

Boss Lady Chapter 3-4 -

Chapter 3

Nie Chao was dumbfounded once again, “????”

WHAT?

What did he hear?

The meaning of the word “o” changed completely when the word “ancient” was added in front of it.

It was the 14th to 16th centuries, and because of an intellectual and cultural movement, countless famous figures emerged in literature, art, music and other fields, and the o-continent went from bad to great.

There were many royal families in O-continent, but most of them no longer exist, and there are still ten royal families, led by the Kingdom of Y, each with a different etiquette.

He didn't see how a simple sitting posture could have been inherited from the royal family of O-continent.

But Nie Chao did not doubt Fu Yunshen's words.

Because every time he tried to drag Fu Yunshen to a bar, the gent would tell him that one of the requirements for being a flamboyant dude was to know astronomy and geography, even if it was only on paper, so that he could capture different types of women.

If you can't do this, it's better not to go.

Nie Chao always felt that there was something wrong with these words, but he couldn't figure it out, so he had to accept the advice with an open mind.

It's not surprising that the number one flirtatious dude in Shanghai knows the etiquette of the o-continent royal family, but this little sister of the Ying family from the countryside?

Ying Ziji opened her eyes without any change in her expression.

She changed her posture and sat with her hand on her chin, lazy as hell: “I've read the appropriate books.”

Fu Yunshen leaned back and smiled: “This hobby is different from other children.”

Ying Zidian didn't answer again.

In ten minutes' time, all the dishes were ready.

There was no single room in the Han Court, each table was separated by a green curtain, and there were incense burners around the tables, with different incense according to the guests' preferences.

There is also a small stone bridge and flowing water at the side, showing the ancient style.

Ying Zidian looks sideways, her eyes moving slightly.

Osmanthus, rosemary, incense, lavender, sandalwood are all calming herbs, obviously prepared on purpose.

Just for a short while, she felt a lot better.

Ying Ziji lowered her eyes.

The first time she came to Earth was in the middle of the fifteenth century.

She didn't think she would come back to Earth again, after all, she was bound to die and it wasn't easy for her to come back alive.

Because her injuries were so severe that her soul was completely shattered, her consciousness had slept for nearly seventeen years before she woke up completely today, and when she did, her situation was somewhat miserable.

The long period of anaemia had made this body so debilitating that it could even be said to be riddled with holes and shattered at the slightest touch.

She needs a lot of jade herbs to improve her body and restore her qi and blood.

But she was short of money.

In the past, she had saved a lot of gold in the o-continent. After so many years, the bank that used to be there should have closed down, and she wondered if her gold was still there.

Ying pondered for a moment and asked, "Are there any interesting places in Shanghai?"

"That's a lot." Nie Chao was drunk and burped, "You've been here for so long, you haven't gone out?"

"Living blood bank, there should be no such thing as freedom."

Once again, Nie Chao choked.

“Little friend, drink this.” Fu Yunshen handed the girl a bowl of cinnamon and red dates soup and saw her take it before nestling into the bamboo chair, “How many times has Ying Luwei been injured in this year?”

Nie Chao froze for a moment and calculated, “If you just go to the hospital, no less than twenty times.”

When this number came out, even he himself was shocked.

The fact that Ying Luwei had haemophilia was unknown throughout Shanghai, so the famous gentlemen were all careful to protect her.

She was also Jiang Moyuan’s fiancée, proficient in piano, chess, calligraphy and painting, and loved by all the elders of the four gentry.

They wouldn’t even dare to touch her, so how could they let her get hurt so many times?

Nie Chao tentatively said, “Big brother, you wouldn’t have also given her so many times

The words reached his mouth, but he did not continue.

More than twenty blood transfusions, who could hold up?

Ying Ziji slowly finished her cinnamon and red dates soup, narrowing her phoenix eyes, but she was indifferent: “It’s more than that.”

This body’s vitality had been depleted exactly when she woke up, and now it had only barely recovered some, so it was clear how weak it was.

“Well, that’s good.” Fu Yunshen raised his hand, handed the girl over a tissue, and laughed softly, his voice gentle, “She could be in the Guinness Book of World Records.”

Nie Chao broke out in a cold sweat again.

He and Fu Yunshen had known each other since childhood and knew his temperament well.

Once the young master spoke in such a soft tone, it was proof that he was really angry.

But what could be done about it?

The Ying family had taken in an adopted daughter and fed her well, but not for the sake of that blood?

The darkness in the gentry, they had seen it all these years, and there were nastier things than this.

Nie Chao sighed and beckoned the waiter to offer his hospitality, "Big Brother, eat more, Younger Seven is right, you need to replenish your blood properly."

Ying Ziji looked at her plate that was so easily cleaned and filled with pork liver: "....."

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At that moment, the carved wooden door of Han Court opened once more.

Footsteps sounded and a group of people walked in.

At the head of the group was a man with a magnificent, handsome figure and long, strong legs wrapped under black suit trousers.

His face was cold, his eyebrows cool, and he exuded a detached nobility that favoured a deadly, mature manly charm.

Even the waiters at Han Court could not help but slightly stand in awe when they saw the visitor.

This was a face that no one in Shanghai City would not recognise.

The third master of the Jiang family, Jiang Mo Yuan.

The first heir to the four great gentry, combining looks, status and power.

The man that all the celebrities in Shanghai wanted to marry.

The manager stepped forward, respectful but not humble: "Mr. Jiang, the table you have booked is this way, please follow me."

Jiang Mo Yuan nodded his head and lifted his feet to walk inside.

But at that moment, the secretary who was following behind suddenly stepped forward and whispered, "Third Master."

After saying this, he pointed in a direction.

Jiang Mo Yuan frowned, but still turned his head and looked in the direction the secretary pointed, and his eyes sank abruptly.

The girl with a thin body was sitting on a bamboo chair, her head tilted sideways, unaware of what was happening and her expression was resistant.

And the person sitting beside her was someone he knew.

Fu Yunshen.

The fop son of the Fu family, with a reputation that was not generally bad.

Sent abroad for three years, he didn't seem to have grown half as much.

I don't know what came to mind, but Jiang Moyuan's brow furrowed even deeper as he took a big step away, leaving the few people following him to stare at each other.

These people are all clients of Jiang's group, and they know Jiang Moyuan's temperament.

The Third Master of Jiang in Shanghai had never shown his anger, so what could make him change his face?

"The Third Master has gone to discipline a disobedient junior, and will return afterwards." The secretary said apologetically, "Please take your seats first."

Chapter 4

Hearing such an explanation, a few of the customers came to their senses, and they were all very understanding, busily saying, "Nowhere, nowhere, Third Master, go ahead and get busy."

If it wasn't for Jiang Moyuan, they wouldn't even have been able to book a place in Han Court.

After apologising again, the secretary followed Jiang Moyuan and left.

There were no other guests in Han Court at this hour, and the waiters were waiting on the sidelines.

The manager naturally saw this scene, he frowned, and when he wanted to go forward to stop him, his face showed some surprise, he nodded silently and retreated again.

Fu Yunshen withdrew his gaze and asked, "Want some more?"

The girl ruthlessly refused: "No."

"Listen, it's not good for your health if you don't eat."

“Just don’t eat.”

Nie Chao: “.....”

Seventh young man was really sick today.

He was still bullying his little sister into eating pig liver?

Seeing the girl’s resistance in her eyes, Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows slightly and trailed off, “Are you sure you don’t want to eat it?”

Ying Zidian pushed the plate away from her, “I don’t like offal.”

There was indeed something special about these pig livers, after eating a plate of twelve slices, she could clearly feel her body producing blood faster, even better than she could recover herself.

But she was incapable of accepting internal organs, and this was as far as she could go.

“Then let’s pack it in.” Fu Yunshen tapped the tabletop, hooking his lips and smiling demonically, “Put it in the fridge and warm it up for tomorrow morning.”

“Pfft-” Nie Chao sputtered, “Younger Seven, aren’t you afraid that Big Brother will beat you up?”

“Hm?” Hearing this, Fu Yunshen raised his eyelashes and his voice was gentle, “Little friend, look at how good I’ve been to you, do you want to hit me?”

Ying Ziji glanced at him, her eyes seemed to be filled with a slight rain of apricot blossoms, she said slowly, “Yes, I can’t let go.”

Fu Yunshen’s peach blossom eyes narrowed and his breath moved slightly: “Hm?”

Nie Chao was shocked.

He had been mistaken, he had thought that this little sister was subtle and introverted, but who knew that she would be able to attack the seventh young man?

At that moment, the bamboo curtain was suddenly pulled open, and the excessive force pulled down the hanging wind chimes, which fell to the ground with a clatter.

“Who is it? I’m interrupting your grandpa Nie’s” Nie Chao turned his head, and when he saw the man in the black suit, the words stuck in his throat and he coughed violently.

Crap, Jiang Moyuan?

What kind of sinful fate is this?

He subconsciously looked at Ying Ziyi, but saw that the girl was already holding up a bowl of cinnamon and red dates soup, as if she didn't see the visitor.

Her body was loose and her arms were casually resting on the table, her eyebrows were slightly raised, she didn't have the appearance of a celebrity, but she had a noble beauty that one couldn't ignore, like a medieval o-continent princess coming out of an oil painting.

Jiang Mo Yuan looked down at the girl with an extremely high posture, his tone sinking: "You ran away from the hospital just to come here and hang out with these people?"

One word made Nie Chao annoyed, but he held back and didn't move.

It didn't matter to him, he couldn't cause trouble for his little sister.

"Ying Zidian, I don't have time to discipline you." Jiang Mo Yuan glanced at the watch on his wrist, it was a tone of indifference to the extreme, "You're not worth my time either, and I'm not going to care if you're going to ruin yourself, I'll only warn you about one thing-

He paused, his gaze flowing with a harshness only found in the mall, "Don't make Lu Wei worry and bother, she's not well, you go home now and give Lu Wei an explanation."

The secretary also added politely, "I hope Miss Ying has the self-awareness not to pester the Third Master, who is very busy and doesn't have time for Miss Ying's antics."

Does she think that because her surname is also Ying, she can be compared to Miss Lu Wei?

She's just an adopted daughter, how can she compete with the most famous woman in Shanghai?

How can she even think that she can have a place in the Third Master's heart?

You are too presumptuous.

The secretary gave the girl a contemptuous glance and was about to say something when she saw her raise her head.

A face so beautiful that it was startling.

The hazy mist in those phoenix eyes suddenly dispersed, and after the mist cleared, there was a chill.

“It’s quite funny, I’ve escaped here and Uncle Jiang still has to come after me, saying that he disciplines me.” Ying propped himself up on his elbow, his eyebrows bland, “Just who is pestering who?”

The secretary’s face turned pale and he angrily rebuked, “How dare you

But he couldn’t finish his words.

Fu Yunshen suddenly laughed, his eyelashes raised slightly, sweeping his eyes at the person standing, his peach blossom eyes curved up, deep and charming, his cynical tone, “It’s not that great, little friend, why don’t you take a look at me?”

A loose tone, but clearly protective of the shortcomings.

The secretary, however, did not dare to speak again.

It was true that Fu Yunshen was a playboy, but he was most favoured by Master Fu.

The Jiang family was very strong, but it was a little bit worse than the Fu family.

Jiang Moyuan pursed his lips and tensed his jaw, he completely lost his patience, so disappointed that he did not even want to say a word, no longer looking at the girl, turned and walked away.

The secretary hurriedly followed.

The surrounding area was quiet again, the sound of flowing water gurgling, interspersed with the lilting sound of the guqin, cold as jade.

Nie Chao only felt that he was watching a big show, writhing around with excitement.

Fu Yunshen glanced at him, “Snake spirit possessed?”

“Blah blah blah.” Nie Chao immediately straightened his posture, “I’m not having fun here, am I? Seventh young man, you and Big Brother work really well together.”

Fu Yunshen didn’t care anymore, he was lazy, “Walking street, Disneyland, Ocean Aquarium, all quite suitable for kids.”

Ying raised his eyebrows.

“Come on, Seventh Younger, you’re recommending all the places that suck.” Nie Chao was speechless, “Miss Ying, I’ll tell you a place that not many people have heard of.”

He was mystified, "Do you know the direction of the TV tower?"

Ying Zidian nodded, "Yes, I do."

"There's an underground market there, lots of fun, gambling on stones, divination, and you can find weird and wonderful antiques." Nie Chao's eyebrows fluttered, "Last time, a man found a Yuan blue and white double gourd vase for a few dozen dollars and made a fortune."

"Divination?" Ying Zidian listened sideways, "How do you do divination?"

"Hey, it's just playing tarot cards, I don't believe in it anyway." Nie Chao waved his hand, "Big guy, if you want to play, I can take you"

Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted.

"Nie Chao." Fu Yunshen laughed low, his tone could not hear any extra emotion, "What nonsense are you talking about."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, nonsense!" Nie Chao gave a jolt, "What I said was all nonsense, big brother you must not go."

It was true, the underground bazaar was chaotic and didn't open until after midnight, there was no harm for them gentry to go and have some fun, but not for the ladies of the thousands.

If word of this got out, his little sister's reputation would be even worse and he would be a sinner.

Ying Ziji's eyelashes dropped and she didn't ask any more questions.

Tarot cards, she had forgotten that she had played them.

She had forgotten that she had played tarot cards, but nowadays there are still real tarot cards on earth?

Fu Yunshen tilted his head and his peach blossom eyes suddenly curved: "Little friend, why do you keep staring at me?"

"Pretty?"