

Boss Lady Chapter 191-192

Chapter 191

If she can't find Ying Zidian, how can the police not find her?

It would be a disgrace if word of the theft got out.

But anyone who has a face and skin can't really just avoid seeing her.

When Zhong Manhua said she would call the police, she was only trying to scare Ying Zidian.

As long as Ying Zidian could come back and be the second young lady of the Ying family, of course she would not call the police.

Ying Yuexuan really couldn't understand Zhong Manhua's behaviour and was shocked: "Mom, you concluded that her sister had done it before you could ask questions or have any evidence?"

How else could this be?

"Xiao Xuan, don't worry about this matter." Zhong Manhua had already dialed the number for Qingzhi's side, going to the balcony to fight, very cold-blooded, "What she thinks, I know it too well."

She had figured out long ago why Ying Zidian had left.

It was because she and Ying Zhending didn't take into account Ying Zidian's feelings and were more partial to Ying Yuexuan, and her heart was unbalanced.

But what can a child of ten years be compared to a child of one year?

When Ying Zidian came back, she had already said that they had a strong relationship with Ying Yuexuan.

Moreover, in order to let Ying Yuexuan integrate better into the Ying family, she also went to O Chau for a year.

Apart from the fact that she was immoral in donating blood, there was nothing else.

Now she wants to break off the relationship with her parents.

As she watched Zhong Manhua leave, Ying Yuexuan's frown deepened.

She hesitated for a moment and lowered her voice: "Uncle Butler, what happened during this time? Before I left, mum wasn't like this."

The housekeeper didn't know that Ying Zidian had severed her ties with the Ying family, and had even moved her family register out.

He spoke hesitantly, "Second young miss is more capricious and has caused madam a lot of worry. You know, Miss, that madam was supposed to be strong and couldn't lose face."

"Then it can't be like this." Ying Yuexuan couldn't accept it, "My sister is my mother's own, she's not an enemy, so how come she has to call the police?"

The butler didn't know what to say.

What could he, a servant, do about his master's affairs?

"This is still a younger sister, and mum is about to call the police." Ying Yuexuan's expression faded, "If it were me instead, would I be sent straight to jail?"

“Eldest Miss!” The housekeeper was startled, “Eldest Miss, you must not have such thoughts, Madam and Master will be sad.”

Ying Yuexuan pursed her lips, “Then mother doesn’t think she will break her sister’s heart?”

No wonder she hadn’t seen Ying Zigui when she returned this time.

In fact, they hadn’t seen much of each other.

First, Ying Zidian was picked up and she realised that she wasn’t born, she was adopted.

When she wanted to leave, Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhending forced her to stay.

They told her that she had grown up without a father and mother, and that she could not leave the Ying family.

So she had to settle for the second best and applied for Qingzhi’s exchange programme and went to O Chau.

“Miss, you can’t blame Madam for what happened.” the housekeeper advised. The housekeeper advised, “Anyway, alas, how can Second Miss compare with you? Madam has just not seen her for a long time and wants to see her.”

Ying Yuexuan didn’t say anything else: “Go and ask the maids where my pink diamonds have gone, and if someone has accidentally taken them away and put them in the bag.”

The housekeeper answered, “Yes, I’m on my way.”

**

All the major universities had received the news, and Qingzhi was no exception.

But since Qingzhi had been founded, the top student in the college entrance exam had never missed out, so it wasn't that surprising.

This year's national paper was more difficult than last year's, and there was also a full mark in science.

They'd seen the paper too, and the solutions were a real treat.

So the headmaster was also slammed with a series of phone calls.

All of them were just trying to get Wen Huilan to fill in their school first, and promising a lot of generous bonuses and benefits.

Of course, Imperial University was an exception.

"Ugh" the headmaster put down the phone and was sad, "How many years have passed since then, how come Imperial University is still in bulk?"

The head teacher sighed, "Isn't it, I heard that the physics and maths departments fight over students every month, just a while ago, a student wanted to transfer to the physics department and the maths department wasn't happy about it."

"But it's better to let the students decide for themselves." The headmaster felt prescient, "It's a good thing that student Wen Huilan has transferred to our Qingzhi, otherwise we would definitely not have had the top student's turn in this year's entrance exam."

Some students were so genius that they didn't even need a teacher to teach them or educational resources to be able to leave a lot of people behind.

"He will definitely enroll in Imperial University." The head teacher nodded, "I don't know what college to choose."

They had also done a professional analysis for Wen Listen Lan's various situations and eventually found that this someone was all-rounded in his studies.

Except for some pure literature majors.

"It's a pity that my initial idea was still to let Wen Listen Lan students go to Norton University." The headmaster shook his head, "Maybe there will be a chance later."

As he was talking, the landline in his office rang.

The principal picked it up, and after just a few words, his face turned ugly.

He didn't say anything, he just said, "I will contact you for you, as for whether she will see you or not, that's her own business."

After hanging up the phone, the academic director was busy asking, "Which university is it again?"

"No, it's Madam Ying." The headmaster frowned, "It says that classmate Ying Zidian took away classmate Ying Yuexuan's pink diamond, and they couldn't find anyone, so they called us."

The head teacher didn't remember who it was at first, but three seconds later he reacted, "It's the luxurious noblewoman with violent tendencies that the exterminator said."

The head teacher said he had met many parents, but this was the first time he had hit someone indiscriminately like Zhong Manhua.

"They are a strange family too." The headmaster went through the phone book, "If you don't like Ying Zidian, what are you doing? Now that Ying Luwei is in, why bother?"

"Ahem!" The head teacher cleared his throat and said seriously, "Headmaster, according to my years of experience in watching dramas, the Ying family must have some other conspiracy!"

The headmaster's dialing hand gave a beat and looked at him slyly, "A family ethics dog and pony show, right?"

"....."

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The Wen family.

Ying Ziji is doing a problem with Wen Huilan.

It wasn't a maths and physics problem, but a logical thinking problem specially created by a professor at Norton University, and was asked for a set by ibi, saying that he would recruit agents to use it.

This kind of questions is also very helpful to Wen Hanlan's condition.

The phone rang at that moment, and Ying Zidian looked at it before picking it up: "Headmaster."

"Student Ying, there's a matter." The headmaster thought for a moment and told her all about the conversation with Zhong Manhua, "The school won't interfere, you can make your own decision."

Ying Zidian's eyes were slightly averted, "Please."

After she left the Ying family, she didn't care anymore.

She also didn't have the time to specifically count the Ying family's affairs.

Tsk, it was really annoying.

Wen Hanlan looked up, "Sister?"

He now felt that his sister might be a godly man.

It was surprising that she could even tell the scores of various subjects without any difference.

“It’s alright, do your.” Ying stood up and slowly stretched, “When dad comes back later, let’s go out for dinner.”

**

From noon until evening, Zhong Manhua didn’t wait for Ying Zidian’s person, or even a phone call.

She called Qingzhi again, but he said they didn’t care about personal matters.

Zhong Manhua was so angry that she went straight to the police station by car.

By this time, the police station was already closed and there were only two policemen on duty.

A policewoman received Zhong Manhua and took her to the interview room.

“Mrs. Ying, take it easy.” The policewoman poured her a glass of water and took out paper and a pen, “Please tell us what happened.”

“My daughter came back today and found that her pink diamond was missing.” Zhong Manhua’s voice was cold, “I couldn’t find it at home, it was stolen, and the person who stole the pink diamond was my other daughter.”

Hearing this, the policewoman looked up in surprise, “Are you sure?”

Zhong Manhua was a little embarrassed by her glance, and her face did not look too good: “Yes.”

The policewoman didn't know what to say and politely reminded, "For this kind of thing, you can call your daughter first."

A private matter at home, there was no need to go as far as calling the police.

"She won't see me." At the mention of this, Zhong Manhua became impatient, "If she wasn't weak-minded, would she not come?"

The policewoman shook her head and picked up her pen again, "The motive, the human and material evidence, provide it all."

"The motive is of course that she was jealous of Xiao Xuan and took the pink diamond." Zhong Manhua became even more impatient, "I am the certification, you guys quickly contact her for me and tell her to come over now."

The policewoman's expression was serious, "Madam Ying, I need to ask you again, are you sure it was your second daughter who stole the pink diamond from your eldest daughter?"

This pink diamond, worth eight million, was not a small amount.

If it was slander, it was also illegal.

Zhong Manhua didn't even think about it: "Sure."

The policewoman nodded her head and went out to contact someone.

Not long after, she came back: "Please wait a moment, the person will be here in a moment."

Zhong Manhua looked sarcastic.

She asked Ying Zidian to come back, but there was no response.

She had to call the police before Ying Zidian would come.

This was a case of not seeing the coffin and not dropping the tears.

Twenty minutes later, the door of the enquiry room was pushed open.

Zhong Manhua turned her head and was about to open her mouth to reprimand.

However, the person who came was a young man with a briefcase.

He was wearing a black suit and had an extraordinary aura around him, not simple at first glance.

Zhong Manhua's expression changed: "Who are you? Where is Ying Zidian?"

"Hello, I'm Miss Ying's lawyer." The young man put down his briefcase and ignored Zhong Manhua, but nodded politely towards the policewoman in charge of taking the statement, "Here's my business card."

He placed a business card on the table.

Imperial Capital West Wind Law Firm.

Lawyer Xi Weihuan.

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Not to mention the name Xi Weihuan, the West Wind Law Firm alone was enough to send shockwaves through the people.

The policewoman knew that Ying was asking for a lawyer, but she didn't expect it to be the Westwind Law Firm.

The West Wind Law Firm was not something that could be hired with money, especially when Shanghai was still far away from the imperial capital, thousands of kilometres away.

The policewoman took the card and was polite: "Please sit down."

"You're welcome, it's a simple matter, just a few words, no need to sit down." Xi Weihuan smiled, "It should have been Miss Ying herself, but there were some people she didn't want to see, so she asked me to come."

"The same." The policewoman nodded, "You are the client's lawyer and can make representations."

"Lawyer?" Zhong Manhua finally responded, she was incredulous, "Whose lawyer did you say you were?"

A lawyer for such a trivial matter?

She just wanted the police station to help her call Ying Zidian back, how come she had to involve a lawyer?

Zhong Manhua's heart jumped up and suddenly she had a bad feeling.

"Mrs. Ying, I'm Ms. Ying Zidian's lawyer." It was as if Xi Weihuan had only just noticed Zhong Manhua, his smile withdrawn and his expression cold, "I'm here to deal with your slander of Miss Ying Zidian."

"I slandered?" Zhong Manhua almost laughed, "Fine, tell me, how have I slandered? If I had slandered, could she not have come on her own?"

Xi Weihuan didn't answer, but took out several documents and laid them out on the table one by one.

The first document was the missing piece of pink diamond.

"This piece of pink diamond was an auction item in O Continent, and was finally auctioned off by Mr. Ying Tianru for a high price of eight million dollars and passed on to Miss Ying Yuexuan." Xi Weihuan spoke up, "If the charge of theft is completely proven, then the person who stole it will be sentenced to five to ten years in prison."

Zhong Manhua interrupted him with an unhappy expression, "When did I say anything about a prison sentence?"

She was only going to ask Ying Zidian to go home, not really to send him in.

When the man came and brought back to the Ying family, the rest would be dealt with privately.

The second document, written for the crime of theft, had different amounts and different punishments.

The bigger the amount, the bigger the crime.

"Mrs. Ying is guilty of slander for saying directly that Miss Ying did it without proof." Xi Weihuan pointed at the third document, his voice so cold that it had no temperature, "According to the law, those with the following circumstances will be sentenced to detention for up to five days."

"If the circumstances are more serious, the penalty is detention for more than five days and less than ten days, and a fine of five hundred yuan."

He pointed to one of the articles, which read –

Whoever fabricates facts to falsely accuse and frame another person with the intention of subjecting him or her to criminal prosecution or public security management punishment.

Zhong Manhua was shocked and angry, and laughed outright: "So what, you have proof that she didn't do it?"

"Madam Ying, I must remind you that you are the plaintiff, it is you who has to get the evidence." Xi Weihuan was faint, "If you can't produce evidence, the charge of slander stands."

He turned his head and pointed to the statement on the table, "This is the evidence for your slander."

The policewoman nodded back, "Madam Ying, I've asked you again and again, and you said you were sure."

"I didn't mean that at all!" Zhong Manhua didn't know this, her face was agitated and a flush came up, "I just want her to go home!"

The policewoman's expression also cooled down, "That means you have no evidence at all."

"I" Zhong Manhua opened her mouth and was about to say something when her phone rang.

Her embarrassment was then washed away a little and she picked up the phone.

"Mom, where are you?" On the other end of the line was Ying Yuexuan, "I found the pink diamond, the maid put it outside when she was cleaning it for fear of damaging it, and it fell into the crevice of the bookcase."

"I told you that my sister didn't do it, you wouldn't really run to the police station, would you?"

Zhong Manhua's body was cold and her face turned white with a swish.

"Mum? Mum?"

On the phone, Ying Yuexuan was still calling her, but Zhong Manhua couldn't hear anything else, her ears were ringing.

"Looks like we found something." Xi Weihuan nodded, "Then it is certain that you have indeed committed slander, Madam Ying."

He turned his head and added to the policewoman, "The amount involved is too large, and I'm afraid that ten days' detention is not enough."

At this moment, the policewoman's impression of Zhong Manhua plunged straight to the bottom.

She could hear that Zhong Manhua had said that the theft was committed by her second daughter.

If this was really a conviction for theft, wouldn't it be sending her own daughter to jail?

"You call Ziggy." Zhong Manhua finally panicked, "I really just wanted her to go home, I didn't mean it."

If she was really detained and fined, where would she put her face?

The other noblewomen, how else would they look at her?

"Sorry, Miss Ying didn't want to see you before she asked me to come." Xi Weihuan smiled politely, "And let me remind Madam Ying, Miss Ying's account has been moved out of the Ying family and the adoption relationship has been dissolved."

"From a legal point of view, you are not her mother."

"Morally speaking, you are not worthy of being her mother."

The three words were like one slap after another, slapping Zhong Manhua in the face without mercy.

She stood frozen in place, an unprecedented surge of shame and anger almost overwhelming her.

“Of course, the process still has to go.” Xi Weihuan smiled again, “Please ask Madam Ying to prepare her lawyer and we’ll see you in court, but it’s useless if you do, and tonight-”

He sounded regretful, “It looks like you’ll be spending the night here.”

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After Xi Weihuan left the police station, he picked up his mobile phone and made a call, “Hello, Miss Ying, everything has been done.”

“Hard work.” The girl’s voice was cold and slow, “The fee will be paid later.”

“You’re too kind, Miss Ying.” Xi Weihuan shook his head, “You’re also my life-saver, of course I’ll take care of this small matter for you.”

The last case of the cyberstorm, he would take it up because the lawyer’s office had given him the task.

But what came after that was all done willingly for him.

His mother had severe migraine headaches and had been to several hospitals without getting better.

It was only when Ying Ziji gave him a remedy that his mother was cured.

“One size does not fit all.” Ying Zidian yawned, looking lazy, “Anyway, thanks.”

She hung up the phone and her gaze returned to the television.

It was now eight o'clock, just the right time for the dog drama.

Wen heard Lan was writing logic questions on the side, occasionally raising her head to glance at the computer.

Either he saw the harem concubines tearing each other apart, or he saw the female protagonist making a fuss about jumping into the river and hanging herself.

But his sister was watching with great interest.

“.....”

Wen Listen Lan looked at the question he had to do with an expressionless face.

He felt like he was being squeezed.

After writing another logic question, Wen Listenlan looked up, “Sister.”

“Hmm?”

“Does it really look good?”

“Not bad.” Ying Ziji propped her hand on her chin and mused, “The plot is a bit bland, I can guess from the beginning to the end, it’s a good way to pass the time.”

Wen Wan silently swallowed back the words “I think it’s already very bloody” and resignedly continued writing the question.

Ying Ziji looked thoughtfully at the female lead in the drama and remembered that she also had an entertainment company.

Thinking about this, she picked up her mobile phone and sent a weibo message to the female secretary.

[Send over a copy of all the company's recent film and TV scripts.]

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Learning that Zhong Manhua was at the police station, or being detained, Ying Yuexuan didn't even have time to tell Ying Zhenting and Ying Tianru, and immediately ran over.

At the sight, Ying Yuexuan was confused: "Mom, why are you being detained?"

Zhong Manhua pursed her lips, her face was still burning, she didn't know what to say.

She hadn't really thought that things would come to this point.

Zhong Manhua forced a smile, "Your sister didn't come and sent her lawyer, saying that I've committed slander, so I have to be detained, you go and call your father and big brother."

"Slander?" Ying Yuexuan understood as soon as she thought about it, "Mum, how can you slander your sister?"

Zhong Manhua didn't look too good, "I didn't think, I just told her to go home, what's it like to be outside every day."

She couldn't see, she didn't even know what kind of people Ying Ziji was hanging out with all day long.

What if something goes wrong?

Who will clean up the mess?

Do you really think you can get away with it just because you've broken off your relationship?

When the time comes, people will come looking for the Ying family.

"Mom, you've really gone too far." Ying Yuexuan took a breath before speaking, "I didn't agree to post that Weibo post, but you and dad said that if I didn't post it, the Ying family's business would be affected, so I did."

"But you didn't think about the fact that it was sister who was really thrown out by her aunt."

"There's no difference." At the mention of Ying Zidian, Zhong Manhua looked even lighter, "Have you ever seen a daughter who wants to put her mother in detention?"

She pressed her head, "Your father is too busy, it's better to call your elder brother first."

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Ying Yuexuan had always listened to Zhong Manhua and had not been disobedient.

She had to take out her mobile phone and started to call Ying Tianru, who was still in O Chau.

The call was quickly answered, with a loud windy sound coming from it and quite a lot of garbled voices.

"Hello, brother, it's Xiao Xuan." Ying Yuexuan pressed the receiver, "Something has happened to mum, she has to be detained for fifteen days, when will you be back?"

"Detention?" Ying Tianru had just finished accompanying a client and was drinking with a friend, when he heard this, he woke up at once, "What's going on?"

“The matter is like this.” Ying Yuexuan briefly recounted, “I stopped it, but didn’t, my sister should have had some conflict with my mother and didn’t come, it was the lawyer who came.”

After listening to this, Ying Tianru did not react much, but only faintly: “Wang Guangdang, give the phone to mum.”

“Mom.” Ying Yuexuan handed the phone over, “Brother is looking for you.”

Zhong Manhua really didn’t want her son to know about this scandal, but she didn’t want to be detained and there was nothing she could do about it.

She took it and quickly said, “Tianru, do you know a lawyer over in the Imperial City? Contact one for mum, your sister is simply being too nonsensical.”

“Mum, it’s you who’s being nonsensical.” Ying Tianru was even laughing, “Even though she said it wasn’t Zidi who did it, you still went to the police station. Hmm?”

“I’m” Facing Ying Tianru, Zhong Manhua’s anger subsided and her voice lowered, “It’s already like this, it’s useless to talk about it, let’s find a lawyer first.”

Ying Tianru knew Zhong Manhua’s temperament, so he didn’t say anything more to her and pressed the phone.

He picked up his lighter, lit a cigarette and leaned back on the sofa, irritably puffing away.

“What’s wrong?” Next to him was also a gent who, seeing him like this, couldn’t help but snicker, “Upset again about which of the thousands of girls you’re turning down?”

They had started a business together on this side of the o-continent, and in the past two years, the company had taken shape.

Of course, it was just a small company.

Because of his outstanding appearance, Ying Tianliu is extremely popular even in foreign countries.

Not long ago, the daughter of a wealthy family said she wanted him to join her family.

But the young man knew that such a thing was impossible.

Ying Tianlv had excelled since he was a child and was self-reliant in everything he did.

“My mother has been detained.” Ying Tianru stood up and stroked the cigarette ash from his white shirt, his expression light, “Or something I caused myself, I’m going to go back early and leave on tomorrow’s flight.”

“Detention?” The male was surprised, “Breaking the law? No way?”

“Not really.” Ying Tianru pinched his brow, “Last year our family adopted a little girl, sort of my sister, and my mother insisted that she stole the pink diamonds I gave to the firm, and there was no evidence, so it went to the police.”

“Now it’s proven to be slander, so she has to be detained, do you think she asked for it?”

Gongzi was not in Shanghai and was not aware of the Ying family’s affairs, so when he heard this, he shook his head, “It’s really odd that your mother did this.”

“You guys play first.” Ying Tianru picked up the outside of his suit and nodded, “I’m going back.”

After walking out of the ktv, he sent a text message to his assistant for a flight at ten tomorrow morning.

Ying Tianru exhaled slowly, remembering something instead.

He did know that Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhending had adopted a little girl, saying that it was destiny to see that she looked like them.

He had just started his business and didn't have time for it, so he came back to see her halfway through.

Although he only met her once, Ying Tianru was impressed, and he hasn't forgotten her now.

She was an overly pretty girl, but she was a bit scared.

When she came to the house, she was very nervous and uncomfortable.

She was very fair-skinned and tall for her age.

It was hard to imagine that such a young girl could be raised in such a poor place as Qing Shui County.

He had gone walking in the countryside before and most of the little children were yellow and skinny.

Only the clothes she was wearing carried many patches and her trouser legs were washed white.

It was a stark contrast to their family.

So when Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhending wanted to adopt this little girl, he agreed.

Then he had been in O Chau and was not sure about other things.

I didn't expect this to be such a big deal this time.

If it was his own sister, Zhong Manhua would not have done this.

He also kinda wanted this little girl to be his real sister.

Ying Tianru pressed his head, smiling and sighing.

It's true that when you drink too much, your mind starts to wander.

He shook off his head and went to the bathroom to wash his face before heading outside.

**

The day the exam results were released, the Dean of Education couldn't wait to direct the Student Council to start putting up the red list.

What's more, on the big screen at the entrance of the school, they put up Wen Listen Lan's picture and name, with big red flowers dotting the side.

The director of moral education really couldn't appreciate the senior citizen taste of the head teacher and had the big red flowers removed again.

The seniors were released and the other grades were still in school.

As soon as they entered, they were able to see the big screen.

Wen heard Lan followed Wen Fengmian, with handsome and deep features.

The sense of adolescence pounced on his face and made people's hearts flutter.

After he moved to Qingzhi, many girls had their hearts set on him, but usually he always had a light face, so no one dared to approach.

“I heard that this top student is even younger than us, only 16 years old, and he scored such high marks.

“I can only say that people have good genes, you don’t know, do you? He is Ying Shen’s younger brother, his sister is so strong, his younger brother must not be any worse.”

Zhong Zhiyan had little interest in who this year’s top student was, and was about to leave when she heard this and stopped, frowning.

Wen Huilan was Ying Zidian’s younger brother?

She only knew that Ying Zidian had come from the small county and had a family there.

But she didn’t know that he was from the same family as Wen Huilan.

Zhong Zhiyan couldn’t understand Ying Zidian’s thinking.

She had to go back to that poor family instead of staying in a wealthy family.

So what if Wen heard Lan was the top student in the entrance examination, but when she graduated, she would still have to work in their company?

“What kind of divine family is this.” On the side, a girl from the Talent class was envious to the core, “Ying Zidian is the top of our grade, and her brother is also the top of his senior year.”

“This year her brother is the top student in the college entrance exam with near full marks, next year the top student in the college entrance exam will definitely be her, I just don’t know how many marks she can get.”

Zhong Zhiwei’s expression faded and she squeezed the strap of her school bag: “There’s still a year to go before next year, how do you know the top student will definitely be her?”

“For sure.” The girl took it for granted, “She can even get full marks in our class papers, what’s the GCSE?”

Sensing that Zhong Zhiyan’s face was not right, she spoke up again, “But you’re not bad either, you’re a top student, we can’t compare ourselves to perverts.”

It’s not like there’s a pervert like Ying Zidian every year.

Zhong Zhiyan’s face got even worse, she ignored the girls and went into the school building by herself.

**

After handing the matter over to Xi Weihuan, Ying Zidian didn’t care about the Ying family’s affairs.

She accompanied Wen Huilan to receive one last hypnotherapy session to repair her psyche.

After this time, Wen heard Lan would basically be able to behave like a normal person.

Norton University also has a hypnotherapist who is responsible for clearing the memories of the students and also managing their psychological problems.

Anyone who fails the interview and has their degree cancelled will have to see a hypnotist before leaving the university.

The secrets of Norton University cannot be exposed.

Although Norton University’s hypnotist is not ranked second on the nok hypnotist list like Yu Xuesheng, his ability is not low either.

Right now Norton was not at the school yet, so Ying could feel comfortable sending Wen Listen Lan there, at least he wouldn't be squandered by Norton, the alchemy madman.

At the same time, Norton University was very safe, and what had happened when she was five years old would never happen again.

Ying Ziji glanced at the closed consultation room door and turned her head: "Back in your day, he was also in charge of the treatment?"

Fu Yunshen tilted his head and looked up at the sky, smiled sideways: "No, it was his teacher, he was still young then, what could he know."

Ying Zidian nodded: "Hypnosis is quite interesting."

Hypnotists were much scarier than marksmen and killers.

When they make a move, the other party can't even notice.

Therefore, the reward for a hypnotist is much more expensive.

Ying Ziji had read the reward postings on the nok forum, and the top five hypnotists on the list could not even be hired for money.

She looked at the man thoughtfully for a few seconds: "Do you want to have your fortune told?"

"Hm?" Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes lifted with a shallow smile, "What kind of fortune telling? Peach blossom luck?"

"It's up to you." Ying Ziji took out a deck of tarot cards from his pocket, "Choose three at random."

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, "Tarot cards, huh."

His slender hand lifted, his fingertips slid over the cards, and he was ready to draw.

The phone rang at this time, sharply and abruptly.

Fu Yunshen withdrew his hand, "Yoyo, you answer the phone first."

Ying Ziyang glanced at him before picking up the phone; "Hello, Grandpa."

The number was Master Zhong's mobile phone number, but the person calling was not.

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The voice on the microphone was unfamiliar.

It was a man.

The tone was polite, the voice low.

"Hello, sister Ziggy, I'm sorry to disturb you at this time." He said, "I'm Ying Tianru."

Ying Ziyi tilted her head, her voice muted, "I'm not your sister."

Between the words, there was endless indifference.

There were no mood swings and no warmth.

It was hard to imagine what kind of suffering one had gone through to become like this.

Ying Tianru, who had never known what pity was, his heart went cold.

Although he had only met Ying Zidian once, at that time, she would still smile at him.

It was a small smile, but a sincere one.

Ying Tianru was silent for a brief moment: "Sorry, didn't mean to call you that,"

After a pause, he continued, "I already know all about what Ma did to you, I really didn't expect that she would do such a thing."

"The damage has been done, I know it's useless to say anything, and I'm not asking you to forgive, I just hope I can give you a little compensation."

At the dining table, Elder Zhong glanced at Ying Tianru.

Only after confirming that he was not in the same group as Ying Zhenting and Zhong Manhua, did he put on his old-fashioned glasses, take out his ipad and start surfing on the internet.

At the same time, Elder Zhong was hesitating whether to tell Ying Tianru the truth or not.

Ying Ziji gave him the message that she had left the Ying family and didn't want to be involved with anyone in the Ying family anymore.

He needed to respect her wishes.

Ying Tianru was about to speak when he heard the girl speak in a calm tone, "No need to make amends, I'm fine, as long as you guys leave me alone."

“It’s really my mother who was too impulsive about the pink diamond.” Ying Tianru pressed his brow and sighed, “I’m not pleading for her either, she did so many measures, she should be detained for a few days to clear her head.”

As soon as these words were said, the phone was hung up.

Ying Tianru looked at the call interface and smiled slightly bitterly.

If he wasn’t using Elder Zhong’s phone, he probably wouldn’t even have the qualifications to speak to Ying Zigu.

He really didn’t expect that Zhong Manhua had forced Ying Ziji to give Ying Luwei’s blood thirteen times in a year, regardless of whether she was willing or not.

Ying Tianru pressed his temples and handed the phone back to Elder Zhong: “Grandpa, thank you.”

“It’s okay.” Old Master Zhong nodded, “Sit down and eat.”

Ying Tianru sat down and saw that Ying Yuexuan seemed to be in a daze, so he called out, “What are you thinking about?”

“Ah? Oh, oh.” Ying Yuexuan returned to her senses in a daze and sat down.

The servant served the food, there were only three of them, and the meal was not too big.

Ying Yuexuan ate a little absentmindedly, eating rice all the time and not moving the dishes.

It wasn’t that she didn’t feel that Elder Zhong wasn’t as kind to her as he used to be.

She could tell almost immediately that Elder Zhong knew that she was not his own granddaughter.

If this was not the case, Elder Zhong would not have treated her in this manner.

But clearly, at that time, both Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhenting had agreed that they would hide it from the others.

How did Elder Zhong know about it?

“What’s wrong?” Elder Zhong put down his chopsticks, “Not to taste?”

Ying Yuexuan shook her head, “No.”

“Maybe she’s just returned from abroad and is a bit unaccustomed to it.” Ying Tianru didn’t notice anything unusual about Ying Yuexuan, he thought for a moment, “Grandpa, is Ziggy still in Qingzhi?”

“What do you want?” Elder Zhong snorted coldly, “I can tell you, she doesn’t want to see you and you shouldn’t bother her.”

“Grandpa, I don’t mean that.” Ying Tianru smiled helplessly, “Mum has gone too far, I have to make up for it.”

“No need.” Elder Zhong waved his hand, “Ziggy gave me the word that she’s comfortable without seeing you guys.”

Ying Yuexuan didn’t say anything, still looking down and picking at her food, a little ashamed of what she had just thought.

Ying Zidian was the true daughter of the Ying family, and she was a turtledove.

How could she have thought that? It was so wrong.

Ying Yuexuan raised her head, hesitated for a moment and called out, "Brother."

Ying Tianru was thinking of a solution when he turned his head at the words, "What's wrong?"

"I'm actually... .." Ying Yuexuan pursed her lips, "It's nothing, I just have an upset stomach, I'm going to the washroom."

She swallowed the words "I'm not actually kissing your sister".

She was afraid that if Ying Tianru knew about it, he wouldn't be so nice to her.

** On the other side.

On the other side.

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows and trailed off: "Your brother?"

Ying Ziyi also followed his example and leaned against the railing, looking up at the sky, her whole body looking lazy.

The sunlight fell on her almost transparent skin, gathering a faint layer of gold.

"Hmm." She laid the cards in front of him, "Draw then, brother."

Fu Yunshen's hand lurched.

Her voice clearly did not rise and fall, it was still the usual cool, clear voice, as if it was just a casual kick.

But it was like a feather that floated around on the tip of his heart, tugging at his heartstrings.

It was as if a gentle breeze was blowing in her ears, carrying with it a faint surge of air that tickled her.

This was the first time she had ever, officially, called him that.

It was extremely powerful.

Fu Yunshen clenched his fist against his lips and coughed lightly: “Yaoyao, that’s too much.”

“Excessive?” Ying Ziji turned her head, pondered for two seconds, and then realized, “You can’t.”

“?”

“Just one scream and you can’t do it, you’ll be even more unable to do it later.”

Fu Yunshen’s eyes gradually darkened, his eyes were as deep as the sea: “In the future?”

“Well, it depends on the mood, maybe I’ll call again later, you get used to it.” Ying didn’t say anything else, still two words, “Draw cards.”

“.....”

Fu Yunshen pressed his head, realising that he and his little friend’s brain circuits were no longer on the same line.

He was the beast.

He raised his hand, and chose three cards.

Ying Ziji flipped over the cards and fell into silence for the first time.

Even when she was counting Norton's goings-on, she hadn't felt any resistance.

But this time it was just a small matter of counting on Fu Yunshen, and the resistance was huge.

Fu Yunshen looked at the three blank cards in her hand and raised an eyebrow, "Yao Yao, where did you buy them online, you've been cheated, he didn't even draw the pattern for you."

Ying put away the cards with a blank face, "It doesn't count."

"Hmm?"

"Don't talk to me, don't want to talk to you right now."

"....."

**

After the college entrance exams were over, the final exams were held separately for the first and second years of high school.

After the exams, summer vacation officially began.

But since it was a prospective senior year, sophomore year needed to make up another month of classes.

This time, the final exams were held without Ying Ziyang, so the results of the Talent Class were then converted.

Zhong Zhiyan was also back at the top of the grade.

However, she received much less attention than usual. The campus forum was basically about Ying Yuexuan, who had just returned, and Ying Zidian, who had been sitting on the godhead.

“Ying Dad, a lot of people are guessing why you’re not taking the exams anymore.” Xiu Yu looked at the post, “Tch, there are actually people who think you cheated, I think they all have fish memories and forgot about that open quiz.”

Jiang Yan took a sip of cola and sneered, “Whoever questions it, then put them in a sack and beat them up.”

Ying raised his eyes, “Feet.”

Jiang Yan shut up.

He didn’t know what his mother had said to their class father that caused him to be regulated to death now.

“Ying Dad, what are you doing?” Xiu Yu came over, “Painting?”

“Hmm.” Ying nodded, “Design it.”

She had nothing else to do, so she was designing some clothes for a clothing company under First Light Media and sending them to a design competition in O-continent.

Anyway, it would make money.

“I really didn’t believe that anyone could do it all before, until I met you, Ying Dad.” Xiu Yu sighed, “This gap between people, how come it’s so big.”

Ying Ziji casually drew with his brush as he casually replied, "Give you three hundred years to study, you'll know it all too."

"....." Xiu Yu choked out, "No no, I still want to reincarnate early."

Originally she didn't have a good feeling about tutoring, but with Ying Ziguai around, she was certainly happy to come to school.

As if remembering something, Xiu Yu turned her head and looked at Jiang Yan, "Shouldn't you be going back to the imperial capital?"

"I don't want to." Jiang Yan slumped on the table, annoyed, "Let's talk about it next year."

The imperial capital was so chaotic, it was not as clean as here.

If he went back, he wouldn't be of much help.

**

After class, Ying Ziji went back to see Old Master Zhong.

Master Zhong also remembered something important: "Dickey, I don't think Tianru is that kind of person, do you think you should tell him what's going on?"

"No need." Ying Zidian held his pen without looking up, "There's no need."

It was hard to break off the cause and effect, but it was easy to get involved.

If she accepted Ying Tianru's compensation, she and the Ying family would have karma again.

“That’s fine.” Elder Zhong sighed, “Just leave the family’s affairs alone, but Tianru is a good boy.”

Ying Ziji stayed with Elder Zhong for two hours, and finished spending a draft by hand.

She picked it up and looked at it in the light, always finding it quite hard to read.

She rubbed the paper, threw it in the trash and went out of the study.

Only after Ying Zidian left did Zhong Zhiwei dare to come in.

She didn’t dare to cause any more trouble in the past few days, and she was so determined to please Master Zhong that she also took up the maid’s job, which finally made Master Zhong warm up to her.

“Grandpa, your rubbish here is full, let me help you take it out.”

Master Zhong answered indifferently.

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips, walked to the bin and squatted down, about to pick up the bag when she noticed a very crumpled piece of paper.

Her eyes glanced at it and saw a scrap of manuscript.

Boss Lady Chapter 195-196

Chapter 195

It was a design for a dress.

It came with matching jewellery.

A tiara, earrings, necklace, bracelet, anklet, plus rings.

It looked a lot and cumbersome, but it didn't make it feel cumbersome.

Zhong Zhiyan's eyes were glued to the sheet of paper.

She had never seen such a well-developed design before.

Although she hadn't graduated from high school yet, she had been to many parties.

Every time she finished choosing her dress, she had to go and choose the jewellery to go with it, and sometimes the jewellery would be difficult to choose because of the colour and style of the dress.

Sometimes it was difficult to choose jewellery because of the colour and style of the dress. Even a slight mistake in choosing would make it look out of place.

Zhong Zhiyan has also studied design.

After all, Jade Zhai was the first industry of the Zhong Group, and she was going to enter the Zhong Group in the future, so she could not convince the public without knowing design.

So she could tell that the design of this design was perfect.

Even those patterns on the gown had been delicately drawn out.

If such a gown could really be made, it would definitely be able to cause a sensation in the design world.

It should be that the Zhong Group is going to hire a new spokesperson for Jade Zhai and got the designer to draw the diagram.

There have been many designers in the past, and Zhong Zhiyan has followed them, but none of the drawings were as good as this one, even skin deep.

But it was such a perfect design that had been thrown away just like that.

But Zhong Zhiyan could understand.

The better the designer, the more perfect he is.

If a stroke was not good enough, it would be scrapped and started again.

However, Zhong Zhiyan was not interested in this design, she was still in school and the matter of Jadeite Zhai was not her concern.

She just looked at it and then withdrew her gaze.

After greeting Master Zhong again, Zhong Zhiyan carried the rubbish bag outside and threw it in the big bin outside the iron gate.

She went back to continue her studies and just happened to bump into Mu Shenzhou who had returned from outside in the courtyard.

In the past few days, Mu Shenzhou had been leaving early and returning late, without asking her to follow him, not knowing what he was doing.

Zhong Zhiyan guessed that it should be something to do with the imperial capital.

Mu Shenzhou had been thinking about something, so he didn't see Zhong Zhiwen.

He frowned tightly, obviously having encountered a problem.

“Shenzhou, what’s wrong with you?” Knowing that this was a good time to strike up a relationship, Zhong Zhiyan greeted, “Did something happen?”

“Ah, Zhiyan.” Only then did Mu Shenzhou wake up from his own thoughts, he was still gentle with Zhong Zhiyan, so he casually mentioned, “There’s a clothing design company over at my mother’s house, something happened and there are no suitable designs.”

He didn’t say much, and went into the villa.

Mu Shenzhou had been living in the Zhong family for almost a month now, and according to Mrs. Zhong’s instructions, Zhong Zhiyan had learned a lot about what was going on in the imperial capital.

Although Mu Shenzhou’s mother, Mrs. Mu, was not comparable to the Mu family, her background was not low either.

The 13th ranked clothing industry in China was run by Madam Mu’s family.

Only that Madam Mu’s family did not focus on this clothing design company, but more on electronic products.

Design drawings?

Zhong Zhiyan suddenly thought of the scrap she had just seen, and her heart thumped.

She ran back and found the design in the big bin outside before she let out a sigh of relief.

It was a discard, so that meant it was unwanted.

She could use it for a while, so it was fine.

It was worth it to get the attention of the Mu family in exchange for a discarded draft.

Anyway, it was also a designer hired by Zhong's group, so it was considered their own.

When the time came, she would give a word to Master Zhong, who wouldn't blame her.

**

The room.

"Hey, mum, I've contacted all the designers on this side of Shanghai City as well, and they're still not qualified." Mu Shenzhou sighed, "It's not like you don't know how high the vision of those professors from the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau is."

"If you don't have something new to say, you won't even get into the preliminary rounds, let alone win a prize."

Mrs. Mu naturally knew: "It's not easy to find them in the imperial capital either, all the top designers have been invited long ago, forget it, let's see, if it doesn't work out, we'll have to stop participating."

The Royal Academy of Arts is not just a university, it is also the world's art hall.

Quite a few international competitions are organised by the Royal Academy of Arts in o Continent.

Including this time's costume design competition.

If they could win the competition, their company would be able to come to the fore.

They had participated in previous competitions, but they had all stopped at the final.

But this is the only one that is special, because this time there is no theme and the designers are allowed to create whatever they want.

Instead, the difficulty was even higher.

“There are still a few days left, I’ll look for more.” Mu Shenzhou said, “Mum, you shouldn’t just focus on the top designers either, go to the small shops, you might be able to come across them.”

Mrs. Mu didn’t think she could find a designer this way at all, and didn’t nod her head.

After Mu Shenzhou hung up the phone, he thought for a moment and prepared to call an aristocrat he knew abroad.

There was a knock on the door at that moment.

He put down his phone and turned his head: “The door is unlocked, come in.”

Zhong Zhiyan cautiously walked in, “Shenzhou, not disturbing you, right?”

“No.” Although annoyed, good cultivation kept Mu Shenzhou from losing his temper, “Is there something wrong?”

“Just now I heard you say something about not having the right design.” Zhong Zhiyan put her hand behind her back and squeezed the paper tightly, hesitating for a long time before handing it over, “What do you think about this?”

Mu Shenzhou originally did not have any hopes, so he just took a casual look.

When he looked at it, his gaze froze.

He immediately took the design over and looked at it for a full three minutes before raising his head, his tone unable to hide his excitement, "Which designer drew this?"

Zhong Zhiyan did not expect him to react so strongly, and her fingers squeezed again, apprehensive: "Why, I just drew it casually because I had nothing to do."

"You drew it?" Mu Shenzhou's expression took on a serious look for a few moments, remembering that Zhong Zhiyan had Chinese painting skills at her disposal.

And this set of design drawings also used some Chinese painting materials.

Mu Shenzhou couldn't help but sigh in admiration, "Zhiyan, then you are really a genius."

At such a young age, you were so talented in design.

"It's nothing." Zhong Zhiyan smiled, "I was watching you get anxious and see if I could help you, it's good if I can."

"Can, too much can." Mu Shenzhou said, picking up the phone, "I'll talk to my mother's side."

With a design, making the costume was going to be much easier.

**

First Light Media, Shanghai City Branch.

After throwing away ten scrap drafts, Ying finally drew a design she was quite satisfied with.

She had only studied oil painting under Chino Feng before, but had never been involved in costume design.

There were four outfits on this one design.

Two dresses and two trouser suits.

It was a purely oriental style and looked very original.

The female secretary picked up the design and looked at it, and it dawned on her, "Boss, you designed this using the four divine beasts?"

"Mm." Ying Zigui opened the computer, "From left to right, Vermilion Bird, Xuanwu, Green Dragon and White Tiger."

"That's awesome." The female secretary marvelled, "This subject matter has been used by quite a few designers, but it's not as good as what you've drawn, boss."

Just looking at this design, it was as if she could see what these four divine beasts from ancient Chinese mythology looked like.

When comparing the designs sent up from below the company, they looked somewhat inadequate.

The female secretary rubbed her head, "Boss, how did you think of designing the clothes yourself?"

"Money."

"....."

The female secretary was confused for a moment.

Then she took out the paperwork and looked at the awards for the competition.

For the first place, there was one million dollars.

But for the designer, the money in the award was not the most important thing, what was important was the popularity, and the future offers from major brands.

The female secretary was puzzled: "Boss, our company is not poor, it's quite rich, why do you have to do it yourself just for a million dollars?"

Ying Zigui raised her head and asked in a serious manner, "Would anyone mind having more money?"

The female secretary: "....."

Not really.

She could not wait for the money to bury her.

"Then I'll have the branch over there rush to make these four costumes." The female secretary nodded, "The materials will definitely be of the finest quality, and also go order diamonds."

To take first place in the costume design competition held by the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau, it was not enough just to have the designs.

The design concept, the intention and the model that will walk the stage at the end are all missing.

"Boss, this pattern is quite nice." The female secretary noticed that each outfit vendor had a cluster of patterns, some on the cuffs and some on the collar, "But I don't get it, does it mean something?"

Ying raised an eyebrow slightly, "You're quite perceptive."

She took a red marker from the side and casually traced those floral patterns on the paper again.

With the red outline, the female secretary could see it clearly now.

She hesitated for a moment and said with some uncertainty, "Is this a 'charm' character?"

Chapter 196

"Well, seal script." Ying Zigui put his hand on his chin, "You can use it as a security mark."

The female secretary understood.

Generally speaking, designers would leave little eggs in their designs that only the designer himself could understand.

There used to be a designer who specifically embroidered words on the garments he designed.

But normally it was not visible, and the words only glowed when it was completely dark.

The female secretary was still curious: "Why the word 'charm'?"

It didn't seem to have anything to do with the design theme of the four outfits.

"It's a random name I've come up with before." Ying Ziji slowly stretched out, and his tone of voice added a bit of low mute, "Use it, don't think too much about it."

The female secretary had the good sense not to ask again, "Boss, are you going to attend the show then?"

“No need.” Ying Ziyi yawned, “Just find someone to replace you.”

The female secretary was already used to her boss’s personality: “Then the designer’s name will be the word ‘charm’?”

The entry still needed to be marked.

“You see to it.” Ying Zidian nodded slightly, “I’ll read the script for a while.”

The female secretary went down.

After a while, there was another knock on the door.

Ying Zidian didn’t look up, he was still looking at the computer: “Come in.”

The door opened and Shang Yaozhi walked in, still fully armed.

He stood hesitantly, suddenly not knowing what to call him.

Up to now, Shang Yaozhi hadn’t been able to understand why Ying Zigui had become the executive director of Primeval Light Media all of a sudden.

As if she could see through his inner tangle, the girl lifted her eyelids, “Call it whatever you like, it’s just a code name, it’s not a problem.”

“Miss Ying.” Shang Yaozhi paused before continuing, “I’m here to tell you that before I left Star Entertainment, I also made a drama that will be broadcast soon.”

“I know.” Ying Ziyi looked up, “A Republican drama, Star Entertainment let you bring in the company’s female stars, and made a point of firing up the cp.”

Shang Yaozhi sighed with a faint bitter smile, "It's like that, so I was wondering if it would bring trouble to the company."

Ever since he had won the film award, he had been approached with more scripts.

His agent said that since he was determined to enter the film industry, he would have to do fewer dramas.

But both he and his agent are under the control of Star Entertainment.

With his family around again, he has to do whatever Star Entertainment tells him to do.

So whether he was doing films or dramas, or was occasionally asked to be a mentor on variety shows, he was asked by Star Entertainment to always bring other stars from the company.

Before this drama, he was also invited to be a mentor for the singing and writing group of Youth 101.

Under his group, there was a trainee from Star Entertainment.

Only this trainee was so bad that even though Star Entertainment moved during the fan voting, they still couldn't send this trainee to debut in the end.

And this time, because of the forced cp firing, his fans were deeply tortured.

"It's no trouble." Ying Ziyi blandly, "You're an A-list signing, the company was originally going to take care of everything for you, don't worry, several TV stations are buying that drama of yours, as well as video platforms."

"If you do a conservative calculation, there's a few tens of millions, it's not a loss."

This is the appealing power of the top stream movie emperor.

Not to mention, because of what happened a while ago, Shang Yaozhi's popularity had gone up another level, and his fans were united like never before.

Shang Yaozhi nodded, and after thinking about it, he added, "Miss Ying, quite a few people in the circle have asked me about who the divine doctor I met is, but I haven't said anything."

"I heal people, depending on fate." Ying Ziji's eyes moved slightly, "If there is a destiny, I will meet them all."

Although Shang Yaozhi thought it was ridiculous to bring the dead back to life, it did happen.

What's more, everyone in the entertainment industry believes in it more or less.

He felt that Ying Ziyi had saved him from life and death, and must have paid the price associated with it.

"Not bad." Ying Ziji gave him a look, "You're better to save."

Saving an ordinary person was still something she was comfortable with, as long as his longevity hadn't run out.

"Then thank you in advance, Miss Ying." Shang Yaozhi nodded, "If there's anything I can order, I will do it."

"There is one." Ying Ziyi mused, "The company has a series of clothes, two for men, and I need you to promote it then, but seeing as you, are not forced to."

"Small matter." Shang Yaozhi smiled, "As I said, if Miss Ying needs anything, just mention it, as long as I can do it."

After he exited, he met with his agent.

The agent was busy welcoming him, "Yaozhi, how did it go, did you meet the executive director of the first transmission?"

"Yes." Shang Yaozhi didn't intend to reveal Ying's identity either, "How did it go after your small number infiltrated the fan base?"

He really couldn't understand why he was a big man and why 80% of his fans would be mum fans.

The agent's expression stiffened at the mention of this.

He let out a sigh and took out his phone, "It's not much use, look at it yourself."

Shang Yaozhi clicked on it and once again saw a screen full of cubs: "....."

**

Qing Zhi.

Ying Yuexuan was originally from the class of excellence.

After going to o continent as an exchange student for a year, she would still go to class 19 when she returned.

"Ying Yuexuan, the female Yuexuan." The classmates all greeted her, "You've been away this year, we kinda miss you."

Ying Yuexuan was always sensitive, so she naturally noticed the change in the way her classmates addressed her.

She was puzzled, but didn't put much thought into it.

She took out the gifts she had prepared and distributed them.

The classmates were all very happy when they received the gifts.

The boy at the table saw that Ying Yuexuan was writing and drawing in her book. Curiously, he asked, "Yuexuan, what is this?"

"The study materials I brought back from Yilan Public School, I'm going to give a copy to my sister." Ying Yuexuan smiled, "But it's all in English and my sister can't read it, so I'm translating it."

The moment these words came out, the entire classroom fell silent.

All eyes, with a few moments of surprise, were focused.

Ying Yuexuan froze, "What's wrong? Is there something wrong?"

"Yuexuan, there's no need." A classmate said, "Ying Zidian doesn't need this."

"What are you talking about laughing." Ying Yuexuan frowned, "It's because she needs them that I brought them back."

If Ying Zidian's academic performance could go up, Zhong Manhua wouldn't be so paranoid.

Zhong Zhiyan laughed and didn't remind her, but her words contained a bit of sarcasm: "Why did I hear that she has moved out of your house? Do you still treat her as your own sister?"

However, she was so concerned that she didn't know that Ying Zidian was the top student in the mid-term exams?

She quite despised Ying Yuexuan.

Master Zhong's heart was so biased, and Ying Yuexuan didn't even react.

She doesn't expect Ying Yuexuan to do anything, she has to do it herself.

When she gets involved with the Mu family, her status will also rise.

**

The make-up day was joyful for the students of Class 19 because it meant that they could listen to Ying Zigu's lectures more.

In this final exam, Class 19 also broke into the top six, making the head teacher happy to have an extra bun.

Ying Zidian got off the podium and wiped his hands.

"Ying Dad, are we going out for a get-together tonight?" Xiu Yu took her by the shoulders, "There's nothing to do anyway."

"I can't today." Ying Ziji picked up his school bag, put one hand in his pocket and nodded slightly, "I'll go and deliver a medicine."

Even though Fu Yunshen's wounds healed faster than anyone else's, being strong and healthy was not bad at all.

She knew that Fu Yunshen did not live in the Fu family either, but in a private flat in the city centre.

It was not far from Qingzhi. Twenty minutes away.

Although it was a private flat, the security system was tight and there were many celebrities here.

Fu Yunshen gave her an access card to facilitate her entry.

Ying scanned the surroundings, went inside the door of the flat and did the lift up.

She opened the door with the key, put her school bag on the sofa and went to the bedroom inside.

The door to the bedroom is open.

The man is half leaning against the wall, his mobile phone in his hand, his head inclined to look out of the window, on the phone.

The side of his face is handsome, the wind and the look of clarity.

He tends to be gentle, even with a cat and a dog, and he is patient enough to bandage their wounds.

It was hard to imagine that someone who had been through a long darkness could still be so gentle.

But at this time, a bitter aura of murderousness surrounded him, wrapped in hostile intent.

The peach blossom eyes, which had always been curved, were now also coated with a layer of frost.

It was as if the blade was refined in the fire, stern and dazzling, ready to cut down at any moment.

Just standing there, it was like a lofty mountain, extremely oppressive.

Ying Ziji knew he should be busy with something, and her hand paused, ready to withdraw.

But then she heard a word, very clearly, coming out of that ancient black mobile phone.

It would have been hard not to hear it.

“Sir, the ibi side is starting to recruit, are you really not going to come and have a look?”

Boss Lady Chapter 197-198

Chapter 197

“The agents who have come in over the past few years have never even met you, sir, and are quite curious to see just how fierce you are, sir.”

The International Bureau of Investigation, ibi, was established quite early, with the basic structure in place at the beginning of the twentieth century, but it was still only a prototype.

It wasn't until the second half of the twentieth century, when the Internet emerged, that ibi was completely in the public eye.

However, because of the lack of elite staff, ibi did not have a high level of prestige.

It took another twenty years, thanks to the tireless efforts of many of the founding fathers, for the ibi to achieve the prestige it enjoys today.

There are quite a few investigation bureaus, and only one that can be called international.

But after so many years, the patriarchs have all grown old, and there is no way to keep running it even if they wanted to.

So three years ago, there was an unprecedented riot at ibi.

There were many factions in ibi, from all countries, all at the elite level.

At that level, it was difficult to convince anyone to get on board.

So ibi is on the verge of splitting, and once it does, the General Bureau of International Investigations will cease to exist and the darkness that is hidden will be exposed.

The patriarchs had a headache, but there was nothing they could do.

Until two years ago, a man came to ibi.

Very young, only twenty years old.

With a thunderous hand and a murderous force, he cleaned up all the rebellious forces in the ibi.

Reorganised the shattered situation and made it even more ironclad than before.

Unbelievable.

After that, the patriarchs were able to retire and transfer the power.

It was also during these two years that the ibi's reputation grew once again, putting all evil forces to shame.

Anyone who was on the ibi's most wanted list was basically untouchable.

Whether it's the big plutocrats of the O Continent, the top families in the Imperial City, or other international powers, no one would be unaware that the ibi has a new chief.

He did not hold the position of director, but the director was also under him.

However, apart from the director and a limited number of detectives, no one else at ibi had ever met this officer.

Even if they had, they didn't know what he looked like.

Because every time he appeared in ibi, he was not his real face.

So according to their estimation, this officer is also a disguise master, just don't know if he is on the nok's disguise master list.

ibi recruits new agents every year, and the selection test is not as difficult as the Norton University exam.

There are quite a few psychology graduates from Norton University

Last year, their chief at least came up with a set of questions.

This year, the questions didn't even bother to come out and let them buy a set from Norton University.

But where is Norton University that it is so easy to give them logic questions that they have produced in-house?

They had to go on the nok forum and post a reward post.

As a result, another Inspector's story got out, and the forum's bigwigs were excited to discuss it for a long time.

The first thing Fu Yunshen heard was not the words coming out of his old black phone, and he turned his head.

He turned his head and met the girl's eyes.

He, Fu Yunshen, was slightly stunned, obviously not expecting her to come at this time.

He hung up the phone in his hand before walking over to the table and picking up the old-fashioned big brother.

"Then you show them the lions in the animal world." Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes narrowed and changed to a cynical tone, lazy, "I'm a bit more handsome and fierce than a lion, and probably a bit more powerful."

The detective on the other end of the phone: "....."

He, for one, shouldn't hold out any hope.

Fu Yunshen put both phones down before he walked towards the door.

The man's expression had not changed much, his eyebrows were scattered.

The same dude who was able to capture the attention of everyone in Shanghai when he stood on the street.

He is still the same fop who can grab everyone's attention in Shanghai.

Fu Yunshen leaned over slightly and also naturally took the medicine bottle from the girl's hand: "Don't want to ask anything?"

He would have defended himself against anyone.

But not her.

“Well-” Ying nodded slightly, “You see I have no power and no authority, what if he arrests us?”

“.....”

“Little friend, that’s too much again.” Fu Yunshen’s long, slender fingers flexed slightly and tapped her on the center of her forehead, “How come you usually don’t notice that your memory is still so good?”

The first time they met, he casually said a sentence, and he remembered it up to now?

“I do everything depending on my mood.” Ying yawned, unhurriedly, “How come there’s not much gossip about you in the nok forum.”

Because there are quite a few hunters on the list that are on ibi’s focus list.

As long as it’s not illegal, then it’s fine.

Otherwise there’s any kind of movement and ibi’s agents can fall from the sky.

The speed is the same as when you stick a straw in a cup of milk tea on the underground and before you can drink it, the staff come and stick a ticket on you.

So the hunters hate ibi, but sometimes they need its help.

They have no choice but to have fun with the Inspector’s gossip.

Fu Yunshen leaned across from her, his peach blossom eyes deep and glowing with a charming light.

The cold white skin against the scarlet lips, the two colours forming a great contrast, a seductive demon.

“No way.” He raised an eyebrow, “Cleanse yourself.”

“The medicine is for you, I’ll go back first.” Ying Ziyi didn’t ask any more questions and nodded, “Take care of your rest.”

“Yao Yao, there’s no rush.” Fu Yun Shen was thoughtful, the end of his eyes curved and he smiled, “It’s been a long time since I’ve seen uncle, I’ll see you off.”

**

Imperial Capital.

After Mrs. Mu got the design from Mu Shenzhou, she gave it to her mother’s family’s clothing company, Huaxiu.

Hua Xiu’s main focus was the ancient ink and water style, and this set of designs fit in well with Hua Xiu’s philosophy.

Madam Mu’s sister Ke Huizhu was the chairman of Hua Xiu and also a designer.

“Sister, who drew this?” Ke Huizhu sighed in admiration, “The design is just too bold, yet very clever, the drawing is very thick.”

“A thousand-year-old lady that Shenzhou knows in Shanghai City.” Mrs Mu sipped her tea lightly, “Not yet graduated from high school, not bad indeed.”

“A thousand-year-old lady from Shanghai City?” Ke Huizhu understood as soon as she heard it, “It seems that she wants to use this to please Shenzhou and hitch a ride with the Mu family.”

“How is that possible? Just let her think about it.” Madam Mu put her tea cup down, her words containing a bit of contempt, “The only ones who can compare with the Mu family are those three families of the Nie family, the others are not worthy at all.”

The Mu family had a history of several hundred years and had been firmly rooted during the imperial dynasty, so how could it be compared to those up-and-comers?

Madam Mu had never met Zhong Zhiyan, but she had spent so much time in the gentry, how could she not know what Zhong Zhiyan was thinking?

From her point of view, even if Zhong Zhiyan is outstanding, her background is not good enough for her.

What she could give to Zhong Zhiyan was just to put her name on this fashion design competition.

She would not give her anything else.

Mu Shenzhou was her son, and she believed that he understood these principles.

“That is.” Ke Huizhu smiled, “Sister, in this generation of the Mu family, Shenzhou is considered excellent, if you want to inherit the Mu family in the future, but you should choose a good marriage partner.”

Madam Mu rose gracefully, “The design is available, I’ll go back first.”

“Good, sister, thank you so much this time.” Ke Huizhu looked at the design and wrinkled her brows again, “But I feel like this should be a series of dresses only.”

“Shenzhou said she drew it in her free time, it’s good to have a set.” Mrs. Mu didn’t care, “But this set, it’s also enough to overpower the group.”

“That too.” Ke Huizhu nodded, “Sometimes inspiration is like that, maybe if you continue to paint, you’ll ruin the previous designs instead.”

**

o this year’s costume design competition held by the Royal College of Arts on the Continent, the participating designers as well as companies have to send their designs to the official email address first.

After the judges have seen them, the show will be held.

The show is scheduled for the end of July, twenty days from now.

That’s plenty of time to prepare.

However, the fashion design competition has been held for several years now, and each time only a few top designers in the industry have won.

The judges are able to tell from the style of the design which designer’s work it is.

Today, however, a design had caught the attention of all the judges.

There were four designs in total, each with a dress on it.

None of the judges had seen such a novel design before, especially the pattern construction on the dresses, which was really ingenious.

“First Light Media.” The woman next to her was surprised, “I remember this company, they didn’t win in the previous editions, but they were all four or five, very impressive.”

Being able to stand out from so many companies around the world, First Light Media’s designs had always been not bad.

“But this yippee their designs are so good.” Another judge nodded, “I don’t know which designer was hired, I don’t know if I can get first place, but second is definitely secure.”

“The designer’s name says charm.” The woman thought for a moment, “Never heard of it, it should be a new designer, we must pay special attention to it when the time comes.”

Several of the judges marked this one design and put it away carefully before they started to go through the next ones.

Only, with the one sent by First Light Media in front of them, the ones that followed were all missing something, nothing that stood out from the crowd.

Even the few top designers that the judges were already familiar with.

“Hua Xiu.” The woman glanced at the company name first, “I remember this company too, it goes for a purely oriental style, but in previous editions it was ranked outside the top fifteen, the designs weren’t original enough.”

She clicked her mouse and opened the attachment.

A draft of the design was displayed in front of the judges’ eyes.

Chapter 198

Each design is projected onto a curtain at the front.

The details are magnified for all the judges to see.

After this one design appeared, the judges just took a glance at it, and before they could examine it carefully, their expressions all changed and sank in an instant.

The set of four drawings sent over by Primeval Light Media was based on the four divine beasts of Eastern mythology.

The element of the four divine beasts was not uncommon, it was in every costume design competition, after all, there were many designers and companies from China.

But that was the only set that had left a lasting impression on them since the competition was established.

The judges were also all top designers within the design world with a venomous eye.

Even if there were differences between the design sent by Hua Xiu and Primeval Light Media, they would not be unable to see that the former had copied the latter, but none of the essence had been copied.

Not to mention, the original product was four sets of dresses, while Hua Xiu's design only had one set.

There have been many cases of plagiarism in this kind of design competition, but mostly from lesser-known designers.

There had never been a time when the plagiarism had directly copied another entry.

"This Hua Xiu, she has a lot of nerve." The woman sneered, slapping the table and standing up, "Is not sure how many pounds they have anymore, even the design of First Light Media dares to copy?"

In the past, although Primeval Media did not go through the top three, it had to leave behind Huaxiu, who was ranked fifteen places behind.

The two were not even in the same league.

However, if Primeval Light Media had not sent in that set of designs this time, Hua Xiu would definitely have been able to make it to the top three with this pair of designs.

The other judges also looked serious.

One of them asked, "Is the designer of Hua Xiu, related to the designer of First Light Media, a colleague?"

Otherwise, how could it be copied so similarly?

Even the patterns on the cuffs were exactly the same.

"Let me see." Another judge looked down, "The designer of the Chinese embroidery, signed underneath as 'Zhong Zhiwei', never heard of it, should also be a new designer, this age-"

His gaze shifted down and his expression changed again, "17 years old, it's reasonable to think that a designer of that age could not have such profound design skills."

Except for geniuses, of course.

It was just a pity that the design had been copied in the first place.

"There is no doubt that it was copied." The previous judge's face was ugly, "This kind of design would not even make it to the final round, and if word got out, it would really be a laughing stock."

What is the most taboo in the design world?

It's all about plagiarism.

As long as this word was branded, the designer's life would be over.

"Just send it back." One of the judges on the right also nodded, "Since Hua Xiu dared to use a plagiarized work this time, there is no guarantee that it will be used again next time."

"China Embroidery and its designers must be banned from future fashion design competitions!"

"No." The woman raised her hand to stop her, saying indifferently, "Since they are so bold to send up plagiarised works, they must be quite confident."

"At this point in time, the gowns should all have started to be made and the materials are all ready, we can't let them waste their efforts."

Hearing this from her, the other judges all looked over and were a little surprised, "What do you mean?"

The woman is thirty-six years old and her name is Martha Menuhin.

She is the youngest woman to have won one of the highest honours within the design world, and is also the head of the jury panel this time.

The big things, she was the one who had the say.

"I mean, let them go on to enter." Martha nodded, "Move an extra spot for the final so that the plagiarised entries don't take away from the other good ones."

"Don't you like plagiarism? Let this designer, Zhong Zhiwei, make a big fool of herself by copying in broad daylight."

Martha had no good feelings about plagiarism and hated it even more.

She had once had her work plagiarised by a classmate.

If she hadn't saved the bottom draft in advance, she would not only have been bitten back and thrown out of the design world.

She would also have had to watch the work that belonged to her, being stolen by someone else in exchange for unparalleled glory.

"Not a bad idea." One of the judges agreed, "It's also a wake-up call to other entrants to be able to put an end to this in the future."

After the panel of judges finished their discussion, they singled out Hua Xiu's design and went on to look at the other entries.

**

Three days later.

Ke Huizhu then received an invitation to the final.

Although this was not the first time Hua Xiu had received one, she was still excited.

She could conclude that with this pair of designs, Hua Xiu would be able to gain a firm foothold in the international design world, and the invitations would keep coming in the future.

"Mr Ke, don't you think that a high school student simply can't design such a diagram?" The special assistant on the side still couldn't hold back, "Moreover, this gown is actually still a bit flawed."

For example, the line was a little uneven in that part of the waistband.

"Well, I've checked, the style of this 'Vermilion Bird' doesn't belong to any famous designer." Ke Huizhu waved her hand, "If it was unknown, do you think he would have the strength to fight with Hua Xiu? Probably not even the cost to make this gown."

A casual payment for the sealing fee would be enough.

Although Hua Xiu wasn't a big top company, but it was still possible to block a small designer's path in the design world in the future.

The special assistant didn't dare to speak again.

"Even if something really goes wrong, there's still the designer to cover." Ke Huizhu was not impressed, "This kind of thing is not for us to worry about."

She cupped the invitation to the final, thought about it, and asked, "How is the production of the dresses coming along?"

"It's already halfway rushed." The special assistant was busy reporting, "According to your instructions, the materials used are of the finest quality, and the materials alone are worth three million."

After the dresses were made, they had to hire models.

Only then did Ke Huizhu's expression ease and she nodded, "Take me to have a look."

**

Hua Xiu specialised in providing custom-made clothes to small and medium-sized families in the imperial capital, so naturally it had a large factory.

After entering, Ke Huizhu went straight to the innermost part.

Inside, there were twelve designers and tailors working on this gift set.

One of the designers was frowning at the right sleeve of the gown with a difficult look.

“What’s wrong?” Ke Huizhu walked over, “Time is running out, don’t waste it.”

“Mr. Ke, I find this cluster of floral patterns a bit strange.” The designer said, “If you remove it, it doesn’t affect the whole, but when it’s removed, the gown won’t have that wow factor again.”

“Then leave it off.” Ke Huizhu gave him a strange look, “The design has already been handed in, and you can still change it?”

The designer swallowed back the words, “I think this cluster of patterns seems to form a word.”

“Get ready, you have eight more days.” Ke Huizhu clapped her hands, “In eight days, we’ll be trying on the models.”

**

Shanghai City.

First Light Media branch.

“Boss, the four sets of gowns you drew up have been made.” The female secretary placed the documents on the table with envy, “If they weren’t so expensive, I’d want to try them on too.”

“You like it?” Ying Ziji took the papers and flipped through them, “When the show is over, you can pick a set to take away.”

The female secretary was about to be ecstatic, but then she heard the next sentence.

“The cost of the materials will be deducted from your salary.”

“.....”

“Then it’s better to forget it.” The female secretary was heartbroken to the core, “My monthly salary is not enough to buy a sleeve.”

If the design alone is not enough, the material used to make the garment is also of paramount importance.

Otherwise, not only would the beauty of the design not be felt, but it would look vulgar and unpleasant.

“These two sets, for Xie Manyu.” Ying Ziji mused, “She can hold up, the other two sets for Shang Yaozhi.”

This set of dresses with mythological elements, of which ‘Vermilion Bird’ and ‘White Tiger’ were for women, and ‘Green Dragon’ and ‘White Tiger’ were for men.

Xie Manyu is a double-golden film queen under First Light Media, and at thirty-two years old, she is in the prime of her actress life.

Although the flow of post-95 and post-00 young flowers is greater, the momentum is not enough.

“Okay, Queen Xie is flying back from abroad the day after tomorrow.” The female secretary nodded her head, “Emperor Shang Film has also just finished promoting ‘Pink Makeup Spy’.”

‘Pink Make-up Spy Shadow’ was the last drama Shang Yaozhi made for Starlight Entertainment.

It was obvious from the name that it was a drama with a big female lead, which showed how hard Star Entertainment sucked blood.

But bloodsucking is bloodsucking, the drama’s plot and characters are on line, or else it wouldn’t have made it to the stars.

The female secretary headed out with her ipad, still following the hot news.

“Boss, this gown” she suddenly paused, “how come it looks so much like ours?”

She rejoined her desk and handed over the ipad in her hand, on the screen was a tweet.

[@LuoZiYuev: Haven’t been out for a while, giving you a sneak peek at the material.]

Boss Lady Chapter 199-200

Chapter 199

Two pictures were paired below.

One shows Luo Ziyue standing by the lake, the breeze blowing her long hair.

The other is under a tree, her fiery red dress set against green branches and leaves, the colours are distinct.

Although Luo Ziyue hasn’t been seen on Weibo much for over a month, there has been a lot of marketing and fluff from her team.

It’s either a racy press or a pull-stomp, and both male and female celebrities can’t escape.

Some netizens also know that Luo Ziyue is able to debut from Youth 101 with a golden master behind her, but most passersby don’t care.

They go on Weibo just to read the news or to find a bit of gossip for fun.

Fans poured in first under this Weibo post.

[Crap crap crap, I'm dying madly, Zi Yue's outfit is too too good looking!

[I've never seen this style of outfit before, is Ziyue going to some kind of party?

The dress has something to do with the Vermillion Bird, a divine beast from classical mythology, right? It's really beautiful.

Most netizens didn't know who Luo Ziyue was, but they were also drawn to these two photos.

Soon, a hot search was topping the list.

#Luo Ziyue, Vermilion Bird Dress

But the hotness wasn't too high, reaching the 18th position.

But with Hua Xiu's push, the heat was still rising.

Hua Xiu originally planned to hire a professional model, but chose Luo Ziyue in order to open up awareness.

Black and red is still red anyway, they don't care.

When she saw Luo Ziyue's Weibo post, the female secretary's first thought was that someone within the company had leaked the design, but on second thought it was impossible.

But if it hadn't leaked, how come the dress on Luo Ziyue looked so much like the one they had made, and it was all related to the vermilion bird.

“Boss, something is not good.” The female secretary’s expression paled for a few moments, “We also have a publicity campaign behind us, but how come it’s late, if after Emperor Shang and Queen Xie’s Weibo post, I’m afraid they’ll be said to have plagiarised.”

Ying Ziji slowly closed his eyes.

At the end of her eyes, a faint white mist gathered and then dispersed.

After a long time, she opened her eyes and said indifferently, “No, proceed as planned.”

“Good.” The female secretary nodded, “The PR department is standing by.”

Hua Xiu wanted to send out the gown to create momentum before she attended the finals, but First Light Media didn’t need to.

After Luo Ziyue wore that gown, the sense of awe was strong.

But when compared to the four gowns produced by First Light Media, it fell straight down a notch.

Besides, how could a star who had only made her debut for a short time compare to a movie star or a movie queen?

The female secretary left the office with confusion.

Ying Ziji leaned back in her swivel chair and twirled her pen, thinking that she was still too lazy.

The last time she was on Earth, she had also thrown her unsatisfactory ancient martial arts manuals into the rubbish, and no one had picked them up.

Oh, dress design and ancient martial arts secrets are not the same.

In the latter case, no one could read what she had written.

I'll keep it in my pocket for Dudu as a cushion, but I won't throw it away.

**

Qingzhi, Class of Excellence.

Zhong Zhiyan looked at the message Mu Shenzhou sent her, and the excitement inside her heart could not be calmed down.

Her fingers trembled as she sent back a message.

【Thank you for me, I will definitely go there on time.

A minute later, Mu Shenzhou's side sent another WeChat.

[Don't be nervous, my mum has already prepared your dress, when the time comes, you only need to go through the motions and attend the award ceremony.

Zhong Zhiyan's breathing was unsteady.

Madam Mu must have gotten some inside information to know that she would definitely win the award.

All her efforts had not been in vain.

Zhong Zhiyan put her phone back into her desk, stood up and walked up to the podium, patting the table, "To everyone, I'm going to take a few days off, so during the days I'm not here, the deputy class president will be acting for all the affairs."

Hearing this, the students were inevitably a little curious.

Zhong Zhiyan had never been absent from school, and she would come to school even if she was sick.

This was the first time she had to take a leave of absence.

“You guys don’t know about this, do you?” The girl at the same table as Zhong Zhiyan was excited, “Did you guys read that Weibo post that Luo Ziyue posted in the morning?”

“That dress she’s wearing is designed by Zhiyan, and now she’s going to the finals over in o-continent, so of course Zhiyan, as the designer, is going to be there.”

The students in the class were taken aback.

Those who made it into the Talented Class were all proud children of the sky.

But before the entrance exams, everyone’s attention was focused on their studies and their interests would be put aside.

I didn’t expect Zhong Zhiyan to be able to hold the top spot in her grade while also winning awards in clothing design.

“Zhiyan, you’re too good, a goddess is a goddess, strong in everything.”

“There will be a live broadcast of the final by then, right? Let’s watch it together and cheer you on.”

Ying Yuexuan, who was still writing and drawing, raised her head, bewildered: “Zhiyan, when did you learn design? You don’t know how to design, how come you’re still competing?”

The voices in the class gradually stopped.

The classmates looked at each other in disbelief.

Zhong Zhiyan was first choked and a little annoyed.

She was most annoyed with Ying Yuexuan for looking like this and not being able to speak.

Then Zhong Zhiyan's expression cooled down and added a bit of mockery to her words: "You've been in O Chau for a year, didn't you also start doing some scientific research? Cousin doesn't understand the truth that a person should be treated with respect when they are separated for three days?"

"Yes, yes." Some students agreed, "Zhiyan will design, Yuexuan, you know how to do research, unlike Ying Zidian, she knows everything"

Before she could say the word "all", she was interrupted by Ying Yuexuan in an angry tone, "Everyone's situation is different, what does it matter if your sister doesn't know anything, she's still young, there are still many opportunities behind her."

She stood up, clutching her book, "I'm going to class 19 to deliver something to my sister."

**

Ying Zigui was not in class 19.

She had privileges with the headmaster, and the other students knew it.

The headmaster was also generous, and whoever could do the paper of the Talented class to get full marks in the exam was free to do as they pleased.

But after senior year, it was the uniform mock exam paper, which was taken almost once a week.

Knowing this, Ying applied to the headmaster that it would be better for her to take the senior exams directly.

Once a week, her hands were going to be gone.

There is an ancient street on this side of Shanghai, which has preserved some ancient buildings and is now a tourist attraction.

But on a weekday afternoon, and with the sun shining heavily, there weren't particularly many people.

Fu Yunshen looked sideways at the girl next to him, his eyelashes twitched, "Yao Yao, after a while, do you want to go out and play?"

Ying Ziji took a bite of her cone: "Where to?"

"Well..." Fu Yunshen pondered for a moment and smiled, "It's kind of a fun place, you should like it."

Ying Ziyi nodded, "Go on then."

Fu Yunshen smiled, the ends of his eyes raised, "You're so quick to agree, aren't you afraid I'll sell you?"

"Not afraid, I should sell you."

"?"

Ying Zidian turned her head and examined him for a few seconds: "Good looks, good body, good nature, many famous ladies want it, auction it off to the high bidder."

She could earn a lot of money.

“Yoyo, no conscience.” Fu Yun Shen leaned back, after a low laugh, faint, “One thing wrong, bad nature.”

“I think it’s quite good.” As if she remembered something, Ying took out a box of sunscreen from her backpack, “I improved it, I haven’t had anyone try it yet.”

The tone was still very calm, the voice was cool, with little emotion.

But in the human ear, it carried a few moments of desire.

“Brother try it?”

“.....”

**

This time the venue for the final is inside the Assembly Hall of the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau.

The final was scheduled for July 23rd, starting at 7pm.

So in the afternoon of that day, after discussion between First Light Media and the judges of the Royal Academy of Arts, it was finally decided that there would be one set of dresses for each gender.

But for some reason, no matter what the men’s dresses were, the women’s dresses had to be the “Vermilion Bird” dresses.

Hua Xiu had already made the judges very unhappy by sending out the dresses in advance.

Usually you can’t send out your entry until the competition is over.

[@ShangYaoZhiv: See you live tonight.

In less than a minute's time, the comments broke 10,000.

[I have to say, the resources of First Light Media are really too good, my brother this just got in and was able to go abroad, trash Star Entertainment.]

The first thing you need to do is to get a few more shots. I don't even have material to edit]

The actual fact is that you'll be able to get a lot more than just a couple of the actual actual actual actuality. We are mum fans in private, but on the surface we are girlfriend fans and wife fans, don't let Yao Zhi know.

The word "cub" is very sensitive to Shang Yaozhi and he saw it at once: "....."

The first time I saw it, I saw it.

After Shang Yaozhi's side finished tweeting, Xie Manyu followed suit under the arrangement of First Light Media.

[@XieManYuv: No nine-gallery, see you live tonight.

Xie Manyu has always kept a low profile, and although the traffic is not high, there are many die-hard fans.

[Yu Bao, you finally remembered your Weibo password.]

My sister is killing me with her energy, these eyes, this body, absolutely!

These two Weibo posts didn't even need to be promoted by the water army, and they quickly became a hot search.

The two tweets didn't even need to be promoted by the water army. The pattern is the same, right?

What is the situation? Xie Manyu is a movie queen, right? And a double gold, right? She's reached such a high level, she's not going to try to portray Ziyue, is she?

[That's a condescending tone, even a movie queen doesn't have to be so overbearing, right?

[Xie Manyu is a senior and a queen, Zi Yue is just a newcomer, but she sent this dress five days ago, please don't lower your status to portray [smile]]

Chapter 200

Xie Manyu is a child actress who started doing dramas when she was eight years old.

If you do the math, this is the twenty-fourth year of her debut.

Three years ago, she managed to become a film queen with the movie "Wordless Tablet".

And, it won both the Golden Flower Award and the Golden Rooster Award.

A film that sealed the deal.

In The Wordless Tablet, Xie Manyu plays the role of Wu Zetian, the empress of wu.

She plays the three important stages of adolescence, youth and old age, all by herself.

She plays the role of Wu Zetian with a sense of pride as a young girl and with a sense of grandeur once she has ascended to the throne.

The role is so deeply rooted in her heart that many fans still affectionately call her Her Majesty.

Luo Ziyue herself knows very well that her name and Xie Manyu put together is a moonrise bumper.

Even if she pulled and stepped on anyone, she wouldn't dare to pull and step on Xie Manyu.

But now the opportunity has come.

Originally, she hadn't worked for more than a month because of what happened in Hengdian Film City last time.

The young master from the imperial capital, whom she had been ingratiating herself with, had only recently contacted her and asked her to go over to O Chau to walk in a show.

Although she was not given any money, Luo Ziyue was willing to do so.

Who knew that fortune would not be on her side and Xie Man Yu would be wearing a replica version of the Zhuque dress.

“Quick, send out the circular.” Luo Ziyue was excited and grabbed her agent's hand, “Good chance, I can have heat again.”

Big stars bullying their juniors was always the netizens' favourite melon to eat.

As long as she used it well, she could totally step on Xie Mangyu and move up the ladder.

“Don't rush yet.” The agent frowned, “How many years has Xie Manyu been in the circle, can she not know how serious plagiarism is? It's not like this is an ordinary clash of shirts.”

Once compared to that picture of Xie Manyu, the picture Luo Ziyue posted five days ago was set off as a maid, no matter how finely retouched it was.

“Because of my low fame, Xie Man Yu only knows that I can’t defend my rights even if I copied it.” Luo Ziyue was not impressed, “Luckily we posted early this time, otherwise I would have had to be blocked.”

When the agent was about to say something else, Luo Ziyue smiled, “And Ke Shao said that it was designed by their family company.”

“No matter how high Xie Man Yu’s status is, it’s only in the entertainment industry, those broad youngsters wave their hands, no matter how high and mighty Xie Man Yu is, she still has to bow her head.”

Ke Shao, the nephew of Ke Manzhu, regularly adopted female celebrities, and Luo Ziyue was not the only one.

Luo Ziyue saw that her agent was still hesitating and got impatient: “I’ll do it myself.”

She first had her marketing number send out a circular about Xie Manyu bullying her, and sent out another Weibo post herself.

[@LuoZiYuev: I didn’t think I could get such high regard from seniors as a newcomer, but isn’t it too much for seniors to do this, I’m a newcomer and I can’t stand in the way of seniors [aggravation]]

When this tweet came out, Luo Ziyue’s fans got angry.

Most of these fans are also young in age, especially once they were stirred up again by the marketing number’s circular, they ran to Xie Man Yu’s Weibo to be gloomy.

“This Luo something, I’ve never even heard of it.” Xie Man Yu’s agent laughed in exasperation, “How can she have the nerve to say something like that?”

“It doesn’t matter.” Xie Man Yu shrugged, “I’ve been through more than this in my earlier years.”

“A love interest who is this mushy dares to step on you to get to the top.” The agent was angry, “I’ll arrange for a publicist first.”

He got up and went out, and came back a few minutes later, “Man Yu, the company said that the boss wants to respond for you. See if you want to respond yourself, or what.”

“To the company.” Xie Manyu didn’t hesitate in the slightest, “I won’t bother with what the company can do.”

The agent nodded and replied to the female secretary.

After the female secretary received the message, she said, “Boss, Queen Xie’s side said that you are fully in charge.”

Xie Manyu already had an independent studio.

Ying Ziyi took a look at it, retweeted Luo Ziyue’s Weibo, and posted a message.

[@chuguangmediav: lie aside, you don’t even deserve to be a stepping stone.]

The agent and Xie Manyu who saw the retweet: “???”

Their boss, a bit fierce and a bit protective.

Xie Man Yu silently turned off her phone and turned her head: “Then again, I’ve only just finished my work abroad and haven’t met my new boss yet, Xiao Shang, have you met him, male or female?”

Shang Yaozhi was helpless: "The same gender as you, senior."

Not only was Xie Manyu's status in the circle high, there were also many people who pursued her.

But Queen Xie's aura was too strong and her eyesight was too high, and she had been single until now.

"It's too bad." Xie Manyu sighed deeply, her eyes rippling with life, "It's so hard to give birth to the idea of wanting to marry someone."

She looked up and murmured, "Are all girls so handsome these days"

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7pm.

Inside the Assembly Hall in Qingzhi.

The film curtain descends and drops to the centre of the stage.

The projection equipment above turned on, reflecting the live feed of this final runway show.

This was something that Mrs. Zhong had requested from the school after learning that Zhong Zhiyan had been invited to O Chau by Mrs. Mu.

Zhong Zhiyan was able to give her face, so naturally she wanted to publicise it more.

As long as it did not affect the students' studies and lives. The students and their parents have always been willing to meet the requests of Qingzhi.

All the students from the Yingcai class came, and many other classes came too.

They were honoured that their classmates were able to go to such a top fashion design competition to receive awards.

It was the arrival of Class 19 that took the students by surprise.

Jiang Yan stretched out his long legs and took up the aisle tightly.

Xiu Yu stomped on him, "Make room for your sister and your father and Dudu."

Jiang Yan: "....."

Fuck, he had no family status anymore.

"Ying Dad, sit down." Xiu Yu patted the seat next to him, "You've finally managed to get settled by me for our cubs."

The last time Shang Yaozhi had woken up from his fainting spell, she had made a special trip to send him home.

After seeing the real situation at his home, she was even more flooded with motherly love.

Ying nodded her head and looked at the curtain in front of her.

The live broadcast had already started and the camera turned first to the judges' table and the invited guests.

"Look! Look!" Zhong Zhiyan's tablemate shouted happily, "That's Zhiyan!"

Zhong Zhiyan was wearing a small white dress today, just right for her age.

She was sitting in the designer's seat, and when the camera swept over, she subconsciously straightened her back.

Zhong Zhiyan's fingers were clenched and she was sweating nervously.

But her mood was overwhelmingly excited, and she couldn't suppress her smile at the thought that she would soon be able to enter the upper echelons of the Imperial City.

"Next, we have Hua Xiu from China, bringing us an oriental style dress -" on stage, the MC read the lines with a hand card, "Vermilion Bird!"

"Please."

The music played and the applause thundered.

Luo Ziyue curled out from behind the curtain with an enchanting pace.

She was wearing delicate make-up and extremely dark eyeliner, barely holding up the gown.

"Auntie, the nephew's eye is not bad, right?" A young man sitting next to Ke Huizhu was smug, "Wave your hand and you'll have a free labourer."

"Not bad." Listening to the gasps from the audience, Ke Huizhu was also satisfied, but warned, "But don't bring these little stars home, your father won't allow it."

The youth was perfunctory: "Got it, I'm just having fun."

The catwalk and presentation lasted just over a minute, and the audience had not yet recovered from the overly expensive and stunning dress.

At the judges' table, Martha took the microphone: "Next, please ask the designer of Huaxiu, Zhong Zhiwei, to answer a few questions for me."

This was the normal process.

There would be a separate rating based on the designer's knowledge of the design.

Mrs. Zhong sensed Zhong Zhiyan's nervousness and gave her a reassuring look.

Zhong Zhiyan pressed her chest and stood up, revealing a generous and decent smile, "I am Zhong Zhiyan, please ask."

"The materials for this gown are all common, but the design is bold and original." Martha looked at her lightly, "What was your inspiration and intention when you designed the gown?"

"It is well known that the Vermilion Bird is one of the four spirits in Eastern mythology." Zhong Zhiyan breathed a sigh of relief and said in a paragraph, "In the five elements, fire is the main element, so I used different shades of red."

"And the pattern at the collar, it's"

Zhong Zhiyan spoke for five minutes in one breath, but after she finished, she found that Martha did not show any excitement or delight.

She was still looking at her like that, as if she knew everything.

Zhong Zhiyan's heart jumped.

"Awesome awesome." The guests below didn't know the truth of the matter, they just praised, "At such a young age, you have such a high talent in design, after you graduate, you are welcome to come and work in our company."

Mrs. Zhong immediately recognised that the person speaking was the design director of a Fortune 500 company and was delighted.

She knew that the daughter she had taught was the best of her generation.

Zhong Zhiyan was flattered: "Thank you."

"Second question, usually all four spirits appear at the same time," Martha spoke again, "why did you only design the Vermilion Bird?"

"Because I'm still a student and I don't have much time." Zhong Zhiwei smiled, "I only had time to design one, I will design the remaining three later when I have time."

"One last question -" Martha's eyes sharpened, "Are you sure, you designed this gown?"

Zhong Zhiyan's heart beat even harder, she pursed her lips and said firmly, "Yes!"

"Good." Martha suddenly smiled, "That's the end of my questions."

Zhong Zhiwei sat down again, finally not so apprehensive.

But her back was already soaked with sweat, and she was ready to make a trip to the washroom.

And at that moment, the host began to announce the next entry.

"Coincidentally, it's also from a company in China, but it's already familiar to everyone." He glanced at the hand card and gave a mysterious smile, "First Light Media, their designer first sent it over and the judges were so amazed after seeing it that it was used for the finale."

“Welcome First Light Media for bringing their elaborate design – the Four Spirits Collection.”

The familiar term made Zhong Zhiyan’s footsteps stop.

At the same time, there were more intense shouts of surprise from the entire audience.

Zhong Zhiyan lifted her head and glanced at the t-stage.

“With a buzz, her brain exploded.