

## Boss Lady Chapter 61-62

### Chapter 61

When these words came out, both Father Ying and Mrs. Ying were a bit dumbfounded.

Old Lady Ying was even more incredulous and her face became even more parched: "Officer, what do you mean by this?"

What do you mean by this?" "You're blatantly slapping her in the face?"

The chief nodded his head and didn't get angry: "Just what you heard."

Mrs. Ying's anger flared up and she repeated, "I am her grandmother!"

The director remained courteous, even if he said something vulgar: "It's useless even if you are the King of Heaven."

Old Lady Ying's face twisted in anger, more embarrassment and embarrassment.

Her face turned blue and white for a while, and she almost closed her eyes.

In Shanghai City, she had always been respected, when had she ever been mocked like this?

"Let them out." The Director waved his hand, not wanting to say any more.

Old Lady Ying was not able to lean on her old age any more, and was just driven out.

She stood in front of the police station, wanting to find a crack in the ground.

With her own face gone, Old Lady Ying was in no mood to bother with Ying Fei Fei's affairs, so she got into the car and left.

"Honey, what should we do?" Mrs Ying was in a panic, "It's useless for the Ying family to come forward, won't Fei Fei be jailed?"

Ying's father's face was gloomy, and when he heard this, he directly slapped Mrs. Ying, "Stupid, do you know who that director is?"

Mrs. Ying was blinded by the blow, covering her face, frozen and unable to return to her senses.

"He was transferred down from the imperial capital and is usually not even in Shanghai." Father Ying gritted his teeth, "Even he has come personally, do you know how serious this matter is?"

If he had known this, he would not have gone to the Ying family to plead for mercy.

Mrs Ying was shocked, "But, but that's just an adopted daughter, how could ....."

"It's all because you've spoiled her!" Ying's father didn't want to listen to her at all and sneered, "Just hope that this matter won't affect the Ying family."

Mrs. Ying stood frozen in place, in broad daylight, but her body was shivering with cold.

She finally realised that she seemed to have messed with the wrong people.

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Inside the police station.

The policewoman went and returned, quite strange, and asked, "Chief, did they not know that two families in the empire were involved in this matter?"

If not, where else would the courage come from to withdraw the case on behalf of the young girl?

I guess they could be scared to death.

"There's no way they could have let this go private without the Imperial Capital intervening." The chief took a sip of water and put down his cup, "Cyber violence against a little girl, how dare you say it's not something."

The policewoman agreed and asked, "Chief, should we find a psychologist for the little girl to open up a little? I'm afraid she has some kind of psychological shadow."

She, an adult, couldn't even accept the comments on Weibo.

Let alone a little girl?

"Someone has gone to contact." The chief nodded, "You go and compile the statement and send it to the Westwind Law Firm."

The policewoman went down to work.

The director thought about it, took out his mobile phone and dialed the number, "Hello, Miss Ying, that old lady from the Ying family came by just now to give you a message."

Inside the pet shop, Ying Ziji raised her eyebrows, but she wasn't surprised: "Yes, thank you."

"No thanks, you should." The director added, "There will be a psychologist from the imperial capital coming to Shanghai in a few days, you can meet with him."

It wasn't only people with mental illnesses who needed a psychologist; a psychologist could also help students relieve the stress of their studies.

"Mm, I know."

The call hung up and Ying's eyes returned to the pet pig in front of her.

Only palm-sized and fleshy, even the tiny pig's hooves were a tender pink.

The soft nose was tilted up and there were two obsidian-like eyes that blinked back and forth.

It even rubbed its ears against her palm.

The shop assistant next to her was introducing enthusiastically, "Miss, this is a teacup pig, one of the best pets sold in the shop, it is a cross between a Tamworth pig and a Gloucestershire flower pig, very popular with the nobles over on O-continent."

Ying nodded, "Let's have it."

Research shows that among the 100,000-odd animals in the world, pigs have the tenth highest IQ, the level of a 3-4 year old baby, and are not only smart but also docile.

So she kinda likes pigs.

Fu Yun Shen was next to her, teasing a baby guinea pig, and raised his head at the sound of his voice.

The two were so close that he could see her lightly drooping eyelash feathers.

He only had to move an inch closer to touch her small arms.

At this time she gave him a very vivid feeling, no longer as cold as she usually was.

It was reminiscent of the light of the morning, the wind of the afternoon, the moon of the night.

It was as if white bubbles were emerging from her creamy skin, all falling softly on his hands.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes dropped, and he took a step back, keeping a proper distance.

Neither distant, nor overly intimate.

Very gentlemanly.

A teacup pig is not cheap, and to sell it so quickly made the shop assistant even more enthusiastic:  
"Miss, you can give it a name, I'll go and do the formalities for you."

Ying Ziji pulled the teacup pig's little ears and thought seriously, "Let's call it Mu Mu."

"Mu Mu as in think?" Fu Yunshen raised his eyelashes slowly, "Little friend, it's not good to fall in love early."

He was still worrying like an old father.

"No, it's my good friend's name." Ying Ziji examined the teacup pig and pondered, "I think it resembles her in some way, so I can see the pig and think of her."

"Hmm?" Fu Yunshen was intrigued, "What aspect?"

Ying Ziji stroked the teacup pig's head, "It's cute and silly, and it can eat."

Fu Yunshen: "....."

Yes, it's a real best friend.

But in the end, Ying Ziji took another name.

It's called Dududu.

Dududu is only two months old, she can't walk steadily yet and wobbles around.

Ying Zidian picks up Dududu and puts her in her arms.

Fu Yunshen takes a step behind her and glances at his honest big brother mobile phone.

There was a message on it that had only just come in, unsigned and an empty number.

[Brother, why not just get Jiang's group killed? What's the point of calling it quits? You don't know how much money you're wasting, you don't know, it hurts my heart to lose a dime.

Fu Yunshen didn't reply, putting the phone away again.

He could not have ruined the Jiang Group.

But—

The company's eyes were raised.

It was possible to pull Jiang Moyuan down from that position as executive director.

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The stock of Jiang's Group was in turmoil for five days, and in this short period of time, the loss was as much as one billion dollars.

Just when the entire top management was on the verge of despair, the stock suddenly returned to normal.

From beginning to end, the Jiang Group had no idea who the other party really was.

But the other party was able to manipulate the shares of the Jiang Group at will, which made every shareholder feel an unprecedented panic.

But fortunately, Jiang's Group's bottom was thick enough, if it were another small family, it would have gone straight into bankruptcy.

However, even so, Jiang Mo Yuan's prestige had taken a big hit.

Many shareholders questioned whether he was still capable of continuing in his position as CEO.

Jiang Moyuan was so annoyed that he threw some papers on the table and tried to rest, but his headache was so bad that he couldn't even close his eyes.

Especially after knowing what had happened on Weibo in the past few days, his mood got even worse.

He lit a cigarette and walked over to the floor-to-ceiling window, looking down and exhaling slowly.

His eyes turned casually, and a few seconds later, he suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure.

Jiang Mo Yuan was stunned and his eyebrows furrowed.

How could it be .....

Somewhat unsure, he looked over again.

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But just as he went to take a second look, the figure was gone.

Cars were coming and going on the road.

It was as if he was just hallucinating.

Jiang Moyuan's eyes sank.

He didn't think he was wrong, but if it was really that person, what was he doing in Shanghai?

Jiang Moyuan stubbed out his cigarette, his mind was heavy and his whole body was even more irritable.

The office door was knocked on at this time.

Jiang Moyuan returned to his senses, put his cigarette into the ashtray and sat back down in his seat:  
"Come in."

"Third Master." The secretary cautiously walked over, "Miss Painting Screen is downstairs, please come down."

Jiang Huping?

Hearing this name, Jiang Mo Yuan was quite surprised.

Although Jiang Ping was his second sister, they were not familiar with each other and did not have any interactions because Jiang Ping had left for the imperial capital a long time ago.

What's more, the two were from the same father and different mother.

Master Jiang had three wives in total, the first wife passed away not long after she married into the Jiang family, and Jiang Painting was born to Master Jiang's second wife.

Jiang Moyuan frowned.

Although he was not sure of Jiang Ping's reason for coming, he went down anyway.

Next to the ground floor of the Jiang Group building, there was an open-air cafe where employees could have coffee and refreshments for free during their breaks.

Jiang Painting Ping was sitting at the very outside.

A celadon-coloured cheongsam with a light green bangle on her fair wrist, her posture was quietly elegant.

As if pouring a curtain of smoke and rain from the south of the Yangtze River, the sound of rain was chilling.

Jiang Mo Yuan sat down opposite her, his long legs folded, his tone detached: "Something wrong?"

Jiang Zheping put down her tea cup, not caring about his attitude, and got straight to the point: "I heard that you brought that little girl, Ying Zidian, from Qing Shui County to Shanghai City?"

Jiang Moyuan's expression changed, a little cold: "What do you want to say?"

“Nothing, just to let you know that this little girl, I like her very much.” Jiang Zheping raised her eyebrows and smiled lightly, “I am planning to take her as my goddaughter, I can’t see her suffer, if you bully her again, don’t blame me for being ungracious.”

The last Mrs Jiang was a native of Jiangnan, so Jiang Ping also spoke a soft Wu dialect, but she still had the same murderous aura in her bones that Master Jiang had when he was young.

The softness was ruthless.

Jiang Mo Yuan’s eyes changed abruptly, and after a long time, he sneered, “I bullied her?”

He loosened his bow tie, his expression indifferent: “You’ve only been back in Shanghai for a few days, don’t take it out on your ears, and I don’t want to bother with you more, the one who’s been bullied and aggrieved has always been Lu Wei.”

“She was received by the Ying family as soon as she arrived, and she was aggrieved?”

Jiang Ping smiled: “It’s good that you’re happy, after all, it’s not your fault that you were born blind.”

Jiang Moyuan’s face became even colder, he didn’t want to say another word, turned around and left.

Jiang Zheping was not moved by anger, and thoughtfully muttered to himself, “It’s a good thing it’s not a mother, or else I’d doubt my intelligence.”

If it wasn’t for a net storm in the past few days, she wouldn’t have had the leisure to come looking for Jiang Moyuan.

After all, she didn’t have a good feeling towards both Jiang Moyuan’s mother and son.

Master Jiang had also left early, so she had even less affection for the Jiang family.

Jiang Ping re-poured a cup of tea and went on to read a fashion magazine.

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The school is very efficient, and Ying Fei Fei's expulsion was quickly announced.

The headmaster posted it on the campus bulletin board for the students to learn from, and had every class view it.

Xiu Yu walked into the class with a stack of registration forms and casually threw them on the podium, "The art festival is coming up, see if you guys are interested in signing up, if not, sell them to the scrap collector and buy a packet of chips for our Ying Fei Fei."

As a school ranked in the top three in the country, Qingzhi Middle School paid much attention to the all-round development of students' quality.

Even the art festival is a big event, with famous artists from the industry invited and big prizes given to the winning students.

For students who are talented in painting, calligraphy, sculpture, music and dance, the festival is an opportunity that cannot be missed.

However, most of the students in Class 19 have little interest in this and will not even take part in the choral competition.

Because the situation of Class 19 was so special, the headmaster couldn't say anything.

Ying Zidian was leaning back in his chair and resting with his eyes closed.

Xiu Yu came over to me: "Father Ying, are you taking part in the art festival?"

Ying Zidian yawned sleepily: "No."

She had gone to Shao Ren Hospital again yesterday and helped with a few cases.

It wasn't tricky for her, but it was quite tiring.

Her body was still too weak at the moment, and drawing blood so many times in a year was not something that could be repaired overnight.

So it caused her to be very sleepy for a while.

Her body would also be damaged if she used the power of divine calculation too many times.

It was a good thing that this was the 21st century and there were not as many scourges as there were during the Ancient O Continent.

"It's right not to go." Xiu Yu nodded and gave a tsk, "It's like this calligraphy competition, the first place is only 100,000, it's not just sending ....."

Before she could finish her words, a copy of the registration form was jerked out of her hand.

The girl opened her eyes, watery mist still on her eyelashes, and her voice was low and hazy.

"Well, I'll go."

Xiu Yu: "....."

She was a million times incredulous: "No way Ying Dad, are you that short of money?"

“Quite short.” Ying Ziji picked up a pen and started filling out the registration form.

There were so many things she wanted to buy, a rare herb alone cost over ten million, and still had a price.

It was easier to have a hundred thousand dollars for writing, than a cure.

Don’t want it for nothing.

Xiu Yu scratched his head, “Ying Dad, what do you want to report?”

She came over curiously and saw that all the entry forms had been ticked off except for the competition items that required showing up such as dancing and singing.

Xiu Yu: “.....”

Crap, were these still people?

She realised that she might still have underestimated the strength of their Ying Dad.

Xiu Yu’s gaze shifted down: “Ying Dad, you know all the oil paintings?”

Oil painting is a type of Western painting that originated in O China and was only introduced to China later.

In order to cultivate their sentiments, most of the famous ladies of the gentry learn Chinese painting.

Those who knew oil painting were few and far between.

“Hmm.” Ying Zigui said casually, “I learnt it from Chino before.”

Hearing this name, Xiu Yu was silent for a moment, and after a long time, she said from the bottom of her heart, "Father, you are so humorous."

She didn't like to study, but she was quite interested in art and knew quite a few famous people in history.

Chino Feng was a fine artist in the ancient o-continent period, extremely famous and left a lot of paintings.

His style was so unique that no one has yet copied it.

But he had also been dead for hundreds of years and his bones were all in ashes.

Ying Ziji raised his eyebrows and shook his head regretfully.

These days, no one believes in telling the truth anymore.

"All right." Ying Zidian signed her name.

She calculated that she would have hundreds of thousands of dollars if she moved her hand, and had a high opinion of Qingzhi.

A very generous school.

How nice.

Xiu Yu sighed quietly, "Ying Dad, tell me honestly, is there anything in this world that you can't do?"

"Hm?" Ying Ziyi looked up, lazily, "That's quite a lot."

“For example?”

Ying Zidian nodded, “For example, I don’t know how to make delicious little biscuits.”

“.....”

Xiu Yu glanced at Jiang Yan, who was sulking, and suddenly felt some sympathy for him.

He had to compare himself to this pervert, Ying Dad, no wonder he was autistic.

People are more angry than others.

Xiu Yu collected the application form and handed it in to the art group office.

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Ying Luwei sat in a milk tea shop outside Qingzhi’s school gate, restless.

Today was the 15th of March, and the day after tomorrow was the court hearing.

Although she had cleared herself perfectly, wasn’t Ying Ziji suing her fans a slap in the face towards her?

What does this make all her friends think of her?

Moreover, there were a few parents of underage fans who blamed her for maliciously instigating the fans and said they would sue her, which was forcibly settled by her with money.

Ying Luwei frowned and was upset.

She always felt that things had gone a bit wrong since Ying Ziji had last woken up in hospital.

Was it because she had pushed too hard that Ying Zidian, who was so quiet and introverted, had exploded?

But she couldn't do it without pushing, the night was long and she was afraid that something would happen.

"Mum, what should we do?" Ying Luwei pursed her lips, "Dickey won't drop the case, and we can't get through.

Like Zhong Manhua, what Mrs. Ying cared most about was face.

For the sake of face, other unimportant things can be sacrificed.

Hearing this, Old Lady Ying's face sank: "Wei'er, don't worry, this matter will definitely not go to court."

"But ....." Ying Luwei hesitated, embarrassed, "We can't even see Little Dickey's person."

She really didn't think that Ying Zidian would have the courage to move out of the Ying family without taking anything.

How could she live without money or power after leaving the Ying family?

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Chapter 63

Can't we just rely on that dude Fu Yunshen?

How long could it last?

When she thought of Jiang Moyuan's attitude towards her in the past few days, Ying Luwei was even more frightened.

Although she knew that it was because of the stock turmoil that Jiang's group had lost a lot of money, she was still a bit scared.

Originally, because she was suffering from haemophilia, Jiang's old lady was not particularly happy with her, but for the sake of her being the number one dame in Shanghai, she still agreed.

Therefore, she absolutely could not afford to have anything go wrong before she married into the Jiang family.

Although this microblogging incident would not affect her status and reputation in the circle of famous nobles, there would always be people gossiping about it.

The whole Ying family is very fond of her, and they don't want her to suffer.

"You still haven't called?" Old Mrs. Ying looked at Zhong Manhua and said sarcastically, "Look, what did I say? You can't raise a child!"

The Ying family doesn't care about raising one more person, but it's really rotten to have to take in an adopted daughter.

If you want her to say so, donate as much blood as you can and pay as much as you can.

It's best to settle the matter.

If it wasn't for Ying Luwei, she wouldn't have come to a street shop selling milk tea.

Zhong Manhua is also annoyed.

Her phone had been blacked out, and even if she went to a different number, the first moment she heard her voice, Ying Ziji hung up and then blacked it out.

She went to see Master Zhong and tried to get him to intervene, but she also ran into a wall.

He scolded her, saying that she had no sense of propriety and that she was not close to him.

“Mum, don’t be anxious.” Ying Luwei reassured Old Lady Ying, “Little Belt is angry with her sister-in-law, so don’t blame her.”

She looked at the watch on her wrist and smiled, “It’s now five forty, ten minutes before school ends for Qingzhi.

Old Lady Ying glanced coldly at Zhong Manhua before her face eased a little: “You know what to do, Wei’er.”

Ying Lu Wei didn’t say anything else, her eyes were locked on the school entrance.

No matter what method she used, she had to get Ying Zidian to drop the lawsuit.

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After sleeping for a study session, Ying Zidian was able to refresh herself.

It was just about time for school to end and the students were leaving in twos and threes.

She yawned and stood up. She didn’t pack her books, she just slung her bag over her shoulder, picked up her school jacket and walked unhurriedly outside.

By the bulletin board under the school building, people from the student council were decorating the board.

Zhong Zhiwei is the head of the organisation department, clutching her folder and directing.

She pulled her hair behind her ears, and with a glance, she caught an inadvertent glimpse of a girl turning out from the stairway directly in front of her.

Long, slender legs, slender waist, every curve of her body just perfect.

Her shirt was unbuttoned and loosely tied, revealing a clear butterfly bone and soft skin.

It was a stunning sight to behold.

The students in every grade turned to look at her frequently, their attention all drawn away.

Zhong Zhiyan lowered her head and her eyes stared.

The head of the propaganda department, a girl, was envious: "Ying has changed so much, she used to walk with her head down, she didn't even notice she looked so good."

She is so pretty that people can't even think about being jealous.

Zhong Zhiyan looked pale: "Stop looking, hurry up and finish your work and go home."

The girl withdrew her gaze reluctantly and gossiped again, "By the way, it's surprising that Ying Zidian has signed up for the art festival this time."

Zhong Zhiyan frowned, "She signed up for the festival?"

“Not only did she sign up, she also signed up for several events.” The girl said, “Apart from calligraphy and Chinese painting, she even signed up for oil painting, that’s too impressive.”

“You’re thinking too much.” Zhong Zhiwei shook her head, “She’s probably short of money.”

The girl was stunned, “Short of money?”

“She had a fight with my aunt and ran away from home.” Zhong Zhiyan was absentmindedly drawing something on her paper, “Maybe she saw that the prize money for the art festival was good and wanted to give it a try.”

She didn’t think that Ying could do any art.

Whether it was calligraphy or Chinese painting, in order to have attainment, it was not enough to have talent, you also needed a good teacher.

But people in small counties don’t have the financial resources to hire famous masters.

“That’s so .....” the girl felt quite sad, “I thought it was only because she would that she signed up.”

Zhong Zhiyan’s eyelashes dropped, half a long time, suddenly said, “You give me a registration form for the art festival.”

The girl was surprised: “Zhiyan, you want to sign up? Aren’t you not looking at these?”

Zhong Zhiyan didn’t lack money, nor did she need to use the art festival as a springboard to get in touch with the art masters.

After all, she had been exposed to them since she was a child, and the Zhong family had hired the best teachers.

Zhong Zhiyan smiled lightly, "It's nothing, it's just for fun."

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As she walked to the entrance of the school, Ying Ziyang's mobile phone rang a little.

It was a message from an unknown number.

[Hello, Miss Ying, I am your psychologist, are you free on the 20th? Let's set up a time to meet]

It was very official in tone.

No signature either.

Ying Zidian was about to reply with "No, thank you" when she narrowed her eyes and a white mist suddenly passed before her eyes.

Images of the future passed by and quickly disappeared.

Her fingers pause and her eyebrows lift as she changes her attention.

[Yes, five p.m.]

There was a quick reply.

[Okay, I'll be there on time, look forward to meeting you.]

Ying Zidian was waiting for the red light with her mobile phone in her hand when she saw Ying Luwei rushing across the road with a slight shift in her vision.

“Dickey!”

The girl turned sideways to avoid it.

Ying Luwei stumbled, almost falling over, and her hand froze in the air.

But she quickly reacted, a smile on her lips, worried: “Dickey, where the hell have you been all these days? Why didn’t you say anything, we were all so worried about you.”

“Well, understand.” Ying Ziyi nodded, “Worried that you might die if you don’t have a living blood bank anymore.”

Ying Luwei’s smile could not be maintained, and her usual soft expression shattered a little.

She didn’t expect Ying Ziyi to say something so straightforward.

Especially since there were many students waiting for the red light, and several of them had heard the words and were looking at her with strange eyes.

She was on pins and needles.

Ying Luwei pursed her lips and lowered her voice: “Little Belt, I don’t care if you have complaints about me, but Mum and sister-in-law are waiting for you over there, can you go and see them?”

She had it all figured out, if Ying Ziji refused, with so many people around, she could use her affection to morally kidnap them.

However, to her surprise, Ying Zidian looked at her for a second and then said “Yes.”

All the words she wanted to say were blocked. She pinched her palm and led the girl to the milk tea shop with some reluctance.

At this time of the day, there were quite a lot of people in the tea shop, most of them were Qingzhi's students.

After all, her face is so stunning that it is impossible to ignore it.

Zhong Manhua and Mrs. Ying sat at a table inside, a bit tied up.

"Finally, you're here? What a big show." Old Lady Ying had long been impatient, she slapped the table heavily, "You even asked Wei'er to invite you personally, have you forgotten your status?"

Zhong Manhua was embarrassed, "Mom, you don't have to talk here, go back to ..... if there's anything wrong."

"Just say it here." Old Lady Ying didn't relent and sneered, "It's not like we're the ones who are disgraced."

This cry startled many customers.

They all looked over, amazed and stunned.

Qingzhi's students recognised Ying Luwei and whispered.

"Isn't that Ms. Ying? What's wrong with her and Ying Zidian again?"

"Who knows, I heard from the Talent class that Ying Zidian had a fight with someone from the Ying family and ran away from home, and couldn't even be invited back."

“Huh? No way, isn’t she an adopted daughter? How can she be so willful?”

Ying Luwei tried hard to suppress the smile on her lips, but she said, “Mum, sister-in-law is right, we’d better go home .....

Before she could finish her sentence, a list was thrown in front of the three of them.

On it was marked how many millilitres of blood had been donated in a certain year and month, and it was as clear as could be.

Ying Luwei froze, panic suddenly welling up in her heart.

“Since you want to see me, settle this matter by the way.” Ying Ziyi raised her eyes, “rhnull golden blood is priceless, I’ll count 25,000 100ml for you.”

When she heard the golden blood, Ying Luwei’s brain buzzed for a moment, she didn’t even have time to stop Ying Zidian from going on.

“In this year, you have forced me to draw blood thirteen times without my consent, 200ml each time, for a total of six hundred and fifty thousand.”

“.....”

The entire milk tea shop was silent in an instant.

Ying Ziji stuck one hand in his pocket, his tone was indifferent as if it was not a matter of concern: “You have three minutes, now, call the money.”

With these words, not only Ying Luwei, Old Lady Ying and Zhong Manhua, but also the passers-by around were dumbfounded.

If they were just watching out of boredom earlier, they were now completely shocked and looked over in unison.

In the corner, the girl was standing with her back to them.

She was wearing a school uniform with short sleeves, her skin was almost transparent, and the veins on her arms were clearly visible.

It was obvious that she had been suffering from a chronic lack of qi and blood, and her body was overly deficient.

“Crap, I thought this was a family, the daughter had a fight with the family and was throwing a tantrum, dare I say this little girl is just a tool to provide blood?”

“Thirteen blood draws a year? Too heartless, right, I went to donate blood, the doctor said once every six months is best, three months will hurt the body, this .....”

“I guess this family is thinking that it’s okay to die, disgusting, really disgusting.”

The passers-by know the Ying family, but most of them don’t know them.

But Qingzhi’s students were different, because Ying Luwei was originally Qingzhi’s honorary music teacher and they all went to the class.

“No way, how can Ms. Ying be that kind of person? I’ve had the pleasure of taking her class before, she’s very gentle.”

“Didn’t you read the Weibo the other day? It was already quite fishy, I can understand her having haemophilia, but this is making Ying give her blood for nothing... tsk, I don’t know what to say.”

“No wonder I heard from the people in Talent class that Ying Zidian used to fall asleep in class... she had her blood drawn, right?”

There was a lot of noise in the tea shop, some people raised their mobile phones and started taking pictures, the sound of “click” was heard.

The blood on Ying Luwei’s face quickly disappeared, turning white, and her lips trembled fiercely.

She looked up in fear, and everywhere she looked, she saw disgusted eyes, as if she had seen some dirty rubbish.

She wanted to cover the girl’s mouth to death, but she didn’t have the strength to get up.

How dare she?

How dare she just say it?

Old Lady Ying was so shocked and angry that she was dizzy with anger. She covered her heart: “What did you say? Say it again!”

The Ying family has brought up a wolf with white eyes!

Ying Zidian lifted his jaw, his expression unperturbed: “The bank card number was given above, order it quickly.”

“It’s outrageous .....,” Mrs. Ying’s fingers trembled, “It’s outrageous!”

An adopted daughter, how dare she be so arrogant.

How dare she be so arrogant?

Ying Lu Wei struggled to restrain the panic in her heart, her voice trembled and she forced a smile, "Little Belt, what are you saying? We are a family, talking about money hurts our feelings."

"Besides, Little Auntie didn't force you, so how come you're being forced to have your blood drawn?"

Ying Zidian tilted her head and her voice was cold: "I don't want to."

"Shut up!" In her anger, Mrs. Ying forgot that this was a public place, "Who cares whether you are willing or not, after joining the Ying family and enjoying the glory and wealth, you can still give nothing?"

The people around her were shocked at the shamelessness of Old Lady Ying's words.

"This old woman has a big face, doesn't she? You can force people to donate blood just by giving them glory and wealth?"

"I checked, rhnull blood can be given to anyone with any blood type, that's why it's called golden blood, it's really priceless. What the hell is the Ying family doing, just because they have power and influence?"

"Can't stand it anymore, what three views, I'll give you five million, will you remove your arm for me?"

"If you ask me, 650,000 is not enough. Isn't the Ying family one of the four most powerful families? The Ying family is one of the four most powerful families, right?"

It was the first time Old Lady Ying had been scolded by so many people. Her face turned red and her heart rose and fell violently, as if she might faint at any moment.

"Mom, stop it." Ying Luwei's face was burning with pain.

She knew that if she continued like this, she would be even more humiliated.

So she had to take out her mobile phone and quickly transferred six and a half million dollars using online banking.

Ying Ziji looked at the text message alert, ignored it and turned around to walk away.

“She, she .....” Old Lady Ying managed to catch her breath, but she was so angry that she was distressed again.

They were trying to get Ying Ziji to drop the case, and not only did they fail, but they were rolled up with millions instead.

In front of a large audience, they were humiliated.

Zhong Manhua, who hadn't spoken, stood up and whispered, “Mum, go back first.”

Old Lady Ying didn't lecture her again this time, and quickly left the milk tea shop under Ying Luwei's escort, slinking away.

Before she got into the car, she nodded towards the butler who was accompanying her.

The butler understood and walked into the milk tea shop, smiling at the customers.

“This matter today, we don't want to see any shadows on Weibo, if anyone sends out the photos, they are having a problem with the Ying family, since they are in Shanghai, it's better to weigh them up.”

The threat was full.

“.....”

The customers fell silent.

They were just ordinary citizens, and indeed they couldn't possibly fight hard against the Ying family.

The housekeeper told the customers to delete all the photos completely before retreating.

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Central Sports Park.

Fu Yunshen leaned under a tree, lazily: "How did it go?"

In front of him was a young man who responded with a sniff, "A bounty for six herbs has been posted on the nok, and three have now been picked up, expected ....."

The words after that suddenly stopped.

Fu Yunshen looked up as if he was aware, and saw the girl walking towards him.

It seems even more indifferent than usual.

Fu Yun Shen's eyebrows twitched slightly, his eyes cold: "Yaoyao, they've come for you again?"

"Mm." Ying Ziji ate her lollipop and found a rock to sit on, "It's alright, just ignore them."

Fu Yunshen nodded and smiled, "Okay, wait for my brother."

He tilted his head, "You go on."

Hearing this, the young man was stunned.

What does this mean?

Not avoiding it?

But how could an ordinary little girl listen to something so confidential?

The young man frowned and did not open his mouth.

Boss Lady Chapter 65-66

Chapter 65

He looked to the girl, clearly hoping she would leave.

There were some things that were really not for ordinary people to listen to.

Not to mention whether or not they could understand it, but if they did, they would probably invite a death sentence.

However, Ying Ziji was sitting on a rock, eating a lollipop by herself.

She was looking at the sky, lazily basking in the sunset.

The young man moved his lips, a little displeased, and only had to look at the man, "Is this ..... her?"

Fu Yunshen glanced at him lightly, still those two words, "Continue."

The young man looked aghast, lowered his head, and quickly picked up his previous words, "It is expected to arrive within a month, the other three herbs are not picked up, but the location is given out."

"One of them is under the deep sea and the other two are in the heart of the desert, the level of danger is too high, I'm afraid it takes someone in the top twenty on the list to pick them up."

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen smiled cynically, "So the reward amount is too low?"

The young man nodded, "The people on the list are not short of money, the herbs are less expensive than killing someone, so they really won't be moved."

"Then let's double it ten times more." Fu Yun Shen was faint, "I want to see all six herbs within a month."

The young man's heart trembled, "Yes."

After a pause, he hesitated, "But these six herbs, four of them are incredibly poisonous, even several of the poison masters on the list won't touch them easily, can they really save lives?"

Not for killing?

Hearing this, Ying Ziji turned his head.

Fu Yunshen didn't respond, he just said, "You can go now."

The young man knew his temperament well and didn't ask any more questions. He took one more look at the girl before walking away.

"Yaoyao." Fu Yunshen walked over and extended a hand to pull her, "Let's go too."

Ying Ziji didn't move, she looked at him, her eyes light: "Aren't you afraid I'll lie to you?"

Indeed, most of the six herbs she had given were highly poisonous.

Just a little bit of them would kill any ancient martial artist in an instant.

Fu Yunshen was stunned, but he smiled: "Hmm? Lying to me? Little friend, then what do you think you are trying to do if you lie to me?"

He looked down and pondered for a moment, seemingly regretful: "Apart from money, my face is all I have."

"Figure-" Ying narrowed his eyes and thought for a moment, "I'm happy, I guess."

"....."

Fu Yunshen raised an eyebrow, "Yao Yao, that's too much."

"Oh, that comforts you a little." The girl fished a lollipop out of her pocket and handed it over, "What's a nok?"

"A forum." Fu Yunshen didn't hide it, he was lazy, "You can post bounties on it and use it to trade with other users."

"There are a lot of strange and capable people, but there are also quite a lot of bad people, there are a lot of fish and dragons, brother doesn't recommend you to play."

Ying didn't ask any more questions, nodded her head and went back to eating her lollipop.

Well, wait until she goes back to see for herself.

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Ying Luwei felt a little relieved after she made sure that the photos hadn't been leaked and that the milk tea shop wasn't monitored.

The surveillance last time was so strange that she had to be careful.

This time, Ying Luwei really didn't dare to go to Ying Zidian, for fear that the girl would say something else and ruin her reputation again.

She was not a defendant at the trial on the 17th, so she didn't have to appear in court and had nothing to lose.

A little more time would pass and no one would remember.

For now, she just needs to practice piano and make music without worrying.

Ying Luwei opened a folder containing a dozen sheets of pentatonic music.

It was Vera Hall's original piano piece –

The Sun and the Moon.

The difficulty is at the top of the world's top piano pieces, and she hasn't even practised eight bars of it yet.

And she had already made a deal with her fans that the next time she gave a recital, she would play "The Sun and the Moon".

Ying Luwei frowned, her whole being annoyed.

Was this really something one could play?

If she had known that “The Sun and the Moon” was so difficult, she should not have marketed herself as the next Vera Hall.

But there was no way out, she had to practise.

Ying Luwei held back her anxiety and started practising.

However, Ying Luwei didn't know that the day after it happened.

In the afternoon, a Weibo account called @TheNet's Most Powerful Breaking News Jun suddenly posted a long picture.

The long picture was made up of a private message with a thickly coded avatar.

[Explosive Jun, I want to expose the news, do you know the Ying family, one of the four powerful families in Shanghai City? I was on a trip to Shanghai City and went around Qingzhi High School, one of the top three in the country, and bought a cup of milk tea, and I saw a big scandal.

After asking a few friends in Shanghai, I found out that the Ying family had adopted a daughter a year ago, not out of kindness, but to raise her as a living blood bank!

My God, I was dumbfounded, there's still such a family? Not only did the Ying family think there was nothing wrong with it, they threatened us not to expose it on Weibo, but I couldn't stand it anymore. I'm a mother too, if I knew my daughter was treated like this, I would have killed their whole family.

I'm afraid the Ying family will find me in trouble, please put my nickname and avatar in a thick code, thank you.

@TheBestBlabberJournal has 20 million fans, and many netizens are just waiting to rush to the forefront and eat fresh melons every day.

[Crouch???? What kind of operation is this, are all luxury houses like this? I'm shocked, dumbfounded.]

[Upstairs, not all luxury families are like this. The Nie family is very clean from top to bottom.

Is it about Ying Luwei again? The White Lotus is a hammer, isn't it? Every time she looks innocent, it's always her.

You're talking about our sister Ying, right? What kind of shit is the Ying family, forcing people to smoke if they don't want to?

Ying Luwei's fans saw it too.

[Ah, though but, what does this have to do with Lu Wei? She doesn't want to die, she's the princess of the Ying family, of course the Ying family wants to supply her with blood somehow.]

[Please snipe the Ying family with precision, not Lu Wei, please.]

[Lu Wei has been forced out of the net by you guys, isn't that enough? Let her make music in peace, okay?

I'm speechless. What's wrong with your outlook? Why are Ying Luwei's fans even more brain-dead?

[No, all the sensible fans got rid of them in the last internet storm, right? Of course the rest are brain-dead.

[Gee, we won't be dancing for long. Do you have a date to watch the trial on the 17th?

[Take me with you.

[+1 upstairs, let's see how Ying Luwei's fans will die.

The turmoil on Weibo has started again, and there is another battle.

At this moment, in the old Ying family house.

Zhong Manhua was still bowing her eyebrows to smooth out Old Lady Ying when the door opened.

The housekeeper was busy coming forward and bowed, "Old master."

He pushed the housekeeper away and walked straight towards the sofa.

Zhong Manhua froze when she saw Old Master Zhong: "Dad, why are you here?"

She had only just opened her mouth, and before she could get up to greet him, she received an honest slap on the face.

Master Zhong's hand was very strong, and when he slapped her, he didn't show any mercy at all.

Zhong Manhua she covered her face, unbelievable now: "..... Dad?!"

Master Zhong had never hit her before, and this was the first time.

She was over forty years old, let alone in front of Old Lady Ying, didn't she want to lose face?

"What did you say to me?" Elder Zhong's eyes were red with anger, "You said that Ziji had donated blood voluntarily and only twice, and that you had hired a therapist to heal her and that her health would not be seriously affected, but now what?!"

“Thirteen times!”

“Zhong Manhua, you tell me, what the fuck do you take her for? A blood cow?!”

Zhong Manhua’s mind buzzed and his head filled with blood.

“My in-laws, what do you mean by that?” Old Lady Ying was still angry about yesterday’s incident, and when she heard this she was even more furious, “Our Ying family adopted her, Wei’er treated her so well, what’s wrong with drawing a blood?”

A mere adopted daughter with no blood ties was worth such a great anger from Elder Zhong.

Besides, she’s from a small county, she doesn’t have any manners, and she discredits the Ying family every day.

What does it look like?

“Old woman, I haven’t scolded you yet.” Elder Zhong was outright furious, “Your daughter is a life, but your granddaughter isn’t?”

Old Lady Ying covered her heart as her head began to ache again, and her face sank, “Of course my granddaughter is, don’t I love the firmware?”

“Mother.” Ying Luwei hurriedly massaged her head and apologized, “Uncle Zhong, don’t yell at my mother, she’s not well lately, the doctor said she’ll faint if her mood swings are too intense.”

Old Lady Ying’s head was covered in sweat, her breathing was rapid and she was all rolling her eyes, obviously furious.

“Surely your granddaughter is?” Old Master Zhong ignored Ying Luwei as he snarled, “Then do you know that Ziji is your own granddaughter?!”

## Chapter 66

Just as Elder Zhong roared out these words, Ying Luwei suddenly shrieked, “Mom? Mum, are you alright?”

Old Lady Ying’s eyes were tightly closed, her out-breath was more than her in-breath, and she was obviously in a deep coma.

“Call an ambulance!” Ying Luwei panicked, “Housekeeper? Butler!”

At the same time, she let out a sigh of relief.

Luckily, Old Lady Ying hadn’t heard Master Zhong’s last words.

The housekeeper first hurriedly sent the family doctor over before calling 120.

The maids in the old residence were also in a panic.

She was the daughter of the old lady, and she had been born early because of a foetus.

At that time, she was already at an advanced maternal age and her health was deteriorating as she got older.

Sometimes when she was walking outside, she might even faint.

The old man’s head was shouting at him.

Zhong Manhua finally came to her senses and snapped, “What are you all doing? Get the medicine now!”

In three minutes' time, the ambulance arrived and the paramedics immediately put Old Lady Ying on a stretcher and took her to the First Hospital.

Ying Luwei and the housekeeper hurriedly followed, while Zhong Manhua stayed behind.

"I'm convinced... I don't faint early and I don't faint late, but at this time." Master Zhong still wanted to curse, "So faint? It's fixed time, isn't it?"

Old Lady Ying was almost ten years younger than him, and her body was not as tough as his.

"Dad!" Zhong Manhua was in a headache and lowered her voice, "Why did you say that right in front of Ma?"

If it hadn't happened that once when she was talking to Ying Zhending, she was overheard by Elder Zhong who had gone to the balcony to water the flowers, this wouldn't have happened today.

"What? Isn't she Ziggy's grandmother?" At Zhong Manhua, Master Zhong didn't have a good face, "Why can't the old man say anything?"

"Dad, it's not about that at all." Zhong Manhua retorted, "Mom she is not well and can't withstand too much emotional turmoil, what if she has a brain hemorrhage when you say it so directly?"

This was why they had kept it a secret from Old Lady Ying.

For one thing, they couldn't take the risk of making her suffer from an attack.

Secondly, there was no need to tell her. They didn't want to make Ying Zidian's identity public anyway.

It would be too humiliating.

How could Old Master Zhong not know what Zhong Manhua was thinking, he laughed in exasperation, "Fine, Zhong Manhua, there you are, you'd better not regret it, I don't want to hear you cry when the time comes."

He didn't want that old woman to know the truth anymore either, what if it caused more trouble for Ziggy?

Well done for fainting, let him say it's just deserved for more sins!

Master Zhong brushed his sleeves and walked away without looking back.

Zhong Manhua frowned and did not go after him.

She could not understand Master Zhong's anger.

It was true that she had done something wrong, but there was no need to take it so seriously, was there?

As for regret?

Zhong Manhua let out a light sigh.

How could she possibly.

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By the time Ying Clan and Ying Luwei found out what was happening on Weibo, there were already hot searches on the hot search list, or two.

#adopted daughter, living blood bank

#Ying Luwei, haemophilia

Even though it was only in the 40s, someone had seen it.

In particular, the words “living blood bank” made many netizens click in.

I thought it existed only in fiction, but reality is even more sinister than fiction.

[This family is so hateful, right? Can a rich family bully ordinary people?

[I’m laughing my ass off. Ying Luwei’s fans are still talking about feeling sorry for her, but it’s her sister who should feel sorry for her.

[Oh, come on, Ying Luwei’s brain-dead fans think it’s right for her sister to donate blood to Ying Luwei.

Not even a few days after the last disinformation and insult incident, Ying Luwei’s persona has collapsed even more.

Even though her fans are still loyal and trying to control the comments from the front row, it’s hard to resist the backlash from people with a normal outlook.

Looking at the comments, Ying Lu Wei’s face twisted for the first time.

She grabbed the phone and called her manager, “Quickly pull down the hot search for me, and tell that what’s-his-name to delete his Weibo!”

“Fine, fine.” One thing led to another, and the agent had a terrible headache, “Don’t go on Weibo either, you’ll post pictures of you practicing later at work.”

Ying Luwei was furious and slapped the keys down heavily.

What did it have to do with her?

It's not like she forced Ying Zidian to donate blood, she was the one who put black labels on her every day.

Ying Luwei didn't think it was her fault at all. She suppressed her anger and continued to practise the piano.

With the Ying family's help, the hot search was naturally quickly withdrawn.

And after @TheBestBlabberJournal's Weibo was deleted, he posted another emoji of aggravation to cry.

[Touch the exposé, it's true that the gentry can't be messed with, be careful with the exposé, hurry up and move.]

[Ying Luwei's operation is really disgusting to me, I won't say anymore, I'm going to my sister's to see the pigs.]

Originally, netizens followed the account @养老勿扰 only because they found the daily routine posted by Ying Ziyi quite amusing.

But recently they had a new kind of fun because they found out that this divine sister had actually bought a pig and took pictures of it.

[Dudu is so cute wow, I want to keep it too.]

[Sister, are you all right? You must leave the Ying family, don't let them suck your blood again.]

Ying Zidian was searching all the websites around the world and saw that many people were comforting her, so she replied “Yes”.

[Sister, can you post a picture? I haven't seen my sister's face much, I'm so hungry.

Ying Zidian raised her eyebrows and typed on her phone with her free hand.

[It's night time, don't daydream.

Ying Zigey is so cute even when she dislikes people, I love it so much.

Ying Zidian rubbed her head, wanting to black out all these Weibo accounts.

But after all, they were little girls who cared about her, so she could barely tolerate them.

It seemed she had to register a small number again.

Ying turned off her Weibo notifications and proceeded to search all the major websites.

However, after searching all the global websites, she couldn't find a forum called nok.

There was really something.

Ying Ziji tapped her finger on the desktop, pondered for a moment, and was about to hack into another computer far away across the ocean when Ying Luwei tweeted at work.

[@YingLuweiStudio: Showing you the fresh Lu Wei [flowers]]

Here's a picture.

Ying Luwei was practicing in the piano room, with a copy of the score on the piano stand.

The fans immediately went wild.

[Sister rest well and wait for your recital.

[All the black people with rhythms are reported, guard the best Lu Wei]

[I knew Lu Wei must have practiced Vera Hall's "Sun and Moon", I'm so excited!

Ying Ziji looked at the deliberately enlarged score and narrowed her phoenix eyes.

Boss Lady Chapter 67-68

Chapter 67

This is one of Vera Hall's three piano pieces, 'Sun and Moon'.

Written in 1756, it is a piano sonata.

A sonata is a multi-movement genre of music and a sonata can be played in about 15 to 20 minutes.

Unlike other ordinary piano pieces, the sonata is more complex and therefore requires great pianistic skill and great expressiveness and tension, and is an important tool for measuring the level of the player.

Even if one is only slightly weaker or physically unable to keep up, one will not be able to play it successfully.

In the world ranking of piano pieces in terms of difficulty, "Sun and Moon" is ranked ninth.

With her hand on her chin, Ying Ziji finished reading this score that Ying Luwei had laid out, and after a moment's thought, understood.

Although most of it was the same, this was not the same score she had written.

The last time she had written it, she had left the planet in 1782.

Before she left, she did not make the piano score public.

It is supposed that people of the time heard her recitals, picked up the scores and passed them on again.

But after all, it was only by ear, and there are many errors in the score.

That's why no one can play "The Sun and the Moon" in its entirety now, not that it's really that difficult.

Ying thought about why she studied piano with those top musicians at the time, because music could relax her and wash her away.

It was really unexpected that when she came back to Earth after all these years, her random name of Vera Hall had become a well-known figure in the history of the music industry.

It's also become the object of Ying Luwei's hype.

Tsk.

Ying Ziyi tapped on the keyboard, her eyebrows sparse.

It's a pity that without a real score, Ying Luwei will never be able to play "The Sun and the Moon" in her life.

And sure enough, because Ying Luwei's persona had collapsed again and again, after sending out this Weibo post at work, some netizens immediately came to mock.

[I can't stand it anymore, still playing 'The Sun and the Moon' The Sun and the Moon' even some of the top pianists in China dare not say they can play it down, a vase pianist, what is she pretending to be?

The next Vera Hall, where is her face?

I can't stand the idea of portraying Goddess Vera, does Ning have the talent and hard work? She said she's doing music well, but she's still bouncing around, pretending to be noble.

This time, Ying Luwei's fans quit.

[Upstairs, we admit that Lu Wei is a far cry from Vera, after all, she's not from the same century, but it's not worth comparing an adopted daughter to her.

[This adopted daughter is from the countryside, right? What kind of piano does she know? She's not qualified to compete with Lu Wei.

[Brain-dead fans, these days, even the famous ladies of the gentry know how to play the piano, it's hopeless.

After accumulating some more buzzwords, she put her phone down, tapped her fingers on the keyboard casually, and hacked a computer.

She leaned back in her chair and opened a bottle of Coke.

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Across the ocean, it was the same basement that was littered with boxes of bubble noodles.

“Pfft ..... holy fuck!”

Looking at the blacked out screen, a certain hacker choked on his noodles for the third time and almost died.

With his eyes full of hot tears, he almost died with his heart

[Sister, what’s wrong again, I’m so innocent ooh ooh ooh.]

He had invaded her computer once out of curiosity, hadn’t he?

What had he done to deserve this?

Three letters came from there.

[nok].

When he saw these three letters, a certain hacker’s expression changed.

Why did he want to ask this?

How could he answer?

He carefully tapped the words.

[Sister, how do you know about nok?

This time, Ying Zidian replied with two words.

[Speed.]

“.....”

A certain hacker looked at these two words, and a few seconds later, slapped himself.

Come on, his sister wasn't asking him, she was forcing him to confess.

He reckoned that if he didn't say what nok was today, all his dozen computers could be scrapped.

Then his mission would be ruined.

【Okay, sister, I'll send you the URL on your computer, just go up and take a look】.

After this sentence was sent out, his computer only returned to normal.

A certain hacker sighed and wondered if he should go and make a small report.

After thinking about it, he decided against it.

It wasn't his little friend anyway, so let the man have a headache.

He was happy!

A certain hacker held up his instant noodles and proceeded to eat.

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First Hospital.

Zhong Manhua hurriedly arrived: "How is old madam?"

The housekeeper waiting outside the ICU wiped his sweat and said, "Madam, Old Madam hasn't woken up yet, the doctors are resuscitating her."

This time Old Lady Ying was in a coma, half because she was angry and half because she was scared by Master Zhong.

Zhong Manhua was also quite annoyed: "Has the Imperial Capital Hospital been contacted?"

"Miss Lu Wei called just now." The housekeeper said, "Miss Lu Zhi's tutor will come over in person."

"That's great." Zhong Manhua breathed a slight sigh of relief, "Let the First Hospital stabilise the old lady's condition first."

Although Lu Zhi's tutor was a Chinese medicine student, because he had that little connection with the Meng family, his medical skills were more advanced than ordinary Chinese doctors.

Zhong Manhua waited for another hour before the door to the ICU opened.

Seeing the attending doctor come out, Ying Luwei was busy welcoming her, "Doctor, how is my mother?"

"Old Madam's health is indeed getting worse and worse." The attending doctor shook his head, "The situation is very bleak, I suggest you prepare yourselves."

At these words, all three people were shocked.

It was that serious?

“However, it’s not hopeless.” The attending doctor pondered for a moment, “I wonder if you have heard of Shao Ren Hospital?”

Zhong Manhua frowned, “That Chinese hospital?”

She had naturally heard of Shao Ren Hospital, which used to be very famous.

But with the rise of Western medicine and the decline of Chinese medicine, Shao Ren Hospital was no longer what it used to be.

“Not bad.” The attending doctor nodded, “There is a new doctor over there who is extremely skilled in medicine, you can go there.”

Zhong Manhua’s expression faded and politely declined, “That’s still not necessary.”

Even Lu Zhi’s tutor was coming in person, what other Chinese doctor in Shanghai could be above him in terms of medical skills?

## Chapter 68

Moreover, she hadn’t heard of any new doctor with great medical skills coming to Shao Ren Hospital.

Maybe it was a folk remedy from somewhere that had managed to cure the patient by a fluke.

She couldn’t let Old Lady Ying go.

Zhong Manhua pressed her temples, feeling a headache, and didn’t want to talk to the doctor any more.

When the attending doctor saw her disinterested look, he swallowed back the words “that doctor cured a person who was going to die, which even they could not do anything about”.

If she didn’t want to talk about it, why should he?

The doctor smiled politely and distantly: “The old lady is not yet awake, so you can wait.”

Zhong Manhua and Ying Luwei were both very distracted and didn’t pay attention.

It was the housekeeper who looked up in surprise, somewhat confused as to why the attending doctor’s attitude had changed so quickly.

The doctors who could treat Old Lady Ying were the top Western doctors in Shanghai, and the four powerful families had to be befriended.

“I’ll go back and make some medicinal food.” Zhong Manhua picked up her coat, “Lu Wei, please wait for now.”

“What are you saying, sister-in-law?” Ying Luwei smiled, “How could I not be attentive to Mum, I have nothing to do in the meantime anyway.”

Zhong Manhua nodded and went out.

Ying Luwei sat aside and waited.

A nurse lowered her voice, puzzled, “Director, how come they’re the same as the Fu family, they don’t want to try over at Shao Ren?”

It’s always one more way to go, one more life.

What if they could really be cured?

The attending physician shook his head and didn't say anything, making a gesture of silence.

As far as he could see, the Fu family and the Ying family were in different situations.

The Fu family had obviously decided three years ago that there was no cure for Master Fu and had started preparing for his death long ago.

The Fu family is one of the four most powerful families, and the family relationship is also one of the most chaotic.

Most of them were hoping for Master Fu's departure, wanting a bigger share of the pie.

And this Lady Ying clearly didn't believe what he said.

Thinking highly of herself, she had missed a chance to save her life for nothing.

“Ugh, really don't understand the big giants .....”

The nurse muttered in a low voice and hurried away with her trash

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Outside.

Zhong Manhua walked down the steps and took a few steps before suddenly stopping, “Have you inquired about the divine doctor that Madam Mu is talking about?”

The housekeeper froze: “Back to Madam, not yet, even the Fu family side has asked, they don't know either.”

Zhong Manhua frowned.

Master Fu's illness was much more serious than Old Lady Ying's, and almost every once in a while, he would walk on the line of life and death.

There was no news from the Fu family, could it be that this divine doctor had already left Shanghai City?

"It's just that." Zhong Manhua waved her hand, "Just let nature take its course."

After saying that, she smiled kindly.

Thinking about it, a divine doctor who was even more powerful than the one from the Meng family was not something they could just meet.

The Ying family was not like the Mu family in the imperial capital.

Zhong Manhua opened the car door, got in and instructed the driver, "Go back to the old mansion."

The driver nodded respectfully and started the car.

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This way.

After going to the next room to deliver new medicine to Wen Fengmian, Ying Ziji returned to her laptop.

She looked at the string of URLs sent by a certain hacker and pondered deeply.

It wasn't a normal URL starting with 3w, but a strange combination of numbers and subscripts, like a garbled code.

It was encrypted.

So, even after searching websites around the world with the main program, it could not be found.

At this time, another message was sent from across the ocean.

[Hey, sister, I forgot, nok has a special login program, you can't log in with a normal browser, and it was sent to you too.]

[Good boy][Shy]

Ying ignored a certain hacker's adorableness and just looked at the extra white icon on the screen, her eyebrows wrinkled.

On the icon was a hermit in a robe, carrying a lamp and a walking stick.

This icon was exactly the same as the ninth card of the Tarot, the Great Alkanah – the Hermit.

Ying Ziji gazed down and saw the familiar hermit.

hermit, which was the English word for hermit.

So this was the nok forum, she knew what it was.

After so many years, there are so many different places.

Ying Ziji pondered.

Another line of words appeared on the computer screen.

[Sister, the full name of nok is nooneknows, which translates into Chinese as not known to people, just hang out inside the forum, don't go into other places].

Only after a certain hacker posted this sentence did he let out a long sigh of relief.

If something happened to this little friend, that man would probably send him straight to the top five of the bounty list, and he wouldn't be able to eat his noodles happily.

In fact, he was quite confused when it came to the nok forum.

There were all sorts of people mingling in this forum, but none of them would know who each other were.

Even he, the leader of the Anonymous hacker alliance, could not break through the nok firewall.

So it's quite possible that a thread will contain a superstar that will make the international community tremble.

Most of the time, though, it's just some bogus wizard discussing feng shui, such as whether a meeting with the door facing north will affect your fortune.

However, this ridiculous forum is home to one of the largest and fastest intelligence networks on the planet, even the international intelligence agency iia (international intelligenceagency) cannot match it.

So much shocking news he had seen by reading posts on nok.

Only after a few days does the whole network appear.

On nok, it is also possible to post bounties and trade with other users.

For example, there were several hunters on the hunt list who asked him to give them information about a certain man whose bounty was already a billion dollars, and the pay was quite generous.

He declined.

Although, he himself was ranked on the bounty list, just not in the top ten.

No one knows how the nok was established; its emergence is a mystery.

Its earliest traces can be traced back to the fifteenth century.

But it was only in 1969 that the Internet appeared.

The International Bureau of Investigation, ibi, investigated it for a long time and came up empty-handed.

It was as if it had appeared out of nowhere.

But the good news is that most ordinary people, who don't know how to access the nok forums, are in a fairly stable situation.

A certain hacker sighed.

He just hoped that this little friend was just here to read the posts.

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On the day of March 17, Westwind Law Firm tweeted as promised.

[西风律师事务所v: Click on the link [web link] and come along to see it live!

The netizens have been squatting for a long time.

[I'm coming I'm coming, praise Feng Fengzi, so efficient.]

It's the first time I've watched a live trial, I'm so excited.

[Hurry up, I can't wait to see those brain-dead fans of Ying Luwei pay the price.

Is Ying Luwei coming today? I want to see how ugly this big white lotus looks.

[Tsk, I guess she doesn't have the face, probably afraid of being thrown rotten eggs.

When he saw this, Fu Yunshen glanced at the basket of eggs Nie Chao was carrying in his hand.

“.....”

He didn't want to pay attention to this douchebag and leaned lazily against the side of the car.

Underneath the black trousers were long, slender legs with smooth, perfect lines.

After seeing the girl come down, Fu Yun's deep lips curved up and his peach blossom eyes were deep and charming: “Little friend, get in the car with your brother.

Boss Lady Chapter 69-70

Chapter 69

“Get in the car with brother?” Nie Chao was wolfing down his dinner dough, when he heard this, he subconsciously came up with, “Seventh youngster, how can you say dirty words in front of the big brother? It’s too immodest.”

“.....”

Fu Yunshen turned his head sideways, his peach blossom eyes slightly narrowed.

A second later, he lifted his leg and kicked up towards Nie Chao’s butt.

“Cough cough cough!” Nie Chao managed to choke, almost falling on his face, and was busy begging for forgiveness, “I was wrong, brother, spare my life and spare my life.”

It was his fault for thinking wrong.

Fu Yunshen glanced at him, reached out and took out a paper bag from the car, handing it to the girl, his voice gentle, “Yaoyao, freshly baked xiaolongbao, and yogurt, the journey to the court is a bit long, eat something to pacify your stomach.”

“Thanks.” Ying Ziji took it and bit into the yoghurt bag.

Pulling open the door with one hand, she sat down in the passenger seat and fastened her seat belt.

Nie Chao rolled to the back, tsking out of surprise.

If this was known by the other celebrities in Shanghai that this dude, whose twenty-second birthday was only a few months ago, already had the heart of an old father, there was no telling how hurt his heart would have to be, and his heart would have to break into eight pieces.

The car started up and drove away.

When waiting for the red light midway, Fu Yunshen looked ahead and spoke: "How is your health?"

Nie Chao grinned broadly: "It's great, I'm good at healing myself, the scars are gone."

He thought to himself, "Seventh young man cares about him now, this is something that would never happen before."

Before he could be touched for a second, the next moment –

"Didn't ask you."

"....."

Nie Chao felt his heart ache.

"Much better." Ying Ziguai paused, "I'm fine."

Her body she understood.

When she woke up, it was indeed riddled with holes, but it had gradually mended now.

Fu Yunshen was still looking straight ahead, his free hand gently patting the girl's head and smiling lightly, "That's good."

He knew there was the saying that healers did not heal themselves.

Besides, he also felt that their little friend was quite unconscious.

They obviously had to fight even though they were physically weak, and probably didn't care much about their bodies.

So he contacted a specialist specifically to make some food to help her recover her qi and blood.

Well, their little friend is indeed a foodie and is partial to sweets.

But that's quite good for nourishment.

The red light changed to green and the Maserati was extremely conspicuous in the crowd of cars.

Nie Chao was bored counting the eggs he had brought with him, when he suddenly seemed to remember something and slapped his thighs: "Seventh young man, but I'm so angry, do you know who tried to kill me?"

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched, indifferent: "Hmm?"

"It was actually my ex-girlfriend!" Nie Chao was indignant, "I clearly broke up with her peacefully, and even gave her a million breakup fee, but she turned around and hired a murderer to kill me, what a person."

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you're getting into.

Nie Chao didn't know about the nok forum, so he didn't know that there was such a thing as a bounty list, let alone that only people with nok accounts could place bounties on targets.

He didn't remember much about Nie Chao's ex-girlfriends, but he vaguely remembered that they were either some of the imperial family's young girls who wanted to climb up the ranks of the Nie family, or stars in the entertainment industry.

But whether it was the former or the latter, there was no way they would have access to the nok forum, much less be able to put a bounty on Nie Chao and invite hunters on the Divine Gun List.

But any of these hunters on the list, even if they are on the list of 100, will not put up a bounty of less than one million dollars.

The so-called ex-girlfriend is just being pushed out to block the knife.

After all, the first grandson of the Imperial Nie family met with this kind of thing in Shanghai, so he must give an explanation.

Fu Yunshen didn't say much and went along with the question, "Which ex-girlfriend?"

"This ....." Nie Chao scratched his head, "too many, I forgot."

There was a moment of silence in the car.

"Well, I understand." Ying finished the small dumplings and spoke unhurriedly, "Weibo says that it's called scumming and you have to be beaten up."

Nie Chao: "....."

Bullshit, he still has his virginity.

So many people were greedy for his body and he had fought to the death to protect it.

Who let his family's old man say that you can't just make any children before you get married.

Fu Yunshen suddenly smiled and raised his eyebrows: "Yao Yao, don't worry, brother is definitely not a slag and doesn't get involved with some people."

Ying Zigui gave his hand a beat and raised his eyebrows as well.

“Crap, Seventh Younger, how much more shameless are you?” Nie Chao was shocked, “Have you forgotten that you’re known as the number one flirtatious dude in Shanghai City?”

Fu Yunshen gently raised his eyes, “I haven’t even held hands with a woman, besides, to remind you-”

“The term ‘flirtatious’ means outstanding. Have you ever heard of the phrase, ‘The man of the hour is still looking at the present day?’”

Nie Chao shut up.

He couldn’t say anything to this gentleman who knew everything about astronomy and geography.

But .....

Nie Chao scratched his head again, he really didn’t seem to have seen Seventh Younger get close to any woman.

He got it.

This young master turned out to like raising daughters.

\*\*

The court hearing started at two o’clock in the afternoon.

At one o’clock, there were already quite a few people waiting.

Some of them had come from other cities to see how strong Westwind Law Firm was, that it could advance the trial, which took at least a few months, to just a few days.

However, not everyone was able to enter the courtroom and most people were watching from outside with their mobile phones in their hands.

Meanwhile, the live webcast was underway.

As the number of viewers increased, so did the number of pop-ups.

[I heard that this trial was of a few of the worst fans and rumour mongers, no way, all so young?]

I know, I know, I'm a student at Qingzhi. One of the defendants is from our school, and the day they were taken away by the police, they were crying and begging the plaintiff.

Have you seen that girl? I don't know what's so great about Ying Luwei, she buried her future for a vase pianist.

I've been fed up with keyboard warriors on the internet for a long time.

[Eh, have you seen Ying Luwei? I haven't. It seems she really doesn't have the face to come.

Ying Luwei was actually here, but she wrapped herself up tightly to prevent herself from being recognised.

Plus she couldn't even take off her mask because the rash on her face hadn't healed yet.

However, contrary to the speculation of the netizens, Ying Luwei is not panicking at all, but is extremely calm.

She knew that it was impossible for the trial to go on today.

The West Wind Law Firm, too, would definitely not send a lawyer.

Lu Zhi had already lifted her confinement, and her voice was lowered: “Lu Wei, don’t worry, I begged my teacher to get a family in the imperial capital to come forward.

Her tutor had saved the old lady of that family, and this point was still a matter of request.

“Thanks to you.” Ying Lu Wei patted her hand and smiled, “I’ll help you buy that Hermes crocodile bag later.”

Lu Zhi was flattered, “Lu Wei, you’re too kind.”

“It’s nothing.” Ying Lu Wei pulled up her hair around her ear and smiled warmly, “Sit here and wait for me for a while.”

She stood up and went out through the door.

Outside the courthouse.

The sun was shining warmly, cascading through the leaves.

Fu Yunshen stopped the car and rested his small arm on the window, “I’ll park the car and go in later.”

Nie Chao was busy nodding, “Don’t worry, Younger Seven, I’ll take good care of my sister.”

Only after saying that did he realise that Ying Zigui didn’t need a finger to hit him.

“.....”

This is too heartbreaking.

Ying Ziyi nodded, "Well, I'll wait for you."

She took out a baseball cap from her backpack and put it on her head to protect herself from the sun.

It was at this time that Ying Luwei walked over.

Immediately, Nie Chao was alert and lifted the basket of eggs that was on the bench.

Naturally, Ying Luwei saw Nie Chao, but she didn't care.

He was carrying eggs and dressed in fancy clothes, and he didn't know where he was from.

It was not worth her time to make friends with him.

Ying Luwei walked straight towards the girl and smiled haughtily, "Little Belt, are you waiting for a lawyer?"

"Unfortunately, your lawyer probably won't be coming, I've asked the Imperial family to step in and put pressure on the Westwind Law Firm specifically."

Nie Chao looked over strangely.

This woman couldn't be a fool, could she?

Just what big family in the Imperial Capital could she invite?

Get in the door?

“Without a lawyer, your lawsuit will lose 100%.” Ying Luwei sighed and felt sorry for her, “Look, why did it have to come to this? If you admit your mistake with your little aunt, she won’t bother with you about anything.”

“After all, we are family.”

She smiled gently, like a loving elder lecturing a young child who had made a mistake.

Because there was a change in the light and shadow, Ying Ziyi discovered Ying Luwei as a person.

She removed her headphones: “You spoke?”

Complete and utter ignorance.

Ying Luwei’s face was blue, and the feeling of her fist hitting empty space made her hold her breath.

She put away her gentleness and smiled coldly: “When the trial starts later, I’ll see how arrogant you are.”

She had already torn her face off, so there was no need for her to pretend any longer.

Ying Luwei turned her head and left.

Nie Chao was thinking of how to throw the egg at Ying Luwei, and he raised his head to pick a suitable angle.

In front of him, a Bugatti Veyron was parked in front of the courthouse.

The car’s number plate started with “京”.

It was an Imperial city number plate, and a very rare one at that.

The person who could sit inside this car had an unusual status.

Nie Chao didn't pay much attention to it until he saw someone he knew very well get out of the Bugatti Veyron: "....."

F\*ck, he cracked up.

## Chapter 70

Nie Chao couldn't believe his eyes, rubbed them and looked over again.

This time he got a good look.

Even though it was still only a sideways glance, it was scary enough.

Crap!

How had he come to Shanghai City?

"Big, big brother." Nie Chao took a step back, carrying his eggs and hiding behind the girl as his throat rolled, "One, if someone beats me up later, can you, can you block for me?"

"Who?" Ying Zidian raised his hand and pressed the brim of his hat, faintly, "Your big brother?"

Nie Chao was stunned, "Big brother, how do you know?"

Didn't she have her back to him?

"Calculated."

"....."

Making fun of him again.

Nie Chao was sad.

"It's my big brother." He moved back carefully again to make sure he wasn't spotted before he sighed in relief, "Sister, you don't know that my big brother is scarier than even my old man."

"The old man I can at least hide from, after all the old man can't run as fast as me, my big brother is different, I've been fucking beaten up by him since I was a kid!"

When he changed his girlfriend, his big brother beat him up.

But it was clear that he was the one who got kicked every time.

Ying raised his eyebrows, and only then did he look sideways.

In front of the Bugatti Veyron, the man stood straight.

He was twenty-five or twenty-six years old, tall and straight.

He was dressed in a black suit and was ascetically handsome.

There was a stern aura about him, as if he had only just emerged from a mountain of corpses and blood.

Even a son of a powerful family in the imperial capital could not possess such an aura.

Ying Zidian's eyes narrowed slightly: "Your elder brother has only just returned from the law enforcement team."

Nie Chao froze again, "Big brother, is this something you count too?"

His elder brother was the grandson of the Nie family, but was actually considered to be separated from the Nie family again.

This was because when his elder brother was twelve years old, he had entered the law enforcement team.

Those who entered the enforcement team had to remain impartial, even if it was their own family, they couldn't be biased.

The old man of his family was angry and happy, angry that there was no one left to succeed the Nie family, and happy that his grandson was very promising.

He didn't know what level his elder brother was currently in the law enforcement team, but he had once happened to bump into an agent from the General Bureau of International Investigation ibi, and this agent was very respectful of his elder brother.

It was evident that he was not an ordinary person.

But again, his elder brother's identity was kept secret from the public, and the thousand-year-old gentry of several other powerful families in the imperial capital did not necessarily know about it.

Moreover, how could an ordinary lawsuit have alerted his elder brother?

Nie Chao was baffled.

It was strange, he always felt that this sister of the Ying family was mysterious, just like the Seventh Younger, one could not see through her.

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Ying Luwei didn't see the Bugatti Veyron and went back to her seat.

Halfway through the meeting, Lu Zhi also called her mentor again to confirm again, looked up and smiled, "Lu Wei, don't worry, my teacher said that the Wu family had given the West Wind Law Firm a call, there will be absolutely no mistakes."

"Of course I'm relieved." Ying Lu Wei looked at the girl who walked in through the door and smiled, "Do you think she's quite naive, thinking that just because she found a law firm, she can really win her case?"

This kind of case was already very difficult to win, let alone without the support of the West Wind Law Firm.

Lu Zhi didn't think so: "Young people haven't experienced the cruelty of society yet, so they are quite naive."

"But she does have some tricks up her sleeve." The smile on Ying Lu Wei's lips tightened, and she lifted her chin in contempt, "No, she's even hooked up with Fu Yunshen."

Lu Zhi's face was ugly.

Just because of a phone call from Fu Yunshen, her bank card had been stopped by Lu's father.

"I, as an aunt, just have to lead my niece back to the right path in time." Ying Lu Wei was playing with her nails, "Watch, how embarrassed she'll be at the court hearing later."

She would never allow things to get out of her control again.

Lu Zhi pursed her lips and looked at the girl's position again.

In front of her on her right, Nie Chao was giving Fu Yunshen a complaint, "Younger Seven, you didn't see it, that white lotus Ying Luwei was bullying her sister just now."

"Hmm?" Fu Yunshen's expression did not move, but his eyes deepened a little, and his voice was low and mute.

"I'm laughing my ass off, she actually said she had asked the Imperial Capital family to put pressure on the West Wind Law Firm." Nie Chao was speechless, "Do you think she's out of her mind?"

"You can pry it open and help her see."

"....."

Without saying much, Fu Yunshen took out the prepared chocolates and placed them in the girl's hands.

His fingertips grazed the soft palm, as if the wind had brushed against it.

Ying Ziji's eyelashes dropped.

These days, she was used to him feeding her from time to time.

She put the chocolate away and did not eat it immediately.

Because she didn't want to show her face, she didn't sit at the plaintiff's table and wore a mask too

Closer and closer to two o'clock, there were more pop-ups.

[It's already this hour, where's the Westwind Law Firm, haven't they come yet?

[Could there have been an accident on the way?

[How is it possible that such a professional law firm would be stumped by such a trivial matter?

Just as the netizens were wondering, a few very eye-catching pop-ups floated past.

[Don't even wait, Westwind Law Firm won't be coming, there's an emperor's family out there don't you know? Tsk, I told you a long time ago that Ying Ziji couldn't be sued at all, but you still don't believe me.

Even though she's not suing Ying Luwei herself, suing her fans is stepping on her face. Let's disperse.

It's just the Ying family's own business, but it's no fun to take it to court.

[Remember to be a saint when you're being cyberstormed, don't sue.

At the defendant's table, Ying Fei Fei and the girl who manages Ying Lu Wei's official support group also breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as the trial couldn't go on properly, they wouldn't have to carry a criminal record.

At 2:20, there was still no sign of the Westwind Law Firm.

If the court did not arrive after 30 minutes and there was no valid reason, the court would decide that the plaintiff should withdraw the case.

Ying Luwei ruffled her hair and gave a look to the defence lawyer.

The defence lawyer stood up and said, “Your Honour, I think it is necessary to remind the plaintiff that we have the right to withdraw the case if the litigation lawyer is not present again.”

At these words, there were whispers from the courtroom.

The pop-ups also went haywire.

[No way, really not coming?]

[Alas, it can't be helped, they have a backstage.

Satisfied, Ying Luwei sent a text message to her, using a new number.

[Little dicky, I told you, you're useless on your own, remember to behave next time, or I won't promise to do anything to you.

Ying Ziji yawned and smoothly pulled the black.

Fu Yunshen noticed that she was sleepy and tilted her shoulder sideways: “Leaning?”

Ying Zidian shook her head slightly, her phoenix eyes were misty: “It's okay, I can still hold on.”

Fu Yunshen raised his hand and pressed her head onto his shoulder: “Your body is not well, don't force yourself.”

“.....”

Ying Ziji simply pulled her hat down and started to rest.

Ying Luwei, who was sitting in the corner, saw the scene and shook her head repeatedly.

What a time to be in the mood for flirting.

She looked at the time and saw that it was already 28 minutes, so she lost interest in staying and got up to leave.

Just as Ying Luwei stood up, the door of the courtroom suddenly opened.

In walked a young lawyer, who came to his seat with a folder in his arms without slowing down or hurrying.

“There was a car accident on the way and I’m very sorry for being late.” He pushed up his glasses and smiled, “Honourable Presiding Judge, before we begin, allow me to introduce Miss Ying Zigui’s legal representative.”

He took a step to his left to make way for the man following him, “Mr. Nie Yi.”

Nie Chao: “.....”

F\*ck, he cracked up once again.