

Boss Lady Chapter 161-162

Chapter 161

The fans sitting in the synagogue, once again, booed.

With Zhuo Lan Han's connotation, she was also completely unwilling to stay any longer.

She got up with a cold face and was about to walk out, regardless of whether the recital was over or not.

A heavyweight piano master like Zhuo Lan Han was followed by a special camera.

After she made this move, the online live feed was immediately given to her.

[Still not going down, can't she see that she's pissed off Grandma Zhuo, who was already a top pianist in China in my grandmother's time].

[Lu Wei was so miserable, she had to invite Grandma Zhuo and the others here, only to be pissed off by a country bumpkin who didn't know anything about piano.

[Pissed off at me, pissed off at me, pissed off at me.

But she hadn't quite left the stage when her footsteps suddenly stopped and she looked towards the stage.

There was a light golden glow coming from behind a crimson curtain, and four waiters in tuxedos, carrying a piano, came up.

Cha Yu had been half asleep, watching occasionally, but in this instant he gave a complete awakening and almost jumped up.

“Oh, my God.” Bart’s eyes were dead wide open, “Berg, pinch me, pinch me.”

It was a rococo style grand piano.

It was gold in colour throughout, but not vulgar, rather dignified and elegant, understated and luxurious.

The piano’s circumference was beautifully carved and painted, and the body was gilded all over with gold leaf.

Every inch of it has been carefully carved out, with smooth lines.

In contrast to this gold piano, Ying Luwei’s piano instantly became an unsightly piece of wood.

Even if few people could recognise this piano, it was impossible for even an amateur not to see that it was worth a fortune.

“It’s a Louis XV!” Bart went mad, “I’ve seen it just once in a museum!”

Louis XV is the name of a piano that was once specially made for the O Continent royal family by Bechstein, the top luxury brand in the piano world.

It took 140 professionals in various fields, including master luthiers, oil painters and sculptors, three years to finally create this piano.

More than three kilograms of gold leaf alone were used.

To this day, it is still the most expensive piano in the world.

The price is in the region of \$20 million.

The whole hall was dead silent, and Ying Luwei's fans could not make any noise.

But the biggest shock was to Ying Luwei herself.

She couldn't believe it.

Of course Ying Luwei knew the Louis XV, she had visited it when she went to O China.

But how could such an antique piano be lent out so easily?

"Excuse me, please." A waiter spoke politely to her, "This piano is very expensive, you can't afford to pay for it if you break it."

The voice was not loud, but in the silence of the hall, it was loud enough for the people in the first few rows to hear.

In full view of everyone, Ying Luwei's face was so red that it was about to explode.

Unable to hold back her shame and anger, she retreated to the side, unable to lift her head in embarrassment, her fingers trembling.

[Ouch, brain-dead people hitting their faces? I don't even care about your \$3 million piano, I have it myself. Do you know how much this piano costs? Oh, you certainly don't know.]

Then I'll be merciful and tell you, it's the world's number one piano, a Louis XV, \$20 million!

But your 3 million dollar piano is only 400,000 in US dollars, what's the big deal?

These three pop-ups were all sent by Nie Chao alone.

There were eight computers in front of him.

On each computer's screen was Ying Luwei's live online concert, so he bought eight tickets.

It wasn't just Ying Luwei's fans who watched the live online broadcast, there were also some who had been attracted by the name Vera Hall and were real piano lovers.

The fans have now shut up, these people are happy.

[Well, well, it was a lonely listen up front, I was going to complain about the refund money, it was worth the ticket money to meet Louis XV].

I'm not sure if I've ever heard of that player before, but I can smell the scent of tea on her through the screen.

I think the two players are aunts and nephews, so this? I don't get it.

[Oh, so what if it's a \$20 million piano? So what if someone who doesn't know how to play the piano is still blind on such an expensive piano, and really thinks she's Vera Hall? I think she'd better be smart and give this piano to Luvvie.]

Nie Chao was on fire, crackling and tapping words.

[Where's that internet beggar from? Get away!]

The appearance of Louis XV made Zhuo Lan Han sit back in her seat.

She asked for a microphone from the staff and a smile appeared on her face, "This time it's my honour to see Louis XV, the piano, here."

After a pause, she spoke in a stern tone, "Anyone else who is making a lot of noise in a moment might as well not sit here."

These words were a clear rebuke to Ying Luwei's fans.

The fans shrank back, holding their breath and lowering their voices in mockery.

"Yes oh, such an expensive piano, it's amazing, but it's not like she can play it."

"It would be such a shame to play an Ode to Joy on such an expensive piano."

Zhong Manhua was sitting right in front of these fans and naturally heard the words.

She clutched her bag, the feeling of regret that had risen earlier being squashed by embarrassment again.

Not bad.

Ying Zidian didn't know how to play the piano.

Zhong Manhua's face turned blue and red, afraid that people around her would recognise her as Ying Zidian's mother.

She just wanted to get out of here, so that at least she wouldn't have to endure this embarrassment.

Master Zhong looked at the golden piano with suspicion: "I didn't prepare this."

On the other side, Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched, his expression still lazy.

His long, slender legs folded as he watched the girl take her seat under the matching piano chair.

Well, no matter what, the dress and the golden piano went well together.

Ying Luwei also finally came back from her shock and she quickly calmed down.

The piano was better than hers, but the playing level was that of a schoolboy.

In contrast, she would be even worse off in the end.

Ying Luwei ruffled her hair and smiled elegantly, "Then I'll leave the rest of the time to you, Little Belt."

She lifted her skirt and headed offstage.

The manager met her at the bottom: "Go backstage first to fix your make-up, and take a break, you have a few more songs to play later."

"You won't be able to play the whole of 'The Sun and the Moon', so just a little bit will be enough."

Ying Luwei just smiled: "Maybe I won't have time to play it, this great show is about to start."

"I didn't think your fake niece would have the means to borrow a Louis XV." The agent frowned, "Is it possible that she knows members of the y royal family?"

"You're thinking too much." Ying Lu Wei was contemptuous, "I can even guess, it was the one from the Fu family who paid a big price to borrow it, what a loser, no wonder the Fu family doesn't like him."

The agent pondered for a moment and thought so, so she didn't ask any more questions and led her to the back stage.

On stage.

Ying Ziji bowed her head and slowly stroked her fingers over the keys of the piano.

It was as if she had met a long-time partner, a perfect match.

Her eyes stared slightly, then, slowly pressed the first note.

It was good, the same feeling as before.

[No, just this???

[Is she being funny? One tone?]

[No way, you can't even play Ode to Joy? Shame on you, shame on you.

The fans inside the auditorium wanted to continue booing, but they didn't dare.

They lowered their heads and started playing with their phones.

But at that moment, a low piano sound rang out in the synagogue, very slow and very slow.

It was like the gurgling of a stream and the gentle breeze swirling over the mountains.

Under the darkness of the night, the moon rose slowly, filling the ground with clear light.

Quiet and peaceful.

This is a prelude.

It's beautiful, but it doesn't seem to be any different from a normal piano piece.

But it was such an intro that instantly made all the guests in the VIP seats look up sharply and even hold their breath.

"The Sun and the Moon -" the brilliant light in Zhuo Lan Han's eyes shone brightly, "The Moon God comes out!"

Inspired by Greek mythology, The Sun and the Moon is about a brother and sister, the god of the sun and the god of the moon.

The Moon God is mysterious and the Sun God is passionate.

Two completely opposite genres that have been very cleverly combined.

As soon as the intro was over, the piano rose to a high pitch.

It was as if ten thousand horses were galloping and thunder was flashing.

The God of the Sun drove on, coming from afar and illuminating the whole world.

Ying's fingers steeply accelerated, and the piano sounded higher in the next instant.

This is the charm of the sonata.

With its powerful infectious power, it was able to submerge the audience directly into the story portrayed by the sonata.

The silence in the auditorium was extreme, with only the sound of the piano pulsating.

Poor Bart was stunned: "Oh, my God!"

The Sun and the Moon!

Vera Hall's 'The Sun and the Moon'!

With his mastery of the piano, he could hear that what Ying was playing was different from the few pianists who had been there.

There were a few places where the tone changed.

But it was these few changes in tone that Bart could feel, and it was the world-famous song "The Sun and the Moon" that was finally perfected.

He sat upright, like a beginner, and began to listen to the girl's playing.

'The Sun and the Moon' was 18 minutes long, but no one could come back to their senses until after the last note had fallen, and everyone was still in a daze.

"....."

And at that moment, Ying Ziji moved again.

She pressed another tone.

The second tune, suddenly, rose.

Unlike the prelude to Sun and Moon, the prelude to this one gave a sense of sacredness and grandeur.

Online live, the pop-ups that had been empty for a long time, finally appeared two more.

[F*ck!!!]

[This is “Holy War”!!!]

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The person who posted this pop-up wasn't a fan of Ying Luwei, but one of those piano lovers.

He had come to listen to it with the intention of giving it a try, and he was not short of money for a ticket.

As a result, before he could recover from the huge shock of “Sun and Moon”, he heard “Holy War”!

Jihad, the most sublime of Vera Hall's three piano pieces.

Day and Moon is a little weaker than Jihad, both in terms of technique and in the intention of the piece.

The Sun and the Moon is the most famous because it has been played by more than ten pianists.

The Holy War, on the other hand, has only been played once so far.

Three years ago, this piano lover happened to be over in O Chau and was able to hear it.

But anyone who has heard “Holy War” will never forget it.

So even if he had only heard such a small part of the prelude, he would be able to recognise it instantly.

At the VIP table, Che Yu’s expression was as stunned as if he had seen a ghost, not caring to be quiet while listening to the recital: “Teacher Zhuo, she she she

Zhuo Lan Han slowly exhaled a mouthful up, his body relaxing down along with the gentle sound of the piano, murmuring, “What a terrible talent.”

The tone of Sun and Moon is completely different from Holy War, even though the intros to both pieces start in the bass.

One is at night, when the moon god leaps down a hillside with a hunting bow on his back, light and hazy.

The other is in heaven, where God created all things and angels descend slowly into this world, divine and noble.

Without taking a break, Ying Ziguai started playing ‘Holy War’ straight away.

In their place, none of them would have been able to switch quickly in these few seconds.

What’s more, a 22-minute long piano sonata, or a world-famous piece as difficult as “The Sun and the Moon”, was played without even a drop of sweat, and Ying Ziji played it leisurely.

“Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong...”

The sound of the piano flows, from low to high.

A very cheerful section.

Zhuo Lan Han's expression gradually became more serious.

This was the first time she had seen that a piano player could strip herself of her emotions, completely, from the sound of the piano.

The girl's brow was so calm, one might even say indifferent.

Her fingers leapt so fast over the keys that stigmata could almost be seen, but her body did not sway with them.

"Knock, knock!"

The quiet, profound sound of the piano suddenly rose a key, as if there were bells in a belfry ringing in unison.

A powerful burst of energy burst from the girl's body, all of it poured into the sound of the piano, bringing one into a new story again.

God took the holy son Adam up to heaven and the archangel Lucifer refused to kneel.

At his command, the angels rebelled outright against a third of them.

Once the Father and the Son were pitted against each other, and holy war broke out!

"Dang! Knock, knock—"

With another frantic twang, the piano piece soared straight to its climax.

“Hush, brother, cheer up.” Berg shook all but fainted Bart, “Don’t you faint, you do and I’ll have to give you artificial respiration.”

Everyone else in the synagogue was already dumbfounded.

None of Ying Luwei’s fans could say anything.

Their faces were blue and white, and they wanted to leave the auditorium.

Even those who didn’t know anything about the piano could hear who was playing better.

No.

There was no comparison with the three piano pieces by Ying Luwei.

The pop-ups also gradually increased, and those piano lovers went crazy.

[Aaaahhhhhh I’m dying mad! What kind of divine piano music is this? It’s so shocking, I’m losing my mind.]

[I say that Vera Hall is alive, no one will argue with that, right?

I think she’s Vera Hall herself. The court recital at Filippo in the 18th century was just as good, wasn’t it?

Master Zhong was also a bit silly.

He felt that his granddaughter was, indeed, too far beyond his imagination.

Next to him, Xiu Yu explained to him, “Grandpa Zhong, what Ying Dad just played was the ‘Sun and Moon’ that her Little Aunt White Lotus had been talking about playing, and this one, ‘Holy War’, is even more difficult.”

Very good.

Now she said her goddess of music was not Vera Hall anymore, she still fancied their Ying Dad.

By this time the piano had slowed down once more and the story progressed to the point where Archangel Lucifer failed and began his descent into hell.

The heavy sound of the piano, sad, took one’s breath away.

Fu Yunshen folded his hands and propped his chin up, his eyes deep.

After a few seconds, he lifted his eyes and glanced at the top right of the synagogue.

A camera then descended, then pulled closer, giving Ying a close-up of her hand.

Her hands were so fast that they kept falling and bouncing back up, one strong sound coming out explosively.

It shook the eardrums and struck the heart.

“Slap, slap, slap -”

The applause, which had been sluggish for ten minutes, finally rang out in this moment.

Ying Luwei, who had just come out of the backstage to finish her make-up, heard the fierce applause.

She paused in her steps and wondered, "What happened?"

The applause wasn't even that loud when she finished playing earlier.

The manager thought about it, "Could it be that your fake niece made a fool of herself and was kicked out by Zhuo Lan Han, and your fans are cheering?"

"That's the only possibility." Ying Lu Wei's smile increased, "Come on, let's go over and watch the fun."

The distance from the backstage to the auditorium, Ying Luwei walked very fast, just in case she missed the good show.

So when she reached the door, the applause was still there.

Ying Luwei ruffled her hair and looked towards the stage, wondering if she should go up there.

But after looking over, as if she had seen something horrible, her blood flowed backwards in an instant!

Looking at the girl who was playing, Ying Luwei could not believe it.

The smile on her face froze, and her face turned white little by little.

She had never heard of 'Holy War', so naturally she didn't know what the tune was.

But that didn't stop her from hearing how hard the tune was, how much more shocking and explosive it was than 'Sun and Moon'.

She only listened to it for so many seconds before her emotions were completely driven by the sound of the zither.

Ying Lu Wei's body swayed.

What happened?

How could this happen?

She had taught Ying Zidian's piano herself.

She taught it casually on purpose, she just didn't want Ying Zidian to know anything about art.

Did you really think the Ying family was so easy to get into?

Returning to the Ying family would be the beginning of a nightmare for her.

But why is she playing better than her?

Ying Luwei can't even stand up, and her eyes are black.

Her brain was starved of oxygen and her throat was dry.

In her panic, Ying Luwei saw, as if sensing her gaze, the girl lift her head from the golden piano and glance at her.

It was a light, faint glance, without any emotion.

There was no complacency, no mockery.

It was like an emperor who had already reached the top of the world and was looking indifferently at the smallest things.

But with such a glance, Ying Lu Wei was directly crushed.

She shivered and fell straight onto the door, her legs going weak.

No way!

Absolutely not!

This was her recital, how could she let Ying Zidian step on her?

Ying Luwei pushed her manager, who was also stunned, away and ran towards the tuning room.

The manager also reacted violently and rushed after her: "Lu Wei!"

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Ying Ziyi withdrew her eyes, but her gaze was still not on the piano.

She was all too familiar with this section, having played it blind all the time.

It was right to say that 'Holy War' was musically superior to 'The Sun and the Moon'.

'The Sun and the Moon' was her first piano piece and it wasn't quite perfect.

Whereas 'Holy War' went up in value instantly because of the point it made with the Bible.

Ying Ziji's eyelashes droop and her fingers brush quickly through the high register, finally landing on a single note.

It represented the end of the piece.

Zhuo Lan Han had already picked up the microphone and was about to speak.

But she was shocked to find that the girl still showed no sign of getting up.

Ying Ziji rolled up her sleeves slightly and her fingers jumped on the keys for the third time.

This time she was not playing a sonata, but a serenade.

This is a lyrical genre.

In just a few moments, the powerful force of the sonata was overpowered by the gentle and lingering nature of the serenade.

“.....”

Zhuo Lan Han’s eyes shook greatly.

This one, she hadn’t heard before.

[I go!!! And!!! This can’t be the ‘Song of Fei Leng Chui’ that has never been played before, can it?!!!!]

[It’s definitely the Song of Fiddlesticks, it’s never been played, but that’s the tone of the Song of Fiddlesticks.]

Bart didn’t get dizzy, and he hurriedly pulled up a minute file from his phone that he had in his collection.

It was a scrappy copy of the score, missing in many places, not simply a few notes.

“It’s The Song of Fiddlesticks! It really is The Song of Fiddlesticks!” Bart went mad, “A mutilated score, and she was able to play it down!”

Apart from Vera Hall, three hundred years have passed and no second pianist has ever played the Song of Filippo down again.

Not because it really just reached the point where it was so difficult that no one could play it, but because the score was so badly mutilated that it couldn’t be mended.

He tried to mend it, too, without success.

And now –

Bart’s mind was left with one thought.

The music world, it’s going to blow up!

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The tuning room.

The staff in charge of managing the equipment were also stunned by the recital, and each one was entranced.

None of them had noticed that someone would rush in at this moment.

“Turn off the live broadcast!” Ying Lu Wei was frantic, “Turn it off, turn off all the sound, you hear me?”

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While the recital was still in progress, she could not let more people see Ying Ziyi.

Ying Luwei didn't even think about it, even if it meant ruining her recital, it had to end.

Seeing that the staff members were also immersed in Ying Zidian's music, she broke down and shouted, "I told you to turn off the sound!"

Several staff members ignored her.

Are you kidding? This is Vera Hall's music.

It would be a blessing if they could hear it.

Ying Luwei was so angry that she was trembling.

Because of her emotional outburst, her spirit was badly shaken and her eyes kept tearing up.

Ying Luwei couldn't care less, she fished out a pair of scissors from a nearby toolbox.

Then she quickly stepped forward and cut straight at the red and blue threads.

The staff reacted, shocked at her action, and immediately stepped forward to stop her: "Madam!"

"Get lost." All of Ying Luwei's pretensions were torn apart, and there was no trace of her usual gentle elegance.

She raised her hand and slapped the staff member in the face: "I told you to get lost!"

Ying Luwei continued to cut the threads when there was a sudden "click" behind her.

It was the sound of photos and videos being taken.

Ying Luwei's pupils contracted violently and her face turned pale.

What made her inner defences collapse was that she had cut so many lines, but the recital underneath was not affected at all.

"What do you want, old woman?" Jiang Yan had his hands in his trouser pockets and looked at her with a sneer, "Trying to ruin the recital? What are you dreaming of?"

The little brother followed behind him, dutifully videoing.

"Come on, pick her up for me and go to the synagogue." Jiang Yan clapped his hands together and smiled, "She has to listen even if she doesn't want to."

**

Outside the Assembly Hall in Shanghai.

A black stretch Lincoln stopped.

The door opened and Jiang Mo Yuan got down from it.

He was still green under the corner of his eyes, obviously having stayed up for several days in a row working overtime again.

The secretary turned his head with a smile as he listened to the enthusiastic applause in the synagogue, "Third Master, it seems Miss Lu Wei's performance was a success."

Jiang Mo Yuan nodded his head.

He liked Ying Luwei not only because their families were related by marriage.

He also liked her because she was the only woman in Shanghai who was worthy of him in every way.

Especially the piano.

When he was tired from work, he would go to listen to her play the piano, and he would always be able to relax.

Luckily, work finished early today and he was able to catch the recital.

The secretary followed Jiang Mo Yuan inside and listened to the low, slow sound of the piano and marvelled, "Third Master, Miss Lu Wei's level has improved again."

He had never heard such a good piece of music before.

Jiang Mo Yuan's eyes also twitched and his steps quickened.

The main door was closed, and he entered through the side door.

Just at that moment, the last zither note tumbled down.

"Dang!"

It was as if it landed a blow on the heart, an unspeakably powerful charm that made people unable to return to their senses for a long time.

Jiang Moyuan's gaze instantly stopped and his eyes widened abruptly.

He looked at the figure in front of the golden piano and his heart felt like it had been squeezed by a hand, jerking fiercely.

It was Ying Ziyi!

The secretary at the side was also confused, more in disbelief: "Third Master, how could it be"

His voice, was interrupted by the sound of applause that rang out once more.

"Pah pah pah." Zhuo Lan Han also applauded and stood up, she smiled, "Wonderful, so wonderful, I never thought that in my lifetime I would have the privilege of hearing these three world class difficult masterpieces being played again."

Perhaps 'Sun and Moon' is nothing, after all, several pianists have played it.

But the re-emergence of Holy War and Song of Filippo was enough to send shockwaves throughout the music world.

She would have no regrets in life if she had been able to hear the live versions.

No wonder, even if Vera Hall only left behind three pieces, they are the pinnacle of the history of music on the O Continent in a colourful and indelible way.

Such a performance is said to be unparalleled.

Ying Zidian slowly stood up and nodded her head: "Thank you."

“Ying Zidian, is it?” Zhuo Lan Han’s gaze was one of undisguised admiration, “At your age, you have reached such a top level, I am ashamed of myself.”

After a pause, she asked kindly, “Do you have an instructor?”

When Ying Luwei was forced in by Jiang Yan’s two minions, she heard these words and suddenly had a bad feeling.

“Well-” Ying Ziji raised her eyebrows, “Little Aunt taught me.”

“What?” Zhuo Lan Han was stunned, but her voice sank, angry, but not at Ying Ziji, “What level is Ying Luwei at that I don’t know? Is she worthy of teaching you too?”

Che Yu had known Zhuo Lan Han for many years, but this was the first time he had seen her so angry.

“Teacher Zhuo, the child is not lying.” He coughed and lowered his voice, “Just now Ying Luwei did say that she had taught this child piano for a year.”

[..... Lu Wei did say she taught him, and it’s also written on Weibo.]

I don’t usually go online, I just simply like Lu Wei and her piano, that’s why I come to her recitals, I’m not sure what happened before, but I don’t want to like her anymore at all.

[But I’m laughing my ass off, Ying Luwei you say you taught this? Did you get your face stretched when you had a facial? So big?

[Why did those brain-dead fans who said she couldn’t play as well as your main character disappear again? Just one question, does your face hurt?

After Cheo Yu reminded her of this, Zhuo Lan Han remembered.

Her face sank even deeper: “Interesting, too interesting, after all these years, I’ve never heard of this low level and still being able to teach the peak of the level.”

“Dre, don’t be so subtle.” Bart took a microphone and spoke up, “Some of these people, who are rubbish to the core themselves, still think highly of themselves and like to point out others, not realising that they are the ones jumping the shark.”

Ying Lu Wei’s face was white and white, and her body kept trembling.

She could not bear this humiliation at all.

It was still in full view of everyone, so many fans, and Zhong Manhua, and even Jiang Moyuan.

But she had brought this on herself, she had stressed to the others many times that no matter how much she taught them, Ying Zidian would never learn in order to put her foot down.

As a result, today, the invisible slap was slapped right in her face, hard.

“Aren’t you going to play ‘The Sun and the Moon’?” Zhuo Lan Han sat down again, calm and peaceful, she looked at Ying Lu Wei, her tone was unquestionable, “Play it now, let us all see how you teach others.”

Ying Luwei didn’t know how to play, so she couldn’t possibly go up there.

But behind her, Jiang Yan kicked her and sneered, “Still not moving?”

She sat down in front of her piano and put her fingers on it tremblingly.

The notes came out of her hand intermittently, out of tune.

With Ying's earlier playing as a comparison, the highs and lows were evident.

"Stop playing, stop playing." Bart couldn't bear to hear such an insult to Sun and Moon, "You're playing such rubbish, you've lost your face."

"Clang!"

There was an ear-piercing sound coming from the piano, a key was broken.

Ying Lu Wei's fingers shrank and she couldn't play any more.

Her face turned red again and cold sweat soaked through her skirt.

Now, everyone knew that Ying Lu Wei had simply cheated them all under the guise of The Sun and the Moon.

"Very good, very good." Zhuo Lan Han laughed in anger, "You want to use Vera Hall's popularity to raise your status, let me ask, are you worthy of it?"

Ying Luwei's lips were trembling, and she couldn't say a word.

She had planned everything well.

But all this was no better than Ying Ziyi playing three of Vera Hall's piano pieces straight out of the box.

Even now, Ying Luwei could not believe it.

"Ying Luwei, you have insulted the piano." Zhuo Lan Han's gaze was cold, "Go down."

Ying Luwei stumbled off the stage, dizzy.

It was over, she was completely finished this time.

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There were only a hundred thousand people watching the online broadcast, which wasn't much.

After all, Ying Luwei didn't have much of a following, and most of her fans were naked.

But that didn't stop her from being sent into the hot seat.

It still rocketed and quickly took over the hot search list.

By this time, the recital had not yet ended.

#YingLuWei, her persona completely collapsed

#Ying Luwei, her fans have taken off their fans and stepped back.

#Zhuo Lanhan, who publicly denounced Ying Luwei for insulting the piano

#Vera Hall, Ying Zigui

[@TheBestBlastJournalv: A new night, a fresh melon for you all. A netizen pitched in to say that a certain famous and beautiful Chinese pianist had a recital today and said she was going to play "The Sun and the Moon", but naturally she didn't.

But the funny thing is, this beautiful pianist taught her pupil to play it, and then, she did this].

A video is attached below.

What is shown in the video is none other than Ying Luwei with scissors, frantically cutting the wires of the stereo and other equipment.

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She was still wearing the same dress she had worn when she played, and her hair and make-up hadn't changed.

But her features were all twisted together, not at all close to the age-old persona she had created.

There was a lot of traffic on Weibo at night, with many netizens hoofing it over to eat the melon.

Once they saw the hammer-like evidence, they were all stunned.

[What is the operation of cutting wires with scissors? This jealous madness???]

[Crap, so scary, female ghost, just this, and still call it a beautiful pianist? What pianist is like that?]

[So what if your pupil plays better than you, shouldn't you feel good about that?]

[Upstairs, you don't know, they're not actually her apprentice at all, but she had the audacity to say that she taught them, and now she's flipped.]

Soon after, a netizen summarized a paragraph.

[Here's what happened: Ying Luwei booked sky-high ticket prices for her recital, and gave her own fans the word that she wanted her niece to play.]

This niece was exposed several times by her fans, first it was nothing, but then they sent her fans to jail directly.

The fans especially hated her niece, and when they found out that her niece was coming, they were all mocking and telling her niece not to go and make a fool of herself.

But now, it seems that the person who made Ms. Zhuo Lanhan say the words “insulting the piano” was the one who really embarrassed herself.

[Still watching the online recital, she says that Ying Luwei did not play “Sun and Moon”, but her “pupil” did.

The most important thing is that she played not only “The Sun and the Moon” but also two other pieces by Vera Hall, so I need to be quiet.

The netizens don't have memories, the internet does.

Another netizen took a screenshot from underneath Ying Luwei's tweet and put it together and posted it.

Especially the line –

Lu Wei is going to play “Sun and Moon”, are you going to play “Holy War” or “Song of Filippo” or both?

[Laughs, why do Ying Lu Wei's fans like to get what they ask for? Ask them if their faces are okay.

What's funny is that this is their master handing out knives to others and then using them to stab their own fans.

[And that's how they can still be fans?

The twittersphere is getting bigger and bigger, and the fans are the ones involved, so there's no way they didn't see it.

What was waiting for them was a smothering blow, and they were all confused.

[@TheBestBreakingNewsJournalv: Another kind passerby has sent in a melon, and the breaking news journals continue to share it with you.

This time attached below, is a recording.

“Stop, I'm really convinced by my fans, they're really retarded, if they weren't sick to go under Ying's Weibo, would I have to quit the internet?”

“But it's sloppy, this group of primary and secondary school students are so brainwashed, they believe it after a little marketing, tsk, it's really stupid.”

This is Ying Luwei's voice.

There was also a special identification picture below the recording.

It was this one Weibo post that really triggered the demonetisation frenzy.

Inside the Shanghai City Hall.

Ying Luwei's manager watched as the #collectivedeflowering trend went straight to the top of the list.

In the super talk, there was even a large number of people who had taken off their fans.

This time, there was no one left.

[I really can't help crying at night, it's really too hard, we charge for her and protect her, she treats us fans like fools!

The persona is fake, the piano level is fake, and even her usual concern for us is fake!

[In her eyes we're just leeks, cutting one crop after another, I couldn't listen to the recital because I had a class in the evening, I also went and bought ten tickets online, oh, they fed the dogs.

Ying Luwei didn't know what was happening online.

She fell limp on the piano chair, not even having the strength to stand up.

She saw the famous pianists she had invited, their eyes cold and disgusted.

She also saw her loyal fans, who didn't even want to look at her when they left the stage.

Ying Lu Wei's hands and feet were cold, she shivered and looked up sharply at the girl, her eyes were red: "You did it on purpose you did it on purpose!"

No wonder, Ying Zidian agreed to her, because she was waiting for her!

Ying Ziji did not give Ying Luwei another look, she took the jacket handed over by Fu Yunshen and walked down.

Then the four waiters carried the golden piano down again.

"Lu Wei" the agent walked up, his voice was tired, "This time, it's completely out of the question."

He set his phone in front of Ying Luwei's face and told her to look at Weibo.

[@YingLuWeiV, rubbish, I'm going to sue you for fraud, wait!

[@YingLuWeiV, let's say I'm blind to have liked such a vicious woman like you.

[@YingLuWeiV, I heard you have hemophilia? A rich and famous woman, cheating students' money, hope the disease will overcome you soon.

After seeing the Weibo post, Ying Luwei's eyes widened in death and she shrieked: "What's this? Quickly! Quickly delete it for me!"

How could there be a recording of such words that she had only said to her manager in private?

"Lu Wei, it's useless." The agent shook his head feebly, "Your fans are done taking off and are going to join forces and sue you for fraud."

He sighed, and his legs were getting weak.

Ying Lu Wei was the number one beauty in Shanghai, with all the powers protecting her, who would have thought that this day would come?

And, still, everything had all exploded out at one point in time.

It was a bit strange.

The agent had a vague feeling that the real thing was yet to come.

**

Outside the synagogue.

The fans had no face to stay and all left.

“Ying Dad, bully.” Xiu Yu gave a thumbs up, “I originally thought you were just playing a random song, but it turned out that you came straight to three.”

Ying Ziji yawned, “Satisfy them.”

She was indeed playing casually.

A trigonometer doesn't count himself.

If she had known this day would come, she wouldn't have written it in the first place.

“Little girl.” Zhuo Lan Han came over from the other side, smiling kindly, “Do you have time for a chat?”

Ying nodded, and before she could speak, a roar rang out.

“Old woman Zhuo!” Sheng Qingtang rushed over, “Don't you grab someone from me, this is set by our Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association, you are not allowed to touch it.”

“I thought it was someone, it turned out to be you, an old codger.” Zhuo Lan Han swept a glance at him and smiled faintly, “Don't you forget that it was you who specifically gave me the word earlier that I should remember to come.”

Sheng Qingtang was going to die of anger.

His original intention was only to find someone to back up the little divine doctor, but who knew it would turn out like this?

He had known Zhuo Lan Han for many years and knew clearly that she had always been gentle, but when she got tough, no one could resist.

“No, no, no!” Berger was anxious, “How did this become your calligraphy association? This is from our Royal Academy of Arts.”

“Bugger off, what’s the matter with you foreigner.” There was another one, and Sheng Qingtang was even more furious, “Don’t you have any in o continent? Robbing us Chinese.”

“So what? Music has no national boundaries.”

Bart was dumbfounded to hear this.

His God.

He finally understood why Berg had dragged him here, daring him to really rob someone?

“A few teachers take it easy.” Fu Yunshen raised his hand, “It’s too late today, there’s a celebration banquet tomorrow, a few teachers can come if they don’t mind, we’ll talk about it then.”

Sheng Qingtang was about to say something, but seeing that Ying Ziji was about to fall asleep, he didn’t say anything else.

“Old codger, you wait.” Berger dropped the words, “I’ll call my other colleagues here.”

Fu Yunshen lifted the girl’s head from his shoulder with one hand, “Yao Yao, let’s go, go home and sleep.”

Ying Ziyi’s eyes were hazy and her voice was soft: “Well, you can put me...”

Fu Yunshen's eyes fluttered, and when he looked up, his expression was already at ease: "There are too many people."

Ying Ziji pressed her head.

Not good, having to walk on my own again.

"Walk walk walk." Master Zhong felt nothing but relief, and looked at the pigs in his eyes, "Tomorrow is my treat."

"Ziggy!" Only then did Zhong Manhua finally come back to her senses, she panicked for a few moments, "Dickey, wait for mum."

But under the crowd of people, the girl quickly disappeared around the corner.

Not even a single back was left behind.

The regret in Zhong Manhua's heart intensified, and her heart and lungs still hurt like pins and needles.

She pursed her lips, called her driver and returned to the old Ying family residence.

**

The next day.

Early in the morning, Zhong Manhua got up from the villa where she was the only owner, her head still in a daze.

The shock of that scene yesterday had been huge for her.

Both Ying Ziyang and Sheng Qingtang were masters within the realm, the kind that could not even be invited if they were not willing to do so themselves.

But now, they had almost come to blows over Ying Zigui.

Zhong Manhua could not calm down at all until the butler knocked on the door with a letter in his hand.

“Madam, someone has sent a letter saying it has something to do with” he paused before saying, “Second Miss.”

Zhong Manhua’s spirits lifted, “Bring it.”

The butler froze for a moment before he handed it over.

He had thought that when Madame heard Second Miss’s name, she would not even look at it.

This time how

But it was no good for the housekeeper to meddle in his master’s affairs, so he waited by the side.

Zhong Manhua couldn’t wait to open the letter.

She decided that it must be written by one of them, Sheng Qingtang.

In any case, the Ying family was Ying Zidian’s home.

Zhong Manhua took the letterhead out of the envelope and read just one sentence.

[About Miss Ying Luwei stealing Miss Ying Zigui out and throwing her away back then -]

Boss Lady Chapter 165-166

Chapter 165

Zhong Manhua's pupils contracted violently and she didn't look further down.

All emotions surged upwards in comprehension, and she collapsed onto the sofa with a straightforward blackness before her eyes.

The butler was taken aback and rushed forward, "Madam!"

"Don't come over!" Zhong Manhua propped herself up on the arm of the sofa, barely able to sit herself down again, her eyes crimson, her voice stern, "Don't come near me, just stand there."

The butler was unsure.

But it was his master's order, so he had to step back.

Only after retreating to Zhong Manhua's designated position did the housekeeper speak tentatively, "Madam, has Second Miss caused some trouble again?"

"She is just like that, you must not get angry, instead you will hurt yourself."

Zhong Manhua ignored the housekeeper.

Her head was dizzy, her ears were buzzing, she couldn't hear anything, and the only thing left in front of her eyes was this one sentence.

If it had been before, she would have thought it was just a prank.

After all, in the year since Ying Zidian was taken back to the Ying family, both she and Ying Zhending had given up on discipline, and only Ying Luwei was still patient.

She let Ying Zidian into the Talent Class, taught her piano, bought her lots of clothes and jewellery, and spoke up for her in front of them.

But today's recital made Zhong Manhua realise that Ying Luwei's attitude towards Ying Zidian was really odd.

She tried hard to calm down before she dared to read on.

After reading it, her whole body was frozen.

The letter was not long, it was more of a series of evidence.

The evidence proved that at the beginning of 2003, on the 28th of January, Ying Luwei had stolen a baby from the old Ying family home and thrown it into a cul-de-sac on the far side of the street.

Even after 16 years, Zhong Manhua could never forget this day.

It was just after the New Year and the Ying family had a big order from the Imperial City.

By taking this big order, the Ying Group would be able to go to the next level.

So she and Ying Chen-ting both went out in order to sign the contract.

As a result, she came back at 12 o'clock in the middle of the night and went to see her little girl as usual.

There was only one quilt left in the crib.

A baby that old could only crawl, there was no way she could have run away, but the servants had searched the old house and found no sign of the baby.

It was as if it had disappeared into thin air.

Afterwards, the Ying family went looking for it, but they couldn't find it either.

Zhong Manhua squeezed the envelope tightly, as if she had thought of something, and shouted sternly again, "Housekeeper!"

The housekeeper shivered and answered, "Madam."

"Sixteen years ago, the day Second Miss was lost, did you, did you" Zhong Manhua closed her eyes, gritting her teeth and spitting out the words with difficulty, "see Lu Wei go out?"

The housekeeper was stunned, how could he have expected Zhong Manhua to suddenly talk about this matter: "Madam?"

"Speak!" Zhong Manhua slapped the table in anger, "If you don't tell me, get out of the Ying house today."

The butler was desperately thinking, after a few minutes, he slapped his head and blurted out, "Madam, I saw it, Miss Lu Wei went out at eight o'clock in the evening and came back at eight thirty."

"She said it was snowing outside and she went out to have a snowball fight with her playmates. I saw she was covered in snow and sent her to the bathroom."

Old Lady Ying had rested by then, and Ying Luwei was her oldest child.

If he didn't serve her well, he would definitely be sacked.

Zhong Manhua's nails pinched into her palm and she took a deep breath, "Then when did you find out that Second Miss was missing?"

"That I will not forget." The housekeeper, though confused, answered, "At eight fifty, I went to change the bottle for the second young miss."

The timeline, it all matched up!

Zhong Manhua gritted her back teeth so hard she could taste the blood.

She and Ying Zhending had suspected anyone in the old mansion, just not Ying Luwei.

Although she was of the same generation, they both treated her as their junior.

When she had no daughter, she was always her little darling.

Zhong Manhua could not understand why she had to do this.

Besides, how old was she in 2003?

She was only 8 years old.

How could an 8 year old do such a vicious thing?

Zhong Manhua couldn't accept it, so she picked up the landline with trembling fingers and dialed an international number.

Once connected, she choked out a sob: "Timothy, come back quickly, something big has happened"

**

In one night, Ying Luwei's reputation was completely ruined.

Weibo was full of people cursing her.

Her fans all went offline, and not only would they not help her fight back, but they called her out even more fiercely.

How much they liked her at first, how much they dislike her now.

Ying Luwei hid in the flat she had bought, not daring to go out at all.

The more she looked at her Weibo account, the more aggrieved she became, and the more she was angry.

The comments at the bottom of her Weibo account were all ids with iron fan logos.

[White Lotus, your true colors are finally showing, it's been fun playing with us these past few years, hasn't it?

Look at all the things you said before, it's obvious that you're deliberately leading us to cyber-violence, right? You've abetted your fans, never disciplined them, and sent them to jail.

[Rubbish, I've sued you, wait for the flyers!

Seeing that the situation was not right, the media company that Ying Luwei was signed to issued a unilateral termination statement in the middle of the night, not long after the story broke.

The agent also terminated her contract and ran away overnight.

All the people around her who had supported her were stepping back on her.

Ying Luwei's body was cold and her tears kept flowing.

She could be sure that someone was behind this, otherwise those expose numbers wouldn't have put up Weibo to ignore her warnings.

It was a mistake for her to use Jiang Moyuan to bring Ying Zidian back from Qing Shui County.

If she hadn't brought Ying Zidian back, the Ying family would never have found out in their lifetime.

What should she do now?

Ying Luwei was terrified and racked her brains, but finally she grabbed a straw to save her life.

Yes, she had to marry into the Jiang family as soon as possible.

As long as she became the head mother of the Jiang family, even if her reputation was lost, it would not matter.

Ying Luwei settled down, wiped away her tears, gathered herself and drove to Jiang Moyuan's company.

**

Today is not a weekend, and Qingzhi still has classes.

Ying Ziyi propped her head up with one hand and swiped on her phone with the other.

After entering the hidden section, rare herbs would not be a problem.

As long as one could come up with something that would make the big boys' hearts flutter, high enough for a certain bounty, someone would take up the reward.

Although she hadn't encountered any tricky symptoms recently, stocking up on a little more herbs was never a bad thing.

But when she hoarded them, she spent a lot of money.

Luckily, there was Ying Luwei's 80 million.

There are many bounty posts in the hidden section of the nok forum every day, and the admins have categorised them in order to make it easier to post and find them.

There is an alchemy community in O Continent and an ancient medicine community in China, both of which have a great demand for medicinal herbs.

That's why the herbs section is always a popular bounty area on the forum, and of course the prices are higher.

Ying scanned the new posts, and after posting another one himself, he retreated.

After coming to the home page to look at the new day's gossip, Ying Ziji clicked refresh and saw a freshly posted thread.

[Title]: All of you bigwigs, you know about that recital in Shanghai, China, right?

[Content]; I'm not in Shanghai City, but I brought my goddess Vera Hall's name with me so I bought a ticket on line.

Shocked me, all three of my goddess's greatest hits were recreated for the first time, and I can guarantee that the player, was definitely Vera Hall!

Because she played 'Sun and Moon' and 'Holy War' differently from the ones I've heard before.

Also, the score for The Song of Fiddlesticks was so mangled as to be beyond repair, and she actually played it.

Ahhhhhhh I'm mad, my goddess isn't dead, she's resurrected!!!

The three exclamation marks showed how excited the person who posted it was.

Ying Ziji looked at the post, her phoenix eyes narrowing slightly as she tapped her fingers on the table.

Vera Hall was the pinnacle of music history, but there wasn't really any heat in the hidden section of the nok.

After all, the deepest secrets of the entire world were at stake here, and the world would blow up if just one leaked out.

Her identity is just an ordinary person in the eyes of these bigwigs who hang around here.

But bring in the word resurrection and it attracts a lot of attention.

Not a big problem, though.

She had originally known this would happen, so she made plans.

[1st floor]: I remember that the owner is a big fan of Vera Hall.

[2F]: Oh, I've heard, there is such a thing as coming back from the dead, but coming back to life after three hundred years is a bit of a stretch. Those alchemists in the alchemy world and the big poisoner

guys on our list, the whole thing that comes out with those drugs that change the human body cells, they don't live for very long.

.....

The actual 12 floor]: It's not impossible that the Loran family that forget to say, said my skin will have to be picked up.

The actual fact is that you can't get a lot of money from the internet. The big boys of science have come up with this whole?

The heat of this post was rising rapidly, and more and more people were joining the discussion.

Naturally, Fu Yunshen had seen it.

Even if he didn't see it, someone usually reported to him about the hidden section.

And he did take note of it.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched as he took his phone out of the drawer and made a call.

After a long time, he let out a low laugh: "Do you think it's possible for this person to take his memories with him and live again in a few hundred years?"

Chapter 166

"....."

The person on the other end of the phone did not expect to hear this sentence and was silent for a moment.

Fu Yunshen wasn't in a hurry, he just leaned back in his chair and looked up at the window.

The sun was shining warmly, as if it had spanned many years.

There was a long, long period of silence before a voice came from the phone.

"Theoretically, it's possible, but the likelihood is low to zero." The other side said, "This world is not like what we see, it does have supernatural places."

Fu Yunshen gave a faint hmph.

The other side continued, "Otherwise, there would be no alchemy and ancient medicine and martial arts, and the end of science is theology, which still has no answer to all the mysteries of life to this day."

"So -" Fu Yunshen looked thoughtfully at the post that had been replied to for thousands of floors, "it exists."

"As I said, the possibility is zero, no matter how supernatural, there has to be some science.

Fu Yunshen looked lazy as he swiped his mouse, refreshed the post, and pulled it up to the end again.

[Floor 1241]: I don't blame the owner for thinking this way, the score for "The Song of Filippo" amounts to nothing, not Vera Hall herself, how did she know?

Fu Yunshen's eyes twitched slightly.

Yes.

He had been thinking about it for a long time, from the moment he heard Ying play “Holy War”.

But everything needed a proof, and it didn’t help that he was just guessing out of thin air.

But this was not the kind of thing one could really ask in person.

Fu Yunshen pondered for a moment and prepared to post.

At this time, a new post appeared.

This post was automatically marked red, but it was not topped.

But all id users with an account level of ss or above have this privilege.

[@LoveOnlyMoney: retreat retreat retreat, what a bullshit to come back from the dead, you guys say there’s no songbook? Sorry, a while ago, we just sold the sheet music, there are people over in China who bought it, don’t believe me ask a few people in the forum, they bought it too.]

There is no user in the hidden section who does not know this id as long as they are not new to the forum.

This is the id of the person in charge of the Laurent family.

Of course, this post would not have been made by this person in power.

After all, he was only interested in money and would only leave everything else to his people.

The nok’s system would have alerted all other users.

The forum exploded straight away.

[1st floor]: Crap, surprised to see a big brother.

[2nd floor]: What? The Laurent family has a songbook?

.....

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you're getting into. The first thing you need to do is to get a copy of the book.

[78th Floor]: I forgot who I heard say that the piano piece, "The Song of Filippo", was written by Vera Hall specifically for the Laurent family.

[79th Floor]: So, that's not surprising. I can only say that the player from China is a genius.

.....

[109th Floor]: Damn, not bad for your Laurent family, can this be sold for money too?

[110th Floor]: Selling people's scores, I'm really afraid Vera will jump out of the dirt and hammer you guys to death.

The young servant who posted this saw this reply and secretly wiped a sweat.

How could they cover it up if they didn't say so?

That's how they'd get whacked.

The young servant retired his account with a sigh of relief.

Finally, he had finished what he had been told in the letter and could return with his master.

The group had guessed correctly that it was indeed Vera Hall.

Unfortunately, it was impossible for such things to really be known to the outside world.

**

Noon.

Jiang Mo Yuan hadn't even finished his work when he received a call from the old Jiang family residence.

It was the old lady Jiang calling him.

Since the death of Master Jiang, Old Lady Jiang had moved into the Buddha Hall.

She was so intent on fasting and worshipping Buddha that no one else saw much of her.

This was the first time that Old Lady Jiang had called him in the past few years.

Jiang Mo Yuan frowned.

Old Lady Jiang's tone was bad, but she didn't say anything on the phone, only that he should go over there right now.

"Tell the others that I have something to do and that the afternoon meeting will be postponed for now."
Jiang Mo Yuan glanced at the watch on his wrist and called his secretary, "That list, be cautious."

The secretary was busy nodding and paused before whispering, "Third Master, Miss Lu Wei has been waiting for you outside for a long time."

Hearing these words, Jiang Mo Yuan's movement of pushing the door paused.

The secretary put her head down and didn't know what to say.

Yesterday's incident was just too unexpected.

No one expected that an adopted daughter from the countryside would have a piano level that was straight out of those top pianists.

Ying Luwei became a joke straight away.

Not to mention that the internet was a stormy place, picking up on all the things she had done.

On the surface, she was a good girl, but inside she was vicious to the core.

Not worthy of Jiang Mo Yuan at all.

"I know." Jiang Mo Yuan had little expression and walked straight out.

When she saw the man coming out, she wiped her tears and immediately rushed over to hug him, her voice tinged with tears: "Moyuan!"

The secretary who followed her out frowned straight away.

If it was in the past, this would not have mattered.

But now Ying Luwei's reputation was so notorious, and her piano skills were also marketed, how could she still have the guts to stick to their third master?

The secretary spoke out unhappily, "Miss Lu Wei, you-"

The words that followed had not yet been spoken.

She saw Jiang Moyuan backing Ying Luwei away without the slightest pity and pulling his arm out of her embrace.

With her body suddenly empty, Ying Luwei froze for a moment, then looked at him incredulously, her voice trembling: "..... Moyuan?"

"Our engagement hasn't been done yet, it's only an engagement." Jiang Moyuan looked at her without the usual warmth in his eyes, only a cold indifference remained, "The company is a public place, pay attention to it."

After saying that, Jiang Mo Yuan didn't even look at Ying Lu Wei's expression, he took the suit jacket from his secretary and left with big steps.

The secretary walked Jiang Moyuan to the door, then turned back to Ying Luwei and smiled apologetically, "Miss Luwei, please understand your current situation, the Ying family will protect you, but not the Jiang family."

The polite but contemptuous tone was no different from the way she had spoken to Ying Zidian before.

Ying Luwei's face instantly turned white: "You what do you mean?"

The secretary didn't say anything more and had someone ask Ying Luwei to leave.

**

When Jiang Moyuan arrived at the Buddha Hall, Old Lady Jiang was kneeling on the futon with her back to him, worshipping Buddha.

Only after a few minutes did Old Lady Jiang slowly get up: "Mo Yuan, there is something that Mum thinks it would be better for you to know."

Jiang Mo Yuan's eyebrows furrowed, "Mom, what's wrong?"

Old Lady Jiang's face was cold as she flung a letter in front of him, "This was delivered to the Buddha Hall early this morning, take a look at it yourself."

Jiang Mo Yuan took it and took a full ten minutes to finish reading the matter in the envelope.

His body suddenly tensed up, and for the first time he had a feeling of stiffness.

How could such a thing

"The Jiang family doesn't need such a mother-in-chief with corrupt morals." Old Lady Jiang sat down and faintly took a sip of tea, "Originally I was not satisfied with her, there are so many famous women in Shanghai City, can't we find one who is not sick?"

Saying that, she sighed, "But you can't help but like her, if you still have to continue to like her, then--"

"This matter, it's up to Ma to decide." Jiang Mo Yuan interrupted Old Lady Jiang's words, "I'll listen to mum on everything."

"Fine, fine." Only then did Old Lady Jiang reveal a smile, "After all, this marriage contract was also set by your father, so it's not good for you to back out in person, so mum will help you."

Jiang Mo Yuan's thin lips pursed slightly.

For some reason, he was relieved.

“I’ll pay a visit to the Ying family some day.” Mrs Jiang added, “Although I don’t know who sent this letter, they must know about it too.”

“The Ying family is also the injured party in this matter, poor little Xuan, to have this happen to her.”

Old Lady Jiang had seen a lot of people, but she hadn’t seen one as vicious as Ying Luwei had been since she was a child.

Jiang Mo Yuan’s lips twitched and he didn’t say anything.

He knew about the Ying family’s real and fake daughter, and he also knew that it was Ying Ziji who had been stolen and thrown away by Ying Luwei.

That was why he felt a sense of inexplicable anger and regret just now.

However, the Ying family had no intention of making this kind of thing public, so there was no need for him to tell Old Lady Jiang about it.

**

In the afternoon after school, all the way from Class 19 went to Ying Zigui’s celebration banquet.

By the time they arrived at the restaurant they had booked, they were all shocked.

They thought it was just an ordinary luxury restaurant, but they didn’t think it would be Han Court.

The number of people who attended the celebration banquet today was 80, which was as many as the number of guests that Han Court entertained in a month.

Little Brother was excited, he lowered his voice, “Ying Dad, are you having an affair with the owner of Han Court?”

The Han Court doesn’t even take care of the gentry in the imperial capital, if the owner hadn’t asked, they would have come without a reservation.

She looked thoughtfully at the man who was talking to the waiter and said, “Not so much as an affair.”

The little brother was bewildered: “Huh?”

“A hand at most.”

“.....”

Little Brother scratched his head and simply didn’t think about it, “Whatever, whatever, I’m not the one bleeding today anyway, I’m going to have enough.”

He swaggered in and bounced twice in delight.

“Tch, although I have little desire for food, Han Court is indeed one of the best in the catering industry.” Xiu Yu’s hand rested on Ying Ziji’s shoulder, “But you love food so much, do you have to find someone who can cook in the future?”

Ying Zidian gave her a look and peeled her hand off.

“.....” Xiu Yu shifted her eyes and looked at Weibo, looking at it, suddenly she shouted, “Look at Weibo, Ying Lu Wei!

Boss Lady Chapter 167-168

Chapter 167

Ying Luwei, the bright boy, drew the attention of the others.

Fu Yunshen, who was still leaning sideways against the counter, heard the words and slightly inclined his head to glance at her.

The light in his peach blossom eyes was misty and deep and moving.

He withdrew his eyes again and scanned his phone screen.

On the screen was a text message that had only just been sent over.

[Young master, the Jiang family has announced their withdrawal throughout Shanghai City].

Xiu Yu was also talking about this matter, and she tsked, "I thought Jiang Mo Yuan was such a deeply affectionate man, but it turns out that this really does live up to the old saying called 'A husband and wife are originally birds of the same forest, but they fly separately when they are in great distress'."

"Phew." Jiang Yan snorted, "Then you are really deceived by his superficial illusion, he can be the son of that old woman, he is originally a thin-hearted person."

Not to mention Little Brother, even Xiu Yu was hearing Jiang Yan mention the Jiang family for the first time, "You mean, the one your grandfather married the sequel to your grandmother not long after she passed away?"

Master Jiang had three wives, which were ordinary in a wealthy family.

The first wife was a red-headed woman who died of illness within a few days of marrying into the Jiang family, and did not leave any children behind.

His second wife was Jiang Ping's mother, but she died when Jiang was in her teens.

When Master Jiang married his third wife, he was over forty years old, while his third wife was not yet twenty.

This third wife, the current Old Lady Jiang, she gave birth to Jiang Mo Yuan.

“A vixen.” Jiang Yan’s voice was pressed with a dryness, “Otherwise, my grandmother wouldn’t have died.”

Xiu Yu perceptively didn’t ask any further questions.

Left and right, Jiang Yan and Jiang Ping were both beyond the Jiang family’s control right now.

With their power in the imperial capital, they could squeeze a few Jiang families to death with their hands.

Originally, I thought that today’s celebration feast should be very peaceful.

But what one never expected was that because of a position beside Ying Zigu, the two sides were fighting again.

“Go go go, you hairy blonde foreigner.” Sheng Qingtang had one hand dead as Berg, struggling to squeeze over to the position, “You all have body odour, it’s no use spraying cologne, don’t smother people.”

“Old codger, fart!” Berg was furious, “You’re so old and bony you can’t even bite the flesh anymore, what are you grabbing from me?”

“Eh, sorry.” Sheng Qingtang bared his teeth and smiled, “I just had my teeth veneered a while ago.”

Ying Zidian: “.....”

Class 19 crowd: “.....”

Dare we say this is a game of stool grabbing?

Elder Zhong let out a long breath of joy.

Luckily, he didn't have to grab a seat, his granddaughter had saved one for him.

In the end, Sheng Qingtang and Berg stopped each other and the seat was left empty.

“Hmm?” After Fu Yunshen finished giving the waiter an explanation, he saw that there was an empty seat next to the girl, “Yoyo has saved a seat for me? This is quite touching, brother.”

“No.” Ying Ziji propped his hand on his chin and looked lazy, “Can't you see that your chair has been taken away?”

Fu Yunshen slowly looked down and saw the chair being carried by Sheng Qingtang: “.....”

Line.

He shouldn't have expected that the little friend wouldn't say something that wasn't heartless.

“Old codger, it's all your fault!” Berger was furious, “If it wasn't for you, I would have been able to sit through it.”

“I don't care, I can't sit there, and neither will you.” Sheng Qingtang then put his chair down and sat next to Berg, “I'm going to keep an eye on you.”

“I think it’s better this way, you two don’t argue either.” Zhuo Lan Han was also helpless, “The little girls will do it anyway, so why don’t you both go in?”

Sheng Qingtang glared, “How can that work?”

“Fine, fine, fine!” Burger was however happy, “I’ve brought the honorary professor special appointment certificate from our Royal Academy of Arts this time, as soon as Master Ying signs it, it’s done.”

He couldn’t compete on other people’s turf.

Sheng Qingtang only hated that he hadn’t brought a watermelon and smashed it up for Berg with one.

**

While a group of people in the Han Court were joyfully celebrating Ying Ziguí’s success, Zhong Manhua had been sitting in the old Ying family house all day in a trance.

The shock had made her mentally ill again, and she was having hallucinations in front of her eyes again, just like sixteen years ago.

Luckily, she had spare pills and after taking a few of them, she was barely able to calm her emotions down.

Zhong Manhua struggled to hold back the anger inside her, “Hasn’t the person returned yet?”

“Madam, Miss Lu Wei is already on her way.” The housekeeper had been trembling today as well, “She hasn’t been feeling well these past two days either.”

Zhong Manhua only wanted to sneer.

Not feeling well?

Wasn't she asking for it?

"Make another phone call." Zhong Manhua said coldly, "I want to see her before six o'clock."

The housekeeper hurriedly answered, "Yes."

At 5:56, Ying Luwei came back.

She was in no mood to be polite to Zhong Manhua and her expression was cold: "Sister-in-law, what are you looking for me for? I have something to do, I'm in a hurry."

As soon as Ying Luwei finished speaking, she said.

"Clang!"

A vase smashed towards her, leaving only an inch away from her foot, and the shards grazed her neck.

Ying Lu Wei was startled and more than a little angry: "Sister-in-law, if you're having an attack, I'll call you for a doctor, and you called me back just to throw a tantrum at me?"

She had been spoiled by all the elders of the four big families since she was a child, who would dare to bully her like that?

"Ying Luwei, I hate to kill you!" Zhong Manhua's voice was sobbing and her eyes were red, "Your elder brother and I have treated you well, how could you do such a thing? Are you ashamed of us?"

Ying Luwei's heart thudded, she had a bad feeling and smiled, "Sister-in-law, what are you talking about? When have I ever wronged you and big brother?"

“Look for yourself!” Zhong Manhua stood up and slammed the letter in her face, “Sixteen years ago, why did you steal and throw my daughter away?!”

Boom!

These words fell like a thunderclap, and instantly, Ying Lu Wei’s mind was drained straight away.

Her eyes widened as she looked at the papers falling from above her head, and her blood froze.

It was impossible.

How could Zhong Manhua know about this?

The butler at the side was also shocked, “Miss Lu Wei?”

“Sixteen years ago you were eight years old, eight years old!” Zhong Manhua cried out, “How old was she then? Not even a year old, how could you be so cruel as to steal and throw away your blood relative?”

“No no!” Ying Lu Wei was shivering and her words were out of tune, “It’s nothing to do with me, I didn’t do it, she crawled out herself!”

“Yes, that’s right, she climbed out herself, what does it have to do with me?”

Zhong Manhua was shaking with anger, “The evidence is overwhelming, why are you still arguing?”

Ying Luwei stared deadpan at the three names on a piece of paper, her nerves snapping once more, “I didn’t do it, I said I didn’t do it!”

She suddenly screamed, pushed the door open and ran out of the room.

The butler jerked back, "Madam?"

Zhong Manhua just waved her hand, seemingly tired: "Wait for Zhen Ting to return."

The housekeeper hesitated, "But this, if the old lady finds out, then--"

His words were interrupted by a ringing phone.

It was a landline.

Zhong Manhua had no intention of answering it, and the butler stepped forward to pick it up: "Hello? What?!"

His face paled and he turned his head, "Madam, it's the person who sent the letter."

Only then did Zhong Manhua react and jerked to her feet, "Hello? What exactly do you want?"

"Nothing." The voice on the phone could not be heard as male or female, "Just a kindness to help you find out what you cannot find out."

A single sentence, but it caused Zhong Manhua's face to turn red.

If it was true that you couldn't find out, that was impossible.

But the Ying family only investigated for two years, and then stopped investigating.

Because at that time, the Ying family already had a new first lady.

“Is that really all?” Zhong Manhua didn’t believe it, “You don’t want to get anything from the Ying family?”

“Giggle.” As if hearing something funny, the voice on the phone laughed, “Giving us benefits, your Ying family is not worthy of it, but I am quite curious.”

“How does the Ying family plan to handle this matter? Not give Miss Ziggy an explanation?”

“What are you talking about? Yes, the Ying family lost Missy, but they got her back soon afterwards, we just don’t know who lost her.” Zhong Manhua tried to restrain her trembling tone of voice, “Dickey is my adopted daughter, it has nothing to do with what happened 16 years ago, don’t go out and say nonsense.”

The other end of the phone was silent for a moment before smiling again, this time in a much colder tone, “Very well, this is Mrs. Ying’s choice.”

“I hope you won’t regret it.”

**

On the other side.

Ying Lu Wei returned to her flat, then she saw the Weibo post from Jiang’s group breaking off the engagement.

In an instant, all the emotions such as fear, dread and humiliation rushed to her head along with her blood.

Ying Luwei’s expression, however, was unusually calm.

She took out her phone and dialed a number: “Hey, it’s me, I don’t want her hand anymore, I want her life.”

**

It was eight o'clock.

The group only came out of Han Court.

Berg was holding the qualification card with Ying Zigui's signature, gleefully.

"Little divine Doctor, why did you agree to him?" Sheng Qingtang was pained, "I'm telling you, all the people over at the Royal Academy are not good people."

"It's alright." Ying Zigui yawned, "I don't need to do anything anyway."

It's just a signature.

Sheng Qingtang sighed and was about to say something.

A big truck, at a very high speed, ran straight over towards the girl.

Chapter 168

Ying Zidian was with her back to the big van.

She was standing at the junction and Sheng Qingtang was the only person in front of her.

The rest were still at the entrance of Han Court, some distance away from the intersection.

The sound made by the big lorry was not small, so naturally they heard it, but no one expected that the purpose of this big lorry was to kill someone.

Sheng Qingtang's complexion changed and he couldn't even make a sound before his hand subconsciously had to push the girl to the side.

But he was originally an old man, and of course Ying could not let him get in the way.

She turned around and gathered her inner energy in her left hand, pushing Sheng Qingtang ten metres away.

Sheng Qingtang only felt a light breeze hit him, and when he came back to his senses, he was already across the road.

At that moment, the big lorry had already driven past.

The change happened so fast that Sheng Qingtang lost his voice: "Little divine Doctor!"

"Ying Dad!"

This time of the day was when the roads were crowded, and Han Court was located in a busy area, so people around were screaming.

"Ziggy!"

Old Master Zhong looked furious.

He didn't care about that, he didn't care that he was old and started running to where the girl was.

But as fast as he could run, he was no match for the heavy lorry that had sped up to its full speed.

Ying didn't dodge, behind her was Xiu Yu Jiang Yan and the old man Zhong.

If the lorry really crashed into them, they would be seriously injured if not killed.

She raised her hand and was about to block the lorry.

"Ka-ching!"

The arm had just touched the front of the lorry when a clear sound of cracking bones came from it.

But the girl's eyes didn't even waver for a moment, her eyelashes dropping and her eyebrows wrinkling.

The strength wasn't enough.

This body had only just recovered enough to be able to use ancient martial arts, but it was nowhere near the strength she wanted.

Yet, as if it must be her life, the big truck was loaded with a lot of cargo, reaching its maximum load of 24 tons.

Ying breathed slowly, ready to use her body directly to block it.

But in the next moment, before she could make a move, her waist was held in a hug and someone rolled aside with her.

At the same time, the big van came to a halt.

"Stab-la-"

A sharp sound pierced the eardrums and the whole street was in a state of shock.

Not to mention Elder Zhong, even Jiang Yan and Xiu Yu failed to react.

In the middle of the road.

Fu Yunshen was holding the ground with one hand, while the other was still protecting the girl's waist.

There was blood running down his hand, wisps of it, against his already porcelain white skin.

"Is everything okay?" Fu Yunshen looked down and tried to raise his hand, but when he saw that he was still dripping blood, he put it down again and paused, "I'm fine."

Ying Zidian looked up, her eyes fixed on him.

She had only suffered an injury to her right arm, a slight fracture.

But Fu Yunshen had rolled with her in his arms and forced the big truck to stop, so on the surface there was no injury, but his body had definitely suffered internal injuries.

It had not been a month since he had last received a gunshot wound.

This incident today was something that Ying Zigui had not expected.

Because she had helped Shang Yaozhi change the point of his death last time, she had also suffered a small backlash.

Although it wasn't like other trigram tellers who would have five disadvantages and three defects, or even die outright.

However, her divine calculation ability was directly blocked for half a month.

A divinatory calculation is originally an intervention into heaven-determined cause and effect.

Just counting, not involving major events, would not normally be anything.

But change it, and the problem comes.

If you want to change the karma, you have to pay a corresponding price.

Being reversed yourself, or the people closest to you.

This is why, nowadays, there are very few real trigram tellers.

Those who are genuine are usually physically flawed.

This is where the “Five Flaws and Three Deficiencies” come into play.

The five defects are “widowhood, widowhood, orphanhood, loneliness and disability”.

The three shortcomings are “lack of wealth, lack of fortune and lack of power”.

A fortune teller has either one of these disadvantages or one of these shortcomings.

Whether it is the Tarot cards of the O Continent, or the I Ching and the Zhou Yi of China, trigonometry is a peek into the heavenly mysteries.

But heavenly opportunities, where again, are so easy to pry into.

If she had all her powers back, she would not be affected in any way.

"I'm fine." Ying Ziji used her intact left arm to help him stand up, her eyes were cold, "Come on, let's go to the hospital."

**

The First Hospital.

Knowing that it was the seventh young master of the Fu family who had been seriously injured, a new round of hand-wringing began in the hospital.

Even if Fu Yunshen's reputation in Shanghai City is no longer good, it has the backing of Master Fu, even Fu Mingcheng does not dare to be reckless, not to mention others.

"Yao Yao, hiss" Fu Yun Shen slowly took a breath, his voice still gentle, "Brother is fine, your left arm is fractured, you guys take her to treatment."

The last sentence was said to Xiu Yu and Jiang Yan.

"I myself-"

"Healers don't heal themselves, go and heal."

Ying Ziji's hand paused, "I'll be quick, you wait for me."

With that, she took out a bottle of medicine from her pocket, "Remember to take it."

The medical staff hurriedly sent both of them into the ward.

With Fu Yunshen so injured, it was impossible for Elder Fu not to be alarmed.

He hurriedly came and when he arrived at the hospital, he saw the man lying on the bed, his handsome face slightly pale.

“What’s wrong?” Elder Fu sat down next to him, anxious, “Little Seven, I heard from the hospital that you had a car accident?”

Fu Yunshen’s peach blossom eyes raised and he smiled lazily, “Sort of.”

Of course it was not a normal car accident, but man-made.

“What do you mean by sort of?” Master Fu was furious, “Where are you not feeling well? I’ll contact the doctors in the imperial capital and have them come over.”

“Grandpa, I’m really fine.” Fu Yunshen slouched, “I’ve already got a thick skin.”

“Nonsense.” Master Fu’s face was slack, “If you were thick-skinned, why do people out there still call you a weak-armed male?”

Fu Yunshen: “.....”

His grandfather was really good at finding precise points to dislike him.

As if he thought of something, Master Fu looked cold: “This is not something they did, right? I’ll go check it out.”

“Grandpa, it has nothing to do with the Fu family.” Fu Yunshen said indifferently, “You should go back and rest first, I will talk to you when there are results.”

Master Fu was not at ease, it just so happened that Master Zhong was there, so he went to look for him, his old brother.

After Elder Fu left, after another five minutes, the door of the ward was once again pushed open.

It was the young man who had been following Fu Yunshen earlier, and he was very guilty: "Young master, I'm sorry, it was my poor supervision."

They didn't even need to investigate the matter of the big truck, they knew it was Ying Luwei's doing.

They had been keeping an eye on Ying Luwei, but they hadn't expected that she would be so bold as to go straight for it.

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen didn't say anything, he looked out of the window and his voice was light, "You go back and let your brother come."

The young man's heart was startled, but he also knew that this was a dereliction of his duty and was to be punished, and he was willing to do so.

"Understood, young master."

As he walked out, the young man spoke worriedly, "Young master, Miss Ziggy she"

"It's alright." Fu Yun Shen paused, again as if he was making some kind of promise, "I won't let anything happen to her."

"Just in time for her to go to jail."

Sixteen years ago had passed the litigation period, and although they had the means, they couldn't resist Ying Luwei sending herself up again.

The young man nodded his head in response and withdrew.

**

“What?” Ying Luwei was unbelievable when she received the call, “This didn’t even kill her? Are you guys trash?”

She had also called in a professional to plan this accident.

She also knew that a car accident had been prepared there, using the heaviest of big trucks.

It was impossible to get out of the way in the city, and she had done a lot of hitting.

Originally, Ying Luwei only wanted Ying Zidian’s hands, but she never thought that something that happened sixteen years ago would still be exposed.

Although she was young then, she remembered the first time she did something bad very well.

How could anyone suspect her, who was also a child, when she stole the baby out and threw it away?

So she would have to let Ying die.

But now

Ying Lu Wei gritted her teeth as she got up and knocked on the bedroom door, “Mum, are you still asleep?”

“Just woke up.” Old Madam Ying’s voice was weak, “Lu Wei, come in.

Ying Luwei pushed the door open and went in.

Old Lady Ying is not well and sleeps a lot, and she lives in the city centre.

So there was no one to tell her what had happened recently.

When she saw her little daughter, she looked kindly at her: "Lu Wei, I remember you had a recital yesterday, how was it?"

"It was good." Ying Luwei pursed her lips and smiled, "Mo Yuan even told me that I was playing better than before."

"That's good, that's good." Old Madam Ying nodded unsteadily, "It's time for you and Moyuan to put your wedding date on the agenda."

Ying Lu Wei bowed her head, her face cold with resentment, she spoke in a low voice, "Mum, it's just that I had another bleed this morning."

"What?" Old Lady Ying was shocked, "Then why don't you go to the hospital?"

Then she thought of something else: "Where is the foster daughter? Why don't you ask her to come and give you blood?"

Boss Lady Chapter 169-170

Chapter 169

There are several types of haemophilia. Ying Luwei has the intermediate type of haemophilia A. It is not as severe and frequent as the heavy type.

It's not as serious and not as frequent as the heavy type, but occasionally it does bleed.

"Mum, this" Ying Luwei looked embarrassed, "It was like that, and Dicky wouldn't want to."

“If you don’t want to, just kidnap her and bring her here.” Old Lady Ying coughed heavily and snapped, “Do you really think the Ying family is doing a good deed by adopting her?!”

The Ying family has many illegitimate sons and daughters and many factions, if it wasn’t profitable, why would they adopt a daughter?

If not, they would have adopted a son, who would have been able to help out in the company when he was older.

In the beginning, Mrs Ying did not want Ying Zhending and Zhong Manhua to adopt a person from a small county.

It was fine to adopt a baby, as the child had no memory anyway.

But how could she raise an almost-adult one?

What happened afterwards really confirmed all this.

“Mum, don’t be angry.” This is what Ying Luwei wanted, and she soothed her softly, “It’s night now, and we can’t find Little Dickey, so we should wait until the morning and look for my sister-in-law first.”

“This sister-in-law of yours is really confused.” Mrs Ying’s chest rose and fell with anger, “Is it just an adopted daughter? Why are you so torn?”

“It’s good that Xiao Xuan is still over in O Chau, if she came back and saw another person in the house, wouldn’t she feel bad?”

Elder Ying also had illegitimate children, but none of them managed to make it to the top.

Old Lady Ying hated illegitimate children, not to mention those who were not related by blood.

“Mum, it’s all my fault.” Ying Lu Wei was guilty, “I should have known better than to talk to you, and let you get angry.”

“Mom, it’s fine.” Old Madam Ying pressed her temples as if she remembered something, “Wei’er, that friend of yours hasn’t come to see you recently?”

This was talking about Lu Zhi.

Ying Lu Wei’s smile faltered, “Mom, she’s out of the country recently.”

She would never tell Old Lady Ying that Lu Zhi had broken up with her.

“Ugh.” Old Lady Ying sighed, “This headache of mine really seems to be incurable.”

“Mum, don’t say such discouraging things.” Ying Luwei pouted, “Isn’t there a miracle doctor at Shao Ren Hospital? But this doctor only sees one patient a week, I’m still in the queue, I should be able to get in during the summer holidays.”

“It’s still my daughter who is thoughtful.” Old Lady Ying turned sadness into joy, “You should also go to Moyuan more often and get in touch.”

**

Outside the sick bay.

“Hey, old man Fu, it seems you really are well.” Master Zhong was waiting for Ying to finish his operation, when he saw Old Master Fu walking towards him, he said, “This walk has got my style, walking like the wind.”

“Get lost.” Master Fu was furious, “Not as tough as you are, right?”

Ever since he was young, Master Zhong had always been at odds with him.

When playing poker, he never let him win either.

And he blamed him for taking away the snacks?

He had taken them away, so what.

“Alas, now that you’re well, I’m relieved.” Master Zhong did not dislike him this time and sighed, “We used to be able to get up in the morning and go play Tai Chi together, but since your illness twenty years ago

At these words, Elder Fu fell silent, “Let’s not mention the past anymore.”

Master Zhong knew that what happened twenty years ago was a taboo for Elder Fu.

He didn’t actually know what had happened, he only remembered that that year, Shanghai City was in turmoil for a whole month.

There were all sorts of strange people coming to Shanghai City, going to the Fu family and leaving again.

But Elder Fu wouldn’t say anything, and even if Elder Zhong was curious, he couldn’t press the issue.

“Yes, we’re getting old too.” Elder Zhong patted Elder Fu’s shoulder, “It’s always time to retire and leave it to the young.”

The two were saying this when a nurse came out of the operating theatre.

Elder Zhong was busy welcoming him, “Nurse, how is it going?”

“The patient’s fracture is not serious and the operation went well.” The nurse said, “Just be sure to rest for the next few days, the little girl is asleep.”

Only then did Elder Zhong breathe a sigh of relief and turned his head to look at Elder Fu again, “Old man Fu, I have to thank your grandson this time, if it wasn’t for him, Dicky might have

Old man Fu coughed a few times, smugly, “My family’s Little Seven is already kind.”

There was one more thing that he didn’t say, saying it for fear that Elder Zhong would roll up his sleeves and fight him.

If he didn’t save his own daughter-in-law, who would he save?

Elder Zhong didn’t know the petty thoughts in Elder Fu’s heart: “I’m going to see your grandson.”

**

Because things were too big, the two old men didn’t go back, so they shacked up in the ward next to them and slept overnight.

The next day, the First Hospital welcomed another party of people.

When he saw the visitor, Master Fu was really surprised: “He Qing?”

“Yichang?” Seeing Elder Fu, Mu Heqing was also stunned, “You’ve recovered?”

“By a fluke.” Old Master Fu nodded, “The King of Hell didn’t see eye to eye with me and sent me back.”

Master Zhong had never had contact with Mu Heqing, but he wouldn't have been unaware of him as a person, and greeted him as well, "Old Mr. Mu, what are you?"

He had been in the imperial capital for so long, but he had met the Mu family.

But there were only a handful of Mu family members who had seen Mu Heqing.

Mu Heqing had waited for many medals and was protected by the state.

It would be difficult to meet him.

How could he still come to Shanghai personally?

"I am friends with Xiao Fu and Xiao Ying." Mu Heqing didn't have a stance and smiled, "I heard that they had a car accident and came over to take a look."

Master Fu didn't react much, but Master Zhong almost pulled his beard off.

Mu Heqing, who was admired by everyone in the Imperial Capital, and his granddaughter were friends?

To be able to say the word "friend", Mu Heqing was clearly treating Ying Zigui as a person of equal status.

Mu Heqing nodded towards the two old men and walked into the ward.

At this hour, Ying Zidian was still sleeping, so he didn't disturb her.

Fu Yunshen was awake.

Mu Heqing sat down next to him: "Do you know who did it?"

“Yes, I know.” Fu Yunshen said, “We’ve already gone to arrest them.”

“Leave this to me.” Mu Heqing sneered, “If they dare to touch you and Xiao Ying, they don’t know how many lives they have.”

“Then you can take it easy.” Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, “I’m afraid that if you get angry, the whole city of Shanghai will suffer.”

“Brat.” Mu Heqing resisted the urge to slap him on the face, “I still have the points in my heart.”

After a pause, she asked, “How did I hear that you suffered internal injuries because you were saving Xiao Ying? So you only came for Xiao Ying?”

“Mm.” Fu Yunshen was lazy, “We’re not like your old Mu family, with you as a deterrent, no one dares to move.”

“It seems that the Ying family has a restless person.” Mu Heqing frowned, “I thought it was the Fu family at first.”

“This matter is easy to solve.” Fu Yunshen’s peach blossom eyes narrowed, “But there is something that I need a favour from you, Elder Mu.”

Mu Heqing’s expression straightened and said solemnly, “You say.”

“Yoyao’s account is still with the Ying family, and it’s legal for the Ying family to adopt her, so it’s very difficult for her to move out now that she’s not an adult.” Fu Yunshen smiled, “Please help her to break off her relationship with the Ying family legally.”

Mu Heqing knew he shouldn’t be too flamboyant in Shanghai, otherwise it would lead to trouble, so he nodded, “Yes, don’t worry, leave it to me.”

**

The Winning Family.

Also early in the morning, a middle-aged man was welcomed back to the old mansion.

The butler respectfully opened the door for him, "Master."

"Zhen Ting." Zhong Manhua was busy walking up, her eyes still red at the corners, "Zhen Ting, you're finally back."

This middle-aged man was the current head of the Ying family, Ying Zhenting.

He is forty-eight years old and still very fit.

It was only under his leadership that the Ying Family was able to overpower the Zhong Family.

"What's going on?" Ying Zhending frowned, "Manhua, don't be in a hurry, speak slowly."

Having been married to Zhong Manhua for so many years, Ying Zhending also knew her nature.

She was strong.

She would never ask for help easily.

This was the first time Zhong Manhua had called him and begged him to come back.

Then something really big must have happened.

Zhong Manhua opened her mouth, "It's just--"

Before she could finish the rest of her sentence, she was interrupted by Old Lady Ying, who came right after her.

Her cane hit the ground hard: "This is not the time to listen to your nonsense, Wei'er's haemophilia has struck again, call that adopted daughter and tell her to go to the hospital and get ready."

At these words, both Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhending were stunned.

Ying Zhending spoke up, "Mom."

"It's useless for you to speak up." Old Madam Ying said, "Do you want to watch your sister die?"

With one sentence, Ying Zhending was speechless.

He also saw how pale and bloodless Ying Luwei's face was.

Ying Zhending pinched his brow and sighed, "Manhua, make the call."

Zhong Manhua's hands were shaking.

On the one hand, she couldn't contact Ying Zidian at all.

On the other hand, she didn't want Ying Ziji to give Ying Luwei blood.

But with Old Lady Ying here, there was no way she could tell her what was going on.

If she had a sudden cerebral haemorrhage, she would be a sinner.

Zhong Manhua pursed her lips and didn't move.

"Manhua?" Ying Zhending frowned again.

He took out his mobile phone, found Ying Ziji's number and was about to dial it.

The door was kicked open at that moment.

It was a group of men in uniform, all looking cold.

The man at the head of the group looked at Ying Luwei: "Arrest her."

Chapter 170

With a single word, the four people from the Ying family did not react.

Two men in uniform took one big step forward and held Ying Luwei in place.

They did not show any mercy and were very rough.

Ying Luwei was still waiting for Ying Zhending to kidnap Ying Zidian and give her blood.

She knew very well that Zhong Manhua did not dare to talk about it in front of Old Lady Ying for her health.

Anyway, she asked for Ying Zidian's blood first.

Then she would bribe some nurses to make an accident during the blood transfusion.

When Ying Zidian is dead, how can she threaten her about what happened 16 years ago?

Besides, in the minds of Ying Zhenting and Zhong Manhua, there is already a substitute for Ying Dickey, a substitute that is a thousand times better than Ying Dickey.

Time can erase everything.

But Ying Luwei didn't expect that she would be the one to be tied up before she could act on her idea.

"What are you doing?" Ying Luwei panicked and struggled desperately, screaming out loud, "Breaking into people's homes, is that illegal?"

The two young men in uniform were tall and strong, so it was impossible for Ying Luwei to break free.

"Behave yourself." The captain had a cigarette in his mouth and sneered, "Don't think that just because you're the daughter of the Ying family, you can get away with it."

Ying Luwei's heart thumped and she screamed even harder, "What did you say? I don't understand anything, let go of me!"

The professionals she had found said that the driver would take all the blame for her, she just needed the money to be paid.

Even if someone suspected her, then she would be fine.

Besides, how long had it only been?

Not even twelve hours!

Who was so powerful that they could track her down?

“Let go of my daughter!” Old Lady Ying finally came back to her senses, her blood pressure shot up and she angrily rebuked, “Do you know that this is the Ying family? How dare you be so reckless!”

“Old Lady Ying, right? Since you really care so much about your daughter, then please prepare her for a lawyer.” The captain removed the cigarette from his mouth and spoke coldly, “But this charge of intentional homicide, it’s useless even if you hire a lawyer.”

“Intentional homicide?” The first thing that came to Zhong Manhua’s mind was what happened 16 years ago, and she too became anxious, “Who the hell are you people? What’s going on?”

Ying Zhending frowned and suddenly said, “You are from the One Word Team.”

The One Word Team, originally, was a legitimate law enforcement agency.

But the One Word Team had never been around much, and their only area of activity was the imperial capital.

What exactly had Ying Luwei done that had alerted the One Word Team?

“Oh, you do have eyes.” But the captain didn’t even look at Ying Zhending and waved his hand, “Take it away!”

Two young men in uniform pushed Ying Luwei out of the room, letting her scream and struggle, without any mercy.

The old lady was so angry that her fingers trembled, “You, you have no law!”

Ying Luwei was her daughter, how could she not know how she was like?

She could not even trample an ant to death, not to mention intentional murder.

“By the way, there is also you, Madam Ying -” the captain walked to the door and stopped again, smiling coldly, “Since Madam Ying has made her choice, Miss Zidian will have nothing to do with you in future.”

Zhong Manhua’s face went white, remembering the phone call she had received yesterday, her lips quivered, “Could it be you guys

“Madam Ying, don’t worry, you choose to hide it, and we will respect your opinion.” The captain finished this sentence and walked away without looking back.

“Ma! Big brother!” Ying Lu Wei was truly panicked and cried out, “Save me! Save me!”

She was dragged away by force.

Old Lady Ying was so angry that she fainted.

Ying Zhending’s face changed and he didn’t even have time to ask Zhong Manhua what had happened, picking up Old Lady Ying, “Take her to the hospital.”

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Old Lady Ying had a special ward and a doctor at the First Hospital.

This attack was not life-threatening as Lu Zhi’s tutor had used acupuncture to suppress her headache.

Zhong Manhua was disturbed and saw that there were many people on the other side of the floor whom she had not seen before.

The aura was restrained and they were not dressed like ordinary people.

Zhong Manhua hesitated for a moment, "Is something happening today?"

"You don't know, do you?" The nurse hung the IV for Old Lady Ying while saying, "There was a car accident over on Textile Street last night, the injured person was the seventh young master of the Fu family, Master Fu was furious and said he would punish the murderer severely."

"Isn't there a family in the empire that has a good relationship with Master Fu? This is specifically coming over to offer condolences."

These things were also known in the gentry circle, and the nurse didn't hide it.

Zhong Manhua nodded and didn't ask any more questions.

Since it was a matter for the Fu family, it had nothing to do with her.

She pursed her lips and spoke with difficulty, "Zhen Ting, I called you back because I found out that the person who threw our daughter away at that time was Lu Wei."

Ying Zhending was tucking in the corner of Old Lady Ying's blanket when he heard this and jerked his head up: "What did you say?"

"Ting Zhen, I know you don't believe me." Zhong Manhua's eyes were red again, "I don't believe it either, but the evidence is overwhelming."

Ying Zhenting glanced around first and lowered his voice, "Have you told anyone else about this?"

Zhong Manhua shook his head, "I didn't know how to solve it, so I didn't say anything."

“Don’t say anything out loud yet.” Ying Zhending pressed his temples, “We have to think of a countermeasure.”

Ying Luwei had stolen her own niece and thrown her out, this was undoubtedly a bigger scandal.

It would be best if it could be resolved privately.

**

Over here, Mu Heqing exited the hospital and got into the Maybach.

“Master, the people have already been brought over.” Mu Cheng said respectfully, “The Seventh Young Master wanted to come over, but I stopped him.”

“Good job stopping it.” Mu Heqing grunted, “Brat, he has never let anyone worry about him since he was young, he used to get a whole lot of injuries every day, causing me, an old man, to have to send him to the ancient medical community.”

Hearing Mu Heqing say this, Mu Cheng was a little curious, but he knew he couldn’t ask.

He turned the steering wheel, started the car, and said one more thing: “By the way, Master, when I came out from Young Master Seven’s side, I saw Miss Ying go over there.”

“Two people who share the same illness.” Mu Heqing sighed, faintly, “Sometimes they are like matches, they will cuddle for warmth.”

Mu Cheng was so confused listening that he simply shut up.

Mu Heqing thought for a moment, “Is that boy from the Nie family coming too?”

“The plane will arrive this afternoon.” Mu Cheng said, “This time the One Word Team is out, and as the chief, it’s impossible for Nie Gongzi not to come.”

The two men were talking about Nie Yi.

“Well, that’s fine.” Mu Heqing nodded, “This kid is so ruthless that the old man is ashamed of himself, with him around, the prisoners are better off alive or dead.”

**

In the hospital room.

Ying Ziji was holding a bowl of porridge in her right hand and a spoon in the other, feeding Fu Yunshen the medicinal porridge.

Her left arm was fractured, but it was not bone fractured.

Together with her own medicine, it had healed in one night.

Master Fu looked on with a smile on his face, overjoyed.

If he hadn’t known that Ying was not yet of legal marriageable age, he would have moved the Civil Affairs Bureau for them both now.

Look how well matched they are.

Master Fu then regretted it a little.

In the past, because he was in poor health and could leave at any time, he had thought of settling for a girl with a strong mother’s family.

The family that he had decided on had never even met Fu Yunshen before, and had married Fu Yikan, the grandson of the Fu family.

This caused Fu Yunshen to be ridiculed by the gentry in Shanghai for a long time, and until now, he is still making sarcastic remarks about this matter.

Had he known that he could still recover his health, Master Fu would not have fixed such a marriage at all.

Master Zhong was simply distressed: "Ziggy, doesn't he have hands? You let him drink by himself."

"Hey, old man Fu, what do you mean?" Old Master Fu was having a good time and was not happy, "How can I say that it was also Little Seven who saved Dickey, what's wrong with feeding him?"

Master Zhong couldn't refute this comment, he could only hold his breath.

Fu Yunshen couldn't hold back and laughed.

When he laughed, his shoulders trembled and he stirred the wound.

Ying Ziji raised her eyes.

She put down the bowl, reached out her hand, then pressed on an acupuncture point on his abdomen through his clothes.

"Cough cough cough" Fu Yunshen coughed unexpectedly and looked at her lazily, "Little friend, brother remembered to tell you that this man's waist and abdomen should not be moved around."

"No, I didn't move around." Ying Ziji picked up the bowl again, unhurriedly, "Help you heal."

Fu Yunshen: “.....”

Line.

In the eyes of the healer, he and Dudu were actually no different.

Elder Zhong couldn't look at it anymore and turned around and walked away.

Master Fu also didn't want to be a light bulb and followed him out.

Elder Zhong sat on a chair outside and took out his phone to read the news.

There was a tweet pushed on the home page.

Master Zhong took out his old-fashioned glasses and started reading it.

The id of the tweet was quite familiar to him, he had helped Ying Ziji to post a clarification video at that time.

[@CallMeInvincibleMan: Give everyone what Ying Luwei, the famous Shanghai woman, has done, there are too many things to say, so let's talk about a few big ones].

There are three pictures posted below, listing the photographic and textual evidence.

The first one is how Ying Luwei found herself a living blood bank with the help of Jiang Moyuan's school sponsorship project.

The second picture shows how Ying Luwei got someone to hit Ying Zidian with a car, and all the trivial things she did to set her up in the Ying family.

The third, 16 years ago, was when eight-year-old Ying Luwei stole her niece from her home, threw her out on the street and sold her to a trafficker.