

Boss Lady Chapter 7-8 -

Chapter 7

Ying Luwei is her sister-in-law, how could she not save her life?

Didn't she hire a therapist or cook herself?

Why can't her own daughter be more understanding and try to break her heart instead?

"Madam, calm down." The housekeeper took a moment to deliberate and reassured, "Perhaps the second young lady has reached a rebellious stage."

"Rebellious?" Zhong Manhua laughed, "When did she ever obey my heart? She doesn't know how to behave and now she's ignoring me, does she not want to acknowledge me?"

The mention of this made her angry.

After teaching her for so long, she can't learn piano, she can't write, she even stumbles over her English, and she doesn't even look like a famous lady.

And she seduced Jiang Moyuan?

The more Zhong Manhua thought about it, the angrier she became: "When Moyuan brought her back a year ago, I saw that she was very well-behaved, but who knew she could do such things?"

The Ying family has lost all their shame!

And now she's hitting on Fu Yunshen. She's really a woman of her nature.

What kind of person is Fu Yunshen?

He's a playboy, he's nice to women, but how can he have true feelings?

He would be sold out and count the money.

The housekeeper didn't know what to say, so he had to remind her, "Madam, it's half past ten, Miss is still waiting for your call."

Looking at the sad and angry Zhong Manhua, he shook his head and let out a sigh.

The eldest young lady of the Ying family was not Madam Ying's own daughter, she was adopted.

But an adopted one is still more caring than this one.

Fortunately, the master and lady were sensible enough to declare that the second young lady was only an adopted daughter, otherwise if the other three great families had known the truth, they might have ridiculed her.

He had been in the Ying family for more than twenty years and had served Master and Lady Ying, so he knew something about what had happened back then.

Fifteen years ago, the Ying family had a big business deal that involved the empire and the company was so busy that they didn't sleep for days and nights.

On the day when the deal was signed, Ying Zhending went out with Zhong Manhua for a social gathering, but when he returned in the evening, he found the baby missing from the cradle.

There was no trace of the baby, it was as if it had disappeared into thin air.

The housekeeper was baffled. He had only gone to the kitchen for a few minutes, how could this have happened?

The baby was not yet a year old, it could not have run away on its own.

The Ying family mobilised all their people to look for it, but they couldn't find it.

Zhong Manhua was devastated and almost went crazy. She was in a trance for a while and would rush over and hug and cry when she saw other babies on the road.

Ying Zhen Ting could not bear to see his wife like that and had to think of a way to adopt a child.

This child was to be very similar to their lost little girl, less than a year old and not at all open, so if they hadn't raised her day by day, they wouldn't be able to tell anything.

After a few months, Zhong Manhua's spirits were finally stabilised and she later found out what Ying Zhending had done and did not bother to complain and blame.

Her motherly love was also transferred to the adopted child during this time, and she took good care of him every day, looking more and more pleased with him.

Of course, Ying Zhending secretly sent people to look for the lost baby, but after two years of searching, he couldn't find it and gave up after a long time.

He kept the matter under wraps and warned those who knew at the time not to reveal a word.

After all, the Ying family was one of the four most powerful families in Shanghai, and every move they made was extremely important.

So apart from a limited number of people such as the housekeeper, even the youngest of the Ying family did not know that his own sister had been lost.

More than ten years had passed, and everyone had gradually forgotten about it.

The housekeeper knew what was bothering Zhong Manhua. She had a harmonious family, a pair of excellent children, and was an elegant noblewoman who was the envy of everyone, both in front and behind.

It would have been worth celebrating if the real girl had suddenly been found, but the real girl had come from the countryside, didn't know manners, couldn't do anything, and was a disgrace.

However, the Ying family's bloodline should never be left out in the open, even if it is a stain, so in the end she was adopted back.

Neither Ying Zhending nor Zhong Manhua saw anything wrong with it. After all, the second young lady was inferior to the eldest young lady in every way.

The Ying family in Shanghai was no match for a small county, and it was a blessing for this true daughter to be able to step into high society, and she should not be greedy any more.

"Look at my memory, I've forgotten such an important matter." Zhong Manhua rubbed her temples, picked up her mobile phone, dialed the number and immediately smiled when she heard the voice coming from the other side, "Hey, Xiao Xuan, it's mum, how are you doing today?"

"Good, good, that's good, you study at ease over in O Chau, tell mum if you need anything, mum doesn't mind the trouble"

**

The room.

Ying looked at the old desktop computer on the table, her fingers casually tapped on the keyboard a few times and the screen got stuck: "Tch"

Although she had never touched a computer, she knew that it was the most inferior product.

She stopped looking at it, lowered her head, took out a bank card she had brought out from Qing Shui County from the money clip in the drawer, and did the math.

Five hundred and sixty-two dollars and eighty cents.

A bit small, but just enough.

Ying Ziji averted his eyes and, with a brace of his hands, flipped over and leapt down from the nine-metre high third floor, landing lightly and leaving the Ying family home from the right side.

The butler, who was closing the window, caught a glimpse of the girl, but when he looked again, he could see nothing.

The butler rubbed his eyes and said to himself suspiciously, "Maybe it was a mistake."

Sure enough, he had thought that Second Miss had stolen away.

That's right, it was enough for today to play a little temper, she wouldn't dare to do such a thing if she was given a hundred guts.

The housekeeper smiled and after closing the door and windows, he went to the kitchen to prepare hot milk for Zhong Manhua before bedtime.

**

Because of Fu Yunshen's interruption, Nie Chao didn't give out the exact address of the underground bazaar.

But for Ying Ziyang, she could work out the name of a place as long as she got it.

She looked at the skewed letters – hermit – hanging on the doorway, her eyes fixed for a moment, then she put her mask on and walked in.

The underground bazaar was even more chaotic than Shanghai at night, with all the lights and the devils dancing around.

This is a zone that even the four big giants cannot control, and those who enter will more or less hide their identities.

The girl's entry did not attract the attention of the bystanders either, and a gaze came from the back and fell on her with a little more interest.

Inside the Star Bar, the bartender behind the counter noticed the man's perversity and raised her eyes, "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing." Fu Yunshen hooked his lips, the wine spoon turned into a stream of light between his long, glistening white fingers, he looked sideways and smiled, "Saw a disobedient little friend, running out of the house so late."

Chapter 8

“Little kid?” The bartender followed the man’s gaze for just a moment before withdrawing his gaze, disinterested, “It’s quite small.”

“Not so little either.” Fu Yunshen gave a light laugh, his tone lazy, “Three more years and you’ll be married.”

“.....” The bartender couldn’t take that, he shook his head and lowered his voice, “Be careful, you’ve got a bounty on your head.”

“Hmm?” Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, not surprised, “How much was offered?”

“SS level bounty, one billion dollars, the amount number before ranked seventh on the bounty list.” The bartender stared at him, “At least ten people on the hunting list took this bounty, do you now know how much you are hated?”

If a person is on the top ten of the bounty list, he or she will be killed by everyone.

Fu Yunshen’s peach blossom eyes curved, with a bit of a hook: “Then they have to find me too.”

This point, the bartender agreed, he said: “Ibi can not find you, your ability to hide, I’m afraid only weaker than that list one.”

Ibi, the full name of the internationalbureauofinvestigation, the International Bureau of Investigation, specialises in investigating and hunting down international threats and some unidentified people.

“It can’t be compared.” Fu Yunshen rambled, “How many years has it been, list one hasn’t changed, and I’ve only just got on it.”

The bounty amount for the number one spot on the reward list was not even comparable to the other nine combined, so high that it was comparable to the GDP of a medium-sized country on continent O. However, no one had ever bothered to take it, so it was clear how difficult it was to kill the number one spot on the reward list.

No, I should say it was impossible to even find it.

“I’m really a bit curious, who is this divine calculator anyway?” The bartender tsked, “How is ‘he’ more hated than you?”

The other targets on the reward list were at least traceable, except for this list one, who had disappeared like nothing was known.

Moreover, the title of Divine Reckoner was too arrogant.

Even those magicians and magicians with real skills in the ancient o-continent period did not dare to call themselves divine fortune-tellers.

There are diviners nowadays, but like ancient martial artists, there are not many real ones, most of them are retired, and the rest are just gods and goddesses who are touting for money.

If someone could really tell everything, it would be ridiculous.

Fu Yunshen raised his peach blossom eyes, smiling, not laughing: "What kind of words are you saying?"

"Honestly, you're already hated, anyway, you still have to be careful, a billion dollars, it's enough to buy an island, it's not like you don't know, that group of hunters on the list are like crazy people, but-" the bartender said, and then frowned. "Are you really going to stay here? I thought you'd at least go to the Imperial City."

"Hmm." Fu Yunshen's eyes were half-lifted, distracted, "I'm staying in Shanghai for a while."

Hearing this, an absurd thought suddenly popped into the bartender's mind, "For a woman?"

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, not slowing down: "What are you talking about, she's still just a little kid."

Indirectly, it was an admission.

The bartender's eyes changed: "You're crazy."

If those people knew about

"Would have gone crazy long ago." Fu Yunshen got up, slung his coat over his arm, smiled cynically and patted the bartender's shoulder, "Drink less, it hurts your body."

**

The underground bazaar does not require any identification to enter, there are all kinds of people, but many will deliberately conceal their identities.

The roads are lined with a variety of shops, and the buildings are different because of the different things they sell.

There are the ancient Roman, Gothic and Baroque buildings of the O Continent, as well as the classical garden buildings of China.

Looking up, she noticed the shops with “divination” signs.

But there was only one shop that had a light aura floating around.

Tarot cards are a divination tool that originated on the O Continent, and were very popular in the Middle Ages, and she played with them, but their origins are still a mystery.

But there were not many real tarot cards, and the ones on the market now were barely usable for divining minor events, but otherwise a mass of scrap paper.

Perhaps she should find a real deck of tarot cards before her powers are fully restored.

Ying Ziji pondered, squeezing her mask and dropping her eyelashes as she walked towards the inside of the bazaar.

Apart from the shops, there were quite a few ground stalls around, mostly displaying broken antiques, but that didn't stop buyers looking to pick up a bargain from being pitched.

The girl scanned casually and in a dozen seconds she had already observed hundreds of antiques, which, as expected, were all fakes without exception.

It was not until half an hour later that Ying finally saw what she needed.

It was an ancient coin, mixed in with a pile of celadon wares, unimpressive.

The words branded on the coin were quite worn and stained with mud, and at first glance it looked like it was made of clay.

She looked down, her eyes narrowing as she instantly worked out the age and name of the ancient coin.

Qin silver half tael coin, minted in 339 BCE, during the Warring States period.

Two thousand years later, the price would have to be over five million.

Ying Zidian half crouched down: “How can I sell this?”

The point, however, is not the ancient coin, but a stone bowl next to it.

The stall owner, a young man, glanced at the girl, looked her up and down, and said perfunctorily, “Take it for five hundred.”

The tone of his voice was more or less contemptuous.

Ying Zidian looked sideways, and only then did her finger fall on the silver ancient coin: "And this."

"It's yours." The youth became even more impatient, "Take it all away, don't get in the way of my business."

He was still waiting to meet some rich kids to get more money, he didn't have time to spend with a poor guy.

Ying Ziji's expression remained unchanged as she put down the five hundreds and then picked up the stone bowl and the ancient coins, rubbing her hands together for a moment, her phoenix eyes narrowed.

Now she could be sure that Earth was a world where cultivation was not possible, but that was fine, she could retire in peace.

However this action was reflected in the youth's eyes as poor madness, and he snorted, not hiding his voice in the slightest and deliberately raising it: "A poor man, with little vision, still thinks he's found a treasure?"

A stall owner next to him heard this, "Hey, you don't say it so bluntly, people still want to save face."

"What face do you want? Nowadays, everyone is worthy of entering the dungeon."

"No? There's always a bunch of poor people trying to pick up the pieces these days, it's a shame too."

They had been in the Underground Bazaar for so long, how could they not know which customers were really rich?

They didn't even bother with such poor people.

The youth snorted again, "More than poor, this is simply stupid, not even having the basic appraisal skills."

The stone bowl he had bought on Taobao for five dollars, and the coin he had picked up in a park in Pune, worthless.

These two items were just for fun, but he didn't expect any fools to buy them, allowing him to easily earn five hundred dollars.

The youth gave a tsk: "How about begging me and I can pay you back 250?"