

Boss Lady Chapter 21-22

Chapter 21

Outside the window, fireworks bloom and the light scatters, reflecting his picturesque brow.

The slightly curved peach blossom eyes seemed to be precipitated with the whole star river, deep and charming.

Ying Ziji looked at him for a while before she half-heartedly fished a tissue out of her pocket and handed it over: "..... Sorry."

Fu Yunshen didn't take it, but licked his lips.

"It's okay." He bent down and patted the girl's head again like he did last time, moving gently, teasing the kitten, his lips hooked, "Brother doesn't mind."

The little friend was still very well behaved.

Ying Ziji was, however, lost in thought, puzzled.

Until a long, slender hand waved in front of her eyes, and then flexed its fingers and tapped her forehead.

Above her head, a soft laugh fell.

"What's on your mind?"

"Nothing." Ying Ziji returned to her senses, rolled up her sleeves, poured the flour into a bowl and added some water.

She just thought of what she should give Fu Yunshen.

A cat or a dog that would satisfy his hobby of petting his head.

Otherwise, she would probably go bald for real if she continued like this.

After that, the two of them didn't chat anymore, one boiling water and the other chopping vegetables in harmony.

In the living room, Wen Fengmian was laughing and talking to Wen Huilan, and they were having a good time.

Ying Ziji's eyes fixed.

She didn't remember much from her childhood, but when she could remember, she was in the Wen family.

Wen Fengmian had to take care of the two children and was very busy.

The year Wen heard Lan was five years old, she was traumatised and added to the misery of the Wen family.

While she studied, she also went out to find some odd jobs, but the family could barely make ends meet at best.

It was no wonder that when the Ying family came to her, Wen Fengmian persuaded her to leave, as the Ying family could give her better resources.

But all along, Wen Fengmian had never thought of herself.

Ying Zidian's eyes narrowed.

She would protect them.

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Two days later.

The weather had warmed up, the sun was shining and the temperature had climbed to 20 degrees Celsius, as if the snow of the previous days was just an illusion.

The girl was casually lazy in a black hoodie, she had one hand in her pocket and a cone in the other.

The teenager following her was also carrying two cups of milk tea in his hand, obviously a bit bemused: "Sis, when did you get into sweets?"

Ying finished the cone in three or two sittings, "Life is too bitter, eat something sweet."

The food in the twenty-first century is good, it's always a bit of fun.

However, Wen heard Lan misunderstood the words, he was silent for a moment and asked in a low voice, "Sister, you're not staying with us?"

"Not for now." Ying Zidian gave a hint, "I still have some things to settle, so you guys can stay in peace."

After dinner that day, she had spoken to Wen Fengmian about taking them to Shanghai, and at first he had not approved, fearing that it would cause her trouble, but only later had he agreed.

She used four million dollars to buy an eighty square metre flat in the Central and Western District, purchased some furniture and settled Wen Fengmian in.

When Wen Fengmian came to Shanghai, Wen heard Lan naturally decided to transfer to Qingzhi.

He had received an invitation from Qingzhi a long time ago, but never accepted it.

As for the Ying family

Ying Ziji narrowed her eyes.

She had not regained her ability to do divine calculations, but in the field of trigonometry, everything is about cause and effect.

She could not leave for the time being as her karma with the Ying family had not yet been completely severed.

Moreover, when she was looking into the future, she found something crucial.

It was related to the Ying family, but it was very vague.

In the Ying family, it would be better to trace it.

Wen heard Lan frowned: "But those people"

It was hard for him to imagine just how much aggravation his sister had suffered in the Ying family, and now she needed to eat sweets to relieve herself.

"Don't worry." Ying Zidian was careless, "It's a small matter of a beating."

She was always too lazy to use her mouth for things she could do, talking was much more tiring than fighting.

Wen Huilan: “.....”

He originally did not believe it.

But just yesterday, he had watched his sister kick over a man who tried to molest her, or the kind that couldn't get up.

The teenager's eyes dropped and his fingers clenched.

He swore that the Ying family would get what was coming to them.

“Let's go.” The girl nibbled on her milk tea through a straw, “Send you back.”

**

The Ying family.

The butler frowned as he watched a few servants carrying a few boxes in through the gate and asked, “What is this?”

One of the servants wiped a sweat, “It's Second Miss's express.”

“Second Miss's courier?” The butler's frown deepened, “What does she need to buy when Madam hasn't prepared anything for her?”

All day long it only added to the mess.

“Just put it in the courtyard.” The butler directed, “Her Ladyship is having a meeting and must not be disturbed.”

The servants put the box down and the butler stepped forward, ready to dismantle it, when he inadvertently saw a flowery word printed on it –

star

in gold, very light.

The butler froze and moved closer to look more closely when a footstep stopped next to him.

A flash of cold fluttered through him, freezing him to the bone.

When he looked up, the man stiffened.

The girl just looked at him, her eyes bland.

“Second Miss,” the butler hurriedly stepped back, which dared to be disrespectful, “Your, your purchase has arrived.”

“Yes, sorry, without your permission,”

Ying Zidian ignored it, she half squatted down, and didn’t take the scissors, she just unwrapped it by hand.

Fu Yunshen left the next day and before he left he said he had bought some books for her and they would be delivered to Ying’s house then.

It seemed that this was it.

Before she opened it, Ying Ziji was interested.

After opening it, she saw a box of children's books: "....."

And as if she had calculated that she would receive the delivery at this point in time, WeChat "dinged".

[Did you get it yet, kid?

Before she could reply, there was another message.

[This is a handpicked selection for you, from all countries, you can watch it for a long time.

Ying Ziji pressed her head.

Who wants to read children's books?

She typed four words with no expression.

[I thank you.]

The reply was quick.

[No thanks, remember to treat your brother to more meals.

Ying Zidian didn't want to reply, she wanted to slap the box of children's books on him.

The servants stood waiting and looked contemptuous when they saw the contents of the box.

This adopted second young lady was really no match for Missy, and it showed in the books she read.

When she was in her first year of high school, Missy had already read the original English books, unlike Missy who was still reading fairy tales at such an age.

It's true that they come from a small place and probably don't know as many English words as they do.

Ying Ziji closed the box and accepted it anyway, as a bedtime reading that could barely calm her mind.

She didn't ask for any help either, and carried the books herself, heading inside.

"Second young miss, you can't go in now." Seeing this, the housekeeper was busy speaking out to stop it, "Madam is"

Before the words could be finished, the door had already opened.

On the sofa in the living room, Zhong Manhua was smiling and saying something to her guest with a happy look.

The sound of the door opening interrupted what she was about to say next.

Zhong Manhua frowned, and after looking over, the smile on her face instantly disappeared, "Why are you back at this time?"

Chapter 22

Ever since the microblogging incident that day, Zhong Manhua's heart had been weighed down with guilt.

It was wrong of her to conclude that Ying Ziji had seduced Jiang Moyuan without checking the facts.

But as an elder, she had no right to apologise to her junior.

So Zhong Manhua tried to make up for it in other ways, and she even decided to put off a company order to go shopping for new clothes with Ying Zidian.

But Ying Zidian had disappeared for four days without even saying hello, leaving her there alone.

What kind of a young lady would give her parents a hard time?

Zhong Manhua was sulking like hell.

The other noblewoman on the sofa also looked over, and after a light glance, withdrew her gaze, not the least bit interested.

Zhong Manhua naturally noticed it, her fingers clenched and she spoke coldly: "Go out and wait."

"I've always had a doubt." Ying Ziguai nodded slightly, faintly, "Why you can be a mother."

"....."

There was a moment of silence in the living room, and the noblewoman couldn't help but give the girl an extra look.

That look was stunned for a moment because of the face.

But that was as far as it went, it was more of an examination.

Zhong Manhua did not expect to hear such a sentence, and her eyes turned red with anger: "Say that again?"

The girl ignored her, and with a cold expression of "I'm already polite for not hitting you" on her brow, she carried her books upstairs.

"You" Zhong Manhua was stuck with a breath of air, unable to get up or down.

She covered her heart, her chest was uncomfortably tight.

Again, this, and in front of outsiders to fall in her face like this, really is specifically to grasp her to come.

She really couldn't even manage it anymore!

She quickly regained her composure and smiled reluctantly, "I've made Madam Mu laugh."

"Is this the one your Ying family adopted a year ago?" Madam Mu frowned, "Manhua, what were you thinking, specifically giving your own daughter a hard time?"

And, to adopt one that looked like it.

Although that face, a few famous ladies in the imperial capital couldn't even compare.

But even if it was good, it was still a fake.

Zhong Manhua didn't explain: "When one reaches middle age, one always thinks of doing some good deeds."

At this moment, she was glad that no one knew that Ying Ziji was her own daughter.

"Good deeds also depend on the person, there are some people who don't deserve your good deeds and relief." Madam Mu blew on her tea, "Besides, you are too indulgent, how dare she speak to you like that?"

In a wealthy family, illegitimate children are already very unpopular, but at least they have blood ties, an adopted daughter?

Tsk.

Mrs. Mu shook her head and spoke again, "If you ask me, you can't spoil a child that isn't your own. If you spoil her, you'll stir up a big mess for you one day, how will you end it?"

"Don't worry about her." Zhong Manhua smiled, "Don't worry, I've already contacted the Zhong family, when Shenzhou comes, she will be able to live there, there won't be any problems."

The Zhong family was also one of the four powerful families in Shanghai City, the bottom line was naturally there.

"I am naturally at ease when you do your work." Madam Mu really didn't mention it again either, "Manhua, I actually didn't plan to come in person this time, except that our family's old man, for some reason, said he wanted to stay in Shanghai City for a few more days."

"This is not the case, the whole family is in a hurry, so I am following to come and pick up the old man, and by the way, I also came to see you here."

Zhong Manhua was surprised, "Old man Mu actually came to Shanghai City?"

The name Mu Heqing was not only known in the imperial capital of Shanghai, but also in the whole of China.

The Mu family was a family of generals, and when Mu Heqing was young, he had also been on a real battlefield.

Even after he had retired for decades, his prestige had not diminished.

“The old master has been used to fighting and killing all his life, and he can’t rest in his old age.” Madam Mu sighed, “This is not because I heard that a rare antique has appeared in Shanghai City and rushed here in a hurry.”

Zhong Manhua nodded, “No wonder, a while ago I also heard that Mu Lao made a trip to O Chau for a Yuan Qing Hua Ghost Valley.”

“No?” Mrs. Mu said, “It’s just that the old man has a bad heart, and he didn’t bring a doctor with him this time out, so it would be bad if he had an attack.”

“I understand, our old lady is also in poor health, so we have to be careful when we go out.”

“Yes, it’s fortunate that Master met a miracle doctor in Shanghai, otherwise he might really have been accounted for.”

Mrs Mu was thankful.

If Mu Heqing had gone, the Mu family would have lost too much.

Moreover, the heir of the Mu family had not yet been decided, and Mu Heqing was the one who was talking about the matter.

“Divine Doctor?” Zhong Manhua was stunned, “I wonder which one it is?”

Could it be that there was some new figure in Shanghai?

How come she had never heard of it?

“The old master didn’t say.” Mrs Mu sipped her tea, “But I guess we wouldn’t know him even if we did, we just heard Mu Cheng say that this miracle doctor’s medical skills are better than the youngest one in the Meng family”

She made a gesture and paused, "To be higher."

Zhong Manhua was taken aback, "That godly?"

"Never seen it, no one knows for sure." Madam Mu put down her tea cup and got up, "Manhua, I'll leave now, call if there's anything."

Zhong Manhua also stood up and sent her out.

After Madam Mu left, the butler then came in from the courtyard, "Madam, I'm sorry, I couldn't stop Second Miss."

"It's not your fault." Zhong Manhua's expression went cold again, "Don't mind her from now on either, she can do what she likes, sooner or later she will regret it."

"When she gets into trouble, the Ying family will still have to clean up her mess."

If she wasn't her own daughter, she wouldn't have bothered to prepare the room.

After all this time of tempering, she hadn't managed to become a famous woman.

The butler hesitated, not mentioning the word he had seen on the box earlier.

Perhaps he had misread it, or perhaps it was just a rename.

Come to think of it, the second young lady had only been in Shanghai for a year and had previously lived in Qing Shui County, a small place like this where it was impossible to be exposed to a higher level.

Zhong Manhua massaged her temples, calming her anger, then faintly instructed, "Send someone to inquire about the divine doctor that Madam Mu has spoken of, it would be best to invite him to look into the old lady's old headache."

After a pause, he added, "Money is not a problem, it must be respected."

The butler understood and retreated.

* The

Third floor.

After arranging the box of children's books on the bookshelf, Ying sat down in front of the computer.

She skillfully turned on the mainframe, leaned back in her chair, and began to watch the Netflix series she hadn't finished watching that day.

This new kind of retirement life was just right for her.

There was no need to fight and kill, and not so much to bother her, and she had no intention of letting those people know she was back right now.

After all, she did have a lot of enemies too.

She had plenty of free time to study the new technology of the twenty-first century, and all this new stuff was quite interesting.

When one cup of milk tea was finished, Ying Ziji went to get another cup.

"Drip!"

The computer suddenly made a sound, and the screen was fixed on the female lead in the drama kicking the male lead into the pond and then laughing furiously with her arms crossed.

Ying Zidian looked up at the blacked-out computer and his phoenix eyes narrowed slightly.

Boss Lady Chapter 23-24

Chapter 23

On the blacked out screen, a line of oozing red letters emerged, and the computer made a ghostly sound.

[Little friend, what are you to him?

Ying Zidian's expression did not fluctuate, and her eyebrows were slightly raised.

She might have really picked up someone's troublemaking instincts.

She narrowed her eyes and raised her hand to tap the words into the dialogue box.

[What are you again?

Looking at the words, a man in a basement somewhere across the ocean glanced over his shoulder as he ate his noodles.

Was this little girl a fool?

How could she be told about such things?

[I'm a hacker.]

"Hacker?" Ying Zigui looked like she remembered something, "Then wait a little, one hour."

[?

There was a big question mark on the screen.

Ying Ziji fished out a book she had bought earlier from her school bag and just sat there reading it, not caring that the computer was still dark.

She was reading fast, a dozen pages a minute, as if she was just flipping through it casually.

[What are you reading?

There was no reply, and he was curious as hell.

After hacking into the computer, he naturally had control of the camera and all the other equipment.

So that side pulled the camera closer to take a look, and saw a copy of “Basic Computer for College Students”.

“.....”

[You college students? You don't think that after reading this book, you'll be able to break my invasion, do you?]

What a joke, when he didn't know what this book “Computer Basics for College Students” was about?

It's just the basic operation of software like word and ppt, plus a detailed explanation of computer chips.

The girl was still quietly reading the book, ignoring it.

Her long, slightly drooping eyelashes, like the thin wings of a butterfly, fluttered gently in the camera.

Her skin is extremely white, delicate and soft, with a transparent texture.

Her long black hair was spread out and glowed brilliantly in the sunlight.

She was so beautiful that it was almost difficult to look away.

An unrealistic thought suddenly popped up over there...

Could it be that the master had taken a fancy to this little girl?

But as soon as the thought surfaced, it was dismissed.

How could it be.

Tsk, he would like to see what could happen in an hour.

The basement was piled high with boxes of noodles, and just as that side picked up the third bowl and started to eat it, Ying made a move.

She put down the book she was holding and looked up.

Long, slender fingers rested on the old-fashioned keyboard, tapping something quickly, and before the half-minute was up –

The basement across the ocean was suddenly plunged into darkness.

“Drip, drip, drip!”

A voice was rushing and frantically ringing.

“Holy fuck!”

That side spat out its bubble noodles and stared dumbfounded and shocked at the dozen or so computers that were going out of control at the same time.

But he quickly reacted and quickly began a counterattack to get the computers back to normal.

But to hell with it, no matter what code he typed in, there was no response.

“That can’t be right”

Cold sweat was breaking out over there, and the bubble noodles didn’t smell good anymore.

He couldn’t force these computers to shut down, there were still several tasks in progress that couldn’t be interrupted, only –

[Big Brother, I’m wrong, please let go.]

[Sister, sister, I have to make a living.

I’m down, really down, you’re the hacker, I’m nothing in front of you.

Seeing this line, Ying Ziji yawned and replied.

[You are thinking too much, I am not a hacker.

She was not exposed to new technology like computers, but based on her ability of divine calculation, she was able to parse the internal structure of computers after learning about them from books, which was the reason why she learned things quickly always.

She attacked the root cause directly, it wasn't something that could be solved by code, it was of a completely different nature to hacking.

At that moment, two more sentences appeared on the screen, with an accompanying face-text.

[Big Brother, please, I'm just a little curious about you, I really didn't mean anything by it.]

[Sister, sister, look I'll be cute for you, will you let me go?

Ying Zidian raised her eyebrows slightly.

She knew that the hacker who had invaded her computer was related to Fu Yunshen and had helped her.

But she was not happy to disturb her watching the drama, and she didn't want to make him happy.

However, it was enough to play for such a while.

Ying Ziji's eyes narrowed as she typed unhurriedly.

[Children are not for you to call.

[There will be no next time.]

After replying, she unlocked the control of the computer over there.

She leaned back in her chair again, sipping her milk tea while watching the drama, lazily and comfortably.

Unbeknownst to her, the other side was already blown up by her, her mind crumbling into a mudslide, so angry that she invaded another computer.

[What kind of pervert did you fucking find?

[Toxic, right?

Do you know what she's done?

When he received these three messages, Fu Yunshen was making tea.

The tea mist curled up, blurring the man's deep eyebrows, as if large white clouds were roaming up, half covering the haze of the sky.

But it was hard to hide his handsome beauty, but more dignified.

Fu Yunshen glanced at the computer, and in just a second's time, three more lines of text appeared.

[She finished reading "Computer Basics for College Students" in an hour and then invaded my computer backwards!

[F*ck, what kind of humiliation is this???

[I'm the one who invaded Laurent Bank and Norton University!!!]

The three punctuation marks in a row showed how angry he was.

Fu Yun raised a deep eyebrow, quite surprised.

He wiped his hands clean before replying.

[My little friend is really good.

With one sentence, it made the other side explode even more.

[Get lost!!!]

[I've been screwed by you two perverts, what do you think perverts like you are doing out here to cause trouble for others?

[I've decided, I'm going to sell all your information to the people on the hunting and killing list, so they can get you killed.

Fu Yunshen hooked his lips and smiled, his expression lazy.

[Good boy, go ahead.]

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Jiang's Group.

27th floor, in the office.

Jiang Mo Yuan loosened his tie and sat down, his eyes were a greenish hue, he said tiredly, "Report on the recent events."

“Yes, Third Master.” The secretary flipped open the folder, “The ‘Youth 101’ project that the Jiang family invested in has ended, it’s turned over dozens of times, it’s just that there’s quite a lot of cursing on the internet.”

Youth 101 was the first 100-person talent show in China, and several powerful families in the imperial capital involved in the entertainment industry had also invested in it, and there were movie stars and divas joining the show to help, it was very hot, and the Jiang family was considered to have benefited a little.

Jiang Moyuan gave a hint, obviously not interested.

The secretary understood and flipped open another document, “Master Fu’s health is even worse, everything is normal on the Zhong family’s side, and the Ying family and the Imperial Mu family have a connection

Listening to the changes in the pattern of Shanghai City, Jiang Mo Yuan folded his hands, his expression bright and indistinct.

“Third master, there is one more thing.” The secretary hesitated for a moment, remembering that day’s microblog, “Second Miss Ying she

Before the words could be finished, they were interrupted.

Jiang Mo Yuan raised his hand, very cold: “I don’t want to hear about her.”

Chapter 24

The secretary froze and understood.

This was to completely abandon this Ying family adopted daughter.

Jiang Mo Yuan closed his eyes, "If there's nothing, go down."

"Rest well, Third Master." The secretary closed the door carefully.

After exiting, he shook his head.

He had followed the Third Master to inspect the Qing Shui County side before, when this Ying family's adopted daughter was still very simple, now?

Surely she had been tempted by the lights and wine of the big city, restless and uncertain, wanting only to climb up the ladder.

Luckily, the third master saw the light.

The secretary thought about it, walked to the pantry, took out her mobile phone and made a call, "Miss Lu Wei"

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After a few days of recuperation, Wen Fengmian's body was much better.

However, because of the long-standing illness, it was not possible to recover overnight.

The initial batch of medicine had run out, so Ying Ziji went to order some fresh herbs.

Shanghai is not located in the mountains, so the herbs were imported from abroad.

As the herbs she needed were top quality, a few dozen pounds cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

While waiting, Ying walked into a dessert shop next door and ordered a mango and glutinous rice dumpling.

She took out her newly bought phone and pressed it to light up, and on the screen were all sorts of apps, all of which she was going to play.

The great thing about new technology was that she wouldn't be very bored.

Ying Ziji opened one of them and looked at herself with two rabbit ears on, pondering.

I heard it was called Selfie, and it seemed quite interesting.

She fiddled with it a bit, picked a filter and accessories, and pressed the shutter.

"Click-"

A crisp click made the person sitting at the opposite table look up.

It was a young girl with a sunhat and sunglasses, concealed solidly.

She frowned, displeased, "Why are they all chasing me here? You tell her to delete the photos, I don't want to be in the hot seat for black photos."

The assistant understood and immediately walked forward, "Delete the photos you took, Sister Luo doesn't like fans taking pictures of her, understand?"

"If you have to take pictures, we are allowed to sue."

The voice wasn't too loud, but it made the customers in the sweet shop hear it.

They all looked over and were curious.

“A star has entered here? Look, look, isn’t that the one, crap, what kind of godly face is that?!”

“You mean that young lady in the black shirt? Absolutely not, just that face, you won’t forget it even if you see it once, the entertainment industry doesn’t even have it.”

“Not this one, it’s that one over there, Luo Ziyue, have you heard of her? Tenth place in Youth 101, a talent show, quite hot.”

“I think I’ve heard of it, but I don’t remember much”

There was a lot of chatter around.

When the assistant saw that the girl didn’t mean to delete the photo, without saying a word, she went to grab the phone from her hand.

But not only did she fail to snatch it, her hand went straight into the mango sticky rice round.

Only then did Ying Ziji raise her eyes, indifferently: “You’ve soiled my dessert.”

“Who told you not to delete the photo?” The assistant also had a stomach full of anger, “You had to follow Sister Luo here, don’t you know how to show some respect?”

Hearing these words, the customers suddenly realized.

So good-looking, she’s actually a private student?

Ying Ziji closed the app, “Who?”

“.....”

Sudden awkwardness.

The assistant froze in place.

Luo Ziyue, who hadn't moved, stood up, she took off her sunglasses, revealing a bright face and a very impatient look, “You don't have to pretend you don't know me, I've seen people like you a lot, yesterday I was chased by you guys and even lost one of my shoes, and today you still won't let go?”

She hated private students, leaving her without even a bit of personal space.

The girl looked up, her pupils glowing like snow, bitterly cold into ice: “Just you?”

It was clearly just two words, but everyone in the room felt that there should be two more words after that.

—You are worthy?

Luo Ziyue sneered and was just about to speak when a female student next to her stepped forward.

“I was at the next table and saw it all, the young lady was taking a selfie, she wasn't taking a picture of you at all.”

Another whispered and muttered, “People are so good looking, what's the point of taking a picture of you if you don't take a picture of yourself.”

If she had such a face, she would admire herself in the mirror everyday, what would she be chasing after stars for?

When the schoolgirl said this, several of her friends echoed her.

“Yeah, the young lady really didn’t film you, and she definitely doesn’t know you either.”

“To be honest, we didn’t even recognise you with your sunglasses.”

Luo Ziyue’s face turned blue with embarrassment.

Youth 101 was so hot, and someone actually didn’t recognise her?

“Make up for it.” Ying Ziyue looked down at her phone and didn’t give another glance.

The girl was lazy and her tone was scattered, but invisibly, it made people extremely stressed.

The assistant couldn’t stop blushing.

With people around her watching, it was impossible for Luo Ziyue to just shrug her face off, it would be an impact on her popularity.

She reluctantly pulled out three hundreds from her bag and slapped them directly on the table, three words squeezed out from between her teeth, “Is that enough?”

“The counter’s there.”

“.....”

Luo Zi Yue was ashamed and angry, her face turned red, and she only had to personally go to the counter and order another one.

After what had happened, she was in no mood to stay any longer and left in a hurry with her assistant, quite a mess.

Ying Zidian turned the long spoon in her hand and prepared to take this one back to Wen Xiaolan.

As she was waiting for her meal, the female student from before cautiously came over, "Miss, are you a trainee of any company?"

"Hm?" Ying Zigui was quite patient with the young girl, "No."

"Ah" the schoolgirl scratched her head, "If you enter the entertainment industry, I will be your fan!"

Ying yawned, "No, I won't enter, and I won't in the future."

She was not interested in acting, and no one could stop her from getting old.

The schoolgirl didn't lose heart and tried, "Then, Miss, can I take a photo with you? I will definitely not spread it indiscriminately and cause harm to your reputation."

Ying Zigui raised her eyebrows: "It's okay, I don't mind."

Well, learn a little selfie technique by the way.

The schoolgirl took out her phone and took the picture, then went back happily.

Then she sent out a Weibo post.

[@LoveEatingPeachRoundRoll: Coordinates Shanghai city, met a good a good sassy lady, "Youth 101" a certain backstage thought the lady was shooting her, who knows people do not know her at all, to prevent exposing the lady's privacy, I mosaic it.

The female student is a fan circle blogger with 100,000 fans, and after an hour, there were several hundred retweets.

The first one is Luo Ziyue, who relied on her relationship with a young man from a wealthy family to get the last spot in the debut, and really thought she was so famous.

The first time I saw her, she thought she was being photographed, her face was so big.

I can't see her face, but her body is too glamorous, will she enter the entertainment industry in the future?

The first time I saw her, she was using a vertu, a real luxury phone, more expensive than an iphone.

This Weibo post didn't get too much heat, but the number of views broke 100,000.

Coincidentally, Ying Luwei's agent saw this Weibo post.

He thought the figure looked familiar and pushed his phone to Ying Luwei: "Luwei, take a look, is this your fake niece?"

Ying Luwei was fixing her make-up, she casually glanced at it: "It's her."

"She's not going to enter the entertainment industry, is she?" The agent looked serious, "If she's going to enter, it's better to sign to us, it's better to control it that way."

He had seen the adopted daughter of the Ying family, and her face was really not black.

I have to admit, if she hadn't been anaemic for so long, she wouldn't have been able to compete with Ying Luwei.

She should not be allowed to influence Ying Luwei.

Hearing these words, Ying Luwei's hand gave a beat: "I'll call and ask."

However, the call didn't go through.

Ying Luwei had never thought that she would be blackballed.

An inexplicable irritation surged in her heart, as if something was completely out of control.

The agent noticed her abnormality: "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Ying Luwei smiled, "I'm probably busy, I'll go straight back to the old house later."

The agent knew her situation and nodded, "Take care of yourself anyway, it's good that you pulled the hot news in time that day."

Ying Lu Wei didn't say anything and pursed her lips.

**

Ying Ziji sent the herbs back to Wen Fengmian's place when she received a call from Fu Yunshen.

She went downstairs and the car was already waiting there.

She had made an appointment with him, and she was treating him to dinner today.

After getting into the car and fastening her seatbelt, the man looked at her sideways, his eyebrows raised and his tail hooked: "What are you going to treat brother to?"

Ying Ziyi thought for a moment, "How about hot pot skewers? I haven't eaten it yet."

She had heard that junk food was delicious and she wanted to eat it so badly.

"Well, brother hasn't eaten it either." Fu Yunshen picked up his phone and started searching, "You're not well, find one that's hygienic and regular."

Just after tapping on it, the phone vibrated and a new message appeared.

"Drip, drip, drip."

Fu Yunshen looked down, his eyes changing slightly.

Boss Lady Chapter 25-26

Chapter 25

His eyes stared for a moment: "Little friend, I have something to do, so I may not be able to have dinner with you now, how about later in the evening?"

Hearing these words, Ying Ziyi remembered something.

Exactly seven days had passed since she had first met them.

Something was going to happen to Nie Chao.

Obviously, he hadn't taken her words seriously.

However, that was normal.

She remembered that just before she left, back in 1780, all the magical warlocks on the O Continent had been hunted down and killed as heretics.

So many more years had passed that not many people really had the ability to tell fortunes, and the same was true of China.

No one would believe in such things.

“It won’t be long.” Fu Yunshen didn’t hear a reply and turned his head, his peach blossom eyes curving up, “How about I order a takeaway for you and Uncle and the others, and you get some sleep?”

The danger was not yet clear, he couldn’t take a little girl with him.

Ying Ziji also knew what he meant, he had no intention of letting her go along.

She wrinkled her brows slightly: “Be careful of the heights.”

At these words, Fu Yunshen’s lips curved even more, raising his hand to rub the girl’s head with a gentle smile, “Okay, listen to our little friend.”

He opened the car door and put her in front of the flat.

The car started up again and after it was far away, Fu Yunshen’s smile slowly narrowed.

As he steered the wheel, he pressed the lighted phone again.

The message was still flashing frantically on the screen, very short.

sharpshooterno.94.

Except for the different numbers, it was the same as the naming on the first folder that day.

Fu Yunshen's eyes narrowed for a moment.

He hadn't expected that Nie Chao could also be targeted by people on the hunt list.

Fu Yunshen deleted the message and made a phone call, "Check out the recent movements of the Nie family."

**

Huangpu Road, One Tavern.

It was the opening of the restaurant today, and a lot of people had gathered at noon.

Nie Chao took the best seat next to the bar and was ready to have a good drink.

It didn't take long for the room to fill up and the stage to be set up.

Nie Chao was listening to the song with his headphones on when the music suddenly cut off just after listening to the intro.

"Huh?" he wondered, "No way, it's broken?"

He had only bought them not long ago.

However, before he could take it off to check, a voice of a man or woman came through the headphones.

"You're at One Huangpu Road Tavern."

Nie Chao jumped in shock: "How did you know?"

Damn, who was this, not only could he hack into his phone, but he also knew his whereabouts, could it be that his family's old man had sent someone to arrest him?

The other person didn't answer, just said, "Someone is trying to kill you."

"Don't be ridiculous." Nie Chao was speechless, "Who dares to kill someone in China? Who the hell are you anyway?"

"In ten seconds." Ying Ziji looked at a red dot flashing on the computer screen, her phoenix eyes narrowed, "You can try."

Nie Chao was furious, and he didn't want to care, he was about to just turn off his phone.

But at that moment, all the lights in the bar suddenly went out.

In the midst of the pitch blackness, someone let out a scream.

Nie Chao was also confused, and before he could react, two words came from his headphones.

"Lie down."

"Boom!"

Nie Chao flopped to the ground, he could feel hot air coming overhead and the bullet grazed the top of his head, just a little.

Crap?

Someone was really trying to kill him!

The bar was instantly in chaos as screams erupted.

Nie Chao's legs went a little weak, now convinced.

He gulped, "I, what should I do now?"

Ying Zidian didn't use a voice changer, she changed into another voice by her vocal cords alone, she faded: "Turn right three steps."

Nie Chao hurriedly did as he was told.

"Boom!"

Just as he turned, there was another pop behind him, still so close.

Nie Chao was sweating coldly, cursing in his heart.

Fuck, what the fuck is going on!

And the voice in the headset continued to give instructions, calmly, one might even say leisurely.

"Bend over."

"Jump."

"Now run."

Where else would Nie Chao doubt it, he spilled out and started running.

It wasn't until he had been running frantically for thirty seconds that the last two words came to his ears.

"All right."

Nie Chao fell to the ground with a thud, as if he had died all over again, panting heavily: "Holy shit"

Inside the flat, Ying Zidian leaned back in his chair and yawned.

It was a lot of exertion.

She had to have some chocolate mousse cake.

**

When Fu Yunshen arrived, the One Tavern was already surrounded.

Although there were no casualties, the facilities inside the bar were basically destroyed.

In particular, bullet holes were also found in the floor and walls, which had to be taken seriously.

When Fu Yunshen looked sideways, he saw Nie Chao crouching aggressively by the road like a two-headed man, with a bandage on his forehead.

The person was not a big deal.

His eyebrows loosened and he walked over: "Not getting up?"

Nie Chao wanted to cry: "Younger Seven, do you know that I almost lost my life."

"I can see that." Fu Yun Shen swept around and had a number in mind.

Nie Chao was so angry that he slapped his thigh, "I wonder who has such a big grudge against me, actually trying to kill me."

That bullet was really accurate too, if it wasn't for that mysterious person who hacked into his phone to help him, he really would have died young.

If he was so capable, he could have killed his old man, but there was no point in killing him.

Fu Yunshen didn't say anything and pulled him up: "Go to the hospital first."

Nie Chao pretended to wipe his tears and sat on the passenger side.

Fu Yunshen started the car, carelessly: "How did you think of coming here?"

Nie Chao scratched his head: "Just on the way, I collected a flyer, it looked good, so I came here."

Fu Yunshen gave a faint hint.

Surely it wasn't a coincidence.

"Younger Seven, I'll take a nap." Nie Chao had come back from the dead and was still having palpitations, sleepiness came over him all of a sudden, "Call me when you arrive."

Fu Yunshen glanced at him to make sure he was asleep before he picked up the phone that had been ringing several times.

“Yun Shen?”

The low, pleasant male voice was magnetic.

“Your brother has been offered a bounty, and the hunter who struck is the ninety-fourth on the Gun God list.” Fu Yun Shen laughed lightly, lazily, “But he had a pretty good life, he wasn’t hit, he just knocked his head while running.”

But all those on the Gun God list, even if they are only at the bottom of the list of 100, are still able to hit a hundred times against ordinary people.

It was strange today, he saw a total of five bullet holes and missed none of them.

It was an insult to the name of God of Guns.

Hearing this, the other side was silent for a moment, and his steady breathing sank a few points.

“I got it, I’ll be right back.”

**

After separating from her manager, Ying Luwei called the old residence first.

It was in the evening that she drove back.

“Miss Lu Wei.” The butler who had been waiting for a long time came forward, respectfully, “Madam is inside, you can just go in.”

Ying Luwei smiled and pushed the door open.

In the living room, Zhong Manhua was pruning the flowers in the vase, she looked up and smiled, "Lu Wei, what's the hurry?"

"Yes, it's a bit of business, I just came to ask sister-in-law, does Little Dickey want to enter the entertainment industry?" Ying Luwei nodded, "She wants to enter the entertainment industry, I can help."

She hesitated again, "But in that case, won't she be able to go to the Qingzhi Talent Class?"

Chapter 26

Zhong Manhua's face sank almost instantly.

"She wants to enter the entertainment industry?"

Six words, squeezed out from between her teeth.

"Ah?" Ying Lu Wei froze for a moment, "Sister-in-law, didn't Little Dickey tell you about it?"

Zhong Manhua took a deep breath and spoke coldly, "She shouldn't even think about it!"

Who would go to the entertainment industry if they were a famous girl from a wealthy family?

It's just as well that she's not good at studies, she can accept that she doesn't know how to play the piano, but now she wants to act?

What the hell does she want to do all day?

“Then it’s possible that I’ve misunderstood.” Ying Lu Wei pursed her lips, “Sister-in-law, don’t be angry, I was just curious, in fact, with Little Dickey’s qualifications, she will be very popular in the entertainment industry.”

Hearing this, Zhong Manhua became even more furious: “Lu Wei, not everyone can be like you, you have taught her for so long, but she still doesn’t even know the most basic ‘To Alice’!”

Ying Luwei is a famous pianist in China, can Ying Zidian compare?

Ying Luwei felt guilty: “I’m not very good at teaching, so I’ve held up Dickey for nothing.”

“She’s the one who doesn’t learn properly!” Zhong Manhua was furious, “You should be able to teach a cat and a dog by hand!”

“Sister-in-law, you’re” Ying Luwei paused, helpless, “Is Dickey here, I’ll give her something.”

Zhong Manhua was still angry, “She’s not here, you can just go up and put it in her room.”

Ying Luwei nodded, took a few steps and then stopped, “Sister-in-law, didn’t big brother say when he’d be back?”

“Your big brother and your nephew are still over in the empire.” Zhong Manhua said, “I heard that there is a big family over in o continent, to see if they can make a connection, and will be back in a few days.”

“Big brother is really something.” Ying Luwei smiled again, “It’s also because my sister-in-law has taught me well, Tianru has inherited her father’s mantle in business.”

The Ying family is a hundred year old family, but it was only in the hands of the old man that the family flourished, but unfortunately he passed away a few years ago.

Otherwise, the Ying family might have been able to surpass the Fu family.

The mention of Ying Tianru brought a smile to Zhong Manhua's face: "This boy has been smart since he was a child, so he saves my heart."

Ying Luwei sighed, "If Little Dickey hadn't got lost, he would have been no worse than Tianru."

Zhong Manhua lost her smile for a moment.

Apart from her and Ying Zhenting, Ying Luwei was the only one in the Ying family who knew the truth.

They had all coincidentally kept the truth from Old Lady Ying and Ying Tianru, not to mention the other big gentry.

They had all been raised together, so it was fine to make mistakes.

But it turned out that it was better to raise her from childhood.

Zhong Manhua was so annoyed that she wondered whether Ying Ziji was her own son or not, how come she hadn't inherited any of the advantages?

It was then that Ying Luwei went upstairs.

She went to Ying Zidian's room, took out the key and opened the door.

The room was simply furnished with a bed, a wardrobe, a computer desk and a bookshelf, all in plain wood.

When she saw half a shelf of children's books, she couldn't help smiling, and her eyes became more contemptuous.

She had overthought it.

Ying Luwei pulled her hair behind her ears and pushed out the door without another glance.

After she left the room, she felt an itch on her skin and scratched it with her hand, but it stung a little.

She was so shocked that she covered her face.

Her other hand trembled as she took out her mobile phone, not having time to think about anything at all: "Hello? Quick, give me an appointment at the First Hospital"

**

Meanwhile.

The city was lit up, the people were like a sea of tides, and the sound of honking horns was incessant.

The car.

Fu Yunshen glanced at the seconds of the red light, tilted his head, and saw the girl who was originally squinting and sleeping straighten up.

"Having a nightmare?"

"No." Ying Ziji propped herself up on her elbows, looking lazy, "I remembered a funny thing."

That day, apart from purchasing the medicinal herbs for Wen Fengmian's cure, she had also bought some other ones specifically.

When she returned, she also debugged some new medicines in passing and placed them in her room.

Naturally, highly poisonous herbs could not be sold in the market.

So no matter how they were refined, the toxicity would not be too high.

At most, it would only cause a red rash all over the body for a month, and if one sought medical attention, it would be worse, rotting one's face or something.

The poison she had prepared, no one had been able to cure it yet.

"Hmm?" The red light changed to green and Fu Yunshen started the car, "What's the fun thing to do, to make brother happy too?"

The girl had just woken up, her phoenix eyes were filled with watery light, her voice was low and cold: "I taught a man a lesson, I'm in a better mood."

The man's slender fingers tapped on the steering wheel, his eyes deep.

He had checked the Ying family.

Even if the Ying family had the intention to hide what happened sixteen years ago, a careful investigation would still reveal the truth.

The four great families were so interested in profit that they were able to abandon even their own daughters at will.

It was exactly the same as before.

Fu Yunshen took out a piece of chocolate and handed it over.

Ying Zidian took it and split it in half.

Fu Yunshen lowered his eyes and smiled lightly.

The child is quite thoughtful.

He glanced at the girl thoughtfully, his lips curved and his voice rose: "Yao Yao?"

Ying Ziyi didn't hear him and removed her headphones, "What?"

"Yao Yao." Fu Yunshen recited it again, his peach blossom eyes were deeply lined, as if he was seducing people, "Your nickname, isn't it this one?"

These two words were spoken by him, lovingly and lingeringly, like the whispers of a lover.

Ying Ziji was silent for a moment, and softly said, "Mm."

Ying Ziyao was not given her nickname by her family, but by Wen Fengmian.

Wen Fengmian said that there were two meanings of 天天.

One is "Shen Shen Yao Yao, the appearance of harmony and comfort", he hopes that she will have a peaceful and comfortable life.

The other is "to die young".

It was a custom in Qing Shui County to give her a bitchy name so that she would be better fed.

“Well, that’s fine.” Fu Yunshen looked diffident, “I’ll call you Yao Yao, do you mind?”

Ying Ziji yawned, lazily, “I don’t mind.”

She had many names just from the years she had spent in O Chau.

To her, a name was just a code name.

Except for the ones with special meaning.

The two of them ended up at a hot pot skewer by the pedestrian street, which was crowded at night and required queuing.

Ying smelt the mellow, tantalising spicy aroma and was quite sorry she should have stayed in China longer before too, missing out on so much food.

“I’ll go and park.” Fu Yunshen raised his hand, wanting to touch her head, but finally let it go and said, “You go and draw a number first, don’t run around.”

This hot pot skewer was in an alleyway, a long way from the car park.

Ying nodded.

After taking the number, she leaned against the wall with one hand in her pocket.

With the other hand, she took out her phone and opened Weibo.

After Ying Luwei had circled her Weibo account that day, she had logged out and registered a new one.

Ying Ziyi scanned the hot list and found nothing interesting, so she was ready to quit and play games for a while.

But at that moment, a Weibo post popped up in the Hot Topics section, from a marketing number.

Boss Lady Chapter 27-28

Chapter 27

[Breaking news! Ying Luwei enters hospital late at night, suspected to be pregnant!

The hot spot was right below the hot search, which you could see as soon as you entered Weibo.

Soon, Ying Luwei's fans came to hear about it.

[Wow, is Wei Bao already close to our brother-in-law!

[Ahhhhh, if Vibo is pregnant, we won't be able to see the recital!

[I'm looking forward to it, Wei Bao is so good looking and so is her brother-in-law, how good will she look when she gives birth.

It was no secret that Ying Luwei and Jiang Moyuan were engaged to be married, and the dewdroppers affectionately called Jiang Moyuan their brother-in-law.

There was always something else in the swath of celebratory comments.

[Oh, Jiang Moyuan is blind, he actually wants to marry a big white lotus, what, and wants to produce a little white lotus? To open a pond and plant flowers?]

In one sentence, two people were scolded, so angry that those fans were about to break into a tirade.

But because of what happened that day, fearing that they would be hit in the face again, the big fans spoke up in time.

[Blackie is back, sisters, don't give blackie eyes, the more you give him the more you jump, speed point to report.]

While reporting the black comment, the fans celebrated joyfully in the super talk.

But she didn't know that at this time, Ying Lu Wei was going crazy, looking at herself in the mirror with a red rash, she couldn't even cry.

“What's wrong?” The manager was also shocked, “What did you touch?”

Ying Luwei's voice was choked with emotion: “Nothing.”

She had only gone back to the old house.

“It's strange, even the doctor didn't find out the allergen and couldn't prescribe the right medicine.” The agent frowned straight away, “I'll call the third master and ask him to”

“No way!” Ying Luwei suddenly became excited, “I can't let Mo Yuan see me like this.”

“Then you” the agent was headstrong, “Fine, fine, I'll contact a doctor in the empire and prepare to go to the empire to take shelter as soon as possible.”

Ying Luwei put the mask back on and wanted to die.

The agent also advised, “Don't move your face, don't let it itch anymore, put the mask on for the last few days and don't show your face.”

**

On the other side.

Inside the hot pot skewer shop, in a cubicle.

The spicy aroma was getting stronger and stronger, stimulating the taste buds.

Ying Ziji supported his chin and pointed to the picture of the spicy red soup: "I want this one."

Fu Yunshen swept a glance, then ordered a mushroom soup pot: "Your body is not good, eat less spicy food."

"....."

He leaned back in his chair and smiled, "Inviting brother to dinner, shouldn't brother make the decision?"

Ying Ziji rubbed her head and reluctantly agreed, "Okay."

Then she would come and eat by herself next time.

The food is chosen and served.

It didn't take long for the heat to fill the air, giving a little warmth.

The girl was holding a glass of cold Coke, not knowing what she was thinking about, and her lowered eyelashes were tainted with droplets of water.

The haze was reminiscent of the fog floating on the distant mountains, threatening to dissipate at any moment.

It should be a beauty that does not exist on earth, but it suddenly falls, with a feeling as if it is unreal.

Fu Yunshen inclined his head: "Yao Yao."

Ying Ziyi returned to her senses: "Hm?"

"I remember that in three days' time, Qingzhi will start school." The man looked diffident, "Do I need to send you there?"

Hearing this, Ying Ziji, who was pondering whether to raise flowers or pigs first, said, "....."

Her retirement life seemed to have been aborted before it started.

It's not that she hasn't been to school before, and she likes to learn new things.

When she was in O Continent, she had sparred with that madman at Norton University in alchemy.

The alchemy of o-continent was also the alchemy of the ancient medical community of China.

On the other hand, in order to facilitate her walk on Earth, within three hundred years, she studied mathematics, physics, biology, astronomy and so on here.

She also followed some of the seminars conducted by some of the top scholars of the time and learnt a lot from them.

But now she was allowed to go to school?

Ying worked out from her memory the subjects she had to study at Qingzhi High School and pondered.

It didn't seem too difficult, except for the language composition, which she hadn't touched.

Luckily, she could continue her old age and experience the school life of the 21st century in the process.

"It's fine, I can just go there by myself." Ying Ziji shook her head slightly, "It's not far."

Qingzhi High School was within the second ring road and had good transport links.

"Then if there's anything I can help you with, feel free to say so." Fu Yunshen nodded, "By the way, Yaoyao, that medicine of yours"

Before he could finish his words, there was another medicine bottle in front of him, white in colour.

"Upgraded version." Ying Ziji yawned, "Not enough there is more."

Fu Yunshen obviously didn't expect this move from her, he paused and his lips curved slightly, "You're so generous?"

Ying Ziji was light: "It's not like anyone is."

There were only a few people who were really nice to her.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched and he smiled gently, "Thank you, Yoyo."

He knew that these medicines were by no means simple.

At least in the ancient medical community of China, there are only a few people who can make them.

A single grain of it was priceless.

But she had given it without saying anything, or a bottle.

Fu Yunshen didn't ask, nor did he bother to find out.

Everyone had their own secrets, and he was no exception.

**

Three days later.

Qingzhi High School.

Except for the senior three, who returned early on the sixth day of the school year, both senior one and two started school today.

Morning study starts at a quarter past seven, but by six forty, the Sophomore Excellence class is already full.

As soon as the seniors graduate this year, they will be prospective seniors and cannot afford to slacken off in the slightest.

But there was one seat that was still empty.

It was in the most obscure corner of the classroom, next to the rubbish bin, with dusty desks and chairs and a lot of messy footprints.

When the duty students were on duty, they also deliberately ignored it.

A few boys looked over and whispered.

“You don’t think she’s afraid to come, do you?”

“I think it’s possible, she came for nothing anyway, full marks of 750, she got 387, no brains.”

“Where the hell did she get that big face? If I were her, I’d be ashamed to stay in Yingcai class any longer.”

What kind of students are most despised in the Talented class?

The ones who give nothing and yet get what others can’t.

They take advantage of the best resources and don’t get ahead.

There were only fifty students in Yingcai’s class, and the fact that Ying took up a place meant that the fiftieth oldest student couldn’t get in.

Ying Fei Fei sat right in front of these boys.

When she heard these words, she poked the table in front of her and lowered her voice: “Zhiyan, what do you think your aunt is thinking? Why did she choose to send an adopted daughter to the Talent class?”

Zhong Zhiyan was reading a physics book and smiled lightly, “I don’t know what my aunt thinks, but she got into the class thanks to Ms. Ying.”

Ying Luwei is a specially employed music teacher at Qingzhi High School and occasionally teaches her students.

“Teacher Win is too nice to her, isn’t she?” Ying Fei Fei said in disgust, “This way, even if she doesn’t do well in the exams, she won’t be expelled from the Talent Class.”

No one wants Ying to leave, it’s just an eyesore.

Zhong Zhiwei closed her book and said indifferently, “Expelling her from Talented class, isn’t that easy?”

Chapter 28

Simple?

If it were easy, why would she have stayed in the class for a whole term?

She should have been out of the class as soon as the first monthly exam was held.

But since Zhong Zhiyan had said so, she must have a solution.

Ying Fei Fei’s eyes lit up, “Zhiyan, what do you think should be done to catch up?”

Grade fifty was her little sister, and she had wanted to kick Ying out for a long time.

“What kind of nature is she, you still don’t know?” Zhong Zhiyan said indifferently, “If she is bullied a few more times, she will break down first and she will still be able to stay in Talent Class?”

“Bullying?” Ying Fei Fei froze and hesitated, “What if she complains?”

Even if she was just an adopted daughter, Ying Ziji was still a member of the Winning Family.

The four biggest families in Shanghai City were no ordinary family to compare with.

Zhong Zhiyan smiled, meaning to say, "Auntie will definitely not care, as for Teacher Ying"

She had heard during her winter break that Ying Ziji had seduced Jiang Moyuan, so how could she have the face to ask Ying Luwei for help?

Ying Fei Fei was then relieved and in an extremely good mood, "There are many people in the class who want her to get lost, Zhiyan, in a moment I will find some classmates and plan a plan."

Zhong Zhiwei didn't say anything, she took out her English notes from her school bag and proceeded to study.

To the side, Lu Fang, who had been eavesdropping for a long time, finally couldn't help himself and came over, "You guys want to kick that dirtbag out?"

"Isn't that nonsense?" Ying Fei Fei glanced at him, "Don't you think she's in the way?"

Which of the Talented Classes didn't have an average score of over 698 in the entrance exam?

How many points did Ying Ziji drag their class down by herself?

"How is it possible!" Lu Fang recalled the incident at the pharmacy that day and held his tongue, "She caused my sister to be locked up by my father."

At these words, Zhong Zhiwei looked up, "Your sister?"

Lu Zhi was in her early twenties, and her medical skills were naturally not comparable to those of veteran herbalists who had been practicing for decades.

But after all, she had graduated from the Imperial University of Chinese Medicine and had a wide range of contacts.

It was said that Lu Zhi's tutor had a slight connection with the Meng family in the imperial capital.

Ying Fei Fei was suspicious: "What does your sister's confinement have to do with her?"

Zhong Zhiyan also listened with a sideways ear.

Lu Fang briefly recounted the story and sneered, "I don't know what kind of luck that dirtbag had, but she was even taken in by Fu Yunshen."

Zhong Zhiyan frowned: "The Seventh Young Master has returned from O Chau?"

"I think he also went to O Chau for further studies for nothing." Lu Fang snorted, "Still a useless fop, when Master Fu dies, he will also cry out."

Zhong Zhiyan spoke coldly, "Lu Fang, such words, you dare to say?"

"Zhiyan, I'm just saying, just saying." Lu Fang threw his hands up, "I didn't mean it."

The Yingcai class also had the Fu family's thousand-year-old grandson in it, so it was lucky that he hadn't been overheard.

Otherwise, he would have been in big trouble.

Zhong Zhiyan was cold: "Classmate Lu Fang, we don't know each other that well, please don't call me that."

Lu Fang was embarrassed, but he was not angry.

Zhong Zhiyan was one of Qingzhi's recognised goddesses, and he had liked her for a long time, but he had just never found the opportunity to get close.

Now it was here.

He must drive that bumpkin out of the Talent Class.

**

When Ying arrived at school, it was ten past seven.

Although she had refused Fu Yunshen, he had called her up at half past six on time.

At the entrance of the school stood the student council's duty officer and the moral education director, who was there to catch students who were not dressed properly and who were late.

It was a rule at Qingzhi that school students must not only wear the school uniform but also the school badge.

Ying Ziji looked at the blue and white school uniform she was wearing and thought it was ugly and personal.

With her hands in her pockets and her school bag slung over her right shoulder, she walked unhurriedly towards the inside of the campus.

Each grade had a separate building, and senior two happened to be in the very middle.

There were quite a few students on the road, all in a hurry.

At that moment, someone else came in at the entrance of the school.

It was a young man.

White shirt, blue bow tie, black suit trousers.

His face was of mixed race, with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses perched on the bridge of his high nose, and his asceticism was very strong.

The girl on duty hurriedly bowed her head and called out "Mr. He" in a low voice.

The young man heard him and nodded his head sideways in greeting, "Thank you for your hard work."

The girl on duty blushed and stammered, "Thank you, thank you, Mr. He."

The students in front looked back, and those behind them quickened their pace, whispering to each other.

"Teacher He is so handsome, I wonder if he has a girlfriend."

"Don't think about it, Mr. He is a doctor from China, he is very knowledgeable, we can only look up to him."

"It's a pity I'm not in the international class, otherwise I could listen to Mr. He's lectures."

Ying was not interested in listening or watching, she had just reached the third floor when her steps paused and her phoenix eyes narrowed abruptly.

A moment later, her eyes narrowed and she continued on her way with little expression.

The door to the classroom is half-hidden, with only a crack showing.

She lifted her foot and kicked the door open.

“The bang was violent and ruthless.

“Clatter...”

It was the sound of water pouring down.

“Holy shit!”

Lu Fang, who was hiding behind the door, couldn't dodge and was directly drenched.

The basin containing the water fell down and hit him on the head, shaking his eyes for a while and causing him to fall to the ground, all dazed with pain.

The commotion instantly drew the attention of everyone in the class, with gazes of surprise and mild disgust.

“Zhiyan, Lu Fang is too careless, isn't he?” Ying Fei Fei snickered, “He still wants to chase you with that kind of intelligence, a toad eating swan meat.”

Zhong Zhiyan didn't answer, but looked outside the door.

The girl walked in at the same time, her legs long and straight.

Even in her ordinary school uniform, it was hard to hide her stunning face.

She looked like a cherry blossom on a branch, or snow on a mountain top.

A cold and aggressive beauty, but with a strong sense of compulsion, easily capturing everyone's attention.

“.....”

Instantly, the entire classroom fell silent.

They watched in awe as the girl walked to the most inconspicuous corner and calmly took out a tissue and slowly wiped it.

It wasn't until after she sat down that one by one people withdrew their eyes in a trance-like manner.

In the classroom, there were whispers and whispers.

“Crap, is this the dirtbag?”

“Fake, did she get a facelift over winter break?”

“Can plastic surgery fix her aura too? Honestly, her aura is no match for Goddess Zhong or Goddess Ying.”

Goddess Ying refers to the Miss Ying family.

Of the three goddesses in Qingzhi, two are in the Senior 2 Talent Class.

“What are you talking about?” When she heard this, Ying Fei Fei laughed, “How can a foster daughter be compared to Zhiyan?”

Zhong Zhiyan is the rightful young lady of the Zhong family, the four most powerful families, what is Ying Zigu?

Can you compare these two?

Before Zhong Zhiyan could say anything, a voice came out.

“No way, no way, am I the only one who thinks that when you look at her today, she’s the one who should be the main attraction?”

Boss Lady Chapter 29-30

Chapter 29

“.....”

With a single word, the classroom was silenced again.

The students couldn’t help but glance at the corner again, and with this look, all the retorts were swallowed back into their stomachs.

The girl sat quietly, the sunlight tinting her eyebrows a pale gold.

There was no deliberate embellishment, yet she was stunningly beautiful without even thinking about it.

Is this kind of face really something that a human being can possess?

To say God’s Face was even demeaning.

Ying Fei Fei was furious: “Do you guys dare to say this to Xiao Xuan’s face?”

The students looked at each other and didn't say anything more as they started their morning reading.

There was only a five-minute break between the morning reading and the first class, and some of the students went to get water, while others went to the washroom.

Ying propped herself up on her elbows and looked at English elective eight with boredom, her thoughts drifting back to the time when she was in Y.

In those days, people still spoke Middle English and modern English was quite simplified, so it was quite quick to learn.

When the five minutes were up, the bell rang and the first class was English.

The English teacher was a woman in her early forties, surnamed Deng.

She walked in on time with the bell ringing and a pile of papers in her hand: "You all know the results of the final exam, so I'm handing them out to you now."

"The questions were hard this time, but everyone did pretty well on the test."

The students all let out a sigh of relief.

"Zhong Zhiwei, 123 points, first in the class." Teacher Deng handed them out while reading the results, "..... Lu Fang, 94 points, Ying Fei Fei"

Until the last paper left in her hand, but she did not read the results.

Teacher Deng pushed his glasses and his voice was kind, "Ying Zidian, come and get your paper."

Ying Zidian nodded and went forward.

Lu Fang was not happy: "Teacher Deng, we have all read our results, why not hers?"

He didn't know that Ying Zidian's English was a 30 out of 10.

Teacher Deng smiled good-naturedly, "If Ying agrees, you can read it too."

Immediately Lu Fang looked at the girl, condescendingly, "Ying Zidian, do you mind letting everyone know your grade?"

Ying Zidian got the paper from Teacher Deng's hand and walked on.

Ignoring Lu Fang completely and utterly, she didn't even give him a look.

Lu Fang was so angry that he was going crazy.

Ying Fei Fei gloated, "Zhiyan, I saw it, she only got 25 marks, it's so humiliating, no wonder she doesn't want to be known."

Zhong Zhiyan didn't respond, pondering, not knowing what she was thinking.

"Okay, now on to the questions." Teacher Deng picked up the chalk, "In a moment I will call on people to answer questions at any time, if you can't answer"

At the bottom there was a wailing sound.

Even Zhong Zhiyan only got 123 marks, so it was obvious how sick the questions were.

Ying Ziyang scanned her own paper and thought about it.

Well, it seemed that before she woke up, she was really a dregs of learning.

Teacher Deng was not a fast lecturer and would take care of students who were weak in English, but she couldn't tolerate anyone going off on a tangent in class.

A chalk tip was thrown over, "Lu Fang, talk about the reading comprehension 64 questions."

When Lu Fang looked at the question, he found that he had made a mistake.

And he couldn't understand a single word of the question options, so he was a bit dumbfounded and anxiously sweating.

Seeing this, Ying Fei Fei said loudly, "Teacher Deng, Zhiyan didn't even do this question, so it must be difficult, but I just saw that she wrote it correctly, so I should let her come up to speak."

Zhong Zhiyan also raised her hand and smiled, "Teacher Deng, I also want to know how Ying did this question, can you ask her to tell us?"

As soon as Zhong Zhiyan spoke, many people in the class echoed her words.

"Yes, Teacher Deng."

"We're all very curious about it."

The question was so difficult that no one in the class knew how to do it.

Teacher Deng frowned and was just about to say something when, in the corner, the girl slowly stood up.

She held the paper in one hand, swept a glance at it, and opened her mouth casually.

Lu Fang and Ying Fei Fei, who were about to taunt out, heard a string of pure and fluent British accents:
“.....”

Zhong Zhiwei snapped her head back.

Ying finished the question in thirty seconds, “To sum up, choose d for question 64.”

Teacher Deng was surprised: “Good answer, that’s it, please sit down.”

Ying sat down and turned his pen to play.

The signal of “a bunch of rubbish” emanated from her body.

The class: “.....”

Ying Fei Fei is incredulous: “Zhiyan, she really knows how to do it?”

Wasn’t that a trick?

The smile on Zhong Zhiyan’s lips faltered: “Who knows?”

At that moment, Teacher Deng asked again, “Zhong Zhiyan, did you understand?”

Zhong Zhiyan’s face flushed hot as she lowered her head, “Yes.”

“Alas, you guys have really let me down.” Teacher Deng sighed, “You’ve been studying with me for so long, but you’re not as good as Ying Zidian, who came here halfway, so go back and study hard.”

The class was silent, no one dared to say anything else.

The class ended quickly, and after class, Teacher Deng called Ying Zidian up.

“Did you practice speaking during the winter holidays?”

Ying Zidian raised her eyebrows, “Yes.”

“Good, it’s a good start, your base is a bit thin, you won’t be able to do too difficult questions.” Teacher Deng said, “I’ll give you some basic problem sets, are you free to pick them up in my office at lunchtime?”

Ying didn’t refuse the kind offer, even though she didn’t need it: “Yes.”

“Work hard.” Before leaving, Teacher Deng patted her on the shoulder, “Don’t take other people’s words to heart.”

**

At noon, everyone in the classroom went out to eat.

Ying Ziji took a bite of tomato and looked down at her WeChat messages.

She had very few WeChat contacts, and the only ones who would send her messages were Fu Yunshen and Wen Huilan.

The former has recently raised her like a child, such as this one today.

The former has been treating her like a child lately, such as today’s message. [Did you have a good meal at lunch?

[No, I ate tomatoes.

She's quite a picky eater.

Ten seconds later, Fu Yunshen sent a direct message.

The actual voice is always very nice, low and deep, like notes jumping on the tip of the heart.

The actual fact is that you've been separated for just how long, and you're not listening again, the meal must be eaten properly.

[Oh.]

I'll see you tonight to see if we've lost weight.

Ying Ziji stared at the words, rubbed his head and put his phone back in his pocket.

After finishing the last bite of tomato, she got up and went to the English group office.

After knocking on the door, she walked in.

There was only one young man in the office apart from Mr Deng.

After the door was closed, Mr Deng turned to him and said, "Mr He, this child has given me a big surprise today, her speaking is really good."

It wasn't just any English accent, it was queen's english – pure royal English.

It was simply incredible.

He Xun sniffed and asked lightly in return, "What's the point?"

He had helped Teacher Deng lead a few classes for the Talented class, so he naturally knew what kind of person Ying Ziji was.

She was not motivated and did not work hard.

This kind of student was the last thing he could see.

Chapter 30

After knowing that Ying Zidian got into the class through the back door because of the Ying family's connections, He Xun was even more disgusted.

He really didn't have any good feelings towards her.

As for speaking English?

This is the most basic ability of Qingzhi students.

Teacher Deng was blocked by these four words, but she remembered something.

She had gone to O Chau for a week for an academic exchange, so she asked He Xun to cover her classes.

When she came back, she heard from the students in the Talented and International classes that even when He Xun asked the simplest questions in class, Ying Zidian couldn't answer them and couldn't even understand them.

Sometimes, she even fell asleep in class.

Naturally, He Xun didn't say anything during class, but everyone could see that he was angry.

Teacher Deng sighed and wanted to say something: "This child is actually quite difficult"

Teaching students, she generally treats the right symptoms.

And learning does also have to do with talent, not everyone is good at English maths.

To this, He Xun didn't comment, still light: "But she takes up resources she shouldn't."

Without Ying Zidian, that place in the Talented class would belong to the fiftieth age.

After all, the Talented class is equipped with top teacher resources, even if it is a key class, it cannot be compared.

He Xun didn't say anything more, he was reading a document, which was dense with English.

But on closer inspection, the English was different from normal English.

This was Middle English, applied between 1150 and 1500.

The grammar of Middle English is more complex than that of modern English

It is also more difficult because of the incorporation of a number of French and Latin words.

The red letters on the document are the annotations made by He Xun, who has done a lot of research but has only translated one paragraph.

There were too few people who knew Middle English now, even for the native inhabitants of Y. No one used it anymore.

Trying to find someone who knew Middle English was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

He Xun rubbed his temples, put the literature in his hands aside, turned to take out the textbook for the international class, and began to prepare for the lesson.

**

Perhaps because of the morning English lesson, Lu Fang and Ying Fei Fei were more honest and didn't bother Ying Ziguai anymore.

The first day of school was all about papers. Ying Zidian looked at her marks in the six subjects and didn't feel much.

She knew why it was like that.

Although she hadn't fully woken up before and her memory and abilities weren't there, she still had a bit of intelligence, so she wouldn't be so bad at exams.

However, because of the pressure of the gentry circle while being called to give Ying Luwei blood transfusions from time to time, she was a puppet on a string and had no freedom at all.

She is unable to keep up physically, let alone study properly.

When she does badly in exams, Zhong Manhua gets even angrier, and in the long run, it becomes a vicious circle.

Ying Zigui looked pale and put the papers in her school bag.

No wonder her temper had become bad. It was because of the oppression she had suffered in the year she had come to the Ying family.

It was a good thing she didn't have a perverted heart.

“Zhiyan, let's go.” Before leaving the classroom, Ying Fei Fei deliberately raised her voice, “Let's go and see your grandfather.”

Zhong Zhiyan's grandfather, also known as Zhong Manhua's father.

Ying Ziji, an adopted daughter, was definitely not qualified to see him.

Zhong Zhiyan's complexion however changed.

Ying Fei Fei didn't know, she knew very well.

Although she hadn't met her, Master Zhong was very kind to Ying Zidian, almost to the point of going beyond her.

Remembering again the words of the morning that no one took seriously, Zhong Zhiwei's movements paused and she glanced at the girl lightly, “Let's go.”

There was no evening study in Yingcai's class, and after school, the students went their own way.

Ying Ziji took a look at the time and was ready to go too.

Before she could go out, she was called by the life committee member.

“Ying Zidian, it’s your turn to be on duty today, there’s not much rubbish on the first day, just wipe the blackboard.” He hesitated and whispered, “In the morning, I saw Lu Fang put the basin full of water on the door, you you’d better be careful lately.”

Ying Zigui smiled and nodded slightly, “Thank you.”

“No, no thanks.” The life member was busy avoiding the girl’s eyes, a blush floating on her face as she picked up her school bag and quickly ran away.

After thinking about it, Ying Ziji decided to send a message back to Fu Yunshen first.

After sending the message, she rolled up her sleeves, took out a rag from under the lectern and went to the bathroom.

It was dark early in March, so after a few minutes of back and forth, it was already completely dark outside.

Looking down the corridor, a low-hanging canopy could be seen.

The buildings were hidden in the inky clouds that changed with the wind, the long street was full of cars and the crowds were like a sea tide that spread across the city.

Ying stood quietly for a while before returning to the classroom.

Once inside, she stopped in her tracks.

The long man was leaning against the window, his light amber pupils reflecting a thousand lights, brighter than a river of stars.

Fu Yunshen heard the footsteps, he straightened up and turned back, his peach blossom eyes curved up: “Yao Yao.”

Ying Ziyang slightly wrinkled her eyebrows, "Didn't you say that you didn't have to wait for me?"

He always had a lot to do, there was no need to look after her all the time.

"It's fine." Fu Yunshen put one hand in his pocket and smiled, "Brother, I've been rather idle lately, so I'm doing duty with you."

With that, he took the rag from her hand and wiped the blackboard very skillfully.

Ying Ziji was silent for a moment, she sighed, walked to the back, picked up a broom and started sweeping the floor.

Ten minutes later, the two of them finished cleaning up.

Fu Yunshen flicked the ash off his shirt and squinted his peach blossom eyes, "Well, it's quite clean, let's go."

When they came out, it was already half past seven.

"Let's have a meal." Ying Ziji took out his phone and opened the app, "Then I'll go home."

Home, naturally, referred to Wen Fengmian's place.

Fu Yunshen smiled lightly, "Listen to you."

She was searching for a nearby restaurant when a surprise shout sounded in her ear, "Miss Ying!"

Ying Zidian turned around.

“Stab...”

A black Maybach jerked to a halt in front of her, the window on the passenger side rolled down.

**

Meanwhile, across the road.

Zhong Manhua had just come out of the Century Centre shopping shop, she had just called her driver to pick her up, when she looked up, she saw the girl in the Qingzhi school uniform standing in front of a car, slightly bent over.

Next to her was Fu Yunshen, a well-known playboy in Shanghai.

Zhong Manhua frowned unhappily and was about to step forward to take Ying Zidian away.

“Manhua.” On the side, Madam Mu noticed, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” Zhong Manhua immediately withdrew her eyes and just wanted to leave quickly.

She didn’t want Madam Mu to see this scene, and if word got out, it would be her daughter Zhong Manhua who didn’t know any better to seduce the young master of the Fu family.

However, Madam Mu had already looked over.

Zhong Manhua’s heart jumped and she went to pull her, “Madam Mu, let’s go first.”

Madam Mu, however, didn’t move, she looked at the black Maybach on and froze, a little taken back.

That seemed to be

Mu Heqing's special car.