

Boss Lady 331

Chapter 331

Zhong Manhua heard it and blushed: “Zhen Ting Zhen Ting, what should we do?”

They should have gone through the back door then.

“What to do?” Ying ZhenTing, however, was ruthless, “If you do something wrong, you have to suffer the corresponding price.”

“But, but-” When Zhong Manhua wanted to say something else, Ying Zhending had already walked in with big strides.

He picked up an ashtray on the table, and without saying anything, he threw it straight over.

“Dang.”

The ashtray hit the forehead of the woman on the bed with unerring precision, and Su Ruan was instantly awakened from her dream.

At this time, the reporters and paparazzi all ran in after a round of filming.

Jiang Moyuan’s office room is a presidential suite, so it’s very large, so it’s no problem to squeeze in 30 or 40 people.

As they got closer, the reporters and paparazzi became more excited to take pictures, taking many pictures from all angles.

Ying Zhenting covered his mouth and nose and took a step back, disgusted: “How come it’s you?”

Zhong Manhua was also stunned.

Not Ying Zidian?

As soon as she opened her eyes and found so many people surrounding her, Su Ruan let out a scream and immediately wrapped herself up tightly with the quilt, “Get out, all of you!”

The reporters and paparazzi were so excited to take pictures that they didn’t listen, instead they started shooting directly at Su Ruan’s face.

They had already thought of a headline for the story...

Jiang Sanzhi, who had carried out the word “three” so profoundly, had turned green on Mr. Fu and was unashamed of it.

Su Ruan was going crazy: “Get out! Get lost!”

With all the commotion, Jiang Moyuan finally woke up.

He only felt a splitting headache, especially as the flashing lights stung his eyes.

By the time he reacted, the matter was already a foregone conclusion.

It was an ironclad fact that Jiang Moyuan could not clarify even if he wanted to.

He and Su Ruan were in the same bed, and Su Ruan was still close to him, her body trembling incessantly.

In an instant, Jiang Moyuan only felt more disgusted than ever, and directly threw Su Ruan off the bed: "Get out!"

The reporters and paparazzi hurriedly pressed the shutter and took another burst of pictures.

Caught off guard, Su Ruan fell to the ground, her back twitching in pain, and she couldn't help but suck in a breath.

Su Ruan had always been a vain woman, otherwise she wouldn't have carried a bearer black card from Laurent Bank just to save face.

She had started to think about getting out when she was thrown into this room, but then she thought better of it.

The Jiang family was just a little bit worse than the Fu family, she was divorced and had become the laughing stock of the celebrity circle, no family in the imperial capital would want her for sure.

What's more, Jiang Moyuan is a very good-looking man, so he's the kind of man everyone wants to marry in Shanghai.

She didn't lose out at all.

"Jiang Moyuan." Su Ruan's nails pinched her palm, "You're too much, you did this to me and you hit me?"

"Weren't you the one who took the opportunity to climb up?" Jiang Mo Yuan quickly began to put on his clothes, coldly, "A woman like you, falling back on me is not even necessary, it only makes me sick."

"You-" Su Ruan was so humiliated that tears came out of her eyes, she gritted her teeth, "What kind of a good thing do you think you are?"

"Delete all the photos." Jiang Mo Yuan simply ignored her, a cold aura emanating from his body, "Otherwise, wait for Jiang's lawyer's letter."

He hadn't sorted out what exactly had happened, but no matter what, these photos couldn't be exposed.

Jiang Mo Yuan pursed his lips and made a phone call to his secretary.

His body was too dirty, and he had to clean it.

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Nine o'clock in the morning.

Fu Yunshen got off the plane.

He also knew about the wonderful things that had happened in this short night.

He only felt that their little friend hadn't done it hard enough.

Jiang Mo Yuan's tactics were really too despicable.

If the dosage of medicine had been higher, there was no guarantee that Ying Zidian wouldn't have been trapped.

Ying Zidian didn't go to school today and stayed home to rest.

Fu Yunshen sent her a message and drove to Wen's house.

Wen Fengmian wasn't there.

After he got well, he often went out. At this time of the day, he happened to be shopping for food.

Ying Ziji was sitting on the sofa, watching TV.

When she heard the door ring, she got up and went to open it.

"Well, let brother have a look -" Fu Yunshen used both hands this time, cupping her face up, his head slightly bent down, smiling lowly, "I haven't seen you for a few days, little friend seems to have become even more beautiful."

His peach blossom eyes were deep and affectionate, with a shimmering light that looked like a river of stars.

The depths of his light amber pupils were so tender that one could almost drown in them.

For the first time, Ying tilted her head slightly, avoiding his gaze: "I told you, I am naturally beautiful."

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, cynical and lazy: "That's all the more reason to take good care of it."

His eyes fell on the TV behind her, a new doggy web series from Nie Dynasty: "....."

After Fu Yunshen sat down, he received a message from Yunshan.

[Young master, photos to be released now?]

Those reporters and paparazzi were afraid of Jiang's group and had to delete the photos and videos, but Yunshan still had them in his hands.

Fu Yunshen's eyes were a little cooler than his peach blossom eyes.

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

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After Fu Yunshen left.

The ibi headquarters building.

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

There were only five people in the group plus him, and they were all senior members of ibi.

The rumors in the bureau are true, the chief really has a date, no no no, it can't be considered a date, the chief hasn't managed to get his hands on one yet, as a subordinate, I'm a bit sad.

The first thing I've ever done is to get a woman, so we're going to be bachelors for the rest of our lives. I'm not sure if I'm going to be able to do that.

Anthony: No pictures, no bullshit.

[Daya]: Where's the picture?

[Valens]: Give me a picture, are you just getting off on your own?

I would have sold them on the nok forum if I had any pictures. Why are we still talking about it here?

There was only one avatar in the group who couldn't say anything, and there was silence.

It was only after Lee Seok-ni released such a shocking piece of news that he got a kick out of it.

He couldn't be the only one scratching his head as everyone was curious anyway.

The avatar only then flickered a little, posting a private chat.

[He's really after someone?]

Lee Seony pulled out the file and replied back in passing.

[That's right, the tip of the heart.]

After replying to that, he left it alone and left the director's office to go do his business.

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Su Lianghui didn't expect him to come back to Shanghai City.

This kind of thing happened between Su Ruan and Jiang Moyuan, which in his opinion was a good thing instead.

So as soon as he received the news, he immediately rushed to the Jiang family.

The Jiang family's old mansion.

In the living room, Ye Suhe's face was ugly, and the floor was covered with pieces of tea sets.

She really didn't expect that something like this would happen when she just didn't make one more phone call to ask about it last night.

She had gotten involved with Su Ruan?

Jiang Mo Yuan had always been level-headed, how could he have done such a stupid thing?

"It seems like Old Madam should know about it too." Su Lianghui walked in and saw Ye Suhe in this state and understood, "The wood has been laid to rest, there's nothing we can do to regret it, let's discuss the marriage between the two families."

Ye Su He put down her teacup with a snap, her face cold: "You are dreaming!"

It was true that the Su family was in the imperial capital, but it was only on the same level as the four gentry.

Not to mention, Su Lianghui had even been removed from the Su family.

There was no way Ye Su He would let Jiang Mo Yuan marry a woman who did nothing to help him.

What's more, Su Ruan, a woman who had been swept away by the Fu family, was also worthy of entering their Jiang family?

If Jiang Mo Yuan really married Su Ruan, wouldn't it let everyone know that he had picked up Fu Yikan's unwanted broken shoes?

Ye Su He laughed coldly, "You don't even see what kind of virtue your daughter has, taking the initiative to fall for her.

Su Lianghui was not angry, instead he smiled, "It doesn't matter, your Jiang family can not marry, but let's see what kind of reputation will become then, can he still sit as the CEO of Jiang Moyuan Group."

Ye Su He was so angry that her hands were shaking: "Shameless!"

"Alas, old madam, how can this be called shameless?" Su Lianghui laughed again, "Your son failed to hold back and withstood the temptation, but you can't blame it all on Xiao Ruan."

"The matter is settled, I've brought the account book here, when they're rested, we'll go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get the certificate as soon as it's ready."

Su Lianghui thought about it and added, "The wedding can't be kept simple, it must be grand, or at least better than Xiao Ruan's first time."

"No way!" Ye Su He still refused, her eyes were cold, as if she was moved to kill, "I advise you to die of this intention."

Su Lianghui was in no hurry, just sitting on the chair and waiting.

Ye Su He had managed to calm down for a while when the landline rang.

"Old Madam, it's not good." It was the PR manager of Jiang's Group calling, his voice anxious, "Third Master is in the hot search."

The PR manager looked at the hot search list and couldn't help but feel a cold sweat.

#Jiang Mo Yuan, the male mistress

#Jiang Mo Yuan, the man who lifted his trousers and didn't recognize him

#Su Ruan, cheap

Each of the hot searches was followed by the word "explosive".

Chapter 332

But the buzz is still climbing and is firmly in the top three not coming down.

Three hot searches have been appearing for two hours now.

It's impossible for the PR manager to report everything.

The PR department is supposed to be in charge of such sudden matters, and if he can't even solve this trivial matter, wouldn't he be a jobber?

However, the matter was completely beyond the PR manager's control. The PR department spent a lot of money and contacted many media outlets, as well as Weibo's management, but they were unable to remove the hot search.

The longer it took, the more netizens saw it.

At the bottom was a chorus of curses.

[Male mistress, live long, how much can't you control your own legs?]

[No, just this, and everyone wants to marry a Shanghai celebrity? Are the celebrities crazy?]

[Oh, Jiang Moyuan, I remember, the fiance of Ying Luwei, didn't Ying Luwei go in? Jiang Moyuan kicked her out quickly. It's true that couples are birds of a feather, but they fly apart when they're in trouble.]

It turns out that a hypocrite either meets a white lotus flower or a woman with a heart of gold, and deserves it.

[The believing woman is willing to eat meat for the rest of her life and kneel to beg Buddha to let these two die tied together.]

The public opinion was completely out of control and there was no way to control it.

The public relations manager could not get through to Jiang Moyuan, so he had no choice but to inform Ye Suhe.

Ye Suhe had never read Weibo, she thought it was a useless pastime.

She was very impatient: "Then why don't you hurry up and get rid of all the hot searches?"

The PR manager's cold sweat broke out even more: "Old lady, pull, pull it off, we're being bought hot searches."

Ye Su He's bland expression shattered as she became furious for the first time, "Rubbish!"

Su Lianghui listened carefully, his gaze flickered slightly and he smiled, "Old madam, I said it all long ago, for today's sake, it's better to let them consummate their marriage as soon as possible."

"That way, only then can we stop those people's mouths."

"I also said it long ago, you need to stop dreaming." Ye Su He took a deep breath and spoke sternly, "Housekeeper, drive them out."

Su Lianghui was kicked out by the Jiang family's butler, but wasn't angry at all.

He couldn't ask for anything more than to be able to pick on the Jiang family.

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Qingzhi.

On the playground.

A part of the students were also talking about the matter with great interest.

"Yuexuan, I really didn't expect it, that Jiang Mo Yuan would blow up like this." The girl tsked out, "Honestly, I even liked him, what a blind eye, he's disgusting."

"I know." Ying Yuexuan shook her head, "But he originally wanted to marry Ying Zidian, so it was only a matter of time."

The girl's voice came to an abrupt halt and she looked at her with a very peculiar gaze.

Ying Yuexuan noticed the girl's gaze and felt a little uncomfortable in her heart, "What's wrong?"

"Yuexuan, you don't think the woman is Ying Zidian, do you?" The girl was stunned, "Even though Ying Zidian sometimes ignores people, she has a decent character and wouldn't do such a thing."

"Yeah." A boy who ran over to pick up a basketball heard this and also found Ying Yuexuan's idea unbelievable, "I went to ask her a question last time and she answered it patiently."

"But I" Ying Yuexuan wanted to say that she had clearly seen an MMS message sent to her from a strange number.

Her expression faded and her tone was meek, "If you guys say it's not, it's not."

There it was again.

It was clear that before she left, all the students in Talent Class hated Ying Zidian.

But as soon as she came back, Ying Zidian had become the god of learning they felt guilty about and worshipped.

Was the conversion really that big?

"It's really not." The girl took out her phone and was a bit anxious, "Look, there are photos on Weibo, although they are coded, but--"

Ying Yuexuan wasn't interested in listening, picked up her book and turned around to leave.

But it was with such a turn that she saw the girl walking unhurriedly inwards from the entrance of the playground.

Jiang Yan and Xiu Yu followed.

At once, they attracted the attention of the other students.

Ying Yuexuan was shocked.

How could Ying Zidian come to school?

After what had happened, how could she still have the face?

However, before Ying Yuexuan could react, a basketball suddenly flew up and smashed straight at her.

She was so frightened that her face turned white, but she forgot to move.

The basketball just happened to graze her head and bounced to the ground, rolling away.

“Don’t say anything bad about Laozi’s father.” Jiang Yan crushed the can in his hand and pointed one finger at Ying Yuexuan, sneering, “I’m also warning you, don’t make small moves behind your back, or else you won’t even know how you’ll die.”

Ying Yuexuan didn’t look this way, she looked detached and yawned, “Playing basketball, you guys can 2v1.”

Hearing this, Jiang Yan also ignored Ying Yuexuan, wagging her tail and happily picked up the basketball and went to the basketball court.

Ying Yuexuan was still frozen in place, her school uniform soaked with cold sweat.

Only after a few seconds did her lips tremble a little.

She believed that the harsh words Jiang Yan had said were definitely more than just words.

The girl caught up and put her phone in front of her, “Yuexuan, as said, it’s really not Ying Zidian, it’s Su Ruan, the wife of the original young master of the Fu family.”

Ying Yuexuan couldn’t even smile anymore, she only felt a hot, agitated pain on her face.

She bowed her head, didn’t say anything, and left the playground in a hurry, holding her books.

After she returned to the Talent classroom, Ying Yuexuan took out her mobile phone and sent a text message to the strange number she had written down in the morning.

[Who are you? Why are you deliberately misleading me?

There was no reply.

Ying Yuexuan calmed down a bit, blacked out the unfamiliar number, and then entered the isc answer app.

No matter what, she was going to compete with Ying Zigui at the isc international final.

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Jiang’s Group.

Meeting room.

The shareholders held an emergency meeting.

This scandal of Jiang Mo Yuan was far bigger than Jiang’s Group thought.

Just a short day had passed and the stock was almost down.

The last time this happened, it was also because Jiang Moyuan was in the hot seat.

Jiang's Group was attacked by unknown forces from o-continent and the stock plummeted.

Once or twice, it was all because of Jiang Moyuan.

This made those few close shareholders of Master Jiang angry, they originally did not support Jiang Moyuan, and after this kind of incident, they were even more discontented.

The most important thing was that Jiang Moyuan was not even present at such an important shareholders' meeting.

Ye Su-He could not contact Jiang Mo-Yuan either, so she could only go to the shareholders' meeting instead of him.

"The old lady is here." An old shareholder gave her a faint glance, "Since you're here, it's the same, now we'll tell you our decision, we're resigning Jiang Mo Yuan's position as the executive chairman, he has to leave the company immediately."

The position of Jiang's Group's Executive Chairman was originally voted for by the shareholders.

The shareholders had a large number of shares in their hands, so they could naturally decide on this matter.

Ye Su-He's expression changed: "What? Just because of this kind of thing? Without Moyuan, Jiang's Group could be where it is today?"

"Jiang's business ability, we naturally see it in our eyes." The old shareholder was noncommittal, "But the facts prove that he can't control himself and makes mistakes over and over again."

"Good." Ye Suhe laughed in exasperation, "Let Mo Yuan step down, who is capable of taking this position? You guys? You are not the Jiang family."

Elder Jiang's eldest son, a university professor, had absolutely no business acumen.

Hearing these words, the shareholders looked at each other.

The old shareholder pushed his glasses and faintly: "We've already contacted Miss Jiang Painting Ping and asked her to come back and take the helm of Jiang's."

Hearing this name, the Buddhist beads in Ye Suhe's hand clenched, and the veins on her forehead jumped.

At this time, the old shareholder laughed again, "Old lady, don't mind me speaking harshly, your entry into the Jiang family was not originally by any improper means, the rightful heir to the Jiang family was originally Miss Jiang Painting Screen."

"Honestly, you, a woman of the dust, really don't deserve to sit here."

The old shareholder also didn't understand why Master Jiang would marry Ye Suhe into the family after Jiang Painting Ping's mother had died.

Ye Su-He was so angry that her body shook and her face was red and blue.

She was about to speak up when the door was pushed open.

It was Jiang Moyuan.

Jiang Moyuan saw Ye Suhe's ugly face and his gaze sank: "What happened?"

After he had finished cleaning himself, he had specifically gone to the hot spring.

Just thinking that he had dabbled in a woman as disgusting as Su Ruan made him feel a pang of revulsion.

"Mr. Jiang, no, I shouldn't call you Mr. Jiang anymore." The old shareholder smiled coldly and sarcastically, "Jiang Mo Yuan, please hand over the company's seal and leave here now."

Jiang Mo Yuan's eyes changed abruptly, he loosened his tie and sneered, "You're firing me? What power do you have?"

"Of course we have the power, it was given to us by the old master, after the previous vote, no one supported you, you're out." The old shareholder looked at Jiang Mo Yuan, "Since you don't want to go, then we have to do something."

He pressed the ringing bell, "Security, invite him and the old lady, both out of the company."

He said the word please, but it was clear that he was telling to throw them out.

"Don't bully people too much!" Ye Su He slapped the table, "Who said this was a scandal? Mo Yuan and Su Ruan were already engaged to be married, it's not okay for him to have a room with his fiancée and be secretly filmed?"

"Send out a Weibo, clarify it, and sell it, the stock will naturally be able to come back."

Being pushed to this point, Ye Su He could only agree to Su Liang Hui's suggestion.

Hearing these words, the shareholders whispered, obviously quite moved.

Jiang Ping could inherit the Jiang Group, but she was a woman, so it was still inappropriate.

After all, Jiang Moyuan's abilities were still outstanding.

Jiang Mo Yuan obviously couldn't accept it: "Mom!"

"You shut up." Ye Su He spoke coldly, "It's not you who made things up?"

The old shareholder frowned, and it was at this moment that his mobile phone rang.

After answering the phone, his frown stretched and he smiled again, "Sorry, old lady, but it's not just this one thing, you'd better check the latest Weibo, it's hopeless."

Ye Su-He's hand shook as she clicked on the Weibo she had just placed today.

The number one hot search had changed.

Clicking in was this Weibo post.

[Received a person's personal statement, this Jiang San master used extremely despicable means to try to bully a female high school student, but fortunately did not succeed, the privacy of the female high school student is not convenient to divulge, and we should not dig, to protect the privacy of the victim].

Below are two pictures, one of which, taken of the incense bag she gave to Jiang Moyuan.

Boss Lady Chapter 333-334

Chapter 333

The tweet was sent by a large official number, which has been responsible for defending women's interests and advocating for their rights.

This is especially true because recently, there have been a lot of incidents where women have been harmed, so the official authorities attach great importance to the protection of women's rights.

So this time, Jiang Mo Yuan is considered to have directly stirred up a big trouble and was directly targeted by the officials.

With the scandal with Su Ruan out, the Jiang family will be able to quickly recover their losses as long as they play up the name of Jiang Mo Yuan and Su Ruan's engagement.

Although Jiang Mo Yuan's reputation would be tarnished as a result, nothing major would happen and he could still be the CEO of Jiang's group.

But with such an official outcry, it is completely nailing Jiang Mo Yuan to the pillar of shame and hammering him to death.

No matter how powerful the Jiang family is, it is impossible to fight hard with the law enforcement officials.

Ye Suhao looked at the comments below this Weibo post and felt for the first time what it means to be dizzy.

[There was a Feng Hua not long ago, and now there's Jiang Moyuan? It is advisable to properly investigate what nasty things these so-called powerful families do day in and day out, it is disgusting.]

[Look at the Nie family, look at the Mu family, how come there is nothing going on? This is why some people can only achieve so much in their lifetime. The Jiang family will not become a top-level magnate after all, they are nasty people and trash.

We ordinary people don't have much power, but we can boycott, let's see how long Jiang's group can last [smile]].

Ye Su He's hand trembled even more.

Although the Jiang family had an entertainment company, the bulk of it was still funded by selling a wide variety of products.

There were no luxury brands under the Jiang Group, mostly civilian products.

If it was boycotted by the general public, it would be fine for a day or two, but over time it would certainly lose a lot of vitality.

But these comments are not the most important thing, what matters is the other accompanying picture.

The accompanying picture lists the various herbs inside the incense bag and what they do.

But many of these herbs, whose names the netizens had never heard of, sounded

So soon, a Chinese medicine practitioner certified by an authoritative body retweeted this Weibo post.

[It is also hard for us to imagine that there are still such herbs in the world, but after the testing centre has identified them, it is confirmed that these herbs mixed together have the effect of affecting the central nervous system of a person.

The testing centre has seized the balm and is determining exactly where it came from.

If the amount of medicine had been larger, the consequences would have been unthinkable].

What the consequences are, the netizens can guess.

This one had caused even more anger.

Ye Su He suddenly squeezed her phone tightly, her face pale and miserable.

She hadn't actually told Jiang Moyuan the truth.

She had made this incense bag herself, and the herbs were leftover, and a lot of the medicinal power had been lost.

However, it was impossible to know the names of the herbs if one hadn't been exposed to ancient medicine.

Ancient medicine was a system of its own, and would not have leaked the information out at all.

What was going on here?

"Old Lady, see?" The old shareholder stood up and looked at him coldly, "The kind of person you are, the kind of son you teach is the kind of person you are."

He heaved the papers in his hand and flung them out, "Using drugs on a female high school student? How dare you have the face to do that!"

Master Jiang was an upright man, decisive and shrewd.

But he had gotten confused in his old age and had actually married Ye Suhe.

"Security, kick out!" The old shareholder rang the bell once more, "Since he's not willing to hand over the seal, then don't be polite and go straight to the executive's office to take it out."

Several security guards stepped forward and forcibly brought Jiang Mo Yuan and Ye Su He under control.

Although Jiang Moyuan was a young and strong man, even two fists could not defeat four hands.

So, all the employees of Jiang's Group watched as Jiang Mo Yuan and Ye Su He were driven out of the company building.

"Moyuan." Ye Su He's lips trembled and her teeth chattered, "The scented bag I gave you, how did it get into someone else's hands?"

Who would care about a small scented capsule?

And to specifically test what herbs were in it?

"I" Jiang Mo Yuan's expression drifted off for a moment, and when he went to think back, he found that he had a terrible headache, "Mom, I forgot."

He only remembered that he had fainted in the alley and when he was conscious again, he was in bed, his senses were clear, but his head was still dizzy.

It was this morning that he woke up completely.

There were many women who had schemed against him, but none of them had succeeded.

"It has come to this, and there is nothing more that can be done." Ye Su He suddenly calmed down, "Wait, they kicked you out and will have to invite you back when the time comes."

Jiang Painting Ping?

If Jiang Painting Ping came to be the chief executive of the Jiang Group, that would be the one to defeat the Jiang family.

Jiang Mo Yuan frowned: "Mom?"

He found that he was getting more and more confused about Ye Suhe.

"Let's go back to the old mansion first." Ye Su He called the driver over,"

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The following morning, Jiang Painting Ping came to Shanghai City from the imperial capital.

But it really wasn't because of Jiang's group, it was because she had learned that Ying had almost become a victim.

Jiang Ping and Jiang Moyuan were siblings, but they shared the same father and mother and saw each other so infrequently that they had little to do with strangers.

She made a phone call and invited Ying Ziyi and Fu Yunshen to come over for dinner, which she cooked herself.

It just so happened that today Jiang Yan returned to his flat at noon, and as soon as she opened the door, she was once again confronted with a ghastly white face.

"Mum?" Jiang Yan was really scared to the point of dying, he covered his chest, "Can you not walk with a mask on in the future?"

“No.” Jiang Ping glanced at him, “Your father doesn’t even dare to talk to me like that, and you’re teaching your mother how to do things?”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

It was entirely because his dad had spoiled him that his mother would be such a character.

“Oh, right.” Jiang Ping looked like she remembered something, “Your dad asked if you’ve fallen behind in your training and lessons lately, so call him back.”

With that, she handed her own phone over.

Jiang Yan’s own mobile phone would never be able to contact his dad.

The Ancient Martial World was much like Norton University in that both were able to block signals from the outside world.

He dialed the number and it was answered in seconds.

The man’s voice was gentle: “Little painting?”

Jiang Yan’s body shook and he stiffened, “It’s me, Dad, didn’t you ask me about my training and classes? I haven’t missed out on either of those, and besides, I’ve recently-”

The other party hung up the phone without mercy before he could finish the words that followed.

Jiang Yan: “.....”

He might really just be an accident in his parents’ lives.

The doorbell rang at that moment.

Jiang Painting Ping kicked Jiang Yan, “Go and open the door.”

Jiang Yan reluctantly went over and opened the door, not daring to be reluctant: “Father Ying, you’re here?”

Ying Zidian nodded slightly towards him and walked in, “Auntie.”

“Just the right time to come.” Jiang Ping uncovered his mask, “I’ve just finished cooking, go and serve the food.”

The last three words were said to Jiang Ren.

Jiang Ren went to the kitchen again at his own will.

“Jiang-” Fu Yunshen paused, getting stuck here in addressing.

“Alright, just call it auntie.” Jiang Ping laughed, “If you call me sister, Liu Ying will kill me.”

Fu Yunshen’s peach blossom eyes curved up, “That won’t happen, maybe she’ll let me call her sister too.”

Jiang Ping and Fu Liu Ying were good friends and their personalities were very similar.

"It's okay, nothing's wrong." Jiang Painting Screen touched the girl's face, "I haven't seen you for a few days, kid dickey is looking better and better."

Ying Ziji glanced at Fu Yunshen.

"That's." He naturally placed his hand on her head and hooked his lips into a smile, "It's taken a long time to raise."

The three of them sat down at the dining table.

"Mum." In the kitchen, Jiang Yan poked a head out, "Mom, you made less rice, I only served three bowls."

"It's not that I made less." Jiang Ping didn't even raise her head, "It's because your mother didn't even think about you coming back, so you didn't have a share of the three bowls."

Jiang Yan instantly cracked up.

He hung his head, and his tail couldn't wag.

"I don't eat rice." For the first time, Ying Ziji felt sorry for him, "You can eat."

Jiang Yan was touched.

This was his father.

Fu Yunshen slowly lifted his eyelashes and gave half of the rice in his bowl to Ying Zidian, "You can't grow up without eating the main food."

Ying Zidian didn't refuse, then gave him a piece of roast chicken wing: "A courtesy."

Fu Yunshen lowered his eyes and smiled lightly.

He didn't really need this kind of courtesy.

Jiang Yan was really growing in body when he was desperately trying to dry his meals and not caring about anything else.

"Auntie Jiang." Fu Yunshen didn't move his chopsticks as he leaned back in his chair, "Have you ever thought that, most likely, Jiang Mo Yuan is actually not Elder Jiang's son at all?"

With one sentence, the restaurant fell into dead silence.

Jiang Yan even forgot his dry rice and was a little confused.

"Would that be the case?" Jiang Duping was silent for a moment before murmuring again, "But it's not impossible."

In a luxurious family, many men would keep mistresses.

Master Jiang was like that too, and she was truly disappointed, but he was her father after all.

She never returned to the Jiang family until after Old Lady Jiang's illness and death.

Father and daughter broke up.

Jiang Ping was in the ancient martial world, the Jiang family was in the secular world, and the two did not interfere with each other at all.

Jiang's family is in the ancient martial world and the Jiang family is in the secular world.

This was the foundation of the Jiang family, which had been laid down by their ancestors.

But what if Jiang Moyuan was not Elder Jiang's real son?

Wouldn't that be sending the Jiang Group directly into the hands of an outsider?

Jiang Ping thought back to the way Master Jiang had treated Jiang Moyuan, neither close nor far away.

At first, she thought it was just because Jiang Moyuan was born to Ye Suhe.

Fu Yunshen slowly: "I think a kinship test can be done."

Chapter 334

Hearing these words, Jiang Ping was once again silent.

It was when Fu Yunshen mentioned this that she suddenly realised that there was a possibility that there was something else going on back then.

But at that time, she had asked Master Jiang several times, but he had always been tight-lipped.

She was completely disappointed and chose not to see him again.

It was only when Master Jiang died that she went back to keep watch over the hearth for a few nights.

Before Ye Su-He appeared, the Jiang family was happy.

"Tomorrow." Jiang Ping murmured, "Let me think about it properly."

The four of them finished their meal, and Ying Ziji and Fu Yunshen left.

Jiang Yan grunted again and went to wash the dishes.

After washing, he saw Jiang Ping sitting alone on the sofa: "Mum, if there's nothing else, I'll go back to school."

Jiang Ping looked up and waved towards him.

Jiang Yan walked over.

Jiang Painting Ping touched his head and said softly, "Son, you must always remember that Dad and Mum will always love you and can sacrifice everything for you."

The sudden words made Jiang Yan at a loss for words for the first time, "Old Mother?"

He was touched for a moment.

But before he could be touched for three seconds, Jiang Ping kicked him again, "Go out and take the door with you, don't come back and disturb your mother's rest today."

Jiang Yan: "....."

Fuck.

He shouldn't have been touched.

**

As Su Lianghui had hoped, after the outbreak of public opinion on Weibo, Ye Su He had Su Ruan and Jiang Mo Yuan quickly get their marriage license.

The wedding was still in preparation and would be made up afterwards.

After successfully marrying into the Jiang family and becoming the head mother once again, Su Ruan was back to her high and mighty self.

She freshened up carefully and took a taxi to Jiang's Group.

Su Ruan wanted to inspect the company.

She had wanted to do this for a long time, but at that time she hadn't even been able to get into the Fu Group.

This time, finally, no one dared to stop her.

However, what Su Ruan didn't expect was that she couldn't get into Jiang's Group either.

The employees in the lobby on the ground floor all looked at her with disgust, as if they were avoiding snakes and scorpions.

Jiang Mo Yuan was no thing, and Su Ruan was even less.

"Stop me?" Su Ruan sneered, "I am the main mother of the Jiang family, you guys are stopping me and want to be fired?"

"Madam Jiang, I'm so sorry." The receptionist lady's eyes were sarcastic, "Not only is the third master not the company's chief executive anymore, he's also brought huge losses to the company, you're not qualified to go in."

Do you really think of yourself as the head mother of the Jiang family?

No self-respect.

Su Ruan's face changed: "What did you say?!"

Jiang Mo Yuan was no longer the chief executive of the Jiang family?

Then, if she married him, wouldn't she be left with nothing?

What did she want?

Two security guards stepped forward and threw Su Ruan out, regardless of how she struggled.

Some passers-by stopped and pointed at her.

This scene was all too familiar.

Su Ruan was so humiliated that her body trembled, and she had no shame in staying here for another second, quickly taking the car back to Jiang's house.

**

At this time, the Jiang family's old mansion.

Jiang Mo Yuan was sitting on the sofa, his whole body was disheveled, long gone from his original elegance.

How could he have imagined that things would deteriorate so quickly?

Moreover, people on the internet had also turned up that poverty alleviation project of the Jiang family and picked up that it was he who had brought Ying Zigui to the Ying family.

One of the culprits who made Ying Zidian a living blood bank was Jiang Moyuan.

It was a joke to say the least.

He used to despise Ying Zidian, but now, he is the one who can't afford it.

No one can escape from the wind and water.

While Jiang Moyuan was lost in thought, the door of the villa was pushed open.

The person who walked in was Jiang Ping.

She was still wearing a cheongsam and stepping on high heels, her eyes cold: "Jiang Moyuan, do you remember what I said?"

Before Jiang Moyuan could react, Jiang Huping directly raised her hand and slapped him, "I said, don't touch Dickey, otherwise, I won't let you go."

Jiang Huaping's slap was not light, and the corner of Jiang Moyuan's mouth was cracked.

He wiped a handful of blood from the side of his mouth and his expression was gloomy and frightening: "Jiang Huping, you seek death!"

"Eldest sister is like mother, you don't know how to be respectful." Jiang Painting Ping slapped him again, "You'd better be glad that it didn't turn out the way I thought it would."

After saying that, she didn't look at Jiang Moyuan again, turned around and left the old mansion again.

Outside the main gate.

Fu Yunshen was playing with Ying Zidian's hair.

She slapped his hand away, but he was still very persistent in braiding her hair.

"Here." Jiang Zheping handed Fu Yunshen the hair she had plucked from Jiang Moyuan's head, "It's too short, it almost didn't come off."

There was no way to do paternity tests between siblings, only chromosomes could be used to determine kinship.

So to convince the shareholders of the Jiang Group, it was not enough to just do a paternity test on Jiang Ping and Jiang Moyuan.

Fu Yunshen took it and put a few hairs away, "Auntie, Uncle Jiang is over in the university city?"

"Yes." Jiang Zheping nodded, "He's taking new students now, so he's gone to the new campus."

Hu Cheng University was also one of the several top universities in China.

And, in the field of biological sciences, Shanghai City University had to surpass the Imperial Capital University.

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen opened the car door, "Get in and go there now."

Ying finally freed her hair and stomped on him.

And just at that moment, Su Ruan returned from Jiang's group lost in thought.

This time, she finally saw Fu Yunshen, but at her most despondent moment.

Su Ruan couldn't bear such a difference, so she suddenly screamed, "Fu Yunshen!"

Fu Yunshen didn't turn around, but leaned down slightly and pinched the girl's face: "Go to Shanghai University with Auntie Jiang to find Jiang Chengjun, I'll solve something."

Ying Zidian's eyes lifted up and looked at him.

There was no emotion, very flat and quiet.

Fu Yunshen gave a start: "Yao Yao, this look in your eyes-"

The words "as if you want to kill me" didn't come out.

Ying Zidian ignored him and turned around, "Let's go."

Jiang Ping looked at the two of them thoughtfully for a few seconds, then took the girl's shoulder: "Auntie's driving skills are also very good, no worse than his, so don't worry."

The two of them got into the car and quickly left.

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, but his mood was instantly better, he murmured softly, "It can't be"

Su Ruan couldn't stand being ignored, and his voice lifted another tone: "What do I count? What the hell am I in your eyes?!"

If it wasn't because he had feelings for her in the first place, how could Master Fu have come to the Su family to betroth them?

"It seems like there was really no such thing said directly to you." Only then did Fu Yunshen turn around, his eyes were faint, without a trace of warmth, "You are nothing."

Su Ruan couldn't help but take a step back, how could she not accept it, she pointed in the direction the Maserati had left, "What about her? You're not just playing around?"

Fu Yunshen said indifferently, "She's a treasure."

As he said that, his peach blossom eyes curved up and he smiled very lightly: "The beloved of my heart."

These four words caused Su Ruan's mental defences to collapse straight away, her ears buzzing.

What could make a man say the word "beloved"?

This time, she completely understood that everything before was her imagination and self-interest.

Fu Yunshen didn't say anything more and left the Jiang family home.

She is the greatest treasure, the love of my heart.

Live for her, die for her.

For her, I will eradicate evil and recreate a clear and bright world.

**

On this side, Ying Zigui and Jiang Pingping arrived at Shanghai University.

Jiang Chengjun is a professor in the Department of Biology, with a wealth of knowledge and high prestige.

When the two arrived, he was giving a lecture on the subject to his students.

"Painting Ping?" Jiang Chengjun was surprised, "Why have you come back?"

Jiang Painting Ping nodded, "Big brother."

The two siblings were very close and had the same nature, neither of them wanted to fight for those things of the Jiang family.

After Jiang Chengjun let the student leave, "What's wrong, Painting Screen?"

"Big brother, there's something I need your help with." Jiang Painting Ping came and said what she meant, "That's it."

After hearing this, Jiang Chengjun's expression also changed, putting down the work at hand, "Go, go to the hospital now."

Just because they weren't fighting, didn't mean that Jiang's Group was going to fall into the hands of outsiders.

The three of them drove to the hospital once again.

Jiang Ping and Jiang Chengjun handed over the three hairs to the doctor at the identification centre and asked for the results to be produced as quickly as possible.

It was Sunday and there was nothing going on at school.

Ying Ziji sat on a chair and waited. She took out her mobile phone and sent a challenge to one of the contestants on the global leaderboard.

As soon as she sent it, a box popped up on her phone.

[The opponent has surrendered, you will receive 100 points.]

“.....”

Very good.

Ying took a glance at the overall ranking and left it at that after confirming that she could get the high prize.

The rematch was such that the more consecutive wins, the more points were added.

And so far, Ying hadn't lost a single match.

Rather than not losing, she hadn't even managed to carry out a single challenge.

Jiang Ping and Jiang Chengjun sat on the sidelines, both siblings a little anxious.

Two hours later, the identification results came out.

Jiang took the document from the doctor's hand and opened it.

Boss Lady Chapter 335-336

Chapter 335

Jiang Chengjun was also holding a copy in his hand, and he flipped straight to the last page.

He had never had much affection for Jiang Moyuan, he couldn't like it, and he couldn't talk about hating it either.

He had little talent or interest in business, so he was quite indifferent after Master Jiang left the Jiang Group to Jiang Moyuan.

Shanghai University gave professors a good deal, complete with a villa, and Jiang Chengjun did not return to the old Jiang family home.

But he really could not accept that the Jiang family had been occupied by an outsider for so many years.

However, both kinship tests came back with the same result.

The last sentence was clearly written in black and white.

—After identification by our centre, Jiang Chengjun Jiang Huping has no blood relationship with Jiang Mo Yuan.

Jiang Huping's expression instantly went cold, and the fingertips of the fingers holding the document turned white from excessive force: “Little Yun Shen guessed correctly, he really isn't Dad's son.”

What the hell was going on here?

Even if Master Jiang was confused, it was impossible for him to hand over the Jiang Group to an outsider.

Master Jiang had passed away thirteen years ago, and at that time Jiang Mo Yuan was still only 16 years old.

The shareholders of Jiang's Group originally wanted to put Jiang Ping at the helm of Jiang's Group, but they could not resist a note from Master Jiang.

Fortunately, at the age of 16, Jiang Moyuan had already shown his amazing business talent, and together with the shareholders who had been following Master Jiang, they managed to stabilise the Jiang Group.

Later, those old shareholders also died one after another, leaving only three left.

It was at the age of 24 that Jiang Mo Yuan officially became the chief executive of the Jiang Group.

This year, Jiang Moyuan is 29 years old.

No one has ever questioned Jiang Moyuan's ability, let alone doubted his bloodline.

Even Jiang Chengjun and Jiang Ping, who disliked Jiang Moyuan, had never thought that Jiang Moyuan was not of the Jiang family bloodline at all.

If he was not a member of the Jiang family, how could Master Jiang give Jiang Moyuan the Jiang Group?

Or was it that Elder Jiang was actually not clear about it either?

"Painting screen, this matter, must be told to the uncles." Jiang Chengjun felt the anger, "It must be Ye Suhe who has moved something."

"Go." Jiang Painting Screen suppressed a sneer, "Go to the company first."

**

The Jiang family's affairs had nothing to do with Ying Zigu.

She didn't go along, and Fu Yunshen came to pick her up and take her home.

She picked up the phone, "Hello."

"Doctor God!" The voice on the other end of the line was very excited, "I don't know if you still remember me, this is Ji Qinglin."

Ying Ziji fell silent.

She really didn't remember this name.

"My father is Ji Feng." Ji Qinglin also expected this and reminded, "He had advanced stomach cancer, and you operated on him once at that time."

"Hmm, I have an impression." Ying Ziji remembered at this point, "What happened?"

Because of Wen Fengmian, she naturally had Ji Feng in mind.

However, these days were too busy and she hadn't been looking for Ji Feng.

"Nothing much, just specifically to say thank you." Ji Qinglin said, "I am really grateful to you, although there are still a lot of cancer cells in my father's body, he is indeed in much better health and can move around more easily."

They specifically went to three tertiary hospitals to check, and those doctors were incredulous about it.

In Ji Feng's body, the cancer cells had reached a bizarre balance with other cells.

It was also this balance that allowed Ji Feng's body to regain its mobility.

However, he still had his cancer and when he went to the hospital for testing, he would still get the result of advanced stomach cancer.

This is simply a miracle in medical terms.

Ji Qinglin added: "Do you see when you have time, we'll treat you to a meal? There's really no way to repay your kindness."

"That's fine." Ying Ziyang pondered for a moment, "It just so happens that I also have something I want to ask you guys."

If Wen Fengmian didn't mention what happened back then, she naturally wouldn't press him.

"Good." Ji Qinglin's voice could not hide his excitement, "We will stay in Shanghai for a short period of time, you decide the time, I would also like to have a meal with you."

At this moment, Fu Yunshen turned his head, his peach blossom eyes raised, and suddenly called out, "Yao Yao."

Hearing a young man's voice, Ji Qinglin on the other end of the phone froze for a moment and stopped talking.

Fu Yunshen raised his hand, his voice lazy: "You've got a leaf on your head."

He put his hand down, and there was indeed a completely withered leaf in his palm.

Ying glanced at him without saying anything and replied to Ji Qinglin, "Next week will be fine, I'll ask the dean to give you the exact time."

After watching her hang up the phone, Fu Yunshen's eyes deepened and he spoke again, "If you're free, can you also do a paternity test?"

Ying Ziji paused in her expression.

She knew he was talking about the paternity test between her and Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhending.

"There's no need." Ying Ziyi was faint, "Strangers, a waste of time and money."

After that break in karma, the Ying family had nothing more to do with her.

As for what Ying Zhending and Zhong Manhua thought, that was their business.

As long as they didn't dance to her, she didn't mind making a few more people crippled.

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen was faint, "That's fine."

Ying Ziji leaned back in her chair to rest.

"By the way, don't try to leave straight away this time." Fu Yunshen raised his hand, his long fingers tickling her hair, "Why are you looking at me with that look this afternoon? What did I do to offend you, my little friend?"

He was, literally, feeling the murderous aura.

"What kind of look?" Ying Ziji looked at him, still without any emotion.

Not even a change of expression could be caught.

She looked at her hair, and then at his hand.

Fu Yunshen looked puzzled and raised an eyebrow.

He let go of his hand and smiled, "That's it."

He forgot.

Their little friend had always been ruthless.

When he was coaxed, he was really coaxed, and if he really wanted to hit him, he certainly wouldn't hesitate.

He was the one who thought too much.

Probably when you liked someone, you were prepared and self-absorbed at the same time, and wanted to give her the best.

Take your time, he's in no hurry.

**

Evening.

The Jiang family's old mansion.

Jiang Mo Yuan naturally heard the commotion outside the old mansion in the afternoon.

He saw Su Ruan was still lost in thought and spoke coldly: "Don't put on a resentful face, if you want to pose get out and pose."

If Su Ruan hadn't set him up, things wouldn't have turned out like this.

"I'm getting out?" Of course Su Ruan wouldn't give him a good look, "Jiang Moyuan, don't forget, we've both got a marriage license."

Jiang Moyuan being removed from the position of Executive Director was something she didn't expect.

But Su Ruan could barely accept it.

At least Jiang Moyuan still owned a lot of shares, and she still had no worries about food and clothing in the future.

“Or are you still thinking about Ying Zigui?” Su Ruan looked contemptuous, “Don’t be delusional, she can’t even see you.”

These words instantly set Jiang Mo Yuan’s nerves on fire.

His face turned horrible: “Say it again?!”

“What, haven’t you heard enough?” Su Ruan laughed coldly, “I said you’re so pathetic, you like Ying Zigui, but unfortunately, they don’t even look at you and are disgusted with you.”

“You say, how can you compare with Fu Yunshen? You can’t compare your face, you can’t compare your power, tsk, tsk, tsk, Jiang Moyuan, you’re really-”

Before he could finish the last words, Jiang Moyuan fiercely stepped forward, grabbed Su Ruan’s hair with his big hand and pressed her directly into the corner: “Shut your mouth!”

With a “bang”, Su Ruan’s head hit the wall hard, and her eyes were suddenly blurred.

Su Ruan didn’t expect Jiang Moyuan to do anything to her, so she immediately screamed and struggled desperately, “Dad! Dad, help me!”

Su Lianghui, who was talking with Ye Suhe in the study, heard the shout and hurried down, his face immediately changed: “Jiang Moyuan, let go of Xiao Ruan!”

Jiang Moyuan coldly glanced at Su Ruan and let go of his hand, “Don’t let me hear those kinds of words.”

Su Ruan fell to the ground, breathing with some difficulty.

“Alright.” Ye Su He also walked down from upstairs and spoke out lightly, “She is your wife now, if the outside world sees her, something should happen again.”

“Xiao Ruan, don’t get angry.” Su Lianghui advised, “The most important thing now is to solve the problem, you have to go in and out together.”

Su Ruan kept crying and didn’t answer at all.

“You have seen the situation now.” Ye Su He twirled her Buddhist beads and looked at Su Liang Hui, “I need funds to turn around, otherwise, there is no way to acquire the loose shares.”

Hearing these words, Su Lianghui frowned.

He did still have some of the money, but he didn’t really want to take it out.

But if he didn’t, there was no way for Jiang Mo Yuan to return to his position as Executive Director.

So in the end, Su Lianghui compromised: “Okay, I’ll transfer the money to you right now.”

Ye Su He finally revealed a smile after receiving the thirty million dollars transferred from Su Lianghui.

Just as she was about to go upstairs to get ready, the door of the old mansion was violently kicked open.

In came a dozen shareholders, as well as Jiang Painting and Jiang Chengjun.

Behind them, there was a group of media holding cameras.

“What are you doing?” Ye Su He’s face sank, “The old man gave me this mansion back then, you have no right to come in, now, please get out.”

Even if Jiang Ping and Jiang Chengjun were Master Jiang’s own children, so what?

So what if they still had a home to return to?

“Get out? Ye Su-He, how dare you!” The old shareholder picked up the document in his hand and threw it at Ye Suhe’s face, “Look what you’ve done!”

He looked up again, looked at Jiang Moyuan and sneered, “Jiang Moyuan, you are not the bloodline of the old man, you have ten minutes to pack your things and get out of the Jiang family!”

“Click, click, click, click-”

It was the sound of the shutter being pressed.

Chapter 336

The media, of course, would not let go of this great opportunity and disliked the face shot.

The expressions of Ye Su He, Jiang Mo Yuan, Su Liang Hui and Su Ruan were all clearly captured, green and green and white, they could all make a pot of chowder.

These media were invited by the shareholders of Jiang’s Group, as the shareholders also intended to amplify this matter.

Early this morning, they had already posted the news that Jiang Mo Yuan was no longer the chief executive of Jiang’s Group on all the major social networking software, newspapers, and on TV in China.

After all, there are still many people who don’t go online and don’t read newspapers.

To make sure more people knew about it, even the TV news they rotated five times.

In the newspapers, it even dominated the headlines.

But that wasn’t enough, Jiang’s group had lost a lot because of Jiang Moyuan and had to get it back from him again.

As long as the news that Jiang Moyuan is not even a member of Jiang’s family is put out again, there can be such a reasonable inference –

Jiang Moyuan and Ye Suhe had deliberately wanted Jiang’s group to be defeated before they did such a series of things.

In this way, the attention of the general public would be diverted.

The old shareholder didn't care what Jiang Moyuan would be abused into again as a result.

He didn't go up to beat Jiang Moyuan now because Jiang's group needed such a tool person.

Before coming to the Jiang family's old mansion, Jiang Ping and Jiang Chengjun had also fired all of Ye Suhe and Jiang Moyuan's people within Jiang's group.

Within a few hours, Jiang's group had a major purge.

No matter what, the heart and soul of the Jiang family's ancestors could not be ruined by Jiang Moyuan.

Su Lianghui picked up the document thrown on the ground, and after just one glance, his complexion changed drastically, "Ye Suhe!"

It was a recognized fact that big families valued bloodlines.

Jiang Mo Yuan was not even a member of Jiang's family, how could he rejoin Jiang's group?

"Cheng Shan Quan, do you know what you are talking about?" Ye Su He, however, quickly returned to normal, she ignored Su Lianghui, the Buddhist beads in her hand spinning faster and faster as she looked coldly at the old shareholder, "You're corrupting the old master's reputation!"

"Corrupting the old master's?" Cheng Shan Quan sneered, "You married into the Jiang family with someone else's child and plotted to take over the Jiang Group, and you still dare to mention the old master?"

"It's just an identification, who can't fake it?" Ye Suhe snorted lightly, "Jiang Chengjun, Jiang Ping, I can see through you all, you usually look like you don't care about anything."

"As soon as something happened to Mo Yuan, you siblings rushed to step on him, you are really good brothers and sisters."

Jiang Chengjun's face sank and he was about to speak.

Jiang Painting Ping held him down and smiled, "Ms Ye, as for me, I really don't care about the Jiang family, I have a husband and a son, I have a beautiful and happy family, better than you."

Ye Su-ho's face turned green with anger at these words.

Jiang Ping stopped laughing and said indifferently, "As for whether it is a forgery or not, Ms. Ye, don't you have any points in your heart? Do you want me to slap you a few times too?"

Ye Suhe couldn't help but take a step back.

She believed that Jiang Ping could really do it.

"Miss Painting Screen, don't talk nonsense to her." Cheng Shan Quan spoke coldly, "Of course the identification results won't be faked, there is a certification from the First Hospital, speed up, if you are still here in ten minutes, you won't just get the hell out of the Jiang family."

"Mom" Jiang Mo Yuan who had been silent raised his head, for the first time he felt bewildered, his throat was dry and his voice was difficult, "Mom, am I really not a member of the Jiang family?"

“Nonsense.” Ye Suhe still denied it, “Fine, we’ll move out and wait for you to invite us back when the time comes.”

Cheng Shan Quan was exasperated by her cheekiness and self-righteousness, “No see you off.”

In ten minutes’ time nothing could be packed up and all four of them were forcibly driven out of the Jiang family’s old mansion.

Su Ruan also stopped crying, her gaze dull.

The series of blows had completely broken her.

She had not even been the head mother of a powerful family for a day, and was faced with the prospect of living in poverty on the streets.

Who could accept such a fall from grace?

Su Lianghui was even more furious: “Ye Suhao, give back my 30 million!”

He had been cheated!

Not only had he gotten nothing, he had even paid 30 million backwards.

Su Lianghui had thought that Jiang Mo Yuan would just be removed from his position as the executive director.

Even if he really couldn’t go back to Jiang’s Group, he would still have a large inheritance and share dividends.

Who knew that Jiang Mo Yuan was not even a member of Jiang’s family?

Ye Su He was considered the most calm: “You transferred money to me, you did it voluntarily, why, and you’re still relying on me?”

Su Lianghui had always thought that he was shameless enough, but he was still shocked by Ye Suhe’s attitude: “Ye Suhe!”

“Mo Yuan, go.” Ye Su He glanced at the villa she had lived in for decades, “First go and find a place to stay.”

She hadn’t changed the will, Master Jiang had written it himself.

Just by the fact that she had cuckolded Master Jiang, there was no way for the Jiang Group to do anything to her, at most they would just sue her.

As for Su Lianghui and Su Ruan?

Who cares about them.

However, Ye Su He had just led Jiang Mo Yuan out of the courtyard gate when she was stopped by the police who had been waiting for her.

“Mr Jiang.” The policeman in charge took out his papers, “You have attempted to commit a crime and have violated Article 23 of the criminal law, the other party is not willing to reconcile, please come with us.”

After saying that, he directly took out the handcuffs and put them on Jiang Mo Yuan.

This time, Ye Suhe’s face finally went completely white: “Moyuan!”

Jiang Moyuan was all she had left to rely on, what would she do if she went to jail?

The police would not care about Ye Suhe.

The evidence was all there, not to mention the fact that the victim was a high school student at Qingzhi High School.

How could a pretty and well-behaved girl like that go down?

When Su Ruan looked at Jiang Moyuan, who was forcibly taken away, her legs went limp and she collapsed on the ground.

It was over, completely over.

For the rest of her life, she would live in regret.

**

In a short span of two months, the Fu family and Jiang family had one big change after another, leaving the entire city of Shanghai in turmoil.

Families of all sizes are in a state of shock and fear that they too will be involved.

No one expected that Jiang San, who was once so high and mighty that so many people would cling to him, would even be sentenced to three months in prison.

This was really a case of the clouds falling off the dust, making people sigh.

“Fortunately.” Zhong Manhua looked at the newspaper report and breathed a sigh of relief, “It was right not to get involved in their affairs in the first place.”

Otherwise, the Ying family would definitely have been taken to the ditch as well.

Ying Yuexuan, however, was a bit distraught. She also called the strange number, but the other party still didn’t answer.

She even took the strange number to the sales office and only found out that it was opened more than ten years ago, when it was still possible to buy anonymous phone cards.

“Xiao Xuan.” Zhong Manhua finished reading the newspaper, “Have you finished programming the program that Madam Yuan asked you to program?”

The Yuan family, the family that Old Lady Ying knew in the imperial capital.

The Yuan family was involved in computer technology and had recently been developing a new project.

Although Old Lady Ying had a little friendship with the Yuan family, if Ying Yuexuan didn't fight for herself, there was no way she could be seen by the Yuan family.

"It's already been compiled." Ying Yuexuan returned to her senses and pursed her lips, "This morning, I had already sent it to Madam Yuan."

Zhong Manhua asked, "What did Madam Yuan say?"

"She said that my idea was good." Ying Yuexuan answered truthfully, "It's just that the learning is still too shallow, and during the winter holidays, I will be taken to the imperial capital for special training."

Zhong Manhua was surprised: "Then you must seize this opportunity, but you mustn't miss your homework either."

She had always been concerned about Ying Yuexuan's studies, and it was good that she hadn't disgraced herself.

In every mock exam since her third year of high school, Ying Yuexuan has always been the top student.

Zhong Manhua was very pleased with this.

The Nie family was a leader in electronics technology, with a number of electronics industries under its command, and had broken out of China and entered the international arena.

As long as this new project could succeed, the Yuan family would be able to enter into a partnership with the Nie family, and its status in the imperial capital could rise.

Ying Yuexuan will be appreciated by Madam Yuan, and the Ying family will be able to benefit from this.

That's the Nie family.

How many families would like to make friends with the top family in the capital.

The more Zhong Manhua thought about it, the happier she became: "Study hard, Mum will make you some fish soup to nourish your brain."

Luckily, Ying Yuexuan was a good student.

If it were Ying Yuexuan, she wouldn't even know what c language is.

**

Qingzhi High School.

Near the end of the year, the senior class is even heavier.

Ying Zidian is still very relaxed. She goes back to school after having lunch with Fu Yunshen.

The second phase of isc training has already come down, and it's during the winter holidays.

She has to take advantage of these days to nurture her old age more.

Inside class 19.

Jiang Yan bought a burger and nibbled on it while doing the questions.

As a result, he gnawed too quickly and accidentally choked.

He stood up and was about to go and save water when his body suddenly shook.

As soon as Ying Zigui and Xiu Yu entered the classroom guys, they saw such a scene.

Boss Lady Chapter 337-338

Chapter 337

Jiang Yan's eyes closed and he just collapsed.

"Brother Burn!" On the side, the little brother was so frightened that he dropped the book in his hand and immediately went forward, holding Jiang Yan up in time, "Brother Yan, are you alright?"

Jiang Yan's eyes were tightly closed, large drops of sweat sprouted from his forehead, and his face was white and red for a while.

At the same time, his body temperature was also changing.

At one moment it was extremely cold, at another extremely hot.

The youngest brother, who was holding him, could feel the heat in his hands, so he was even more at a loss.

Xiu Yu immediately stepped forward and put his finger on Jiang Yan's pulse to test it, and his expression instantly changed: "Not good, his internal energy is in turmoil."

The ancient martial world, was closed to the outside world.

How to cultivate ancient martial arts, the ancient martial arts community would not announce it to the public either.

But what was certain was that not everyone was able to cultivate ancient martial arts, it depended on talent.

If you are not gifted, you will only die if you force yourself to cultivate ancient martial arts.

Therefore, generally speaking, ancient martial artists will only intermarry with ancient martial artists.

This way, the higher the likelihood of the offspring being born with a gifted ancient martial artist.

However, Jiang Yan was an exception.

His father was an extremely powerful ancient martial artist, but Jiang Ping was an ordinary person.

Jiang Yan was highly gifted in ancient martial arts, but his physique was no match for someone whose parents were both ancient martial artists.

So every now and then, the internal energy in Jiang Yan's body would riot.

This riot affected his personality and caused him to have a violent temper.

This was why he had to take medicine all the time to suppress his internal energy.

Xiu Yu did not have the talent to practise ancient martial arts, she was not an ancient martial artist, she had just always known that Jiang Yan's body had such a problem.

She followed the transfer to Qingzhi's class 19, apart from the Xiu family's sake, she also watched Jiang Yan by the way.

But this time the level of internal energy riot in Jiang Yan's body was beyond Xiu Yu's imagination.

She quickly stuffed the medicine Jiang Yan had been taking into his mouth, but it had little effect.

It was medicine that was poisonous in three ways.

If you took too much medicine, your body would develop antibodies.

That's why the Dream Family sent Jiang Yan medicine, and every once in a while a new one had to come out.

Jiang Yan had almost recovered during this period of time, so why did this suddenly happen again?

Ying Ziji also walked over and quickly pressed an acupoint on Jiang Yan's shoulder.

Her phoenix eyes narrowed slightly and she said indifferently, "It's a riot, if you don't treat it in time, all the blood vessels will burst, go to the infirmary first, not here."

Xiu Yu froze, "Ying Dad?"

She hadn't spoken to Ying Zidian about the ancient martial world.

It was because the rules of the Ancient Martial World were too different from other places, relying on fists and strength to speak.

In this way, the ancient martial world was also chaotic, and it was common to kill and cross people.

It is not a good thing to get involved in it.

Once the secrets of Ancient Martial Arts were leaked, some vicious Ancient Martial Artists were the ones who would stop at nothing to kill outsiders who knew the secrets of Ancient Martial Arts.

"Go first." Ying Ziji pressed a few other acupuncture points on Jiang Yan's body, "It's alright, don't worry, I can save it."

Jiang Yan was in a bad way at the moment and Xiu Yu could only push all the confusion back into her stomach.

She had always trusted Ying Zigui, so she and her little brother carried Jiang Yan to the infirmary.

It was lunch break and there was only one nurse on duty in the infirmary.

They used an excuse to get the nurse to leave and then put Jiang Yan on the bed.

"You go out and keep watch." Xiu Yu said, "Don't ever let anyone in."

Little Brother nodded with red eyes, went out and stood guard at the door.

Only then did Ying Ziji take out the golden needle she carried with her.

She put on the disposable gloves, disinfected the needles and began to stick them into Jiang Yan's acupuncture points one by one.

Ying Zidian's eyes were slightly fixed.

In fact, there were some things that were not clear to the ancient martial artists nowadays.

A long time ago, there was no such thing as an ancient martial artist in China, nor was there any internal energy.

It was when she first came to Earth, she changed her cultivation method in the Spirit Cultivation World, wrote out the first ancient book and gave it to the disciple she had taken in.

The disciple she took in, in turn, transmitted it to someone else, and then she left it alone.

She did so because she was too bored at the time and wanted to try to see if she could make people on Earth do the same.

In the end she succeeded.

But because the cultivation method was not perfect, when ancient martial artists first appeared, it was very common for their internal energy to run riot.

Only later, as the cultivation methods were perfected, such cases became less and less common.

As a result, the number of ancient doctors who could treat this aspect was also decreasing, after all, they could not be used.

Ying Zidian didn't know if there were any left now.

Taking medicine is not a permanent solution, it can only be suppressed temporarily and cannot be eradicated.

It cannot be eradicated. It has to be tackled at the root.

Ying Zidian went down one needle after another with a steady hand.

As Xiu Yu watched, he felt that a new world had opened up.

Their father, Ying, was an ancient doctor!

At that moment, a mobile phone rang suddenly, the source of the sound was Jiang Yan's pocket.

"It's alright." Ying Ziji could see Xiu Yu's hesitation as she unhurriedly stabbed another needle in Jiang Yan's head, "You answer it, it won't affect me."

Only then did Xiu Yu step forward, take the phone out of Jiang Yan's pocket and pick it up.

Over there, it was a man's voice: "Little Burn."

Xiu Yu knew it was Jiang Yan's father: "Uncle Ling, this is Xiu Yu."

“Little Yu?” Ling Chonglou was slightly stunned, but he quickly got to the point, “Has Little Burn’s internal energy gone berserk again? Have you taken your medicine? How is the situation? I’ll come over immediately.”

“Jiang Yan he-” Xiu Yu glanced at Jiang Yan lying on the bed and saw that his breathing had returned to normal before saying, “He’s fine, he’s asleep, I’ll have him call you uncle when he wakes up later.”

**

Meanwhile, the Ancient Martial World.

Ling Family.

Ling Chonglou was completely relieved after seeing that the electric waves on the instrument were restored to their original fluctuations.

He and Jiang Painting screened Jiang Yan’s watch with a chip installed, in order to monitor Jiang Yan’s body.

Just now, the electric waves on the device were beating frantically, emitting a warning sound of “drip drip drip”.

This was proof that the internal energy in Jiang Yan’s body was in the worst kind of turmoil.

Ling Chonglou was desperate.

But strangely enough, not long afterwards, the waves gradually smoothed out again until they were normal.

This was simply unbelievable.

“The brat couldn’t have been saved by some high level person, could he.” Ling Chonglou muttered, “Who could stand his stinky temper.”

Jiang Yan’s internal energy riot was long term.

At that time, he had sent Jiang Yan to the ancient medical community, and the ancient doctors there also said there was nothing they could do

Ling Chonglou was deep in thought when his phone rang.

He had given Jiang Yan permission, so Jiang Yan was able to contact him now.

On the other end of the phone, Jiang Yan’s energy was still strong: “Nothing happened to me, I just took a trip to the ghost gate, nothing really happened, don’t care about me.”

Ling Chonglou’s voice sank and he laughed coldly, “Who are you old man?”

There was instant silence on the other end of the line.

But Ling Chonglou was an ancient martial artist with good ears, and could still hear the conversation on the other end.

In the infirmary, Jiang Gas, who was still lying in bed, went mad: "Why didn't you tell me this was my father's phone?"

Xiu Yu shrugged: "You didn't read it yourself, so you blame me?"

Jiang Yan was even more furious: "Get lost!"

He had just woken up to a phone call being shoved in his face, still confused and only subconsciously defending his dignity as a school bully.

Who knew it was his dad?

"Dad, you're my old man, I was wrong I was wrong." Jiang Yan quickly begged for forgiveness, "I'll put in a good word for you to my mother, dad, you mustn't be bothered with me."

"No need, your emotional quotient is too low, you still know how to coax a girl?" Ling Chonglou spoke unhurriedly, "Besides, your old son and I are going to personally make a trip to Shanghai City in the next few days to clean you up."

"....."

Jiang Yan was hung up again.

He was so angry that he punched the bed.

Xiu Yu gloated as he handed him hot water.

"Ying Dad." Jiang Yan thought of his saving grace, "Dad, you're my real dad, when my old man comes, you hold me back, I'll be a cow or a horse."

"No." Ying Ziji yawned and raised his eyebrows, "Your emotional quotient is too low, it will infect me."

"....."

**

Su Lianghui was in a hurry these days.

After Jiang Mo Yuan was arrested, Ye Su He took his 30 million and his whereabouts were unknown.

He was so angry that he called the police, but the police said the transaction was legal and there was no problem.

Su Lianghui knew that he had lost completely.

If the \$30 million was still there, he would at least be able to start a company and rise again.

But there was no way out now.

But Su Lianghui still didn't give up his search for Ye Suhe, and had turned Shanghai City upside down.

Little did he know that Ye Suhe was not in Shanghai, but in a small neighbouring city.

Ye Suhe knew that there were many people looking for her and she had rented a very modest rental house.

On the television, the news is still reporting on the Jiang family.

The son she had so carefully nurtured was treated like a prisoner.

Ye Suhe's complexion gradually sank.

She picked up her mobile phone and dialled the number, she smiled faintly, "Jiang Painting Ping, do you want to know, how your father died?"

Chapter 338

When she received this call from Ye Suhe, Jiang Ping was in Jiang Yan's single flat.

Her expression did not change and she even smiled slightly, "What, you want to tell me?"

Ye Suhe was a little surprised by Jiang Ping's calmness, but she was patient and her voice sank, "Don't you really want to know why I could marry him with someone else's child? Forcing your mother to die? Hold Jiang's group in my hands?"

"If you want to know, come to me alone and I'll tell you, otherwise, even if I die, you'll never know in your life."

"I've sent the address to your phone, I'll only wait for you for three days."

"Dudududu—"

As soon as Ye Suhe finished her words, a cold, busy tone came from the phone.

It was hung up.

Ye Su He, however, remained unhurried and even poured a cup of tea.

She was quite sure that Jiang Ping would definitely come.

This was the only chance she had to turn the tables.

After Ye Suhe finished her tea, she picked up her mobile phone, typed in another number she hadn't contacted in a long time and dialed it.

**

Saturday.

Ying Ziji met with Ji Feng and Ji Qinglin's father and son at a very quiet hot pot restaurant.

This hot pot restaurant is an old-fashioned hot pot in the imperial capital, not too spicy, but also nourishing and nourishing.

It's not spicy, and it's nourishing and nourishing. Drinking mushroom soup in winter will also make your body feel better.

Ying Ziji took out her phone and checked the box number Ji Qinglin had sent her, and glanced at the man whose appearance was too eye-catching: "Sir, do you count this as a meal?"

"I can skip it." Fu Yun raised a deep eyebrow, "Just do wait outside."

After a pause, he curled his lips, "Yao Yao, Uncle Wen has asked me to take care of your safety, you can't be a girl meeting two men alone, you have to listen to your father."

Ying Ziyang had little expression: "....."

Others only had one dad, while she had two.

This was sometimes painful and doubly so.

Especially since Wen Fengmian had been watching the news recently and had seen a few cases of single women going missing on trips and had been worried about her safety.

The two of them put on their masks before entering and the waiter led them to the private room.

Ji Feng and Ji Qinglin were already waiting.

Ji Feng was sitting upright, as serious as a primary school student.

"Divine Doctor, how do you do?" Seeing the girl enter, Ji Feng immediately stood up, he naturally noticed Fu Yunshen and was surprised, "Who is this?"

"My surname is Fu." Fu Yunshen's eyebrows were diffident and lazy, "Accompanying family."

Ji Feng nodded and didn't ask more questions.

He took off his mask and sat down after Ying Ziji.

Ji Qinglin looked at the man and thought he looked familiar, suddenly slapping his head, "Mr. Fu, I know you, you're the president of the venus group Asia Pacific."

Unlike Ji Feng, he usually reads financial magazines, and the heat of venus group is still high during this period of time, the magazine has published several interviews in a row.

A miracle doctor was a miracle doctor, even his family members were godly figures.

"venus Group?" Hearing this name, Ji Feng's spirit lifted, "I know, over at your company headquarters, there is a p4 lab."

The p4 lab, which was the highest level of biosafety lab, was invested and built by various countries.

Except for the one owned by the venus group.

There were 60 p4 labs in the world, and the technology of this lab under the venus group could be ranked in the top three.

Ji Feng himself was a biochemistry student, so he was naturally interested in the p4 lab.

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen leaned back in his chair and smiled, "I've also heard of it."

Ji Feng didn't say any more.

Although he did not understand business, he knew that there were many positions in each company, and the venus group was even more established in all major fields.

Fu Yunshen, the president of the Asia Pacific region, manages the business side of the business and has nothing to do with technology.

Ji Feng thought that Fu Yunshen might not have come into contact with the p4 lab.

But that didn't stop him from admiring the man: "Mr. Fu, like the divine doctor, is a hero."

After the food came up, Ying spoke, "I want to ask Professor Ji about that experiment you did twenty-three years ago."

Hearing this, Ji Feng froze for a moment and frowned, "Doctor God, that experiment of ours was confidential, I signed a confidentiality agreement and the time limit of the agreement hasn't expired yet, so I can only give you a general idea."

If it were anyone else, Ji Feng would have ignored him, put on a foul face and left.

"I understand." Ying Zigui nodded slightly, "Tell me everything you can."

"This experiment has to do with biochemistry, it started in 1992, on an island just outside the imperial capital." Ji Feng recalled, "I joined the experimental project in 1995, but with my abilities, I could only be on the periphery and had no access to the central experimental area."

"Back in 1997, there was a serious ionising radiation incident at the experimental centre."

Ji Feng slowed down before saying in a low voice, "Those people in the central experimental area were so badly radiated that they all left one after another. I was far away and although I was exposed to radiation, it was very little... I didn't expect that my body would break down after these twenty years."

Ying Zigui's eyes paused slightly.

Some chemically radioactive elements can have powerful ionising radiation.

Ionising radiation, then, can cause cancer.

But what chemical elements have ionising radiation that can affect so much?"

"When the core researchers all died, the experimental natural research was put on hold, and I retired to teach at the university." Ji Feng gave a bitter laugh, "More than twenty years have passed, there is still residual ionizing radiation on that island, so it is sealed off and cannot be logged on."

Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes lowered slightly as he patted Ying Zidian's head, "Don't worry, I'll check."

At this moment, a mobile phone rang.

"Doctor God, excuse me." Ji Feng got up, "I'm going to take a call."

Ying Zigui nodded, "You're welcome."

After Ji Feng walked out of the box, he picked up his phone and took a look at it, and was taken aback.

He remembered this phone number very clearly.

It was the contact information given to him by the Miss Qingjia he had met when he was seeking medical treatment abroad.

She said that she would contact him when she returned to China.

It was just that three months had passed and he had been saved by Ying Zigui, so he had almost forgotten about it.

“Hello, Professor Ji.” The woman’s voice was soft, “I’m Lin Qingjia, I’m back from O Chau now, so I made a special call to ask you how your condition is?”

“Miss Qingjia.” Ji Feng was a little flattered, “I didn’t expect you to still remember me.”

“You are my patient, I will naturally remember.” Lin Qingjia smiled, “I don’t know where you are, Professor Ji? I’m at the airport, I can just buy a ticket and fly there.”

“Miss Qingjia, it’s really too much trouble for you.” Ji Feng said, “Thanks to your kindness too, I was fortunate enough to meet another miracle doctor who treated me and I am now cancer free.”

There was some residual pain, but it was mild and only occasional.

“A divine doctor?” Lin Qingjia was a little surprised, “Professor Ji is lucky, then I will leave you alone.”

**

Di Du Airport.

Lin Qingjia looked at the call page and fell into silence.

Next to her, was Lin’s housekeeper who had come to pick her up, “Miss Qingjia? Are you going somewhere?”

“No need.” Lin Qingjia shook her head, “Go straight back to the Ancient Martial Realm.”

Lin butler saw that she had changed her mind after taking a phone call, but he was only a subordinate, so he had the good sense not to ask.

He opened the car door for Lin Qingjia.

The Ancient Martial World was far away from the airport, and it was not a suitable place to use internal energy, so it was most convenient to take a car.

Lin Qingjia sat in, looked out of the window and suddenly asked, “Can advanced cancer be cured?”

“Late stage cancer?” Butler Lin was stunned for a moment and apologized, “Miss Qingjia, you should know this better than I do.”

To the outside world, late-stage cancer was a dead end.

But in the ancient medical world, it might be possible to save a life.

Lin Qingjia had a high level of ancient martial arts talent, and she could also do ancient medicine.

So even if she was not born to Lin Jin Yun, the head of the Lin family, but was only a stepdaughter, her status was still higher than those of the Lin family's direct members.

Having strength, that was the absolute trump card.

"I'm not sure." Lin Qingjia gently pursed her lips, "At least I can't, and Master probably can't either."

She had examined Ji Feng's body, and there were so many cancer cells that she couldn't suppress them even with golden needles.

If Ji Feng had sought her out a month in advance, she would have had a solution.

Outside the ancient medical community, could there be a more powerful divine doctor than her master?

Lin Qingjia pondered for a moment, "Help me check Ji Feng's recent traces and see which hospitals he has visited."

"Ji Feng?" Butler Lin wrote down the name, "Yes, Miss Qingjia."

**

Evening.

Jiang Yan returned to his single flat.

He had come back quietly.

After all, after Jiang Ping had arrived, he had to live at school, squeeze into a bed with his little brother, and put up with his little brother's snoring at night.

But to Jiang Yan's surprise, his mother was not there.

He turned around, opened the fridge and found a plate of scrambled eggs with tomatoes in the fridge.

Jiang Ping was a good cook, but Jiang Ren couldn't eat it a few times because Ling Chonglou said it was his wife's cooking and his son couldn't eat it.

Jiang Yan warmed up the dish and ate it with the rice.

At this time he received a call from Jiang Ping.

Generally speaking, whenever his mother called, she would begin with a sentence like this –

Jiang Yan, I have something to say to you.

Every time, it wasn't a good thing.

The knot in Jiang Yan's throat rolled and he nervously pressed the answer button, cautiously, "Hello, Mum?"

No words were spoken over there.

Chapter 339

Not even the sound of breathing could be heard.

There was silence.

Jiang Yan put down his chopsticks, his heart felt like it was being squeezed tightly by a large hand, and called out again, "Mom?"

However, there was still no sound from the other side.

Although Jiang Yan's ears were not as good as Ling Chonglou's, they were still far better than those of ordinary people.

The slightest movement would not escape his ears.

Moreover, this call was not in line with Jiang Ping's character.

It was impossible for Jiang Ping to call him and not say anything.

Something was wrong.

After these three words popped into Jiang Yan's head, his breath caught.

Jiang Yan steadied his mind and spoke for the third time, pretending not to know anything: "Mum, say something, why do you like to scare your son every time?"

"Nothing."

Two very calm words.

It was Jiang Huaping's voice.

But Jiang Yan could clearly hear that her tone was not right.

"It's fine." Jiang Yan went on to pretend, "Thought you were going to hit me again."

The phone just hung up.

Jiang Yan quickly tapped on one of the location systems on his phone, and there was a red dot on it that kept flashing.

The red dot was a full eight hundred kilometres away from him.

This was Jiang Painting Screen's location.

The Ling Family was a very special family within the Ancient Martial World, the Ling Family didn't have old-fashioned ideas.

Other ancient martial arts families were the ones who refused to use modern high technology and hot weapons.

They believed that ancient martial artists were already strong enough and did not need these things to strengthen themselves, so they also laid down strict rules.

If any family member was found to have used high-tech products that were not on the family's list, they were punished.

But not for the Ling family, Ling Chonglou had specially equipped the family members with firearms.

Although ancient martial artists were able to stop even bullets after their internal energy had been cultivated to a certain level.

But there is a word for a hundred secrets and no one knows if an accident will happen.

An extra safeguard can sometimes save lives.

Jiang Yan didn't think about anything else, he grabbed his jacket and rushed out of the flat.

It was better not to be afraid of one thing than another.

Jiang Ping had no way of practising ancient martial arts, and Ling Chonglou was so worried about this that he could only give her the best weapons as well as an escort.

There were two guards in total, but their strength could definitely be ranked in the top ten in the entire Ling family.

It was reasonable to say that outside the ancient martial arts world, if an ordinary person had any malicious intent towards Jiang Ping, they wouldn't even be able to get close to her before being knocked out by her guards.

Jiang Yan doubted that it could be the Ling family's arch rival clan coming to Shanghai City.

If it was the same ancient martial arts family, it did have the ability to lay hands on Jiang Ping.

He looked up what was 800 kilometres away.

It was a small city called "South City".

When Jiang Ren was about to book a flight, he found that there were no flights from Shanghai to Nancheng, not even a high-speed train.

The only train was an ordinary one, and it took 18 hours to travel.

Jiang Yan was so anxious that he called Xiu Yu and asked her to borrow her racing car.

He didn't tell Xiu Yu that he suspected something had happened to Jiang Ping, only that he was trying to escape his father's pursuit.

Jiang Yan started the car and began to run at breakneck speed.

Hopefully, nothing would happen to it.

**

At this time, South City.

In that rented house.

“Jiang Painting Ping.” Ye Su-He held a gun in her hand, pointing at the flag-robed woman’s forehead heart, coldly, “I also let you make the call, now, you turn your phone off and throw it over.”

Jiang Painting Ping sat on the chair, gently glanced at Ye Su He, and without saying anything, she threw the phone in her hand.

After Ye Suhe took it, she picked up another piece of hemp rope and tied Jiang Hao Ping’s arms as well.

Only after she confirmed that Jiang Painting Ping could not break free did she feel relieved.

“Jiang Painting Screen, you are really kind.” Ye Suhe sat down opposite Jiang Painting Screen, spinning her phone before casually throwing it into the fish tank next to her, shaking her head, “Surely you’re just like your mother, so kind that you would throw your own life away too.”

She smiled with a touch of contempt, “How dare you come to see me alone, you say? Is it true that you think I won’t do anything to you?”

Jiang Ping did not speak.

“But I’m also a man of my word, so since you’ve come alone, I’ll tell you everything.” Ye Su He admired her downcast appearance for a moment and spoke, “You may not know that it was actually your mother who brought me to the Jiang family back then.”

“I was begging on the side of the road, and when she saw my pity, she took me away and bought me new clothes and food, saying that she would sponsor me to school in the future.”

The last Mrs Jiang was a truly famous woman who had always helped out-of-school children and widows and orphans.

Jiang Ping was also well aware of this.

“Unfortunately, ah, she doesn’t know that she is leading the wolf into the house.” Ye Suhe was faint, “How is just going to school enough? I’ve seen how powerful the Jiang family is, so naturally I want more too.”

“You may not know this, but I am an ancient doctor of sorts.”

When she said the word “ancient doctor”, Ye Suhe was proud of herself.

And sure enough, Jiang Ping’s expression fluctuated: “Ancient doctor?”

“I gave your father the medicine.” Ye Su He smiled, “It’s the kind of medicine that can destroy nerves bit by bit, have you ever heard of frontal lobotomy? Your father will end up like that, no different from the walking dead.”

Jiang Ping naturally knew about frontal lobotomies.

Each hemisphere of the brain was divided into four lobes, and the frontal lobe took up a third of the volume.

Once the frontal lobes were removed, a person would lose many of their functions and their original personality.

The only thing that can be done like a normal person is breathing.

This procedure was once used on psychiatric patients who were difficult to discipline.

The frontal lobotomy was only abolished when the relevant legal provisions came out later.

Jiang Zheping guessed that Ye Suhe had moved something on Master Jiang, but did not expect it to be like this.

Her eyes chilled down and she looked at Ye Su-He coldly.

“Are you very angry? Ah, of course, of course you should be angry.” Ye Su He laughed, “Who made you ordinary people, none of you have ever heard of the word ancient medicine, even if your father went to the hospital for regular checkups, he wouldn’t be able to find out what those medicines I put down were.”

That scented bag could be found out because it was the herbs inside.

“I destroyed his spirit bit by bit, and then deliberately let your mother see me with your father.” Ye Su He walked to Jiang Ping’s side, her voice was soft word by word, “Your mother was already in poor health at that time, and she was deeply in love with your father’s luan friends, so naturally she couldn’t bear the blow and died of illness not long after.”

“I also married your father as a matter of course, and became the main mother of the Jiang family.”

“Of course, your father was old and bony at that time, so how could I really commit myself to him, and Moyuan, indeed, was my son with someone else.”

“But your father didn’t know that, and I forced him to make a will, giving the Jiang Group to Mo Yuan so that you wouldn’t get any shares at all.”

“But to my surprise, your father returned to his senses before he died.” Ye Su He let out a soft sigh, “Do you know what his last words were?”

“He asked me to let you and Jiang Chengjun go, and he could give me all of Jiang’s group.”

A heartbreaking sentence.

Jiang Painting Screen closed her eyes.

She had hated Elder Jiang for over ten years.

But before he died, Master Jiang’s only wish was for her and Jiang Chengjun.

“But don’t expect me to let you go, I love to see you magnates on your knees begging me.” Ye Suhe smiled, “You still have one more night to live, cherish the time you have left, Jiang Painting Screen.”

**

Downtown, inside a flat.

Ying Tianru woke up with a jolt.

Sweat gurgled down his forehead, soaking through his clothes and pillow.

He glanced at the time. It was six in the morning, not even dawn.

He washed his face, dressed quickly and immediately drove to the Wen family's neighbourhood.

Twenty minutes later, Ying Tianliu arrived at the door with a gasp and rang the doorbell.

There was no movement, so he rang again.

A few dozen seconds later, footsteps sounded and the door was opened.

When he saw the girl, Ying Tianlv breathed a sigh of relief.

Ying stood in the doorway, her arms wrapped around her, her eyebrows sparse: "You should be glad that I got up early today."

She had always had a bad wake-up call, which no one could cure.

If anyone forced to call her, they were to be beaten.

"Sorry." Ying Tianru, however, smiled, relieved, "But it's good that you're okay."

Ying Tianli raised her eyes.

She noticed that Ying Tianliu's shirt was wrongly buttoned several times.

This was almost impossible with Ying Tianliu, who was always strict and meticulous.

"Ziggy, listen to me." Ying Tianru calmed his breathing for a moment before speaking, "Although you may not believe it, it is indeed very metaphysical and mysterious, I dreamt--"

He clenched his fingers and paused, "I dreamt last night that you died on the operating table when you were donating blood to Ying Luwei."

Chapter 340

Ying Tianru did not feel that this was a daydream.

He only wished that Ying Ziji was well and that he could make up for the seventeen years of suffering she had endured.

Of course, this was only a luxury.

The damage that had been done could not be undone.

He could only do his best.

But the dream he had yesterday was so real that it scared him.

Hearing this, Ying Zidian's phoenix eyes narrowed slightly.

She opened the door and let Ying Tianru in.

Ying Ziji walked to the table, poured two glasses of water and handed one of them to Ying Tianru: "This dream of yours is quite interesting, tell me more about it."

"Hoo" Ying Tianru finished the glass of water, his heart was still beating like crazy, he whispered, "This dream was very real, Ying Luwei had a car accident, lost a lot of blood and needed you to donate blood to her."

"They took you into the operating room by force and gave you anesthetic, I even saw how the tubes were inserted inside your body, drawing your blood."

"Your body was very weak, but they didn't care, you just died, and I saw after you died, Ying Luwei hugged Jiang Moyuan and laughed happily, saying that you-"

Ying Tianru spoke with difficulty, the ends of his eyes were red: "That it was good that you were dead, finally no one would bother them."

He had slept for eight hours, but the dream seemed like years had passed.

He wanted to wake up several times, but there was no way, as if an invisible force was pushing him to see everything through.

After a long, long silence, Ying Ziji's voice was light: "This is not a dream."

This was the original future.

If she was still in a deep sleep, her consciousness had not awakened and her strength had not been restored, the outcome would inevitably be like this.

It was just that she could not calculate her future.

Ying Ziji looked at Ying Tianru and her eyes moved, "Hold out your hand for me to see."

Ying Tianru was stunned, not understanding, but he put his hand out anyway.

Ying Tianliu looked down at it.

Ying Tianru didn't have the gift of trigonometry, but he had dreamt of her original future.

Could it be that it was just because of blood induction?

Between relatives, it was possible to have such magical dreams.

Yu Xuesheng had told her about a case like this.

When he was abroad, he had treated a patient.

That patient had been stabbed 32 times by a gangster on the road and it was too late to save him when he was brought to the hospital.

But in the end, he pulled through.

He said he dreamt that there were many people trying to drag him to a place, but his mother, who had already died, was on her knees begging them not to take him away.

There are indeed many things in this world that science cannot explain.

“Sorry to have scared you.” After finishing his second glass of water, Ying Tianru finally slowed down and he pinched his brow, “Ziggy, just think of it as a story I told you, don’t take it to heart.”

It was only a dream after all.

“You rest here for a while.” Ying Zidian stood up, “I’m going to school.”

“I don’t need to rest.” After that nightmare, Ying Tianru was really afraid that something would happen to her, “I’ll take you.”

Ying Ziyi didn’t refuse, she put on her school jacket and walked out.

**

On the other side.

At seven o’clock, Jiang Yan finally arrived at South City.

He took another look at the red dot on the positioning system and followed the route over to a very dilapidated building outside.

But he didn’t break in straight away, instead he squatted in the place he had found outside.

The fact that the red dot was still there was proof that Jiang Ping’s life was not yet in danger.

Jiang Ren knew that if he rushed in, he was probably going to give the other side a double kill.

He lay down in the grass and called the Ling family’s side.

**

At this time, inside the rental house.

Ye Su He slept up and went to supervise Jiang Ping again.

She was waiting for someone.

When that person came, she was able to make her move.

Although she was an ancient doctor, she had not learnt it well and could not even manage how to do the essence treatment of those ancient medicinal materials.

That person was even more cautious than she was, and would not show himself until the moment of truth.

The door was knocked at that moment.

Ye Su He looked revived and quickly went over to open the door.

The person who came in was an older woman with grey hair and cloudy eyes, but not without sharpness.

Ye Su-He was respectful and bowed to her, “Teacher.”

This was the teacher who had once taught her ancient medicine, Shi Fengyi.

To say that she was a teacher was not quite true, Shi Fengyi had only taught her for a month, after which she had hastily disappeared.

Shi Fengyi herself said it was because she had done a lot of bad things, the ancient medicine community was looking for her, and she couldn't stay in one place forever.

"That's her?" Shi Fengyi's eyes fell on Jiang Painting Ping's body and she hummed lightly, "You do know how to choose your targets."

Even though Jiang Painting Screen already had a son as big as Jiang Yan, she still looked beautiful as if she hadn't been baptized by the years.

"It's still the teacher who taught me well." Ye Suhe bowed again, "Don't worry teacher, after success, there is no need to worry about money."

Only then did Shi Fengyi reveal a satisfied smile, "That's good."

Jiang Ping looked at Shi Fengyi and wrinkled her brows.

"This is my teacher, she's a very powerful ancient doctor, she's even able to pluck off the skin of her face and replace it, so I'm going to let you in to cover for Mo Yuan." Ye Su He walked over, her fingers brushing her face, "And then, I'm going to live through your identity."

Jiang Huaping's expression changed abruptly.

"Didn't you say that you had a husband and a son and couldn't look at Jiang's group? And you're using this to show me off and stimulate me?" Ye Su-He sneered, "Then just try you have nothing."

"But whether your son will live or not is the question, there is no way I will let him threaten me, I am most at hand when dealing with children."

Ye Suhe had always been careful, and after she investigated for a few days, she was reassured after confirming that Jiang Ping's husband's family really wasn't a top big family.

But even if it was a top family, she still had a way to impersonate Jiang Ping to get in.

When the time came, she would do as she did and seek to take over another family's property, just like she did with Jiang's old man.

"Alright, too much talk is going to happen." Shi Fengyi, however, did not want to say anything superfluous, "Put her under anesthesia first."

Ye Suhe also realised that she was too excited, she picked up the prepared syringe and walked over towards Jiang Huaping.

However, there was no fear on Jiang Huping's face.

She slowly let out a breath as she said softly, "Finally, it's out."

Ye Su-He's hand was still holding the syringe, and the next second her wrist was snapped and her arm was twisted behind her back.

The sudden pain caused Ye Su-He to let out a scream.

“Sister, although I don’t know ancient martial arts, I haven’t learnt fighting skills badly.” Jiang Ping smiled, “I certainly don’t think you can do anything to me, because you don’t have that ability, understand?”

Not to mention Ye Suhe, even Shi Fengyi didn’t expect Jiang Ping to be able to break free from the twine.

The most important thing was that she mentioned the word “ancient martial arts”.

Except for ancient martial artists and those who communicated with the ancient martial arts community, ordinary people would not know about ancient martial arts at all.

Shi Feng Yi’s face changed again and again before she suddenly let out a laugh, “You still know about ancient martial arts? If you knew ancient martial arts, I wouldn’t have said anything, but you don’t, or did you bring an ancient martial artist with you?”

With a movement in her hand, Jiang Ping dropped Ye Su He to the ground.

She stepped on Ye Suhe’s shoulder with one foot, “What a good guess.”

Before Shi Fengyi could react, there were two more people inside the rental house.

These two people were the guards that Ling Chonglou had sent to protect Jiang Painting Ping.

Shi Fengyi also naturally saw the markings on the guards and could not help but be a little more scrupulous: “The Ling Family.”

The ancient martial world and the ancient medical world were connected, and news was exchanged quickly.

She couldn’t let these two ancient martial artists leave, or those elders from the Ancient Medicine Realm would definitely bring her back to be punished.

Within the Ancient Martial World, the Ling Family was not the most powerful family.

Against two ancient martial artists, Shi Fengyi was confident.

Shi Fengyi could still be calm, but Ye Suhe was panicking.

What was going on?

Jiang Ping was an ordinary person, why was there an ancient martial artist around?

“Shi Fengyi, I advise you better stop.” At this moment, a low male voice rang out, “Stop now, and you can still stay alive.”

The voice came from the doorway.

It was a man in his forties, with a handsome face, extremely charming as a mature man, and an atmosphere that showed all over his body.

“Another ancient martial artist?” Shi Fengyi’s eyes shot a glance at the man with disdain, “It’s useless to come back again and make me stop, you think you’re the head of the Ling family?”

Although she had fled the ancient medical community, her status was not low even before she could.

A few ordinary ancient martial artists, and they wanted to order her around?

Don’t know how high the sky is.

Shi Fengyi didn’t even put these three ancient martial artists in her eyes, her hand had already squeezed three silver needles and was ready to make her move.

And just then, the two guards who were guarding Jiang Huaping’s side knelt down to the man, respectful.

“Ling Shan.”

“Ling Shuang.”

“Greetings to the family head.