

Boss Lady 551

Chapter 551

. Juan knew very well that even Helga University, the second largest university in the world, could not offer a class like assembling firearms, not to mention the Imperial University.

Because it was too dangerous.

Only Norton University would offer such a course.

It's not bad for an ordinary person to be able to shoot, but to assemble?

Juan also knew about Ying Zigui and knew that she had been invited to Norton University after her entrance exam results came out, but she didn't go.

So he felt sorry for her.

When you get into Norton University, you realise that all other schools are just a drop in the ocean.

The moment Hu An made this request, not only Wen Hanlan but also Li Han's expression sank slightly.

It was Qin Lingyu who gave Hu An an extra look, wrapped her arms around her and gave a tsk.

What do you call this?

This is called heaven has a way but you don't want to go, hell has no door but you do.

She had never seen anyone who rushed up here to die like this.

"I'll go with Hearlan, I'm a mechanic too." Adele raised her hand, "That would be fair."

The boy from before spoke up again, "Adele, you're a freshman, you haven't been in class long, how can you compete with a sophomore in practical skills? Don't be ridiculous."

When Adele was about to say something else, she was stopped by a look from the girl.

Ying withdrew her eyes and pressed her hand against the box containing the mechanical parts, tapping her fingers gently, "Don't mind, let's start."

Hu An smiled again and took the other box of parts, "Miss Ying is quick."

When the two were ready, Qin Lingyu said, "I'll count down to three, three, two, one – start!"

The two timers on the left and right sides of the big screen each started a countdown.

Hu Ling settled down and began to assemble.

Although he was not mechanical, assembling firearms was indeed a necessary skill for the Hershel family, and he was not afraid at all.

That was until he heard the sound of a backwards breath coming from around him.

Juan froze and looked up across the table.

At that look, his expression changed.

The girl's hands were so fast that she didn't even look at the drawings.

Often, only one second did he see her pick up a part, and the next she had already assembled it.

Both the trainees present and the netizens watching the live broadcast saw that in less than three minutes' time, Ying had already finished assembling two-thirds of it.

They were all shocked.

[Damn, Ying Shen really knows how to assemble a gun?

[Putting Ying Shen's bull on the public screen!

[Still want to brag, there's nothing in this world that Ying Shen can't do! She always gives us surprises.

Juan didn't expect it at all.

He was still only nineteen after all, and his mind was not that strong.

His hands messed up a beat and he accidentally pressed a wrong part.

That is, while he was in the process of disassembling and assembling again, Ying Ziyi had already pressed the last part.

The countdown on the right stops at 4 minutes 29 seconds.

Ying Zidian grips the assembled pistol and raises his hand.

The cold muzzle of the gun was aimed directly at Hu An's forehead heart.

Hu An's expression changed.

“Bang!”

The trigger was pulled at this moment with a loud bang.

Hu An's heart instantly rose to his throat, and cold sweat instantly sprang up on his forehead.

His face was pale, and with an unstable sitting position, he actually fell off the stool and sat on the ground.

[Hahahahaha!

[Ying Shen's shooting pose is so handsome that I thought it was real.]

[No way, is he scared by me, Ying Shen?

“Don't be afraid.” Ying Zidian put the gun down and raised his eyes, “There's no bullets inside, you're too nervous.”

After all, it was still a public show, there couldn't be such a thing as casualties.

Hu An's legs were weak and he was helped to the stool by the boy next to him.

He was still in a cold sweat and his heart was pounding.

He was a sophomore and had certainly taken fighting classes, but real combat was still a long way off.

Only when he reached his junior year would he be able to go on missions with the Operations Department.

It was the first time Juan had ever had a gun pointed at him like that.

But it was only logical that he shouldn't have reacted so badly.

The boy was puzzled: “Juan, why are you so unafraid?”

Hu An’s face was sullen.

Only he knew that just now, Ying Zigui was most likely really trying to kill him.

That kind of ice-cold killing machine made his body go cold.

“Ten points for group two.” Qin Lingyu said, “The next second item is related to the weapons you have just assembled, we will provide imitation guns for you to perform simple shooting, now it’s the draw.”

After a few scrolls on the big screen, it settled on two names.

Adele Milton.

Ying Zidian.

“Since our Ying God has already competed earlier, this time it will be student Wen instead.” Qin Lingyu received a notice from the backstage of the programme and raised her eyebrows, “Please prepare the two of you, our staff will bring up the tools.”

“I have a question.” Adele raised her hand, “Can I voluntarily admit defeat?”

Qin Lingyu nodded, “In terms of the rules, yes, you can. ”

Adele’s eyes lit up, “Then I admit defeat, I’m not as good as Ah Lan, sister Qin, you can just give the second group an extra point!”

Wen heard Lan wrinkle his eyebrows: “Adele, that’s not good, it’s better to compare.”

How could he let a girl concede defeat and give points to the second group?

“What’s wrong with that, it’s a sign that people like you.” Adele held her chin in one hand and slapped the table fiercely with the other, “I don’t even mind what you mind.”

Wen Hanlan’s throat tightened and she subconsciously turned her head, “Sister, I’m not I-”

Ying Zidian played with the assembled gun in her hand, her voice not slow, “It’s alright, you’re blushing, I didn’t see it, really.”

Wen Hanlan: “.....”

He knew who his sister had learned to be bad.

Those who are close to the ink are black.

[F*ck, this girl is too cute, want to hold away ruthlessly rua.]

[Ying Shen, quick, quick, quick, set up a marriage, your brother-in-law doesn't have to worry.]

[Wow, my brother has already been matched, what about you, Ying Shen? Don't lose to your brother!]

These pop-ups in the live broadcast room were, of course, invisible to the trainees.

But Adele's move caused Juan's face to completely darken.

He gritted his teeth and restrained the anger in his heart.

Although Adele's shooting was a little weaker than Wen Listen Lan's, but how could it be this direct?

He really didn't see what was so good about this kid.

In the next event, Juan's group only took one point.

It was a point that Wen heard Lan concede in advance after he was once again matched up with Adele.

In the second group, Li Han and the other two did not do much, just watching the siblings complete their absolute crushing.

The final score, settled at 10:140.

A wide margin of difference.

“That’s the end of the academic category for today.” Qin Lingyu faced the camera, “In a moment, the programme team will take these geniuses to some spots in the imperial capital and film their lives, during the commercials, it’s okay to walk away and not come back.”

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The filming was four hours long, from eight to twelve o’clock.

After lunch, Juan returned to the hotel, his face still ugly.

He had divined his fortune before leaving Norton University, obviously.

The astrolabe said that his trip to China would go well and that there would be no setbacks.

What was wrong with today?

Juan turned on his computer with a cold face and picked up the phone.

On the other end was the family’s secretary: “Young Master Juan, the location has been chosen for you.”

Juan looked at the icon transmitted on the computer and narrowed his eyes, “What’s so special about this place?”

A lake on a lonely mountain was indeed a good place for someone to go missing.

But Juan really didn’t find anything special about it.

“Your elders have divined that this mountain is north of the imperial capital of China.” The secretary smiled, “There is actually a beast living in it, and as you know, many of the animals that are supposedly extinct in the world may actually still exist.”

Juan nodded.

The Earth was large, at least the deepest parts of the deep sea, which mankind was currently unable to fully detect.

“If we are not able to borrow the knife, the family side has also hired a few hunters from the nok forum specifically.” The secretary sent over another list, “These hunters will assist you, young master, in keeping Wen Huilan in China.”

Hu An looked at the list in contemplation and suddenly thought of a question, “Didn’t you say that there are ancient martial artists over here in China? Can these hunters defeat the ancient martial artists?”

I heard that the ancient martial arts community was on this side of the imperial capital, wouldn’t this be a special invasion of their domain?

“Don’t worry, Young Master Hu An.” The secretary spoke up, “Ancient martial artists are in the Ancient Martial World, they are bound by rules, they won’t just come out at will.”

“Besides, do you see that Wen Listen Lan looks like he knows an ancient martial artist?”

If they were from the ancient martial world, they wouldn’t even send their offspring to Norton University, they had their own academy.

Juan was relieved at this.

“Young Master Juan, you are the hope and legacy of Hershel.” The secretary concluded, “Your future wife should also come from the surname Milton, Miss Adele can only marry you, good luck to you.”

These few indigenous families at Norton University were very much about gentility and lineage.

Alchemists, as well as diviners, have certain similarities to ancient martial artists.

It all has to do with genetic inheritance.

So in order to ensure a noble lineage, these families are subject to internal marriages.

The Milton surname was indeed the only one left in Adele, and if she had a sister, the Hershel family would not have held on to her alone.

Wen heard Lan knew nothing about astrology or alchemy, and there was really no way to match Adele.

Even if they had offspring, their bloodlines would not be noble.

The talent for alchemy and divination could also be lost.

Juan understood this well.

He closed his computer after recording the location.

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Ancient Medical World.

Ying Zigui took Wen Huilan with her to the Tea Sage's garden.

After getting familiar with it, the old lady doesn't pretend anymore.

But Ying Zigui still helps her with the weeding.

Today the little medicine boy is there, running over da-da-da with bright eyes: "Big sister!"

Ying Zidian handed him a bottle of cold cola and a packet of chips.

The little medicine boy ate while shedding tears of emotion.

He wanted to get out of the ancient medical world because he couldn't eat these delicious treats at all.

In the past, when Big Brother came to visit him, he said it was junk food and he couldn't eat it.

It was better to have a big sister.

The old lady noticed next to the girl, the teenager: "Ying, this is?"

"My brother." Ying nodded, "Little Lan, call Granny Tea."

Wen Xiaolan nodded in greeting and took out the gift she had prepared, "Hello Granny Tea."

The old lady took one look at the box and knew it was Apple's latest smartphone, her eyes lit up, "Kid, you understand me, granny is pleased."

Without saying a word, she gave Wen Huilan a basket of white fruits.

He looked at Ying Zidian.

Ying Zidian raised his eyebrows: "In critical moments, it can save your life, and it's quite tasty anyway."

After thinking about it, Wen heard Lan decided to give half of it to Adele.

After all, there was still the revolutionary friendship of blowing up the lab together.

“Ying, this medicinal field of mine is almost ripe.” The old lady pondered for a moment, “When the time comes, if you need any herbs, come and pick them up directly.”

Ying didn’t nod, she just said, “I’ll heal you and I’ll fetch the herbs.”

For a trigonometrist like her, karma was too important.

One could not ask for someone else’s things for no reason.

Hearing these words, the old lady fell silent.

After a long time, she sighed, “It’s fine, let’s wait until this year is over.”

Ying Zigui stayed with the old lady for a while and then went to the Dan League to deliver medicine to Hall Master Li.

Wen Huilan was not a member of the Dan League, nor was he an ancient doctor, so he waited outside.

The teenager's long, slender legs were half-flexed as he leaned against the wall, one hand tapping his phone.

[Adele]: [spinning in a circle

[Adele]: Does my sister like me? When do I get to meet our dad? I like China so much, when I graduate I want to settle here!

[Wen Listen Lan]: “.....”

How did it become us?

On the other side.

Lin Qingjia followed Hall Master Liu inside.

Hall Master Liu was very respectful: “Miss Qingjia, it's right over here, please take a look for me.”

Lin Qingjia nodded her head, “Okay.”

She turned her head inadvertently and saw the teenager not far away.

It was a face that could very well be called beautiful, with a narrow brow and eyes that did not lose its declining beauty.

The most important thing was that the teenager's face was six points like hers.

Lin Qingjia's footsteps were fixed in place.

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For a moment, she was stunned and did not move her steps for half a day.

As if she had sensed something, Wen Hanlan looked over in the direction where Lin Qingjia was standing.

The four eyes met and their eyes met.

Wen Hanlan's expression gave a pause.

Blood is a wonderful thing.

Whether it's repulsion or closeness, there's no reason for it, but one can always sense that the other is one's sibling.

Wen heard Lan's intelligence was incredibly high.

Coupled with the fact that he knew that An Ruojin had married into the ancient martial world, he was naturally able to tell that this was Wen Fengmian's other child.

It was also his biological sister whom he had not met.

Wen Fengmian had given him the message that adult matters had nothing to do with children.

A five-year-old child knows nothing but survival, so naturally he would follow the party that looks shiny and rich on the surface and leave, not wanting to stay within a poverty-stricken county where he can't even get enough to eat.

Everyone is different, some people are more concerned with status and position, others are more concerned with family.

As long as one has a clear conscience, one is fine.

Wen heard Lan retract his eyes very plainly as he held his phone and proceeded to send a message back to Adele.

Lin Qingjia pursed her lips.

When Hall Master Liu saw that Lin Qingjia hadn't followed him up, he couldn't help but turn back in confusion, "Miss Qingjia, has something happened?"

He was over sixty years old, but he was far worse than Lin Qingjia in this aspect of medicine making.

Today, he had also asked her to come and show him what the problem was.

"Nothing." Lin Qingjia shook her head, "Go in."

Hall Master Liu took Lin Qingjia into the pill refining room and found that Lin Qingjia kept wandering off, so he was inevitably worried: "Miss Qingjia, are you really alright?"

Lin Qingjia still shook her head, "A tricky case came to mind."

Her thoughts kept drifting as she looked at the problem for Hall Master Liu.

Lin Jinyun had been saying that she should go for a stroll outside, also because she was thinking about whether she could run into her real father.

The ancient martial arts community had all decided that her real father was a powerful ancient martial artist.

Otherwise Lin Qingjia could not have been a dual practitioner of ancient medicine and ancient martial arts.

But Lin Qingjia knew clearly that this determination was false.

Wen Fengmian was indeed just an ordinary person.

That was why she was a little nervous when An Ruojin gave her the news of meeting Wen Fengmian at that time.

Today, she was more than surprised to see Wen Huilan, because An Ruojin had told her after her trip back to Qing Shui County that Wen Huilan was severely autistic and not a normal person.

But now it seemed obvious that she was not.

Wen heard Lan was normal and recognised her, but obviously had no other plans.

Of course, Lin Qingjia did not have the idea of recognising Wen Fengmian's father and son either.

An Ruojin was crazy and no one knew what her previous family was.

She was still the young lady of the Lin family.

That was fine.

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When Ying Ziji came out of the Dan League, she saw Wen Huilan standing by the lake to one side, silently watching the birds flying on the lake.

She walked over to her, “What’s wrong? Dumbfounded again?”

“Sister.” Hearing the familiar sparse voice, Wen Huilan’s lips twitched and she whispered, “I saw her.”

“Hm?” Ying Zigi’s eyebrows did not move as she nodded her head, “Lin Qingjia?”

Wen Hanlan nodded slowly, “She must have recognised me too, but we didn’t even speak.”

“Well, I’ve seen her too.” Ying leaned against a tree, “She does have a good talent, just like you.”

She thought for a moment, “What do you think?”

“Dad said that the past is all behind us, that disgusting woman got her punishment, and we’re doing fine now, there’s no need to concern ourselves with others.” Wen Listen Lan was calm, “I listen to dad, so I don’t need to have anything to do with people I don’t care about either.”

For as long as he could remember, he had only known Ying Zigi.

With his mother missing, the three of them were family.

Ying Zidian was faint: “Dad was always right.”

Wen Fengmian saw too thoroughly, his realm of mind was one that not many people could reach.

After all, Lin Qingjia was still his own daughter.

Originally, as father and daughter, there was cause and effect between Lin Qingjia and Wen Fengmian, and there might be a connection.

But she had done the math and now it had diminished to almost nothing.

Ying deduced a little.

It should be that Lin Qingjia had used the talent she had received from Wen Fengmian to enter the Lin family and get a better life, just enough to cancel out the rest and cut off this karma.

It was indeed no different from a stranger.

It didn't matter to her what others did, Wen Fengmian and Wen Huilan couldn't be harmed.

“Let's go.” Ying Ziji patted his shoulder, “You still have to record the show tomorrow, your one hundred million.”

When Wen Listen Lan heard this, his eyebrows stretched out, “Mm.”

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The next day.

Today, there was no competition, but rather, the show was dedicated to filming life inside the campus.

First, Ying Ziji and Li Han took the Norton University students to a few famous photo spots within the Imperial University, after which Qin Lingyu, as the host, offered to link up with the Norton University side to take a shot of the building memories inside Norton University among others.

[Put a butt in here and squat.]

[So curious to know what Norton University looks like inside.]

[Want to see a lady as cute as Adele, can you assign a date?

[I'm the one who can never get a date at Norton [smile].]

But the offer was declined.

“We all signed a confidentiality agreement when we enrolled.” Wen Hanlan also spoke up, “Matters concerning the university's internal affairs are indeed not to be viewed by outsiders.”

Ying Ziji raised her eyebrows.

She didn't doubt for a moment that if she really went to film it, there was a good chance that she would be able to capture the explosion scene.

The last time she had gone, she was walking down the road when a building blew up next to her.

It really wasn't easy for the Vice Chancellor to survive until now.

“Norton University is definitely unwatchable.” Juan glanced at Adele with his after glance, confidently and elegantly speaking, “o over at the Royal College of Art on the Continent, it can be shown to everyone.”

They were all very art-conscious in the West, and Adele liked it too, so naturally he had to show off well in front of her.

To prove that he was better than Wen Listen Lan, a madman who only knew how to assemble hot weapons.

Qin Lingyu pressed her headset, “Good, then connect to the Royal Academy of Arts on the Continent.”

The netizens were sorry.

[More curious, said, what exactly is inside the Norton University campus, how come they just don't let people see it?]

[Forget it, it's okay to look at the Royal College of Art on the continent, really, the students who get in here, those are the future gems of the art world.]

The big screen in the conference hall came down and the building of the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau soon appeared.

The person responsible for answering the phone was a teacher from the admissions department.

This teacher, Juan, happened to know him, and Juan spoke ahead of Qin Lingyu: “Teacher, this is Juan Heschel.”

The teacher was a little surprised: “You've come out of Norton University?”

“Yes.” Juan was very condescending, “Came over to China for an exchange, now I need to show them the inside of our school, teacher, can you make a trip over to the celebrity painting studio?”

On the side of the Royal Academy of Arts in the Continent, naturally, they had also got the message from the programme team.

The teacher nodded and took his computer over to the Celebrity Drawing Room.

The Celebrity Studio had a pavilion listed specifically for students, in addition to some paintings by world famous artists.

Juan pointed to an oil painting on the screen and became even prouder, “This is my painting.”

When he turned around, he saw that Adele was standing on her tiptoes to grab Wen Huilan's hair, acting intimately, and was so angry that he almost exploded.

Hu An could only throw the topic to Ying Zigui: “Miss Ying, what do you think?”

Ying Zidian glanced at her, “Very bad.”

Hu An's expression froze and he smiled, "Then it seems that Miss Ying can draw better?"

The other boy who had been following Hu An muttered, "Even if you're bragging, you need to make a draft."

Paintings that could be placed in the celebrity's studio were precious in the whole of the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau.

And at that moment, the teacher in charge of filming the gallery suddenly stopped and bowed to a figure in front of him, "Mr. Berg."

From the screen, it was possible to see that it was a man in his thirties, with pigtailed and a slightly nervous appearance.

Qin Lingyu and the rest of the programme team were surprised, but she immediately followed with an introduction, "Berg Blaine, the number one man in oil painting, especially good at the style of Chino Von, one of his paintings just went up for auction a while ago for 300 million dollars. "

[Crap, I remember, I saw an exhibition of his paintings in o-continent, ghostly oil painter!

I heard that even PhD students from the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau might not be able to meet Berg, but Juan was actually able to surprise Berg, no wonder he was a double student.

Juan was also quite surprised.

Although he had met Berg, it was in the lecture hall of an open class.

Berg was eccentric and difficult to get along with, he was only good friends with the pianist Bart, no one else could invite him.

Masters of this calibre were indeed quite mad.

Then Juan saw Berg coming towards the camera.

He was even more surprised and was just about to say something when Berg spoke up first: "Make way."

Juan froze and pointed at himself, "Me?"

"Yes, yes, yes, come on." Berg was in such a hurry that he was stamping his foot and kept urging, "Make way."

He'd just seen a familiar look in the computer screen and had to see if he'd misread it in his old eyes, to be sure.

Juan didn't get it, but moved out of the way anyway.

The camera was perfectly aligned and Berg's face was zoomed in, almost pressed against the screen.

The netizens and the students present could see it clearly.

Ying Zigui lifted his head.

"Master Ying!" Berg finally saw the girl's face now too, his eyes lit up and he peeled back his computer, "Master Ying, what a coincidence, seeing you again, when will you have time to come and teach me oil painting?"

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Berger was obsessed with art and often locked himself in his studio for a month when he went mad, the kind that isolates him from the outside world.

Isc has nothing to do with art, he doesn't even know about it, let alone pay attention to it.

But since the last time he left Shanghai, he's been able to think of a few messages to send to Ying in the middle of his painting.

In the past year or so, Berg really hadn't seen anyone else who looked more like Chino Feng than Ying Zidian's paintings.

It was a pity that Ying Zigez was so busy that the two of them never met again.

This time it was a coincidence.

Luckily he had a good eye.

"....."

Looking at Berg's enlarged face, the live broadcast and the conference hall instantly fell silent.

Who was Berg Bryan?

Even if there were those who didn't know, it was clear from hearing Qin Lingyu's introduction earlier.

And now he himself said that he wanted to be Ying Zigui's teacher.

The impact was so huge that it shook people back to their senses.

Li Han turned his head and looked like he had been struck by lightning: "Ying, sister Ying?"

How come their Imperial University's group's favourite schoolgirl suddenly knew how to oil paint?

Where does this leave the art department's seniors and sisters?

Even Wen Wan heard Lan thought for a while before remembering the art festival in Qingzhi last year.

His sister had swept through the whole high school, taking more than a dozen first places.

His sister knew so many things that he couldn't even remember them all.

It wouldn't affect anything anyway.

Hu An's expression shattered open, almost in disbelief.

Ying pressed her head and replied politely, "I'll probably be free after college."

It really wasn't much of a coincidence for her.

Berg was not a low achiever in art, not yet forty this year, and had already worked out a character of her own.

She would be doing him a disservice by going to teach instead.

"Alas, that's three years away." Berger was reluctant, "Or else you can draw me another picture?"

Ying thought for a moment, "That's fine, it's free for you."

The two of them said one thing to each other, finally making the netizens barely react.

[Crap crap crap! I'm dumbfounded.]

【When others are double schooling, Ying Shen has become promoted to teacher's teacher.】

I'm sorry, but the saying that there is a world outside of people is really true, but it's obviously not valid in front of Ying Shen.

"Master Ying, wait a minute." Burger suddenly remembered his good friend, "I'll go and get Bart, Bart hasn't seen you for a long time either."

Before Ying could say anything, Berg had already left in a huff.

The teacher at the Royal Academy of Arts in o Continent was also confused.

A few minutes later, back came the two men.

Bart looked more serious than Berg, but after seeing the girl, he too was instantly excited and picked up the computer: “Master Ying, when are you coming to teach me piano?”

All: “.....”

Qin Lingyu took a deep breath and also went a little numb: “Bart Sieber, the famous pianist from o continent and also an honorary lecturer at the Royal Academy of Arts in o continent.”

Juan’s breath caught in his throat and he only felt a wave of vertigo.

It wasn’t enough that there was a Berg, there was a Bart?

What magical world?

Adele clapped her hands and her eyes lit up, “Sister is awesome.”

She’s awesome too, that’s why she and Ying are family.

Yes, that’s the truth.

Juan was completely devastated and regretted very much why he had let the programme team link o the Royal Academy of Arts on the Continent.

Not only did he fail to show his style, but he was pressured again.

“It’s almost time to eat at noon again.” After the campus was finished watching, Qin Lingyu said, “The programme team will not be providing lunch or cash today, you all need to earn your own money.”

“You guys earn as much money as you want for lunch.”

Watching academic classes all the time, the netizens get tired too.

Earning money and being able to show independence.

Juan wrinkled his eyebrows, “Why is there still this kind of requirement?”

What a crap show this is.

A group of people went over to the West Street snack street, and Hu An Cheng was black-faced.

“There are stalls for everyone.” Qin Lingyu was laid back, “Everyone can start whenever they want, the staff are not able to help.”

“Hu An, what do we take to earn money?” The same astrology boy whispered, “We didn’t bring anything.”

“Who says they didn’t bring it?” Juan pulled out a deck of tarot cards, “Divination to earn money.”

The boys thought the same thing and quickly put up a sign.

It read, “Tarot divination, eight hundred a time.”

In the second group, Wen Wanlan and Li Han saw Ying Ziji pull out a bunch of autographed photos from her school bag.

There was one from Qin Lingyu and one from Shang Yaozhi.

A single signed photo of these two top streamers was already worth five hundred dollars on second-hand trading websites.

Not to mention other people, even the program team and Qin Lingyu herself didn’t expect it.

Qin Lingyu: “..... You carry some with you, it’s not heavy?”

Although it’s true that Ying Ziji is the CEO of First Light Media, there’s no shortage of autographed photos.

But who would carry a bag of autographs for nothing?

Ying Zidian slowly and methodically laid out all the autographed photos: “This is money.”

How can money be heavy.

That’s strange.

Qin Lingyu: “.....”

Wen Hanlan walks over to sit next to Ying Zidian and lays out two QR codes, both Alipay and WeChat.

Hmm.

He needs to learn more from his sister in this regard.

The live broadcast room instantly exploded.

[Crap, is anyone in West Street? Go, go, go buy!]

I'm coming, I'm coming, take a taxi, I'll be there in ten minutes.

I'm coming, I'm coming, I'll be there in ten minutes.

Soon, the West Street side was full of people.

There were both boys and girls, and they lined up very consciously.

What Ying Ziji was selling wasn't expensive.

It was ten yuan a piece.

Those who could come all the way here were all hardcore fans of Qin Lingyu and Shang Yaozhi.

First Light Media would never use an artist's fans to make money, let alone allow such a situation to happen.

[Oooooooh, ten dollars! I got a signed photo of the pups for ten dollars.

[Monitor each other, no one who buys an autographed photo today is allowed to resell it at a higher price.

It didn't take long at all for all the hundreds of autographed photos that Ying Zidian had brought with him to be sold out.

The crowd dispersed again.

But at that moment, a long, slender and straight figure appeared in the range of the camera.

The netizens were able to see it clearly.

"Excuse me." Ying Ziyi didn't look up, "It's sold out."

"Well, I don't want them." A familiar lazy voice rang out, before hearing his voice press down again and a slow low laugh, "I don't like theirs, Ying Shen, is there a signed photo of you? I'll buy it."

The word "Ying Shen" was uttered by him, completely different from others.

It carried a bit of a seductive and compelling meaning.

Ying Zidian looked up and his phoenix eyes narrowed.

Although the core point of this episode was Norton University, since yesterday, all the focus was once again on the girl.

Ying Zidian is followed by two cameramen, clearly recording the man's voice.

[Crap, who is this guy? Molesting Ying Shen, greatly bad!!!]

I want an autographed photo of Ying too.

[Why is he wrapped up so tightly, I can't see anything, his voice is too good, no, I want to find out who this man is.]

"Yes." Ying Ziyi gathered her eyes and avoided his overly hot sight, "You have to pay extra."

Fu Yunshen just smiled: "Of course."

Ying Zidian's hand paused, borrowed Adele's Polaroid, took a picture and then signed and handed it over.

"I don't have any cash on me." Fu Yunshen's eyelashes dropped and he glanced at the picture, his eyebrows raised, "This card has all the money in it."

There was an ATM right next to it, and Wen Huilan took the card to check the balance.

One of the cameras followed it over.

Then a clear shot of the money in the bank card was taken.

The seven-digit number stunned everyone.

The pop-ups were full of groaning and exclamation marks.

Ying Zidian: "....."

She could only say two words.

Defeat.

Ying Zidian looked up: "That's too much."

"It's not much, here -" Fu Yunshen paused, his long fingers pressed the signed photo and smiled again, "Thank you, Ying Shen."

Ying Ziyi's eyelashes twitched slightly.

She knew what he wanted to say later.

How could it be a defeat when it was given to Yoyo.

Fu Yunshen takes the autographed photo and walks away.

His pace was not slow or hurried, yet he gave off a very strong aura.

“Hurry!” The producer watching the footage was excited, “Mr. Qin, send someone to follow up! This is a big bang.”

Qin Lingyu: “.....”

She didn’t really dare.

In the end, Ying Ziyi’s group earned one million six hundred dollars.

Not to mention a meal, they were able to open a franchise.

The tarot card divination stall set up by Hu’an was not visited by anyone.

It’s not that there aren’t tarot divination shops in the imperial capital, but they all start at 70 or 80 a time, not to mention the ground stalls.

The ones that can attract customers are the oldest shops here, with a certain customer base.

When Juan came up and asked for 800, he was a young foreign guy, and without a customer base, only a fool would come and spend money.

Juan was furious, he clenched his fist and gritted his teeth, “These people, they really don’t know what they are doing, I won’t bother with them.”

He was in his second year of university, and his astrological ability was certainly no match for his seniors and sisters, but he could at least really count.

Those who run divination shops, are they as good as him?

They were just gods and goddesses who came out to cheat people.

The others in the same group earned some money and had enough to eat.

Only the second group went to the Han Court, while Hu An’s group only went to the snack shop down the street.

After eating, the group gathered again to discuss the sights to be visited tomorrow.

Juan took the map and pointed to a spot, “Go here.”

Adele bristled, “What’s there to climb about mountains?”

“That place, it’s best not to go there.” Ying Zidian faded, “It’s not safe in the middle of nowhere.”

“What’s unsafe about it?” Hu An was cold, “It’s not a scenic spot in your imperial capital, you say it’s not safe?”

He checked very clearly.

The lonely mountain that the Hershel family had identified happened to be behind a scenic area, except that not many people went to this scenic area.

Of course no one wanted to go to a lonely mountain, and Juan could only use the scenic area as an excuse.

Out of something like borrowing luck, Li Han believed in Ying Zigu.

To be precise, she believed in metaphysics and that there was really karma in this world.

Li’s father and mother had all been laid off and sold their house, so they had to squeeze into a rented room.

Li Wenxuan has fallen into a coma and the hospital says he doesn’t have many days left to live.

This was all retribution.

So Li Han didn’t even think about it and immediately refused.

“Wen Listen Lan, you’re at least from Norton University.” Hu An looked at the teenager, “You’ve also taken adventure classes, you wouldn’t be afraid to go, right?”

Who would be afraid of that, Norton University students?

Wen heard Lan just raised his eyes, his eyes were dark.

It was as if he could see what was going on.

Hu An’s heart thudded.

Ying Zidian suddenly spoke up, “Xiaolan, you go.”

Wen Xiaolan didn’t ask why, and directly responded, “Yes, I’ll go then.”

Hu An snorted, “You listen to your sister in everything, how useless.”

He really didn’t know how many elites Adele had met as the offspring of the astrological family over at Norton University, so how could she look at Wen Huilan?

“Listen Lan go, I’ll go too.” Adele’s ears caught the important point of information and rejoiced, “I can help blow up the mountain.”

Rihan choked on a mouthful of water.

This?

“Miss Milton, my father wants to meet you.” Ying said, “He’s a researcher and has more experiments, so he’s only free tomorrow.”

“Good bah.” Adele could only give up, “I’ll go and see dad then.”

Wen heard Lan: “.....?”

Who’s dad?

Juan made a snap decision, “Then it’s a deal.”

His target was only Wen Huilan, of course he didn’t want Adele to go.

Ying Ziji took out her tarot cards and laid them out casually.

“Eh, sister, you play tarot cards too.” Adele bounced over, “This is a nice tarot card of yours.”

Coming from a family of astrologers, Adele was naturally able to see that the tarot cards were real.

There were a few real tarot cards that came onto the market once in a while, but they were rare.

It was not easy to buy one.

“Hmm.” Ying Ziji drew out three cards, “Will play a little.”

After being suppressed for a few days, Juan finally couldn’t stand it anymore.

After hearing this, his voice was tinged with mockery: “You can call that playing tarot? What do you know about tarot cards?”

Do you really think those tarot cards sold in the market can calculate anything remarkable?

Chapter 554

Even if he got lucky and bought real tarot cards, without the guidance of a real diviner, it would not be possible to tell anything.

Before Juan came to China, the elders of the Heschel family had told him about the divination world over here in China and told him to be careful.

In terms of trigonometry, whether o continent had experienced that witch trial or not, there was no way to compare with the East.

If he offended the fortune-tellers here, the Heschel family could not protect him.

But Juan also knew that the powerful fortune-tellers in China were all old men and women who formed their own circle and usually did not come out.

How could he have come across them?

Wen heard Lan look up and smiled in a rare moment, very cold: “Hu An, how many faces do you have? Not enough to be beaten?”

Hu An’s expression stalled, remembering the live broadcast of the show this morning, his face instantly darkened to the point where water could drip out.

He gritted his teeth, inwardly very resentful.

This pair of siblings were clearly here to grill him.

“Sister, you play.” Wen Huilan naturally had contact with the astrology students, and he knew a little bit about tarot cards, “What do you count?”

Ying Zigui was light-hearted: “To tell your luck in peach blossom.”

Wen Hanlan: “.....”

He, for one, didn’t really want it.

Adele, however, was interested: “Sister, did you figure it out, it’s me, right?”

“Adele, that’s a fake!” Juan was furious, “If they don’t know, how can you not know?”

If anyone had a talent for astrology, wouldn’t they all be in the Astrology Department at Norton University?

Adele rolled her eyes, “None of your business.”

Juan was unable to speak.

By this time, Ying Zidian had also turned all the cards upside down.

Juan took a very casual glance.

A positive Tower, an inverted Magician, and the last one was an inverted Judgement.

None of them were cards with any good signification.

They represented a loss of success and a stumble.

This was all he had to offer, and he was counting his luck?

Hu An snorted lightly, didn't look at it again and went back to the hotel.

In the room, Ying Ziji put the cards away and raised her eyebrows.

What she was counting was not Wen Huilan's luck, but what would happen to Hu An tomorrow.

Adele also saw the three cards with bad meanings and her mood immediately dropped: "Sister, this card?"

"I can't count, don't take it for real." Ying took out another lollipop, "My father's cooking is very good, you are welcome to be our guest."

Adele ate the lollipop and then forgot what she was going to ask.

She took out the remaining gold bricks and happily gave them to Rihan to share.

**

Evening.

The Ji family.

The villa area.

Ying Ziyi finished her meal and stood on the open terrace blowing the wind.

The phone rang twice at that moment.

[Fifth Moon]: Miss, there's news from the trigonometry world that a water snake has awakened in the cold pool on this mountain, it's as thick as a big tree, very toxic, predicted to have lived for hundreds of years, has some intelligence, and its strength is comparable to that of an ancient martial artist with sixty years of cultivation.

[Fifth Moon]: They are going tomorrow afternoon and are preparing to combine their efforts to strangle and kill it, to prevent this water snake from coming out to scourge the masses, grandpa asked me to follow and exercise, Miss, are you going?

Ying Zigui's eyes narrowed slightly as she replied.

[Well, I'll go.]

This mountain, the same one behind the tourist attraction that Juan had picked.

Of course, creatures like the dragon and phoenix, which people fantasize about in legends, are not found on earth.

But there are indeed creatures that have not been recorded.

Most of these creatures live beneath the deep sea, in places that no submarine can reach.

The fact that this lake can support such a thick water snake is considered a feng shui treasure.

A feng shui treasure place naturally has rare herbs, ores or other rare items.

Don't want them for nothing.

Those fortune tellers are so excited, not because the water snake has awakened, but because of the heavenly treasures there.

Ying Ziji was pondering when her waist was wrapped around someone from behind.

The man's palm was warm and his fingertips seemed to carry magic, stirring up a cluster of electricity.

Ying Zidian took hold of his hand: "No hugging here, I'm itching."

"Hm? Itchy meat?" Fu Yunshen didn't tease her, he changed his position, "Do you think I'm doing well today?"

"Well..." Ying Ziyi paused and slightly tilted her head, "Aren't you afraid of being recognised?"

Although Fu Yunshen was wrapped up very tightly, and even used the ancient martial arts secret bone shrinking technique to slightly change her height.

But it's still not safe.

After all, netizens are very sharp-eyed now.

With a blurry photo, they were able to pick out the real person.

"How?" Fu Yun raised his deep eyebrows slightly, his voice trailing off, "Yao Yao, I'm kind of a half-assed disguise artist, if I recognized it, wouldn't I have learned it for nothing."

Ying Zidian was lying on the balcony, looking lazy, "Sir is quite good."

“It’s almost New Year again.” Fu Yunshen rubbed her head, “Time does fly, Old Mu said he invited you to the Mu family for New Year’s Eve this year.”

“Hmm.” Ying Ziyi didn’t refuse, “I’m fine with that.”

**

The next day.

Hu An sat circumspectly prepared.

The crew didn’t follow the show today because it was a visit, and would continue tomorrow with a new broadcast.

The spot was not famous, but there was a photo mecca where many tourists lined up to take pictures.

“Let’s go over there and have some fun.” Juan coughed twice, pretending to be intentional, “There are too many people here to have too much fun.”

Adele, Ying Zigui and Li Han were not here today.

The other two Norton University students, naturally led by Hu An, all agreed.

Wen heard Lan also nodded his head.

One of the seniors from Imperial University originally didn’t want to go, but when he saw that Wen Weilan had agreed, he wrinkled his brows and stood up, “Brother, I’ll go with you.”

In the past few days of recording and communicating together, they had all seen that Hu An had been targeting Wen Huilan.

Who knew what would happen?

Hu An frowned.

He only wanted to leave Wen Huilan behind and didn’t want to involve ordinary people.

But there was no way he could refuse, so he could only take these few people to the back of the mountain.

Hu An pretended that he didn’t know the way, glanced at the coordinates on his phone, and brought Wen Huilan towards the cold pool.

“Hu An, don’t you feel a bit cold?” The boy on the side rubbed his hands, “Let’s go back, it’s too silent here.”

Hu An was not impressed and used a provocative method, “Operations’ missions often go to no man’s land, what is this place?”

The boys didn’t say anything either.

Indeed, it was nothing compared to the missions at Norton University.

Two hours later, the group arrived by a lake.

The temperature was colder, and the surroundings quieter.

Juan’s eyes narrowed.

This was it.

The lake was foggy, so it was not very clear to see.

Wen heard Lan’s expression was slightly strained.

“Hiss!”

Suddenly, there was a very seeping sound.

At the same moment, with a “buzzing” sound, a pillar of water curled up on the lake.

A 15-metre long water snake appeared in sight.

It had green vertical pupils and was eerily compelling.

The whole group was shocked.

They stared blankly at the very thick water snake and forgot to move in unison.

The words “The Legend of the White Snake” popped into the elder’s mind and he wondered if he was watching a TV series.

How else could such a big snake appear?

Only Hu An was calm and sneered in his heart.

This was the effect he wanted, this snake, it was perfectly capable of keeping Wen Huilan here.

But before he could start acting according to his plan, suddenly, the water snake let out another hissing sound.

“Hissing—”

It opened its mouth and unexpectedly spewed out a green, sticky venom.

Everywhere the venom sprayed, the plants all withered.

This time, Juan's complexion changed greatly and his face turned ghastly white bit by bit.

Not good!

It was a mistake!

It was because they were too far away, and the diviners of the Heschel family had failed to calculate that the power of this poisonous snake was far beyond their control.

It was fine to kill Wen Huilan, but I was afraid that he would have to die here today too.

This was not good.

Hu An gritted his teeth and finally made up his mind, turned around and ran away.

As he ran away, he also pushed Wen Hanlan.

The poisonous snake was right in front of him, and only if Wen heard Lan was eaten by the snake would he have a chance to escape.

The venomous snake opened its mouth once more and spewed out its venom.

Before Wen heard Lan came, he had already taken the pills that Ying Ziji had given him.

After he knocked the senior unconscious with his hand, he also fed him a pill.

Before the snake could launch its next attack, Wen heard Lan had already picked up the senior on his back and shied away.

Not only did Hu An fail to push, but he fell to the ground himself.

Once again, the water snake spewed out its venom.

Hu An let out a scream and fell to the ground, screaming out repeatedly, "Arm! My arm!"

His whole arm was gradually corroding in the venom spewed out by the water snake, and the wound was deep to the bone.

The other two Norton students were almost desperate.

They had no idea what Juan and the Herschel family had planned.

All were just coming of age and had experienced too few practical classes to have encountered such a spectacle.

Norton University also kept some beasts inside, to increase the students' chances of survival when they joined the Operations Department and went on missions in the desert or the rainforest.

But they were only sophomores and had never been on a mission like this before.

What can they do?

Just as the two men were panicking, suddenly the snake stopped its attack.

As if it had discovered some greater crisis, it slowly raised its head, its green eyes fixed on one direction.

At the same time, there was a cold, slow, sparse voice falling.

“Told you, it’s dangerous here, don’t come.”

“If you come, be prepared to lose your life.”

On the lake, the girl stepped forward.

It was like walking on flat ground, treading water without a trace.

Chapter 555

As in those martial arts dramas shown many times on television, the lightness is so great that it is like a gust of wind sweeping across the lake.

This is also an application of ancient martial arts internal energy.

After reaching over fifty years of ancient martial arts cultivation, one can already practise such a technique.

Using internal energy, one could stand and walk on objects that could not bear weight.

Even a leaf can do so.

The icy mist on the lake dispersed at this moment, making the giant snake’s appearance even clearer.

The sun was high in the sky, but the sun could not penetrate the thick clouds and the temperature had dropped to below zero.

Juan, however, could no longer see.

The water snake's venom had penetrated through his flesh and invaded his nerves, not knowing that his eyes, even his ears, were temporarily deaf.

In particular, his right arm, which had been directly corroded by the venom, made him roll on the ground in pain.

The other two Norton students could see it, but their legs couldn't move at all and even their brains stopped functioning.

All the things that had happened today had completely overwhelmed their capacity.

On the lake, Ying Zidian turned his head: "Xiaolan."

Wen Listen Lan understood.

His elder put it aside, walked over and raised his hand to directly split the two men unconscious.

The water snake didn't move either, it had lived for so long that it already possessed a high level of intelligence.

Naturally it could feel the oppression from the girl.

It hissed and spat, still watching.

"I'm coming I'm coming." At that moment, a panting voice rang out, "I say, why do I have to push such a cart up the hill?"

Fifth Moon almost died on the road.

She was just a fortune teller, her body was already weak, and this was simply destroying her.

Wen heard Lan, however, understood it well.

He moved both the senior and the two Norton students onto the cart, then pushed it down the hill.

As for Juan, he didn't bother.

He had not come into contact with many people, but he had been alert since he was a child.

Juan had tried to harm him and now had it coming.

He wasn't so kind as to save Juan.

But taking the initiative to harm someone was not something he would do.

Just pretend to be invisible.

Fifth Moon wiped a sweat from his face and turned his head slowly.

On meeting the huge snake head, she was shocked on the spot, “Crap!”

This snake is too big!

This tops several white suzhen ah.

“Little, young lady ah.” Fifth Moon’s legs were weak, “I’ll watch the show from the sidelines, will you watch?”

Ying Zidian had nine golden needles in her hand, her eyelashes drooping slightly, “You’re already a tool.”

An ancient martial artist with sixty years of cultivation would not be able to win against this water snake.

Now that her ancient martial arts cultivation had gradually recovered to seventy-three years, she could already tackle it alone.

Fifth Moon: “.....”

No, she was just a salty fish.

The water snake observed for a long time and its huge body finally moved.

It let out an oozing hiss, and its long tail flung up, setting off the wild wolf.

Ying Zidian remained standing still on the water, and the nine golden needles in his hand were instantly launched at this moment.

With majestic internal energy, these nine golden needles were like sharp swords.

In one fell swoop, they penetrated the water snake’s scales and entered its flesh and bones.

The water snake hissed again as the pain was so intense.

But the nine golden needles were running around inside its body under the effect of its inner strength, so much so that it could not move at all.

As the golden needles were completely corroded by the venom, the water snake’s body exploded in a cloud of blood with a few explosions.

It didn't even have time to spit out the last mouthful of venom, and its huge body collapsed, falling heavily into the water and quickly sinking.

Fifth Moon was dumbfounded: "This is the end?"

Those fortune tellers are still teaming up?

"Not 'that's all'." Ying Zigui half-crouched on the ground, wiping a handful of sweat, her features slightly white, "Can swim?"

It looked like she hadn't fought much, but her internal energy had been depleted by four-fifths and was almost empty.

This water snake was indeed treacherous.

It had also cost her nine silver needles.

What a large sum.

"Will will will." Fifth Moon rolled up her sleeves, "There are treasures down there, aren't there? Hey hey hey, I'll carry it all out."

Ying Zigui: "....."

Half an hour later, Fifth Moon swam up from the bottom of the lake carrying a bag of stuff.

There were a few rare medicinal herbs with extreme cold attributes and a few ores.

Such were true heavenly treasures that could not be grown by artificial farming.

"Good stuff ah good stuff." Fifth Moon was not only not tired, she was also excited, suddenly she touched her head, "Aiya, Miss, you don't know, I just swam down and saw a lot of white bones."

Ying Zigui nodded slightly, "Someone should have accidentally fallen into this place by mistake."

Before the water snake died, this lake could not be swum in at all.

"To get rid of harm for the people." Fifth Moon said, "Young lady, you've gained an extra layer of blessing this time."

"Someone is coming." Ying Zidian's ears twitched and her eyes narrowed slightly, "Go first."

Fifth Moon stepped forward to help her up, and the two of them went down the other path.

As soon as they had left, the team of fortune tellers, ancient martial artists and several ancient doctors had already come up.

Looking at the tragic state, the old man at the head of the group drew a backward breath, "Too late, already dead."

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Master Wen, there's someone here!"

The old man immediately looked over.

On the grass, Juan collapsed there, his lips were blue and purple, and his body kept trembling.

"A Westerner?" The old man frowned, "It's possible that a tourist had mistakenly entered this place and alerted this water snake."

"The water snake came out to harm people and caught the attention of that master, and that's why she struck out to put this water snake to death."

As he said that, he couldn't help but be solemn: "The master is really a model for my generation, you all need to learn more."

They were too far away.

Just barely saw the girl's back.

This made the trigram tellers who had attended the exchange on Yusong Mountain that day immediately think of the girl who had fixed Lou Wenhai in the wave of her hand.

Up to now they hadn't found out who it was.

This was the true master.

But now, she had decapitated such a large water snake, didn't she prove that she was not only good at trigonometry, but also strong in ancient martial arts?

The crowd glanced at each other, all seeing the shock in each other's eyes.

One of the ancient martial artists accompanying the team stepped forward and immediately nodded a few times on Hu An's body, sealing his vital points and heart veins.

Another ancient doctor, took out an antidote pill and fed it to Hu An.

The bruises on his face only faded slightly, but his body was still shaking.

“This water snake’s poison isn’t completely fatal, because it doesn’t like to eat dead things.” The ancient doctor stroked his beard, “But the paralysis is very strong, count this boy lucky, he’s just mentally deranged.”

“But unfortunately, I am not very skilled in medicine, I can’t give him an antidote to the poison, Miss Meng might be able to.”

But how could the Dream Family just give medical treatment to an outsider?

Since the water snake was dead, the treasures here must have been taken away too.

A trip for nothing.

It hadn’t even been possible to intercept that True Master.

“Forget it, send this Westerner to the hospital.” The old man waved his hand, “Let’s go.”

**

On the other side.

Wen heard Lan was still waiting at the bottom of the hill.

When he saw the girl coming down, her breath weak, his expression changed slightly, “Sister.”

“I’m fine, I’m off my feet.” Ying Zigui shook her head slightly, “Wake up Senior first.”

“I’ll do that.” Fifth Moon rubbed up and squeezed the senior’s neck again.

The senior woke up with a jolt, and he looked bewildered, “Brother, did you see a snake? It’s a big one!”

Wen heard Lan was calm: “No, senior, you’ve read too much of The Legend of the White Snake.”

The senior was even more confused: “Yes, yes?”

“There was a landslide just now, and you were knocked unconscious.” Ying Zigui turned his head, “Go back to school early.”

Wen Hanlan also said, “Senior, let’s go.”

The senior dazedly followed Wen Weilan, but he still felt that something was wrong.

The last time I thought about it, I thought it was right, how could there be such a big snake, it wasn’t like watching a TV show.

Fifth Moon spoke up, “These two?”

“Get them awake too.”

The two students were woken up by the pain, they saw the girl and instantly jumped up, “You, you you

“Be honest.” Fifth Moon held one down with one hand, “If I can’t deal with that snake, can’t I deal with you?”

Ying Ziji took out his mobile phone and connected to Yu Xuesheng who was on a mission somewhere; “Please Mr. Yu erase this part of their memory.”

Other hypnotists would need face-to-face contact to erase their memories.

But Yu Xuesheng didn’t need to.

“You’re welcome, Miss Ying.” Yu Xuesheng raised his eyes, “Leave it to me.”

A few minutes later, the two students had forgotten about the mountain and only remembered that they had been up there with Hu An.

Still at a bit of a loss, they received a call from the hospital, saying that Hu An had gone insane and was hospitalised, and was now in a complete coma.

Both students turned pale and hurried to the hospital again.

With this happening to Juan, whether it was man-made or accidental, the Hershel family was going to be furious.

**

Things worked out well.

Fifth Moon’s side had the Fifth Family’s access to auction off those treasures.

Ying Zigui herself only left behind some herbs she needed.

“Sister.” Wen Huilan was still uneasy, “The Norton University side

“You don’t have to worry.” Ying Ziji patted his shoulder, “If there’s something you need to find the vice chancellor, he’s still reliable.”

After all, Norton Commission is really a madman.

Wen heard Lan still did not know that the vice headmaster's body had been transformed by alchemy and was an old man who had lived for almost three hundred years.

But the Vice Chancellor's authority was indeed great in Norton University, and in the absence of the Chancellor, the Vice Chancellor was the absolute voice.

But ninety percent of the students and professors have never met the Vice Chancellor.

Wen heard Lan shake her head and pursed her lips, "Sister, I'm just worried about you, there's nothing wrong with me, the Heschel family's side -"

Ying Zigui put on her clothes and said lightly, "Then let them have no return."

After a pause, she said, "We have to shoot the show tomorrow, so pretend you don't know anything."

Wen Xiaolan nodded.

Ying Ziji went downstairs and got into Fu Yunshen's car.

"The new gold needles for you were sent to Mu Lao's side first." He tilted his head sideways, "Go and pick it up by the way."

Ying Ziji is silent.

Fu Yunshen turned the steering wheel: "What are you thinking about?"

"I'm counting the money."

"....."

Little money-grubber.

Twenty minutes later, the car arrived at the old Mu family residence.

Mu Heqing had waited for a long time and took the initiative to come out to greet it.

"Mu Lao, rare." Fu Yunshen got out of the car, all lazy bones, "You didn't kick me out."

"I would have liked to." Mu Heqing was not good-natured, "Love the house, you stay."

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, "That's right, I'm a man by virtue of my wife."

Mu Heqing was choked up and grunted as she walked inside.

How shameless!

Outside the villa.

After sending Ying and Fu Yunshen inside, Mu Cheng came out and closed the door.

“Mr. Cheng.” A voice rang out, “Hold on.”

Mu Cheng froze and looked up.

When he looked, his expression changed, “Miss Meng, what brings you here?”

The Dream Family’s rules were very strict.

A direct descendant, without approval, was absolutely not allowed to go out of the ancient medical community to treat others.

Especially Meng Qingxue, as her body was too weak.

The haze was severe over here in the imperial capital, and with Meng Qingxue’s body unable to support her outside for too long.

So even Mu Heqing had to go to the Ancient Medicine Realm on her own.

“Come are already here.” Meng Qingxue smiled faintly, “Won’t you invite me in for a seat?”

Mu Cheng hesitated for a moment, “Miss Meng please.”

The escort pushed the wheelchair inside.

“Master.” Mu Cheng reached the door first and knocked, “Miss Meng is here.”

In the living room, Mu Heqing frowned and glanced at Fu Yunshen at first glance.

He didn’t react much, he was using Ying Ziji as a human pillow, and with his other hand he was throwing food.

Mu Heqing then nodded, “Please come in.”

Meng Qingxue came in in her wheelchair, coughing and looking even paler: “Elder Mu, please don’t be offended if you come uninvited.”

The guards brought her a heating stove.

It was already winter, and this temperature was hurting Meng Qingxue’s body.

“No offense.” Mu Heqing was polite and detached, “It’s just that if you have something to do, wouldn’t it be better to have someone from the ancient medical community deliver the message?”

“I just-” Meng Qingxue spoke, her gaze falling on the sofa.

Fu Yunshen’s appearance hadn’t changed much from a few years ago, but the teenager had become a man.

It was more charming.

Meng Qingxue was about to greet him.

In the next second, her face instantly turned pale.

Chapter 556

Completely uncontrollably, a mouthful of blood spurted out.

It dripped and spilled, landing on the carpet in the doorway.

It was shocking to the eyes.

The guard’s expression changed drastically, “Miss!”

Even Mu Heqing did not expect that Meng Qingxue could actually be stimulated into this state.

For the first time, he was a little embarrassed and froze in place, subconsciously glancing at Fu Yunshen again.

If something happened to Meng Qingxue here in the Mu family, the Mu family would be in trouble.

But even if the Mu family knew that Meng Qingxue was coming over, there was no way they could stop her.

The family of the secular world, even if their status is high, is not on the same level as the ancient medical and martial world.

The guard was also even more anxious and took out the jade bottle he carried with him, “Miss, take the medicine, take the medicine.”

It took him a lot of effort to feed a pill to Meng Qingxue.

These pills were specially made for Meng Qingxue by the elder of the Meng family.

Meng Qingxue hadn't treated many patients recently, and nothing had happened in the past two years, so why did she vomit blood today?

"Elder Mu, body, body discomfort." Meng Qingxue barely spat out the words, very wretchedly bowing her head and coughing, "Cough cough Qingxue will go first."

Only then did Mu Heqing let out a sigh of relief, "Mu Cheng."

"Miss Meng, this way." Mu Cheng immediately stepped forward and whispered, "The temperature outside is cool, let me drive you to the entrance of the Ancient Medical World."

"Please Mr. Cheng, I" Meng Qingxue could not speak at all at the end of her sentence, and was replaced by a choked sob, tears streaming down her face.

Mu Cheng was also embarrassed at this point.

He didn't know what he could say, so he simply shut his mouth and sent Meng Qingxue out with his escort.

Inside the villa, the atmosphere was slightly stagnant.

"I wasn't informed of this matter of her coming in advance." Mu Heqing sat down on the other side of the sofa, "I'm really sorry about that."

"Elder Mu, that's what you said." Fu Yunshen then lazily lifted his eyes, "Why are you apologizing?"

"Also." Mu Heqing glanced at him, "You're the one who should apologise to me, look, you've directly made me vomit blood."

"Well, I'm sorry, I've been poor lately, I couldn't help it, so-" Fu Yunshen swept a glance at the blood-stained carpet, "Let's compensate you for the carpet."

"....."

Mu Heqing was so angry that smoke was coming out of his seven orifices, "Roll away, brat, you really don't let me see you again, my long life can be made short by you."

Never being able to speak human words.

"Old Mu, anger hurts your body." Fu Yunshen got up, "I'll leave first, and bring Yoyo over again on the thirty-first."

Mu Heqing waved his hand, hoping that he would hurry up and leave.

Fu Yunshen tied Ying Zidian's scarf and straightened her coat, as was his custom.

Ying Ziji looked thoughtfully into the distance: "She likes you."

"Maybe? At least some people think so." Fu Yunshen didn't care much, "Otherwise, Yaoyao, do you think that the firstborn of the Meng family, who I've beaten and ruined, would provoke me for no reason?"

Ying Ziji nodded slightly, "Because of Meng Qingxue?"

Among the younger generation, Meng Qingxue was a genius ancient doctor.

Even though she was physically ill, she had many suitors.

She also had several brothers who were very protective of her.

A true flower in the hothouse.

"Hm." Fu Yun Shen was faint, his tone cool, "It has nothing to do with me, it's not the same way."

At that time, the belief that sustained him was only revenge.

He had been walking on the edge of life and death, forcing himself to break through the limits again and again to have a higher cultivation level, how could he have time to care about other things.

He hadn't spoken to Meng Qingxue, he had only met her a few times, but Meng Qingxue had indeed caused him a lot of trouble.

There were constantly people coming to pick on him.

"As for me, I have someone I like very much now, and I'm the only one." Fu Yunshen stroked her head, "Her first name is Ying Zidian, and her nickname is Yao Yao. I was plotting against this person and had bad intentions, so I thought-."

"Abduct her how you will, and take her entirely into my possession."

"I am assured of you, and you have a little faith in yourself." Ying paused and raised an eyebrow, "Speaking of which, I used to tell my good friend that I would never marry and have offspring in my life."

"Hmm?"

"Broke my promise."

Fu Yunshen curled his lips, “I know, you like me a lot too, you kick the covers at night and still hug me.”

His mood was pleasant for a moment, his voice smiling: “Girlfriend, what would you like to eat tonight,”

“Sweet and sour baby back ribs.”

“Hmm? No more sliced boiled pork? Don’t you like spicy food?”

Ying Ziyi thought about it, “Let’s have it too.”

She had consumed too much today, so she could eat as much as she wanted.

Fu Yunshen’s eyes dropped and he laughed: “I’ve raised a piglet.”

No sooner had he said this than his waist was pinched.

“Don’t make a fuss.” He clasped her hand and smiled again, “I’m willingly, only raising you.”

**

Meng Qing Xue started to develop a high fever immediately after returning to the Dream Family, and she lay in a somewhat unclear state of consciousness.

The Dream Family head rushed over in a hurry after learning the news, and gave the guards a head-scratching lecture, “What’s going on? Why did Qing Xue go out for a trip and become like this?!”

“Back, back to the family head.” The guard knelt on the ground, his body trembling, “Little, Miss has seen that Duke Fu who came from the secular world.”

He had been following Meng Qingxue around, and naturally knew Fu Yunshen.

“It’s him?” The Dream Family Head was first stunned, and then incredulous, “Qingxue, don’t tell me that you actually have an interest in him?”

Meng Qingxue reluctantly opened her eyes, “Father

“Qingxue, what do you like about him?” The Dream Family Head suppressed his anger, “He has no family background, no background, and he beat up your brother like that, and you still can’t forget him?”

Yes, Fu Yunshen’s ancient martial talent was terrifying, stronger than those geniuses of his generation in the ancient martial world.

The only one who could match him was Xie Yu who hadn't passed out.

There were still a few ancient martial arts families recruiting him now.

But without a backer in the ancient martial world, the survival rate would be very low.

Fu Yunshen with Meng Qingxue was still a bit short after all.

The more the Dream Family Master thought about it, the angrier he became, "He hurt you like this, I'll have someone bring him over to make amends for you!"

Meng Qingxue was a treasure that everyone in the Meng Family held in their hearts, could she be bullied?

"Father, I don't blame him, I did it of my own free will, please, don't go looking for him, don't let him get any further away from me, can you?" Meng Qingxue finished these words as if pleading, her breath was insufficient and she drifted off to sleep again.

The Dream Family Master was silent, his face cold and sullen.

The Grand Elder had also arrived on the news.

After checking Meng Qingxue's pulse, he let out a long sigh, "The stimulation is too severe, the blow ten years ago was even worse, what is going on?"

Ten years ago, Lady Meng passed away.

The Dream Family Head pursed his lips, really not wanting to say Fu Yunshen's name.

Because he didn't want to believe nor was he willing to believe that Fu Yunshen could have such a great impact on Meng Qingxue.

"Let Qingxue recuperate well." The Grand Elder didn't say much and wrote a few prescriptions, "Don't let her out of the house before the Lunar New Year."

The ancient martial arts and ancient medicine worlds inherited ancient customs and had to pay more attention to the New Year.

The Dream Family Head nodded and accompanied Meng Qingxue for a while longer, going out to take care of business.

**

The next day the show was live with three less Norton University students.

The program team didn't say exactly what was going on, just that something was up.

But the netizens were massively capable of picking up on it, and soon picked up on the matter of Juan's admission to the Imperial Hospital.

[Mental disorder???

What did he do, why did he suddenly lose his mind? He's not hit by Ying Shen, is he?

I think he's still very good. After all, he's a double student at Norton University and the Royal Academy of Arts.

[Don't compare yourself to Ying Shen, she's not human, it's accepted, you can't even be jealous in the end.

Because the strength is so disparate, there's no use being jealous.

Without these three people, the show continued as normal and more netizens watched.

Today was a trip to a secret room escape specially developed by the Imperial University, with various difficult puzzles.

"Sister, I forgot to tell you." On the way Adele was worried, "Juan turned out like that, I don't know what's going on but the Hershel family is not to be messed with and will definitely come after you."

"Not to be messed with?" Ying's eyes were light, "Just let them come."

Adele waved her fist, "It's okay, sister, I'll protect you."

She went to find Wen Huilan and bounced away.

Ying checked the airplay of the third season again.

It was good.

When the show ended, First Light Media would net another billion or so.

**

Meanwhile, in the hospital, the student accompanying Juan at his bedside received a video call from Norton University.

In the video was an old man, with silver hair, but hale and hearty.

It was the great head of the Heschel family.

Apparently, the Heschel family already knew everything that was going on.

The old man banged on the table, his gaze sharp and cold: “Wen Listen Lan, Ying Zigui, who else?”

Chapter 557

“Nope, no more.” One of the students shook his head, “The rest of them, none of them have any conflict with Juan.”

The old man asked again, “You really can’t remember what happened yesterday?”

The two students looked at each other and still shook their heads.

They only remembered that they had followed Hu An up the mountain, and they didn’t know anything about what happened afterwards.

The old man knocked on the table, “Call someone, show them their memories.”

The butler next to him quickly went down and returned with a hypnotist behind him.

The hypnotist was respectful, “Lord Jason.”

“Show them if they have really forgotten.” Jason blandly, “Restore their memories.”

After looking at their pupils and the rest of their faces, the hypnotist spoke, “It is true that they have forgotten, it should be a natural memory loss due to too much mental stimulation.”

“Recovery is possible, but after recovery, there will be a certain impact on the nerves and the IQ will drop. ”

Jason frowned, “All right, go down.”

He added to the two students, “You keep watch over Juan, money is not even a problem, Hershel will reimburse you.”

After turning off the call, Jason got up and went to the family’s astrology room.

Inside was an astrologer projecting an astrolabe, with a few decks of tarot cards beside him.

“Worked out anything yet?” Jason stepped forward, “Still nothing?”

“The exact passage cannot be divined.” The astrologer shook his head, “All that can be worked out is that the beast is dead and all the treasure inside was taken, but the astrolabe shows a blur as to what exactly did it.”

Jason’s brow furrowed even more as he drew a faint breath, “It seems to be a diviner from the Chinese side, and it makes sense that we can’t spy.”

Generally speaking, people with low divination ability could not tell what happened to people with high ability.

Jason had already guessed that Juan was afraid that he was just unlucky, and that it was not someone else who had harmed him.

But how could his grandson, who had been carefully trained and was so gifted in astrology and art, be mentally unbalanced?

Jason had to find someone to take it out on.

Of course, the old men of the Chinese fortune tellers could not afford to be offended.

Especially the Fifth Family.

The Fifth Family has been passed down from generation to generation, and even though the number of people with the gift of fortune-telling is gradually decreasing, the Fifth Family's heritage is still terrifyingly strong.

When it came to persimmons, they naturally had to pick the soft ones to pinch.

They had been investigating Wen Huilan for a long time and knew that he valued his father and his adopted sister.

If something happened to his family, he would have to stay in China.

It wasn't a bad ploy.

"Get your stuff ready and bring the good guys." Jason stood up and ordered coldly, "Get the emergency pass and go to China immediately."

There was only one emergency pass left in their possession, to be able to leave Norton University without reporting.

Normally, whether it was the Hershel family or several other indigenous families, members were required to report to the Vice Chancellor when they were out in force.

Jason knew the Vice-Chancellor had lived from centuries ago until now, but didn't think much of the Vice-Chancellor at all.

Couldn't astrology, and couldn't alchemy.

If he hadn't lived long enough, he would have rolled off his position as Vice Principal long ago.

As for the Headmaster?

Jason smiled coldly.

He was also going to try this time to see if what the Vice-Principal said was true.

If Norton was to just leave, he would press on.

If Norton was missing or dead, it was time for a new person to sit as the president of Norton University.

**

The Imperial Capital.

The live show is still on.

Because the participants in the escape room are all highly intelligent talents, the program team didn't think they could trap these geniuses for long.

But those professors at the Imperial University have combined to come up with difficult puzzles, so half an hour should still be able to hold up.

Each person was a separate line, but the puzzle was the same.

It wasn't until the camera that followed Wen Listen Lan and Adele caught the two walking up to the first door that neither bothered to find the puzzle and just violently broke through the door.

[????]

[Can this still happen? How come I didn't think of it when I was playing escape rooms before.

The doors of the escape rooms are specially made, and you can't kick them even if you have a black belt in Taekwondo.

The producer, who was also watching the video backstage, was envious.

The producer and director, who were also watching the footage backstage: "....."

They are quite scared of Norton University now, what a bunch of people are in there.

On Ying's side, she was able to solve the question in a moderate way without violently breaking the door.

But not to mention lasting half an hour, it didn't even last ten minutes.

The reason why there are still ten minutes left is that the journey from the entrance to the exit takes seven or eight minutes, the rest is the time to find the questions.

[See, Ying Shen wanted to do it several times, but restrained himself and solved the puzzle normally.

[Clearly, he knew what his brother was likely to do, so he stopped doing it himself to save face for the programme team].

Producer and director: “.....”

They didn't feel comforted by it.

The others were still deciphering, and Ying went out through the last door, and that was the end of the live broadcast that belonged to her.

She entered the final rest room and saw the man sitting on the sofa, and couldn't help but pause: “Why are you here?”

Fu Yunshen raised his eyes slowly and deliberately, “Bought the programme team.”

“.....”

With money, you can really do whatever you want.

Ying Ziji took a sip of water: “The programme team is quite stupid.”

The producer and director are all from the main TV station, the rest is only the responsibility of First Light Media.

“Let's go.” Fu Yunshen stroked his head, “You've been recording for a few days, go back and take a rest.”

Ying Ziyi nodded, “I'm going to take Xiaolan and Second Uncle and the others to the ancient martial world.”

Wen Fengmian was indeed busier now, running between the Ancient Martial World and the Ji Family, having to deal with matters on both sides.

She had calculated correctly that the Hershel family was coming over today, so it was safer to send Wen Yinglan to the Ancient Martial World.

She didn't have to worry too much about Wen Fengmian, with fifty years of ancient martial arts cultivation, the Heschel family would have to be able to move.

Two minutes later, Wen heard Lan and Adele also came out.

He listened and wrinkled his brows slightly: “Sister, take Adele with you.”

Ying Ziji turned his head and looked at Adele.

Adele thought for a moment: “Yes, I’ll go too.”

Ying Zidian sent another WeChat to Li Han and the others in the group, telling them to stay at the Imperial University and not go out for the next few days.

If it wasn’t for Juan’s appearance, she would have forgotten that there were several people besides Norton where Norton University was founded at that time.

A few founding fathers, and they had talked to each other back then.

After sorting out other things, Ying set off for the Ancient Martial World.

**

At five o’clock in the afternoon, the Heschel family arrived at the Imperial Capital.

Jason led the way straight to the Ji family’s villa area.

But there was no one at either Wen Fengmian’s or Ji Yihang’s house.

It was an empty punt.

Jason frowned, displeased: “Neither was there?”

“Grand Master, could it be that they ran away?” The butler spoke up, “Didn’t those two students of Young Master Juan’s say that they had warned the others about how strong Young Master Juan’s family background was.”

“I guess they also knew they were going to be implicated, so they ran away early.”

“Ran away? Can they run away? That Ying Zidian is an all-department genius at Imperial University, isn’t he?” Jason said indifferently, “You guys go and grab two random students from Tidu University, torture them a bit, send them photos and see if they come back.”

“If they don’t come back, then keep grabbing them again until you force them to come back.”

The butler’s heart was shocked.

It seemed that what had happened to Juan had indeed made Jason angry.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have gone out of his way to start taking on ordinary people.

If this got back to Norton University, there would be no shortage of accountability.

Could it be that

The butler was even more alarmed, "Grand Master, are you preparing to-"

"Good." Jason knocked on the table, "Norton University has been called Norton for so long, it's time to change its name."

At this point in time, it was also time for classes to end at Imperial University.

The Herschel family's mercenaries were specially trained, and the leader was an S-rank graduate of the combat department, and had no problem kidnapping two students.

"Both know Ying Zigui, right?" Jason half-crouched down and looked at the two students, "Remember, it's because of her that you were captured, make sure you hate her, the more you hate her the better."

Only then did the two students realise what was going on.

One of the students laughed in exasperation, "Did you not arrest us, and you want to put your hat on Ying Shen?"

What kind of sophistry is this?

"So it's an acquaintance." Jason nodded, "Where is she, do you know?"

The two students didn't say anything.

One, they really didn't know, and two, these people were coming from a bad place.

They were in the same year as Ying Ziyi, and had been selected through various levels to take part in the isc international final.

That bomb incident, though up to now they didn't know what was going on.

But the only thing they could be sure of was that if it hadn't been for Ying Zidian, they would have been buried under the rubble and it was still uncertain whether they would have survived.

After several minutes of not waiting for an answer, Jason lost his patience: "Do it, cut two fingers first."

Two mercenaries stepped forward and held each of the two students down.

Before they could do anything, the door was kicked open with a loud bang.

The girl stood against the light, her silhouette a little icy.

Jason narrowed his eyes and raised his hand to signal the two mercenaries to stop.

The two students slumped to the ground, still a little frightened, but both spoke in unison, “Ying Shen, they’re coming for you, hurry up!”

Ying Zigui stepped forward, his eyes slightly cool: “It’s alright, I came back specifically for that.”

Variables are not the same as certainties, they are unpredictable.

Coupled with the butterfly effect, many things are changing from moment to moment.

Even when counting, it is impossible to be completely sure who exactly will be harmed.

Especially since there were so many targets to choose from, two students she didn’t even know, only vaguely remembering participating in international finals together.

The ancient martial world had delayed things for a while, but thankfully she had come over in time.

“You’re finally back.” Jason scowled at the girl with a critical eye, “Thought you had run away from China, brave to come back.”

Wen Listen Lan was a student at Norton University, protected by her academic record, the Hershel family didn’t dare to do anything openly.

But Ying was different, she didn’t choose Norton University, and Norton University wouldn’t protect him.

“All right, I’ll leave them alone, I didn’t intend to, but you’re responsible for what happened to Juan.” Jason stood up, hands behind his back as he looked at her blandly, “Now come with me to the hospital.”

Ying didn’t say anything after she checked the two students’ bodies to make sure they were okay.

She lifted her leg and struck out straight away.

Jason’s god changed slightly, but still smiled coldly, “But you have a couple of moves, not bad that’s not enough, what else do you have to say?”

These two mercenaries were the weakest of the men he had brought with him.

He had checked well before he came and knew that Ying could fight, so it made sense that he could beat them.

Only then did Ying Zidian turn his head, his gaze falling on Jason's body, and faintly: "Nick Heschel, will be very sorry to have such an offspring as you."

"What did you say?" Jason's footsteps abruptly and coldly, "How do you know that name?"

Nick Herschel, a man from the same century as Norton, was also the founder of the Herschel family.

Even he only knew about it when he became the head of the family and looked at the family tree.

Only not everyone is fortunate enough to be able to be transformed by alchemy, allowing for increased cell division and thus a longer life span.

Again, because he played with astrology, and had the same short life span as the trigram tellers on the Chinese side of the family, Nick Heschel died very young.

These indigenous families of Norton University were also handed down from the people who founded Norton University with Norton Francis.

Because of their great contribution to Norton University, the Heschel surnames are highly regarded at Norton University.

So Jason was also upset that it was clear that they were both pioneers, so why should the president be Norton?

"It's no use knowing the names of the ancestors." Jason shook his head, squashing the doubt in his mind, "The ancestor is dead, and you don't know the ancestor, so don't expect me to give you the benefit of the doubt."

He clapped his hands together and smiled, "Since you won't go, fine, arrest them."

Another group of mercenaries, fishtailing through the doorway.

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Thirty in total.

The rank of this group of mercenaries, when placed over at the O Continent Underworld, was also A rank.

In Jason Heschel's opinion, it was easy enough to deal with a little girl who knew some fighting skills.

“Escort them over to the hospital first.” Jason added, “Then take it straight back to Norton University, a set of all those medieval punishments.”

This was China and it was never good for them to do anything.

Suddenly, Jason snapped, “Who’s out there?!”

All the mercenaries turned around and pulled out the guns in their hands in unison.

“Boom, boom, boom”, the bullets burst out.

But in the next second, there was a sudden change.

Jason didn’t even see who had struck.

By the time he reacted, all thirty mercenaries had already fallen to the ground.

And both the guns and the bullets that were shot out were all floating in mid-air.

As if there was an invisible force holding these weapons, the sound hummed.

A few seconds later, they all fell to the ground with a “pop, pop, pop”.

Jason’s legs went limp as he suddenly thought of a passage in the Heschel family book about China –

The ancient martial arts masters, with a hundred years of cultivation, could manifest their inner strength externally and were invulnerable to swords and spears, bullets could not break through their defences, so they had to avoid them!

It was more of a warning than an account.

The muscles in Jason’s face were trembling.

The man walked in slowly, he inclined his head and smiled, “What did you just say you were going to do?”

With the cold muzzle of a gun against him, Jason’s blood ran cold.

Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster!

Surprisingly, he was really an Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster!

“I’ll make you disappear here.” Fu Yunshen leaned down slightly, taking the gun in his hand and gently patting Jia Sen’s face with a low smile, “It’s easy, don’t ever have any doubts.”

Jia Sen's cold sweat sprang up at once.

An ancient martial arts clan master, not to mention cleaning him up, the entire Hershel family was out of the question.

But weren't all Ancient Martial Artists at this level staying out of the Ancient Martial Realm!

Jason's mind buzzed.

Ying Ziguí looked up, "You followed me?"

"Well, you consumed a lot yesterday." Fu Yunshen raised his hand and gave the girl a gentle tap on the forehead, "Don't do it."

"Thinking that one person can solve it, so I don't have to be bothering you." Ying raised his leg slightly, just kicking one of Jia Sen's acupuncture points, and Jia Sen directly passed out.

"How." Fu Yun Shen's eyelashes moved slightly and he gave a very light laugh, "I'm glad I can still protect you now."

The increase in his little friend's cultivation level was truly amazing.

After a pause, he added, "You can stop being so tired, it's not like before, you have a boyfriend, feel free to make use of him, got it?"

Ying nodded, and then wrinkled her brow.

She raised her hand and straightened his collar, "The clothes are messy."

"I came out in a bit of a hurry." Fu Yunshen held her hand, "You haven't lost your OCD, Yoyo."

"It's worse for you." Ying Zidian raised her eyes after she had sorted herself out, "In a hurry?"

"Well, the Hall of Justice has taken in a prisoner who has been chased for a long time." Fu Yunshen was faint, "It hasn't been dealt with yet, I'll go back, you can play at your leisure."

Ying nodded and kicked Jia Sen who was tied into a dumpling, "Yes, have fun."

**

This time, it was impossible to conceal the fact that Jason had done it in China.

The news spread back to Norton University headquarters, alerting several other clans.

With Norton away and the number of people watching Norton University, the Vice Chancellor could not leave the school and could only contact them by phone, "Are you, are you okay?"

“Yes.” Ying Ziyi was indifferent, “Call a plenary meeting.”

The vice-principal was startled: “Yes, I’m on my way.”

Soon, an online video call was held, using Norton University’s social networking software.

Apart from the vice-chancellor, all the senior members of Norton University were present.

A few of the other big family heads were a little shocked to see a tied up Jason.

“Jason Heschel.” The Vice Chancellor was furious, “You broke the treaty, have you forgotten the rules set by the Chancellor? No hands on ordinary people? Even more so, you can’t hurt a student.”

Jason was still a little confused, he was looking at the projection screen and didn’t even know how the plenary meeting had suddenly been called.

But when he heard this, he immediately retorted, “I’m the one who forgot? It was clearly you who told the lie!”

“You said the headmaster just left the school to look for alchemical materials, then how come it’s been almost two years and he hasn’t even contacted us once, let alone come back?” Jason sneered, “You’re just afraid to admit that he, Norton Francis, is dead!”

The crowd was in uproar.

The ultimate secret of Norton University was nothing more than the fact that Norton Francis was centuries old and had survived until now by alchemy.

His situation was still different from that of the Vice-Chancellor and Cesar Laurent.

Norton liked to experiment on his own body and had always been very morbid and crazy.

Not many people dared to mess with him.

But if he died, how long could Norton University hold up?

“And you, Decker-” Jason spoke again, his voice cold, “if you weren’t the person Norton personally appointed to the position of Vice Chancellor, you wouldn’t really be qualified to do it.”

But it was just good luck to have had his body transformed by alchemy and to have been at Norton’s side, a member of Norton’s inner circle.

Not to mention Nick Heschel, but several other ancestors of the family were more useful than the Vice Principal.

The vice-principal did not speak, his fingers clenched.

It was indeed a fact.

“Decker can run the school, what can you do?” Ying’s eyes were cold, “If Norton had left the school to you, it would have been gone long ago, not to mention number one in the world.”

Norton was so engrossed in alchemy and surgery that the vice-principal was in charge of the school again.

Jason gritted his teeth and sneered, “How do you know it won’t work if you haven’t tried it.”

No sooner had he said this than another scream suddenly came out.

A finger had been sliced off.

The wound was flat, and only blood was seeping out.

In her hand, Ying Zidian spun a short knife, the cold light dazzling.

“This Miss Ying, we admit that the Heschel family did wrong in this matter.” A middle-aged man frowned, “But you have gone too far in doing this in front of us.”

“We are meeting today to discuss this matter, please don’t act without permission before the results are known.”

“You have to be prepared to get yourself killed if you make a move against the head of the big Herschel family.”

Even if Wen Listen Lan was a genius that Norton University focused on cultivating, his status could not be higher than them, the indigenous families of Norton University.

Not to mention, Jason was also the big head of the Hershel family, with high power.

Norton University was one, and there was no way they would turn around and protect an outsider.

“Over? How to pass?” The Vice-Chancellor finally spoke up, forcefully, as the matter concerned Ying Zigui, “Do you know who she is? I tell you, even if the headmaster were here today, he would still have to respect her!”

“Without her, do you think there would be a Norton University today?!”

“Dekker, you’re talking nonsense again.” Jason managed to catch his breath, hoots in his throat and spat out a mouthful of blood, “It’s okay, I’m dead and the Hershel family will be able to take control of Norton University.”

“Drip, drip, drip—”

At this moment, a sound similar to a phone ringing rang in the ears of everyone who participated in the video call.

Naturally, Ying Ziyi heard it too, and her eyes gave a look of slight concentration.

Someone had joined the video call this time.

But this was a dedicated contact channel for Norton University executives, how did someone who wasn't from Norton University get in?

“Security! Security!” An old man shouted over the call, “What are your people doing? Why is it being attacked again?!”

Jason shouted, several times hissing, “I told you, Norton is dead, he's dead!”

“The forces are stupid, we have to re-elect the president, replace him and stabilise the university!”

The reason he had to stress that Norton was dead was to get the other families to support him.

“It's not Security that's in trouble” The Vice Chancellor's eyes widened in some disbelief, “This is ss level access, you can go straight into the call.”

Even he was only s+ level.

Jason Heschel, and several other great heads of families, were s-level.

There were only two spots for ss-rank permissions.

Since Ying had been away for three hundred years and she didn't want to manage the affairs of Norton University, the spots had been left vacant.

Currently, there was only one person with ss-level authority at Norton University, suppressing all other levels of authority.

The Vice Chancellor stared dead ahead.

On the big screen, all the compartments disappeared, leaving only a video screen.

It was a young man with short silver hair, wearing two black crushed diamond studs in his right ear.

He had a handsome face, very typical of a Western face.

His skin was pale, cold and white, and the blue veins at his wrists could be clearly seen.

The man sat with his hands clasped together.

Stern, cold and stern, with the majesty of a natural leader.

“I’m dead?” He looked up, his lips tugging up in a cold smile, “Come, my dear Decker, look me in the face and tell him I’m dead?”

Chancellor of Norton University, genius alchemical madman, Norton Francis.

Chapter 559

Admittedly, Norton only played alchemy and he pushed all the school’s affairs to the vice-principal.

But he was the symbol of Norton’s strength and highest force value.

Every major head of those families had to pay homage to him.

Jason Heschel was naturally no exception.

Every year, Norton would also summon the top brass of Norton University.

It was a face that they were naturally all too familiar with.

Little by little, Jason’s face turned pale and cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

How could it be?

How could Norton suddenly show up?

Listening to Norton’s tone, it was clear that he had heard what he had said when he had entered the call.

The vice-principal finally let out a sigh of relief, “Principal!”

He couldn’t reach Norton.

It was just that he believed Ying Zigui that Norton was alive and not in danger of dying.

“Headmaster, of course you are still alive.” The vice-principal sneered, “But there are some people who can’t wait for you to die.”

“Oh?” Norton licked his lips and smiled carelessly, his gaze as sharp as a hawk’s, “Jason Hershel, that’s the name, isn’t it?”

Jason slumped to the floor, this time in complete panic, “School, Principal, I’m not

“Forget what I said before I left? Hmm?” The smile on Norton’s lips narrowed in an instant, leaving only a biting cold, “Follow Decker’s orders well, and whoever breaks them will be alchemical material when I return.”

Jason could no longer speak and was shivering.

For he had seen such a scene before.

At the time Norton University was hunting down a transnational criminal who had killed a student, and after this criminal had been interrogated by ibi, he had later been dissected into alchemical material.

Without exception, Norton was a real madman and temperamental.

“Oh yes, of course, now add one more to her.” Norton smiled, “This is my boss, listen to her, got it?”

Hearing this, several of the big leaders were shocked.

Especially the middle-aged man who had accused Ying Zigui earlier, he could barely even smile, “School, headmaster, what are you talking about?”

Norton had lived for centuries, and he actually had a boss?

It was this Oriental girl?

What a joke of the centuries.

Norton withdrew his smile again and his eyes were instantly icy cold, “You should know that I don’t speak twice.”

The middle-aged man shut up instantly, his heart racing in fear that he too would become alchemical material.

“Dekker, I’m giving you permission to fully purge the school of traitors.” Norton grimaced, “I’ll be back when I’m done, and anyone who dares to make a mess-”

No one dared to speak.

“Yes, Headmaster.” The vice-principal responded loudly, “Operations is on standby.”

“Very well.” Norton said, “Now, everyone else get out.”

No one dared to resist and immediately exited the call.

Once again, Jason passed out.

This time Ying didn't do anything, he was stunned.

“Old fart.” Norton cocked his head and squinted his eyes across the screen, his eyes falling on the girl, “You turned out to be a little girl, huh? No wonder you keep wearing an Arabian robe.”

“If I had known you looked like this, you really weren't much of a deterrent, does Cesar he know that?”

The vice-principal listened while wiping his sweat.

He'd been paralyzed with fear the first time he'd seen it, too.

“Norton.” Ying didn't bother with the little brat and spoke directly, “Where are you?”

“It's not that I won't tell.” Norton tsked, “It's that you guys can't hear me even if I say it, but anything that involves location is automatically blocked by the system.”

“What I can tell you is that the technology here is more advanced than the school, but it's also more closed off, there's absolutely zero communication with the outside world, I got in by accident, I don't have a pass and I can't get out until now.”

“Shielded?” Ying Ziji's eyes narrowed slightly, “You speak first.”

“Okay, old timer, you're Chinese, I'll speak your words.” Norton raised his eyebrows as he said a name, speaking Chinese.

When he finished, he asked, “Can you hear me?”

The vice-principal shook his head, “No, headmaster, the last few words of your sentence are muffled.”

“Is that right?” Norton wasn't surprised, “Then let's change it to another kind, Latin.”

“.....”

There was a silence.

“Still can't hear it? Try Hebrew.”

There was still no sound.

The vice-principal listened in a cold sweat.

In just so many minutes, Norton had said in dozens of languages exactly where he was.

Ying's eyes gradually deepened as she tapped on the table, her voice calm, "Use alchemical language."

There was a special language in the alchemy world that only alchemists used.

The alchemical language was an existence even more difficult than Latin, and even if ordinary people learned it, they would not be able to read those words.

Only those with alchemical talent can learn the alchemical language.

But again, the alchemical language is exclusive to the alchemical community and is not passed on.

The alchemy department at Norton University was still able to open up because Norton learned some basic alchemical language when he first went to the alchemy world.

But after he came out, he figured out the whole alchemical language system by himself.

Genius alchemy madman, not just saying that.

"It won't work." Norton shrugged, his ear drill reflecting the light, "If you don't believe me, I'll tell you."

He paused before easing his voice out.

A string of very ancient words spilled from his mouth, sacred and archaic.

The vice-principal didn't understand it, but he could hear that another passage was muted after it.

How dare you not even be able to speak alchemical language?

Ying Ziji's eyelashes drooped slightly as he spoke in a faint voice: "This system has all languages recorded, as long as the name of the location is spoken, the system will automatically detect it and block it, not a difficult procedure, but very complicated."

"Good old fashioned, you've disappeared for so long and you still know about computers?" Norton rubbed his chin, politely, "What do you think about reinforcing the firewall for the school?"

Ying raised his eyes to look at him, the emotions in his eyes indistinguishable from those of joy and anger.

"That, that what the headmaster,," the vice-principal wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, "the lord has already reinforced it."

“Oh – that’s quite all right.” Norton immediately apologized, saying the change, “Sorry sorry sorry, you’re still my boss.”

He wasn’t like Cesar.

Cesar was a little kid, running after the adults.

He called Ying Zigui boss, that was a willing bet.

Only the strong were worthy of his following.

“The signal here is not always available and there are quite a few people watching at all times, I only found a good chance to contact you guys.” Norton leaned back in his chair, he lifted his eyes and smiled, “Old antique, I’ll scout you out first, you haven’t recovered your strength, have you?”

Ying fell silent, and after a few seconds, spoke, “Don’t you move yet.”

She closed her eyes.

In an instant, the divine calculation ability was fully activated.

A few minutes later, Ying Ziji reopened her eyes, and the colour of her eyes deepened.

Sure enough, she still couldn’t do the calculation.

Ying Ziji took the computer aside again and began to check the source of the signal.

Soon, a red box popped up.

[Coordinates cannot be captured.]

Like the Ancient Martial World, it was a separate place, so it couldn’t be determined.

But it wasn’t entirely bad news.

At least she was sure that the hackers who had attacked Norton University, the venus group, and her, were in the same place as Norton.

And that included the force whose logo was the black skull.

It was the place she and Fu Yunshen had been looking for.

“The signal’s going away, I’ll hang up now.” Norton said, also exiting the video call.

Only the vice-principal and Ying Ziji were left in the online meeting.

The vice-principal saw that the girl looked slightly pale and was worried: “Are you really alright?”

“Yes.” Ying Ziji slowly pressed her temples, “I shouldn’t have told you that I have a missing memory.”

The “heart” that she had thrown away because it was too much trouble was not only her emotions, but also a source of power.

When she threw it away, she was unable to feel any emotions and was missing a part of her memory, forgetting some things about herself.

Her emotions have been awakened with the help of Fu Yunshen, Wen Hailan and Wen Fengmian, but her memories will have to wait until she finds her “heart” before she can recover them.

But even she didn’t know where she had thrown her heart.

It was about her, and she could not work it out.

She had thought that this memory had something to do with the spirit cultivation world she had been in, but now it seemed that it had come from Earth.

The vice-principal instantly became nervous, “Then you

“Don’t worry.” Ying Ziyi faded, “Norton is right, he scouted first.”

The vice-principal agreed, “The headmaster can stay there for almost two years without anything happening, I reckon with his shamelessness, he might have even penetrated inside.”

Naturally, he didn’t dare say such things to Norton’s face.

He was afraid that he would be dissected.

Ying nodded, “My brother is in your hands, nothing can happen to him.”

The vice headmaster nodded solemnly, “Definitely.”

The call was completely over.

Ying Zidian was still sitting on the sofa.

She took out a piece of paper next to her and pressed the corner of her lips.

The paper had the colour of blood staining on it, and it soon soaked through.

This time, counting where Norton was was even more affected than when she had given Shang Yaozhi a change of robbery point.

Once again, her divine calculation ability had been sealed.

Not because of Norton, but because of the place where he was.

Ying Ziji took a sip of water, kicked Jason out, and went to sleep in her bedroom.

**

The day after the meeting, Norton University sent its Operations Department to personally capture Jason and Juan back.

Juan's brain had been invaded by the toxin from that water snake, and his nerves were still in a state of disarray, so it was 80% likely that he would not recover permanently.

Unless, of course, he can get an ancient medical needle to force the poison out of his brain.

Wen heard Lan vaguely knew that the Vice Principal was afraid of Ying Zidian, but she really didn't expect that it would bring down the whole Heschel family.

It was natural that the students would not be told that the Heschel family had rebellious intentions.

Wen Hanlan was also afraid that he would bring trouble and harm to Ying Zidian again, so he also breathed a sigh of relief: "Sister, I'll stay with you and Dad after New Year's."

Ying Zidian raised her eyebrows: "Yes."

She wouldn't tell Wen Huilan that Wen Fengmian was likely to catch him with him to do experiments.

Naturally, Adele also stayed behind, she hadn't finished eating the food here in the imperial capital.

Wen Hanlan could only take her out to continue eating.

At this time, Ying Zidian received two WeChats.

[Little Li Zi who is surfing hard]: Miss Ying, I have good news for you, your identity has been picked up by the ancestors of the Heavenly Medicine Sect.

[Little Li Zi who is trying to surf the internet]: And, what, please pay my phone bill [shy], I'll give you the herbs!

Ying Zidian: “.....”

She opened WeChat with little expression, and after helping Hall Master Li pay the phone bill, she took a screenshot of all the steps and sent it over.

[Pay it yourself later.

On this side, Fu Yunshen had also settled the matter at the Hall of Justice and came back.

Ying Ziji put down his phone, then held out his hand: “Go to the balcony.”

Fu Yunshen approached, bent down and picked the girl up, very steadily.

He lowered his head and pressed it against her face: “Why are you so lazy all of a sudden, not resting properly?”

“Mmm.” Ying Ziji leaned on his shoulder, her eyes half closed, “I don’t want to walk.”

“Fine, I’ll give you a walking tool, whenever you want.”

The sunlight on the balcony was good, warm but not harsh.

Fu Yunshen put her on the lounge next to the flower bed and sat down himself: “Word came from Mu Lao’s side, saying that we should not go to Mu’s house at New Year’s Eve.”

He said indifferently, “Save yourself from running into the wrong people.”

Mu Heqing had just given him the word that one of Meng Qingxue’s guards had been poking around the Mu family.

It should be keeping an eye on him.

He wouldn’t be going to the Mu family these days.

Ying Ziyi didn’t feel anything, she yawned, “Then let’s go to the New Year’s Eve party venue, I have tickets for the inside.”

“Hmm.” Fu Yunshen nodded, “Give a few to Mu Lao as well, he probably doesn’t want to stay at Mu’s house much anymore.”

**

Ancient Medical World, Heavenly Doctor’s Gate.

“Ancient Divine Doctor, this is the membership information sent over by the Dan Alliance.” The steward was respectful, “With Miss Qingjia on Qi Lao’s side, you have not been accepting disciples, so Qi Lao gave you the information.”

“That’s fine.” Divine Doctor Gu stroked his beard with arrogance, “Have her come to see me personally, I’ll see if she’s suitable for learning formations.”

“If she’s not suitable, I won’t accept her even if she’s strong in pill refining.”

Chapter 560

It is rare for an ancient doctor to be able to integrate both acupuncture and elixir, often specialising in only one.

Of course talented ancient doctors are both, Meng Qingxue is, and so is Lin Qingjia.

It was just that there were too few such ancient doctors.

Divine Doctor Gu himself was better at acupuncture, but of course he wasn’t bad at refining medicine either, just not to the extreme.

“It’s really an honour for her to be accepted as your disciple, Ancient Divine Doctor,” the steward spoke, “she will definitely come.”

How many ancient doctors wanted to worship at the Heavenly Doctor’s Gate, but were kept out?

What’s more, the Ancient Divine Doctor was also a second generation disciple of the Heavenly Doctor Sect.

Those of the same generation as him either had disciples or had largely stopped coming out.

Ancient doctors of this level could only be invited by the ancestors of ancient martial arts families.

Lin Jinyun couldn’t even invite the ancient divine doctor.

The steward also didn’t expect that a rank four member of the Dan Alliance would end up being seen by the Ancient Divine Doctor.

Divine Doctor Gu was reserved, “Naturally.”

“Then I’ll go and reply to the Dan Alliance.” The steward collected Ying Zigui’s identity information, “Have her come to the Heavenly Doctor Sect as soon as possible.”

“Go ahead, oh yes, and.” Divine Doctor Gu was not salty, “If this girl child worships under me, the Dan Alliance side can back off, she won’t have that kind of time.”

One of the Heavenly Doctor Sect’s inherited needle techniques, the Thirteen Needles of the Ghost Gate, had taken even him twenty years to learn.

Some ancient doctors lived long and some short lives.

One of the few long-lived ancient doctors he knew was his master, Yu Xuan, who was already over a hundred and fifty years old this year.

And the ancestor of the Heavenly Doctor Sect, Fu Shi, was estimated to be almost three hundred years old, and could compete with the old ancestors of ancient martial arts families.

But there were even more ancient doctors with short lifespans, especially in the Dream Family.

The Ancient Divine Doctor certainly knew of Meng Qingxue, but hadn’t paid much attention to it.

According to his estimation, it was already a rarity for Meng Qingxue to live past the age of thirty.

The only true genius was Lin Qingjia.

This Ying Ziji, he didn’t know if he could match Lin Qingjia by one or two.

**

Dan League.

Hall Master Li received a reply from the steward.

Naturally, he had heard of Dr. Gu’s great reputation, but he didn’t expect that Dr. Gu would ask Ying Zidian to withdraw from the Dan Alliance.

Hall Master Li was a bit torn for a moment.

The Dan Alliance was only an alliance of pill refiners, not unlike the Heavenly Doctor Sect, and there would be no consequences for withdrawing.

If he was expelled or left the Heavenly Doctor Sect of his own accord, he would have to return all the Heavenly Doctor Sect’s masterpieces and destroy his own cultivation.

Hall Master Li thought about it for half a day and sent another WeChat to Ying Zidian.

He now also felt that this high technology was good, he didn't have to make people run back and forth.

The other hall masters can envy his mobile phone for having a signal and internet access, but he just won't tell them.

[Ying Zidian]: No, I'm not going.

[Ying Zidian]: You don't need to be psychologically burdened, I wasn't thinking of going to the Heavenly Doctor Sect.

When he saw the second sentence, Hall Master Li stopped trying to persuade him and immediately sent Ying Zige's words back to the Heavenly Doctor's Clan intact.

The divine doctor had never expected that he would be the one to be rejected.

He was ready to teach Ying Zidian a lesson.

"At such a young age, if you are so reckless and don't know how to be modest, you won't get very far." Doctor Gu's beard trembled, "Do you really think I want to take her in?"

"Doctor Gu, don't be angry." The steward was busy speaking, "It's her loss if she doesn't worship you as her master."

How could she learn the Thirteen Needles of the Ghost Gate and the Golden Needle Crossing Point if she didn't enter the Heavenly Doctor's Sect?

These were needle techniques that even the Dream Family didn't have.

"Old man needs to get angry with a yellow-haired girl." Divine Doctor Gu snorted coldly, "She doesn't come if she likes."

He got up and angrily headed out.

He happened to bump into Lin Qingjia's master, Qi Lao.

Qi Lao had a puzzled look on his face, "Senior Brother Gu, what's wrong with you?"

Divine Doctor Gu was good at saving face, so naturally he did not say anything about his rejection and changed the subject, "Did Master say when Master would come out of the mountain?"

Qi Lao shook his head, "Duke Fu Shen can't even see the master ancestor, let alone you and I."

Fu Shi was living in seclusion in the Fu family, and if she didn't come out, no one would be able to find her.

“But there is something that Master told me a few days ago.” Qi Lao pondered for a long time and spoke, “It said that Master Ancestor has another master, and she is the true inheritance of the Heavenly Medicine Sect.”

Divine Doctor Gu froze and lost his voice, “Master Ancestor has another master?”

“Shh, keep your voice down, such things cannot be passed out.” Qi Lao lowered his voice, “It is this ancestor, all the needle techniques and ancient medical origins, were created by the ancestor.”

“I heard Master say that the Ancestor is looking for her master.”

The ancient divine doctor’s beard shook again and he trembled, “This ancestor is still alive?”

“Who knows.” Elder Qi sighed, “Starting the Ancient Doctor, I really don’t know what kind of astonishing talent the ancestor is.”

The Ancient Divine Doctor nodded approvingly as well.

What they needed to go and learn, others were directly pioneering, the gap was not ordinary.

“Senior Brother Gu, collect your temperament.” Elder Qi added, “I still have things to do, I’ll leave first.”

Divine Doctor Gu looked a little ugly.

It was just him and Elder Qi under Yu Xuan’s discipline.

But because he had no disciples, Qi Lao’s status was higher than his.

Divine Doctor Gu gritted his teeth and decided that it would be better to lower his stance slightly to go to the Dan Alliance and take a trip.

**

On the other hand, the Imperial Capital University.

Although the New Year’s Day holiday was almost here, the library and study rooms were bursting at the seams at this time of year, just within the university’s examination month.

Ying Ziyi, because she is very particular about her whole department, chose her final exams herself.

She chose one major exam in each of the three colleges, and one in automation, electronic information engineering and biochemistry.

Ying Zidian politely refused all exams that had anything to do with the Chinese department.

She really didn't want to write a single word more.

“Professor Zuo, three tickets for the New Year's Eve Party A.” Ying Zidian put the tickets down, “I grabbed them especially for you.”

She didn't have many tickets for show A, so after she finished dividing them up, she only had these three left.

Zuo Li was overjoyed: “Well, thank you very much, Ying, I have...”

Ying Zidian left before Zuo Li offered to write her paper.

Zuo Li: “.....”

Snow is falling outside and she puts her hat on.

The phone rang.

In just a few days, Hall Master Li had learned to make WeChat calls.

“Miss Ying, Doctor Gu himself is here, still wants to take you as his disciple.” He deliberated, “It's right next to him, I'll give him the phone.”

Divine Doctor Gu disliked using high-tech products, but still took the phone from Hall Master Li, “Little girl, let's each take a step back, you can still stay at the Dan Alliance.”

“After entering the Heavenly Doctor Sect, you are my only personal disciple, and if you pass the test, you do have the opportunity to meet the ancestor, and”

He hadn't finished his words.

“No go no appointment.” Miss Ying was cold, “Ask again pull black.”

She hung up the phone.

Fu Yunshen was waiting for her in front of the university, he didn't drive, and the two of them walked back with umbrellas.

He saw that she looked cold and touched her head, “Yoyo, what's wrong?”

“Someone wants to take me as a disciple.” Ying Ziji didn't hide it, yawning, “I refused, it's annoying.”

The ancient divine doctor's healing skills, and he wanted to teach her?

The more she learns, the more she goes back.

Fu Yunshen didn't ask too many questions, his peach blossom eyes curved up, "Our Yoyo is so popular, people grab her every day."

"Well..." Ying tilted her head, her tone even, "Yours."

Fu Yunshen's fingers tensed slightly, and his throat was slightly mute.

This girl, she was doing it again.

If this continued, he really couldn't resist anymore.

**

Classes ended at six, and Zuo Li took the three tickets and went home happily amidst the envious and jealous gazes of the professors.

His wife is still a fan of Qin Lingyu's and his five-year-old son sometimes follows his wife to see Shang Yaozhi's movies.

After handing the three inner tickets to his wife, Zuo Li went into the house, took out his mobile phone and contacted the International Physics Centre.

Because Zuo Li's first paper was accepted by the International Centre for Physics when he was twenty years old, and he had published a dozen more since then, he had a special operator.

The call was quickly answered, "Hello, this is the International Centre for Physics, what can I do for you?"

"Imperial University, Physics Department, this is Zuo Li, yes." Zuo Li said, "The paper I sent over at the end of October, I wonder how it's progressing?"

It had been two months, the final honorary title hadn't come out according to the process, but how come there hadn't been even the slightest progress?

By this time it would be reasonable to expect that it would have at least gone through the review process.

Before entering the final review, he would have been contacted to discuss some matters.

Zuo Li knew that having Ying Zigui write her thesis was already killing her, so it was this aspect of the thesis patent that he followed up specifically.

"A thesis for the end of October?" The staff opened the computer and began to check, "Hello, please state the thesis number and the area of research. "

Zuo Li wrinkled his brow, “s-3019, astrophysics.”

A few minutes later, the staff replied, politely, “Sorry, Professor Zuo Li, the paper you are inquiring about has not been reviewed, and according to the rules, it is not to be replied to, do you have any more questions?”