the Fool in the positive position, the other is the Moon in the reverse position.

But the third card – the

The High Tower

was positively positioned.

Ying Ziji looked at this third card and fell into silence.

“Miss Ying, it's alright, take your time.” When Shang Yaozhi saw her like this, he reassured her in turn, “It's just a bit of fun anyway.”

His niece, too, would sulk at himself because he couldn't solve the card after drawing it.

Ying Zidian looked up and nodded, “What did you think about when you were flipping the cards?”

In the past, Shang Yaozhi had been dragged to play tarot cards many times, and knew that when divining, one must have the thing one is divining in mind.

He thought for a moment, “Didn't think of anything specific, just my future.”

Sure enough.

Ying Ziji was silent for another moment before speaking slowly, “The Fool, the first of the Great Arcana, but the serial number is 0. This card represents wandering, the positive position has a good meaning, Mr

Shang came out to help his family at the age of 5 and was already working as a group actor in some TV series at the age of 7.”

“At 16, you were discovered by a talent scout from Star Entertainment while helping your mother with a stall on the Bund in Shanghai, and have had your own career ever since, at 28 you will get two other awards for movie stars and reach the Grand Slam.”

“At 29, a film you acted in was sent to o continent for judging and received an Oscar, from then on you will be the first person in Chinese cinema, congratulations.”

Shang Yaozhi’s expression snapped, slightly stunned.

The timing of this was too precise.

It was not that he had never played with tarot cards before, but the answers were all ambiguous.

For example, “There will be problems at work in the coming period, please avoid them”, or “Your life will be in a desperate situation because of a wrong decision”, but what these problems were, it was not pointed out.

Even Shang Yaozhi was already a Golden Flower Award winner, but he couldn’t even think about the Academy Awards.

“The second one, the Moon, reversed, in six months, you will be released from your contract with Star Entertainment, free from the bullying contract, but until then, you will be hindered by obstacles originating from your chairman, Winter Yun, thirteen times in total.”

“Nine of those times, she used your family to threaten you.”

Shang Yaozhi’s eyes grew serious.

He realised that this sentence was definitely not an ordinary tarot card divination.

His family was poor, his father was disabled and his mother was seriously ill, otherwise he would not have sold himself directly to Star Entertainment at that time.

Winter Yun, the chairman of Star Entertainment, had a strong hold on him.

If a newcomer in the company said one more word to him, he would have his star career cut short and be completely snowed out by Dong Yun.

“The third card -” Ying Ziyang paused for a moment, not explaining this card, and raised his eyes, “Mr. Shang only has half a year left with Star Entertainment, do you want to terminate your contract early?”

Shang Yaozhi was slightly stunned, obviously not expecting the girl to ask him this.

After a long time, he shook his head and sighed with a smile, “It would be best if it could be brought forward”

The voice was inaudible: “But how would that be possible.”

When he had first signed the ten-year contract, he hadn’t even read the terms carefully so that he could support his family.

In the past few years, he had gotten a lawyer to read his contract with Star Entertainment, and there was not a single clause in it that was in his favour.

It was basically impossible to break the contract.

Ying Ziji didn’t say anything, she took out a small bag like a scented capsule from the drawer and threw it over: “It helps you sleep, it’s best to carry it close to you these days.”

“Miss Ying, the third card” Shang Yaozhi was interested but didn’t ask, “Thank you, Miss Ying, I’ll call the fee over later.”

“No need.” Ying Ziji put the cards away, casually, “Let’s talk about it in a few days.”

Shang Yaozhi thanked her and left Shao Ren Hospital.

Ying Zidian paused for a moment and then pulled out the “High Tower” card again.

The Tower.

The seventeenth card of the Great Arcana of the Tarot.

Positive.

Represents, a fatal blow.

The Tower is the only card in the 22 cards of the Major Arcana that has a bad connotation in both the positive and negative positions.

One is quite lucky to be chosen by this card.

Ying Ziji rubbed the surface of this card for a while, and finally, took it back into the card box.

**

After getting into the nanny car, Shang Yaozhi was still looking at this small bag in deep thought.

It was true that he was not sleeping well, but he smelled it and there was no fragrance, so it should not be a scented bag.

The shape was also ordinary, rather like a signature that he had gone to the temple to ask for.

Shang Yaozhi thought about it, but put the pouch into his jacket pocket.

It was from the divine doctor anyway, so even if it had nothing to do with sleep, it must be helpful to him.

Besides, he felt that Dr. Ying was not just a divine doctor, his calculations were too accurate.

“I really don’t know what the company is thinking.” On the side, the agent complained, “Yaozhi, you’re a movie star, not one of those lovebirds and unpowered newcomers, it’s crazy for the company to let you take part in a sports variety show.”

It’s true that Shang Yaozhi is young, but he’s a big star.

After winning the Golden Flower Award, he rarely did any TV dramas.

But a variety show?

But a variety show?

The agent didn’t know if this was a deliberate attempt by the company to torture Shang Yaozhi before his contract was terminated.

But the contract was there, and there was no way out.

“Soon.” Shang Yaozhi shook his head slightly, “Six months isn’t long now.”

The agent frowned, “I see, it’s not possible, expose the company’s contract, your fans are Buddhist and not picky, but when it comes to you, the battle is strong, maybe they can force Star Entertainment to terminate the contract with you voluntarily.”

To put it mildly, Shang Yaozhi's fans were one of the great oddities in the entertainment industry.

It was clear that Shang Yaozhi was one of the top flows in the entertainment industry, but the fans were very low-key, completely different from the other top flows.

It was probably because the fans followed the rightful owner.

"No." Shang Yaozhi was faint, "You are not unaware of Dong Yun's nature, I always have to think of my family."

The agent sighed.

Who would have thought that a movie star with a great appearance could not live as well as an eighteenth-string actor behind the scenes?

Seeing that Shang Yaozhi had taken out his phone and posted on Weibo, the agent looked over, "Yaozhi, what are you going to post?"

"Miss Ying has helped me so much, there's nothing I can do." Shang Yaozhi pondered, "Drive her family's property."

[@ShangYaoZhiv: Bought some jade from my hometown, drawing three fans to send over.]

Attached below is a picture of a jade from Jade Zhai.

Top Stream's appeal is no joke, this tweet was just sent out less than a minute ago, and the comments below have already exceeded 10,000.

[Grandpa, the movie star you're chasing, he's tweeted, I'll comment for you.]

The jade is really a great gift.

The jade from Jadeite Zhai is indeed one of the best in Shanghai, well worth collecting, and also has a price point suitable for us students.

The jade is really worth collecting.

The first thing you need to do is to be sensible, don't get carried away.

Shang Yaozhi's male fans are quite a lot, and even occupy a major position.

The purchasing power of these fans should not be underestimated either.

So, after such a Weibo post from Shang Yaozhi appeared, it wasn't long before Master Zhong, who was still at the company, was a little confused when he heard his secretary say that Jade Zhai had received tens of thousands of orders.

After learning the cause of the matter, Elder Zhong went on Weibo and silently gave Shang Yaozhi a like.

**

Because of Shang Yaozhi's recommendation, Xiu Yu also took the plunge and bought a carload of Jadeite Zhai jade.

Anyway, she likes their father and chases after Shang Yaozhi, the joy of being a double burdened fan is something no one else can understand.

On Friday, as usual, she woke up very early to give Shang Yaozhi a list.

Although Shang Yaozhi is a movie star, those of them who are fans don't want to make his numbers look bad.

But today, as soon as Xiu Yu entered Shang Yaozhi's super talk, the person was a little confused.

[F*ck, I don't believe it, it's fake, it must be fake!

[Why didn't brother come out to dispel the rumors? Come out and dispel the rumors!

[Is Star Entertainment a shit-eater? A movie star, sent by you to participate in a sports variety show?
What kind of complaint is that?

It was early in the morning, and the super talk was in chaos.

Xiu Yu obviously sensed that something was wrong, and she immediately quit the super talk and clicked on the hot search list.

It was 6:30 in the morning and not many people were reading Weibo, but the first hot search was followed by the word "Explosion".

#ShangYaoZhi, fainted on the show

After this search, there were a few more.

#Shang Yaozhi, rescued

#Real people escape, accident

Xiu Yu's heart tightened and she didn't dare to click in to see.

But when she pulled down, there was another hot search that was climbing up.

#Shang Yaozhi, sudden cardiac death

Boss Lady Chapter 149-150

Chapter 149

This hot search is obviously a new one, and the buzz isn't too high yet.

However, because it carries the name of Shang Yaozhi, a top traffic name, it climbed very fast and reached the top in no time.

In the entire hot search list, eight of the top ten are related to Shang Yaozhi.

This was no longer just the top stream's hotness.

Even if Xiu Yu did not know what cardiogenic meant, she would not be unaware of the word "sudden death".

She stared at the search for a full five minutes before she slowly clicked on the first one.

Here's how it went down.

Under the arrangement of Star Entertainment, Shang Yaozhi brought two newcomers from his company to participate in a show called The Great Escape.

It was a show that involved extreme sports, specifically challenging the limits of human beings.

There was unarmed climbing, extreme cycling, aerial surfing, parkour, extreme roller skating and so on.

Only instead of extreme athletes, it is celebrities who participate in extreme sports.

This show, a joint venture between Star Entertainment and two other entertainment companies, is taking advantage of the audience's curiosity.

Especially with the presence of Shang Yaozhi, the first person in the entertainment industry after 95, the heat and traffic received will only remain high.

This matter is also known to Xiu Yu.

After all, she strolled in the super talk every day, and at that time, a big fan posted Shang Yaozhi's itinerary.

At that time, once this itinerary was posted, the fans were already very explosive.

A movie star who was actually scheduled for this kind of unscientific variety show?

It was clear that Star Entertainment was using Shang Yaozhi's name to generate buzz for their own company and to introduce new talent.

It's just that she's always been a star seeker, and Shang Yaozhi is the one she's been after for the longest time.

She can buy a lot of endorsement products and do data, but she won't follow his schedule just for a star.

The company's main goal is to provide a comprehensive range of products and services to its customers.

[@TwitterNewsV: Forward reporters report that 95-year-old movie star Shang Yaozhi unfortunately fainted while participating in the show "The Great Escape of the Real People" and has been sent to Newport General Hospital overnight, still under rescue, will continue to follow up later, please be patient.

Even with that said, fans are unlikely to calm down.

[@ShangYaoZhiv, brother, please, come out, let us know you're safe and that you're still awake!

[I'm convinced, @Star Entertainmentv, what kind of crap company are you?! My brother isn't a weak flow star, he's a movie star, what is the concept of a movie star do you know?

[He's already tired from filming, why do you want him to participate in this show at night?

The first thing you need to do is to go to Newport. Who is close to Newport? Go and have a look first, everyone else go to school and work first.

The first thing that happened was that she put on her school uniform and went to school, while continuing to watch the news.

She read through the first few hot searches before clicking into the entry #Shang Yaozhi, sudden cardiac death.

[@TheBestBreakingNewsJournalv: received news that the person had died on the way to the hospital, sudden cardiogenic death, please fans to mourn.]

This marketing number, Xiu Yu also know.

It's true that it's a doggie, but basically it won't send fake news.

The moment this tweet came out, the following utterly exploded.

[F*ck, the explosive news gentleman, I misjudged you, I thought you only broke the real news, but it turned out that you also created rumors and took off.]

The first time I saw you, I was in the middle of the story.

The company's main business is to provide a wide range of products and services to the public.

**

In the morning, between the second period classes.

The school was also blowing up, and many people were unmotivated to attend classes, even the Talent Class who had been focusing only on their studies, and had basically heard about Shang Yaozhi.

The movie where Shang Yaozhi won the Golden Flower Award was a direct hit at the box office and many people, young and old, had seen it.

Jiang Yan did not know about this, he looked at the two empty seats in the class and was a bit annoyed: "This one or two, why aren't they coming?"

"Brother Burn, don't say windy words, isn't Sister Yu a star chaser?" Little brother said, "The star she was chasing had an accident, I heard it was a sudden cardiac death, but it hasn't been hammered yet, the internet is already in a mess."

Jiang Yan frowned: "What's going on?"

He didn't go online much, nor did he follow the entertainment world.

Xiu Yu was a face-controller and often followed stars.

He had known her for so many years, and from childhood to adulthood, she had idolized a hundred or fifty people.

The youngest brother immediately took out the microblog and showed it to Jiang Ren.

Jiang Yan understood, and paused: "But does Ying's father also follow Shang Yaozhi?"

If it was a star that his father was after, would he have to burn incense and make offerings?

Little brother scratched his head, "I don't know, but Sister Yu often gives Ying Dad a good time, and he's also a face person, so it's possible?"

Jiang Yan thought about it, got up and kicked his little brother, "Take a leave of absence for me too."

"Brother Burn, where are you going?"

"Newport."

**

Xingang.

General Hospital.

It was now ten o'clock, and there were already quite a few reporters outside who had arrived on the news.

But no one from either Star Entertainment or the programme crew had come.

It was surprising that only the manager, his assistant and some fans who followed Shang Yaozhi to the programme were there when such a big thing happened.

The manager called the company numerous times, but none of them got through.

The agent was desperate and more than that, he was angry.

He had brought Shang Yaozhi up since he was sixteen and could say he had watched a teenager grow into a man.

Now, ruined by a company.

Sudden cardiac death.

The agent couldn't believe it.

It was clear that a few hours ago, he was a living, breathing, breathing man.

How could he be gone in the blink of an eye?

"Doctor, check more carefully." The broker's throat tightened, "Money is not a problem, as long as you can resuscitate him."

The doctor took his mask off, shook his head and said politely, "It was sent here too late, the cardiac arrest was at 5am, how could it have been brought to the hospital at 6.30am?"

He paused and sighed, "The gods couldn't save it."

Sudden cardiac death would prove that Shang Yaozhi had suddenly fallen ill and lost consciousness while recording the show.

But that simply couldn't be it.

"The patient's heartbeat and breathing are gone, and the defibrillator and all other first aid instruments have been used." The doctor lamented, "The patient is in good health, if he could have been brought here earlier, this would never have happened."

The broker was frozen.

The doctor shook his head again and prepared to take Shang Yaozhi's body to the morgue.

"Doctor, don't rush, wait first." The broker didn't know what had occurred to him and said busily, "We know a divine doctor, ask her to come over and take a look."

With that, he started to call.

The doctor also knew that it would be difficult for him to take it in for a while, and waited patiently.

But a person is dead, so what can a divine doctor do even if she is dead?

The phone rang for three seconds and was answered.

The agent was holding the phone, his hand was trembling: "Miss Ying, I really don't want to bother you, but something big has happened on Yao Zhi's side and I want you to come and take a look, the payment is definitely not a problem, we are over in Xingang, can you please -"

The words that followed were not finished and were interrupted.

"No need, I'm already here, behind you."

The agent froze and jerked back.

There was the stairway, and the girl was coming this way.

She was wearing a mask and had Bluetooth headphones hanging from her ears, and only after seeing him did she hang up the phone.

"Miss Ying!" The agent was almost ecstatic, "Miss Ying, come and see, Yao Zhi is inside."

Ying Ziyi nodded, "I know."

The day before, she had not interpreted the third card for Shang Yaozhi.

It was because of this card, which counted out his death point.

It was different from what she had worked out with her divine calculation ability when she first met Nie Chao.

Nie Chao was in fear for his life, even if she hadn't helped that time, he wouldn't have died, but dying of serious injuries was a certainty.

Shang Yaozhi, on the other hand, the tarot cards told her that he was bound to die.

It was impossible for her to intervene directly in such matters of life and death, so she could only make a small change.

Whether it would work or not would depend on the person herself.

The agent pushed open the door of the ward and led the girl inside.

The doctor wanted to stop, but had no right to, and just shook his head and sighed: "Confused."

A little girl, what kind of miracle doctor could she be?

Wasn't this a joke?

The patient had died completely an hour ago, could it be that so many of their doctors were just for show?

A nurse hurriedly came and said anxiously, “The news can’t be suppressed at all, there are more and more reporters outside and many more fans are rushing in, what should we do?”

The nurse said, handing the doctor his mobile phone.

On it was the latest release from the show’s crew.

[@TrueGreatEscapesProgram v: It happened suddenly, but the program team has already rescued @ShangYaoZhiShangFilm Emperor at the first opportunity and sent him to Newport General Hospital, ShangFilm Emperor is fine, we can assure you.

Chapter 150

The crew of the show is also in a frenzy at this time.

This show was supposed to be Star Entertainment’s own show, bringing in two other entertainment companies.

No one had thought things would end up like this.

Shang Yaozhi’s influence in the entertainment industry and across the internet was too great, and there were many revelations that he had died suddenly of cardiogenic causes due to the programme crew’s poor care, and the programme crew was forced to come out and speak out even though they wanted to play dead.

But this outburst, instead of calming down the rioting fans and passersby, sparked a new one theory blow up.

[You guys know what kind of a variety show you are, right? Are the medical conditions perfect? Have you taken into account the health of the stars? What kind of unexpected accidents?

I don't believe it. Many bloggers have said that the movie star died of sudden cardiac death, and you say it's a rumor? Then show me the evidence.

The company has been squeezing its artists for a long time. Just last year, an actor was driven to desperation and jumped off a building, and Star Entertainment didn't even pay the compensation, but I really never thought that you guys would even dare to touch Emperor Shang.

Amidst so many abusive comments, there was another one that was completely different.

[Rescued in time? Prompt medical attention? You're full of shit! I was there, Yao Zhi was on the ground for five minutes, and the staff next to you didn't even look at him, they were still chatting and joking, we fans tried to go over and were stopped, what are you doing if you're not intentionally killing people?

However, within ten seconds of posting this comment, it was deleted.

The id of the fan who posted the comment was also hacked by the True Escape team.

The person responsible for deleting the comment was none other than the show's chief director.

A cold sweat broke out on the back of the chief director, and his heart was in a panic.

He forced down his fear and looked warily at the woman behind the desk, swallowing hard before asking, "Winter, Chief Winter, what now?"

The woman was none other than the chairman of Star Entertainment, Dong Yun.

She looked noble and cold, and was applying lipstick to herself in the mirror, before she heard this and put down what she was holding.

"Really dead?" Winter Yun looked up and frowned, "Just that fragile? What's going on with you guys?"

She would always personally follow Shang Yaozhi's schedule, in order to prevent him from interacting with other people outside of filming.

Dong Yun would not allow Shang Yaozhi to get out of her control.

Last time in Hengdian, when she saw Shang Yaozhi stop to say hello to that girl, she was already very upset and set up a little scheme that is usual in the entertainment industry.

But what she didn't expect was that it was she herself who ended up walking away in the dust.

This time, because it was the company's own show, she was so relieved that she didn't go along.

"Chief Winter, you can't really blame us for this." The chief director pursed his lips, a little afraid to answer, "When he fell down at the time, we all thought he was joking with us, who knew, knew"

"Boom!"

Winter Yun slammed the table, shaking with anger, "Joking? Even if you guys think you're joking, where's the medical team that came with you?"

The chief director scowled and didn't say anything.

He couldn't say that in order to save money, the crew didn't have a professional medical team, they just hired a few nurses from a private clinic.

When Shang Yaozhi fainted, these nurses were standing by the lake getting high on melon seeds.

It was their staff who realised that it was no joke after Shang Yaozhi didn't get up for almost ten minutes in the end, and rushed to call those nursing staff in.

There was no real medical staff on site.

But even if there were, it was really too late at that point.

There was only four minutes of prime resuscitation time.

This kind of thing, they didn't dare to put it on Weibo at all.

"All right." Once Winter Yun took a look at the general director, she probably knew what was going on, "I don't want to hear it, you guys made this whole thing up, you guys don't expect to get through it with a few statements, or think about what to do."

"President Winter, surely it can only be qualified as an accident." The chief director was now anxious, "Hundreds of thousands of people die suddenly of cardiac origin every year, it's too common."

But Shang Yaozhi was a movie star and one of the top traffic figures on the entire internet, the impact was too great.

Just his group of fans, even if the whole of Star Entertainment came down, it wouldn't be enough to tear them up.

Winter Yun was impatient: "Have all the hospital notices been given?"

"Yes." The chief director was careful, "At nine o'clock, it came down, saying that the people were gone at six o'clock, the hot search we pressed through, couldn't be suppressed."

Winter Yun pressed her temples, also not expecting things to be this bad.

Seeing that Shang Yaozhi's contract with Star Entertainment was coming to an end, she was quite anxious and thought that she must keep Shang Yaozhi in Star Entertainment.

“The company will cooperate with you in issuing the obituary later.” Winter Yun said, “Then, tell all the other participants in the show to keep their mouths shut and not to say a word out if they don’t want to offend Star Entertainment.”

Hearing this, the chief director let out a sigh of relief.

He had thought that since Shang Yaozhi was the ace of Star Entertainment and was favoured by Dong Yun, they would definitely be the ones to suffer from this incident.

Luckily.

“Reassure the family.” Winter Yun paused, raised her hand and knocked on the table, her tone could not be heard any emotion, faint, “In addition, put this matter on the shoulders of First Light Media.”

People have already died, there is no way to come back to life.

Then the benefits, naturally, must be maximized.

**

This side.

Newport General Hospital.

On the hospital bed, a white cloth has been covered to hide the remains.

The manager didn’t even dare to look, for fear that if he did his heart wouldn’t be able to bear it.

He held back the emotions tumbling inside him and asked in a low voice, “Miss Ying, is there, is there help?”

The agent didn't really have much hope.

He also knew that if a person died, it would be a case of not being able to return to heaven.

Not to mention that it was only a few hours ago.

Ying Zidian asked him, "Did you bring the pouch I gave him?"

The agent was stunned and didn't understand why she was asking, but he answered: "Yes, it's in Yao Zhi's shirt pocket."

Ying nodded: "Did you bring it with you when you were recording the show?"

"I think so." The agent nodded, "Yaozhi's event was extreme cycling, his shirt wasn't changed."

"Good." Ying Ziyi's eyebrows loosened for a few moments, "You take out that brocade bag."

Only when he heard this did the agent step forward and reluctantly pulled a corner of the white cloth apart and quickly took out a small bag.

Ying looked at it and took out another small pouch from his pocket, "Put this on him again."

The agent was confused, but did as he was told.

Ying Ziji looked thoughtfully at the pouch she had given out earlier, "Check again in ten minutes to see if there is a heartbeat."

This one sentence smashed the agent into confusion.

It was a long time before he came back to his senses, “Miss Ying means that there is help?”

“Well, he’s lucky.” Ying Ziyi didn’t say anything else, she was concise, “He made it through.”

She gave Shang Yaozhi the pouch after she had used the tarot cards to calculate his death point.

Inside the pouch was the leftover dregs of the medicine she had used for Master Fu, but because the herbs were precious, the medicine was still potent.

As long as it was kept close with him, it could protect the heart and prevent it in advance.

The point of death for Shang Yaozhi is set.

One cannot interfere or remind him not to allow him to participate in the variety show.

Even if he didn’t attend the variety show, something would still happen at that point in time.

So the most she could do was to give him this pouch and keep it close to him.

It was still up to him to escape this point of death.

“But, but-” the agent was still swollen in the head, “The doctor said that Yao Zhi would be, would be at six o’clock.”

The words that followed were completely unspoken.

“Yes, it’s true that it was gone then.” Ying coughed, faintly, “But now he’s fine.”

The point of death had passed, and it was Shang Yaozhi’s star path afterwards that would really shine brightly.

The agent was busy looking towards the hospital bed and reached out to test Shang Yaozhi's body temperature.

He was shocked to find that the torso wasn't cold anymore.

Everything in front of him was unbelievable to the agent, and he took out his phone tremblingly, "I have to hurry up and tell his fans"

"Don't be in a hurry." Ying spoke, "It's all right, whether he can wake up or not, is still an unknown, wait until he wakes up."

"Yes, yes, yes, I was too excited." The agent wiped his tears, his voice choked, "I also kept it from his family, his family has only one only son like him, it's just too hard."

After saying that, his expression rose again in anger, "This can never be let go like this."

Ying Ziji gave him a look, "What do you want to do?"

The agent froze, and after a long time, he muttered, "I can't do anything."

Behind Star Entertainment, there was an investment from the gentry in the capital.

What could be done?

"Just watch him first." Ying Ziji glanced at the time, "If there's anything else unusual, call me."

"Good, good, thank you so much Miss Ying." The agent was busy sending her out.

Then he closed the door of the ward and sat alone in front of Shang Yaozhi's hospital bed.

At this critical moment, he didn't dare to let anyone with an interest know, for fear that something would go wrong again.

And two hours after the first statement from the True Escape crew, at one o'clock, they tweeted again.

[@TrueGreatEscapesv: Sadly, after six hours of resuscitation, the movie star Shang still left us, and the program team is deeply saddened, please feel sorry for everyone].