

Boss Lady Chapter 151-152

Chapter 151

After these two tweets went out, it didn't take long for the number one hot search to change.

#ShangYaoZhi, passed away

Hotness: 30936398

Explosive.

Weibo was instantly paralyzed.

It took the programmers a full two hours to fix it before it was finally fixed.

Fans couldn't believe it.

[What happened? An hour ago they said they were in rescue, how come they passed away?

[I don't believe it. It's April Fool's Day, right? This joke is too big.]

[Fuck, I'm throwing up, Star Entertainment and the crew are talking shit, the person is gone and you're saying this? Where's the apology?]

Passersby were also shocked.

【Watched Shang Yaozhi that award-winning movie, acting skills is really hanged peers and some seniors, very talented, how this is】

[I can't, I'm a passerby, it's hard for me just to look at it, I want to cry when I think about it, I really don't know what fans should do.]

[But how can I hear the gossip that you just didn't save people in time, what is the truth?

The money that Star Entertainment scrapes from the artists is used to pull the hot search? Also, if it's really not your fault, why are you deleting comments?

However, such comments were soon gone.

Because Shang Yaozhi's fans were so strong in their battle and the passerby board was still huge, both Star Entertainment and the official Weibo number of the Real People Escaping show had to turn on selected comments.

All of a sudden, Weibo, forums, posters and other major online communication communities exploded again and again.

[When I first met Yao Zhi, it was seven years ago, he was 19 years old, not hot either, and still a teenager.

I was just two years younger than him, I had just failed my secondary school exams and tried to commit suicide. After I was rescued, Yao Zhi came over to talk me through it and even bought me hot milk tea.

I just couldn't accept that he was such a nice guy, why would he go through something like that?]

[Shhh, God wanted to watch a movie, so he took him away.]

[Stop it, the child is already crying himself silly.]

The agent who was still in the hospital was also reading Weibo.

A few hours had passed, and as Ying Ziji said, Shang Yaozhi's heartbeat had returned and his face was gradually returning to blood.

However, his heartbeat was still very weak and he had not woken up yet.

The manager didn't know when he would wake up, but he couldn't bear to see the fans grieve too much, so he logged on to WeChat and sent a message.

It was an internal group, full of Shang Yaozhi's big fans.

There was no one from the company either, he was the one helping to manage it.

The conditions for entering the group were also very harsh, so there were only fifty people, and there was no fear of any news leaking out.

[Everyone relax, I guarantee with my life, Yao Zhi is fine, but not yet awake, in order for Yao Zhi to wake up successfully, please do not spread the news outside, please.

**

Hotel.

Ying Zidian took out his room card and opened the door, picking up the phone, "Hello, Grandpa."

"Ziggy, have you been reading Weibo?" Grandpa Zhong sighed, it was hard, "What a good kid, how come really the world is unpredictable, there are so many accidents."

The day before yesterday, Shang Yaozhi also recommended their jade from Jadeite Zhai, bringing in tens of thousands of orders.

Each single amount of money, although not large, but the sum is indeed enough to offset the previous Zhong Group's half-year flow income.

The old man originally did not follow the stars, because of Shang Yaozhi's microblog, he also went to check it out.

Yesterday, he even watched the movie that Shang Yaozhi won, and was still sighing at the fact that heroes come out of youths, and once he woke up, it was a proverbial headbutt.

"Not yet." Ying Zigui paused, "But he's fine."

Elder Zhong froze, "The ones on the internet are rumours? But his company are"

"It's not really a rumour." Ying said, "At least they think he's really dead."

Elder Zhong didn't understand what that meant: "Dickey, you go about your own business first, and Grandpa is going to make a trip to Xingang to see what's going on."

If it was really related to Star Entertainment, as the Weibo said, he could more or less contribute.

The call stopped, and Ying put her phone next to her bed, and after changing into her pajamas, she began to rest.

She hadn't slept much after gathering information on the nok forum yesterday and arriving in Newport very early this morning.

She fell asleep quickly, not even a minute later.

**

Evening.

It was already dark outside, the lights were on and the shadows were bright.

Fu Yunshen was nestled in the sofa, looking diffident and moving lazily.

On the coffee table in front of him, there was a computer.

On the screen was a video call.

The other party on the other side of the call is the chairman of the board of directors of First Light Media, very young, definitely not over thirty years old.

The chairman of the board was so angry that his face was red, "Young master, Star Entertainment is so shameless, they have gone so far as to push this matter to our side, and now the scolding has shifted a large part of it, all saying that we are the ones who killed Shang Yaozhi."

Just a few minutes ago, the hundreds of marketing numbers kept under the hand of Star Entertainment linked up in unison, sending out circulars all with the same meaning.

They said it was because the night before, Shang Yaozhi had been filming in Hengdian until 12am, and then hurriedly caught a flight to Xingang to start recording the show at 5am.

It just so happens that Primeval Media is the biggest investor in this drama, as the female lead and male second in the drama with Shang Yaozhi are both from Primeval Media.

The company said that it did not treat Shang Yaozhi as a human being, and that it did not give him enough rest, which led to his sudden cardiac death.

Fu Yunshen's eyes deepened: "So?"

"It has to be resolved, young master." The director was indignant, "I've been in the entertainment industry for so many years, but I've never seen such shameless people like First Light Media, the problem is that I don't know how to solve it, so I'm asking you."

"If you can't solve this little problem, what do I have to feed you for?" Fu Yunshen propped his head up, his peach blossom eyes curved up and his tail note raised, "Well – speaking as if, I've helped you guys out with something before."

Councilor: "....."

Excuse me, is not.

Fu Yun Shen faintly: "This kind of small matter, don't disturb your new boss, she is not well and needs to rest, how to solve it before, how to solve it now."

The director hesitated: "But young master, behind Star Entertainment"

"I am."

Two simple words, but it was as if a mountain was unshakeable.

The director understood, more excited: "Good, good, with young master you in, I'll go screw them!"

Fu Yunshen nestled on the sofa for a while longer before getting up unhurriedly, taking the warmed milk out of the room and knocking on the door of the next room.

A few dozen seconds later, the door was opened.

The girl was standing barefoot on the wooden floor in her pyjamas.

She had obviously not long woken up, and her phoenix eyes were misty and hazy like the moon.

Fu Yunshen's eyes fluttered and quickly moved away, only to hand over the cup in his hand, "Drink some milk and go eat some food."

"Mm." Ying Ziji opened her eyes, took the milk and sat down on the rocking chair inside the room.

Fu Yunshen was going to leave first, but he reminded her, "Yao Yao, in future, remember to change your clothes when you meet people outside, it's not good."

At that, Ying Ziji gave him a look, as if she thought his words were a bit redundant.

She finished the last sip of milk and said, "Apart from you, who else would knock on the door?"

Fu Yunshen didn't know whether to be amused or angry for a moment: "Can I do it?"

He was a man too.

"You and I can be lazy."

"....."

OK.

"You change your clothes first." Fu Yunshen backed out, "See you downstairs in ten minutes."

Ying Ziguai raised her eyes and nodded.

It seemed quite perfunctory.

After Fu Yunshen closed the door for her, he propped one hand on the wall and seemed to have stopped for a long time.

The person was a small child, but her figure was not a small child.

** The next day.

The next day.

The next day, not only did the buzz on Weibo about Shang Yaozhi not drop, but it rose again.

It was Saturday again, so fans were off work and started booking plane tickets and train tickets to Xingang.

The crew of the show, The Great Escape, is also located in Xingang.

Star Entertainment also has a branch office here, and the team is staying at the branch.

At eight o'clock in the morning, there was a crowd of people gathered underneath the office.

There were journalists, mostly fans.

“We want to go in, let us in, we want an explanation.”

“Where’s the surveillance from that time? Without the surveillance, what makes us believe that you actually rescued him in the first place?”

A pile of mess, the programme’s planners were already very impatient.

Now that there were so many fans who insisted on going in, they became even more furious and directly shouted at the fans, "Is it just a dead star? What are you crying for? Are you tired of it?"

"I'll tell you, even if he was a Golden Flower Award winner, even if he was a Grand Slam winner, he's still just an actor, understand?"

No backstage, no power, no influence, what can you do?

Chapter 152

Do you really think that because you are the top stream in the entertainment industry, you have status?

Isn't it still being promoted by capital?

Without capital, Shang Yaozhi is nothing.

He still wanted to fight hard against Star Entertainment and the imperial giants behind it?

The fans were all dumbfounded by the roar.

A few of the younger ones had tears falling down their faces.

There were many tall security guards right next to them, all of whom were watching intently, but no one dared to force their way in.

The programme planner sneered and was about to ask the security guards to close the company's doors.

But he had only just turned around and was about to return to his office when some vigorous force came from his collar and violently yanked him off the steps.

“Boom!”

There was a startling thud, and the planner fell straight to the ground, dazed by the fall.

The security guards around him froze for a moment and all looked over.

The rain was pattering and foggy.

The girl was holding an umbrella and had long, straight legs.

She was wearing a mask and baseball cap, and her shirt was meticulously buttoned up to the top, revealing only her white neck.

It was as if an ice-cold blade carried a harsh beauty.

The fans were also a little dazed, none of them knew what was going on.

“Are you fans going to rebel? How dare you put your hands on someone from the company?” The curator was in pain all over his body, and he fell to the ground, yelling, “You deserve to die idols!”

With that one sentence, even those who weren’t fans couldn’t help themselves.

There were not only female fans who came here today, there were also a few male fans.

Hearing this, a male fan went straight forward, lifted his foot and kicked up towards the planning, “You say such words, are you still human?!”

“You guys, you guys” the planner was in pain and couldn’t get up, “Security! Security! Get them all out!”

The news had come from Star Entertainment headquarters, saying that they would protect the show.

The news from the headquarters of Star Entertainment said they would protect the team.

Could it be that people could come back to life even after death?

However, the security guards did not dare to go forward.

Because there was a group of people in uniform, blocking the middle between them and those fans, with cold eyes.

Although they didn’t see what exactly the uniforms were, they all unanimously felt that these people were not to be messed with.

They were just part-timers, it was better for them to be on their own.

“Let’s go back first.” Without looking at the planning, Ying Ziji turned his head to the fans, his voice easing, “It’s cold outside, you’re young, justice will be done.”

The fans’ eyes were red and they bowed one after another, “Thank you Miss, thank you Miss.”

They had only come here to want a truth, a justice.

Shang Yaozhi was not a family member to them, but in their lives, he also brought them a lot of hope and encouragement.

A positive movie star, still young, why should he suffer such innocent grievances?

Ying Zidian nodded and left with his umbrella.

It took a long time for those fans to come back to their senses.

Wait a minute—

This young lady wasn't older than them, she seemed even younger?

At the same time, not far away.

Those paparazzi, seeing this scene, all got excited and started to take pictures and videos with the camera tools in their hands.

As long as there was heat, they would film anything, regardless of the impact it would have.

But they were stopped when they had just finished a round of filming and were about to go back and tweet.

The person who stopped them was a young man, wearing glasses, elegant and gentle.

“Please delete your videos and photos, gentlemen.” The youth took out a business card from his briefcase and smiled slightly, but his words came out sharp as a tack, “Otherwise, we have the right to appeal.”

The paparazzi didn't even take the words to heart, but all shut up when they saw the words on the business card.

Westwind Law Firm, the law firm that claims to have no losing record.

The imperial capital must-have.

This this dare to mess with?

The paparazzi deleted all the photos and videos before they left reluctantly.

**

When Shang Yaozhi woke up, it had been five days since the incident.

When he woke up, he still had a surreal feeling.

He truly experienced what it was like to die.

When he went into cardiac arrest, his brain was still conscious.

At that time he didn't think too much about his parents, his adorable little niece at home, and the fans who had always supported him.

Sadly, he didn't let them see him at the top and just planted himself.

But how did he wake up?

In a blur, Shang Yaozhi instantly thought of the pouch that Ying Zigui had given him.

He opened his eyes unexpectedly and was met with a pair of eyes.

“Pup? Are you alright, cub?” The owner of the eyes looked at him worriedly and didn't come closer for fear of affecting his body, “They said you'd wake up today, is there anything else wrong with you?”

Shang Yaozhi was a bit taken back, half a moment, the first word spilled out of his throat, “..... cubs?”

Xiu Yu rubbed his chin to make sure he was really okay and nodded, “Our mum powder, they all call it that.”

Shang Yaozhi: “.....”

No, this little girl looked six or seven years younger than him, why would she be his mum fan?

Shang Yaozhi thought he cracked up.

Did he no longer understand the psychology of fans?

Shang Yaozhi took a moment to slow down before saying, “I’m fine, you-”

“Great.” Xiu Yu stood up, “I’ll go call the doctor, cub, don’t move, don’t move at all.”

Looking at Xiu Yu who ran out of the room, Shang Yao Yi was in tears for a moment.

He couldn’t move even if he was told to.

He was awake, but his body was still very stiff and he didn’t even have the strength to raise his hand.

The doctor hurried in.

The manager was right behind him, and after looking at the living person, he cried out with joy: “Yao Zhi!”

The doctor hurriedly performed a series of body organ checks on Shang Yaozhi, after the checks were completed, “Everything is normal with the patient’s body, only the blood veins are still a little stiff, but that’s not a problem, rest well and you will be able to recuperate.”

“Then why did you say at that time that we cubs were gone?” Xiu Yu was confused, “When I came here, he had a heartbeat.”

“It must have been a mistake in the examination.” The doctor hesitated for a moment and explained, “It’s not impossible in medicine, the patient might have been in a sudden accident and his body automatically turned on the protection mechanism to hide it from the instruments, it’s similar to ‘fake death’, but-”

No one had thought there was such a possibility, the odds were just too low.

“It’s okay, it’s good to be awake, it’s good to be awake.” The agent wiped his tears, “Yaozhi, hurry up and send a tweet to keep you safe, and when you’re completely well, take a trip home first.”

On Shang Yaozhi’s family side, it was still hidden.

The company also knew that both of Shang Yaozhi’s parents were not well, so they were afraid of getting killed again, so they hadn’t said anything.

Shang Yaozhi couldn’t nod his head and just blinked.

**

The accidental death of a movie star while participating in a variety show organized by his own company was too much of a stir.

It had been a few days, and the heat hadn’t gone down, hanging firmly on the top of the hotspots.

The only difference is that First Light Media has also been pushed into the hot seat.

Fans were so immersed in grief that they couldn't be bothered to go on a crusade.

Instead, some passersby left quite a few comments.

The first thing you need to do is to take the blame. What does it have to do with Primeval Media?

Even if it has something to do with First Light Media, doesn't Star Entertainment know that the movie star was filming until midnight? If they knew, why did they give him such a tight schedule? It's so early in the morning that his body is already at its lowest level, so to let him do extreme sports, is this really not a deliberate attempt to harm people?

[Got it, no matter what, Emperor Shang is really innocent and has become a victim between two entertainment companies].

But manipulating public opinion, Star Entertainment is very good at it.

When they saw that First Light Media had not moved, they were even more relieved and held a press conference at the company's headquarters.

Star Entertainment's chairman, Dong Yun, and the show's general director, all attended the press conference.

"General Director Dong, may I ask what you think about the matter of Primeval Light Media assassinating Emperor Shang?"

"This matter, we at Star Entertainment will not just let it go with Choritsu." With a cold face, Dong Yun lifted her chin, "Yao Zhi is one of our Star Entertainment people, and I have always treated him as family."

"Everyone knows that Chuan Chu has been suppressing Star Entertainment and has also stolen quite a few scripts from Star Entertainment's hands, but I really didn't expect them to learn about Yao Zhi's

schedule in advance this time and deliberately scheduled Yao Zhi's scenes in the middle of the night, causing Yao Zhi to end up

Dong Yun wiped her tears and said forcefully, "In short, Star Entertainment will fight Chu Chuan to the end for Yao Zhi!"

Another reporter handed over the microphone, "That means that Star Entertainment will give justice to Emperor Shang, right?"

"Of course, after all-" Eastwick didn't finish this sentence as the reporters in front of her were all agitated, constantly letting out shouts and shrieks.

Every reporter's expression was shocked, as if they had seen a ghost.

"Chief Winter, Weibo!" On the side, the chief director's voice trembled with disbelief to the point of eye rolling, "Shang Yaozhi! Shang Yaozhi he-"

Before he could finish his words, the phone in his hand was snatched away by Winter Yun with one hand.

It was a short video broadcast.

And the person who was live-streaming it was the man who the entire internet thought was dead.

On the screen, the man's face was still pale, and there was a look of exhaustion between his brows.

He was lying on a hospital bed, obviously having only just returned from the deathbed.

But it was a good thing that his eyes were still luminous, not some return to life, but he was really alive.

His face, too, had the familiar warm, sunny smile on it.

“Good afternoon everyone, I’m Shang Yaozhi, I’ve made you all worry about me these past few days.”

“I just woke up, I came up to give you all a safe report, I am saved by a divine doctor, I am fine, after that I will ask my lawyer to release me from my contract with Star Entertainment, please also ask the programme team to receive a lawyer’s letter

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Chapter 153

The words that followed were no longer audible to Dong Yun.

Her ears were buzzing and her mind was blank.

Strength felt like it had been drained out of her, and she was so weak that her heels were almost breaking under her feet.

Winter Yun held onto a side railing in time and shook her head off, still not able to expel that sky-rocketing dizziness.

And after watching this short live video of Shang Yaozhi, the reporters were all abuzz.

Instantly, they looked at Dong Yun and the programme’s chief director differently.

Everyone in the audience had heard that Shang Yaozhi said that he was going to terminate his contract with Star Entertainment and would also send a legal letter to the programme.

If Star Entertainment was really innocent, would Shang Yaozhi have said that?

The top actor’s temper is well known in his circle.

The reporters did not have time to think about how Shang Yaozhi came back from the dead, so they handed over all the microphones in their hands and started to ask questions.

“Mr. Dong, what was going on at that time? Why isn’t the CCTV footage being released? Since it’s a variety show, isn’t there a cameraman following it?”

“Chief Winter, now you can see that the Emperor has woken up, but not only did he not thank you, he instead wanted to terminate his contract with Star Entertainment, may I ask if the programme crew really rescued him in time at that time?”

“Mr. Dong, I heard that you guys even put your hands on his fans, is this all true?”

“Chief Winter, if Film Emperor Shang didn’t wake up and really went away, you guys are really not eating human blood by using him to attack the first pass?”

“Chief Winter

The succession of questioning made Winter Yun even more dizzy.

Her cold expression? finally shattered, her face grim and twisted as she screamed and backed away, “Get out! All of you, get out!”

The bodyguards beside her escorted Winter Yun inside.

Chaos erupted at the entrance of the building as reporters tried to squeeze in, the security guards desperately trying to stop them.

The chief director was even more stunned, leaning against a pillar, his legs going weak.

Today's press conference was originally organized by Star Entertainment to clarify and shift all the blame to Primeval Light Media.

So the reporters invited by Star Entertainment were all famous media in China, in order to create momentum.

However, Dong Yun did not expect that all her arrangements, even if they were well planned, could not withstand Shang Yaozhi's personal appearance.

When she returned to her office, her head was still foggy, unable to understand why the dead man had come back to life.

Could it be that the Newport General Hospital was lying to them?

Wasn't it a rumour to lie about such things?

How could the hospital dare to joke about something that was a matter of human life?

Star Entertainment was in chaos, and fans and passersby on Weibo were also going crazy.

[Ahhhhhhhhhhh my god! Am I really not dreaming? It's not someone who's disguised as my brother to trick me, is it?

[No, no, no, it's Yaozhi, Yaozhi is alive, he's really alive!

[Yaozhi woke up, so we can finally talk about it. A few days ago, the agent said in our WeChat group that Yaozhi was fine, but to prevent accidents, we were told not to spread the news.

[No, I need to calm down, I'm afraid this is a dream, but please this dream must not wake up, thank God for sending our loved ones back after watching the movie for a while [tears] [tears].]

[When I am well, I am immediately well, retweet this tweet, draw fifty stars and a cup of milk tea each.]]

Star, is the name of Shang Yaozhi's fans.

These five days were a great joy and a great sorrow for the fans, and the days were like years.

Originally, the fans had all formed a spontaneous procession and were ready to go over to Newport to pay their respects and send flowers.

None of them expected that there would be a reversal, and they all cried tears of joy and went crazy with happiness.

The super talk was devoid of the downbeat sadness of the past few days, and was all filled with posts of raffles and well wishes.

But after the jubilation, the fans didn't forget the most crucial thing.

[So @Star Entertainment v I'm asking if you guys are punching me in the face? If it was really the first pass that did it, why would Yaozhi settle with you guys at this juncture!

[Brothers and sisters, since Yaozhi has woken up, we don't need to hold back any longer.
@TrueGreatEscapesProgramme, did you rescue Yaozhi in time, we all know each other by heart, cats cry and fake mercy, rubbish!

[@Star Entertainment v, @True Great Escapes crew v, you say my brother has no backstage, we are his backstage, we are just ordinary people, but there are many of us, my brother is awake now, prepare to be finished [smile] [smile]]

[I'll write to the censorship authorities now and ask them to thoroughly investigate Star Entertainment, you guys have made a lot of fatalities in the past few years, don't think you can get away with it again.]]

**

Newport General Hospital.

In the ward.

“Cub, have some congee.” Xiu Yu held the bowl and scooped a spoonful of congee with concern, “You just woke up not long ago, you can only eat liquid food, forget about meat.”

Shang Yaozhi looked at his loving mother powder: “.....”

I couldn't say anything.

What's with the sudden thought of quitting?

When he thought that 80% of his fan circle were mom fans who called him a kid every day, Shang Yaozhi got a headache.

On the side, Jiang Yan, who caught a glimpse of this scene, said, “What?

This guy was crazy, actually feeding others?

When he had injured his foot, he hadn't even peeled an apple for him.

At least we had known each other for more than ten years.

Jiang Yan gave a cold snort.

Another one who forgot his righteousness when he saw it.

“Miss Xiu, I’ll do it I’ll do it.” The broker didn’t dare let Xiu Yu do it, he was busy trotting over, “You rest and rest.”

He knew that Xiu Yu was Ying Ziji’s friend.

I don’t know why, but the agent felt that the divine doctor’s friends were not simple.

“Don’t come over.” Xiu Yu alertly lifted the bowl high, “Don’t disturb mommy from feeding the baby.”

Shang Yaozhi: “.....”

Broker: “.....”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

F*ck, this guy is chasing after stars like crazy.

Jiang Yan couldn’t stand looking at him anymore and left the ward.

Outside, Elder Zhong was also there.

He had been to Qingzhi a few times and remembered Jiang Yan, so he greeted him, “Little Yan ah, is Emperor Shang the movie star alright?”

“Yes.” Jiang Yan was putting on a foul face, but suddenly he remembered that this was Ying Ziguí’s grandfather, and coughed, immediately behaving himself, “I’m drinking congee.”

“That’s good, then.” Elder Zhong nodded repeatedly, “Such a good boy, good people have good rewards.”

Jiang Yan didn't respond, glancing back and seeing no one.

"Are you looking for Ziggy?" Master Zhong was not happy about this, "Followed the pigs."

Jiang Yan: "?????"

How could Dudu run away with her father?

Didn't he just put one hand in his pocket and be done with it?

"Just that brat from the Fu family." Master Zhong was saddened, "Xiao Yan, do you think it's too much to ask that he doesn't just be his fancy young master and come to harm my granddaughter?"

Jiang Yan didn't dare to say anything, but he finally understood that this pig was not another pig.

Jiang Ping had specifically instructed him not to talk about Fu Yunshen in Shanghai.

Although he really didn't see anything special about Fu Yunshen even when he was in the imperial capital.

But if he didn't listen to Ms. Jiang's words, he would be finished.

His dad and his uncle were on board together and couldn't even protect him.

Jiang Yan couldn't even remember how many times he had been cleaned up by Jiang Ping.

"But the brat is really good-looking then." Master Zhong muttered to himself, "If he gives birth to a daughter in the future, she'll be good looking too, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no."

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This kind of thing is too absurd.

So even though Shang Yaozhi came out live to clarify, there were still many people who were skeptical.

However, the next day, some fans rushed to the Newport General Hospital and met the real person, which really confirmed that Shang Yaozhi was indeed fine.

The Newport General Hospital also rushed out a statement.

Saying that it was something that had an extremely small medical probability and was almost a miracle.

The hospital didn't actually do anything, it was all up to Shang Yaozhi's will.

As for the divine doctor that Shang Yaozhi spoke of they were not sure and could not tell any more.

In fact, the doctor who treated Shang Yaozhi didn't even think of a divine doctor.

What kind of divine doctor goes in for a few minutes and cures a person?

The new Weibo post has already received over a million comments.

And from the time Shang Yaozhi woke up, people were throwing rotten eggs at the company's entrance every day, and Dong Yun didn't even dare to go home.

She called Shang Yaozhi and his agent, but they refused to answer.

She had to ask the company's PR department to send out another tweet.

[@StarEntertainmentv: The company is happy to have Emperor Shang back, welcome.

But the tweet only came out, and it was quickly shot back in the face.

[@WestwindLaw Firm v: I heard that @RealLargeEscape show v said that Mr. Shang was resuscitated at the first opportunity, also equipped with a professional medical team, so may I ask what this is?

This is a video of the show at the time, as well as a record of the bank card transfer from the show's chief director.

Chapter 154

The video shows Shang Yaozhi's body suddenly jerking in the middle of his extreme cycling exercise, and then falling to the ground.

It was not too bright at this time of day, and as it was after 5am, there were not many spectators.

The only people around were the crew and the actors who were also doing other extreme sports.

The other actors couldn't care less about this side, and were simply unaware that Shang Yaozhi had passed out.

The netizens then saw that for the entire eight minutes, none of the staff next to him or the medical team accompanying him moved, talking and laughing.

A fan next to him tried to rush over and was even chided by the programme planner saying not to interfere with the filming of the show.

It wasn't until the ninth minute that the programme crew realised that something was wrong and rushed forward.

But by this time, the four minutes of prime time had already passed.

Even if an automatic defibrillator had been brought in, it would have been too late.

The programme team did not expect this to happen and were at their wits' end for a while before calling 120.

By the time the ambulance took Shang Yaozhi to the hospital, it was already half past six.

In the video, Shang Yaozhi collapsed on the ground, with that powerless look of wanting to die, and no one around him went up to help him until he gradually stopped.

This scene made the netizens' eyes red.

[Star Entertainment, you are cold-blooded enough!!! Even its movie stars are treated like this, I can't even imagine how the company's trainees and other actors without status are treated anymore.]

The actual fact is that you'll be able to get a lot more than just a few of these.

Fans know how overbearing Star Entertainment's contract terms are.

For Shang Yaozhi's salary for a film, Star Entertainment will directly take out 90%.

The remaining 10%, Shang Yaozhi still needs to support his own team, assistants, make-up artists which Star Entertainment does not care about.

The first time I saw the film, I was working for Star Entertainment for ten years.

The actual fact is that you can find a lot of people who are not able to get a good deal on this. My brother finally waited for this day, no need for everyone to crowdfund, we fans have the money.]

As long as Westwind Law Firm can help Yao Zhi and Star Entertainment break their contract, the legal fees are no problem.

[I really cried watching this, I just can't imagine, a person wants to live so badly and you guys cut off his hope, @StarEntertainmenttv, murderer!

The microblogging number of the Real People Escaping program team was reported directly by fans to the point of blocking it.

Watching the movement online, Dong Yun was shocked and angry: "How does the Westwind Law Firm manage this matter?"

When she signed Shang Yaozhi, she had already checked his family's background clearly.

When Shang Yaozhi's father was six years old, his right leg was amputated due to a factory accident and he was confined to bed.

And his mother suffers from severe chronic obstructive pulmonary emphysema, which requires extremely high medical bills.

This is why, Winter Yun is able to keep Shang Yaozhi firmly in her grip.

With Shang Yaozhi under her control, he doesn't have any big shot friends in the entertainment industry.

It could be said that he had no one to turn to.

The West Wind Law Firm was the imperial law firm of the imperial gentry, so how could Shang Yaozhi hire it?

“Mr. Dong, we’re not sure.” The PR manager was in a sweat, “The situation is very unfavourable to the company, there is no way to control public opinion anymore.”

“Didn’t I tell you to bring down the first rumour as well?” Winter Yun was even more furious, “Get the water army into action.”

The PR manager wiped off a sweat and hurriedly went down.

**

First Light Media, headquarters.

The chairman of the board who had previously passed a video call with Fu Yunshen high-fived and sneered, “Damn it, still want to mess with our First Light Media, don’t even look at what kind of goods you are.”

It was only in the past few years that Star Entertainment had risen to become a major company, and there was no way it could compete with the long-established Hatsunez.

As for the imperial family behind Star Entertainment?

The chairman of the board gave a cold snort.

How could they compete with their young master?

Not even all the gentry in the capital put together could compare.

After giving the PR department an account of the matter, the chairman of the council made another phone call, "Hey, young master, everything is settled."

"But young master, didn't you say you wouldn't help? How come the Westwind Law Firm is still out in force?"

Hearing these words, Fu Yunshen turned his head to look at the girl beside him and lazily replied, "It has nothing to do with me."

"That's right, young master, when have you ever been kind enough to help."

Fu Yunshen didn't want to talk to him: "Hang up."

Ying Ziji knew who he was talking to, she pondered for two seconds, "What do you think, should I sign him to the first pass?"

"Hm?" Fu Yunshen was silent for a moment, his peach blossom eyes were misty, "Sign it, there are too many people who can't help themselves in this world, it's a little help if you can."

After a pause, he was not slow: "Earn money for you by the way."

Ying Ziji propped up his head, "That's right."

Two birds with one stone.

She had read the contract of First Light Media, and there were four levels from a to d.

The a contract was the highest, and the company would only take 15% of the artist's salary.

Apart from the company's operating costs, this gave the artist the maximum benefit.

The only ones who can a-sign are a few veteran international movie stars and movie queens.

However, Shang Yaozhi's strength is also above these seniors.

Ying Ziji bowed his head and sent a weibo message to his female secretary.

[Prepare an a-signature.]

The female secretary quickly replied.

【Okay, Executive Director, who is it for, please?

[Shang Yaozhi.]

Once these three words were sent, the female secretary instantly went crazy.

[Ahhhhhhh boss, really, you're going to sign Emperor Shang over? You're too kind, my son is saved!
Great, I'm going to get ready right now.]

Ying Zidian: "....."

Hmm.

She now understood that Xiu Yu's comment that 80% of Shang Yaozhi's fans were mom fans was true.

As a mom fan, the female secretary acted as fast as ever.

As soon as the a-level signing was ready, the PR department also went into action.

[@chuguangmediav: termination fee first pass out, welcome @shang yaozhiv to the first pass, our boss said, the highest treatment, in addition, in response to the disinformation about our company, also ask star entertainment to receive a lawyer's letter.]

The fans were even more jubilant with this double whammy.

[Oh my god, my brother was actually personally invited by First Tradition, and the boss himself gave the word, the first person in the entertainment industry, right?

[Brother, go to First Tradition! You like filming, you'll be able to go international if you go to First Tradition!

The first time I saw you, I was so happy.

In response, Star Entertainment began another round of playing dead.

Shang Yaozhi was Star Entertainment's cash cow, and Dong Yun didn't want to let him go at all.

But with both Westwind Law Firm and Primeval Light Media, even with the capital behind them, Star Entertainment couldn't hold on.

But two days later, she received a notice from First Light Media to acquire Star Entertainment.

This time, Dong Yun had to go to Primeval Media in person.

She went to the Shanghai City branch of First Light Media.

As soon as she entered the building, Dong Yun received disgusted looks from the people around her.

She subconsciously wrapped her shawl tightly, lowered her head and hurriedly took the lift upstairs.

Star Entertainment was her heart and soul, and there was no way she would let Chuan Chuan take it over.

In this business of entertainment, all one cared about was profit.

As long as she offered enough interest, Chu Chuan would not have to fight Star Entertainment to the death for a Golden Flower Award winner.

Thinking of this, Dong Yun calmed down a bit.

She pushed open the door of the general manager's office and walked in.

In the room, the girl was leaning against the desk.

She moved lazily and didn't look up at Dong Yun, playing with her phone.

Dong Yun frowned.

She naturally recognised that this was the girl Shang Yaozhi had met last time in Hengdian Film City.

"Why are you here?" Winter Yun wrapped her arms around her and towered over her, "Where's your boss?"

Ying Zidian still didn't look at her, three very cold words, "Standing and waiting."

"Joke." Winter Yun seemed to have heard something funny, "I'm here to talk to the boss of the first transmission, you?"

She gave a scornful laugh, “Think you can talk for your boss just because you’ve signed up for First Tradition?”

Dong Yun hated this kind of actress who used her beauty to seduce her boss to get ahead, even though there were many such things in Star Entertainment.

It was despicable to get more resources than others without strength, just by relying on a pair of skin.

“I told you why Yaozhi still stopped to talk to you even though I was following beside him.” Winter Yun spoke sarcastically, “So it’s because you used your beauty, yes, with your face value, no one in the entertainment industry can really match you.”

Having run an entertainment company for more than ten years, Dong Yun was used to seeing many beauties, both at home and abroad.

But none of them were as beautiful as the girl in front of her, so beautiful that her heart trembled.

Just as Dong Yun was about to say something else, there was a knock on the door.

Ying Zigui looked up, still not glancing at Dong Yun: “Come in.”

The person who came was the female secretary, who held a document in her hand and then put it on the table.

The female secretary bent down and was respectful, “Chief Executive, the contract for the acquisition of Star Entertainment has been typed up, please look through it.

Boss Lady Chapter 155-156

Chapter 155

Ying picked it up and flipped through it.

She read it quickly and nodded a few seconds later, "Yes."

There is also an independent legal department under First Light Media, and it is said that the director of the legal department is a graduate from the West Wind Law Firm.

That was why First Light Media was also known as a must-have in the entertainment industry.

But all this, Star Entertainment knew nothing about.

In the early years, Primeval would also help its artists settle a series of legal disputes, but then basically no one dared to touch Primeval's artists.

Before that, however, Star Entertainment was just one of the most insignificant companies in the entertainment industry, not even qualified to face off with First Tradition.

"Okay Executive Director." The female secretary picked up that document again, she looked at Dong Yun who was frozen in place, her attitude was instantly cold, "Chief Dong, ah no, I shouldn't call you that now, you won't be the old chief of Star Entertainment soon."

Winter Yun did not respond, she only felt that there were countless bees blocking her ears, buzzing all the time.

For a moment her hands and feet were cold, her blood flowed backwards, and her restlessness and embarrassment kept rising up.

It was as if she was a clown, saying ridiculous things and being silently mocked.

The female secretary even politely handed over the contract, her tone was one of utter disgust and sarcasm: "Ms. Dong, please sign it."

Winter Yun still stood there without moving, her hand stiffened and her face turned white little by little.

“Ms. Winter, there is no use in you refusing to sign.” The female secretary didn’t know what Winter Yun had said to Ying Zigui earlier and only thought that she didn’t want to sell Star Entertainment, “What about all the things you’ve done, it’s enough for the court to seize the whole Star Entertainment, First Light Media gave you one million, still not satisfied?”

This sentence finally made Dong Yun come back to her senses.

Her face floated with the red that only came after being humiliated, and she gritted her teeth, “You guys are dreaming!”

Star Entertainment was the third largest entertainment company in China, and the shares alone were worth dozens, not counting the value of those artists under the company.

Through the light of Shang Yaozhi, Star Entertainment also had several male and female artists who were also very hot young stars and flower girls at the moment.

They are all paid 30 million for a single film.

Chu Chuan wants to buy Star Entertainment for one million dollars?

What a joke!

“Whether it’s a dream or not, Ms. Winter herself knows clearly.” The female secretary sneered, “I advise Ms. Dong to sign the papers immediately, so that nothing is left when the time comes.”

Winter Yun’s lips trembled and her face turned even whiter.

She suddenly looked fiercely at the girl sitting behind the black desk, “You’re being deliberately vindictive!”

The female secretary had been in this business for so long that she had been through a lot of battles long ago.

There was certainly no way she would let her own boss move her mouth with respect and taunted, "Ms. Winter, would you please not make a fool of yourself?"

"Our boss earns a hundred thousand every second, with the time it takes to get back at you, a house in the centre of the empire is out."

Ying Zidian slowly raised her eyes.

She, who could earn 100,000 a second?

Winter Yun's body was soaked in cold sweat, she gritted her teeth, "Okay, I'll sign."

She took the pen with trembling hands, as if it took all her strength to write down her name.

After writing it down, Dong Yun stumbled back a few steps, still unable to believe it, "She's the owner of First Transcripts?"

The owner of First Tradition had always been a mystery to the outside world, not even the artists of this company had ever met.

The industry had ruled out all those in power in the imperial capital's gentry, and had not found a match.

How could it be a young girl who was not even an adult yet?

Dong Yun couldn't accept that there were others of the same sex who had more successful careers than her.

“Or else?” The female secretary coldly snorted, “Is it hard to say that you are? Since the signatures have already been signed, Ms. Winter, if you don’t want to be kicked out by the security guards, you’d better leave quickly.”

Winter Yun left in a state of disorientation.

But after that, there was a summons from the court waiting for her.

Losing Star Entertainment was just the beginning.

“Boss, it’s a nasty way for Star Entertainment to go from a small workshop to a big company.” The female secretary was disgusted, “Information shows that in just these three years, eight of their artists have committed suicide due to depression.”

Ying Ziji looked slightly paused.

In the past, when she was in Guozhou, there were singers, drama actors and so on.

But there was nothing such as the entertainment industry, much less the act of using artists for profit.

She was exposed to these for the first time, but she had seen a lot more hearts.

“Hmm.” Ying nodded, “Let’s assign them when the time comes.”

“Okay.” The female secretary answered, and after thinking about it, she still couldn’t resist, “Boss, do you know who the miracle doctor is who saved my son?”

Ying Ziji got up, her eyelashes dropping, “There is no miracle doctor.”

“Huh?” The female secretary was sorry, “I thought if there was such a miracle doctor, I would ask him if he had any medical masks for beauty care or something... God knows I’ve spent tens of thousands of dollars at the beauty salon but it didn’t help.”

Hearing this, Ying Ziji stopped in her tracks.

She turned back and patted the female secretary’s shoulder: “Very good, you have a good business sense.”

Female secretary: “???”

**

After posting the short live video, at the end of the night, Shang Yaozhi posted another long article to thank netizens, fans and First Light Media.

He was actually quite confused.

Even if his body was the one that turned on the protection mechanism and subsequently faked his death, he was still recovering too quickly.

He had only opened his eyes this morning, and now he could even get out of bed and walk.

Shang Yaozhi even feels that his body is stronger than before and he can shoot 24 hours of scenes in one breath.

But his mother’s fans didn’t think so.

“Pup, I told you not to move, why are you still getting out of bed?” Xiu Yu brought the luxurious wheelchair Jiang Yan had used, “You sit here and let someone push you.”

Shang Yaozhi was helpless, especially as he had not yet managed to adapt to the term “cub”.

He said, “Actually, I really didn’t-”

Before he could finish his sentence, he was forced into the wheelchair.

“.....”

“Be good son, so that mothers can rest assured.” Xiu Yu pulled out his phone, “Cub, I’ll take a picture of you to prove to the others that you’re being well taken care of.”

After taking the picture, Xiu Yu sent it to the fan group.

All the members of this fan group were all pro-mother fans.

Upon seeing the photo, they all owled.

Shang Yaozhi subconsciously glanced at it and saw this sentence.

[Pups, live pups, pups are fine, great.]

“.....”

Xiu Yu put the phone back into his pocket and waved towards the agent, “Remember not to let him out of the wheelchair.”

After Xiu Yu went out, the agent saw that Shang Yaozhi did not look quite right.

He raised his hand to test the temperature of his forehead, “Yao Zhi, are you uncomfortable?”

Shang Yaozhi took a deep breath: "Nothing."

He was completely unable to look his fan in the eye.

**

On the other side.

After Ying Ziji returned home, she turned on her computer.

After entering her account password, she logged into the nok forum.

She noticed that there was this post on the front page of the hidden section.

[@I'm just a melon eater: Is anyone concerned about the star who came back from the dead in China?
Dare I ask which one of the poisoners on the list is the one who did it?

There are only a few scattered replies below the post so far.

[What Chinese star? Which one of the bigwigs on the list would bother with the entertainment industry?

I've heard of this, but I think it might be a Chinese ancient medicine practitioner?

I'm not going to say why.

[I've checked and I can't find out, it's very well hidden, I guess it must be a big guy on the list.

[This is the time for @Please take a pill, big brother, can you tell which one of your colleagues it is?

Ying moved her mouse up and closed the post.

She propped her head on one hand and tapped her other hand on the table in thought.

The nok forum was worthy of its claim to have an intelligence network that was more swift and developed than the International General Intelligence Bureau, and it had already checked it out so quickly.

And he was sure it was a poisoner.

Tsk.

Ying browsed through other new posts and was ready to go offline.

And at that moment, a red dot appeared in her private message box.

A stranger had sent her a message.

Ying Ziji pondered for a moment, thinking that she had nothing to do today, so she planned to take a look.

Before she could click on it, her phone vibrated.

Ying Zidian lowered her eyes and glanced at it.

The source was Weibo.

It's not a secret that the number "Raise the old, don't disturb" was learned when it sued Ying Luwei's fans.

[@YingLuweiStudio: Everyone has been waiting for a long time, the day after tomorrow is Lu Wei's recital.

Because many fans didn't get tickets, or couldn't make it if they were too far away, the studio and Luvvie discussed it and decided to stream it online at the same time.

We are now opening the online ticketing channel for the recital [link], and we are also showing the pieces Luvi is going to play and the times [pictures]].

The comments are going up very quickly.

I didn't get a ticket, but the other sisters were too fast.

[I've already bought a ticket, but I've read that Lu Wei will be playing so many pieces this time, so don't be exhausted.

I've bought them too, but I'd like to ask, what time of day is @Ageing Out Do Not Disturb going to play? I really don't want to hear someone who can't even play basic piano pieces take up the recital time, I'm going to skip it then to prevent her from staining my ears [smile] [smile]]

Chapter 156

There was more than one person who had such thoughts.

Not to mention that for the past two months or so, Ying Luwei's fans have not had any good feelings towards her because of her repeated frustrations.

[I'm going to skip it too, the recital was a flop with her present, just ask the guests Luvvie invited if they won't be disgusted and leave the stage.

[I don't understand why she has to be here to annoy the audience at a good recital.

I know what Lu Wei thinks, she's still her niece, so I want to nurture her, but the problem is that she can't hold up the wall.

Among Ying Luwei's fans, there are also a few senior students from Qingzhi.

[Sisters, don't you know that when she gave us a lesson, she said that even after teaching for so long, she couldn't teach a song to Alice. No.

[No, Alice is a compulsory piece for beginners, right? If you can't even play Alice, how dare you come to the recital and perform on stage?

[Tsk, a fake girl is a fake girl, no matter how much she learns, she's no match for a real lady of luxury.

Although Lu Wei is still a long way from being a top pianist, she is more than capable of teaching, right? Is this adopted daughter emm a bit too dumb and obtuse?

[No, we must skip the time when she plays, even if it's a waste of money.

The tickets for this concert started at 1,888 RMB and the price of the tickets for the inner venue was even higher at 8,888 RMB, but even so, her remaining die-hard fans were all gone in seconds.

The online concert was not as good as the live broadcast because it did not have all the equipment such as live sound, but the price of a ticket was 666 yuan.

Even the divas and the hottest male and female groups, as well as the top pianists in China, have never booked tickets at these prices.

Although Ying Luwei is a famous woman from a wealthy family, she doesn't have a job, she just has a false position in the Ying Group and receives annual dividends from her shares.

But she is a big spender and the dividends are not enough for her to spend, so she naturally rakes in as much as she can.

Anyway, she can't stop her fans from making money if they want to.

After admiring the overwhelming comments on Weibo, Ying Luwei turned her head: "How about it, how many guests have been booked now?"

The agent flipped through the roster in her hand, "As you said, Lu Wei, after we told those masters that you were going to play 'Sun and Moon', they all said they would take the time to come."

"The ones who can be confirmed now are Zhuo Lan Han, Che Yu and Bart Heber."

Hearing these three names, Ying Luwei was also taken aback: "They're really coming?"

Zhuo Lan Han and Che Yu, both top pianists in China, had only retired a long time ago.

However, their status in the music world is still very high.

Sheng Qingtang is in the calligraphy world, just as Zhuo Lan Han is in the piano world, and both are ceiling figures in their respective fields.

Che Yu is slightly weaker than Zhuo Lan Han, but he has a number of disciples under his tutelage, who are now all famous and leading figures in the new generation of Chinese music.

As for Bart Schieber, he is a famous pianist in O Chau and an honorary professor of the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau, with a very high international status.

It's not that Ying Luwei didn't want to make friends with these people.

But it was because pianists of this level would not even give her a glance, even if she came from one of the four great families.

“Not bad.” The agent nodded, then frowned, “But Lu Wei, you can’t play ‘Sun and Moon’ after all, if you tease these seniors, in the future you-”

“Don’t worry.” Ying Luwei smiled, “I won’t be the focus of this recital by then, and besides, I have other ways.”

The agent wanted to say something, but seeing how determined she was, he stopped trying to persuade her and changed the subject, “In an hour’s time, five thousand tickets have already been sold for the online recital, and a conservative estimate is that fifty thousand will have been sold by then.”

“If you call for more in the super talk, those fans of yours should buy several of them alone.”

Ying Lu Wei was careless and didn’t care about this: “You go and manage, just pay the money directly to my card when the time comes.”

**

Sheng Qingtang doesn’t really go online and doesn’t like social networking apps like Weibo.

But his bald-headed son suddenly rushed in sharply while he was pulling radishes, and then said something about the internet.

Sheng Qingtang was instantly furious, and he immediately took out his phone and sent a WeChat over.

[Little miracle doctor, what’s going on, how do I see you going to some recital? Tell me, do you need me to find someone to support you?

On this side, Ying Ziji had just quit Weibo when she saw this WeChat.

[Coke Fries Milk Tea has become your friend, please give him/her a nickname for easy communication.

[Please take a pill]:

[Please take a pill]: Man, you're not from the Laurent family, are you? This hobby?

Ying didn't reply anymore, closed the chat box and got offline.

**

The next day.

Just when Shang Yaozhi's fans were about to start a new round of denunciation against Star Entertainment, they found that Star Entertainment had posted a new Weibo post.

[@StarEntertainmentv: Yesterday, Star Entertainment has been merged into First Light Media, this micro-blog number is discontinued.

A picture of the acquisition contract was attached below.

A minute later, First Light Media retweeted the tweet.

[@chuguangmediav: With immediate effect, Star Entertainment's artists also belong to Chuan Chuan, if any of them want to leave, they can just go, no termination fee.]

Netizens were shocked.

[Crouch, First Tran is so big, it has directly bought out Star Entertainment, and so quickly.

The first time I saw this, I was able to find out that it was a good idea.

The company's main business is the company's business.

There are also tweets from people who know.

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

The following comments were all in agreement.

[He deserved it for not saving his life!

The only way to deal with people like this is to do so.

The one that was planning at the time also said something like 'you deserve to die idols', is sorry, our idols are still around, but you're going in [smile]]

[Kneeling for @WestwindLaw Firm to have a live link this time as well, to see how the villains are being punished]

Qingzhi's students are also watching Weibo.

As one of the top flowers, Shang Yaozhi had quite a few followers, with most of them in each class.

After the dust had settled, the students could finally go to class without worry.

Little Brother put his phone away and glanced at the classroom, "Brother Burn, Sister Yu hasn't come yet?"

"Huh." Jiang Yan's face was expressionless, "Escorting her son home."

Little brother: “???”

He scratched his head and asked again, “Father Ying, you’re going to the recital tomorrow, do you want to go to the school’s piano room to practice for a while?”

Ying Ziji propped her head up and yawned, “Well, wait a while.”

It was true that she hadn’t touched the piano for a long time, and she had only revisited it in the past few days.

The good thing was that her body had been toned over the past few months, so she could play a piano piece with ease.

If she had just woken up, her body would not have been able to hold up to a single bar of Sun and Moon, not to mention Holy War.

I should have known that I should have written a simple piece back then.

“Ying Luwei’s fans are going crazy.” Jiang Yan sneered, “Don’t even look at what their master is worthy of?”

He, who didn’t like the internet, had gone and opened a few Weibo trumpets to battle those brain-dead fans.

“Brother Burn, you’ve reminded me.” Little brother slapped his head, then fished out a pile of tickets from his school bag, “I bought tickets specifically to give you a prime spot.”

Jiang Yan took it, disgusted, “Just this rubbish recital of hers is still worth 9999 yuan?”

“Don’t mention it, I used my 17 years of single hand speed to grab it from her fans.” The little brother complained, “Brother Burn, it’s not fair if you don’t buy me dinner.”

“Please.” Jiang Yan was painfully quick, “After the recital, treat the whole class to it.”

Ying Ziji looked at the tickets in the two men’s hands and remembered Sheng Qingtang, who had messaged her yesterday, and Berg, who had called later.

Each had bought quite a few as well.

After two seconds of contemplation, she sent out a tweet.

[@AgeingOut: @YingLuWeiStudio, @YingLuWei, bring the money for the tickets, or I won’t go.]

Boss Lady Chapter 157-158

Chapter 157

This is the first new Weibo post from Ying Ziji since the last lawsuit.

With only one day before the concert, Ying Luwei’s fans were following this number to see if she would be smart enough to withdraw from the concert.

They never expected that she would not only not withdraw, but also say something like this.

[Why should I give you the money for the tickets? Is this recital for you? Or are you a better player than Luvvie?

[I’ve seen what it means to have a thick skin, that’s what.

If you don’t go, you don’t go. You really think we’re begging you to go, Luvvie, but don’t let her go.

I’m not going to skip her part, I’m going to see how good she is at playing and how she can say that.

Fans also went to comment on Ying Luwei's Weibo account, telling her not to spoil it.

But they didn't know that this recital was specially prepared by Ying Luwei for Ying Zidian.

If Ying Zidian didn't go, all her plans would have been a sham.

She really had to beg Ying Zidian to go.

When she saw this Weibo post, Ying Luwei was so angry that her body shook and her face turned blue: "I knew she wouldn't be quiet, so she had this intention."

She had bought almost 80 million dollars for this recital, both online and offline, enough to last her a long time.

How dare she ask for it all?

The agent wasn't angry, but smiled: "Lu Wei, just give it to her, didn't you say so anyway? When she makes a fool of herself in front of so many masters then, it's serious, she might kill herself in shame."

"Besides, if she sends her words like this, she will be the one to be hacked, and you will become the victim instead."

Hearing this, Ying Luwei just barely calmed down: "That's also true."

She also knew that if she really disagreed, Ying Ziyi would not have come.

Ying Luwei retweeted this Weibo post so quickly that her manager didn't have time to stop it.

[@YingLuWeiv: Okay, little aunt waiting for you.]

[No one is standing, but screenshots were taken, so I wanted to see if Ying Luwei would really give out the money that came to her by then.]

**

Inside Class 19, Ying Ziyi didn't bother to read the comments on Weibo.

Little brother rushed to the first camp of melon eaters and naturally saw this Weibo, he was a bit anxious: "Crap, Ying Dad, what are you posting like that for? We can give you money if you're short of it."

"No." Ying Ziji unscrewed the cap of the mineral water bottle, indifferent, "I don't want you guys to waste money."

She stood up and nodded, "I'll go to the piano room."

Qingzhi had art classes, and places like the piano room and painting room were well equipped.

The pianos in the piano room, or the top brand specially shipped back from abroad, were over a million a piece.

After all, the quality of the piano also affects the sound quality and a series of other aspects.

When Ying Ziji arrived at the piano room, Fu Yunshen was already waiting for her.

He was standing sideways, leaning slightly forward.

His long fingers were on the keys, but he didn't press them.

But Ying could tell at a glance that he had practised the piano, and was definitely not of an ordinary standard.

After hearing the footsteps, Fu Yunshen turned his head back and his peach blossom eyes curved up.

At this moment, the slight hostility around him receded, and he still had his usual gentle look.

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, still looking like the same dude: "Little friend, you're the boss of a company now, why are you still falling into the eyes of money?"

Ying Ziji sat down on the piano chair next to him and casually tuned the piano: "Throw it in the trash, not even for her."

"Yao Yao, this is for you." Fu Yunshen didn't carry on this conversation, he took out what he had prepared long ago, "When the time comes, at the recital, you can use it."

"What?"

Ying Ziji took it and looked at it, and his eyes paused.

It was a copy of the score for 'Sun and Moon'.

Not the scrappy version circulating on the internet, but the complete one.

She had once written the score herself, so naturally she would not forget it.

"Tried to make up a few notes." Fu Yunshen leaned on the piano, smiling cynically, "There might be something wrong, but it's no problem to smooth it out once."

"You don't have to play it then either, you can take this score out."

He had spent so much time on the O Continent that he naturally had had an acquaintance with Vera Hall, the pianist.

It wasn't as easy for him to fill in the notes this time as it had been before.

If he hadn't been born in those days, he would have liked to meet Vera Hall.

Ying's eyelashes dropped: "There's nothing wrong."

Not a single note was wrong.

It was these dozens of notes that were missing from the score that had been handed down, resulting in very few pianists being able to play Sun and Moon continuously.

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen raised his hand and rubbed her head, "The stuff has been delivered, brother still has things to do, you can practice first."

**

o Continent.

Royal Academy of Arts.

The students coming and going then saw that two of the most famous professors in their college were pulling and tugging on the road.

"Berg, you're sick!" Bart Schieber, the famous pianist from o continent was furious, "Why should I follow you to China? Why did you say yes to the invitation for me?"

What Ying Luwei, he had never even heard of it.

Playing "Sun and Moon"?

Another one who bumps Vera Hall and doesn't see if he's worthy of it.

"Ay, ay, ay, you'll see when you go." Berg was strong, pulling the curtsy with one hand and tugging at Bart with the other, "I tell you what, old chap, that maestro I told you about last time, she'll be there for this recital too."

Otherwise, he wouldn't have gone.

"The one who can draw better than you?" Bart was curious but he didn't want to move even more, "No go no go, good at painting, definitely not piano, playing art, top at one is good, I don't paint."

"It's not like you're being asked to go to a recital." Berger wouldn't let go, "It's one more person who can pull the masters to our academy."

When he didn't know, the old codger from the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association tried to steal someone from him.

But this time it was different, together with Bart, he would have two people on his side, overwhelming Sheng Qingtang in terms of numbers.

By the way, he was also going to back up Master Ying.

**

After leaving Qingzhi, Fu Yunshen went back to the Fu family.

Fu Yichen was not locked up in Madam Fu's bedroom, but he was still not allowed to leave the old Fu house.

When he saw Fu Yunshen, he was so angry that he jumped up: "Fu Yunshen, you did that on purpose, you must have known that Mom and Dad wouldn't believe me, that's why you did that!"

These days, he was forced to go to the brain departments of major hospitals.

Mrs. Fu had even linked up with a doctor in the imperial capital, ready to give him another examination.

But he wasn't sick, and his brain wasn't broken.

What he said was obviously the truth, but everyone believed it.

Fu Yichen was so angry that he was dying.

Fu Yunshen looked sideways and smiled: "Hm?"

Fu Yichen's body was chilled by this look, and he shrank back, not daring to move.

No one believed him, if he was arrested by Fu Yunshen again, he would probably lose his life.

Fu Yunshen also ignored him and went upstairs.

Fu Yichen looked at the man's back and hated him with a passion.

Sooner or later, he would find the evidence, and then he would see how Fu Yunshen was driven out of the Fu family.

Upstairs.

Master Fu was playing chess with himself in his study, his health was basically completely healed and he was in good spirits.

After speaking to Master Fu, Fu Yunshen left the old Fu family home.

Then he drove to the city sports park.

It was the same woods, and the young man was waiting there.

Fu Yunshen walked over and nodded his head: "Speak."

"Young master." The young man paused before speaking, "Found out the truth about Miss Dickey's disappearance back then."

Chapter 158

It's been sixteen years since it happened, so long ago that many traces have long since disappeared.

Whether it was man-made or not, it would be difficult to find out.

Especially since technology was not as advanced as it is now, and there were hardly any surveillance cameras on the streets.

There were only cameras at the main entrance of the Ying family's house. After all, given the Ying family's status in Shanghai, not many people would dare to steal from the house.

A series of reasons led them to investigate for a long time before they finally found a clue.

According to people around Qing Shui County, one day in February 2003, they found an abandoned baby by the river.

Although people in Qing Shui County are poor, it does not mean that they could not see that the abandoned baby was wearing luxurious and expensive clothes.

It looked like the child of a large family, but there were no designer labels or anything that could identify it.

The baby was not yet a year old and could only simply crawl and could not stand up yet.

No one knew how she had gotten here, and when she was found, she had pinch marks on her wrists.

The people of Clearwater, even if they were dumb, were keenly aware that something was wrong.

Not wanting to be drawn into this unknown dispute, they all coincidentally avoided the baby, pretending not to see it.

The abandoned baby was also a girl, and in Qing Shui County, which is culturally backward and still holds a patriarchal mindset towards sons, no one would want it.

Only Wen Fengmian took the baby back with him when he passed by the river after work.

It was at that time that his wife took all the money and ran away with his eldest daughter.

The family also had a baby who had not long been born and was unimaginably poor.

A baby girl thrown away by the extended family had nothing to do with him, and Wen Fengmian could have ignored the baby just like everyone else in Qing Shui County, especially as he himself was already struggling to make ends meet.

But he didn't.

He took the baby girl home, took on a few more temporary jobs, and raised two children.

Sixteen years passed.

During these years, the workload was so heavy that it caused even more damage to Wen Fengmian's already poor health.

But he still didn't think of throwing the baby girl away.

Even when the Ying family came to him later, he chose to send Ying back not because he had finally got rid of a burden or could get compensation money from the Ying family.

Rather, he knew that there was no way he could provide her with a better environment to develop and let her have a bright future.

But the truth wasn't what Wen Fengmian had thought, and he hadn't expected the Ying family to just want a living blood bank.

"The brothers sent people to visit the hundreds of kilometres of road from the Ying family to Qing Shui County, checking door to door." The young man took out a pile of information, "Kung fu didn't fail us, and we really did find out."

Fu Yunshen took it over, his eyes cold and hostile.

"There was a group of people, with a baby in tow, resting at a small hotel on the road." The young man continued, "As you know, young master, back then, you didn't need any documents to stay in a hotel, so it was easy to cover it up."

“That inn went out of business ten years ago, we found the former owner’s wife, at first she wouldn’t say anything no matter what we asked, finally the brothers used a million dollars to get her to talk.”

Although the time gap was too long, the owner’s wife was still very impressed with the incident.

The gang was one man and two women, and it was the middle of the night when they came to stay at the hotel with a baby.

The owner’s wife, who was married, could tell that the woman had never had a baby at all, and clearly wasn’t much of a baby carrier.

And the baby was dressed in a totally different class from the three men.

Most importantly, when the boss’s wife got up in the early hours of the morning, she heard the conversation between these three people.

It said that someone from a large family had given them a large sum of money to send the baby far away and leave her to fend for herself, alive or dead.

Either she would die or she would never appear in Shanghai City.

The owner’s wife was afraid of getting into trouble, so she didn’t say anything out loud.

Eventually the income from the hotel was not good and the owner’s wife did not open it again.

She remembered the incident for many years, and had nightmares for some time because she couldn’t bear it in her heart.

When they approached her, she kept her mouth shut for the same reason.

In the boss lady's opinion, the baby had died long ago at that time, so it was a relief to talk about it.

Fu Yunshen didn't say anything, still looking, his eyes growing deeper.

"These few people threw Miss Zidian next to the river over in Qing Shui County, and specifically covered it with grass from the river, after it was done, they ran away abroad, and now they are all under the control of our people."

"Used some tricks, they said everything." The young man sneered, "Probably because they didn't expect Miss Dickey to return to Shanghai City alive."

No one else would have expected that.

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen had also finished flipping through the information, he was faint, "Prepare it and post it all on the internet then."

"By then?" The young man was stunned, "We have enough evidence now, young master, when you give the order, people can be arrested directly."

"Wait a little longer." Fu Yunshen's eyebrows were scattered, "When the kids have had enough fun and are happy."

The young man: "....."

He felt that their young master, a man who was not yet old, already had the heart of an old father.

"Now-" Fu Yunshen slowly raised his eyelashes, his voice was gentle, but the words he spoke were heartbreakingly ruthless, "Just get it over with."

The young man's expression was astonished.

If you can't kill him, it's even more ruthless than death.

He hesitated for a moment, "If I hadn't found out the truth, I wouldn't have thought it was her."

After forcing his way out of the mouths of the man and the woman, his three senses were shattered.

But the evidence was right in front of him, so he had to believe it even if he didn't.

Fu Yunshen was not surprised and did not deny it: "Not surprising."

He had always known that the darkness of a wealthy family was beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

It's not uncommon for people to be at odds with each other, or for a mistress to rise to the top.

Families like the Nie and Mu families were too few and far between.

"Young master, there's one more thing." The young man suddenly remembered, "When pursuing this matter, we investigated that wife of Mr. Wen Fengmian by the way."

Fu Yun Shen's peach blossom eyes narrowed, "Pass it to me later."

**

In the evening.

Master Zhong went to the Wen family by himself.

When he saw Wen Fengmian again, he still had an indescribable sense of familiarity, but he just couldn't remember.

Old Master Zhong was a little distracted.

This man was getting old and his memory was deteriorating.

He had to go see a doctor to prevent Alzheimer's.

Dinner was cooked by Wen Hanlan.

Four dishes and one soup, not too much, just right for four people.

Elder Zhong pinched up his chopsticks and thought for a while, but still didn't hold back and asked; "Fengmian, have you been to the Imperial City before?"

A single word caused all three of the father, son and daughter's movements to lurch.

Wen Fengmian lifted his head, his expression did not change much: "Why does old master ask that?"

"Ugh, I just see you look familiar." Elder Zhong didn't hide it, "You've never been to Shanghai, and I've only been in the Imperial City for a long time, so I thought if we've met in the Imperial City."

"Old master may have misremembered." Wen Fengmian smiled, "I'm just from this county in Qing Shui County, and I've never been to any big city in half my life, let alone the imperial capital."

"But—" Elder Zhong had only just said two words here, when aside, Ying Zigui poured him a glass of water.

"Grandpa, drink the water."

Wen Hanlan looked at Wen Fengmian and then at Ying Zigui, then gave Elder Zhong a piece of cola chicken wing.

He didn't like to talk, but the meaning was obvious.

Elder Zhong: "....."

Very good.

Worthy of being siblings.

As he ate the chicken wings and drank his water, he complimented, "Ah Xiao Lan, you're really good at this, teach Grandpa in the future too."

"No." Wen Hanlan finally spoke up, "You're stupid."

Ying Zigui: "....."

Old man Zhong: "....."

Wen Fengmian was headstrong, but there was nothing he could do about it, and a little sad.

Communication was a struggle for any child with autism, often sitting alone for a whole day at a time.

It was already a great improvement for Wen Huilan to be able to talk to people other than him and Yaoyao.

Master Zhong was naturally aware of this, and he smiled, "Little Lan, your sister is going to perform on stage tomorrow, do you want to go with Grandpa?"

Perhaps it was really because he was overthinking, there were so many people in the imperial capital, it wasn't surprising that there were those who looked like Wen Fengmian.

Wen Listen Lan was silent for a long time before nodding his head.

“Ziji ah, go and choose a dress tomorrow afternoon.” Elder Zhong turned his head again, “And the styling, too.”

“Grandpa, no need.” Ying Ziji picked up a piece of roast pork, not slowing down, “I'm going to drape a sack.”

“.....”

**

It was night in Shanghai and afternoon in Fei Leng Cui.

The sun was warm and flowed slowly across the ground like a blaze.

Nowadays, technology is developing at a rapid pace, and so is the city of Fei Leng Chui, a city with two ancient cities.

Skyscrapers are lining the streets.

The city is full of cars.

Except for one manor house, which still remains as it was in the 17th century.

The castle of Laurent stands on this estate, which covers a very large area.

It is even customary to receive and deliver mail here.

Today, the castle's steward received a letter from the postman.

A dozen of them, and one caught the steward's eye.

There was nothing special about the envelope, nor was the recipient written on it.

The only thing special about it was that it was a letter from China.

The steward thought about it and couldn't think of anyone in China who knew any of the family members.

There didn't seem to be any.

It didn't seem to help.

The butler shook his head and threw the letter into the fireplace as he would any other letter.

Boss Lady Chapter 159-160

Chapter 159

The envelope and the letterhead inside, however waterproof, are still made of paper.

It just floats into the fireplace and instantly turns to dust, without even a cinder left.

But not including a letter.

The last letter to be thrown in was still in good condition.

The flames were all around the envelope, but they did not make it curl up one side.

When he saw this, the butler was stunned, and then, as if he had realised something, he immediately brought a tool to put out the fire.

Then he put on his gloves and carefully took out the letter.

When he looked closer, he was confused and frightened to see that the envelope was not only intact, but not even dusty.

He was responsible for managing the perimeter of Laurent Castle and received dozens of traditional letters every day.

These letters were basically from the rabid fans out there, and after the members of the Laurent family had read them a few times, they didn't read them anymore.

The members of the Laurent family read them a few times and then stopped reading them. They also said that if they ever sent such letters again, they would be burned.

If it was really important, they wouldn't use such an old-fashioned method of communication.

It had become a habit for the butler to burn letters every day.

This was the first time he had ever encountered such a thing.

Nor had he ever heard of any paper that could not even be burnt by fire.

What if it was some kind of poisonous item?

It wouldn't be good if it wreaked havoc on the young ladies of the manor

Just as the butler was hesitating to turn the letter in, footsteps came from the hall on the ground floor of the castle.

At the same time, a voice rang out from behind him, "The letter in your hand, give it to me."

The steward jerked back from his thoughts and turned his head, but he did not recognise the visitor.

But he noticed that the visitor had a golden iris embroidered on his sleeve.

The golden iris was the symbol of the Bank of Laurent.

Only the core servants within the castle would carry such a symbol.

The butler was busy handing over the letter in his hand.

"Fine." The young servant took it and sighed softly, "I knew you would still burn letters, specifically with nano material."

The butler, bewildered and frightened at the sound of it, tried, "You mean"

"Nothing to do with you." The young servant waved his hand, "Go about your business."

After carefully stuffing the envelope into his pocket, he left the castle hall and walked around the side garden towards the innermost part of the estate.

Naturally, the butler did not dare to follow him.

He was an old servant of the Laurent family, and had been doing his job for thirteen years, but had never been allowed to enter the very heart of the castle until now.

It was said that the real head of the Laurent family lived there.

Not to mention him, no other member of the family is allowed to set foot in it without permission.

Then this letter, too, must be from the real person in power.

At this thought, a cold sweat broke out all over the butler's body.

Luckily the letter was okay, or else he would not have had enough lives.

China.

Shanghai City.

Two o'clock in the afternoon.

Inside a top styling shop.

This styling shop is only for the gorgeous celebrities and today was the first time it was given a charter.

Inside the shop, make-up artists, beauticians, hairdressers and other technicians come and go, with many tools in their hands.

Ying Ziji sat in front of the make-up mirror, without any expression.

Behind her were the students from Class 19 and Master Zhong.

She had absolutely no desire to talk to any of them, nor did she even want to remember how she had been dragged here.

She had finished her biology lesson for class 19 in the morning and was falling asleep on her desk at noon, before she woke up, when she was dragged away by Xiu Yu and another girl in the class, saying that they had invited her to a new dessert.

The dessert shop, which she hadn't seen, had seen a smiling Master Zhong waiting for her and a group of eager stylists.

And then she was pressed into this chair.

“Miss Dickey, you have such a good skin base.” The make-up artist looked at the girl with amazement and envy, “I was planning to give you an exfoliation and photonic whitening, but it looks like that won't be necessary.”

She picked up the mask next to her and couldn't wait, “I'll give you a hydrating treatment so you can apply your make-up.”

Ying yawned, remembering that she had been staying up late a lot recently, and nodded.

After the hydrating treatment was completed, the make-up artist pushed the make-up trolley over and asked, “Miss Dickey, what style of make-up do you want to do? Mori? Or bohemian?”

Ying Zidian: “Please give me a killer look.”

Makeup artist: “.....”

Master Zhong, who also listened carefully: “.....”

Ying Ziji looked in the mirror and saw Master Zhong covering his chest with a pained expression, paused and reluctantly changed his words, "Baroque."

Baroque make-up is very retro, and is only prevalent over in o-continent.

Because even the slightest flatness and imperfection in the features would be out of place with a baroque make-up look.

The make-up artist has been working here for several years and has only met two people who asked for a baroque look, causing her to forget about the style.

But there really just isn't a better look for the girl in front of her than the Baroque style.

Understated, luxurious, dignified, mysterious.

The make-up artist's eyes lit up with inspiration and she immediately went into action.

"The gown! The gown has arrived!" Half an hour later, Xiu Yu carried in a big box from outside the door, "Ying Dad, look, I've bought several for you, choose one."

As she said, she unpacked the box and took them out one by one to show Ying Zidian.

There was an aquamarine princess dress, a vintage little black dress, and a pipa-breasted cheongsam.

Each piece was specially tailored and cost over a million.

Ying Ziji exhaled slowly: "Is there one that doesn't show your arms or legs, and preferably protects your neck as well?"

The little brother scratched his head and looked confused: “Huh? That’s only Arabian robes.”

Xiu Yu: “.....”

Just having to cover up her good figure hurt her heart as a girl to look at.

Although their Ying Dad wore an Arabian robe, his face and aura were also directly crushed.

Xiu Yu could only helplessly put the gown back into the box again.

Just then, a shop assistant came running in, holding a gift box: “Miss Ziggy, someone sent it.”

Ying Zidian was still putting on her make-up, so Xiu Yu helped her open it.

Inside was a black dress, but not a skirt.

Xiu Yu could tell at a glance that the gown alone, just the top, cost over ten million.

Together with the diamonds and other materials on the gown, the total price definitely exceeded one hundred million.

Such a large sum of money, who had given it to him?

Although Xiu Yu was curious, he didn’t ask: “Ying Dad, it just so happens that this is the gown that is attached to your preference, I’ll help you wear it when you’ve finished putting on your makeup.”

**

Shanghai City Assembly Hall.

The concert started at seven o'clock and many fans came to line up at four in the afternoon.

Most of the fans were coming to hear Ying Luwei's recital for the first time and couldn't wait when they could get in at six o'clock.

Backstage.

Ying Luwei was doing her make-up in the mirror, but her face didn't look good.

She had already made an appointment with the stylist, but just a few hours ago, the stylist informed her that she couldn't be serviced.

She had increased the price and the stylist had not changed his mind.

She had no choice but to find another make-up artist when the situation arose.

Zhong Manhua was sitting on the sidelines, restless and anxious.

She had been deliberately avoiding everything about Ying Ziyi.

She was relieved that Qingzhi didn't call her during this period of time.

Unexpectedly, Ying Luwei dropped such a bombshell directly on her.

It was only after she arrived at the Assembly Hall that Zhong Manhua found out what was going on, and she couldn't leave even if she wanted to.

Her heart and lungs ached when she thought that many other famous artists were coming and that the event would be broadcast live online.

Zhong Manhua had thought that Ying Luwei had been kind enough to offer Ying Zidian a chance to meet famous artists, so she could have simply refused now.

Instead, it was Ying Ziji who wanted to come.

“Sister-in-law, are you not feeling well?” Ying Luwei kept an eye on Zhong Manhua with her afterglow, as if she hadn’t noticed, “Do you want to go to the hospital?”

“It’s a minor stomach ache.” Zhong Manhua naturally wouldn’t say that she didn’t want to see Ying Zidian play, “It’s nothing serious.”

“Sister-in-law must take more care of her health.” Ying Lu Wei finished her make-up and stood up, “The recital is about to start, let me take you to your seat.”

Hearing these words, Zhong Manhua subconsciously squeezed her bag strap.

The two of them headed for the door and bumped into a foreigner head-on.

“You are Mr. Bart, right?” Ying Luwei was stunned, then surprised, and said in English, “I am honoured that you have condescended to come to my recital... When you are finished, can you give me some pointers?”

“Do I know you well?” Forced to come here by Berg, Bart was already angry and impatient to be polite to Ying Luwei, so he ignored her and looked behind him, “Where is the other player? Hasn’t he come yet?”

Chapter 160

Foreigners, as always, speak straight.

Especially when they are in the arts, they don't think much about the mood of the other person who doesn't interest them.

Ying Luwei's face immediately turned red.

She stood there helplessly, her face burning with pain.

Apart from the embarrassment, there was more shock.

Her agent had said that Bart Schieber had accepted her invitation, so how could she be here for Ying Zidian?

Was she capable of making the world-famous pianist come all the way from O-continent?

She didn't believe it for a hundred times.

But Zhong Manhua was frozen: "Mr. Bart, what did you say?"

"The other one! Another player!" Bart looked around the backstage and didn't see it, and yelled back angrily, "Berg, you idiot, the schoolgirl you said was a better painter than you isn't even here."

Around the corner, Berg came up with a cup of ice cream and was quite happy, "Thanks for looking for me."

Bart: "....."

He knew it, learning to draw is inhuman!

Zhong Manhua's head was foggy and swollen, a little unable to understand what Bart was saying.

A schoolgirl who could draw better than Berg?

Ying Zidian?

How was that possible?

“Let’s go.” Bart didn’t want to stay a second longer and also look at Ying Lu Wei one more time.

“Bart, don’t forget, remember to persuade Master Ying for me.”

“I know, I know, don’t be annoyed.”

“Mr. Berg, wait, please wait.” Zhong Manhua was busy chasing after him, “Mr. Berg, wasn’t your last visit to Qingzhi because someone cheated?”

“Cheating?” When he heard this word, he had to stop, and his anger rose even higher, “How dare you insult Master Ying? If she was cheating, I wouldn’t even deserve to paint!”

“Don’t talk to me, get out of here.”

He was so angry that he pushed Zhong Manhua away.

Ying Luwei went up to help her, “Sister-in-law!”

Zhong Manhua, however, was completely lost in thought, and her person was completely dumbfounded.

Master Ying!

A professor emeritus of the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau, calling Ying Zidian “Master Ying”?

Her English was only up to the level of everyday communication, but she couldn’t have misheard it.

Then Zhong Manhua remembered that she had been called by someone claiming to be from the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association and had said the same thing, and she had thought it was a fraud.

As it turned out, they really did have a Master Ying in the Ying family!

Zhong Manhua didn’t have time to think about it, so she hurriedly took out her mobile phone, fished out the number she had blacked out, and dialed it.

Three rings later, the caller got through.

Zhong Manhua’s heart pounded: “Hello, this is Master Ying’s mother.

“Beep beep beep.”

Before she could finish, the other party hung up the phone.

When Zhong Manhua dialed again, it became an occupied line.

She had been blacked out.

Zhong Manhua stared blankly at the phone, a blush of shame rising to her face.

An unprecedented wave of regret filled her heart, twisting her so much that she could barely breathe, and pins and needles hurt.

She could almost think that if she hadn't taken the call as a scam at the time, she would have been able to have tea and a chat with the masters of Chinese calligraphy artists by now.

It wasn't that she hadn't dreamed of such things; after all, she was interested in both calligraphy and Chinese painting.

But unfortunately, neither Tian Lu nor Xiao Xuan were very talented in this area.

Zhong Manhua had no choice but to give up.

But now she turned down an opportunity that was worshipped in front of her, and even offended the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association.

But how could Ying Zigui know how to paint?

Zhong Manhua's mind had become a muddle and inwardly she regretted it even more.

Ying Luwei was half puzzled, half nervous: "Sister-in-law?"

"..... is fine." Zhong Manhua came back to her senses in a trance, "Lu Wei, let's go."

**

It was close to seven o'clock.

The assembly hall was already full of people.

The online broadcast facility was also turned on, and the live broadcast room was currently at 120,000.

Together with the fans who were there today, these were Ying Luwei's only remaining live fans.

Master Zhong, Jiang Yan and Xiu Yu were all sitting in the front row, and naturally Zhong Manhua was also there, but from a distance.

There was an empty seat next to Elder Zhong, which was a prime spot.

“Little Burn, your mother is coming?”

“No.” Jiang Yan’s expression froze for a moment, “My mother has gone back to the imperial capital.”

“That’s strange.” Elder Zhong was puzzled, “Here—”

“Grandpa Zhong.”

A lazy, scattered voice fell from above his head with a touch of cynicism.

After seeing the visitor, Elder Zhong covered his heart, “Brat, why are you as bad as your grandfather, you like to scare people.”

Fu Yunshen loosened his collar and sat down beside him, trailing off, “Intergenerational heredity?”

Master Zhong snorted coldly and looked at the stage in front of him, ignoring him.

The curtain was drawn back and on the stage was a piano that had already been set up.

As soon as the concert started, the pop-ups on the online broadcast started to increase.

[Ahhhhhhh, I’ve heard that Luvvie’s piano is a Fachiori Bruni, and today I finally saw the real thing.

[This piano is only found in several world-famous concert halls on the O Continent, our Luvvie is really amazing!

The piano is worth a conservative estimate of 3 million dollars, and only a real celebrity like Luvvie could own it.

[Warning! Warning! The first three pieces were played by Luvvie, and with the curtain call and other steps it took about forty minutes, and then it was time for someone else.

Bart, who was sitting at the bottom of the room, had no interest in Ying Lu Wei and was yawning all the time.

It was only with the appearance of the piano that he finally picked up a little bit of energy.

Next to him, in turn, sat Zhuo Lan Han and Che Yu, both of whom were over half a century old.

Che Yu was also very interested in the piano and had high hopes for what Ying Luwei would play next.

But he had just listened to one bar of the first piece when he fell asleep in boredom.

Zhuo Lan Han also frowned after listening to the first bar.

The more she listened, the tighter the frown became and her face sank.

It was only when Ying Luwei started the third bar that Zhuo Lan Han couldn't listen to it anymore: "Is that the level?"

Four words woke up the drowsy Che Yu: "Ah, Teacher Zhuo, sorry, I fell asleep listening to it."

Zhuo Lan Han shook his head, "It's a good thing you fell asleep, otherwise it would have really tarnished your ears."

If it was just an ordinary piano practitioner, the playing level was already very high, and she wouldn't begrudge herself the praise.

But this was a pianist!

Even Zhuo Lan Han could instantly judge Ying Lu Wei's piano level as soon as she heard it.

"Ohhh." Hearing this, Che Yu closed his eyes again, "Teacher Zhuo, I'll sleep a bit more then, I was a bit tired from teaching my students until two in the morning yesterday."

Zhuo Lan Han nodded his head and forced himself to hold back his emotions to listen again.

The fans, who were mostly amateurs, listened with excitement.

[It's so good, our Luvvie deserves to be the next Vera Hall.]

[emm I'm a bit disappointed to be honest, I was originally a fan of Luvvie because of her good piano, but this time I didn't feel what I expected to hear at all.

[In front of me, Lu Wei practiced very hard and prepared this recital for us very carefully, why do you still take away her efforts?

Ying Luwei played three pieces in one breath and her forehead was covered with sweat.

She took a few breaths before she stood up and took the microphone from the host: "Thank you all very much for coming to my recital, and thank you very much, Mr Zhuo, for coming."

"But it's not just my recital today, I'd like to introduce my niece. She is the second youngest daughter of the Ying family, Ying Ziji."

“She has been studying piano with me for a year, not long and no better than others, but I don’t want her to miss such a great opportunity to showcase her, and I ask you all to give her a chance too.”

After these words, the fans below all let out boos.

Zhuo Lan Han’s face became even more sullen: “Don’t these people have the self-awareness to listen to a concert?”

Making a lot of noise and having no manners.

She really shouldn’t have come.

But the noise didn’t last long, all the sounds in the synagogue died down at once, and the pop-ups on the online broadcast were also silenced in an instant.

The girl came on stage from the right, without slowing down.

She was dressed in a vintage court dress, a very simple outfit with no unnecessary embellishments, but it was as if she was a royal princess from O Chau who had stepped out of a painting.

The girl walked casually, but without losing her poise.

The moment she raised her head, Ying Luwei became the backdrop.

This was the first time that Ying Luwei’s fans were directly confronted with Ying Ziyi’s face blast.

[.....]

The sarcastic words on the pop-ups disappeared into thin air.

Ying Lu Wei didn't need to look, she knew from the expressions of the audience below that the smile on her lips could barely be maintained.

The dress she had spent a high price on customizing was surprisingly not as good as this black outfit of Ying Ziji.

Offstage.

Fu Yunshen's eyes lingered on the girl's upper body for half a second and quickly moved away.

A mistake.

Wrong choice.

I didn't realise that such a conservative dress wouldn't cover up very well.

Master Zhong is proud: "My granddaughter is so pretty."

Ying Luwei finally finds her voice in the midst of the embarrassment: "Don't be nervous, little dickey, just like your sister-in-law taught you before, calm your mind so you can play fluently."

Ying Zidian didn't look at her.

Ying Luwei wasn't annoyed either, she just glanced at her suspiciously, "Little Dickey, don't you have a piano for yourself?"

After a pause, she said helplessly, "If my sister-in-law knew you didn't have one, she would have prepared one for you."

Ying Ziji finally glanced at her.

Ying Lu Wei sighed, "I'm really sorry, this piano is very precious, so my little aunt really can't lend it to you, or else you can use the spare electric piano here first?"

The fans watching the online broadcast could be considered to have found a breaking point.

[No? None of them have their own pianos? What else is there to play?

[Of course I can't borrow it, does she have the playing level of Luvvie? It's so expensive, what if she breaks it?

[If you don't have a piano, you should just go down and let Luvvie play.

[The quality of the piano will affect the quality of the performance, but yes, she can use an electric piano, she can't play anything anyway.

Fu Yunshen raised his hand and pressed the Bluetooth headset in his right ear.

He looked at the stage, his eyes light, and his voice pressed down: "Bring it up.