

Boss Lady Chapter 41-42

Chapter 41

The slap carried the wind and was obviously used with great force.

The Director of Moral Education was completely unprepared and was startled: "Mrs. Ying, if you have something to say, don't hit the child."

Zhong Manhua was used to going it alone, so how could she listen.

"Slap."

The slap fell, and it hurt to hear it.

But the person who was hit was not Ying Zigu.

Zhong Manhua looked at Zhong Zhiyan, who had met her slap, and was baffled: "Evening?"

Ying Ziji released Zhong Zhiyan's shoulder without any delay: "Sorry, my hand slipped."

Zhong Manhua didn't hold back with that slap, and Zhong Zhiyan was directly dazed.

Her eyes were in tears from the pain, and her ears were buzzing.

"Are you okay?" Xiu Yu was incredulous, "Is this really your mother?"

"No." Ying Ziji lowered her voice in a laugh, quite indifferent, "Adopted."

“Evening” Zhong Manhua panicked for a few moments, “Auntie didn’t mean it, auntie apologizes to you.”

“No, it’s okay.” Zhong Zhiyan had trouble speaking, and when she opened her mouth, more tears flowed.

She couldn’t hold back and ran away, covering her face.

“How dare you hide?” Zhong Manhua was instantly enraged, “Even if you’re hiding, how dare you pull her out of the way? Is this how I discipline you?”

“I say, Big Mother, you’re really funny.” Xiu Yu stepped forward and blocked in front of the girl, snickering, “You are not born and raised, where do you get the face to talk about discipline?”

“Dogs even know to go into the water to save puppies, you come up and hit people, really people are worse than dogs.”

“How come I didn’t” Zhong Manhua was just about to retort when her words stopped.

Not bad.

To outsiders, Ying Ziji was just an adopted daughter.

If her own daughter was so bad, she would only lose face if word got out.

“It’s only right for parents to beat their children.” Zhong Manhua laughed scornfully, “Who are you to meddle in the family affairs of the Ying family?”

“Boom!”

As soon as the words left her mouth, a mineral water bottle flew directly past Zhong Manhua's face, scaring her so much that she collapsed on the sofa with a weak leg.

Xiu Yu froze.

Was she being covered by her father?

Ying Ziyi looked up, with little expression: "Keep your mouth shut."

Zhong Manhua couldn't believe that Ying Ziji dared to do anything to her.

Anger, sadness and grievance all came to her in an instant, her eyes red: "Who am I doing this for? I did it for you, didn't I? Do you know how much the Ying family has to pay because you beat someone up?"

Only then did Xiu Yu realise what Zhong Manhua was here for and laughed in exasperation.

"This way." She handed the phone back to the moral education director, "Then let's call Jiang Yan's parents now and see if he really wants Ying's father to apologise to him."

The moral education director, who had come back to his senses, was busy taking it, and there was already a number dialed on it.

He looked shaken and didn't have time to think about how Xiu Yu had the phone number of Jiang Yan's parents, he was busy speaking, "Hello, how are you"

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Jiang Yan returned to his single flat.

With a band-aid on his face and a stinky expression, he kicked open the door.

As a result, as soon as he entered, he was confronted with a miserable white face with two thieving, ghostly eyes.

Jiang Yan was almost scared to death, and when he looked clearly, he froze: "Mum?"

The apparition was the masked Ms. Jiang Jiang Painting, who at the moment gave him a sly look, "How many times have I said, I'm still young, call me sister."

Jiang Yan: "..... Mom, can you stop being so scary?"

He had suffered serious injuries both physically and mentally today, and his mother had added insult to injury.

Ms. Jiang was high strung: "Oh, I can't."

"....."

Jiang Yan gave up, he was ready to bore himself to sleep and forget the shame of the day.

Before he could move, he heard Jiang Pao Ping speak, "Beaten up?"

Jiang Yan's back instantly tensed: "Mom, how do you know?"

"The phone called me here." Jiang Ping shook her phone, "Ugh, you really like to spoil your mother's good times."

After a pause, she pondered, "The phone said that the one who called you was still a girl?"

“..... Yes.” Jiang Yan didn’t even want to admit it, and in his heart he hated the person who had told his mother about it.

Jiang Ping applauded happily, “Well played.”

Jiang Yan: “?????”

His own mother?

“I’ve long wanted someone who could take care of this brat of yours.” Jiang Ping took off her mask, “I’ve waited until now.”

“Mum!” Jiang Gas was mad, “Can you cut the crap?”

“Tsk, what else can I say, you’re such a rookie.” Jiang Painting Ping got up, “Let’s go.”

Jiang Yan was stunned, “Where to?”

“School.” Ms Jiang elegantly lifted her bag, “I’m going to thank someone else’s little girl for helping me discipline my son.”

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“Mrs. Ying, Ms. Jiang will be here soon.” The moral education director didn’t have a good feeling about Zhong Manhua at all, “You two sides of the matter talk it over.”

He really had never seen such a parent, although he was known as the exterminator for catching early love, but how could he ever hit on the hand?

“What’s there to talk about?” Zhong Manhua was furious with shame, she didn’t want to make a big deal out of it at all and was about to go and pull the girl’s hand, “Ying Zigui, come with me to the Jiang family to apologise.”

Xiu Yu instantly took out a small wolf tooth stick from behind his back, “What for?”

Zhong Manhua was stunned.

Moral Education Director: “???”

This could even be brought to school?

Did he have any regard for him?

Zhong Manhua was about to get angry when the housekeeper waiting outside the office suddenly pushed open the door, very eager: “Madam, Ms Jiang has arrived.”

“Ying Ziyi, you’ve done a good deed, and you have to make people come to ask for punishment in person, isn’t that embarrassing enough!” Zhong Manhua’s face was sullen and angry enough, “Get up immediately and apologise to me!”

The door opened and the woman in the cheongsam walked in.

Zhong Manhua was busy getting up, ashamed, “Hello, it’s my fault for not disciplining the children, please

Jiang Painting Ping walked straight past.

Zhong Manhua stiffened.

Jiang Painting Screen came to the girl and took her hand in hers: "Little Miss Ying Zigui, right? Thank you so much, please beat him up more in the future, so that he knows the dangers of the world."

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Followed by Jiang Yan: "....."

F*ck, is he his own son or not?

It was only then that Jiang Zheping realised that the little girl looked simply stunning, and couldn't help but pinch her white and pink face, "Hey, auntie was too excited, didn't that scare you?"

Ying Ziji shook her head slightly and politely said hello.

Xiu Yu put away the simulated wolf tooth stick and was quite surprised, "Sister Painting Screen, why are you here in person?"

"Just happened to be back." Jiang Painting Ping was overjoyed, "Little Yu is so good."

Jiang Yan: "....."

Finally, he knew why his mother always told him to call her sister, so he was spoiled.

Jiang Yan's expression became even stinkier, and his body exuded the aura of "I'm not happy".

The Director of Moral Education looked bewildered.

Zhong Manhua, however, froze in place, her face flushed with shame and her lips trembled.

She only felt an unprecedented embarrassment, as if her whole body's blood was flowing backwards, and her back was on a thorn.

The Jiang family actually did not come to be accountable?

And to express gratitude?

Only then did Jiang Painting Screen turn her head, "Madam Ying, right, what do you want to talk to me about?"

Zhong Manhua naturally knew Jiang Painting Screen.

Jiang Painting Screen was of the same generation as her and was Jiang Moyuan's second sister, but had left for the imperial capital when she was five years old.

After she married, she had even left all the famous dames in Shanghai behind.

Zhong Manhua had never been able to tolerate people falling on her face and hitting her in the face.

But this person was Jiang Ping, and she didn't even have the qualifications to be angry.

"It's not that much." Zhong Manhua took a deep breath and forced a smile, "It's just that I heard that the children got into a fight at school, so I'm sorry to make you come more than once."

"Wow, Big Mother, your face is changing so quickly." Xiu Yu was surprised, "Didn't you just force Ying's father to go to Jiang's house to apologise and hit someone, but now it's not a problem?"

Zhong Manhua's face turned red, but her eyes were stern: "Why should children interfere when adults are talking?"

Jiang Ping stopped laughing and looked lighter: "Mrs. Ying, don't you know that my son was beaten up because he stopped the little girl from entering the class today?"

"This matter, it was my son's fault in the first place, he was the one who initiated the fight, why do you want your daughter to apologise?"

The questioning was unrelenting.

Zhong Manhua's expression stalled and her temper immediately weakened: "Dickey, why didn't you tell your mother earlier?"

Ying Zidian raised her eyes, her expression indifferent: "Nonsense."

She thanked Jiang Ping and then pushed the door open and left.

"What Ying Dad means is that saying one more word to you is nonsense." Xiu Yu snorted coldly, "Sister Painting Screen, we're leaving."

Jiang Painting Screen waved her hand with a smile and spoke again lightly, "Madam Ying, although it doesn't hurt if it's not your own child, you don't have to treat it as an enemy, do you think?"

Zhong Manhua's face hurt hotly: "Yes, yes"

Jiang Yan finally understood, he sneered, "Who needs to apologize? Mind your own business."

He was a big man, it wasn't like he couldn't afford to lose.

Being so sarcastic by the junior, Zhong Manhua was even more shameless and hurriedly left with his bag.

Jiang Yan was irritated: "Mum, you haven't said why you've come back."

“The Dream Family has developed a new medicine over there, and Mum has brought you a copy.” Jiang Zheping patted his shoulder, “Imperial City is too chaotic now, you should stay in Shanghai.”

Jiang Yan responded absentmindedly, his mind racing with thoughts.

It seemed that this transfer student seemed to be having a pretty miserable time, tsk, so he'd treat her better in the future for the sake of her fluke beating him once.

**

Six o'clock, outside the school gate.

Nie Chao was drowsy in the back seat.

It wasn't until the car door was opened that he woke up with a start to see the girl sitting in the passenger seat, “Here's your sister.”

Ying Zidian turned around and raised his eyebrows, “Is your injury healed?”

“Big Brother, you're so divine.” Speaking of this, Nie Chao got excited, “Do you really know how to tell fortunes, can you help me see when I'll find true love?”

“Nie Chao.”

The man's lazy voice came from the front, a point of warning in the scatteredness.

“Seventh young man, I'm just asking.” Nie Chao scratched his head, “It's not that I'm curious.”

“Oh, no.” Ying Zidian leaned against the window and propped his head up, his eyebrows sparse, “I’m just talking to scare you.”

Nie Chao: “.....”

That’s true, probably just a coincidence.

But how come his sister isn’t so soft on him?

Fu Yunshen gave Ying Zidian a bag of chocolate beans before starting the car.

Half an hour later, the car pulled up in front of Shao Ren Hospital.

“There’s no need to wait for me.” Ying Ziyi got out of the car and put on her school bag, “You go about your business, I’ll go back by myself.”

“Mm.” Fu Yunshen didn’t say much, he raised his hand and rubbed her head, “Be safe, call brother if you need anything.”

Ying Ziyi didn’t mind either, she straightened her hair and nodded before turning around and walking towards the hospital gate.

This Shao Ren hospital that Mu Heqing had given her was a purely Chinese medicine hospital with a history of twenty years, and its reputation was no less than that of the First Hospital.

However, because of the rise of Western medicine in recent years, fewer and fewer people came to see Chinese doctors.

Ying Ziyi scanned the major consultation rooms in the hospital and did a little calculation.

After she had a number in mind, she went straight to the chief of internal medicine's office and raised her hand to knock on the door.

"Come in."

The voice carried the majesty of someone who had been in a high position for a long time.

The door opened and the head of internal medicine looked up and frowned.

He had been informed that a parachuted specialist would be coming over at this time.

He had hated the act of going through the back door, but he hadn't expected it to be just a little girl?

He guessed he couldn't even tell the difference between the two herbs, Angelica and Dulcimer, and he had the nerve to put up the name of a specialist and collect idle money.

The chief of internal medicine snorted, not even bothering to put on a polite expression.

He took out a file bag and threw it on the table, "Yours, take it."

Ying Ziji opened it and flipped through it casually, taking a quick glance at it, quickly finishing it and throwing it back.

He was about to say, "Go away if you have nothing to do," when the closed door suddenly burst open.

A nurse ran in, panting, and said anxiously, "Chief, the patient in bed 17 is in deep shock!"

The chief of internal medicine's face changed dramatically, "I'm on my way."

He didn't care about what Mu Cheng had explained and left the girl in a hurry.

Ying Ziji's eyes moved slightly as she walked over without panic.

Inside the ward in front of them.

The patient's acupuncture points were all filled with needles, but her breathing was still almost non-existent.

Several doctors were at their wits' end: "What should we do, chief?"

"Notify the family first." The chief of internal medicine gradually calmed down, "It's a miracle that he's survived this long, it's only to be expected that he won't be saved."

However, as if to slap him in the face, three words rang out from the ward.

"It can be saved."

The doctors turned around and all froze.

The head of internal medicine, already anxious, surged with anger at the sight of someone else coming to add to the mess: "Save? Fine, how do you want to save it?"

Ying Zidian just looked at it and faintly: "Golden needle to cross the acupuncture point."

"Golden needle crossing **** The head of the department was furious, "What do you know about golden needle crossing?"

This is a needle technique recorded in an ancient book, more than two hundred years ago, it has become a legend, how can anyone know it?

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Chapter 43

The head of internal medicine certainly knows about the Golden Needle Crossing point.

Golden Needle Acupuncture is not really Chinese medicine, it is ancient medicine.

It is an ancient medical practice in which the user incorporates internal energy into the golden needles to open up the acupuncture points of the patient.

However, only ancient martial artists have internal energy in their bodies, so those who know ancient medicine must know ancient martial arts.

But ordinary people simply do not know that the ancient medicine and ancient martial arts communities exist.

“Don’t think you can come out and show off just because you’ve read a few books.” The chief of internal medicine snorted, “Fine, even if there really is a golden needle to cross the acupuncture point, you would?”

Just as the words left his mouth, a golden light flashed before his eyes.

It was a long box full of gold needles of different sizes.

Ying Zidian pinched up the golden needles and began to sterilize them with alcohol.

“There are really gold needles?” The chief of internal medicine froze, then snorted, “Good, then you’ll treat it.”

The attending physician was stunned, “Chief, how can this be done?”

There was nothing they could do, what could a little girl do?

“Let her treat it.” The chief of internal medicine waved his hand in contempt, “If she can cure it, I’ll resign on the spot.”

This patient was dying anyway, and he was using it just so he could get rid of the titular specialist.

When she cured the patient, he would not be the one to be held accountable.

The other doctors couldn’t say anything, but stood by.

They just watched as the girl pinched up a three-inch long golden needle and stabbed it directly into the Shen Ting acupuncture point on the patient’s head, their hearts jumping a few notches.

Was this really not killing?

Without moving her eyebrows, Ying Zidian raised her hand calmly, this time directly stabbing three golden needles at the same time.

Her hand was so fast that outsiders could not see how she did it.

Only after nine needles had been inserted into the patient’s body did Ying Ziji take a step back and flick her finger on the most central needle.

The nine golden needles actually trembled slightly!

The doctor and the nurse could not help but widen their eyes.

The head of the internal medicine department still looked on with cold eyes.

Thirty seconds later, the golden needles stopped trembling.

Ying Ziji removed the golden needle, re-sterilised it and put it back into the long box, "It's done."

"This is called cured?" The head of the internal medicine department pointed at the patient on the bed, who was still breathing more out than in, and snorted coldly, "Open your eyes and talk nonsense! Did you call the family?"

The nurse stammered, "Yes, yes."

"I'll go to the dean's office first." The head of internal medicine glanced at his watch, "You are here—"

The words that followed were not yet finished.

"Drip, drip, drip!"

The ECG machine suddenly went off.

The nurse shouted in surprise, "Heartbeat, the patient has a heartbeat!"

The head of internal medicine's steps lurched and jerked back.

It was unbelievable to see that the ECG, which was all but a straight line, had risen and fallen again.

Before he could get back to his senses, the sound of the patient's painful cough came to his ears.

Awake!

At once, several doctors looked at the girl differently.

At such a young age, her medical skills were so high?

The chief of internal medicine's face turned red.

And it was really cured?

Then wouldn't what he had just said be a slap in his own face?

As if she could see through his thoughts, Ying Ziji raised her eyelashes: "You don't have to resign."

The burning red on the chief of internal medicine's face receded slightly and he scorned: "Joke, do you think I will really resign?"

He is the backbone of Shao Ren Hospital, what will happen to Shao Ren Hospital if he leaves?

Ying Ziji looked at him lightly, "You're fired."

"Fired me?" The head of internal medicine was amused, "You're a titular specialist, it's good that I don't fire you, you think you're the hospital"

Before he could finish his sentence, an urgent voice rang out.

"Miss Ying, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm a little late coming from home, please don't mind."

Looking at the person who trotted over, the chief of internal medicine's throat clogged with surprise: "Dean?!"

The dean ignored him, wiped his sweat and bowed to the girl, "Miss Ying, it's such a bother for you, you've just arrived and you have to clean up our mess."

The head of the internal medicine department's brain buzzed for a moment: "....."

"It's alright." Ying handed the phone to the dean, "The people on the list, deal with them all."

The dean looked at the message on his phone and blushed, "Okay, you've worked hard, can you send me a copy of these?"

Ying nodded, took his phone back and walked out.

The head of internal medicine was still in shock, his ears buzzing.

"It's none of your business, don't fret." The dean waved towards the doctor and nurse, "Check on the patient."

The ward was busy again.

Only then did the head of internal medicine open his mouth, he laughed, "Dean, do you think it's funny, she actually said she was going to fire me, she doesn't know I"

"Clang!"

A phone was thrown in his face.

The dean roared, "Look what you've done!"

The head of internal medicine scrambled to take it and instantly his eyes widened and his breath caught, "Dean, I'm not"

A string of bank flows on top of the screen, ranging from a small hundred thousand to a million.

It was a record of bribery and embezzlement.

“How dare you embezzle the public’s money?” The dean sneered and interrupted him, “Five million, enough for you to eat a lawsuit, wait for the court’s summons!”

After saying that, he left the ward without looking back.

The head of the internal medicine department fell to the floor with a thud, his face pale and sweating coldly.

It was over, he was completely finished.

**

Qingzhi First Middle School.

Class 19, Senior 2.

The third class today was biology, but five minutes had passed since the bell rang and the teacher hadn’t come yet.

Jiang Yan kicked the stool of his little brother beside him, his voice pressed with dryness, “Go and see what’s going on.”

The little brother answered and quickly went out.

Three minutes later, the little brother came back with an indignant expression.

“What?” Xiu Yu was fixing his eyebrows when he looked up at the sound, “Old demon woman Bai is hospitalised?”

“No.” Little Brother glanced at the girl next to Xiu Yu and stammered, “Old Demon Lady Bai she said, as long as Ying Dad is in our class for one day, don’t try to get her to come back to class.”

“.....”

The whole class was silent for a moment.

Ying Ziji raised his eyebrows, “Old Evil White?”

“It’s our biology teacher.” Xiu Yu tsked, “She often scolds people, that’s what we call her, but Ying Dad, how did you offend her?”

Ying Ziji flipped through his book, “Never heard of her.”

Xiu Yu rubbed his chin, “That’s strange, what is she doing against you?”

“I told her to get lost if she didn’t come to class.” Jiang Yan sneered, “You really think anyone wants to listen to her class?”

Threatening?

What the hell.

“But, but,” the little brother was in a difficult position, “Brother Yan, there are still students in our class who listen well.”

Some of the students from poor families with average grades were stuffed into their classes.

They couldn't squander their futures like the children of rich families.

Jiang Yan gave a start and squeezed his mineral water bottle tightly.

"It's fine, it's fine." Hearing this, several students in the front row waved their hands, all friendly, "We can ask the next class to borrow notes."

"How would that work?" Jiang Yan frowned as he kicked the table away and headed out with a cold face, "I'll go find the headmaster."

"No need to go." Ying threw the finished can of coke into the bin and took out Biology elective three from the drawer, "It's just biology, I'll give it to you."

Chapter 44

"....."

There was another silence in the class.

Xiu Yu almost cut off his eyebrows, and then steadied himself, "Ying Dad, you're not kidding, right?"

Isn't their father, Ying, a proper academic scum?

Ying Zidian got up, his tone casual but serious: "No."

"Your book is newer than mine."

"I've just finished it."

Xiu Yu: “.....”

Not bad for you, Ying Dad.

Just as the class was very confused, the girl carried her book and walked slowly up to the podium.

She rolled up her school uniform sleeve and reached for a piece of chalk.

“Let’s start with genetic engineering.” Ying turned around and drew a circle on the blackboard, “This is a circular dna, this dna has one to more cut points on it that can be broken with restriction nucleases.”

“Restriction enzymes are generally divided into three categories.” As she talks, she writes the key points in chalk, “The book only gives us two types, now to distinguish them”

As they listened, the students were shocked.

“Crap!” Little brother was already dumbfounded listening, “Brother Burn, Ying Dad, she really knows how to lecture.”

Moreover, he, a person who didn’t study, could understand even listening like this, god!

Jiang Yan’s eyebrows twitched and he sat back down. He still had that impatient look, but his eyes never left the blackboard.

“Genetic engineering is actually the creation of new types of organisms that we need, the insect-resistant cotton flower that you know is an application of genetic engineering, besides, there are these.”

Ying Ziyi turned sideways and drew with his hands.

Jiang Yan was unaware of it and was fascinated.

When he came back to his senses, his face darkened and he was so angry that his school uniform covered him and he slumped down on the table and shut himself up.

F*ck, what kind of pervert was this, a great fighter and a lecturer?

The class was silent, only the sound of pens rubbing against their books.

A class of forty-five minutes has never gone by so fast.

After the class was over, the class went crazy and all gathered around.

“Ying Dad, I’m convinced, from today onwards, you’re my dad.”

“Dad is dad, the lecture is much better than Old Evil White, who spent half of the class cursing.”

“I beg that every biology class will be taught by Ying Dad from now on. As long as he dares to teach, I will be in the top ten of the school in biology.”

“Come on, even Ying daddy can’t save your IQ, can you compete with those perverts in Talent class?”

“Well, there are still things you guys don’t understand -” Ying Zidian paused, remembered something and changed his mind, “work it out yourselves.”

“Pfft!” Xiu Yu choked with laughter, “Hear that, don’t disturb your father’s sleep.”

The students dispersed with glee.

Xiu Yu handed over the washed strawberries, “Tell the truth, what is it that you can’t do?”

Ying Ziji leaned back in his chair, not being modest at all: "Academics, basically."

Xiu Yu pointed to Physics elective 3-1: "What about this?"

Ying Zidian looked sideways, glanced at some laws about electric fields, and was silent for a moment before nodding, "Want to hear it?"

"No, no, no, I don't want to learn." Xiu Yu waved his hand and wondered, "That's not true, are you so good at everything, are those people in the Talent Class blind?"

Ying Zidian didn't answer this.

She pressed her temples and after a long time, she spat out two words, "It's fine."

The next class was PE and Xiu Yu was changing his shoes, so he asked, "Fine with what?"

Ying shook her head and tore open a bag of crisps.

Luckily she hadn't left her name behind when she was studying with those scholars in O Chau, otherwise it would have been silly to see herself in a textbook.

**

Bai Shaoshi had been sitting in her office, waiting for the students in class 19 to invite her back.

Who else but her would be happy to bring biology to Class 19?

But Bai Shaoshi sat and waited until class was over, and finally couldn't sit still.

However, before she could go to the teaching building, the door was pushed open.

Only then did Bai Shaoshi settle down and play with her nails carelessly: "What, have you made up your mind?"

She knew that they would give in.

The one who came was none other than the little brother who had run the errand earlier.

Instead of the pandering that Bai Shaoshi had expected, the little brother's face was joyful: "Teacher Bai, Brother Burn told me to tell you that you don't have to come here anymore."

Bai Shaoshi's smile froze: "What did you say?"

"You won't even have to lead lessons for us in the future." Little brother repeated again, "Brother Burn also told me to tell you that the classes you teach are a SHIT."

He also stopped looking at Bai Shaoshi and walked out while muttering, "The lecture is far worse than Ying Dad's, still have the nerve to be cross here, I poo"

Bai Shaoshi was so angry that her body trembled and her eyebrows slanted.

She knew that He Xun hated Ying Zidian, that's why she let out those words, but she didn't expect that class 19 would rather not have biology class than kick Ying Zidian out.

It was really revolting, she must report it to the headmaster.

Bai Shaoshi took out her mobile phone and was about to dial the number, but the call had already come in first.

She picked it up: "Hello, Principal."

The tone on the other end was slow: “Teacher Bai, the students from class 19 came to me just now, saying that you don’t want to take their biology class.”

Bai Shaoshi’s heart tightened and she was busy smiling, “Headmaster, it’s nothing, I’m just not feeling well.”

“I thought about it for a while, and then considering the students’ mood, I promised them you wouldn’t take Class 19’s biology in the future... Teacher Bai, please go to the biology team leader to hand over your work.”

The phone hung up.

Bai Shaoshi stared blankly at the desktop, a bit overwhelmed by the reaction.

She would lose a lot of money by taking one less class.

Qingzhi offered high salaries in order to keep good teachers.

Especially the teachers of class 19, because class 19 was very difficult to lead.

It was because of this that she volunteered to take class 19.

This student, Ying Zidian, is not good at anything and only causes trouble.

If she doesn’t teach her a lesson, she will really turn the tables.

With a cold face, Bai Shaoshi dialed another number.

**

Eleven o'clock at night.

First Hospital, the lights were on.

In the ICU intensive care ward, several specialist doctors were scrambling.

The nurses were also running around, and even the director himself had come.

The atmosphere was extremely pensive.

No one had expected that Master Fu would suddenly fall ill this night and go into a coma.

He had fallen ill in his body some years ago, and his blood pressure and blood sugar problems had all emerged in his old age.

Three years ago, the doctor had already told the Fu family to prepare themselves psychologically, but the result was that Master Fu actually lasted so long.

It can be said that it is a miracle.

The Fu family were all sitting together, waiting anxiously

Fu Yunshen was the only one standing against the wall.

It was as if he didn't fit in.

No one in the Fu family looked at him either.

Fu Yunshen looked indifferent, holding his mobile phone, a voice coming from the Bluetooth headset in his left ear.

“You found me three years ago when it was too late, this condition of your grandfather, the ancient medical community in China also has no way to save it.”

There was a pause: “Unless, you can find that One.”

Fu Yunshen naturally knew who that one was referring to.

His peach blossom eyes narrowed and he moved away from them.

“Look, what’s the use of him coming back? Grandpa is lying in there, dead or alive, and he’s still on the phone teasing women!” Seeing this, the second young master of the Fu family sneered, “Can’t it be that grandpa will wake up when he drinks a flower wine?”

Boss Lady Chapter 45-46

Chapter 45

No one can understand why Master Fu is so fond of a fop.

The Fu family is the same generation as Fu Yunshen, which one is not the pride of the sky?

The first is that the grandson of the Fu family has already stepped into the imperial capital of the noble circle, even than Fu Yunshen five or six years younger than a few of the several in the stock market a play, are tens of thousands of dollars in revenue.

The only one who is not in the market is Fu Yunshen.

Master Fu is really blind.

The second youngest Fu's voice was not small, even if Fu Yunshen was some distance away, the person on the other end of the phone heard it.

"Why are you still involved with them? I'm not saying, just the Fu family, they have the nerve to talk about you?"

If Fu Yunshen hadn't found him in time back then, would Master Fu still be able to last until now?

Fu Yunshen laughed lightly, "It's not like I'm doing it for them."

"The medicine has been sent to you, it will arrive in six hours, three months' worth of medicine."

"Why are you being generous this time?"

"I took up a reward mission to go to No Man's Land, I've been away lately."

"Okay." Fu Yunshen didn't ask any more questions, "Hang up."

"You're not in the right state lately." The person on the other end hesitated, "Adjust properly, rely on hypnotherapy, it's not a problem."

Fu Yunshen didn't say anything and looked out the window.

The lights in the operating room were still red, scarlet like a fire in the darkness.

It wasn't until 1am that the lights turned green.

A few doctors wheeled Master Fu out of the operating room with his bed and transferred him to the icu.

All of Fu's family gathered around, wanting to check on the situation.

But there were too many people, and in the end only Fu Mingcheng went in alone.

But in less than three minutes, he came out.

“Your grandfather is calling you.” Fu Mingcheng looked at his most untalented son and was quite annoyed, “Don’t stand there and look at the view.”

Fu Er Shao was incredulous, “Dad, it’s already this time and grandpa still thinks about him?”

On what grounds?

Everyone else changed their faces too.

They could only watch as Fu Yunshen went in.

In the ICU, Master Fu was still in good spirits. When he saw him coming, he beckoned from the bed, “Little Seven, come here.”

Fu Yunshen approached, bent down and tucked in the corner of his blanket: “What happened today?”

With the medicine, he shouldn’t have had an attack.

“It’s an old problem.” Master Fu didn’t think anything of it, “I’m used to it.”

“You don’t want to have this habit.” Fu Yunshen faintly raised his eyes, “I have a bad heart, I can’t stand to be scared.”

Master Fu pretended not to know: “A few days ago, old man Zhong called me.”

“You’re quite a failure at changing the subject.”

“.....”

“You’re mad at me just after I woke up, aren’t you?” Master Fu’s eyes glared, “You know what old man Zhong said to me?”

“Hmm?”

“He asked me if you were trying to abduct his granddaughter.”

Fu Yunshen was checking the hanging bottle and choked on a rare occasion, “What?”

“I think it’s okay.” Master Fu was smug, “Little Seven, listen to Grandpa, you’ll abduct his granddaughter and then piss him off so he never let me win at chess before.”

“.....” Fu Yunshen finally understood, he pressed his brow and smiled helplessly, “Grandpa, there’s no such thing, Yaoyao is still just a little girl.”

The fact that he has such a mind for a little girl, isn’t he a beast?

“Who told you to do it now? Won’t you wait for adulthood?” Elder Fu hated his iron, “Your grandfather and I already chased your grandmother when I was in high school, you brat, wasting a face for nothing.”

“If word gets out, people won’t believe you’re my grandson.”

Fu Yunshen lazily said, “My grandfather was really good, he tricked grandma with a face.”

Master Fu slapped him on the head: “Bullshit, your grandfather has real talent.”

Fu Yunshen only smiled, his eyes gentle.

“Alas, at this age, I have no more thoughts, I just want you to let me have a great-grandson in my lifetime.” The old man rambled on, “When you become a family, grandpa will be relieved

He was afraid that one day when he was gone, he, the grandson, would go crazy.

So he could only take care of him more while he was still around.

**

The matter of Master Fu being in the hospital could not be concealed, and within a few days, all of Shanghai’s gentry circle knew about it.

The old man Zhong also made a special trip to the hospital, but when he returned he just shook his head and didn’t say much.

But everyone knew that Master Fu’s days were numbered.

Ying Ziji did some calculations and knew that the illness was really quite serious.

Because there were no suitable herbs, the medicines she had made were not effective enough.

They could strengthen the body of ordinary people, but the effect of treating chronic diseases was minimal.

Without herbs, there was nothing she could do.

She needed more money.

Ying Ziji lowered her eyes and tapped on the table, "What are the channels for earning money?"

"Hm?" Xiu Yu was playing a game, "Are you short of money, Ying Dad?"

"Quite a lot."

"How much? I have some here."

"No need." Ying Zidian shook his head slightly, "I can earn it myself."

"Okay, let me think about it." Xiu Yu scratched his head, "How about you watch the live broadcast?"

Ying Zidian raised his eyebrows, "Live streaming?"

"Just this." Xiu Yu opened an app on his phone and showed it to her, "Nowadays, anchors are making quite a lot of money, there are make-up artists, game players, and big appetite eaters, you don't even have to show your face, you can sing."

Ying Ziji pondered, "I'll take a look."

Five minutes later, a freshly made account was on the Shark Live platform.

Xiu Yu was curious: "What did you choose? I can give you a hand if you choose make-up."

"It's not make-up." Ying Ziji said, taking out a pile of white paper and a pen.

These two tools made Xiu Yu very confused.

Was it hard to draw?

Immediately afterwards, Xiu Yu saw the girl unhurriedly choose a study area, then hooked up her headphones and talked about physics.

Xiu Yu: “?????”

No, who watches live streams and watches physics teaching now?

Isn't this looking for abuse?

Ying Dad, don't you smell good when you sell your face?

Xiu Yu couldn't understand, so he had to go over and watch.

This time the teaching was different from the previous lecture on biology for the whole class. Ying Ziji wrote more and only spoke a few words occasionally.

After only a few minutes, Xiu Yu realised that she couldn't understand what she was reading and was so dizzy from listening that she didn't notice that the girl had changed her voice to speak.

She steeled herself, “Ying Dad, wait, I'll swipe a gift for you, it'll draw popularity.”

The movement of the two didn't disturb the others either.

It happened to be the sophomore study session now, and quite a few people in class 19 had gone out to play football, so the class was quite empty.

He Xun was in charge of today's duty, and he came to Class 19 only after checking the other classes.

He hadn't originally expected Class 19 to study quietly, so he just stood at the back door and swept a glance.

The girl was sitting in the last row, holding her mobile phone, her posture casual and lazy.

A single back can easily capture people's attention.

He Xun's expression, however, was cold.

Last semester, when he was covering for Mr. Deng's class, he would still tell her to study hard, but now he didn't even want to talk such nonsense.

Class 19 is really a degenerate place.

He Xun was about to leave when he froze as his eyes skimmed over the draft paper on his desk.

He saw a familiar physics formula.

Chapter 46

$b=2w\text{baud}$ This is the formula for the maximum code element transmission rate for an ideal low communication channel.

A professional who cannot relate to physics, let alone understand this formula, cannot even read the Chinese terminology of this formula.

Definitely not a high school student will be able to access the formula.

He Xun froze for three seconds when he was so stunned.

Until the girl who was looking at her phone slowly raised her head.

Her pupils were bright and her eyebrows were faint.

The slanting sunlight added some coolness to the girl's facial profile, as if the clouds were turning into snow, and the ice was so dazzling.

When He Xun met this sight, he was stunned again.

Ying Zidian handed the phone to Xiu Yu and got up: "Wait for me."

Xiu Yu was recharging his phone, and looked up at the sound of her voice: "What?"

She looked over in confusion and saw He Xun standing at the back door.

When Xiu Yu was still wondering why He Xun was standing there, she saw that the girl had directly closed the back door and took out a piece of white paper and pasted it on the window of the back door.

She didn't even let He Xun show her face.

Xiu Yu: "....."

Yes, in terms of arrogance she only served Ying Dad.

Even the senior students from Norton University don't give a damn.

Ying Zidian sat down again and took her phone.

Since there was no one on the live stream yet, she was just writing.

Her handwriting is also very nice, with dragons flying and iron painting.

Xiu Yu returned to his senses, “I’ve given you a hundred rockets, it will trigger a screen meteor and users will be able to see it... Don’t be discouraged, Ying Dad, someone will definitely watch the physics live.”

“I’ll pay you back later.”

“What’s polite, I have so much money anyway, I can’t even spend it all.”

Ying Zidian, who was feeling particularly poor for the second time: “.....”

She sighed, rubbed her head and returned her gaze to her phone.

Because Xiu Yu had splashed 100,000 RMB in his bravado, the popularity of the live stream room skyrocketed.

But the people who came in were confused.

They didn’t see a face or hear a voice, but a piece of paper covered with words.

[What is the anchor writing here, why can’t I read it.]

[You can’t even read this, it’s a physics formula derived by Nyquist.]

[Nai what?]

I’ve never seen this formula work like this before.

The actual fact is that this is a great way to get a good idea of what you're doing.

I don't know what kind of academic god he is...] [No, you guys who just drifted over there, can you even understand it?

[I can't understand it, but what does it have to do with me thinking the anchor has nice hands?

This pop-up just drifted past, and the person who sent it smashed a hundred rockets.

Xiu Yu: "????"

That's all?

I don't want to listen to physics, I want to listen to chemistry.

Ying Zigui changed his position, took another piece of paper and moved his mouth: "Yes."

[When I saw the anchor write down Boltzmann's formula, I finally understood that the anchor might be a science all-rounder.

[The anchor's voice can't be heard as male or female, but it's quite nice.

It was only then that Xiu Yu remembered that the voice she had just heard was different from Ying's usual speech, but she didn't care.

She gave a thumbs up: "Ying Dad, you're really something."

If the talent class knew about it, they would probably regret it.

Just think about it.

**

In the corridor.

Being shut out directly, He Xun didn't even come back to his senses.

It was only after a few seconds that his face gradually turned cold.

Teacher Teng had also said that Ying Ziyi would have a bright future in the future, but he didn't see it, instead he felt that it was already hopeless.

"Teacher He."

A voice rang out behind him.

He Xun turned his head and his face eased up: "Student Zhong."

He had always been lenient with students who were good at their studies.

"Teacher He, you look a bit pale." Zhong Zhiyan looked at the class number and hesitated, "Is it because of your cousin's matter?"

He Xun frowned.

If Zhong Zhiyan hadn't mentioned it, he had almost forgotten about the formula he had just seen.

Now that he thought about it, it was probably because Ying Ziji had casually copied one from the internet in order to hide the fact that he was playing with his phone.

He probably didn't expect that he had copied a theorem that could only be accessed at university.

Drawing a tiger doesn't make it a dog.

"Teacher He, you don't mind." Zhong Zhiyan smiled lightly, "My cousin is just like this, I guess she has also been oppressed for too long, her temper is a bit big lately, we are all more than tolerant."

Hearing this, He Xun frowned deeper, coldly: "If you are a parasite, you must have the awareness of being a parasite."

Zhong Zhiyan smiled again, didn't say anything, acquiesced the same.

**

The next day was Saturday, and Class 19 had booked a private room at the King's Club to celebrate by singing and playing cards.

Ying found that there were no snacks that she wanted to eat and was going out to buy some.

Jiang Yan, who was on the side, saw it and pretended to cough inadvertently, "I'll go with you."

Just in time, he was looking for another fight with her, and this time he definitely wouldn't let up.

He didn't believe that he really couldn't beat a girl anymore.

Ying Ziji glanced at him and didn't say anything.

Xiu Yu looked at Jiang Yan, who had followed the girl out, and wondered, "Has this guy also succumbed to Ying Dad's intimidation?"

The little brothers were also at a loss, so they had to stuff a microphone for Xiu Yu: "Sister Yu, sing."

Naturally Jiang Yan wouldn't give in, he just walked out and didn't hold his breath for long before saying straight away, "Hey, transfer student, what have you trained? Muay Thai? Judo?"

Ying ignored him, looking at the list of snacks on his phone.

"Here's the deal, you fight me again." Jiang Yan tsked, "And then I'll send you to a supermarket?"

Ying finally looked at him, "You're so noisy."

"..... Then tell me, how would you like to fight me?" For the first time, Jiang Yan lost his temper because he was so competitive, "As long as I can do it."

Ying Ziyi was still looking at her phone seriously, replying to Fu Yunshen's WeChat by the way.

Jiang Yan just looked at her.

The two of them were just facing each other.

Across the road, Jiang Moyuan, who had just come out of the hotel, saw the scene.

The secretary at the side was surprised: "Third master, isn't that young master Jiang Yan? How come he's with Second Miss Ying, and very"

The word intimate was not dared to be said, point blank.

Jiang Mo Yuan's complexion changed, "Wait for me here."

After saying that, he walked over with big steps.

Jiang Yan did not know that Jiang Moyuan was around here, he simply said, "This way, I'll buy you ten cups of milk tea, is that okay?"

Without waiting for the girl's answer, he turned and walked into a milk tea shop next to him, his pace wild and unrestrained.

On this side, just after Jiang Yan had left, Jiang Moyuan arrived on his heels.

His voice was still the same cold one, this time with a touch of disgust.

"Ying Ziguai, what are you still making a scene for? Just because I don't like you? Is that why you chose to contact Jiang Yan?"

Ying Zidian slowly lifted her head.

When she met the girl's face, Jiang Moyuan was stunned for a moment, then his tone became even colder: "For the last time, the trick of trying to catch me is useless to me, stay away from Jiang Yan, he is not someone you can think of."

"I'm not asking you to do these things because I'm funding your schooling, and you haven't apologised to Lu Wei."

Ying Ziyi still didn't say anything, not even her eyes wavered for that.

This neglect made Jiang Moyuan a little uneasy, his heart inexplicably stuttering.

But he couldn't speak again.

The girl looked at him for three seconds, then lifted her hand and poured the unfinished coke down on him.

The movement was slow, but cold and ruthless.

In just one second, a 300,000 dollar custom-made suit was ruined.

As soon as Jiang Yan came out, he saw this situation and was confused.

But that wasn't all.

He saw their class's newest group favorite, Dad, take out a bank card from his pocket and flung it directly at Jiang Moyuan's face.

Boss Lady Chapter 47-48

Chapter 47

The sound of sirens on the road was incessant, and Jiang Yan felt that everything had come to a standstill. The milk tea he was carrying fell to the ground with a "pop".

The secretary, who was waiting across the road, was dumbfounded.

When had the third master of Shanghai Jiang ever been treated like this?

Jiang Moyuan was able to decide the life and death of a small family at the mere mention of a word.

Who would dare to mess with him?

Jiang Moyuan looked at the cola stains on his body and the bank card that had fallen to the ground, his face was terribly cold and sullen, his voice squeezed out from between his teeth: "Ying, dickey, dickey!"

Ying Ziyi finished replying to Fu Yunshen's last message, put her phone back and stuck her hands in her pockets.

She looked indifferent, her eyebrows wrapped in coolness, not at all compelled by the low pressure on Jiang Moyuan's body.

Jiang Yan's eyes narrowed.

He had grown up in the imperial capital and only returned to Shanghai occasionally, so he had little interaction with his bloodline third uncle.

But he knew that because Jiang Moyuan had fought in the business world for many years, his aura was so overwhelming that even grown men, not to mention young girls, could not look at him.

But Jiang Yan clearly felt that the girl's aura was as frightening as the still waters were deep.

Jiang Mo Yuan was completely incomparable.

"Four hundred thousand, to buy this gerruti suit on you, and to pay back with interest the bursary you have provided over the years." Ying Ziyang faded, "Please don't appear in front of me in the future."

Jiang Moyuan was furious to hear this, "What did you say?"

It was as if he was the one pestering her.

"There was something I forgot to say to Uncle Jiang last time." Ying Ziyi spoke again, "I wish you and your little aunt a hundred years of happiness and an early child."

At this address, Jiang Mo Yuan's back tensed abruptly.

“And I don’t know how I gave Uncle Jiang the wrong impression that you thought I had feelings for you.” Ying Ziyi nodded slightly, not losing his poise, “Make it clear now, so you don’t make a fool of yourself later.”

“I don’t like you, much less want to see you, and please tell your fiancée to leave me alone and leave me in peace.”

Whether it was before she woke up or during her slumber, Jiang Mo Yuan was nothing more than a stranger to her.

The scholarship may have started as a school project, but the purpose of bringing her to Shanghai was obvious.

To unite with the Ying family and provide a living blood bank for Ying Luwei.

Jiang Moyuan’s gaze changed. It was the first time he had seen such emotions in the girl’s eyes.

Cold and detached, cold and aloof, without any feelings of admiration.

Either way, it gave him a feeling of being out of control.

A little out of breath, a moment of wretchedness in his expression, and an inexplicable chill in his heart.

“If I see Uncle Jiang again-” Ying yawned, inclined his head and smiled, “I’ll see you once and beat you once.”

The secretary, who had come back to his senses, arrived just in time to hear the words.

He looked at the girl incredulously, unable to understand anymore.

Didn't this second young miss of the Ying family always want to seduce the third master to get to the top?

The secretary looked at Jiang Moyuan's expression and smiled politely, "I advise Miss Ying to think carefully about what she says, if you do this, there will really be no room for redemption in the future."

Ying Ziyi didn't bother to give them another look, she put the hood of her sweater over her head, "Let's go."

Jiang Yan was still watching the drama, and only two seconds later did he realise that the two words were addressed to him.

He didn't immediately follow, but instead spoke out in mockery: "I also advise you to save your breath, she can't even look at me, let alone an old man."

Although he hadn't admitted that this was their class' father, he couldn't let someone else step on his head, could he?

Where would his school bully's face be?

The secretary had never expected Jiang Yan to help Ying Moyuan's face and was shocked: "Young master Jiang Yan, the third master is doing this for your own good."

In terms of assets, Jiang Yan was naturally no match for Jiang Moyuan, who had worked hard for ten years.

But in terms of status, Jiang Moyuan was really not as good as Jiang Yan.

Who let Jiang Painting Ping marry high up in the imperial capital?

"F*ck, nuts, I just don't get it." Jiang Yan also moved in anger, "You all f*cking make yourselves feel good in the name of doing me good, who asked you to take charge? Do you deserve to be in charge of me?"

The old woman from the Ying family was also annoying.

Jiang Yan also ignored it and followed behind the girl.

Jiang Moyuan took a deep breath and used all his restraint to not go after her.

He suppressed the strange feeling inside him and spoke coldly, "Ying Zidian, don't regret it."

Ying Zidian stopped walking and suddenly turned back.

She had a pair of beautiful phoenix eyes, and when they were slightly raised, they were brimming with light.

It was clearly a radiant colour, but because of her cold brow, it brought out an icy feeling.

"These three words, I'll give them to you too." She lowered her voice and laughed softly, laughing but cold, "Don't regret it."

**

Convenience store.

"Bully, you're so bully." Jiang Yan was convinced, "Aren't you afraid of Jiang Moyuan's revenge?"

Ying Ziji picked out a snack: "He can come if he wants."

"It's okay, I can help you even if he comes." Jiang Yan, however, was actually quite upset, "But what are you calling him Uncle Jiang for?"

“Oh, to remind him whenever he’s old.”

“.....”

Jiang Yan was suddenly in a better mood, “Come on, come on, I just helped you, you and I will fight.”

He had thought that Ying Ziyi still wouldn’t agree, but he didn’t expect her to nod.

“Then go now.” Jiang Yan was about to pull her, “We can still go back and eat fried chicken after the fight.”

But he couldn’t pull her, he was cut off midway.

There was a slightly muffled voice wrapped in laughter, low and seductive: “No, our kids can’t fight.”

“Who are you? You, mind” Jiang Yan looked up, his words blocked, his face darkened, “How is it you?”

Fu Yunshen took a bag of snacks for the girl high up and didn’t answer.

Ying didn’t expect him to come now either, “Didn’t you say, I’ll come over to you later?”

“It’s okay, brother has plenty of time anyway.” Fu Yunshen didn’t care, “You guys keep playing.”

He was originally near this city centre, and he had received news from Jiang Moyuan, so he came over in fear that something would happen to her.

I didn’t expect that the children were really ruthless.

Jiang Yan began to drive people away, “Then why don’t you leave? Don’t disturb young people’s lives.”

However, just as he finished speaking, he saw the girl give him the whole bag of snacks she had bought, then nodded: "I'll go with you now."

Fu Yunshen was stunned, his peach blossom eyes raised: "No, it's still early."

"It's fine." Ying Ziyi made light of the situation, "There are many of them."

You're only one person.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched and he suddenly smiled.

The kid didn't hurt for nothing.

He was quite touched.

Jiang Yan, who watched the two men leave him behind to leave: "....."

F*ck.

He's autistic.

**

Since the demerit, Ying Fei Fei was also forced to transfer to a regular class.

But because the entire sophomore class knew what she had done, it caused the entire new class to reject her and emotionally break down.

Ying Fei Fei was resentful to the core, but she had no choice but to hold this anger in.

Things are not easy at home either, and Ying's father is very unhappy with her.

Ying Fei Fei squeezes her fingers tightly and writes a review with a stiff upper lip.

But just then, an unfamiliar text message suddenly popped up on her phone.

There was no text, only a photo attached.

In the photo, Ying Ziyi and Jiang Mo Yuan were hugging, very intimate.

Chapter 48

Not only that, Jiang Moyuan's suit jacket had dark water stains that looked like liquor on it.

His face was turned sideways, and he looked very uncomfortable.

The girl raised a hand to hug him, but was disgusted.

Ying Fei Fei's blood boiled as she stared at the picture.

She was worried about how to teach Ying Ziji a lesson, and here was her chance.

As soon as this photo was exposed, not only would Ying Zidian's reputation be ruined, he would also be kicked out of the Ying family.

Ying Fei Fei was so excited that she was about to send a WeChat to ask Zhong Zhiwei for Ying Luwei's contact information, but in a flash she rejected the idea.

No, I can't give it to Ying Luwei.

Ying Luwei is so nice to Ying Zidian, she might just pretend that nothing has happened.

After thinking about it, Ying Fei Fei decided to give the photo to Ying Luwei's fan club.

Although the last Weibo storm was cleared up in the end, Ying Luwei's fans were very unhappy with her because she had caused a wave of blackmail.

Naturally, this discontent was not brought out in the open, but secretly, they were not afraid to sneer at her.

If the fans found out that Ying Ziyi had seduced their brother-in-law-to-be, Jiang Moyuan, they would definitely explode.

Ying Fei Fei laughed coldly, opened her Weibo account and sent the picture directly to the hosts of Ying Lu Wei's super talk.

She wanted to see how Ying Ziyi would turn over a new leaf this time.

**

Jiang Yan returned to the ktv box alone with a black face.

Xiu Yu kicked him: "Where did you put our father?"

Jiang Yan was very angry and grunted: "He ran away with the dog man."

He had promised to fight with him, but he had stood him up.

The younger brothers were horrified to hear this, “Brother Burn, what’s the dog man like, we’re going to have a mother?”

“F*ck off!” Jiang Gas laughed, “One unhealthy thought.”

He was so angry that he took out his phone and sent out weibo.

[I’m telling you, Fu Yunshen is not a good guy, you better stay away from him, do you know he almost killed someone before?

No response.

Jiang Yan persisted and sent another one.

He lived in the imperial capital for ten years before returning to Shanghai at the age of fourteen, how old did you think he was when he hit someone? He was so violent at such a young age, what if he beats you up one day?

Still no response.

Jiang Yan had to send another emoji.

This time, there was a response.

[Your message has been sent, but the other party has rejected it.

Jiang Ren stared at the red exclamation mark for three seconds, so angry that he threw his phone away, picked up his beer and started pouring it, drinking seven or eight bottles in a minute.

The junior brothers were dumbfounded.

“This guy is really abnormal today, he’s probably sick again.” Xiu Yu sighed, “I’ll ask where Ying Dad is.”

The message was returned in seconds.

[Something’s up, we’ll get together some other time.

After replying to Xiu Yu’s message, Ying Ziji didn’t release Jiang Yan from the blacklist either, only to feel completely clear.

“Yao Yao.”

A voice called out to him from his right.

Ying Zidian looked up: “What?”

“Brother is quite happy that you have a new friend.” Fu Yunshen tilted his head, his voice gentle, “At your age, you should spend more time with people your own age.”

After the year of oppression that the Ying family had put on her, he was really afraid that something would happen to her heart and health.

It couldn’t be like him.

“There’s no hurry.” Ying Ziji brushed the ash off her sleeve, her voice light, “You’ve helped me, so naturally I have to help you too.”

She didn't deliberately hide the fact that she knew the art of healing, even though it was likely to reveal her identity.

Even after so many years, there are still many people in the seven continents and four oceans who are looking for her.

Fu Yun Shen was silent for a rare second: "What kind of brother seeks his sister's help, it's not like it's a big help, you've helped me more."

"Oh, you said those medicines." Ying Ziyi didn't care much, "It's not as good as sugar."

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows and a low laugh spilled out of his throat.

He had specifically asked someone to analyse the ingredients of the pills.

It wasn't a rare herb, and its potency could only be described as ordinary in the ancient medicine world of China and the alchemy world of O-continent.

But it was because the pills his little friend had given him were made from ordinary herbs that proved the high level of her medical skills.

But it was indeed not enough.

Master Fu's body did not only have a root of the disease, but also a toxin

He had searched for a long time but could not find the source of this toxin.

Just because he was skilled in medicine did not mean he could cure it.

He didn't want to cause trouble for the children either.

The girl's brow was filled with sleepiness as she wrapped her sweatshirt around her, "Come on, I have plenty of time anyway, let's go see your grandfather."

**

There was no one at the Fu family home today, only the old man and his caregivers were there.

It saved a lot of trouble.

On the one hand, Fu Yunshen didn't want Ying Zidian to run into the Fu family, and on the other hand, it would be more convenient to visit the old man.

The Fu family is one of the four most powerful families and has many factions, no less chaotic than the big families in the imperial capital.

Even the old mansion can often be searched for listening devices and miniature cameras.

Fu Yunshen carelessly moved a few vases around before taking the girl upstairs.

Master Fu was sunbathing on the balcony, rocking his chair and humming a little tune.

Only after hearing footsteps did he get up, "Little Seven, here you are."

Fu Yunshen spoke slowly and deliberately, "Well, no, to fulfil your wish, I brought the little girl back for you to see."

Ying Ziji paused, "Grandpa Fu."

“Ai!” Grandpa Fu smiled broadly and took out a thick red envelope, “Grandpa and your grandfather are old enemies, don’t be polite to grandpa.”

That day, after Old Master Zhong had seen him, he had made a cryptic remark and he realised that Miss Ying was the real adopted daughter.

As pathetic as his Little Seven.

Ying Ziji wouldn’t brush off the old man’s wishes, and when she took it, she tested Master Fu’s pulse and instantly clarified the hidden condition in his body.

The toxin had eaten away at Master Fu’s heart and veins, and he had been hanging on by a thread of medicine for the past three years.

The situation was even worse than she thought.

Moreover, this toxin

Ying Zigui raised her head, her eyes cool as water.

It reminded her of an old acquaintance, a very bad memory.

The more Elder Fu looked at the girl, the more satisfied he was, and side-stepped him: “Dickey, what do you think of our family Yun Shen?”

Fu Yunshen raised his eyes and smiled, “Grandpa.”

Master Fu ignored this.

“Hmm?” Ying Zidian nodded, “It’s quite good.”

“Oh oh, that’s good.” Master Fu was overjoyed as he had an idea in his mind, “Let’s have dinner together tonight.”

He wanted this grandson-in-law for sure, and it would be best to piss off old man Zhong.

**

The maids prepared the dinner quickly for the three of us.

After she finished eating, she left at eight o’clock.

And it was also at this time that Ying Luwei’s super talker posted a Weibo post with a picture and circled the Ying Group’s official corporate Weibo number.

[@YingLuweiOfficialBackupGroupv: I don’t mean to take up public resources and I don’t want to cause trouble, but this is so bad that I had no choice but to send it out, so I’ll apologise to everyone here first.

I’d like to ask @Ying’s group, where is your conscience?

If I remember correctly, Lu Wei is already engaged to her brother-in-law, right? So what is she doing with this adopted daughter of the Ying family? [question][hehehe][smile]]

Boss Lady Chapter 49-50

Chapter 49

When this Weibo post came out, it directly shook all of Ying Luwei’s fans.

The photo was clear and not photoshopped.

The fans went crazy straight away.

[@YingClanv, in? Look at the people you adopted for charity, what kind of person is our brother-in-law that you dare to hook up with?

[@Ying's Group v, don't play dead, come out and give Lu Wei an explanation, so our real princess has to suffer this, right?

I can't help it, I just want to know how much Lu Wei has suffered this year, I'll be the first to cry!

Because of Ying Luwei's outwardly quiet persona, she has developed a strong fighting force of fans.

In just ten minutes, the fans had made this Weibo post a top search.

When it was on the hot search list and the traffic was high, there were passersby who were very confused and clicked in.

[This has one thing to say, in fact, nothing can be seen, are fans a little too excited?]

[And burst into tears, tear ducts so developed? The pianist who hasn't even won an international award is crying, why don't you see your parents crying when they are aggrieved? You're a brain-dead child who doesn't distinguish between close and distant relationships.

The fact that you are not a fan of the show is not a good thing.

I'm a little off the mark, but is this adopted daughter's face real? It's too much.

While Weibo was in an uproar, Ying Luwei was still recuperating in the imperial capital.

She casually looked at Weibo and finally felt a bit more comfortable in her heart.

She didn't know why she had allergies all over her body, and it was surprising that she couldn't be cured even when she came to the imperial capital.

So when she was unhappy, someone had to be unlucky.

"Don't worry Miss Lu Wei, all the surveillance around the area has been erased and absolutely cannot be restored." The man who spoke was a foreign man who was confident, "I'll leave now that it's done."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Allen." Ying Luwei rose gracefully, "I'll see you out."

The foreign man quickly left.

The agent at the side frowned, "Lu Wei, there is actually no need to take such a risk, there will be plenty of time later to make that fake niece of yours completely untouchable."

A borrowed picture, what if it's broken down?

Ying Luwei was unimpressed, quite contemptuous: "She doesn't have the ability, public opinion will play her to death."

If Ying Fei Fei didn't have an axe to grind with Ying Zidian, would her ploy have worked?

It's not her fault that Ying Ziyi is getting into trouble every day.

The agent was uncomfortable: "What if another video comes out?"

"Not likely." Ying Luwei smiled, "I think Fu Yunshen got it for her last time, and the place where the party was held did have surveillance, so I was careless."

She ruffled her hair with a touch of style, “But this time is different, the surveillance of the four streets has been completely erased. He’s one of the chief hackers of the Anonymous hacker alliance.”

The Anonymous Hacker League, the world’s number one hacker group.

She had also asked someone and paid a lot of money.

The broker mused, “OK, I will help you, but if it flops, there will be a serious backlash.”

Although Ying Luwei was not a proper showbiz person, she quite enjoyed the following of her fans and had hundreds of marketing numbers under her.

With the agent’s push, these marketing numbers linked up in unison.

#HoHo’s shocking dogma, niece seduces aunt? #TheNiece

#Reverse the rebellion! The Ying family’s adopted daughter has dared to devour the master! #Ying Luwei

#Heart for Ying Luwei

Weibo was full of curses.

Not to mention Weibo, the campus forum of Qingzhi High School also exploded at once.

[Damn, did you guys read the Weibo, it just shattered my view.

[She’s usually quite low-key at school, but she’s capable of such things.

I’m disgusted. She deserves to be kicked out of the class.

It's because our father doesn't want to stay in the class, understand? If anyone dares to say one more word, I'll knock on your door tonight and blow your head off.

[.....]

Wen Xiaolan has never been on the internet, so she didn't know about this.

But the class group was also talking about it, and they even brought in screenshots from Weibo.

He changed his expression and walked to the kitchen, "Sister, have you read Weibo, that thing"

Ying Ziyi was squeezing juice, her phoenix eyes narrowed at the words, "Well, good, don't worry about it, and don't let dad know."

Wen heard Lan frown and was about to say something when he heard the girl ask him again.

"Have you finished the questions you were given?"

Wen Weilan was stunned: "Not yet."

His sister had gotten him a pile of questions from somewhere, which were far more difficult than the Senior 3 Talent Class, although they weren't too difficult for him.

Ying Zidian finished wiping his hands and said unhurriedly, "Then hurry up and go back to do the questions, one wrong one, ten more."

"....."

Like a rabbit with its ears drooping, the young man sullenly went back to his room.

Ying Zidian frowned slightly.

The shock from the outside world would have made Wen Huilan's mood swings even more severe, aggravating his condition.

Heart disease was not something that could be solved by ancient medicine.

Perhaps she should really look for her old friend.

Ying Zidian also returned to the room.

She closed her eyes, and with her divine calculation power activated, she reviewed everything that had happened on that street, and worked out what had happened.

Ying Luwei had sent someone to follow Jiang Moyuan, took photos and sent them to Ying Fei Fei, erasing the surveillance records by the way.

Ying Ziyi leaned back in her chair.

Tsk, really annoying.

Every day someone comes to ruin her retirement. Can she still retire to grow flowers and raise pigs or not?

However, Ying Luwei did seem to be a bit hostile towards her, which was rather strange.

Ying Ziyi pondered.

Unfortunately, she had not yet recovered her powers and could not project too far back in time.

She tapped her fingers on the table, and after a few seconds, opened her computer.

**

Meanwhile, across the ocean.

O Continent, East.

A certain hacker looked at the suddenly blacked out computer screen in front of him and nearly choked to death on his bubble noodles.

There was only one person in the world who dared to mess with him like this, and the other day he had created a second one by hand.

He tapped his words bitterly.

[Sister, I've been very quiet lately, I swear I'm not doing anything.

I'm not talking about that, I'm looking for your help.

[Sister, you tell me.]

Help me restore the surveillance on Zhongshan Street, Jixiang Street, Xiaozhai Road and Textile Street in Shanghai.

Why don't you do it yourself?

I'm lazy.

[.....]

It's much harder to hack into his computer than it is to recover a small surveillance camera, right?

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

The screen was back to normal.

A hacker was left in tears and began to work on his code.

He thought he was the boss of the Anonymous hacker alliance, but he was being eaten to death by a little girl.

What a shame.

**

The commotion on Weibo was getting bigger and bigger, alerting many big v's.

Fans are still grumpy and vocal.

[Why hasn't Ying's group come out yet? Are they playing dead to the end?

If the Ying Group doesn't take care of this, I won't buy any of your products from today onwards.

That's it? You won't kick your adopted daughter out of the Ying family? That's not fair, is it?

[I didn't say anything last time, but this time there are photos. How can you argue with the hard facts? Come out and explain!

Chapter 50

Tens of thousands of comments have already been cursed under the official Weibo number of Ying's Group Enterprise.

As if that wasn't enough, the fans had to go under Ying's microblog and continue to curse, just like last time.

As a result, they couldn't find it.

This was even worse.

[Sisters, she's logged off her Weibo account, she must have known that the photos would come out one day, it's so annoying!

[Actually, shouldn't we calm down for a while, maybe there will be a reversal.

[Are you a fan upstairs? If you're a fan, you have to protect Lu Wei, what does it look like to squirm? @YingLuWeiAnti-HackingStationV, hang up on her.]

[I guess Ying must have seen it, but just didn't come out.

The fans are right, the internet is so big and the companies have staff dedicated to managing Weibo, so they can't possibly not see it.

But the bad thing is that it's already 9pm and Mrs Ying is resting, so it's impossible for them to disturb her.

The head of the Ying family, Ying Zhending, is in the capital and is still busy with a big order, how can he be free?

As for Zhong Manhua, she went to O Chau on Friday and won't be back until noon tomorrow, so she has no time to spare.

The staff didn't take it to heart and quit Weibo.

**

Ten minutes later, Ying received the CCTV footage sent by a hacker.

Not only had it been restored, but the clarity had been adjusted to the highest level.

She watched it once and somewhat regretted that she had too much manners at that time and should have thrown the coke at Jiang Mo Yuan's head.

[Sister, are you sending it now? Why don't I send it for you?

Ying Ziyi gathered her eyes and knocked out two words.

[There's no rush.

The other side didn't understand.

[But I see those fans have started to flesh you out, what if they throw acid on you?

Ying Ziji looked at the comments on the internet, her expression unmoving, tapping her keyboard casually.

[The best moment has not yet arrived.

Ying Luwei wanted to mobilise public opinion and crush her, so she could use it.

It had just started and public opinion had not reached its peak.

Sending it out in advance wouldn't have the effect she needed, and the benefits wouldn't be maximised.

The person who erases the surveillance is indeed a bit technical, you can't really do it if you find someone else.

Not bad for him.

He's good.

A certain hacker continued to eat his noodles when his phone suddenly rang.

He glanced at it and picked it up.

The man's voice was low, devoid of his usual smile and wrapped in coolness.

"Restore me the surveillance of the four streets in Shanghai, Zhongshan Street, Jixiang Street, Xiaozhai Road and Textile Street, and send it to the internet."

Once again, a certain hacker who choked on his bubble noodles: "....."

Toxic, right, even the order of the streets can be said to be the same?

Perfect match.

Two perverts.

He put down the noodles with reluctance and was speechless: "Didn't I tell you the other day that she's better at computers than me and can solve it herself, so why do you need to come?"

Fu Yunshen fondled his teacup, faintly: "I can solve it, and she's good at it herself, are two different things."

"Huh? What's the difference?"

"Even if she's good, she's still just a little kid." Fu Yun Shen lowered his eyes and gave a low laugh, "How can I not protect her when she hasn't grown up yet."

"Oh – I see, it's the same as how a daughter is still a child in her father's eyes even if she's big."

Fu Yunshen glanced at the screen, "Don't say nonsense if you don't want to be hunted down."

"OK, OK, OK, forget I said it, but don't your own hacking skills" The other side suddenly shut up, "Sorry, I said the wrong thing. "

The actual fact is that you can find a lot of people who have been in the business for a long time.

"Brother, if it wasn't for you back then"

"I said, it's fine." Fu Yunshen interrupted him and said patiently, "It's all in the past."

The other side was silent for a second and digressed, "Actually you're a step late, I've been following your little friend, I sent her the surveillance just now, she said she wanted to pick a good time to send it herself."

He could never admit it, he was embarrassed again.

“Hmm?” Fu Yunshen was slightly surprised, “You can have this kind of emotional intelligence?”

“Fuck off!”

The phone was angrily hung up.

Fu Yunshen got up in silence and walked to the balcony.

The night was cool and the moonlight was like water.

The shadows of the trees fell to the ground, reflecting a cold and frosty sky.

After standing for ten minutes, Fu Yunshen took out another mobile phone.

It was ordinary and still had a keypad.

“Hello.” Fu Yunshen leaned against the half wall, flexing his long legs, resuming his lazy dude look, “Give you two days to bring the Jiang family’s stock down.”

The microphone responded with something unknown.

“Hmm? I’m not going back.” Fu Yunshen inclined his head and smiled lightly, “Just helping my little friend out.”

**

At ten o’clock at night, Jiang Moyuan had just finished his work.

He pressed his eyebrows, his face was a tiredness that could not be concealed.

“Third Master.” The secretary came in silently, bending down and whispering, “Miss Lu Wei is on Weibo’s hot search.”

Jiang Mo Yuan’s eyes were abruptly stern: “What’s going on?”

“It’s like this, I don’t know who took a picture of you and Miss Ying.” The secretary handed over her phone as she explained, “Miss Lu Wei’s fans think that Miss Ying is trying to climb on your bandwagon and have posted a Weibo rant against the Ying Group.”

“I guess it’s because she’s recuperating in the imperial capital, Miss Lu Wei hasn’t seen it yet.”

Otherwise, the phone call would have come long ago.

Jiang Mo Yuan looked at the photo and his face went cold: “Don’t know what’s good for you!”

The secretary was stunned, “Third Master thinks that the photo was taken by Miss Ying Er?”

Jiang Moyuan didn’t say anything, but that was clearly what he thought.

The air pressure around him was getting lower and lower.

The secretary thought about it and felt that it was also true.

He probably wanted to use this photo to blackmail Master San, but instead of blackmailing him, Miss Lu Wei’s fans found out about it, which led to today’s hot news.

The secretary respectfully said, “Third Master, do you want to come out to clarify?”

“No need.” Jiang Mo Yuan put the documents in order and was indifferent, “It has nothing to do with me.”

The secretary would understand.

The public opinion wouldn't affect Jiang's group, and it would also help Miss Lu Wei abuse the powder and fix the powder, so there was indeed no need to clarify.

If this second Miss Ying hadn't been so impulsive during the day, perhaps the third master would have helped out.

The secretary looked at the public opinion on the internet and shook her head repeatedly.

It was a pity that she had brought it on herself and lost such a backer as the Third Master for nothing.

Jiang Mo Yuan massaged his temples and instructed, “Don't disturb Lu Wei, let her rest, if you see it, tell her not to be anxious either, her heart can't be soft.”

The secretary nodded and was about to turn off Weibo when he glanced at another hot search in the hot search bar.

He froze and was surprised, “Third master, why did the Zhong family make a statement?”

An adopted daughter, not really a daughter of the Ying family, the Ying family was indifferent, but a relative of the Zhong family was still in charge?

Jiang Mo Yuan frowned and took a look.

The official circle of the Zhong Group's corporate marketing number and Ying Luwei's official backing group's microblog were the most retweeted.

[@ZhongGroupv: A group of rubbish rumour-mongers, get lost, wait for the lawyer's letter!