

Boss Lady Chapter 2-

Chapter 2

Ying withdrew her hand, not caring at all about the strange looks of the people around her, and rolled up her sleeves before continuing to walk.

Shanghai was the second largest international city in China, with a rapidly developing economy and technology, but it was also extremely chaotic, with many grey areas and even underground gangs, so this kind of thing had long been uncommon.

“Younger Seven, did you see that?” Nie Chao took a long time to come back to his senses, he pinched his thigh and hissed, “I can remember clearly, this little sister just entered the hospital the day before yesterday, and she can fight five to one here?”

“Well, see.” Fu Yunshen put one hand in his pocket and looked at the girl’s back, “But I can’t tell what kind of skills she has, it’s a bit like Muay Thai, and a bit like Judo.”

Nie Chao was stunned, “How so?”

“Every move she attacks is very clever.” Fu Yunshen laughed lowly, “If she had used a little more force, those five people would not have simply fallen to the ground.”

Nie Chao was in a cold sweat, “Impossible, right? Is it possible that this little sister still knows ancient martial arts?”

A martial artist is an ancient martial artist who uses ancient training methods and combines them with modern science, and an ancient martial artist is many times stronger than someone like him who knows karate.

There were ancient martial artists in China, but there were not many of them, and some of the ancient martial arts families had faded away after the 21st century, and even the powerful families in the imperial capital were looking for real ancient martial artists, not to mention Shanghai.

Even the powerful families in the imperial capital are looking for real ancient martial artists, not to mention Shanghai. If a powerful family can hire a real ancient martial artist to sit in their family, they will be able to compete with the ancient wealthy families in O-continent.

If this Ying family’s adopted daughter knew ancient martial arts, would the Ying family treat her as a living blood bank?

The whole family would have been too happy to pay for her.

“Ancient martial arts?” Fu Yunshen’s eyes strayed and fixed.

Ahead of them, the girl suddenly went and returned, still walking in their direction.

The girl's eyes were narrowed and she turned slightly sideways.

The street lights waved, reflecting in his narrow peach blossom eyes, gilded with a touch of scarlet, tinged with a few gentle hues.

It's hard for anyone to resist his gaze.

When he got closer, Fu Yunshen could clearly see the blue veins under the girl's white skin, so weak that it was alarming, and his eyebrows twitched slightly.

Nie Chao's cold sweat was getting worse.

Could it be that he had spoken ill of others behind their backs and had been overheard?

Even though he was a ninth-degree karateka and a big man, just looking at this little sister's stance just now, he wouldn't need two hands to beat up a hundred of them.

At that moment, the girl stood still in front of him, she raised her head, a hazy mist still floating at the bottom of her eyes, and spoke, "You..."

Nie Chao's legs went limp and he fell to his knees: "I'm just a gossip with a bad mouth, but I don't mean any harm, so be merciful!"

Fu Yunshen was interested: "Kneeling on one knee in a pious posture, are you proposing marriage?"

Nie Chao: "....."

His indisputable leg!

Ying Ziji looked at Nie Chao who was standing up again, raised his eyebrows slightly and said without a hitch, "Three days later at 7pm sharp, in One Huangpu Road Tavern, you will have a bloodbath, but it's not serious, seven days later from 12 noon, I suggest you avoid the area of Puanan, otherwise your life is in danger."

Nie Chao was confused.

When Fu Yunshen heard what he said, his long, slender fingers playing with the jade stone abruptly clenched, his peach blossom eyes raised, his voice was low and contained a smile: "Little friend, you know how to tell fortunes?"

Ying Zidian didn't answer, he just said, "Thank you."

The thank you was just a pretext, it didn't matter to her whether anyone helped her or not, she just wanted to test how much of her divine fortune telling ability was left.

It seemed that it would be a long time before she could recover, but for now it was enough.

Nie Chao was even more confused: "Huh?"

Fu Yunshen glanced at Nie Chao and then back at the girl, his pupils a light amber colour, with a compelling gentleness: "Little friend, isn't it too much of a bully to just give him a thank you? Hmm?"

Ying Zidian looked startled.

Nie Chao was dumbfounded: "Seventh young man, you're not, it's obviously you who bullies other people's little sisters, have you taken the wrong medicine today?"

He knew that Fu Yunshen was very flirtatious, he heard that he often disappeared at night, so a group of people from the Fu family went out to look for him, and finally found the young master drunk in a place of prostitution without exception.

This is how he came to be known as the number one flirt in Shanghai.

But he had never seen this young master flirting directly, and he was flirting with a young lady from one of the four big families, although it was a fake, really not afraid of being pestered?

Fu Yunshen ignored him, his peach blossom eyes were deeply lidded, staring straight at the girl as if he was discharging his energy: "Little friend, you have done a fortune telling for him, why don't you do the same for me?"

Ying Ziji's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Little sister, don't pay any attention to him." Nie Chao felt that Fu Yunshen was sick today, so he rounded up the situation, "Where are you going, shall we give you a lift?"

"No need." Ying shook his head and was leaving.

But when she turned away, her body swayed slightly, obviously the after-effects of losing too much blood.

Just then, behind him, a lazy voice rang out.

"Little friend."

Ying Ziji stopped and looked back.

The man was leaning against the glass door, still with the same foppish look, "Your benefactor said he's treating you to dinner tonight as a thank you for reminding him."

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Han Court.

Until after the waiter had laid out the cutlery, Nie Chao still couldn't understand it, and he looked at the girl with scattered eyebrows, "And you really agreed? Aren't you afraid of being sold out? What if we're bad people poisoning you?"

And the seventh young man also wondered when he had even taken the initiative to invite the girl.

Ying Ziji half closed her eyes as she recuperated, "Because I'm really hungry."

Nie Chao: "....."

"Well, that's it, and a plate of fried pork liver." Fu Yunshen closed the menu and raised his eyes to smile, "The little friend is too skinny, he needs to replenish some blood."

The waiter owed and went down to prepare.

Han Court was the only restaurant in China that refused the three-Michelin-star rating, and only took ten tables a day, and had to be booked three months in advance.

Nie Chao looked around: "Younger Seven, you wouldn't know the owner of Han Court, would you? This restaurant, even my old man would have to make a reservation if he came."

"Don't know each other." Fu Yunshen rested his arm on the back of his chair, his tone was casual, "Maybe it depends on the face."

"Miss Ying, you've heard it, Younger Seven likes to talk nonsense, don't believe a word he says." Nie Chao didn't care, he waved his hand, "But today is a rare occasion when Younger Seven treats you to a meal, so feel free to eat, he's short of everything but money."

"Quite a coincidence." Ying Zidian said casually, "I'm only short of money."

Fu Yunshen looked up.

"You're short of money?" Nie Chao froze, "The Ying family doesn't pay you?"

Even the servants of the Ying family were paid, let alone taking in an adopted daughter.

“I am poor in studies and have never learnt manners, let alone flower arranging and tea ceremony.” The girl blandly said, “Why should I be paid if you are so humiliated?”

Nie Chao was choked.

Fu Yunshen’s eyelashes twitched and the corners of his lips curved up, “Little friend, that’s what they have eyes for, this pre-dinner etiquette of yours is all along the lines of the royal family over in the ancient o continent.”
