

## Boss Lady Chapter 251-252

### Chapter 251

Xiu Yan brought a total of five suitcases, all of which were of the largest size.

An average girl would have struggled to carry one.

They live in a three-storey house, and there is no lift.

Teng Yunmeng was a good person, so when she heard Xiu Yan's words, she really stood up and was ready to help her carry them.

But she couldn't go over, a hand pressed her shoulder and pushed her back into the seat.

Ying finished the last sip of her wolfberry and red date tea, put the cup down, raised her eyelashes and her voice was muted: "You don't have any hands?"

The assistant who was holding the umbrella for Xiu Yan at the side looked up with some surprise, almost suspecting that she had heard wrong.

Whether it was on the set or at school, there was no need for Xiu Yan to say anything, others were rushing to help her with her work.

Even if Xiu Yan didn't debut second in Youth 101 with absolute strength, her status as the eldest young lady of the Xiu family alone had countless people rushing up to befriend her.

In the imperial capital, the Xiu family was a big family on par with the Nie and Mu families.

Not to mention, Xiu Yan is also very hot in the entertainment industry and has attracted a large number of die-hard fans.

Because she hid her identity when she participated in Youth 101, no one knew she was the Xiu family's eldest daughter, and she didn't rely on her family.

She managed to make her debut with her singing and dancing strength.

It was also not long ago that Xiu Yan's identity was revealed.

Having a family background, and strength, certainly made people like her.

Xiu Yan was also surprised.

Her eyebrows furrowed inscrutably before she looked carefully in the direction of the flower bed.

Her eyes narrowed slightly at the sight of the girl's face.

Then she quickly recalled the celebrities she had seen in the entertainment industry, as well as the famous ladies from the big and small gentry in the imperial capital.

None of them could be right.

Oh, ordinary people.

Xiu Yan folded her sunglasses and hung them up to her collar, her red lips hooked slightly as she seemed to smile, "Yeah, what do I need my hands for if it's not with you guys around?"

She glanced at the time and surprisingly did not have a fit, "This way, you guys carry it up, a thousand dollars for one suitcase, is that okay?"

“There are my cosmetics in here, all shipped back from abroad, remember to be careful when carrying them, if you bump them, you can’t afford to pay for them.”

The two men didn’t even move, let alone be attentive and come forward.

Xiu Yan’s expression sank little by little.

The assistant couldn’t help but speak for her: “Sister Yan is a girl, what’s wrong with you guys helping to carry her?”

“So we’re not girls?” Teng Yun Meng coldly snorted, “This is not the entertainment industry, and we are not her fans, spoiling her? I still have this hand insured, I don’t need her to be golden?”

The assistant was choked, embarrassed and a bit woefully out of place.

Xiu Yan was silent for a moment and smiled, “That makes sense, I’ll do it myself, then can I ask you guys to help me carry it?”

She only knew Teng Yun Meng, but not the other one.

Teng Yunmeng was a genius from a secondary school affiliated to the Imperial University and had won many gold medals in international academic competitions.

China had always had a talent protection programme, and Teng Yun Meng was one of them.

When a talent like Teng Yun Meng graduated from university, she would be a target for all the major clans and powers to recruit.

Naturally, the Xiu family was no exception.

To gain a foothold in the imperial capital, talent was fundamental.

This time when Xiu Yan came to the training camp, it was also to make good relations with these geniuses.

It was just that she was really used to it, having others do things for her.

Ying stood up and put a piece of candy into Teng Yun Meng's hand, "Let's go."

She turned around, without looking at Xiu Yan, and went upstairs.

Teng Yunmeng naturally followed closely.

To her, it was of course more important to be the face of their group.

She didn't need to please Miss Xiu's family either.

As she watched the back of the two leaving, the smile on Xiu Yan's lips was completely unsustainable.

No one had ever damaged her face like this before.

"Sister Yan, they've gone too far." The assistant complained, "At least you'll be training here for a month, you're all classmates, and you're not even willing to help carry a salute."

"At that time, Brother Chen even said that you were tired of studying while filming, there's really no need to participate in this competition."

It's true that isc is an international academic competition, but not everyone is able to get the attention of the bigwigs in the academic world.

Xiu Yan in the future that was going to inherit the Xiu family and the entertainment industry, how could she be too busy?

“Let’s go up first.” Xiu Yan put his sunglasses back on, his red lips hooked, “Not bad, there’s a month, there’s still a long day.”

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Mu family.

Mrs Mu returned from outside and received a report from the maid below.

She moved with a slight surprise, “You mean, Mu Weifeng vomited blood again this morning?”

“Yes, Fifth Madam.” The servant was respectful, “When the housekeeper sent someone to bring Young Master Wei Feng’s food this morning, Young Master Wei Feng was eating properly, but suddenly he vomited blood.”

“The housekeeper was all panicked and called the family doctor over in a hurry, I could see clearly that the blood was indeed vomiting a lot.”

The Mu family had gone to great lengths to treat Mu Weifeng’s illness, specially hiring a doctor from the Imperial City Hospital to be based at the Mu family home.

However, they were only able to help stabilise his condition, not cure it.

Mrs. Mu’s expression changed: “It can’t be that someone has moved the medicine, can it?”

The servant froze: “Fifth Madam, what makes you think so?”

Madam Mu rubbed her temples and faintly: "I was hearing you say it suddenly and thought something had changed."

The Mu family forbade fratricide, especially backstabbing.

She had moved to do so, but she didn't dare.

But Mu Weifeng was indeed backstabbing, she had done nothing and he was already dying.

Madam Mu waved her hand, "You go down."

The maid carried the broom and left.

Madam Mu returned to her room, took off her shawl and hung it on the coat rack.

She thought for a moment and made a phone call.

"Huizhu." Mrs. Mu spoke in a light voice, "Do you know a very famous cardiopulmonary doctor abroad?"

Hearing her ask this, Ke Huizhu was a little wary, "Sister, what do you want?"

The last plagiarism incident had hurt Hua Xiu's vitality greatly.

Ke Huizhu had listened to Madam Mu and put Hua Xiu in the position of the victim, and in the end, it had regained a lot of reputation, but it could not be compared to its heyday.

After all, China Embroidery was an old brand with many older customers, and some of the purchasers hadn't paid attention to any design competitions.

Mrs. Mu didn't say it outright, but simply asked, "Was it difficult to hire this cardio doctor?"

“It’s not difficult, it’s very difficult, the Ke family is already in enough trouble.” Ke Huizhu did not look too good. “Sis, what exactly do you want?”

This cardiopulmonary doctor, who was internationally renowned, had a great reputation.

Ke Huizhu naturally had little friendship with this cardiopulmonary doctor, but her husband’s side of the family did.

It was possible to invite him, but it would cost a small price.

It was also because of what happened with Hua Xiu that Ke Huizhu already disliked Madam Mu.

“It has a lot to do with Shenzhou inheriting the Mu family.” Madam Mu was faint, “As long as you can bring in this cardiopulmonary doctor, the position of heir to the Mu family is 90% likely to be Shenzhou’s.”

Ninety percent, it was almost an iron-clad certainty.

“Good.” Ke Huizhu breathed a little sharper, she gritted her teeth and agreed, “Sister, as long as Shenzhou can become the head of the Mu family in the future, I’ll do anything to help, I’ll go and invite him.”

Having received the permission, Madam Mu was relieved.

She got up and went to where Mu Weifeng lived.

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In the other courtyard.

Because he had vomited blood only this morning, Mu Weifeng's face was still very pale.

He was still sitting at the stone table, writing.

This time he wrote very slowly, but his handwriting was coherent.

Mu Weifeng's ears were very good.

When Madam Mu was still twenty or thirty metres away from the garden, he heard the sound of her footsteps.

Mu Weifeng looked up, his eyes slightly frozen.

When Madam Mu approached, he called out politely and detachedly, "Fifth Aunt."

"I heard that you vomited blood again this morning." Mrs Mu sat down opposite him, "Not well again?"

"It's okay." Mu Weifeng bowed his head, not looking at Madam Mu either, and continued writing, "It's not going to die."

Madam Mu frowned.

This Mu Weifeng, he didn't seem to be judging the situation.

"Third brother and sister-in-law left when you were a child, so I'm sure they don't want to see their only son die young." Madam Mu's voice was faint, with an air of condescension, "If you die, your sister, a girl with no one to rely on, will find it difficult to survive in the extended family."

"There are so many sons and daughters in the Mu family, there is no guarantee that your sister will have to go into a marriage with someone."



Mu Weifeng's eyes were steeply cold.

He picked up a tissue and wiped his mouth, with a bit of blood seeping through the paper.

He finished wiping and threw the tissue into the trash bin, "If Aunt Wu has anything to say, she can just say it, there's no need to beat around the bush so much."

"Good, smart man, then I won't say any more nonsense." Mrs Mu smiled, "I know a sage doctor from abroad who has no failures in heart and lung diseases."

"I'll invite him for you and treat you, and you hand over your qualifications for the Mu family heir examination."

## Chapter 252

"Well?"

Mu Weifeng didn't answer.

Madam Mu was in no hurry, she poured a cup of tea and drank it slowly.

To Mu Weifeng, his body was the most important thing.

Especially, he still had a younger sister, Mu Yuxi, to take care of.

The earliest history of the Mu family could be traced back to the Tang Dynasty, and in over a thousand years, there had only been two female family heads.

Although Mu Yuxi was also very outstanding, Madam Mu did not take Mu Yuxi into consideration at all.

In her opinion, Mu Yuxi was going to marry out in the future.

After she married out, even if she was good, she could only be a housewife like her.

But after waiting for five minutes, Madam Mu still didn't get an answer from Mu Weifeng.

She became impatient and heavily put down her tea cup: "Wei Feng, you're not still thinking about it, are you?"

"I'm not thinking about it." Mu Weifeng finished writing the last word and put down his pen before speaking faintly, "I am disagreeing."

"Disagree?" Madam Mu was slightly stunned, her face then sank, "Isn't the reason you went to compete for the heirship to visit the Meng family? Why don't you agree?"

Mu Weifeng coughed a few more times and smiled, "One can die, but not without pride, Aunt Wu, your spine is already bent, don't think of others like you."

With a single word, it caused Madam Mu's face to instantly turn iron blue.

Her chest heavily heaving, she sneered, "People are dying, what pride do you need, fine, you don't agree, then I'll see if you can last until the day the examination is over."

Madam Mu didn't want to stay for one more second at all, got up and left.

She had just taken one step when Mu Weifeng called out to her.

Madam Mu stopped but did not turn around: "What, have you thought it over?"

“This tea set has been used by Aunt Wu, so I don’t need it.” Mu Weifeng replaced it with a piece of Xuan paper and spoke in a gentle tone, “Please take it away with you, Aunt Wu.”

Madam Mu turned back sharply, exasperated.

She walked back again, picked up the tea set on the stone table, and left in a hurry on her feet.

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isc training camp.

After lunch.

Teng Yun Meng was lying on the sofa, burping and relaxed.

A few seconds later, she suddenly got up with a carp and was serious: “On second thought, Ziggy, you were too impulsive just now... Xiu Yan is the eldest lady of the Xiu family, the Xiu family, you know that, right?”

“I know.” Ying Zidian was looking at her phone, “The big giants of the imperial capital.”

“Yeah.” Teng Yun Meng sighed, “She’s the kind of young lady who has hundreds of maids at home, we can’t really compete.”

Ying Ziyang didn’t look up and pondered, “Would a rich family like the Xiu family also let their daughter go to the entertainment industry?”

“I don’t know about that, but Xiu Yan is so favoured, the Xiu family would agree to anything she wants, right?” Teng Yun Meng thought about it and shrugged her shoulders, “I think Xiu Yan is just having fun, if she can’t make it in the entertainment industry, she can still go back and inherit the billion dollar family fortune, a winner in life.”

Ying Zidian said indifferently, "Not necessarily."

Teng Yun Meng didn't understand what this "may not" meant, she was very happy-go-lucky: "Let's just keep our contact with her to a minimum, her fans are quite crazy anyway, luckily her fans weren't here just now, otherwise we could have been torn apart by her fans alive."

"Once Xiu Yan arrives, everyone will be together." Teng Yun Meng stretched, "Tomorrow we start training, dickey, I'll take you out for a walk this afternoon?"

Ying Zidian pressed his phone out, "I have an appointment this afternoon, I can go out in the evening."

"What is it?"

"To meet someone."

Teng Yun Meng scratched her head.

She always felt that the face of their group was very mysterious looking.

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By two o'clock, Mu Heqing was already sitting in a teahouse in downtown Imperial City.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you are getting into.

So he didn't ask for a box, he just sat outside graciously and waited.

The other guests did see such a hale, hearty and imposing old man, but they just looked at him for a moment without paying much attention.

Mu Cheng was at one side and he glanced at his watch, "Master, you've arrived too early, Miss Ying said she wouldn't come until three o'clock."

"What's that." Mu Heqing didn't care and poured a cup of tea, "It's good to drink more tea."

Mu Cheng let out a sigh.

He saw that it was because Miss Ying had come to the imperial capital, and Mu Heqing was so happy that he had fainted.

But Mu Heqing didn't have to wait long, fifteen minutes later, outside the teahouse, a car stopped.

Mu Cheng got up in a hurry and went out to greet it.

A minute later, he went and returned, followed by two people.

"Here you are, sit down." Mu Heqing glanced at Fu Yunshen, seemingly unhappy, "Back then, I also gave Xiao Ying the message that if she came to the imperial capital, don't bring you with you."

"Not with me." Fu Yunshen pulled out a chair and let the girl sit down before he took his seat, "I just happened to have something to do, so I stopped by to take a look."

"All right." The first time I saw you, I didn't see you come in person."

Fu Yunshen's hand paused and raised his eyebrows, "Old Mu, are you really not afraid of shortening your life?"

Hearing this, Mu Heqing was quite calm this time: "It's okay, you have another ability to bring dead people back to life."

Mu Cheng: “.....”

He raised his hand and wiped his sweat.

Apart from Miss Ying, he had met another person who dared to talk to Mu Heqing like that.

Mu Cheng was actually a little unclear about how Mu Heqing and Fu Yunshen came to be friends, and even more so about what Fu Yunshen did in the imperial capital.

But he was just a secretary, so there was no need to ask him about certain things.

“Understood.” Fu Yunshen’s arm rested on the back of his chair, slightly inclined his head and smiled, “What you mean is that when you are a thousand years old in a few decades, I will go to your grave to talk and you can still come out of the coffin.”

Mu Heqing’s hand shook and almost spilled tea on his face.

He gave Fu Yunshen a blank look and looked at the girl, “Little Ying, I’m also looking for you to discuss something, originally you weren’t coming to the imperial capital this time, I was going to Shanghai City.”

Ying propped her head up and looked at the several large boxes of snacks sitting next to the table.

She nodded, “Elder Mu, you speak.”

Mu Heqing pretended not to see, taking it as if he was still more important than the snacks.

He said, “You know, although I’ve been cured by you, I’m still old after all, and I’m not able to do many things.”

“You are not out of your depth.” Fu Yunshen rolled up his sleeves, revealing half of his small arms, and began to make tea with his plain hands, “You want to go out and play by yourself.”

“Brat.” Mu Heqing was so angry that she couldn’t understand, “I’m telling you, you’re so poisonous, you won’t be able to get a wife in the future, you’ll be a bachelor for the rest of your life!”

No wonder.

At the beginning of the year, he had also introduced this brat to someone.

There were six of them in total, all of them famous ladies from the empire.

But every single one of them, after meeting them once, never followed up again.

He even foolishly asked Mu Cheng to ask them.

Now, it seems, asking is bullshit.

Fu Yunshen’s eyelashes twitched as he put 4 grams of tea into the pot, his expression scattered, “Coincidentally, it’s just what I wanted.”

“Fine, I’ll remember it for you.” Mu Heqing was all exasperated, “If you get married in the future, I’ll say this out loud, I’ll make sure you can’t get a daughter-in-law.”

With that, he took a document from Mu Cheng’s hand and pushed it in front of the girl, “The Mu family has to choose an heir, this is the content of the test I have set.”

“The end of September is the first round of assessment, I want to ask you, Xiaoying, to help me see who is more suitable as well.”

“This?” Ying Ziji’s gaze paused, “Sorry, Elder Mu, I don’t intend to meddle in the Mu family’s affairs, so I may have to refuse you.”

At those words, Mu Heqing wasn't angry, he just regretted, "Seriously, if you were my Mu family's daughter, why would I bother preparing for the test and just pass the Mu family on to you?"

This was within his expectation.

He had known Ying Zigu for so long and knew that she had always been lazy about even her own affairs.

On the contrary, she basically did whatever she was asked to do by the people around her.

Whoever was good to her, she would treat better.

"Yaoyao, don't believe it." Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes raised and his voice contained a smile, "This was also said to me by Mu Lao, you can see how much he hates me now and wants to take me apart."

Ying raised his eyebrows, "Like that?"

"Brat, will you die if you don't tear me down?" Mu Heqing held back, but didn't kick him, "At least Ying won't be angry with me, look at you, can you be a human being all day long?"

He slapped the table, "Come on, come with the old man, I want to talk to you."

Fu Yunshen wiped his hands and handed the boiled tea to the girl, "Yao Yao, I'm going inside with Old Man Mu, you can rest here first."

Ying Ziji took the cup and nodded, "Mm, you guys talk."

Mu Cheng also knew that Mu Heqing had more important things to say to Fu Yunshen, so he didn't follow.



He hesitated for a moment and asked tentatively, “Miss Ying, are you unhappy with Young Master Shenzhou?”

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Chapter 253

At that auction, the Mu family and several other families only provided a platform and were not considered to be the real organisers.

Even if there was an antique, Mu Heqing would not have paid much attention to it.

His old man was so intent on being an idle crane that he was just waiting to hand over the Mu family and drift away on his own.

But because Ying Zigui was there, Mu Cheng was paying special attention.

So he also knew what had happened at the auction.

This kind of thing, naturally, Mu Cheng would not bother Mu Heqing.

But he believed that as long as Ying Ziji said one word, there was no possibility of Mu Shenzhou inheriting the Mu family.

Only then did Mu Cheng come to ask.

Ying Ziji was drinking tea and didn’t stop moving at the sound of her voice: “Who?”

Mu Cheng: “.....”

It was him who was overthinking.

In Miss Ying's eyes, Mu Heqing is sometimes less important than snacks.

How could she put someone unimportant on her mind?

This was quite tragic.

Mu Cheng coughed and was serious: "No one, Miss Ying, let me help you unwrap your snacks."

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Inside the box.

Fu Yunshen entered and closed the door behind him.

Mu Heqing would choose this teahouse, also because the soundproofing here was quite good.

He sat down with his legs crossed and thought for a long time before speaking, "I went to the imperial capital a few months ago and saw that your grandfather seemed to be in good health, did Xiao Ying cure him?"

"Yes." Fu Yunshen was faint, "Originally, I had planned to give up."

Not to give up on Master Fu, but to give up on himself.

"Fortunately." Mu Heqing breathed a sigh of relief, "Your grandfather was also considered my former subordinate, and watching him being afflicted with illness was quite hard for me."

Old Master Fu was in a different situation to him.

He had been shot because of a shot off his heart, which had led to a series of illnesses.

Although Master Fu had also suffered wounds on the battlefield, none of them were fatal, at most his body was not as light as an ordinary person's when he got old.

What really made Master Fu's life worse than death was the overbearing toxin.

Mu Heqing knew that Fu Yunshen had hired ancient doctors from the ancient medical community, or the most powerful ones.

Even Miss Meng, who had been treating him earlier, could not be compared to these few.

After all, some of these people were older than him, and their experience and experience were there.

And to get these few ancient doctors to come forward out of the ancient medicine world, this, he could not do.

Especially in the case of the Meng family, the members of the direct lineage were all very eccentric in temper and would not give face to others.

It wasn't that Mu Heqing hadn't gone to ask that Miss Meng to treat Mu Weifeng, but she was refused.

However, even these extremely powerful ancient doctors were unable to cure the poison in Master Fu's body.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes dropped: "Grandpa, it's for me."

His lips curved, still so gently curved, but his voice was cold: "If it wasn't for me, he wouldn't be like this."

“That incident twenty years ago?” Mu Heqing frowned, “You were only two years old at that time, you couldn’t have stopped it.”

Saying that, he took a deep breath, “Don’t say you, I wasn’t there, I just listened to it later and it got in the way of my heart here.”

I really don’t know how a two-year-old child managed to hold on at that time.

Mu Heqing asked again, “Those people who went to Fu’s house at that time, you haven’t found them till now?”

“No.” Fu Yunshen laughed lightly, “They haven’t come out again, but there are traces of them.”

Mu Heqing frowned again, “You can’t even find out, this is so unwarranted .....

Twenty years ago, a large group of people went to the Fu family.

The poison in Master Fu’s body also appeared at that time.

He had also looked into the matter and hadn’t found anything either.

“Someone from the ancient medical community is looking for you.” Mu Heqing shook his head and changed the subject, “You’ve shown up in the imperial capital, so I guess it won’t be long before someone from them comes to the door.”

Fu Yunshen didn’t say anything, his peach blossom eyes lowered, the faint light shining.

Mu Heqing thought for a moment, “I still have one more thing I want to ask you to help me with, when you go to the ancient medicine world, help me hire an ancient doctor.”

“One of my grandsons he is not in good health and his condition has worsened recently.”

“Hmm?” Fu Yunshen hooked his lips, “Isn’t Yao Yao in? People in the ancient medicine world aren’t as good as her. She can cure it.”

Mu Heqing waved her hand, “I don’t want to bother her.”

Fu Yunshen didn’t refuse, “Okay, tonight is fine, let’s go together.”

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Nine o’clock in the evening.

The Mu family was in chaos.

Because when the servants went in to bring something to Mu Weifeng, they found him unconscious in the courtyard, with blood on his lips.

The housekeeper arrived in a panic and immediately took him to the Imperial Capital Hospital.

All the specialist doctors from the cardiopulmonary department were called to the icu.

This was not the first time that Mu Weifeng had undergone a major operation, except that this time it seemed to be very dangerous.

Even Madam Mu did not expect that Mu Weifeng’s body was failing so quickly.

But this was a good thing for her.

Madam Mu took a taxi to the Imperial Capital Hospital.

As soon as she got upstairs, she saw Mu Yuxi.

Mu Weifeng's younger sister.

Mu Yuxi was still at school, she was wearing her school uniform, carrying her school bag, her forehead was covered in sweat and her eyes were red.

When Mrs. Mu came, she confirmed that neither Mu Cheng nor Mu Heqing was there at night.

She carried her bag and walked over gracefully, "Yu Xi, don't worry, your brother has a heavenly sign, nothing will happen to him."

Mu Yuxi didn't say anything, staring at the operating room.

"You saw it, right? They can't save your brother." Mrs. Mu faded, "But I can, I told your brother at noon, looking for you to ask him to withdraw from the Mu family heir test, I will help him hire a doctor, but he didn't listen."

"Look, what has become of him now? So sick that he couldn't even take the first test."

Mu Yuxi's lips twitched and she raised her head mechanically, "What did you say?"

Madam Mu looked at her and seemed to admire her miserable white face, "I'll make a deal with you, how about you withdraw from the examination and I'll hire someone to cure your brother?"

Mu Weifeng's illness had struck at the right time.

With this attack, he would not be able to take part in the examination.

Originally, she had planned for Mu Weifeng to withdraw from the heir examination alone, and now even Mu Yuxi had to be forced to withdraw.

Since the third master and third madam of the Mu family had passed away because of a single occasion, the two siblings had relied on each other and were very close.

Madam Mu believed that Mu Yuxi would make the right choice.

In big families, from ancient times to the present, the struggle was not small.

It was not like she had caused Mu Weifeng's illness.

Even if Mu Heqing knew about these things, she would not bother.

This is not a frame-up, but a normal competition, a trade.

The company's main business is to provide a wide range of products and services to the market. My brother is sick and so many doctors are helpless."

"It's up to you to believe it or not." Mrs. Mu was calm and meaningful, "Your brother's illness can't be delayed anyway, the doctors at the Imperial Capital Hospital are very powerful, but there's no way they can compare to the international sage doctors, right?"

Mu Yuxi didn't say anything, she only felt chills all over her body.

"I'm doing this for your own good, and I don't want to see your brother die like this." Madam Mu shook her head, "Alright, if you want to think about it you can, just see how long your brother can survive."

After saying that, Madam Mu left.

She stepped aside and was grabbed by Ke Huizhu's hand, "Sister, what if she doesn't agree? If Mu Weifeng dies, that's what will be more than worth the loss."

“Huizhu, don’t worry.” Madam Mu waved her hand, “His illness can’t drag on for a few days, if the Mu family could have cured him, wouldn’t they have done so already?”

“This divine doctor sage has no friendship with the Mu family, and only your side can be invited, just watch, in a moment Mu Yuxi will come and beg me.”

Ke Huizhu was still anxious, but hearing what Madam Mu said, she could only wait.

Before the three minutes were up, Ke Huizhu saw Mu Yuxi, who was standing at the entrance of the operating room, walking towards this way.

“Look.” Madam Mu laughed, contemptuously, “Here you are, just promise not to do it, and still have to be stubborn with me.”

“Little girl, strength and then experience is not enough, good to hold.”

Ke Huizhu breathed a sigh of relief and also smiled, “Sister, it’s you who understands her.”

In the Mu family, brothers and sisters were mostly very close to each other.

Unlike the Ke family, the biological brothers could all abandon each other.

She was also worried about that.

Sure enough, when Mu Yuxi came over, she said, “I promise you, but you have to cure my brother.”

It wasn’t that she didn’t know what Madam Mu had in mind, but she had to obey.

Compared to some heir test, Mu Weifeng’s life was more important.



Even if it was just a glimmer of life.

“Don’t worry.” Madam Mu took out a document, “All you have to do is sign this and I’ll hire a doctor for you.”

A pen was forced into Mu Yuxi’s hand, her hand was trembling and she couldn’t write the first stroke for half a day.

“Mu Yuxi, still not signing?” Mrs. Mu was cold, “Can it be that you want to see your brother die? How can you be such a sister? Do you have to get him killed?”

Mu Yuxi took a deep breath, managed to steady her hand and started to sign.

## Chapter 254

When Madam Mu saw Mu Yuxi put pen to paper, the heart she was carrying finally fell.

She was actually gambling.

If Mu Yuxi did not sign, there was nothing she could do to force her.

Madam Mu had never wanted to deal with Mu Yuxi, but Mu Weifeng was too proud.

He would rather die of illness than agree to her terms.

But it was different for Mu Yuxi.

She had only finished her mid-term exams this year and had just started her first year of high school.

A young girl not yet 16, no matter how powerful she is, she is not mature at heart.

Mu Weifeng is her own brother, and when it comes to this kind of life and death situation, Mu Yuxi can still stand here, which is considered to be a strong tolerance.

Madam Mu was afraid that in the face of power and affection, Mu Yuxi would choose the former.

Fortunately, she did not.

Mrs. Mu looked on coldly and didn't even let Mu Yuxi sit down, so she watched her sign.

Once this document is signed, it will have legal effect.

The first thing you need to do is to sign it.

Mu Yuxi had just finished writing the word "Mu" when the door to the ICU was suddenly opened.

A nurse hurriedly came out, "Where is Mu Weifeng's family? He's already awake."

Mu Yuxi's hand shook and she threw the pen out in excitement, not even caring about the schoolbag on her back, she immediately ran across.

Caught off guard, Mrs. Mu was thrown a faceful of ink.

"It's over, sis!" Ke Huizhu's expression changed, "Mu Weifeng is awake, what's the use of me hiring that cardiopulmonary doctor again?"

Mrs. Mu coldly wiped the ink off her face with a tissue, still calm, "You don't know about him, he's awake, but he's not far from death."

“At that time, several doctors invited by the Mu family said that if Mu Weifeng spat blood and passed out at any point, then there would be no cure for the medicine at all.”

This matter was still unknown to Mu Yuxi.

Mu Weifeng had never told her about his real health condition, he only reported his good news but not his bad.

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

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Inside the ward.

After Mu Weifeng was pushed in by the doctors and nurses with the bed, Mu Yuxi followed along.

On the hospital bed, Mu Weifeng’s features were very white and his breathing was shallow.

He was lying there, as if he was a broken human puppet.

Only after hearing the footsteps did Mu Weifeng’s head move slightly and he uttered, “Xiao Xi.”

Mu Yuxi’s eyes were red again, and the tears that were swirling finally fell down: “Brother.”

She wouldn’t cry in front of Madam Mu, but here was Mu Weifeng.

“Brother has scared you.” Mu Weifeng sighed, “Don’t cry, a girl won’t look good if she cries badly.”

Mu Yuxi’s tears fell even harder, and she didn’t dare to touch Mu Weifeng, “Brother, brother, Aunt Wu said she has a way to get you medical treatment on her side, as long as I withdraw from the heir test.”

She wiped her tears and tried hard to hold back her sobs, "Brother, you'll get well, you will."

When Mu Wei Feng heard this, he was frowning, "She's here again? And saying such things to you?"

Mrs. Mu's tactics were not considered shady, but rather open and honest to take advantage of the fire.

As if he thought of something, Mu Weifeng's eyes suddenly flinched, "Xiao Xi, have you signed the papers yet?"

"Not yet." Mu Yuxi took a breath, "You're awake, I'll come see you first."

Mu Weifeng's tone was a bit more stern: "Listen to your brother, no signing."

"But brother your illness ....." Mu Yuxi was silent for a moment, "If she can say that, she certainly won't lie to me, otherwise even if grandpa doesn't care anymore, he can't just sit back and do nothing."

"Yes, I believe she can really bring in that miracle doctor from the cardiopulmonary department." Mu Weifeng coughed lightly a few times, "But I don't accept that kind of charity from her."

"You don't need to promise her, I know my illness myself, I can only delay it, it won't get better."

"Even if she invites that miracle doctor from the heart and lung department, it will only help me to extend my life by a few years."

Mu Weifeng's eyes were serious: "Xiao Xi, apart from your young age, you have no other flaws, you are competing for the heir, brother is very optimistic."

Mu Yuxi didn't say anything, her fingers clutching her clothes tightly.

Mu Weifeng slowly raised his hand and patted her head, his voice gentle: "Brother knows you're worried about brother, but don't go begging for that kind of person, and-"

He paused, "If you withdraw from the examination, Mu Shenzhou will take the position, do you think the Mu family will be any better after he becomes the heir to the Mu family?"

Mu Shenzhou was brought up by Madam Mu, even if she hadn't revealed anything yet, it was only a matter of time.

Mu Yuxi still didn't say anything.

Once again, there was a knock on the door of the sickroom.

The person who came in was the housekeeper.

The butler had papers in his hand and had just returned from the doctor, he was worried: "Young Master Wei Feng, are you feeling better?"

Mu Weifeng and Mu Yuxi had been brought up by him because their parents had left early.

This was also Mu Heqing's order.

Mu Heqing was too busy and distracted to take care of them at the time, but he had actually always been quite concerned about Mu Weifeng.

The housekeeper really couldn't bear to see such an outstanding person like Mu Weifeng die early.

"The operation was successful." Mu Weifeng smiled, "You see I can still talk to you now."

The housekeeper also breathed a sigh of relief and couldn't help but wipe the tears from the corners of his eyes, relieved, "Young Master Wei Feng, the master actually thinks the most highly of you, I heard

from Mr. Mu Cheng that the master immediately went to the ancient medical community this morning after learning that your condition had suddenly worsened.”

“If you can invite a direct member of the Dream Family, you’ll be saved.”

Mu Weifeng sighed, “They are willing to cure grandpa, but it’s impossible for me.”

The Dream Family, however, did not worship the “healer’s heart”.

It was true that the Dream Family was not the only one in the ancient medical world.

But the Mu family only had a friendship with the Meng family, other ancient medical families were out of reach.

“There must be a way.” The butler disagreed, “Master should have already gone, I’ll go ask Mr. Mu Cheng now, Young Master Wei Feng, you must hold on.”

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Meanwhile.

On one of the largest shopping streets in the Imperial Capital.

Ying Ziji was eating a candy cane, and after she took a bite of hawthorn, her steps suddenly stopped.

She closed her eyes and squinted at the sky again.

Teng Yun Meng saw her stop walking and wondered, “Dickey, what’s wrong?”

“I’ve done some fortune telling on a whim.” Ying Zidian looked at the half-missing moon, “Fluorescence guards the heart, the astrological sign is very bad, a plague of blood, not good.”

Teng Yun Meng: “???”

She knew every word, but she couldn’t understand them all together.

“I’m not going back to the training camp tonight.” Ying Ziyang put the uneaten candy canes into a paper bag, “There’s something, Mengmeng, please tell Professor Zuo for me.”

“You’re not going back?” Teng Yunmeng froze for a moment, “Training starts tomorrow, can you make it back?”

“Yes, it’s a small matter.” Ying Ziyi was casual as she pointed to the sky, “Look at that star, that’s Mars.”

Teng Yun Meng looked in the direction she pointed, but she didn’t see anything: “.....”

She suspected that her eyes were blind.

Or maybe the eyes of the face of their group were very human.

Ying Zigui put on her hat and stuck her hands in her pockets, “I’ll be back when this Mars moves away from the position of the Heart Host.”

Teng Yun Meng really couldn’t see it.

Because this was Mu Weifeng’s astrolabe, it was not available in the sky.

She just used the sky to observe it.

The astrology department at Norton University would have learned this as well.

She couldn't calculate a person's lifespan now, but with Mu Weifeng's astrolabe she could tell that he really didn't have a few days left to live.

Teng Yun Meng looked at the girl's back as she left in confusion.

For a long time, she took out her mobile phone and made a call, "Hey, Feng Yue, do you think that she's very godly, classmate Ying?"

\*\*

Imperial Capital Hospital.

Mu Weifeng had already fallen asleep.

He had just finished his surgery and his body was still very weak.

Mu Yuxi didn't bother him and left the ward, ready to keep watch outside.

When she came out, it was already half past ten, but Madam Mu was still there.

Obviously waiting for her.

"Finished watching?" Mrs. Mu was still graceful, smiling decently and generously, "Is the situation still unknown to you? I've also read the report from the doctor's side, your brother's lungs have been completely taken over by shadows."

"I suggest you better hurry up and sign, or else even if I bring in the divine doctor, your brother won't be any better."



Mu Yuxi's fingers clenched, "I won't sign."

"Oh?" Mrs. Mu wasn't surprised, "Is it because your brother said something to you? People, their lives are gone, what pride do they have to maintain."

Mu Yuxi still had the same three words, "I won't sign."

"Fine, you won't sign." Mrs. Mu's face finally sank as she sneered, "You can't support the Mu family as a girl, I originally just wanted to give you a chance to save your brother, remember, you're the one who didn't want it."

"I'd like to see, who can save Mu Weifeng!"

After saying that, she picked up her bag and was about to leave.

As soon as she turned around, she bumped into a few people head-on.

It was the team of attending doctors who had gone and returned.

But they weren't the only ones.

Ying Ziji took the sterile gloves from the nurse and put them on, still acting so casually: "I'll save."

Boss Lady Chapter 255-256

Chapter 255

Mrs. Mu still had a cold smile on her face, and the words she was about to sneer behind her were stuck in her throat.

She looked up sharply, and her expression changed.

The girl was wearing the hospital's uniform surgical gown and was fully armed, revealing only a pair of phoenix eyes.

The pupils were as bright as snow and brimming with mist.

Naturally, Mrs Mu didn't recognise her, but she could tell that the girl was young, just two or three years older than Mu Yuxi.

Her hand tightened as she carried her bag, all but smiling, "You save? You think your surname is Meng?"

Apart from the Meng family, what other family or power could produce a young and highly skilled doctor?

Madam Mu turned her head again and said to Mu Yuxi, "Just watch, these doctors are not good enough to cure your brother, I'm waiting for you for one day at most."

She lifted her feet and walked downstairs without looking at Ying Zigu.

Before she reached the stairs, she bumped into a middle-aged man in a white coat.

The middle-aged man was in such a hurry that he ignored Madam Mu and quickly walked up to the girl with a respectful attitude, "Divine Doctor Ying."

Madam Mu's footsteps stopped sharply and she turned back with some shock.

The pronunciation of "ying" was clear to her, it was a second sound.

There were no famous doctors with this surname in Imperial City, let alone being called "Divine Doctor".

This surname was already very rare, and Mrs Mu could only think of one.

She looked carefully at the girl's back again, as if she had thought of something, and was a bit incredulous.

Mrs. Mu murmured, "Impossible ....."

She looked at the middle-aged man who was treating the girl with respect, and suddenly it came to her mind.

That was the vice president of the Imperial Capital Hospital!

The president and vice president of the Imperial Capital Hospital were not normally seen.

Those who could make them come out to greet them were at least at the level of Mu Heqing and Elder Nie.

Madam Mu's brain buzzed for a moment.

"I've long heard that your medical skills are superb, and only today have I finally met you." The vice president added, "I didn't expect you to be so young, and with the guarantee from Shao Ren Hospital, we believe in your medical skills."

"I'll give you a hand with this operation."

"No need." Ying Ziji pushed open the door of the operating room, "Minor surgery, transfer the patient in."

"This is coming." The vice-president didn't need the attending doctor to do it either and went to Mu Weifeng's ward himself.

The remaining doctors and nurses, too, all went back into the operating theatre.

They had been following Mu Weifeng's condition for a long time, except that they really had no way to completely cure it for him.

His illness had been brought out of his mother's womb, and the attack had occurred when he was twelve years old, too long ago to trace the source of the illness.

Madam Mu's hand trembled and she stepped forward quickly, grabbing a nurse's sleeve violently, losing her previous grace and elegance: "What's her name? Tell me what her name is!"

"Madam, this is a hospital, please don't make a scene." The nurse heard the conversation between Madam Mu and Mu Yuxi and was disgusted, ripping off her hand, "Security, if she doesn't leave in a moment, kick her out."

Madam Mu watched as Mu Weifeng was once again pushed into the operating room, her heart a little panicked.

If she could get the vice president to willingly play the hand, maybe this time Mu Weifeng could really be cured.

Then wouldn't her plan be useless?

Moreover, Madam Mu was really reluctant to believe her guess.

But in the end, she made a phone call.

The other side picked up quickly.

"Hello." Mrs. Mu's voice was faint, "Manhua, that adopted daughter who has left your family, does she have any specialties?"

Zhong Manhua had already fallen asleep, and was instantly awake from the question.

Mrs. Mu rarely called her of her own accord and would not ask her about her family affairs even if she did.

Zhong Manhua pursed her lips, "She can draw, she can write, and she can play the piano, she plays the piano very well."

She would also be more respectable if Ying Zidian could stay in the Ying family by being good and obedient.

One daughter does scientific research and the other does art, who wouldn't envy her?

Madam Mu frowned but also breathed a secret sigh of relief: "That's all gone?"

"No more." Zhong Manhua had a bad feeling in her heart and tensed up, "She didn't do something again, did she?"

Mrs. Mu, however, didn't respond anymore and the phone was hung up.

On the bed, Zhong Manhua was still a little dazed.

She pressed her temples and lost sleep for a while, so she went downstairs to get hot water.

In the kitchen, Ying Yuexuan had also brought a glass of hot milk and was ready to go back to the bedroom.

When she saw Zhong Manhua, she was stunned: "Mum, you're not asleep?"

“Mrs Mu called and asked specifically if your sister had any special skills.” Zhong Manhua was annoyed and didn’t hide it, “I wondered if she had committed something again, but it would be nice if she could be seen by Madam Mu.”

The Ying family is a big family here in Shanghai, but in the imperial capital, they can’t even squeeze into the gentry circle.

But the Mu family is already in touch with the international business world.

Ying Yuexuan’s eyes dimmed: “So.”

Madam Mu and Zhong Manhua had also known each other for ten years.

She had also met her a few times.

Madam Mu would also praise her for her understanding and her resourcefulness, but Madam Mu had never called Zhong Manhua personally at such a late hour to ask about her.

It had only been two years since she had been brought back to Shanghai, and she had taken the attention of so many people.

Ying Yuexuan gripped her cup tightly and after taking a deep breath, went upstairs.

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Imperial Capital Hospital.

Half an hour later, the door to the operating room reopened and the red light that was on turned green.

After hearing the sound, Mu Yuxi immediately ran over, “Nurse sister, how is my brother?”

The housekeeper was also anxious.

“Don’t worry, both of you, the patient is in good condition.” The nurse said, “You have to thank Dr. Ying, if it wasn’t for her, I’m afraid the patient wouldn’t have been able to recover completely.”

The housekeeper’s pupils shrank and he almost suspected he had heard wrong: “What did you say? A complete recovery?”

Who didn’t know that Mu Weifeng was destined to die prematurely in the gentry circles of the imperial capital?

“Yes, recovered.” Ying Ziji came out from the back, she took off her mask and nodded slightly, “He has been consistently exercising, his physique is not bad, but he also needs to recuperate for a month, during this time you can take him for a walk to places with lots of greenery.”

Mu Yu Xi stared at the girl’s face, the person was a bit silly, her expression was in a trance.

The butler also froze for a moment, but he quickly came back to his senses: “You are Dr. Ying, right? You saved Young Master Wei Feng, you are a great benefactor to our Mu family.”

“It’s also late today, why don’t you stay at the Mu family for the night?”

“I have things to do, so I won’t go.” Ying took off her surgical gown and handed it to the nurse, “You guys take care of the care afterwards.”

The vice-president also followed him out, “Doctor Ying, take care, if you’re interested, why don’t you kick Shao Ren Hospital out and come to us, we’ll give you the highest treatment!”

Ying Zidian’s hand gave a beat, she turned her head: “No need, you guys are annoying too.”

Vice President: “.....”

This heart of his was pierced to the core.

Mu Yuxi hadn't been able to come back to her senses and subconsciously asked, "Sister, what's up with you?"

"Doing questions." Ying Ziji pondered a little, "And take two more silly children."

She nodded towards Mu Yuxi before heading downstairs.

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At six o'clock in the morning, all the students attending the training were already awake.

After washing her face, Teng Yun Meng went to knock on Ying Zidian's door, but no one answered.

So she sent a weibo message to Ying Zidian and went to the canteen.

The students had only heard each other's names and didn't know each other.

Except for Xiu Yan, of course.

As soon as she sat down in the canteen, several students gathered around her.

Xiu Yan was good-looking, good-tempered and from a good family, so naturally the others liked her.

Teng Yun Meng didn't look at Xiu Yan and went to find Feng Yue to have breakfast with her.

"Meng Meng, where's classmate Ying?" Feng Yue took a bite of his meat bun, "Still not up?"



“No, she didn’t come back last night.” Teng Yun Meng shook her head, “Probably still out.”

“Didn’t come back?” Feng Yue froze, “Training starts at six forty, will she be able to make it?”

Teng Yun Meng was about to speak when she was interrupted by the sound of high heels.

It was Teacher Meng.

She grimaced, “Teng Yunmeng, Feng Yue, you two come here.”

Xiu Yan heard this and she looked over with interest, smirking.

“Didn’t I say that you guys should go to the professor to change groups?” Teacher Meng looked ugly, “It’s been three days, why not change?”

Feng Yue immediately spelled out the reason he had thought of earlier, “We went, but Professor Zuo wouldn’t let us.”

“Wouldn’t let?” Teacher Meng frowned, “You two said it together, how could the professor not let you? I think you guys just don’t want to yourselves, right?”

Teng Yun Meng didn’t say anything, sort of acquiescing.

“You guys are in a group with her, she will only hold you back, understand?” Teacher Meng laughed in exasperation, “If you guys take her, you can do it during training, but what about the international finals? Let Ilan Public School look at the joke?”

Ms Meng really did not want Teng Yun Meng and Feng Yue to bring a Ying Ziyi in their group.

A student who transferred into Qingzhi High School from the county, came in through the back door and suddenly came top of the class.

Apart from Ying Zidian, which of the other five students who went through to the international competition had not been enrolled in China's talent protection scheme?

Especially Teng Yunmeng and Feng Yue, two people who are rowers in the secondary school attached to the Imperial University.

"I will now speak to you all again." Teacher Meng said in one word, "Go and find the professor to change groups, there is still room for you before training starts."

"I don't care if you are in Liu Qingning's group, or Jing Rong's group, even those few students who came over to train with them, just not with Ying Ziyi."

Feng Yue frowned straight away as he listened, "Teacher Meng, what if we don't group with her and the others don't want to either?"

Teacher Meng didn't even think about it and said straight away, "Then let her be in a group by herself, won't she even get full marks on the papers of the Talent Class?"

She didn't speak in a low voice, and several other students in the cafeteria heard her, all of whom couldn't help but look over.

"Teacher Meng, Feng Yue and I have agreed that we will take Ziggy." Teng Yun Meng was obstinate, "You haven't even touched her, it's not good to talk about her like that, is it?"

"I'm telling the truth." Teacher Meng's eyes were faint, "Since you have all discussed it, I can't say anything, don't regret it when the time comes."

Although it was training, the results and effects of the training would be fed back to the organising committee.

Meng lost interest in continuing, stepped on her high heels and walked out.

It was then that Ying Zidian returned.

She didn't look at Ms. Meng either, and went straight to sit next to Teng Yun Meng.

"Dickey, ignore Teacher Meng." Teng Yun Meng lowered her voice, "She's reaching menopause and she's got a big temper."

"Isn't she?" Feng Yue brought over two more meat buns, "I think she was not selected for the professorship at the Imperial University, so she's throwing her temper on us."

"Anyway, you'll be following Feng Yue and me when we train later." Teng Yun Meng said, "If there's anything you don't know, we can give you a reminder."

Ying Zidian peeled an egg shell, sniffed and lifted her eyes, her voice low and slow, "Sure."

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It was nine o'clock when Mu Weifeng woke up, and he had a very surreal feeling.

After pressing his chest, he slowly sat up.

This movement of Mu Weifeng woke up Mu Yuxi who was sleeping on the side of his bed.

"Brother." She busily stood up and cautiously asked, "Are you breathing much more smoothly now?"

Mu Weifeng was stunned, and after taking a few breaths, he then realised that his body seemed much more relaxed.

The kind of blood taste that had been pressing down in his throat for years was also gone.

“There was a sister who came over late at night yesterday and operated on you.” Mu Yuxi was very happy, “Brother, you have completely recovered, when your body has completely recovered, we can take the test together.”

“Sister?” Mu Weifeng was stunned again, “What does it look like?”

It was hard to believe that Mu Heqing had really invited a direct member of the Meng family this time?

“Beautiful!” Mu Yu Xi’s eyes instantly lit up, “I haven’t seen anything prettier than my sister.”

Mu Weifeng seemed to remember something and grabbed Mu Yuxi’s hand, his voice taking on a more eager tone, “What’s her name?”

“The surname is Ying.” Mu Yuxi shook her head, “The vice dean called her the divine doctor Ying, I don’t know her name.”

Mu Weifeng’s hand loosened, and four words slowly spat out of his mouth, “So it’s her.”

It was the divine doctor that Sheng Qingtang had specially hired for him from Shanghai City.

But their original appointment was for the 14th, and yesterday was the 10th, so how could she have come early and know that he was at the Imperial City Hospital?

Mu Weifeng was deep in thought when he was pulled back by an atmospheric and muddled sound of footsteps.

He looked towards the door, but jolted: "Grandpa?!"

Mu Yuxi also jumped up, "Grandpa."

They hadn't seen Mu Heqing many times, but compared to Mu Shenzhou, it was more than that.

Mu Heqing had also run around quite a few times for Mu Weifeng's illness.

"Wifeng, don't talk yet." Mu Heqing, who turned his head, was very respectful "Second Elder, please help me take a look at the child."

Hearing these words, the old man called "Second Elder", but first looked at Fu Yunshen, his eyes with a question.

"Go and take a look." Fu Yunshen's eyelashes lifted, faintly, "You'd better have some speed."

The Second Elder's body shook and rolled in nimbly.

Mu Heqing, who witnessed the scene: "....."

Five minutes later, the Second Elder stood up with a wrinkled brow, "There's no disease in his body, I can't cure it here."

He also checked several times in a row, and was almost wondering if he himself was going to be too old and out of shape.

"Grandpa, there was a sister who operated on brother yesterday." Mu Yu Xi finally found her voice, "Brother is already well."

Hearing these words, Mu Heqing froze.

Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes narrowed faintly, "Come out."

The Second Elder rolled out nimbly again.

He tentatively asked, "Then can I, can I go home for dinner?"

Fu Yunshen didn't say anything.

But the Second Elder smiled happily and left happily.

After Mu Heqing closed the door to the ward, his furrowed brows relaxed, "Is it Xiao Ying?"

"Yes." Fu Yunshen smiled lightly, "She said that this time she came to the imperial capital, someone else asked her to help with a medical appointment, but she didn't expect such a coincidence."

"I didn't want to bother her, but she came anyway." Mu Heqing sighed, "It's hard to know how to return this favor."

Saving him, and saving Mu Weifeng.

"Hm?" Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, his expression lazy, his tone idle, "You should be happy if you bother her less."

Mu Heqing: "....."

He was so angry that his hands shook.

Mu Heqing looked at the door of the ward for a long time and faintly: "It's a pity that my Mu family can still produce such a person."

He was talking about Mrs. Mu.

As soon as Madam Mu went to the Imperial Hospital, Mu Cheng gave him a report.

He also knew what Madam Mu had done.

"All right." Fu Yunshen leaned against the wall, his slender legs flexed, "Look at the Xiu family, what has it rotted into, wealth is only five generations away, you're hundreds of generations away, Mu Lao, be content."

"Brat." Mu Heqing was once again so angry with him that his hands shook, "Hurry up and leave, I don't want to see you."

He really couldn't think, which girl in the future would be able to withstand Fu Yunshen's powerful kung fu of disliking people.

Mu Heqing grunted coldly, took out his mobile phone and sent a message of thanks to Ying Zigu.

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The morning of training was very easy for Ying Zidian.

Because Feng Yue and Teng Yun Meng grabbed all the questions and gave her a lecture while doing it.

It was quite good that she didn't have to use her hands and brain.

And in the afternoon, a group of people arrived at the training camp.

Zuo Li looked at some of them carrying cameras and asked, "What are they doing?"

"These are the reporters and photographers sent down from the General TV station." Teacher Mo said, "Preparing to do a programme to film the students' training process and promote isc so that more people will attend."

The isc auditions officially start on September 15, and as long as the auditions are not over, you can register.

Not many people have signed up in China because of the lack of publicity.

Total TV wanted to do a programme to increase the spin on isc.

Professor Zuo Li frowned: "Won't it disturb the students' training?"

"No, no." Teacher Mo was busy waving his hand, "They'll just be filming on the sidelines and won't ask anything, at most some small interactions, it won't have much of an impact."

Hearing this, Zuo Li also nodded, "That's fine, they're training right now, they can film."

After getting permission, the reporter and the cameraman only went to the big classroom.

They were filming while live, and would eventually edit and make a programme to be screened simultaneously on the whole network.

Because there was no major publicity, not many people watched the live broadcast, a large group of them were Xiu Yan's fans, the others were just netizens who came to join in the fun and those who were really interested in academics.

The person in charge of training in the afternoon was Ms Meng.



Naturally she had been informed that General TV was going to broadcast live.

Once the cameraman was ready, the training proceeded.

Teacher Meng glanced at the camera and her eyes narrowed.

This morning she had wanted to test Ying's true level, but Teng Yunmeng and Feng Yue had been in the way, so she couldn't do anything at all.

Now there was a chance.

It was live, and it wouldn't do for Ying Zidian to let Teng Yunmeng and Feng Yue help her again.

Teacher Meng turned to the girl, looking very cold: "Ying Zigui, come up and solve this question and tell everyone about it too."

At the same time, the reporter was introduced on air.

"Ying Zidian, from Qingzhi Middle School, one of the candidates for this isc direct international competition."

Teng Yun Meng's hand grabbed Ying Zidian's shirt, she was nervous: "Zidian, this question ....."

"It's okay." Ying Zidian patted her hand, stood up and walked up.

Boss Lady Chapter 257-258

Chapter 257

Teng Yun Meng, however, was even more nervous.

It was a difficult question, and she had only just finished reading it, and she had just got an idea in her head.

Can Ying Ziji be able to solve it if she is called up like this?

Teacher Meng handed over the marker: "Don't write down the answer directly, remember to write and talk about it."

As soon as the live broadcast started, the pop-ups were scattered.

[Is this the art student?

[This face, it's amazing, you can enter the entertainment industry, you can beat those top streams.

I want to see if she can do it, and how she can get a place in the isc competition.

Xiu Yan ruffled her hair and also looked at the blackboard.

In her opinion, Ying Zidian was at most at the same level as her, or maybe even inferior to her.

She also wanted to see if Ying could do it.

Next to Xiu Yan, a student tsked and laughed, "Without the help of Teng Yun Meng and Feng Yue, how can she solve this question?"

If she couldn't do this question, she didn't deserve to go to the international final.

"It's a simple question." Ying Ziji held a marker, her voice not slow, "Let's first make an auxiliary line here, then use this formula ....."

As she spoke, she wrote.

It wasn't fast, and the thought process was clear.

Gradually, the other students' expressions became serious.

Teng Yun Meng also opened her mouth wide.

Ying Ziji's solution was completely different from hers, saving at least six steps.

And in a competition, time was important, and once the steps were saved, they were able to do more questions.

When Meng looked at the lines of the solution, it was as if she had been slapped in the face, and it hurt hotly.

She had brought the problem from the Imperial University, and naturally she had done it, but she had never thought that it could be solved in this way.

How could a high school student be more knowledgeable than her?

At that moment, she finished writing the last number: "I've finished."

Teacher Meng looked stiff, inexplicably in a state of distress, not daring to look the girl in the eye: "Yes, that's right."

Ying wiped her hands and returned to her seat.

The photographer knew what a storm point was, so he pulled the camera closer and gave her a close-up.

The image reflected the girl's fluttering long eyelashes and porcelain white skin so delicate that not even the pores could be seen.

A real beauty blast.

The pop-ups immediately exploded.

[Crap, this face, can't breathe, I'm dying like crazy.]

The actual fact is that this question is an adaptation of a question from last year's international maths competition, but it's even more difficult than that question.

[Damn, even art students are so good at drawing and maths, they're good at everything!]

[Okay, okay, didn't you see Teng Yun Meng whispering to her earlier? I think she just told her the steps to solve the problem, or she just did it deliberately for the show's effect. You really expect an art student to be able to do the problems of an international maths competition?]

[Sour, you're just sour that she's better looking than you and smarter than you.]

The smile on Xiu Yan's lips narrowed little by little, and her expression finally became serious.

She glanced down at her phone.

On the screen was the chatting interface of WeChat.

[Miss, this Ying Ziji you asked me to check is from Qingzhi High School, she is currently a senior, in class 19, and is good friends with Miss Xiu Yu, they are very close.]

[Because of her, Miss Xiu Yu doesn't even hang out at nightclubs anymore, she goes to school every day.

She can write and draw, but she's no match for you, Miss.

When she saw the word "Xiu Yu", Xiu Yan's eyes twitched and gradually went cold.

She looked at the girl sideways, and had a plan in mind.

After Xiu Yan deleted the chat, she sent a message to her manager.

[Brother Chen, help me tell my fans that I'm live tonight]

\*\*

The live broadcast only lasted for two hours, mainly to get a head start on the promotion.

For the next month, cameramen would follow the filming and then send it to Total TV for editing.

It was only after the training was over that Teng Yun Meng squealed and hugged Ying Zidian: "Zidian, you're too good, what did you think?"

"Didn't think." Ying Zidian pondered for a moment, "Just a casual glance, I guess."

Teng Yun Meng: "....."

Feng Yue: "....."

They suddenly became aware of a major problem.

The student they aspired to bring along, Ying Zidian, was in fact the deep-rooted god of learning?

Teng Yun Meng looked at the girl's back and murmured, "Feng Yue, we've got a big leg to stand on."

Feng Yue pinched himself to death and let out a breath, "Luckily, it's not a dream."

\*\*

Outside the large classroom.

Teacher Meng hadn't left yet.

When she saw the girl come out, she called out icily, "Ying Zidian."

Ying Zidian's footsteps paused for a moment, but didn't stop.

"Don't think that just because you made a question, you can be complacent." Teacher Meng looked bored, she spoke coldly, "It is a competition of knowledge in various fields, your results are so unstable, train more carefully in the future and don't hold Teng Yun Meng and Feng Yue back."

Only then did Ying Ziji turn her head.

Before she could say anything, on the other side, a clear voice came through.

"What did I hear?" The owner of the voice was none other than Zuo Li, who looked at Teacher Meng, "Teacher Meng, you seem to be very unhappy with student Ying Zigui."

Teacher Meng's expression changed and she was embarrassed, "Professor Zuo Li."

She didn't expect that her words had been bumped into by Zuo Li.

"Let me just say this to you." Zuo Li laughed sarcastically, "You can't get a professorship offer from Imperial University, but fellow student Ying Zigui can, but she doesn't care."

"Who are you to be upset with her? You're worthy too?"

Zuo Li, a purely scientific and straight man, had never disliked anyone.

But when he did, he could scold people into tears.

Teacher Meng was almost forty years old and couldn't even bear to hear such words.

Her face turned slightly white: "Professor Zuo Li, what are you talking about laughing?"

A high school student, getting a letter of employment from a professor at the Imperial University?

No one would believe it if they said it out loud.

"I don't tell jokes." If you don't believe me, come with me to my office, the letter of appointment is still in my drawer.

"No, no." Teacher Meng took a few steps back and darted away.

"Virtuous." Zuo Li grunted coldly before turning his head, his expression serious, "Ying, that hair growth shampoo of yours, the professor of our department is going to order it uniformly, look, can you give another discount?"

"....."

\*\*

There was no training program in the evening, the students studied and rested.

Xiu Yan sat in the living room of her flat, opening her laptop and doing a live broadcast.

She came to the training, and not all for the isc international final, but to grow in popularity.

Other stars didn't dare to set up a school bully persona, but she could, she had the capital.

"Right, let me also introduce my roommate to you all." Xiu Yan took her computer, stood up and went to knock on Teng Yun Meng's room door.

The door was quickly opened.

Inside, on the sofa, besides Teng Yun Meng, there was also Ying Ziyi.

Teng Yun Meng was very unwelcome to Xiu Yan, but she was sharp-eyed and saw that Xiu Yan was doing a live broadcast, so she could only suppress her anger: "What's up, Xiu?"

"Thought of giving out some benefits to my fans." Xiu Yan graciously walked in, "Ying Ziyi is also here, so I don't need to go to your side later."

She then turned to the camera and said, "This is the very pretty roommate I told you about, look, isn't she even better looking than me?"

The pop-ups in the live broadcast room were clear of compliments.

[No, no, Yan Bao is the best looking!



[No one is as good looking as Yan Bao.

Ying Ziyi didn't even turn her head, she was watching the TV.

Xiu Yan was pointing the camera towards her, and this indifferent attitude of hers caused discontent among Xiu Yan's fans.

[Is this vegetarian's stance so big? Even Yan Bao is ignoring it, so impressive oh.]

"By the way, I heard that you're an art student, and your calligraphy is also very good." Xiu Yan smiled faintly, "It just so happens that I am also skilled in this area, let's spar."

Teng Yun Meng could barely hold back her breath as she suppressed it further.

But Xiu Yan's fans were too ferocious, if she exploded like that, she might get hot water thrown at her when she walked down the road.

Ying Ziyang was still watching the eight o'clock dog and pony show, and sniffed back casually, "It's sloppy."

"How is it sloppy?" Xiu Yan shook her head, "You are an art student, your calligraphy must not be bad, I have brought a brush and Xuan paper for you to use."

Ying Ziguai tilted her head sideways and very slowly spoke the words that followed, "Sloppy, it's better than you."

Xiu Yan's smile lurched.

The fans in the live broadcast room were even more furious.

[Yan Bao, you let her write, let's see, what kind of writing she can actually produce.]

[Our Yan Bao is the disciple of the vice president of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association, what is Ying Ziji? Whose apprentice is she?

Chapter 258

[She's better than Yan Bao, but I'm afraid she doesn't know that Yan Bao has had several solo calligraphy exhibitions, right?

[Honestly, she's good looking, but she's too arrogant, Yan Bao, slap her face!

Although Xiu Yan had entered the entertainment industry, she was the eldest daughter of the Xiu family, so she was naturally proficient in everything from playing the piano to painting and calligraphy.

However, to have a calligraphy exhibition, Xiu Yan's calligraphy skills were formidable.

In particular, a while ago, one of her large letters was even sent to an international calligraphy and painting exhibition for competition by the vice president of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association himself.

Fans also know what the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association stands for.

All the top calligraphy masters in China are in this association.

And these masters of calligraphy do not take on apprentices that easily.

It's true that they have the Xiu family's sake, but Xiu Yan is very powerful in his own right.

After watching a drama of jumping off a building and losing her memory, Ying finally gave up and put her eyes on Xiu Yan: "It's more expensive for me to write a piece of calligraphy."

Xiu Yan's smile converged, "What does Ying mean?"

The conversation between the two was clearly recorded into the live stream.

The pop-up screen was all filled with question marks.

【??? Did she know that Yan Bao was the Miss Xiu family's eldest daughter and was deliberately blackmailing her?

[What do you mean your words are more expensive, do you know that Yan Bao can sell a single word for 200,000? How much more expensive can you get?

[Yan Bao, promise her that if she loses, she'll have to buy your words too!

Xiu Yan glanced at the live stream's pop-ups, thought for a moment, and smiled: "Okay then, whoever wins, we have to buy each other's words."

Hearing this, Ying yawned and looked detached, "Come on then."

Xiu Yan made a phone call and asked someone to help bring over all her pens, ink, paper and ink.

"Student Ying, this is a website put out by the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association." Xiu Yan opened a web site, "After we upload the characters we each wrote, the website will evaluate the scores."

"Generally speaking, a character that reaches 90 points will be able to sell for half a million."

Saying that, Xiu Yan picked up the brush again, "Which one do you need, Ying? Wolf's hair, or sheep's hair?"

Ying Ziji took a glance at it and took one at random: “It doesn’t matter.”

Xiu Yan’s hand gave the brush a beat and smiled again, “Then it seems that Ying is very good.”

What was so impressive? Even a beginner in calligraphy knows that there are different types of brushes for different kinds of calligraphy and painting, so it doesn’t matter?

[You haven’t studied calligraphy at all, have you?

Xiu Yan laid the rice paper flat, dipped it into the ink and began to write.

She wrote in line script, and her words were all elegant.

As she wrote, Xiu Yan glanced at the girl and saw that she stopped writing after one word, so she shook her head slightly.

It was five minutes later that Xiu Yan stopped writing.

After she blew on the rice paper, she took out her mobile phone to take a picture.

Ying Ziji then wrote one word, and after she finished, her gaze attention returned to the TV.

Teng Yun Meng took out her phone sharply, “Dickey, I’ll take a picture for you.”

“Now, I’ll upload both of our words to this website.” Xiu Yan clicked on screen sharing, making sure that everyone in the live stream could see it.

[Yan Bao quickly uploads and puts up the scores so that she can know who is better than who.]

“I’ll pass it on.” Xiu Yan smiled and calmed her fans, “Everyone, don’t rush.”

“Ziggy.” Teng Yun Meng lowered her voice, “It’s okay if you lose, after all, Xiu Yan is also considered half of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association and is really good.”

Ying Zidian stretched slowly, “I’ll buy you dinner if I win.”

Teng Yun Meng: “???”

Because the two people’s words were passed on in one piece, the rating also came out in one piece.

Xiu Yan specifically put up Ying Ziji’s score first.

She moved her mouse and clicked on the score column.

A big red “100” popped up, and the website played cheerful music to match.

[.....]

The fans in the live stream were silent for a moment.

This “100” was clearly slapped in their faces.

“Student Ying’s calligraphy is really impressive.” Xiu Yan was still smiling, her expression didn’t change, “I’m not an art student, so I can’t compare.”

She clicked on her score again.

It came out as an “8”.

The cheerful music also immediately disappeared, replaced by a series of bleak erhu sounds.

Teng Yun Meng laughed out loud.

Ying Zidian pressed his head.

Sheng Qingtang was called an old boy, and it was not without reason.

Even the website could be like this.

Xiu Yan's fingers twitched in disbelief.

If it wasn't for the fact that she was still live, she would have pounced on it.

The number "8" was like a knife, stabbing her eyes brightly.

How could she get an 8 when she had scored 80 last time and she had practiced for so long that even her teacher had given her a rare praise?

Xiu Yan tucked her hair behind her ear, barely steadying her emotions and smiling carelessly, "The system made an error, I'll re-pass it."

As she said that, she passed her own words on.

A dozen seconds later, the score came out, it was 85.

Xiu Yan let out a sigh of relief and smiled, "That's the right score, I'll upload Ying's words again as well."

She clicked upload.

The score also came out quickly, still 100.

Xiu Yan's nails pinched her palm.

85 and 100 was not as bad as 8 and 100.

But before Xiu Yan's breath was completely relieved, the next second, her score changed.

It went from 85, to 8 again.

Once again, the sound of a sad erhu rang out.

The pop-ups in the live stream were completely silent, and the fans could not utter a single word.

It was obvious that it wasn't an error in the website system, but that Xiu Yan's score was an "8".

The last to break the silence were the passers-by and some of Xiu Yan's black fans.

I've also used this site, and its rating system is based on a scale, so if someone's writing is good, everyone else's score will drop accordingly.

[Crap hahahahaha, so this is divine Yan sister's calligraphy is so good that it directly crushed Xiu Yan's score into single digits? I can't, I'm laughing my ass off.]

I got it, I got it, they got 100 points because they only had 100 points.]

If they were serious about writing, you wouldn't be able to compete with Xiu Yan, would you?

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you're doing.

The fan's face is so bad that he's hitting people in the face? You've lost your own face now, haven't you?

Even though the house manager kept deleting the pop-ups and banning them, he couldn't control it.

This live broadcast for the fans had turned into a group mockery scene.

The fans were so ashamed that they forgot to speak up for Xiu Yan.

The computer was closed with a snap, and Xiu Yan's tense expression finally shattered.

"Not more, I'll take a million." Ying Ziji leaned back on the sofa, very lazy, "The receipt code is sent to you, remember to call the money."

Xiu Yan was leaving with an iron face.

Her hands were shaking as she left.

Only then did Teng Yun Meng drift back into a trance.

The face plus IQ leader of their group also seemed to be a little money maker.

\*\*

When she returned to her bedroom, Xiu Yan was so angry that she smashed the ink stone.

Her chest rose and fell as she picked up her phone and dialed, "Hey, yeah, it's me, we'll be going out tomorrow, when we do, I'll call her up and you can see how it goes."



There was no telling what was said.

Xiu Yan tsked and laughed: “No background, or from Shanghai, who of us can’t make her disappear unnoticed in the imperial capital? Feng Hua, if you don’t want it, I’ll go and contact someone else, I’m sure your brothers will all be interested too.”

“No, no, no, Miss Xiu.” Hearing this, Feng Hua was anxious, “I want it, I want it, such a good commodity, it’s hard for Miss Xiu to consider me first.”

“Let’s say in advance, I’m only responsible for bringing people.” Xiu Yan blandly, “Other things, I won’t care.”

“Fine, you just bring the people here.” Feng Hua said, “I’ve done this kind of thing a lot, I won’t implicate you, Miss Xiu, besides, where would I dare?”

Although the Feng family was considered a famous family in the imperial capital, it was not enough to compare with the Xiu family.

Not to mention the fact that Xiu Yan was sending someone to him, or asking him for a favour, Feng Hua had to do it.

He took a sip of wine, clicked on the picture Xiu Yan had sent him, and proudly showed off to the gentry next to him, “Look, guys, isn’t this girl very good-looking?”

“Yo, Gongzi Feng, where did this come from?” One of the gentry next to him was surprised, “Which star?”

“No no, just an ordinary person.” Feng Hua waved his hand, “Miss Xiu said she gave me this girl, and when I get tired of playing with her, I’ll give her to you guys.”

“That’s a good feeling.” The male laughed, “I kinda want to try it, but I guess Duke Mu wouldn’t be part of something like that, would he?”

He turned his head, looked at Mu Shenzhou on the other side, and teased, “Our Duke Mu, is the one who will soon inherit the Mu family.”

Mu Shenzhou, however, looked at that photo with dead eyes and didn’t say anything.

Feng Hua noticed the change in Mu Shenzhou’s expression and woke up from his wine: “Duke Mu, know? Someone of yours?”

If it was someone Mu Shenzhou knew, he wouldn’t dare to touch it.

He could not afford to offend both the Xiu family and the Mu family.

He was greedy for sex, but he valued life even more.

Mu Shenzhou breathed slowly and faintly turned his head sideways, “I don’t know, you can play as you like.

Boss Lady Chapter 259-260

Chapter 259

“It seems to be that this girl is indeed so stunningly good looking that even Duke Mu is attracted to her.” Feng Hua sighed in relief, “Just tomorrow night, Miss Xiu will bring her here, I’ll go and say hello to the manager over here first.”

After saying that, he got up and went out.

The remaining few gentry proceeded to drink and paddle, none of them noticing that Mu Shenzhou had gone out with a cold face.

\*\*

The Mu family.

Madam Mu did not know that Mu Weifeng had been cured and was still waiting for Mu Yuxi to come and beg her.

She was also a little scared at first, but her heart gradually loosened when she realised that Mu Cheng had not come to her either.

Just as Madam Mu was about to go out to meet other noblewomen for a shopping trip, Mu Shenzhou came back.

Seeing that his face did not look right, Madam Mu frowned: "Shenzhou, what's wrong?"

Mu Shenzhou pursed his lips and still told her what happened in the ktv box earlier.

Madam Mu thought for a moment and suddenly said, "Then you should push a wave and give her to Mr. Feng, just in time to recruit the Feng family as well, and you can also use this to get on with Miss Xiu."

She had already confirmed with Zhong Manhua that Ying Zigui did not know any medical skills at all.

She had already confirmed with Zhong Manhua that Ying Zidian did not know anything about medicine, and that the doctor who had treated Mu Weifeng that day could not be Ying Zidian.

In that case, Ying Zidian was still just an orphan girl with no power and no influence.

Mu Shenzhou looked up sharply, shocked: "Mum?"

“Come on, Mum knows that you have a bit of interest in her too.” Madam Mu put down her teacup and faintly, “You also said that it was Miss Xiu who wanted to give someone to Gongzi Feng, what, are you planning to offend Miss Xiu and snatch someone from Gongzi Feng?”

Mu Shenzhou pursed his lips tightly and did not speak.

“Doing so is more than worth the loss.” Madam Mu shook her head, “Does she have anything to do with you, you’ll be able to get more benefits in exchange if you push.”

“If you have the support of the Xiu family, are you still worried that others won’t be convinced when you become the heir to the Mu family?”

Madam Mu believed that Mu Shenzhou would be what she chose.

Mu Shenzhou’s father had also gone early, and was a noble son of the imperial capital that she had carefully cultivated.

He was just too indecisive at times.

Mu Shenzhou’s fingers tightened and he let out a breath, “Mom, I know.”

Only then did Madam Mu smile, “Then mum won’t say anything else, you go ahead.”

\*\*

The following day.

After a new round of training, Feng Yue was very sad: “Ying Shen, how can you be so tolerant of watching me solve problems alone?”

He had just hugged such a big leg yesterday, but he ended up doing it by himself today, not experiencing the feeling of being carried away at all.

“Oh.” Ying Zigui didn’t show any mercy at all, “Bear with me, I’m lazy.”

Feng Yue was sad.

In the training camp, apart from Feng Yue and Teng Yun Meng and Qing Zhi, who came over first in age in the Senior 2 Talent class, the other students still preferred to be around Xiu Yan.

In two days of training, Ying had done just one question, and it was just like what Mr Meng had said, the results were extremely erratic, with only the occasional spit standing out.

“We’re also tired after a day of training, I’ll invite everyone to Dynasty ktv to sing.” Xiu Yan gave the girl an intentional glance, “Ying classmate, you’ll come along, right?”

Ying Zidian ignored her.

Xiu Yan’s smile froze.

“Yan Yan, don’t pay any attention to her.” A girl took her arm, “Let’s go, without her.”

“Ying Shen, Meng Meng, go.” Feng Yue was excited, “You can’t even get into that ktv without a membership card, we’re all playing together anyway, what are we afraid of.”

He patted his chest and added, “I’ve practiced karate, if anything really happens, I’ll protect you guys.”

Hearing this, Ying looked up and glanced at his somewhat chubby arms: “.....”

Teng Yun Meng really hesitated.

Ying Zidian pressed the phone out: "You want to go?"

"Not that I want to." Teng Yun Meng shook her head, "Ziggy, if you don't go, I'll accompany you."

Xiu Yan frowned.

If Ying Zidian didn't go, wouldn't she not even be able to give her to Feng Hua?

Ying Zidian stood up and patted the dust on his trousers, "Then go."

Xiu Yan smiled anew, "I've asked the driver to wait down there and send everyone over."

\*\*

Dynasty ktv was a membership club in the empire, one had to spend a million or more in one go to have a membership card.

The people who came here were either rich or noble.

Ordinary people had never been there, which was why Feng Yue was excited.

Ying Ziji sat at the back of the car, one hand on the window, the other hand sending back a message to Fu Yunshen.

[Going out with classmates, at Dynasty ktv, it's going to be late.

Fu Yunshen always replied to her messages in seconds, unless he didn't see something.

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

[Yes, 10 o'clock, and a silly child.

Ying Ziji looked at Teng Yun Meng, who was also excited, and sighed softly.

A silly child, I think, will have to put up with it.

Thirty-five minutes later, the car stopped.

Xiu Yan was the first to get out of the car and put on his sunglasses, "The private room has been booked, I'll go and order food for everyone, the catering service here is very good."

As Xiu Yan was so generous, the other boys couldn't let her go alone, so they followed along.

Ying looked up, averted her eyes, took out two pills from her pocket and handed them to Teng Yun Meng and Feng Yue.

"What's this?" Teng Yun Meng took them and was curious, "Sugar?"

When she asked, Feng Yue had already smothered it in one mouthful, "Burp, it's quite sweet, apple flavoured."

Teng Yun Meng nodded and ate it too.

The three of them took the lift upstairs.

The private room Xiu Yan had booked was on the sixth floor, the sixth floor was a supreme level vip, so luxurious that Feng Yue kept marvelling.

The life of the rich was truly beyond his imagination.

In the box, snacks, fruits and beer were already prepared.

Several other students picked their favourites and started eating.

Feng Yue also sat down and opened a bottle of beer, "Ying Shen, want a drink?"

Just as he finished asking, he saw the girl take out a thermos from her backpack and pour a cup of red dates and wolfberry tea.

"....."

Feng Yue sat down at the jukebox and ordered a song while drinking.

He ordered a song called "Qinghai-Tibet Plateau" and was ready to blast his voice.

The door of the compartment was kicked open at this time, however.

The students all stared and looked over.

Feng Hua was standing at the door with a few tall security guards, followed by a few other gentry.

He pointed at Ying Zidian and smiled, "I just want her, the others get lost now and can be fine."

With a single word, the students were frozen.

The first to react were the two boys who, with hardly any hesitation, rushed out of the compartment door.



“Rhyme Dream, let’s go.” A girl pulled Teng Yun Meng, “Go, that’s the Feng family’s grandson, he’s not to be messed with, he can break people’s legs and feet.”

Teng Yun Meng didn’t move, even though she was scared too, “I’m not running.”

“Teng Yun Meng, we’ll run if you don’t.” The girl gritted her teeth, “That’s to find Ying Zigui, you have to get yourself hitched, it’s just stupid!”

After saying that, she darted out, not even looking back.

Feng Yue was about to roll up his sleeves and go forward to fight, but for some reason, he had a strong feeling of vertigo in his brain and collapsed before he could stand up.

Feng Hua pointed at Feng Yue again, “Help him out.”

He also knew that Feng Yue and Teng Yun Meng were both enrolled in the China Talent Protection Scheme, so he certainly couldn’t really do anything ruthless to them.

Two security guards stepped forward and carried Feng Yue to another compartment.

“Ziggy.” Teng Yun Meng grabbed the girl’s hand and trembled one by one, “Don’t be afraid, I’ll protect you, I’ll attract attention, you run away later.”

Her doll face was all fear, but she forced herself to hold it back.

“It’s alright, you go out.” Ying drew back her hand and pressed Teng Yun Meng’s shoulder, “Give me a hair band.”

Her voice was low and slow, carrying a powerful soothing force.

Before Teng Yun Meng could react, her hand had already moved and she froze, handing over the hairband tied around her head.

Ying Zidian took it.

She tied up the hair that had fallen down and tied it in a high ponytail, revealing her long, slender white neck.

“Yo, sister, you’re not going to do this, are you?” Feng Hua all but laughed, “Don’t waste your energy, this place was put with hallucinogenic agents in advance, you inhaled a lot of them, your strength will be gone in a while, it’s better to have a good time with my brother, I’ll be happy and give you other benefits.”

In all the time he had played in the imperial capital, he had never seen such a stunning woman.

Feng Hua swallowed his saliva and could not wait any longer.

Ying Ziji added, “Go out.”

These three words were said to Teng Yunmeng.

Teng Yun Meng froze, and really walked out.

When she had gone out, she seemed to wake up and turned around violently to go back.

But the door to the compartment had already been closed, completely isolating the inside from the outside, so that no sound could be heard.

“That’s right.” Feng Hua thought the girl was very sensible, “I only want you, there’s no need to involve others, but if you don’t comply, I can’t guarantee that they will be alright.”

Hearing this, Ying Ziyi looked up.

Very well, no one was left.

## Chapter 260

Feng Hua thought so too.

No one was left, just so he could enjoy himself.

But today had gone well, he had thought he would have to go through a lot of trouble, but to his surprise this sister he had taken a fancy to had not even thought of running away.

He'd played with a lot of starlets, and a few who'd offered themselves to him.

But none of them could compare to the girl in front of him.

It was truly a heavenly beauty, a rare sight on earth.

“The evening is so good, before we play, we should also drink to cheer up.” Feng Hua gave a wink to the gigolo next to him, “A 40-degree Remy Martin Louis XIII, 50,000 for a bottle.”

That gigolo's family background was not as good as Feng Hua's, so naturally, he respected Feng Hua.

After hearing Feng Hua's words, he brought out the prepared red wine.

They had even gotten their hands on the hallucinogen, and naturally this wine also had a stimulant drug added to it.

In the past, this kind of thing, it was always Feng Hua who took the lead and they followed along.

It had never failed.

Ying Ziji glanced at the bottle and took it from the hands of the really just gentry.

“Sensible, too sensible.” Seeing how obedient the girl was, Feng Hua laughed, “It’s good to be good, I like it, if you please me, it’s not impossible for me to marry you.”

The gent at the side was a little surprised and lowered his voice, “Sir Feng, seriously?”

Feng Hua looked unconcerned and seemed to smile, “If I don’t say something sweet to the young aunties, how will they willingly play with me?”

The gongzi shrugged his shoulders.

He knew that even if Feng Hua wanted to marry, he would marry a famous woman from the imperial capital, there was no way he would marry an orphan girl just for a face.

“Same old rules, I’ll go first.” Feng Hua stepped forward slowly and began to unbutton his shirt, an impish smile on his face.

Ying Zidian acted as if she hadn’t heard.

She took the bottle, weighed it in her hand, then held the neck of the bottle and lifted it up.

Without giving Feng Hua any room to react, she smashed it down on his head.

“The clang was hard, fast and extremely strong.

The girl's action was so light, as if she was just doing it casually.

Her expression did not change either, as cold as ever.

Snow on the distant mountains, moon in the sky.

The mist and mists were hazy and picturesque.

Feng Hua's smile still lingered on his face when he was smashed in the head.

Wine and glass dregs mixed with blood flowed down, stabbing pain spread from the brain to the whole body, and all limbs stiffened.

Feng Hua's legs went limp and he just straightened up and fell to his knees.

“What a pity.” Ying Zigui threw away the fragment of the bottle in his hand and faintly, “Fifty thousand bottles of Remy Martin.”

“.....”

The whole compartment was silent, and all four of the gentry who had followed Feng Hua over were shaken to the spot.

They simply could not believe that someone dared to make a move against Feng Hua.

The Feng family wasn't a big family in the imperial capital, but it wasn't small either.

And because it was tied to the Xiu family, there were quite a few people in the circle who wanted to befriend them.

There would even be some people from smaller clans who would specifically send women to Feng Hua.

“Stinky girl.” The gent who had handed out the wine earlier came back to his senses, shocked and angry, “You’re simply looking for death! Go on, maim her first!”

Several security guards also reacted and immediately took out their electric shock batons.

There had been disobedient ones in the past, and they had been tasered and then they were honest.

But they couldn’t even get half a step closer to the girl, and the taser in their hands was directly in her grip.

She just held the baton, flipped her wrist bone and backhanded the guard to the ground.

In a dozen seconds, the eight security guards Feng Hua had brought with her, all fell to the ground.

The four gentry’s anger subsided at once and their legs and stomachs trembled.

They were used to spending and drinking, and only worked out occasionally, and their bodies had always been very weak.

These security guards were fighters trained by Dynasty ktv, and had even been in boxing matches.

The security guards didn’t even last long, let alone them.

The gent handing out the drinks shivered and turned to run outside.

But he didn’t make it out the door.

A hand lifted his collar from behind and pinned him right up against the heavy box door.

“Don’t be afraid.” Ying didn’t let go of his hand, his eyes were faint, “There’s no more wine, I won’t smash your head in.”

The other gent saw the scene, shuddered and took out his phone and started sending messages.

He didn’t have Xiu Yan’s number, so he sent it to Mu Shenzhou.

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Outside the box.

Teng Yun Meng had no idea what was going on inside, she was desperately banging on the door, but the diaphragm was too good and the sound couldn’t get through.

She wasn’t able to smash for long either, before she was chased off by the security guards guarding the door.

In the hall on the ground floor, the boys and girls who had run away were sitting on the sofa, their faces still a little white.

Teng Yun Meng’s mobile phone had been taken away by the security guards and she couldn’t even call the police.

She was sitting on the sofa in a daze, so anxious that tears were coming out of her eyes.

She didn’t even know how she had really left Ying Zigui behind and left.

It wasn’t that Teng Yunmeng didn’t want to go out, but there were several security guards at the door with taser sticks in their hands.

She was not stupid to have won so many gold medals in international academic competitions.

It was obvious that this was a premeditation.

Teng Yun dreamed of Xiu Yan, but Xiu Yan hadn't returned by now.

Her hands gripped her clothes tightly and she gritted her teeth, ready to desperately rush out when a sudden commotion came from the doorway.

Teng Yun Meng froze, and saw three people walking in.

Those security guards wanted to stop them, but they simply didn't dare.

Teng Yun Meng noticed that one of the men was kind of demon good looking.

Of the three men, one of them walked towards them while the other two went to take the lift.

The man, dressed in a suit, handed Teng Yun Meng a card: "Student Teng Yun Meng, right? This is a new compartment, Miss Ying is fine, she said to meet with you later."

After saying this, the man also went upstairs.

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Within twenty minutes, the box that Xiu Yan had booked was filled with one miserable scream after another.

Several gentry had no ability to fight back at all, being hung by the girl and beaten.

Especially Feng Hua.



He was smashed in the head and lost consciousness for a while.

When he woke up, the compartment was in a mess.

It was a long time before Feng Hua remembered what had happened, and another wave of dizziness rushed through his head.

“How dare you hit me?” Feng Hua touched a handful of blood on his head, horrified and even more shocked, “Do you know who my father is? Do you still want to hang out in the imperial capital?!”

Hearing his voice, Ying Zijin turned her head.

She lifted her leg and kicked him in the lower part of his body.

Feng Hua let out a pig-like scream, and his voice could not come out.

The door of the compartment, however, was slammed open at this time.

As soon as Mu Shenzhou came in, he saw this scene.

He changed his expression: “Ying Zidian, stop it! If you keep fighting, he’ll die. Do you want to bury your future?”

Ying Zidian’s hand didn’t stop, she looked sideways at Mu Shenzhou.

There was no emotion whatsoever.

“There’s your share.”

These four words were not a question, but an affirmation.

Mu Shenzhou's body went cold all of a sudden.

He was pushing as Madam Mu had said.

The hallucinogen was what he had helped to get.

But how did Ying Ziguai know?

It was simply impossible.

Nor did he even want her to know.

“Ying Ziguai, I'm sorry, it wasn't my intention.” Mu Shenzhou took a deep breath, “Please don't mind, you've hit too, stop, Feng Hua is not something you can mess with.”

“Don't mind.” Ying Ziyang stepped on Feng Hua's hand, not even raising her eyes, “I don't like you, let alone know you, what do I care about you?”

Mu Shenzhou's brain buzzed for a moment, as if there were bees buzzing around his ears, but he was somewhat unable to understand what the girl was saying.

He raised his head mechanically and his lips quivered, “No, don't know?”

Madam Mu was following Mu Shenzhou, and after hearing this, her expression coldened a few degrees.

“Alright, what are you pretending for.” Madam Mu condescended, “It's an honour for you to marry into the Feng family, Shenzhou is doing it for your own good, after all, you're not qualified to be the head mother of the Mu family if you want to be.”

“And you don’t have to say such things to break Shenzhou’s heart just because you can see that he’s interested in you.”

She really couldn’t see this kind of thing that used other people’s feelings to hurt them the most.

Especially when it was her son who was being hurt.

“It’s a pity that you’re so insensitive.” Mrs. Mu naturally saw Feng Hua who was beaten and bruised, “Not only will you not be able to marry into the Feng family now, you will also be in jail.”

With that, she took out her mobile phone and sneered, “I’m calling the police.”

However, Mrs. Mu had only just entered the three numbers “110” and had not even pressed the green dial button when a faint voice rang out from the left side of the box.

“Old man, I really don’t know when the Feng family is worthy of being put in front of Xiao Ying.”

“I gave her the Mu family and she didn’t even want it, you’ve got a big mouth.”

It was then that the lights in the box were fully turned on, illuminating the old man sitting in the corner.