

Boss Lady 291

Chapter 291

Ever since May, when a group of people took Master Fu away from the First Hospital, Master Fu's illness miraculously recovered.

So after that day, Master Fu never passed through the hospital again either.

That group of people came and went without a trace, and even when Fu Mingcheng sent out his secretly cultivated retainers, he could not find any trace of them.

He suspected that the group of people were most likely sent by a certain comrade in arms that Master Fu used to know, perhaps it was Mu Heqing.

Master Fu knew many people when he was young, and although he hadn't seen many of them in his old age, the bond between them would not diminish; after all, they had come together at a time of life and death.

When Master Fu got well, Fu Mingcheng couldn't say whether he was happy or annoyed.

It had been almost half a year, and Master Fu's health hadn't been in a condition once again, so how come he was suddenly in hospital?

"Old master?" Mrs. Fu? Taken aback, "What's going on?"

These days Master Fu was not in the Fu family, but stayed in the Zhong family.

It was not good for them to have complaints, after all, Master Fu and Master Zhong had a very close relationship, they used to be brothers who wore the same trousers.

"It wasn't said on the phone." Fu Mingcheng had already opened the door, his footsteps hurried, "Let's go over and take a look first."

Mrs. Fu lifted her bag with her hands and feet and followed suit.

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Fifteen minutes later, Fu Mingcheng and Mrs. Fu arrived at the First Hospital.

But to the couple's surprise, Master Fu was not in the ICU, but in the general ward.

The attending doctor had just come out of the ward

"Doctor." Fu Mingcheng walked over, "How is he doing, my father?"

"There are no major illnesses, and the old man doesn't have the high blood pressure or anything that other old people have." The doctor took the stethoscope off, "Too tired, so he passed out while walking, he should be waking up soon."

"Too tired?" Fu Mingcheng frowned, but was relieved, "I'll go in and take a look."

But just as he took a step, he was stopped by the attending doctor, "The old man needs more rest at this time, it's better not to disturb him."

Fu Mingcheng took a step, but his face did not show any emotion: "Then I will wait outside."

Mrs Fu waited with him.

When the attending doctor saw that they were determined to do so, he did not care and went down.

Master Fu was not really the only one in the ward, Master Zhong was sitting by the bedside with him.

The two of them had gone to play Tai Chi this morning and went for a walk around the Little West Mountain.

Master Zhong thought that Master Fu had only slept a lot, but his body was still strong enough to take a walk and climb the mountain.

When he was walking down the hill, he suddenly collapsed.

Mr. Zhong was shocked and immediately took him to the hospital.

The doctor examined him and it was no different from what he had said to Fu Mingcheng.

Master Zhong saw that Master Fu's face was indeed rosy and was relieved.

Only then did he pick up his mobile phone and dial another number.

This one was for Fu Yunshen.

The strange thing was that Master Fu seemed to know that he had a health condition recently, and had repeatedly stressed not to tell Fu Yunshen.

The door to the hospital room was knocked on within seconds of the call being made.

As soon as he walked over and opened the door, he saw the man propping himself up against the wall with one hand, his black, broken hair damp on his forehead, obviously in a hurry.

"So soon?" Elder Zhong was surprised, "The doctor checked just now and said it was your grandfather he was too tired, there's nothing too wrong."

Fu Yunshen didn't respond again the first time.

He loosened his collar and walked in, checking Elder Fu's body carefully again before his taut back stretched out.

Master Zhong looked at his expression and secretly shook his head.

Don't say.

Although Fu Yunshen was the most untalented member of the Fu family, he was the only one who truly cared for Master Fu.

It was half an hour later that Old Master Fu woke up.

Master Zhong's breath was completely relieved: "Old man Fu, you've finally woken up."

He was really afraid that if Old Master Fu slept like this, he would have fallen asleep completely.

Fu Yunshen was silent for a moment before he spoke, "Grandpa."

"Grandpa is fine." Old Master Fu held onto the edge of the bed and slowly sat up, sighing, "Alas, I made Little Seven worry again."

With that, he turned his head again, glaring at Elder Zhong, "I told you not to say anything, but you still said it."

"Old man Fu, you're sincere, right?" Old Master Zhong was furious enough, "You just woke up and you're angry at me."

"Grandpa, I came here on my own." Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched and he smiled gently, "I was already here when Grandpa Zhong called."

Master Fu now had a chance to show off, "Look, see, my little seven is so filial."

"Alright, alright, brat, you stay with your grandfather." Master Zhong put his hands behind his back and went out with a grunt, "I'm going to buy some nourishing porridge."

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On the other side.

Fu Yikan received a call from Fu Mingcheng.

He was not living in the Fu family's old residence, and when he heard the news that Master Fu was in hospital, he was also in a hurry, hastily packing his things and heading out.

"Yikan, what are you doing?" Su Ruan was applying a mask, "Didn't we agree to go out for dinner tonight?"

"Grandpa is in hospital." Fu Yikan didn't stop moving, "Let's go together."

Su Ruan didn't say anything this time.

She didn't have any feelings for Elder Fu, and even complained a little.

If Elder Fu hadn't had to agree on a marriage contract with Elder Su, she would still be in the imperial capital now, and would have married a male son from the imperial capital by then, and wouldn't have come to Shanghai City.

But naturally, she did not dare to say such things out loud.

Otherwise, not to mention Fu's family, even Master Su could scold her severely.

Su Ruan uncovered the mask on her face and was a little negative: "Fine, fine, fine, let's go."

At this moment, Fu Yijian stopped and answered another phone call.

After answering, he paused: "No need."

Su Ruan was annoyed and looked at him coldly: "Why not again?"

“Yun Shen is over there.” Fu Yikan put down the things in his hands, “Grandpa has also woken up, it’s nothing serious.”

This one sentence, however, managed to set Su Ruan on fire.

It was Fu Yunshen again!

“Fu Yixian, you have to fight for your breath!” Su Ruan’s face was blue, “I married you, I didn’t come to the Fu family to be aggravated, why not when he’s here? That is also your grandfather, you do not go to brush up some goodwill, what if the Fu family is not your future?”

The largest shareholding and industries such as the Royal Fragrance House were still in the hands of Elder Fu.

Fu Yikan’s eyes deepened a few points.

Without speaking, he pushed the door and walked out.

After walking a few steps, he stopped again and turned his head: “The Fu family was not mine in the first place, for the last time, Su Ruan.”

And with that, the door was closed.

Su Ruan was so angry that she smashed the vase on the bed.

Holding back her tears, she took out her mobile phone and called the Su family’s side.

The person who answered the phone was Su Ruan’s father, Su Lianghui, who was also Elder Su’s third son.

Su Lianghui listened to Su Ruan’s complaints and was about to stop listening until he heard the news that Master Fu was in hospital.

He hung up the phone thoughtfully and went to find Master Su.

Master Su was younger than Master Fu, 83 years old this year.

However, his legs were very difficult and he could only travel in a wheelchair.

“Yi Chang is in hospital?” Elder Su frowned, “I’ll make a phone call.”

At his age, he couldn’t even afford to fly.

It was troublesome to make a trip to Shanghai City.

With that, Elder Su made a phone call and shook his head afterwards.

Su Lianghui asked, “Dad, how is it?”

“As I see it, it is very likely that Yi Chang will not make it.” Elder Su sighed, “But it’s normal, I even feel like I’ve been very bad the last few years.”

People are often capable of sensing their own great age.

This kind of perception, no matter how sophisticated the hospital's instruments were, could not be measured.

"Not working?" Su Lianghai was stunned, "Then it's time for us to take sides."

The Su family was not considered a large family in the imperial capital, and its overall strength was just like the Fu family, and it still needed to support each other with the Fu family.

There were many factions in the Fu family, and it was not good to be on the wrong team.

Elder Su frowned again, "Such words, you can't say them in the future."

He and Elder Fu were comrades in arms, how could there be any talk of standing or not standing in line?

However, Su Lianghai did not think so.

He was a businessman and only looked at profit.

The reason why he had agreed with Master Su to marry Su Ruan to Fu Yunshen was because Fu Yunshen was favoured by Master Fu.

Maybe it would be Fu Yunshen who would inherit the Fu Group in the future?

The only thing Su Lianghai did not expect was that Su Ruan did not see Fu Yunshen at all.

However, this does not stop him from trying to rope in Fu Yunshen.

He also knew that although Fu Mingcheng and Fu Yunshen were father and son, they were even worse than enemies.

After thinking about it, Su Lianghai decided to give his full support to Fu Mingcheng.

As for Fu Yunshen?

The moment Elder Fu leaves, what kind of climate can Fu Yunshen achieve.

I'm afraid that by then he won't be able to make it in the celebrity scene in Shanghai.

Su Lianghai had a number in mind and left after speaking with Elder Su.

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The following day.

Inside Class 19.

Ying Ziji leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes to rest.

Yesterday she had looked at Master Fu again and still hadn't found anything wrong.

Perhaps it had nothing to do with physical health, it was a disease of the heart.

I'm afraid there is no cure for this kind of heart disease, only Master Fu himself can think about it.

On the side, after finishing a set of papers very carefully, Xiu Yu took out his mobile phone to amuse himself.

“Ying Dad.” Looking at it, Xiu Yu suddenly said, “You’re on the hot search again, no no no, not just Weibo, you’re on the outside net too, it’s exploded.”

Ying Zidian looked puzzled, “What?”

Xiu Yu put his phone in front of her, “Look.”

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Ying Ziji rubbed her head, opened her eyes and looked over.

Her eyebrows were lightly lowered, more than a little icy and pressed with a slight irritation.

What Xiu Yu was showing her was a video.

The video was a selfie angle and the main character was a blonde girl of about 17 years old.

The young girl spoke English, with a few Latin words popping up in the middle, which was somewhat obscure.

But below the video there are Chinese subtitles, to the effect that the young girl knows that there is an isc No.1 in China who is very good and wants to fight against this No.1 in the international final.

Here’s how the Weibo Hot 100 is ranked.

no.1: #Irina, number one in the global overall ranking

no.2: #challenge from y country

“Just this prodigy, she has issued a challenge to you.” Xiu Yu said, “Ying Dad, you’re on fire all over the world now.”

Looking at it, she was angry, “But this Irina is too arrogant, and says you’re not worthy of being her opponent, I hope you can last three rounds under her in the finals by then, bah, what the hell.”

She had also overlooked Ying Zidian’s answer screen that day and knew that she was number one in the overall ranking.

Jiang Yan didn’t know either, let alone others.

Ying Zidian rewatched the video again and pondered a little.

She also got more information about Irina from Zuo Li, and asked Yu Xuesheng about the hypnosis thing.

Yu Xuesheng said that a strong hypnotist could indeed help people develop their brain’s potential, only that the same could also bring about very serious damage.

Even if the patient requested it, he would not do it.

As for what was going on with Irina, Ying didn’t care much.

She opened her phone and found that there were indeed many more messages on her account at Shark Live.

[God, you should record a video too to kill her!

[Those people on the internet are belittling our country again, Da Shen, go on, let them see how good you are.

[You're talking about this Irina, she's challenging, so why is she still pulling the trigger?

Ying Ziji casually swept a glance and closed the private message box.

After that, she slowly and methodically clicked on her personal information and changed her avatar.

Black background, white characters.

Eight words, very distinct.

This person is dead, something to burn the paper.

The fans who were excitedly waiting for an order so they could go fuck themselves: "....."

Xiu Yu: "?????"

It can still work like that.

This challenge issued by Ilna did startle several major social networks around the world.

The netizens were also waiting for the number one global leaderboard reply, but they never got around to it.

So after watching the buzz for a while, they all dispersed again.

After Ying turned off Shark Live, another chat app flashed up on her phone.

It was the official chat app of Norton University.

There was only one person who sent her a message too.

The Vice Chancellor.

[You don't want to tell me that isc, the number one in the overall global ranking, is you?]

The tone of voice was cautious.

Ying Zidian lowered her eyes and typed three words over.

[Any questions?

The vice-principal returned a long series of ellipses.

[Good, I can let the group of professors in the admissions department die :)]

What is this called?

It's called Big Brother Everywhere.

The vice-principal's heart ached a little, but there was nothing he could do.

He was afraid that if he said anything else, he would be blackballed.

The vice-principal sighed, he just hoped that the headmaster would find the alchemy materials and come back soon so that he could be less stressed.

Although even if the Headmaster came back, he wouldn't have much status.

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Master Fu stayed in the hospital for just three days and was not happy to stay any longer.

He insisted on being discharged, and no one could stop him.

The old man was stubborn, so he had to go along with his wishes.

Fu Yunshen sent him to the Zhong family again, just as he had wanted.

Master Fu lay down on the bed and began to rest.

Fu Yunshen heard him breathing steadily, and after standing by the bed for a while longer, he got up to close the door.

"Xiao Qi, wait." Master Fu suddenly opened his eyes, "What did you originally plan to do today?"

For as long as he had been in the hospital, Fu Yunshen had stayed with him.

"Hmm?" Fu Yunshen tilted his head, "Yoyo's open day at their school, I was going to go take a look."

Every year, in late October, it was the open day of Qingzhi Middle School, and a school-wide meeting was held for parents to inform them of the school year's progress.

Moreover, the scenery of Qingzhi Middle School is very nice, so a lot of people will go to take photos at this time.

"Then you go you go." Elder Fu came to life, "What's the point of you staying here and just watching me sleep? You interact more with the young people."

While old man Zhong was away, he had to step up his time to create opportunities for the two youngsters.

Maybe one day the sparks would burst and "Wow-", that would be exciting.

Seeing that Fu Yunshen didn't say anything, Elder Fu then urged, "You go quickly, if you don't go, grandpa will be angry."

"Grandpa, it's useless even if you talk out of your mind this year." Fu Yunshen sat down in his chair, "You're right, I'll stay here and watch you sleep."

Master Fu: "....."

Brat, no sense of crisis.

This is really unlike him.

When he was young, he already knew how to write love letters.

Master Fu closed his eyes angrily and rolled over, mercilessly leaving his back to Fu Yunshen.

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It took a few more days of rest before Master Fu finally got rid of Fu Yunshen's care.

He sneaked out on his own to go around, only to return to the Zhong household in the evening to see his fancy granddaughter-in-law talking to Master Zhong.

Master Fu stroked his chin, regretful in his heart.

It was too bad.

His grandson-in-law was not yet an adult and even earlier than the age when she could get married, otherwise he could have carried the two to the Civil Affairs Bureau.

"Hey, old man Fu, my granddaughter can tell fortunes." When Old Master Zhong saw that Old Master Fu had returned, he was proud of himself, "You can ask her to show you, too.

No one wants to live a long life.

Especially the elderly.

Master Zhong was seventy-eight years old this year, and by this calculation, he still had forty years to live.

Among ordinary people, that's a long life indeed.

But Old Master Zhong didn't take it seriously.

Who can calculate longevity so clearly?

Not even some recognised feng shui masters on the Internet could do it.

Master Zhong just took it as Ying Ziji coaxing him to be happy, but he was happy to do so.

"Is that so?" Elder Fu smiled, his mood seemed to improve as he walked over, "Then take a look for me too."

"That's not true, old man has said that old man's granddaughter is all-powerful." Elder Zhong became even more smug, "Old man Fu, hold out your right hand and let Ziggy have a look."

Although Old Master Zhong didn't know why he had to look at the right hand to read palmistry.

But he had just heard Ying Zidian say that there was an expression for reading palmistry –

The right hand is preternatural, the left hand is postternatural.

It probably means that the right hand has more influence than the left hand.

So when reading palmistry, the left hand is used to assist the right hand.

Only when he heard this did Elder Fu gain some spirit.

He slowly straightened up and opened his right hand wide.

From top to bottom, the three very deep stripes were the Emotion Line, the Wisdom Line and the Life Line, in that order.

These three lines are also known as the “Heavenly”, “Earthly” and “Human” lines.

They are also the three most important of all the palm lines.

The other lines, such as the marriage line and the career line, are all secondary.

“Well?” Master Fu was not in a hurry and was cheerful, “How is this palm of mine?”

“Judging from the emotional line, Grandpa Fu met the love of his life when he was 18.” Ying Ziji’s eyelashes dropped, not slowing down, “But because of the war at the time, Grandpa Fu and Grandma Fu didn’t officially get together again until seven years later, when you got married and had four sons and a daughter.”

Hearing this, Master Fu was surprised and couldn’t help but get serious.

“Ziggy, divine.” Elder Zhong couldn’t help but speak, “You don’t say, he and Yuehua really did get married at that time.”

“Grandpa Fu and Grandma Fu had a great relationship.” Ying added, “It’s just that Grandma Fu went early, and this line of affection for Grandpa Fu can’t be described as good or bad.”

Master Fu nodded, “What about the wisdom line?”

“There’s nothing to see in the wisdom line.” Master Zhong waved his hand, “But your wisdom line is definitely not as good as mine is all, because you can’t beat me at chess.”

Elder Fu smiled and didn’t retort, “That’s true, after all, you have such a smart granddaughter, I can’t compare.”

Hearing this, Master Zhong almost pulled his beard, “Old man Fu, I think you are really sick lately.”

Usually, when he heard such words from him, Old Master Fu could dislike him for an hour without stopping.

These days, he was actually kissing his ass.

That’s not good.

Master Zhong grunted: “It’s time for the lifeline, Dickey, you can calculate how long your grandfather Fu will live.”

Ying Zidian’s eyelashes dropped and her eyes narrowed for the first time.

From this lifeline, she had calculated how long Grandpa Fu would live.

## Chapter 293

The thing about longevity is that it is different from robbery points.

Whether it was Shang Yaozhi or Fifth Moon, they actually had a long life span.

But if that one hurdle is not passed, it is something that will lead to an early death.

This is called a robbery point.

By paying a certain price, the point can be avoided.

Longevity has always been unchangeable.

It is set at birth and will not be changed.

Cesar Laurent and the Vice-Chancellor have survived to this day because their bodies have been transformed by alchemy and their cell division and differentiation have been stimulated to the limits of human beings.

But alchemy's conditions for transforming the body are also demanding.

In addition to some rare to globally uncommon alchemical materials, the person being transformed must be under the age of eighteen.

After the age of eighteen, when the body comes of age and is fully set, there is nothing more that can be done.

Otherwise, if everyone could live for three hundred years, the earth would be in chaos.

Ying Ziji squeezed Master Fu's wrist and remained silent without speaking.

She hadn't lied to Elder Zhong, who had a life expectancy of 108 years.

The rest of his life would be smooth and stable, with no major hazards.

But Master Fu's life expectancy was 85 years old.

And this year, Master Fu happens to be 85 years old as well.

There is not a single point of difference.

Once the life span is up, the person will go.

When Elder Zhong saw that the girl didn't speak at first, he was surprised with some displeasure:

"According to you, Zidian, it's not because your Grandpa Fu is better than me that you can't calculate it, is it?"

Ying Zidian withdrew her thoughts, and she was silent again for a moment before saying, "Well, it seems so."

"Ugh." Elder Zhong got depressed for the first time, "Why don't I believe it, he can't even beat me at chess."

“Come on, you take it seriously even if the kid plays a game.” Master Fu didn’t care, he just waved his hand and smiled, “It’s fine, it’s fine, it’s just for fun anyway.”

Ying Ziji gazed at Master Fu’s face and suddenly remembered when she first checked Master Fu’s body more than half a year ago.

She had truly felt an unprecedented surprise.

Earth was a technological world, and admittedly there were some supernatural aspects to it, such as alchemy, such as feng shui and yin and yang.

But ultimately, it was not the world of spiritual cultivation she had once stayed in, with something as mythical as the emergence of a genesis.

Master Fu’s body had been infested with toxins for so long that the poison had entered his bones.

Even if the person who poisoned him didn’t want him to die in the first place, Master Fu wouldn’t have survived more than three years.

At that time, Fu Yunshen hadn’t even grown up, let alone go to the doctors in O China to make medicine to suppress the poison in his body.

What was it that kept Master Fu alive for twenty years?

This was even more incredible than alchemy.

Ying finally understood now.

It was human belief.

Master Fu knew that if he had gone then, there would have been no one to look after Fu Yunshen, who was only a few years old.

That faith had sustained him to live until now, and now it had dissipated.

Master Fu smiled and laughed, slowly curbed his smile and knocked on the table, “Old man Zhong, there’s something I want to whisper to Ziggy.”

“Say what?” Old Master Zhong was suspicious, “You’re not trying to do something bad behind my back, are you?”

Ying Ziji lifted his eyelashes, “Grandpa.”

“Fine, fine, fine.” Master Zhong went upstairs with his hands behind his back.

That was all he had to say.

The atmosphere in the living room gradually sank down.

“Dickey, Grandpa Fu knows that it was actually you who saved me at that time.” Master Fu broke the silence first, his voice kind, “Although I was unconscious at the time, I was conscious for a while in the middle.”

“Without you, Grandpa Fu would have been gone long ago.”

Ying Zigui didn't say anything.

People were really able to feel their great end at the last moment.

Grandpa Fu already knew this these days.

"Don't be sad, old age, sickness and death, it's common for people to die, besides, it's a relief for me, I'm really tired." Elder Fu patted her shoulder with a solemn expression, "There is one thing, please help."

Ying took a slow breath and calmed her emotions down, "You say."

"I'm leaving Xiao Qi in your hands, he's never been much of a caretaker and has never looked out for himself." Elder Fu sighed, "In the future, just keep an extra eye on him and make him remember to eat on time."

After saying that, he slowly stood up, "I'm going home first, don't tell him what you can see."

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Elder Fu returned to the Fu family home alone, and did not ask for company.

He lay in bed, his mind still clear until the early hours of midnight.

The night was thick outside the window and the breeze was brisk.

Master Fu got up slowly from his bed, walked to the bookshelf, took down the picture frame and sat at the desk.

He rubbed the frame with a gentle expression.

When he was young, Master Fu was handsome and dashing.

In the Fu family, it was also Fu Yunshen who most resembled him, inheriting his facial features.

Only after wiping all the dust off the photo frame did Elder Fu speak in a low voice: "Yuehua, it's time to meet again, I wonder if you will still recognise me after I go down when I am so old."

After a pause, he smiled and then said, "It doesn't matter if you don't recognise me, you know I have a scar on my arm from when you took me for the enemy and shot me, and cried in a hurry when you found out later."

As he spoke, he was caught up in a long-ago memory.

He and Yan Yuehua had met in the army, and the first day they met, he had been admitted to the hospital.

At the time, none of them expected that they would end up together.

But Yan Yuehua, too, had died twenty years ago.

He should have accompanied her at that time, but he couldn't.

Because he had to look after Fu Yunshen.

Master Fu looked at the gallant woman in the photo frame and murmured, "Don't worry, Xiao Qi, he's fine, I've brought him up, unfortunately, we won't even be able to see him get married and have children."

This was Old Master Fu's greatest regret.

But he would have lived twenty years longer and had to be content.

After speaking to Old Lady Fu, Master Fu took out another pile of letterhead and began to write a letter.

This was written to Fu Yunshen.

After writing the beginning of the letter several times, Master Fu found it unsatisfactory and tore up the paper and wrote it again.

It was only when he had written the fourteenth sheet of paper that he finally felt that his writing looked better.

So he then proceeded to write down.

He didn't really have a high level of education, having graduated from high school and joined the army.

But he had written quite a few love letters to Yan Yuehua, so writing letters like this was not difficult for him.

Once this letter was written, it took an hour.

"Death is not the end, it is the beginning of another grand adventure." Master Fu ended by writing these words, "Remember that Grandpa is always watching over you from heaven."

After he finished writing this very long letter, he folded the letterhead, put it into an envelope and locked it back into the drawer.

Afterwards, Master Fu took the photo frame and went back to the bed.

He placed the picture frame in front of him with both hands and closed his eyes.

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The next day.

Seven o'clock in the morning.

Fu Mingcheng went to call Master Fu.

This was Elder Zhong's bidding.

In fact, without Elder Zhong's instructions, Fu Mingcheng would also go and call.

Master Fu was sleepy, so if no one called him, he could not guarantee that he would go in his sleep.

Fu Mingcheng knocked on the door first and got no response before pushing the door in.

He walked over to the window and pulled the bed curtain open, the sunlight flooded in and illuminated the room.

“Dad.” Fu Mingcheng turned around, “Dad, it’s time to get up.”

On the bed, Master Fu lay still.

“Dad?” Fu Mingcheng walked in, he just thought it was because Master Fu was old and his ears were back, so he called out a few more times, “Dad? Dad.”

After calling out again without a sound, Master Fu still did not get up.

Fu Mingcheng’s complexion changed and he suddenly realised that something was wrong.

He lifted his hand tremblingly to test Master Fu’s nostrils.

It was gone.

Fu Mingcheng jerked his head up and only then did he realise that Master Fu was still holding a picture frame in his arms.

He knew what it was.

It was the first photo of Yan Yuehua and Elder Fu together.

There was no pain on Master Fu’s face, and there was even a light smile between his brows, as if he had had a good dream.

The old man passed away peacefully in his sleep, without illness or pain.

It was the end of a long life.

But these days Old Master Fu could still walk on his own, very healthy.

So sudden that Fu Mingcheng barely reacted.

It was a full ten minutes before his brain spun up in a slow half-beat.

“Mingcheng.” Mrs. Fu also walked over, “The rice is ready, Master-”

Her words came out of nowhere and she looked at the old man in the bed, her hand covering her mouth, “Oh my god .....

“The will!” Fu Mingcheng remembered the most important thing and snapped, “Quickly find the will!”

Mrs. Fu was also awakened and immediately checked in the bedroom.

With Master Fu gone like this, the Fu family was about to change, and the entire city of Shanghai would be in chaos.

The most urgent task was to get the will.

Also, to drive Fu Yunshen out of the Fu family.

Once Master Fu left, no one was left to protect Fu Yunshen.

In fact, Fu Yunshen hadn't been with the Fu family for very long.

Fu Yunshen left for the imperial capital when he was five years old and lived there for almost ten years.

When he was fourteen years old, he was taken back to Shanghai by Master Fu.

He was then given the title of the number one flamboyant dude in Shanghai.

When he was eighteen, Fu Yunshen made a trip to the imperial capital, and news came from Shanghai that he had gotten into trouble with the Meng family.

He was sent to O Chau overnight, and three to four years later, Fu Yunshen was back again.

In the end, Fu Yunshen had lived in the Fu family for less than ten years.

But Fu Mingcheng still didn't like Fu Yunshen, because Master Fu thought too highly of him.

A fop, with a face, can't do anything.

What makes Fu Yunshen?

The first time the old man left, Fu Mingcheng felt more relaxed and the heavy stone that was weighing on his heart fell.

Unlike the other grandparents, Master Fu's prestige in the Fu family was too high.

It was also because of the presence of Elder Fu that the Fu family had the status it had today in Shanghai.

To Fu Mingcheng's surprise, Master Fu did not hide the will, but placed it on the desk so openly.

Madam Fu also saw it: "Mingcheng, here."

Fu Mingcheng quickly walked over, picked up the will on the desk and started flipping through it.

When he saw that Master Fu had left all the shares of the Imperial Fragrance House and the 15% of the Fu Group, as well as the Fu family's properties in the Imperial City to Fu Yunshen, the veins on Fu Mingcheng's forehead and neck jumped up violently.

He was so furious that he tore up the will in his hand.

As soon as Madam Fu saw this action of his, she knew what was going on.

She opened her mouth, "The Imperial Fragrance Place ..... Master really gave him the Imperial Fragrance Place?"

Even though they both had prepared for this, they still couldn't accept it after seeing it written on the will.

The Imperial Fragrance House!

The cornerstone of the Fu family!

It had been divided up by a fop and soon lost in a matter of days.

Fu Mingcheng took a deep breath: "Prepare the aftermath first, Dad is 85, it's a happy funeral, it's a good thing, invite a master to come, set a time for the funeral, and also invite the major gentry."

When an elderly person dies at the age of 80 or above, the funeral can be called a happy funeral.

So when the time came, the Fu family would also follow the custom and stop the spirit for three days to have a big banquet.

This was a good opportunity for Fu Mingcheng to pull in partners.

A few days ago, Su Ruan's father, Su Lianghui, gave him a letter of approval, saying that he would have the power to support him.

He also wanted Fu Yunshen to see clearly who was worthy of inheriting the Fu family.

Fu Mingcheng also understood that there was no use for him to tear up this will.

Master Fu was a prudent man, and he always prepared multiple copies of his will, and it was certainly notarized and had legal effect.

Mrs. Fu woke up as if from a dream and went down to start making phone calls.

They didn't need to prepare the coffin, they had already done it a long time ago.

No one expected that the afterlife, which had been prepared for more than three years, would now be used.

Fu Mingcheng threw the pieces of his torn documents into the rubbish bin, and after another glance at Master Fu in bed, went out.

The other side.

Madam Fu hurried upstairs after calling a few of Fu Mingcheng's other siblings.

"Yichen!" Mrs. Fu knocked on the door and heard the person in the room snoring loudly, so she simply unscrewed the door with the key, "Yichen, wake up."

"Mom, don't bother me." Fu Yichen muttered and turned around, "It's the weekend, let me sleep some more."

"Still sleeping?" Mrs. Fu was so angry that she grabbed his ear, "Your grandfather has passed away, why are you sleeping?"

These words caused Fu Yichen to wake up with a start.

He jerked open his eyes and got up, "Mom, what did you say?"

"This morning, your grandfather left." There was no look of grief on Mrs. Fu's face, just a faint, "Hurry up and get up and go with me to get ready."

Fu Yichen fumbled and started to put on his clothes: "Isn't grandfather well? How come ....."

Saying that, he seemed to react to something and was in a hurry: "What about the will? How did grandpa assign it?"

The Fu family was so big, and Master Fu had quite a few siblings, in Fu Mingcheng's generation alone, there were more than twenty of them, not to mention Fu Yichen and the others.

Mrs. Fu didn't say anything.

"It wouldn't all go to Fu Yunshen, would it?" Fu Yichen's face also changed, "Is grandfather crazy? Big brother is still around, letting him inherit the Fu family?"

"You don't have to worry about that." Outside the door, Fu Mingcheng's expression was cold, "Fu Yunshen is not even born to me and your mother, he is not a member of the Fu family and is not qualified to inherit the Fu family."

Fu Yichen was stunned, "Dad ..... what are you saying?"

He had been jealous of Fu Yunshen for so many years, and as a result, Fu Yunshen wasn't a member of the Fu family!

But Fu Mingcheng didn't pay attention to him anymore, he hurriedly went to find He Quan, the executor appointed by Master Fu's will.

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In just one morning, all four major families learned of Master Fu's death.

The Jiang family has been steadily following the Fu family all these years, and Jiang Moyuan has been working to enable the Jiang family to overpower the Fu family and become the top of the four powerful families.

However, Jiang Mo Yuan had been busy with the company and didn't care much about the outside world, it was Jiang's old lady Ye Su He who made a phone call and called him back.

"Passed away?" Jiang Mo Yuan froze for a rare moment, for a long time, he slowly spat out a sentence, very cold, "It's also something expected."

Master Fu's health had always been bad, and it was estimated that he had left some kind of after-effects even after he was cured.

Jiang Mo Yuan had no feelings about this.

To him, Master Fu was just a stranger.

The friendship of their grandparents had long since faded.

Ye Suhe was making tea, unsalty: "With Fu Yichang gone like this, this Shanghai city is going to change, Mo Yuan, this is your chance."

How could outsiders not want to annex the Fu family when they were scrambling to share the family's assets?

Although she had earlier wanted Jiang Moyuan to marry the Fu family's daughter-in-law and talk to Madam Fu.

But how can there be a permanent friendship in the world?

The Jiang family naturally wanted interests to come first.

Jiang Mo Yuan nodded slightly: "Mom, I understand."

Taking this opportunity of the Fu family's civil unrest, the Jiang family might be able to overpower the Fu family and even acquire a few of the Fu family's big properties.

Jiang Mo Yuan sat on the sofa, loosened his tie and also picked up a cup of tea.

After taking a sip, as if he thought of something, his expression gave a pause and his eyes deepened.

With the departure of Master Fu, the one who would be hit the hardest would be Fu Yunshen.

Without Elder Fu, Fu Yunshen, the fop, would have no one to back him up.

Jiang Mo Yuan rubbed his cup for a moment, his eyes gradually darkened.

In this way, Ying Ziji also .....

The first time I saw this, I was able to get a good look at it.

He had heard that Ying Zidian had been kicked out of the Ying family, and he could get her into the Jiang family by the way.

Ye Suhe noticed the change in his mood: "Moyuan, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing." Jiang Moyuan was faint, "I was thinking about what you said mum, this is my chance."

Ye Suhe smiled and nodded, and didn't ask any more questions.

\*\*

Because it was the weekend, Elder Zhong did not go to the office.

He got up at eight o'clock as usual, went out for a Tai Chi walk and stopped by to buy another dish.

Master Zhong kinda liked this civilian-like life, and he had recently learned to cook.

When he came home, it was already eleven o'clock, and when he saw the housekeeper sitting on the sofa, staring blankly and rubbing his eyes every now and then, he wondered, "What's wrong?"

"Old master." When Butler Zhong saw him come back, he jerked up, "Old Master, Fu ..... Fu's side is having a funeral."

Master Zhong didn't react a bit and spoke mechanically, "Who?"

"Old Master Fu." Zhong housekeeper wiped his tears, "Just left this morning."

Elder Zhong's body swayed, his face instantly turning white.

“Grandfather.” Ying Ziji’s eyes changed slightly, she quickly stepped forward, held him up and picked up the prepared water, “Grandpa, drink some water.”

Once an old man’s emotions fluctuated too much, it would cause great damage to his body.

Old man Zhong shivered a little before he reluctantly took a sip of water.

Ying Zidian had put medicine in the water that would help calm his emotions.

“Ziggy, you go and find that boy, Grandpa is fine.” Elder Zhong finished drinking, before he could grieve, and thought of the most important thing, “At this time, the person who can’t take it the most is him, look at him, old man Fu says he starts to go crazy and hurts even himself.”

After confirming that Old Master Zhong was all right, Ying let go of his hand and went out the door.

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The news spread, and Fu Mingcheng, intent on holding a big funeral ceremony, didn’t suppress it and it went straight to the imperial capital.

Mu Heqing also could not believe it.

For a while, he did not speak and was silent.

On the side, Mu Cheng spoke tentatively, “Master, we?”

“Activate the private jet.” Mu Heqing made a quick decision, “Go to Shanghai City.”

Boss Lady Chapter 295-296

Chapter 295

Meanwhile, the Nie family.

Master Nie was reading the newspaper on the sofa when he heard the door slam and looked up.

At this look, he was surprised.

Nie Yi was wearing a black suit, his body like a jade tree, as straight as the wind.

“Hey?” Elder Nie pushed his presbyopic glasses, “Unfilial son, why are you back?”

Ever since Nie Yi had joined the One Word Team, he had also withdrawn from the Nie family.

Even for Elder Nie, he wouldn’t see him once in eight hundred years.

“Yun Shen his grandfather went.” Nie Yi frowned, having long since gotten used to the title, “I’m back to pack my things, I’m going to make a trip to Shanghai City.”

Master Fu had gotten better suddenly, and this departure was also sudden.

After nodding slightly, Nie Yi finished packing his things as quickly as possible and was about to push the door.

“Wait!” Elder Nie stood up with a serious expression, “I’ll go with you.”

Elder Nie had actually never come into contact with the Fu family, and he didn’t know Elder Fu either.

But because of Nie Yi, he knew Fu Yunshen.

Fu Yunshen and Nie Yi were brothers, and as Nie Yi’s grandfather, he couldn’t just sit back and do nothing.

Nie Yi’s footsteps beat, “Good.”

This time, Shanghai City was really in chaos.

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The aftermath was done quickly, and the Fu family had plenty of hands.

By the afternoon, Master Fu had already been sent to the hearse.

The Fu family has a special hearse where the elders used to die and the juniors would hold a wake for five days.

The coffin had also been prepared more than three years ago, using fine pear wood.

Everyone in the Fu family had rushed back, except for a few families who had split out long ago, but basically there was nothing to feel.

“Brother, where is the will?” Master Fu San took a look at the huge coffin and quietly walked over to Fu Mingcheng, “Who did Dad give the Imperial Fragrance House to?”

In fact, that was all he asked, he only wanted more shares and real estate, the Imperial Fragrance Place would not have fallen into his lap no matter what.

Fu Mingcheng’s face however sank, he didn’t say anything, he just looked at the man kneeling in front of the coffin.

Master Fu followed his gaze and his expression changed: “Really give it to this kid?”

Take the Imperial Fragrance House, Fu Yunshen, is he worthy of it?

“Kneeling for six hours now.” Fu Yichen coldly snorted, “Grandpa is gone, for whom.”

Although it was said that there was a wake, but there were not as many rules as before, and there was no need to kneel.

But after Fu Yunshen sent Master Fu into the spirit hall, he was here, alive and kneeling until now.

Fu Yichan’s voice was cold: “Fu Yichen.”

Fu Yichen shrank his neck and immediately stopped talking.

He was not afraid of Fu Mingcheng, but what he feared most was his big brother.

Fu Yichan walked over and squatted down beside Fu Yunshen.

He pulled out an envelope from his arms and his lips moved before he spoke, "Yun Shen, grandpa ..... grandpa he gave you a letter."

This letter was found by Fu Mingcheng in a locked drawer, and as soon as he saw that it was for Fu Yunshen, Fu Mingcheng intended to tear it up, but was stopped by Fu Yikan.

Only when he heard this did Fu Yunshen raise his eyes.

The wind blew away his black lapels, but he didn't seem to feel any cold, as if his body had gone completely numb.

His handsome face was pale as never before, and his eyes, which were always smiling and elegant, were as dead as a cold pool, without the slightest fluctuation.

The first time I saw him, he was shocked and chilled to the bone.

He had never seen this kind of emotion in Fu Yunshen before.

The impression was that this brother of his was always smiling, even when a knife was cut on him, he could still smile.

For a moment, Fu Yichan even felt that what stood before him was not a person, but a skeleton without a soul.

Fu Yunshen didn't say anything, he knelt in front of the casket, his long fingers lifted up and slowly opened the letter.

Fu Yixian quickly got up and avoided it.

The letter was written specifically for Fu Yunshen, so I'm sure he didn't want anyone else to see it.

Fu Yunshen bowed his head.

The handwriting of Master Fu was very straightforward and neat, just like his military style.

He read it very slowly.

Little Seven, by the time you read this letter, Grandpa will have already gone to find your grandmother and mother.

Don't be sad, old age, sickness and death are common things in life.

Grandpa is very happy to have lived to this age.

Ten years ago, when all my old comrades went one by one, I was ready for this day.

In my life, I have travelled far and wide and killed many people. I have nothing to regret, but I am most relieved that I can't leave you behind.

In fact, grandpa knows that you are very powerful, but grandpa is useless and can't give you the best, you can walk from unarmed to today, it's really good.

You have enough capital to protect yourself, and the Fu family is no match for you, but the Imperial Fragrance House was originally yours, so don't refuse it.

You have knots in your heart and it is difficult to open your heart, but grandpa can see that you now have another spiritual pillar and grandpa is relieved.

Little Seven, you will always be Grandpa's pride and Grandpa is proud of you.

For Grandpa, death is the beginning of another grand adventure, remember that Grandpa is always watching over you from heaven.

Written by Fu Yichang in his final words.

Written on 2020.11.2

Fu Yunshen read this letter for a full half hour.

He did not cry, not even his expression changed, still kneeling quietly in front of the casket, his eyes silent.

It was only after a long period of time that Fu Yunshen made a movement.

His eyelashes dropped and his lips tugged silently.

Of course he could hide this from many people.

But how could Master Fu, as the person closest to him, have concealed it?

Master Fu didn't say anything, pretending to be confused, because Master Fu also knew that if these things came to light, the group from twenty years ago would come back for more.

Master Fu was worried that he wouldn't be able to cope with that group of people, so he was protecting him to the best of his ability.

So by now, the only family he had in the world was gone.

There was nothing left.

Ying Ziji also half-crouched down, she had never known how to comfort people.

She just lifted her hand and put it on his shoulder.

Fu Yunshen's shoulders moved and he tilted his head slightly: "Yoyo, I'm fine."

After a pause, as if he was saying it to her or convincing himself, he repeated it again, and smiled, "I'm fine."

But his eyelashes were trembling slightly, and his face was paler.

Ying Ziji was silent.

Master Fu had asked her not to tell Fu Yunshen, but he also didn't want Fu Yunshen to watch him go.

It was too cruel to watch the person closest to you walk step by step towards death.

She got up again and walked out.

Master Fu had instructed her to let her watch Fu Yunshen eat, and this was not the way Master Fu wanted to see her.

Fu Mingcheng walked up and put up three incense sticks at the hearth, and after paying his respects, his eyes fell on Fu Yunshen once more.

Without much hesitation, he walked over and stood right in front of Elder Fu's coffin, towering over him.

"Fu Yunshen, your grandfather is gone, and he also wrote his will long ago, leaving the Imperial Fragrance Place to you, but you yourself know clearly that you don't have the ability to take over."

"If you don't want to let the Fu Group fall in your hands, transfer the Imperial Fragrance Place to me now, no matter what, I guarantee that you will be clothed and fed in the future, how about that?"

Fu Yunshen lifted his head, his light amber pupils were cold, cold and murderous: "Get out."

He hadn't touched Fu Mingcheng because Master Fu wanted his children and grandchildren to be in harmony.

He had obeyed Master Fu's wishes.

But Elder Fu was no longer there now.

Fu Mingcheng's heart throbbed at this gaze.

He was light-hearted.

Fu Yunshen was just a playboy, could he still have any real strength?

What kind of backstage could he have?

Since Elder Fu was no longer around, he didn't need to maintain the facade of a doting father and filial son and just tear his face off.

"Exactly." Fu Yichen laughed coldly, "How can you inherit the Imperial Fragrance House if you can't do anything?"

Third Master Fu and several other siblings did not say anything, but they also meant the same thing.

The Imperial Fragrance House could be given to anyone, but not to Fu Yunshen.

"Dad, and you, Yichen." Fu Yixian's expression sank, "It's all enough."

Master Fu's corpse was still cold, and it was right here on the table.

Even if Fu Yunshen wasn't his own brother, was he so thin-skinned?

"Yijian, don't make a mess." Mrs. Fu pulled Yijian aside and shook her head, "Your father knows what's going on in his heart."

Fu Yijian's expression was slightly strained, "Mom, you know that the Royal Fragrance House is ....."

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Fu sighed, "But this person has already left, Yun Shen if he knew how to mix incense and perfume, it would be fine if the Royal Fragrance House was given to him."

“But he didn’t inherit either of these two talents, and your father did it for the good of the Fu family.”

Fu Yichan could not bear it: “Stop it, get out.”

Fu Mingcheng, however, did not relent and was aggressive: “I’ve brought the papers, you just need to sign them.”

Fu Yunshen finally made a move, he slowly stood up.

Lifting his head, he smiled.

“As soon as the old man came, he saw such a big drama.” Also at this time, outside the door, a faint voice fell, “Fu Mingcheng, what a great show.”

## Chapter 296

The voice came from far and near, startling Fu Mingcheng, who almost fell over.

He looked up sharply and saw an old man in a black Tang suit walking slowly and steadily with a windy pace.

Fu Mingcheng did not know Mu Heqing.

In his position, he could not even reach the Mu family.

After all, when the Fu family was placed in the imperial capital, it was only a family on the same level as the Su family.

It was too far away from the top circle of the Mu family.

But this did not stop Fu Mingcheng from guessing the identity of the old man in the Tang suit, and he immediately clenched the document in his hand and spoke tentatively, “Dare I ask, old sir you are .....”

Mu Heqing glanced at him and did not speak.

On the side, Mu Cheng stepped forward, coldly and indifferently, “The old man’s surname is Mu.”

Hearing this surname, the faces of all the Fu family members within the hearth changed.

The Mu family, Mu Heqing, was like a thunderbolt.

Such a character would come over from the imperial capital so quickly to condole with Master Fu.

The other three great families hadn’t even come yet.

Fu Mingcheng instantly broke out in a cold sweat: “So it is Elder Mu who has come to pay his respects, the Fu family is overwhelmed, I am really sorry to welcome you.”

“There is no need for you to welcome me.” Mu Heqing said indifferently, “Kneel for three days and three nights before talking nonsense.”

Fu Mingcheng was stunned, “Elder Mu, you .....”

Mu Heqing but ignored him and turned his head, "Mu Cheng."

"Yes, Master." Mu Cheng nodded and stepped forward, directly pressing on Fu Mingcheng's shoulders, forcing him to kneel down towards Master Fu's coffin.

Mu Cheng was not an ancient martial artist, but he was also a practitioner, so naturally he was no match for Fu Mingcheng.

"With a bang, Fu Mingcheng knelt on the ground, his eyes facing the black and white photo of Master Fu on the hearth, his heart thumping, a little afraid to look straight at it.

He gritted his teeth, "Elder Mu, what do you mean?"

Mu Heqing first offered three incense sticks before turning around, "I'm not used to seeing Yi Chang's children and grandchildren being unfilial and still being so aggressive."

One by one, his gaze swept over Fu Yicai, Madam Fu and the third master Fu, sharp as a knife.

Fu Yicai was truly delicious and lazy, how could he withstand such a gaze, his legs went limp and he collapsed on the ground.

"Yun Shen, stay still for now." Mu Heqing slowly paced behind Fu Yunshen, one hand pressed on his shoulder, whispering, "Wait until your grandfather is completely settled down, otherwise it's not good, I'll move for you."

It's not even a day old yet, let alone the seventh day of his life.

The older generation also focused on the wake and funeral, which absolutely could not be ruined and disturb the deceased.

Mu Heqing even knew very well that what was most important to Fu Yunshen at the moment was to send Master Fu away in peace.

He would not let his hands get covered in blood again in front of Master Fu's casket.

But after that –

Mu Heqing shook his head.

With Old Master Fu gone like this, who else would be able to suppress this brat?

He had curbed his sharpness and was willing to stay in Shanghai because the people closest to him were here.

Without saying anything, Fu Yunshen knelt down again and quietly looked at the coffin.

"Elder Mu." Fu Mingcheng was being controlled by Mu Cheng and looked ugly, "This is a family matter of the Fu family, you are not qualified to interfere even if you were my father's former superior, right?"

"Oh? How can this be called meddling?" Before Mu Heqing could say anything, another voice came from outside, "This is the elder teaching the junior, he Mu Heqing a Yuanxun, not to mention you, he can even point his nose at me and scold me, what, still not qualified for this?"

It was also an old man, also wearing black clothes.

Mu Heqing was surprised: "Yun Jian, why are you here too?"

The Nie family, could really have nothing to do with the Fu family.

"Condolences." Elder Nie didn't say anything and went up to offer incense, "Look at you teaching people a lesson."

Mu Heqing: "....."

This time, no one in the hearth dared to speak, the atmosphere didn't dare to come out.

Nie Yun Jian!

This name, although not as loud as Mu Heqing's, would not be unknown since he was in the circle of gentry.

The two top families in the imperial capital had gathered together in Shanghai today.

Fu Mingcheng did not dare to speak up either, as he endured the humiliation and knelt there reluctantly.

As time passed, more guests came to the hearse to offer their condolences.

The Zhong family had the most visitors, followed by the Jiang family. The Ying family only sent a company director there, after all, the Ying family had no relationship with the Fu family.

Zhong Manhua didn't know Master Fu well, so naturally she wouldn't go to the funeral hall to offer her condolences, but she did sigh: "You say people have many accidents when they are old, they just leave when they say they will, things are really unpredictable."

Ying Yuexuan pursed her lips, "Mom, in fact, it's good for our family if Master Fu leaves like this."

"Beneficial?" Zhong Manhua was stunned, "How so?"

"Didn't you say so? It's because of Young Master Fu's presence that my sister was able to leave home at will." Ying Yuexuan analysed sensibly, "But now that Elder Fu is gone, Young Master Fu's status has also fallen by the wayside."

"He can hardly protect himself in the Fu family, so how can he have the strength to care for his sister?"

Zhong Manhua quickly responded, "Yes, in that case, your sister will have to come back home."

Without Fu Yunshen to back her up, how could Ying Ziji still be so capricious?

"Five days later is the funeral." Zhong Manhua thought about it, "When that time comes, I'll go and fetch your sister back."

Ying Yuexuan nodded, "Mom, I'll go with you."

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The funeral was scheduled for the 9th of November.

This time there were a lot of people coming, the four great families were gathered.

Mu Heqing and Elder Nie had to leave after attending the funeral because they had business in the imperial capital.

After burying Master Fu in the mausoleum, Fu Mingcheng's anger was finally completely relieved.

He turned around and after giving Fu Yunshen a cold look, he spoke, "It just so happens that all of you are here, so I will also make an announcement."

Hearing these words, the guests who were about to disperse all froze and looked back, all a little puzzled.

Once Elder Fu left, the head of the Fu family naturally fell on Fu Mingcheng's head.

Could it be that the Fu family was about to make some big move again?

Mu Heqing and Elder Nie had already left and no one was meddling in the Fu family's affairs anymore.

Now, Fu Mingcheng finally said the phone call he had been holding in his heart for more than 20 years.

He only felt unrestrained, his mood had never been so relaxed before.

"Fu Yunshen is not born to me and my wife, he is not a member of the Fu family and is not qualified to inherit any of the Fu family's properties." Fu Mingcheng's voice was cold, "Please bear witness for me, Fu Mingcheng, that I will now expel Fu Yunshen from the Fu family, and he will have nothing to do with the Fu family in the future!"

These powerful words were like a thunderstorm that exploded in the crowd.

The crowd was in an uproar.

Fu Yunshen was not Fu Mingcheng's son!

Could he be someone's illegitimate son?

A bastard's son had no status in a wealthy family.

"Dad, you're crazy!" Fu Yikan was shocked, "How can Yun Shen not be our Fu family, he's obviously--"

"You shut up!" Fu Mingcheng scolded, "If I say no, he's not."

Jiang Moyuan's eyes darkened a little.

He had originally thought that Fu Yunshen was just one less person to rely on.

Now, it seemed that Fu Yunshen was not even a member of Fu's family, so he was indeed not qualified to compete with him for anything.

He turned his eyes and fell on the girl in the distance, frowning slightly.

The funeral had only just ended and was not a suitable opportunity, but there was still plenty of time for that later.

Jiang Mo Yuan pursed his lips and turned to leave.

And Ying Ziyi, who heard these words, her eyes faintly stared as she raised her hand, grabbing Fu Yunshen's shoulder: "You-"

"Yao Yao, it's alright." Fu Yunshen's head was slightly sideways, he leaned down, still rubbing her head gently as usual, his lips slightly curved, "Leave me alone, just for a while."

He would always be like that.

Even if it hurt or hurt, he would never show it.

It was never all graceful and would not show any wretchedness.

Ying Ziji let go of his hand and wrinkled her brow.

She also knew that he needed to be quiet now, so she stepped aside.

But Fu Mingcheng's words made the guests look at Fu Yunshen in a different way, especially those who had once flattered him.

"I thought it was a real prince, but it turns out to be a fake civet cat."

"Not being a member of the Fu family, how dare he still want to inherit the Fu family, he is really delusional."

Ying Zidian's hand clenched and his eyes gradually turned cold.

Nie Yi didn't know when he was standing beside her.

He was still wearing the same black suit from the funeral, his expression stern as he slowly spoke up.

"Twenty years ago, a group of people came to the Fu family, with great force, and to this day, no one knows where they came from and what exactly they were after."

Ying Ziyi listened.

Nie Yi continued, "Yun Shen's grandmother, to protect him, died under the guns of that group."

"Master Fu was also poisoned by those men, and he was sick for twenty years."

"And he, who was only two years old at the time, was hidden in that attic of the Fu family, and watched his mother, again, being beaten to death alive by those men."

Boss Lady Chapter 297-298

Chapter 297

A two-year-old child has always had little memory, unless it is something that cannot be forgotten no matter how much.

Ying Ziji looked up at the man standing in front of the tombstone, and her eyes were slightly strained.

No wonder, Fu Yunshen had a serious psychological disorder.

Not to mention a small child, that kind of thing, even for an adult, would have deep after-effects.

The trauma caused by witnessing the death of one's loved ones was irreparable.

"So from that day onwards, he wouldn't smile or talk." Nie Yi slowed, "Later he told me that to prevent him from forgetting, he would go over the scene in his head every day."

"He said that there was a limit to what people could remember, and that he couldn't forget if he wanted to take revenge."

"One day when he was three years old, he was locked up in a secret room by Fu Yichen, who was already nine years old, because Master Fu's condition had worsened." Nie Yi paused, "There were three poisonous snakes in that chamber, three days later, he came out, the snakes died, but he was also seriously injured."

Only three years old, the child was about to hold a blade in his hand and learn how to fight.

Ying Zigu: "Fu Mingcheng's mandate?"

"Well, after all, Fu Yichen was small even then and had no channels to find poisonous snakes." Nie Yi was silent for a moment, "So Elder Fu later found out that with a crippled body, he couldn't protect him in the Fu family, so he contacted Elder Mu and sent Yun Shen to the imperial capital."

"I met him in the Ancient Martial World, he was only five years old, very young and new to the world, and many Ancient Martial Artists looked down on him."

Nie Yi had never said so much at once, he took a moment and then continued, "Miss Ying may not be aware of the way the ancient martial world works, it's all about strength, even if someone is killed in a fight, it's normal."

Ying nodded: "Yes, I know."

The ancient martial world had always been like this, just like the world of spiritual cultivation she had been in before.

There were life-and-death fights, and fists were the way to go.

"He doesn't have any background in the Ancient Martial World either, he can only go on his own." Nie Yi said, "But the good thing is that he's very talented, even those few recognised geniuses of the Lin family can't match him."

"At the age of seven, he had a lung penetrated and almost died."

"At nine, he went on a training trip and was re-injured just an inch off his heart, and was sent to the ancient medical community overnight by Elder Mu."

"At ten, a twenty year old ancient martial artist offered him a fight to the death."

"Thirteen years old ....."

While others spent their childhood with two parents, Fu Yunshen came out of one life and death struggle after another.

Ying Ziji was silent, his eyes shaking slightly, "No wonder."

No wonder Fu Yunshen carried that ointment with him.

Because every second of his childhood, he could have been fatally wounded, not hovering on the edge of death all the time.

"When he was eighteen he made a trip back to the imperial capital, and that direct member of the Dream Family said in his face that he was going to dig up his mother's grave mound." Nie Yi faded, "Then he crippled that first family member and is still lying in the hospital."

"But by that time he was already strong enough that the Dream Family didn't dare to mess with him and had to swallow hard."

Ying Ziguai looked sideways, "So he left China, actually of his own accord?"

"Mm." Nie Yi shook his head slightly, "The ancient martial world was too small for him."

"As for how he became the top executive officer of ibi, and how he single-handedly established the venus group, I'm not sure, so I can't tell Miss Ying."

Ying Ziji was still looking in the direction of the tombstone, her pupils brightening: "There's no need."

Although she couldn't calculate Fu Yunshen's past, present and future.

But after hearing what Nie Yi had said, there was no need to count.

The fact that you can go from nothing to this step today, Fu Yunshen has experienced darkness and pain that ordinary people can't even begin to imagine.

But he did not live a life of hostility slowly, but was as gentle as he could be.

"Miss Ying should have guessed." Nie Yi took out a photo and handed it over, "His real mother is Master Fu's daughter, in fact he should call Master Fu Grandfather."

"It's just that Master Fu put him under the name of Mr and Mrs Fu Mingcheng in order to protect him."

The group from twenty years ago was far more terrifying than the Fu family's internal battles.

Ying looked up and took it.

It was a group photo.

One of the people she knew was Jiang Huping.

Only the picture showed a much younger Jiang Huping, sixteen or seventeen years old.

Jiang Ping was already very beautiful, and the other young girl in the photo was much more beautiful.

On the right side of the photograph is a poem, written in italics.

The silver candle and the autumn light are cold on the painting screen, and the small fan of the light robe is puffing out the flowing fireflies.

This poem contains the names of the two people in the photograph.

Jiang Painting Screen.

Fu Liufong.

The twin beauties of Shanghai, the most beautiful of all, were a perfect match.

“His mother left Shanghai City at the age of twenty.” Nie also added, “When she returned at twenty-four, she was already pregnant with him, but to this day, even Master Fu doesn’t know, who his father really is, and no one knows where Fu Liuying went for the four years he disappeared.”

“Yun Shen would leave China for another reason, also because there were quite a few foreigners in that group at that time, only that after so many years, there is still no trace of anything.”

“Having said all that, there’s nothing else Nie means.” Nie Yi’s voice was low, “He won’t listen to our words, so we can only trouble Miss Ying.”

“Now, you’re the only family he has left.”

Ying Ziji cupped the photo, and in Nie Yi’s narrative, she too knew the whole story of what had happened before.

\*\*

In the last century, the name Fu Liu Ying was as popular as thunder in Shanghai City.

She was the number one dame in Shanghai at the time, a truly talented woman.

Not only were the gentry in Shanghai, but even some of the big families in the imperial capital were seeking to marry her.

Fu Liu Ying was very talented in perfumery, she had a strong sense of smell and was able to judge the quality and scent of various fragrances.

It is true that the Imperial Fragrance House is a centuries-old industry of the Fu family, but it has fallen into decline in the late twentieth century.

It was only traditional craftsmanship that could not withstand the impact of the big trends.

It was Fu Liuying, who was 15 years old at the time, who single-handedly brought the house back to life and made it even more glorious than before.

With Fu Liuying in the house, it was the number one perfume company in China.

But then she left, and not long after she returned, she was killed.

From that day onwards, Fu Liu Ying’s name became a taboo.

Twenty years had passed, and no one mentioned it.

After a long time, it was forgotten.

Later, when Ying Luwei grew up, the position of the first lady in Shanghai was also handed over.

No one in the Fu family even mentioned Fu Liu Ying’s name.

Fu Mingcheng and Mrs. Fu hated Fu Liuying more than anything else.

If those people hadn't wanted to destroy the entire Fu family 20 years ago, they wouldn't have survived.

But Fu Mingcheng also knew in his heart that this matter had nothing to do with Fu Liu Ying.

When she learned that those people were looking for her, she went out the first time.

In the end, she was tragically killed to protect the Fu family and Fu Yunshen.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that Fu Liu Ying owned the place.

Without Fu Liu Ying, the shop would have closed down.

But Fu Liu Ying was already dead.

There is no way to fight for things when you are dead.

After the funeral of Old Master Fu, Fu Mingcheng returned to the Fu family without bothering about anything else.

For him, the most important thing at the moment was to become a partner of Biman and to take Imperial Scent Place to impact internationally.

It was only to his surprise that he had thrown Fu Yunshen out of the Fu family in front of so many famous nobles in Shanghai, and Fu Yunshen had said nothing.

"Mingcheng, although you said all that, the will has been notarized." Mrs. Fu frowned, "The person in charge of the Imperial Fragrance House is still Fu Yunshen."

"You don't need to worry about this." Fu Mingcheng waved his hand, "Su Lianghui will come over tomorrow, he has a way to make that boy willingly hand over the Imperial Fragrance House."

Madam Fu thought about it and didn't ask any more questions.

With Old Master Fu gone, Fu Yunshen was already in no position to do so.

With the Su family exerting pressure, there was really nothing Fu Yunshen could do.

The friends he had made were all gentry, with little real power.

After knowing that Fu Yunshen was not a member of the Fu family, those gentry could not afford to step on him, so why would they help him?

The reason why Fu Mingcheng said those words at the funeral was to leave Fu Yunshen isolated and without help.

"I'll go to the factory and take a look." Fu Mingcheng put on his clothes, "Biman's cooperation, it must be taken."

\*\*

Seven o'clock in the evening.

Fu Yunshen just walked out of the cemetery.

As if remembering something, he paused in his steps, stopped, took out his mobile phone and made a call.

The person on the other side picked up quickly and was careful of one word: "Brother?"

The person who answered the phone was quite alarmed.

Since Fu Yunshen had returned to Shanghai, he had only called him personally twice.

The first time was to take action against the Jiang Group.

The second time, it was to save the Zhong Group.

All in all, a lot of money had been wasted.

It was a lot of money, but it hurt his flesh.

"The project to set up a branch in China can go ahead." Fu Yunshen's words were brief, his peach blossom eyes converging with coolness, "Shift the focus of the group over."

The international luxury brands under the venus group all had counters and physical shops in China.

However, these luxury brands were not able to represent the entire venus group.

There was no branch of the venus group in China.

The other end of the phone was silent for a moment, and then a shocked voice came out: "Brother, you're finally going to clean up the Fu family?"

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes dropped and he smiled lightly, "Well, it's time to do it."

## Chapter 298

Having received the permission, the person on the other end of the phone was so excited, "Brother, I'm going to get ready now, just wait, I'll be in Shanghai tomorrow morning."

"Ian, you don't have to rush." Fu Yunshen was faint, "I have another important matter, you can be there on the 12th."

"Urgent, of course it's urgent." The voice on the other end of the phone was rummaging, "I'm finally waiting for this day, can I not be in a hurry?"

Not many people know what the original purpose of the venus group was.

The original intention, in fact, was just to get the Imperial Fragrance House back.

As a result, it has accidentally become the world's top group.

Who knows how that happened.

"Brother, is something wrong?" Ian was excited but calmed down, "How did you suddenly figure it out?"

He was aware of that Fu family business, and knew even more how disgusting the Fu Mingcheng family was.

If it wasn't for Master Fu, if Fu Yunshen wasn't smart, he wouldn't even have had the chance to grow up and die.

Ian knew even better that Fu Yunshen had never done anything because of Old Master Fu.

Blood is a wonderful thing, there will always be ties.

For the sake of Master Fu's old age, Fu Yunshen could endure anything.

"It's nothing." The first thing that I can do is to take a look at the situation.

The words had already been said here, how could Ian not be clear about what had happened, his heart instantly went cold.

He should have thought of this a long time ago.

If one day, Fu Yunshen decided to make a move against the Fu family, it would definitely be when Elder Fu was no longer around.

The Fu family can't trap him anymore.

There are few things in this world that can trap Fu Yunshen.

"Brother, you ..... you still have us." Ian was having a hard time, and he didn't know how to comfort, "You, you don't feel bad."

"Mm." Fu Yunshen didn't say anything else, "Hang up."

As he was about to put his phone away, WeChat "dinged".

It was his only starred friend.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you want to do.

[In these two days, I won't bother you, you have a good quiet time.

The finger of Fu Yunshen gave a beat, and his eyelashes moved.

Somewhere in his heart, it was as if something had struck him.

It was a deep clench.

It took a full five minutes of pause before Fu Yunshen replied.

[Thank you, brother will.

He left the cemetery and drove to the city centre.

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An hour later, the Maserati pulled up in front of a three-star Michelin shop.

Fu Yunshen pushed the door in.

The man's face was handsome, too regal and extremely distinguished.

Immediately, someone inside recognised him.

It was eight o'clock at this time, after dinner time, and there were not particularly many people, just one table of customers.

It was a party of a few gentry.

One of the gentry stood up wobbly, carrying a bottle of wine.

"Yo, isn't this our number one flirtatious dude in Shanghai City, Fu Yunshen, the seventh youngest Fu?" He laughed, and then as if it dawned on him, "Oh, no, no, you're not even a member of Fu's family."

"Meng Yang, don't rip people's wounds directly." Another gent looked sarcastic, "People are still a flamboyant dude, they just don't have any money anymore."

"Yeah, Fu Yunshen." Meng Yang smiled wryly, "This shop isn't cheap, you've been kicked out of the Fu family and your bank card has been frozen, right?"

He was contemptuous, "Do you want me to lend you some money and treat you to a meal?"

As he said that, Meng Yang shook the bottle of wine in his hand again, "See? This bottle of Remy Martin costs twenty thousand a bottle, tsk, it's a pity, you won't be able to afford to drink it in the future."

The Meng family was actually not ranked among the top families in Shanghai, and came from a wealthy family.

Now that Meng Yang was able to step on Fu Yunshen's toes, he naturally wouldn't let go of this opportunity.

Meng Yu took out his pocket, ready to take out his card and give it to Fu Yunshen, but was interrupted by the sound of footsteps.

It was the manager of the restaurant, followed by a dozen waiters.

The waiters were carrying plates of food and wine in their hands, a dazzling array that blinded the eyes of Meng Yang's few gentry.

"Young Master Seven." The manager didn't even pay any attention to them, he quickly stepped forward and was very respectful, "This is specially prepared for you by Miss Ying, she knows you are not in a good mood, so she specially ordered these for you."

Fu Yunshen looked up with a start.

The most striking thing was the ten bottles of red wine.

It was from a Bordeaux chateau, a hundred thousand dollars a bottle.

Not to mention the other dishes, which were all top quality ingredients.

Meng Yang and a few other gentry were stunned.

They were also unlearned countless and had a few dollars on them, so eating at a three-star Michelin restaurant was not a problem.

But there was definitely no such big money, ordering wine worth a million dollars at the drop of a hat.

Meng Yang's hand was still pinching the bank card with half a million dollars in it, and his face only felt hot and painful.

"Miss Ying has booked the place today." Only then did the manager look at Meng Yang and the others, "We are only waiting for the Seventh Young Master to come, forgive us for not being able to receive a few of you."

He made a gesture of invitation, polite and detached.

Meng Yang's face turned blue and he left in a huff.

A few other gentry also had no face to stay much longer and were in a sorry state.

After the waiters had laid out the dishes, they too retired.

The candle flame was clear and the light was warm.

Fu Yunshen sat down.

He looked down at the table of dishes and suddenly smiled.

Only then did he realise that she was serious about raising him.

It wasn't just a casual remark, nor was it meant to comfort him.

He was getting a little greedy.

Wanted to make her his alone, little friend.

But he felt that he didn't deserve it.

He didn't deserve the good stuff, and he didn't deserve to pull her down.

He'd lived his whole life in revenge, and he'd lived so that he could find the group from twenty years ago.

He was already in hell, how could he dare to hope for light.

\*\*

Although Fu Yunshen told him to slow down, Ian arrived soon afterwards.

On the night of November 10th, he brought a few of Venus Group's cronies to Shanghai City and stayed at the Quenn Hotel.

Although the Quenn Hotel was not a property of the Venus Group, it had a part of the shares.

Yunshan and Yunmu were also present.

"Where's my brother?" Ian entered the room and took a look, "He's not here?"

He said, putting down two bottles of wine, "I even rushed back just before his birthday, thinking to celebrate."

"You forgot that tomorrow-" Yun Shan pursed his lips, "Tomorrow, it's the anniversary of Miss Liu Ying and the old lady's death, and the young master has gone to pay his respects."

Ian suddenly fell silent, his eyes complicated.

They had never seen Fu Yunshen celebrate his birthday in the years they had followed him.

It was because his birthday was the anniversary of Fu Liuying's and Yan Yuehua's death.

He was carrying a blood feud and couldn't let it go.

Yunshan put the gun away and carried another sack and a bundle of rope: "We're leaving."

"Hey hey hey, what are you guys doing?" Ian was puzzled, "Is this going to be a fight?"

"Not a dry run." This time it was Cloudy who spoke up, "Isn't the young master going to start cleaning up the Fu family? So let's go and tie up that Fu Yichen kid first."

"Just in time to clean up after Young Master finishes paying his respects to Miss Liu Ying and the old lady."

"Tie someone up?" Ian came to life and rolled up his sleeves, "I'll go too, and catch him off guard."

Yun Shan gave him a disgusted look, but didn't say anything.

The three of them went out together.

\*\*

Fu Liuying was not buried in the cemetery, it was on a hill to the east.

Fu Yunshen went to the cemetery to pay his respects to Yan Yuehua, the old lady of Fu, before going to the place where Fu Liufei was buried.

When he reached the top of the hill, it was already 11:30 at night.

The night was heavy, the sky was starless, even the moon was covered by clouds and there was no light.

Fu Liuying's burial mound was simple.

It is a wordless monument with nothing on it.

It is not that Master Fu does not value Fu Liu Ying, or because he is afraid that the group of people from twenty years ago will come back.

Who knows if they will dig up the mound as well.

Fu Yun Shen half knelt down.

He raised his hand, stroked the cold tombstone, suddenly smiled and said softly, "Mom, actually ..... I still miss you very much."

He didn't really have much of an impression of Fu Liuying, after all, it had only been two years.

The only thing that still impressed him was that when Fu Liu Ying was holding him and putting him to sleep, she would often say a phrase to him.

"Little Seven, mommy, I named your first name Yun Shen because I hope that even if you are in the darkness of the abyss, you will have the daylight that will light you up."

"Mama's Little Seven, grow up happily and peacefully in the future, and Mama also wishes to be by your side all the time."

Fu Liu Ying's two wishes were not fulfilled in the end.

"Actually, it's not much." Fu Yunshen smiled lowly, leaning his back against a tree, looking up at the sky, faintly, "After so many years, I'm used to being alone."

Used to being alone.

Used to laughing.

Because only a smile could prove that he was happy, even if it was poorly disguised.

The hilltop was silent and soundless.

But suddenly rain fell from the sky.

One drop after another, gradually getting heavier.

The rain was pouring down and the sky and earth were dark.

Fu Yunshen was still leaning against the tombstone, very quiet, and did not take shelter, allowing himself to be under the rain.

The rain flowed in streams down his hair, face and chin, soaking through all his clothes and almost drowning him.

But at that moment, footsteps sounded, so shallow that they could barely be heard.

But Fu Yunshen had been training in ancient martial arts for many years, so his ears were naturally not comparable to those of ordinary people.

As long as he was alert, he could hear the slightest movement.

Fu Yunshen raised his head, his peach blossom eyes narrowed slightly as he looked over.

In the darkness, someone was slowly walking towards him.

A few seconds later, the pouring rain above him, stopped at this moment.

The girl stood in the rain, leaning down slightly and holding the umbrella for him.

It was as if it was the only light in the world.

## Boss Lady Chapter 299-300

### Chapter 299

As he got closer, the water mist from the heavy rain dispersed and the girl's face gradually became clearer.

For a moment, Fu Yunshen thought he was hallucinating.

Who would come here in the early hours of the morning in the middle of a heavy wind and rain?

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched, his lips curved up as if he was smiling to himself, and he whispered, "Dreaming again ....."

All last night, he didn't dream of Elder Fu, nor did he dream of Yan Yuehua or Fu Liuying, he only dreamed of one person.

Ying Zigu.

Dreams are a magical thing, they are the manifestation of one's subconscious.

He remembered the first time he had met her in the snow in the street.

He had never been a good person, and had killed people, and had gotten his hands even more bloody in his search for his enemies.

At that time, he had only intended to let Nie Chao save her, and from then on he would pass by, and would only be a stranger.

But she didn't let anyone save her, she worked it out herself.

That was the reason he had stopped down for her.

In her, he saw himself, and they would fight back.

So he made a decision that he would protect her.

And he did keep looking at her as a little friend as a sister, until yesterday.

She helped him order food, reminded her to eat, and backed him up in front of so many people.

All the feelings that had been suppressed all burst out in an instant.

He thought that he would never love anyone else but her.

But he really couldn't let her step into the hatred with him.

His youngest child, who was to be given the best in the world like other children, should not see any darkness.

With one hand still holding the umbrella, Ying Ziyang then half crouched down.

With her empty hand she took a tissue from her pocket and wiped the rain from his face.

Her voice was as clear as ever: "Sir, wake up, it's night time."

Hearing these words, Fu Yunshen's long back tightened and he slowly lifted his head.

This time, it was completely clear.

All defences were removed in a moment, and he smiled, "It's really you, little friend."

This familiar tone, there was no one else but their little friend.

Ying Ziji didn't say anything, her eyelashes drooping as she wiped all the water stains from his face bit by bit.

Her fingers occasionally grazed his face, leaving a clear touch with a little warmth.

The rainstorm in Shanghai always comes and goes quickly.

In ten minutes' time, the rain stopped and the dark clouds parted.

After the rain, the moon and the stars are visible, and the sky and the earth are secluded.

After wiping his face, Ying Ziji paused before she said softly, "Happy birthday, Fu Yunshen."

This was the first time she had called him by his name.

Fu Yunshen looked sideways and noticed that the girl was carrying a bag with a cake box and candles in it.

He had only had two birthdays since he was born, one at the age of one and one at his eighteenth bar mitzvah.

He didn't like birthdays, and they were a constant reminder of the human life he carried.

Fu Yunshen took a slow breath.

He had never felt before that his heart could beat so wildly, almost out of his chest.

Ying took out two floor cushions and handed one of them over, then sat down next to him herself.

As she took the cake box out of the bag, she said, "I might not have told you about me."

Fu Yunshen pressed his heart: "Hm?"

"Actually, I died once." Ying Ziji faded, "It was a desperate situation at that time, there was no way out, someone had to die."

If she hadn't died, she wouldn't have returned to Earth again.

Now, it seemed that the plug was not a blessing.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes fluttered, "Yoyo, you-"

"It's alright, it's all in the past." Ying Ziji said calmly, "I told you about my best friend, she was pulling me along and wouldn't let me die."

Fu Yunshen remembered Dudu, "Brother remembers."

"I'll give her that-" Ying leaned against the rock behind her, "Jun Muzheng, look up."

Hearing these words, Fu Yunshen also lifted his head.

When the heavy rain passed, there was the Milky Way, a starry sky.

In his ears, was the girl's voice scattered in the wind.

"The clouds are me, the wind is me, the stars are me, the moon is me, everywhere you look, it will be me."

"I am always there."

Fu Yunshen looked at the sky without speaking, his eyes gradually darkening.

"They say that when people die, they turn into stars and hang in the sky." Ying Ziji finished cutting the cake, "No matter what, we will be with you."

Fu Yunshen gazed sideways, his peach blossom eyes were deeply restrained.

When he looked at a person, he gave off a very deep feeling of affection.

As if he had made some kind of decision, his lips curved up in a genuine smile, "Thank you Yoyo, I know."

"Well, I thought you were going to give me that-" Ying put the candle in as well, "It's so cold, little one, you remember to wear your autumn trousers, don't freeze."

"....."

Fu Yunshen turned around, he lifted his hand and poked her face, "Little friend, you're so cute today."

Ying Ziji was slightly silent and glanced at him, "You're not right."

It wasn't that she had gotten soaked in the rain that her brain was damaged, was it?

Fu Yunshen took the paper plate from her hand and lit the candle.

He thought better of it.

He had to work hard to climb out of the darkness so that he could give her a bright future.

\*\*

The other side.

The old Fu family home.

Ian followed Yunshan and Yunmu as they squatted outside.

This squatting lasted for three hours.

Ian had just arrived from O Chau and hadn't even changed his clothes, so he was a bit cold.

He couldn't help but hug his body tighter: "Wouldn't it be better to just go in? Is it hard to think you'll be taken away for trespassing?"

“What do you know?” Yun Shan snorted coldly, “We’re waiting for that old woman to get up for the night, to be in her presence.”

“The old woman?” Ian thought for a moment, “Fu Mingcheng his wife.”

“The lights are on.” Cloud Mist suddenly spoke, “Go, go inside.”

Before Ian could look back, the two brothers had rushed into the old Fu family mansion.

The sound of the gate being kicked open startled Mrs. Fu, who had gone to the kitchen for a drink of water.

She quickly stepped out to take a look and before she had time to react to anything, she saw Yun Shan and Yun Wu going upstairs and tying down Fu Yichen who was still asleep.

Fu Yichen was suddenly awakened and saw the familiar faces again, and shouted out in fright: “Mum, help me! It’s them, last time too, save me!”

“Yichen!” Looking at the scene before her, Mrs. Fu’s eyes went black and she almost fainted, “Who are you? Quickly let go of Yichen!”

“Old woman, take it easy.” Yun Shan sneered, “Your son owes our young master a debt, pay it first, it will be your turn in a moment.”

He didn’t even give Fu Yichen the barest of words as he shoved a ball of smelly socks into Fu Yichen’s mouth.

Madam Fu was no match for Yunshan and Yunmu on her own.

She could only watch as Fu Yichen was kidnapped away.

“Who is your young master?” Madam Fu’s mind buzzed, “When did our Fu family offend your young master?”

She and Fu Mingcheng had always been cautious and never bothered to offend any big shots.

There was simply no one in Shanghai City who dared to barge into the Fu family with such recklessness.

“You’ll see.” Yun Shan let out another cold laugh, “What you owe the young master, we’ll make you pay it back ten times a hundred times over.”

Madam Fu stood frozen in place for a good half day before she shivered and picked up the phone, calling Fu Mingcheng.

\*\*

Fu Yichen was tied up in an empty villa.

On the way, he was already so scared that he was incontinent: “Brothers, I really didn’t do anything, I’m a good citizen, I don’t even dare to trample on ants, you guys let me go back, if there’s anything, I’ll be a cow, I’ll go up to the mountains of sword and down to the sea of fire!”

He had thought that once Elder Fu left, Fu Yunshen would have no one to rely on, and everything in the Fu family would fall on him and Fu Yikan.

The dream had not yet come true, and now it was shattered.

“Nothing has been done?” Yun Shan kicked up, “Then I ask you, wasn’t it you who locked our young master in the secret room and tried to kill him with a poisonous snake?”

“Wasn’t it you who changed our young master’s rice to one with poison and wanted him dead?”

Yun Shan lifted Fu Yichen’s collar, “Fu Yichen, since you are here, now, don’t try to get out alive.”

Fu Yichen listened in cold sweat and suddenly shouted, “You ..... your young master is Fu Yunshen?!”

He instantly remembered the blind spot he had ignored for a long time.

He had been locked up by Fu Yunshen for several days and couldn’t even eat.

Fu Yunshen also cleaned up the vassals Fu Mingcheng had cultivated.

But Fu Mingcheng and Madam Fu always said he was out of his mind, saying Fu Yunshen was just a fop and had no power whatsoever.

The first thing that happened after that was that Fu Yichen had forgotten about it.

Fu Yichen raised his head shivering and saw Yunwu carrying two large cages in.

There were thirty poisonous snakes in all.

They included the most poisonous king cobra and the original spearhead pit viper.

## Chapter 300

When Fu Yichen looked at the thirty poisonous snakes that had been brought in by Cloud Mist, his legs went limp and he fell straight to the ground.

His body shook like sieve chaff: “What do you, what do you want?”

Fu Yichen knew that these were snakes, but did not know what species they were.

He was not able to distinguish between the four bodies and the five grains, let alone identify the poisonous snakes.

But he wasn’t blind, these snakes were scarier than one, and they were hissing and spitting, the sound constantly rubbing against his eardrums, almost making his liver and guts crack.

“Yo, don’t recognize it?” Yun Shan pointed at one of the snakes and explained thoughtfully, “This is a king cobra, its venom contains neurotoxin, and cardiotoxin.”

“One bite and it will be able to kill you quickly.”

Pointing to another patterned snake, "This is the proto-spearhead pit viper, the head is a more poisonous snake than the king cobra, the venom lethal dose, only 0.12mg, see if you can get away with it."

"And this one." Yun Shan's finger landed on a green snake, "It's a white-lipped bamboo leaf green, pretty good looking isn't it? But then again, it can kill you with heart failure."

Ian was listening on the sidelines in a cold sweat, not to mention Fu Yichen.

Fu Yichen wanted to faint, but his nerves stayed tense because of the extreme fear.

He suddenly remembered something that happened a long, long time ago, almost twenty years had passed, but the image was able to float clearly in his mind at this time.

At that time, Fu Yunshen was only three years old.

He was a beautiful little boy, but he could neither cry nor laugh, and his expression was indifferent, always looking at others with light amber pupils.

Fu Yichen hated this sudden brother, but Master Fu liked him and he was jealous.

He often bullied Fu Yunshen in different ways, just because he was older than him, but he never got the benefit of the doubt, and a few times he even got his own way.

Until one time, Fu Mingcheng warned him not to go near the innermost room on the fourth floor because there were poisonous snakes inside that would kill people.

In a moment of evil, Fu Yichen found an opportunity to lock Fu Yunshen into that room, and locked the door specifically.

After that, he happily followed Mrs. Fu to the playground, leaving this matter behind him long ago.

Fu Yichen thought that a three-year-old child could not have survived.

But three days later, he saw Fu Yunshen, who had been sent to hospital by Master Fu.

He was alive and well, but badly injured.

No one knew how Fu Yunshen had gotten out.

Including Fu Yunshen himself.

Sometimes the word "live" can make a person explode with unprecedented potential.

If he wanted to take revenge, he had to stay alive.

Even if he was bruised and battered.

"Nothing to do with, nothing to do with me!" Fu Yichen finally recalled everything, and he shouted out in cold sweat, "It's my father, it's all my father's doing! You guys go find him, go find him!"

"Don't rush, don't rush, Fu Mingcheng is going to be even worse, the young master will clean him up himself." Yun Shan said, already opening a cage, "You'll find out today, I'll show you the news later."

These venomous snakes were well trained and did not attack the others, slowly crawling towards Fu Yichen.

“Do you know that you are killing people?” Fu Yichen backed up frantically, “If I die, you will all be finished too!”

“Don’t worry.” Yun Shan bared his teeth in a grim smile, “You won’t die, you will only experience the suffocating sensation of near death and the feeling of the toxins paralyzing your heart.”

“Once you are dying, we have the antidote here and will inject you, then you will be bitten again and we will inject you again, and so on and so forth.”

“You locked up the young master for three days, he was only three years old then, you’re almost thirty now, it’s not too much for us to lock you up for thirty days, is it?”

Fu Yichen’s eyes widened, he couldn’t believe his ears, “Lunatics, you bunch of lunatics!”

At this moment, a white-lipped bamboo leaf green swished forward and bit Fu Yichen’s arm.

The pain was so intense that he screamed out in agony and his eyes went black.

Another less poisonous snake strangled his shoulder, spitting its letters.

“What’s with the madness?” Yun Shan clapped his hands, “Didn’t you do this before? The wind and water are just karma, don’t say we’re bullies.”

“You’re so clever.” Ian couldn’t help but compliment, “How did you come up with this?”

It was almost perverse.

But he liked it.

“We didn’t come up with it.” Yun Shan shook his head, “We thought of throwing the boy straight into the mountains where the vipers live and let him fend for himself, it was Miss Ying’s idea, and she gave the antidote.”

“Awesome awesome.” Ian thought for a moment and then asked, “Who is Miss Ying?”

Yunshan was silent for a moment, “Probably the only person who can keep the young master going.”

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The Fu family.

After receiving a phone call from Madam Fu, Fu Mingcheng hurriedly rushed back from the Imperial Fragrance Factory.

His face was cold and stern: “Did Fu Yichen do something bad again?”

Fu Mingcheng had always thought that it was someone that Master Fu knew.

If it wasn’t, how could he have taken him away after Fu Yichen had made Master Fu faint?

Since it was someone Master Fu knew, then there would be no big deal for Fu Yichen, after all, Fu Yichen was still Master Fu's grandson.

At most, it would just be a lesson.

"How is that possible?" Mrs Fu was so anxious that she was on the verge of tears, "After he was beaten up last time, he stayed at home peacefully and didn't make any trouble."

"Go and find someone first." Fu Mingcheng frowned, "I guess it's just to tie him up again and starve him for a few meals, nothing major, Su Lianghui's plane just arrived today, I have to pick him up later, you watch first."

After saying that, he hurriedly left again.

To Fu Mingcheng, Fu Yichen was not as important as the cooperation between the Royal Fragrance House and Biman.

As long as he took over the management of the Imperial Scent House from Fu Yunshen today, he could go and work with Bieman in the afternoon.

Mrs. Fu was at a loss for words.

I don't know why, but she always had a bad feeling, but couldn't say what it was.

Fu Mingcheng didn't care, so Mrs. Fu had no choice but to call Fu Yichen again.

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Although Master Fu's funeral was over, the tide was still dark in Shanghai.

This is the most turbulent time for the Fu family, and it is the easiest time to take advantage of the situation.

Families of all sizes are eyeing the situation.

After Jiang Mo Yuan had finished making plans against the Fu Group at the company, he drove back to the Jiang family's old residence at noon.

On the way, his eyes strayed and he saw a familiar back figure.

The girl was standing in front of the milk tea shop, holding two cups of milk tea in one hand, while the other was scanning the code to pay.

She was wearing a long trench coat in the colour of mist and arashi, with a beret, her ink hair reaching her waist, indistinct as mist.

A single back view is so beautiful that it makes the heart tremble.

One could not associate her with the silent country girl of Qing Shui County once.

Jiang Moyuan pursed his lips, tapped his finger on the steering wheel, and still got up and got out of the car.

He walked over and didn't notice that there was a Maserati parked on the side of the road.

Ying Ziyi finished paying and carried the milk tea, ready to get into the car.

“Dickey.” Jiang Moyuan said, “Wait.”

Ying Zidian’s footsteps lurched and she turned her head.

“I heard you’ve left the Ying family.” Jiang Moyuan didn’t think there was anything wrong with his address, “Then go to the Jiang family, it’s better than the Ying family, and I can take good care of you.”

Ye Suhe hadn’t engaged him yet either, he didn’t have a marriage contract on him.

These days, he had just figured out that the reason he was relieved when Ye Suhe said she was going to the Ying family to withdraw her marriage was because he had found out he had someone he liked.

In the end, Ying Luwei also went to prison and had nothing more to do with him than half a dozen times.

This sentence caused Fu Yunshen, who was leaning against the passenger side, to twitch his eyelashes and open his eyes.

“It’s a pity, Mr Jiang, you’re always so self-righteous.” Ying looked up in a polite manner, but it was so cold it stung, “From the first time we met.”

“What did you say?” Jiang Mo Yuan was stunned, his eyebrows furrowed.

The first time they had met was when he had gone to help the poor over in Qing Shui County, and at that time he had asked her if she wanted to go to Shanghai to study.

His tone was a little colder, so how could he be presumptuous?

Ying Zigui didn’t look at him anymore, she pulled open the car door and sat down on the driver’s seat.

Only then did Jiang Moyuan notice that there was someone else, and his heart instantly stuttered.

The circle was now mocking Fu Yunshen for his lack of money, power and status, but none of them would mock his face.

With a face like that, even if there was nothing, there would still be many people willing to sink into it.

“Because of him?” Jiang Mo Yuan took a deep breath and only wanted to laugh coldly, “Without the Fu family, what can he do? A fop, what can he do to protect you? With his face?”

Hearing these words, Ying Zigui looked sideways and really looked seriously.

“Jiang Moyuan, you don’t have to worry about that.” Fu Yunshen lazily leaned back in his chair, his light amber pupils were gentle in colour, “Yoyo said that she raised me.”

Just one sentence made Jiang Moyuan’s face turn white little by little.

This man, who was successful in his career, revealed an unbelievable look for the first time.

Jiang Moyuan had never seen Fu Yunshen like this before, able to say eating soft rice so openly and seemingly with pride.

“She feeds you?” The first thing you need to do is to get rid of the problem.

He couldn't finish the words that followed, they were all blocked in his throat.

"Raise you, little friend." Ying put another cup of milk tea in Fu Yunshen's hand, "Sweet, drink it while it's hot."