

Boss Lady Chapter 81

Chapter 81

His dad had just walked away from a life and death situation, what if something happened to him?

The middle-aged man also stopped looking at the girl and frowned, "Dad, can you not let everyone into the house?"

Sheng Qingtang did not respond, he looked at the pills that had fallen to the ground and was frozen.

It was only after a few seconds that he finally reacted, so angry that he slapped the middle-aged man on his bald head.

"Stupid bastard! Do you know that this is the immortality pill that Miss Ying gave to your old man?"

"Is it because your old man doesn't stay up late and eat vegetables and has better habits than you that you are afraid your old man will live past you and send you away?"

The middle-aged man was dumbfounded by the slap, "What immortality pill? Dad, I've told you, you should read less"

"Shut up!" Sheng Qingtang slapped up again, "This is the divine doctor Ying, without her, your old man would have met the King of Hell."

The middle-aged man was confused again, "Dad, you said this little girl is Dr. Ying? You're not lying to me?"

"Nonsense." Sheng Qingtang said, "Hurry up and pick up the medicine for me."

As soon as the words left his mouth, the middle-aged man fell to his knees with a thud.

“You are my new parent, I really don’t know what I would do without you.”

Old Mr Sheng: “.....”

I think he, his real father, was still present, right?

“This man, my father, is cheated by health care sellers every day, and the more he cheats, the braver he gets, I thought you were too.” The middle-aged man wiped his tears, “I’m really sorry, I apologize to you.”

Ying couldn’t stand the enthusiasm and took a step back, “It’s alright, get up.”

Sheng Qingtang put away his own pill, wiped it painfully and swallowed it in one gulp, still angry, “Let him kneel.”

“Divine Doctor Ying, it’s also my negligence that I haven’t been able to see you.” The middle-aged man was ashamed, “It’s almost evening, why don’t you stay for dinner?”

“No need.” Ying shook his head slightly, “I have to go back to school.”

“That’s fine then.” The middle-aged man got up, “I’ll see Miss Ying off.”

Ying Ziji picked up the scroll she had placed on the coffee table and was about to leave.

Sheng Qingtang was sharp-eyed and blurted out, “Miss Ying, wait!”

Ying Zidian turned around.

"I can smell ink." Sheng Qingtang rubbed his hands together, "May I ask if Miss Ying is holding any fine ink treasures?"

Ying Zidian nodded, "I'm just writing for fun."

"Can I see it?" Sheng Qingtang coughed lightly, "This unfilial son hasn't let me touch the pen for a long time."

The middle-aged man was speechless, "Dad, show some shame, you're obviously the one who climbs trees and picks fruit every day and goes into the water to fish."

Ignoring him, Sheng Qingtang carefully took the scroll from the girl's hand and unfolded it.

Then, there was a long silence.

The middle-aged man was quite surprised and also came over to take a look, shocked: "Dad, this word"

"Get out of the way." Sheng Qingtang looked up, his expression solemn, "Miss Ying, do you think I can offer a million dollars to buy this piece of writing you have written?"

"....."

Ying Ziji was silent for a moment, "How much did you say?"

Sheng Qingtang thought she didn't think it was enough: "Two million is fine."

The middle-aged man was not happy now, "Dad, why have you become stingy in your old age? I can see that Miss Ying's writing is much better than yours when you were young, you sold a pair of dog-crawling characters for eight million."

“Look at it, it’s flowing, it’s very well written, it has the style of Wei and Jin, even if you have more than thirty years of skills, you may not be able to write it.”

Old Mr Sheng: “.....”

Unfilial son!!!

“Ms. Ying, don’t be so mean to my father, I’ll buy this piece of writing from you.” The middle-aged man was bold, “Ten million, absolutely no loss for you.”

Ying Ziji pondered for a moment, “Sorry, I took this to the school art festival, if you really want it, I can write another one.”

“Take it to the art festival?” Sheng Qingtang sighed in pain, “What a waste, what a waste!”

At the end, he was reluctant to give up, “Then I’ll ask Miss Ying to write another one, shall I take a picture with this one?”

In the end, when Ying Ziji took the ten million dollars and left, she felt that something was wrong.

She let out a soft sigh and pressed her head.

If she could earn so much money just by writing a piece of writing, why would she still refine medicine.

**

Three days later.

Noon.

Ying Zidian received a call from Elder Zhong.

“Dicky, tomorrow is your birthday, Grandpa is going to give you a birthday party, do you have time to go and see the dress?”

Hearing this, Ying Zigu then remembered that her birthday was March 24th.

In the past, when she was in Qing Shui County, although the Wen family was poor, Wen Feng Mian would definitely not treat her and Wen Huilan poorly.

So every year, they would celebrate their siblings’ birthdays.

But they couldn’t afford a cake, only a baked cake.

But it was a happy occasion.

A year or so ago, she was taken back to the Ying family and never celebrated her birthday again.

Because no one in the Ying family remembered her, and Elder Zhong was not in Shanghai at that time and did not know.

“Grandpa, there’s no need to be so troublesome.” Ying Ziyi smiled lowly, “You can come to the Wen family and have a meal with my father and the others, I don’t like to make a big fuss.”

Master Zhong was silent for a long time, before he said, “That’s fine, it’s enough for the family to spend time together.”

“Grandpa will pick you up from school tomorrow and then go to the Wen family with you.”

After hanging up the phone, Ying Ziji thought about it and called Fu Yunshen again.

Fu Yunshen was at Fu's house with Master Fu, and was quite surprised when he answered the phone.

"What did you say?" The old man's eyes were bewildered, "What did my grandson-in-law say to you?"

"First, not your grandson-in-law, you don't want to have a grandson-in-law in my place, I'm not getting married."

"....."

"Second, not to me, but to you." Fu Yunshen was lazy, "Yao Yao invited you to eat her birthday cake."

"Really?" Master Fu was surprised, "Ziyu invited me to celebrate her birthday?"

Fu Yunshen lifted his eyes, "You can also not go."

"Go, go, go, of course I'll go." Master Fu said with a straight face, "It's been a long time since I've had cake, I'm so hungry."

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows.

"Eh, wait." Master Fu suddenly remembered something, "Is old man Zhong going to be there too?"

Before Fu Yunshen could answer, he said to himself, "Then I'll have to load up the chessboard and play him a couple of games."

And again with glee, "I'll be sure to win him."

"....."

**

March 24.

The spring equinox had just passed and the night was still longer than the day.

By seven o'clock it was largely dark.

The streetlights were rising and the light was bright.

The neighbourhood where the Wen family lives is not large, but it is quiet.

It was because of this that Ying Ziji had bought Wen Fengmian a flat here.

At this moment, not far away, on top of an 18-storey building.

A figure was prostrate on the ground, looking over.

The muzzle of the pitch-black gun slowly lifted up and aimed at the building's entrance, aiming at the man's slender back.

"Target is locked."

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"Straight line distance 534 metres."

"Wind speed 2.7 metres per second."

“No fog or large dust particles in the air, good visibility.”

Such a distance and weather is an unmissable opportunity for the marksman.

A black headset hangs from the outline of his right ear.

A black stretchy leotard blends in with the night.

The position was open to view, but hidden and not easily detected.

A voice came through the headset.

“Ready to make a move?”

“Not yet.” The marksman took his binoculars and frowned, “He’s also followed by an old man, I’ll act when he’s alone.”

It wasn’t for fear of hurting innocent people, but he wanted to keep the commotion to a minimum.

The voice in the headset continued.

“Really, you don’t need my help? You give me his information, I’ll move in together, and he’ll have absolutely no escape.”

“No need.” The marksman refused without even thinking, “How can I share the man I found with you?”

One billion dollars.

He could rest for a few years as long as he could complete this reward.

The information was also something he'd had a hard time finding out, so how could he possibly give it to another hunter?

"Tsk, fine." The voice in the headset was indifferent, "But I can remind you that just a while ago, the ninety-fourth on the Gun God list missed and caused quite a splash on the NOK."

"Missed five bullets in a row, against an ordinary man, you should be careful."

The marksman sneered, "Mind your own business."

He was ranked seventh on the Gun God list.

The ninety-fourth could compete with him?

What a joke.

The marksman interrupted the transmission, removed his headset and tossed it aside.

He readjusted his altitude and leaned down again.

**

Inside the flat.

Under Ying Ziji's conditioning, Wen Fengmian's health was much better.

So tonight's table of dishes was all cooked by him insisting on doing it alone, with Wen Hailan playing second fiddle.

The food was not expensive, it was all home-cooked food, but it was full of colour and flavour.

In the middle was a large cake, with candles placed next to it.

Wen Fengmian took off his apron and wiped his hands: "It's small at home, so I've made the three of you laugh."

He had lived in Qing Shui County for more than ten years, but this was the first time he had come to Shanghai City.

Apart from Zhong Manhua, who had come to Qing Shui County in the first place, Wen Fengmian had not come into contact with the people of the four great families, and was still a little worried.

"Mr. Wen, what are you talking about." Elder Zhong was busy getting up, "It's my honour to be here, you're too polite."

On the side, Master Fu stared at the cake, his eyes straightening.

Fu Yunshen lifted his eyelids and smiled, "Grandpa."

"Huh? Ahem!" Elder Fu coughed and said seriously, "It's not small, I think it's quite good, old man Zhong and I used to squeeze in a room, this is nothing."

The older generation had experienced famine, instead they were not so precious.

Wen Fengmian was surprised at the attitude of the two old men, but his heart was relieved.

Master Fu said to the girl again, "Dicky, don't look at your grandfather as a ranting emperor in his old age, he used to be timid and afraid of the dark."

Ying Ziji propped up her chin and raised an eyebrow at her words.

Master Zhong was furious: “Old man Fu, don’t make a fuss in front of my granddaughter, do the math, how many snacks did you steal from me when I was little?”

Ying Zidian: “.....”

Fu Yunshen: “.....”

Master Fu was smug: “That’s because you’re too stupid to catch me.”

Master Zhong was furious: “I pooh!”

He was furious at the mention of it.

When they were young, they had grown up as bare-assed brothers too.

He had been to the Fu family, and Elder Fu had also come to the Zhong family.

As a result, every time after Master Fu came to Zhong’s house, his snacks disappeared.

Only later did Elder Zhong find out that it was all Master Fu’s doing.

Stealing his malt candy.

Stealing his peas and yolks.

Or peddled away all in one bag, leaving him no crumbs.

Look at this, is this what people do?

Wen heard Lan, who had been silent, finally lifted his head, his expression wavering slightly.

He had to protect the little snacks his sister had bought for him.

Because they are all family members, this birthday is not grand, but it is cozy and enjoyable to spend.

Master Fu's health was going to be poor and he had to go back to rest after dinner.

"Yaoyao, wait for me." Fu Yunshen got up, "I'll send grandpa back and come back later."

"Hm?" Ying Ziji was clearing the plates, "The cake has been eaten, why are you still coming back?"

"....."

He was sure that the little friend wasn't heartless, it was really just like that.

Fu Yunshen smiled helplessly, "Birthdays can't just be spent like this."

Ying Zigui thought for a moment, "I think I'm satisfied."

"Brother is still not satisfied." Fu Yunshen tapped her forehead heart and said unhurriedly, "At nine o'clock, there's a surprise."

On the other side, Elder Zhong was pulling Wen Fengmian to say thank you.

"Thank you, thank you so much for taking care of Dicky all these years, if you hadn't brought her back, I really don't know"

The words didn't go on here.

Because everyone knew what the outcome would have been.

A child over a year old lost, outside even if not picked up by traffickers, would still starve to death.

Wen Fengmian pushed the bank card back, coughing, "This is what I should do."

Elder Zhong felt that the Wen family's tutelage was really good, and he didn't force it any further: "Mr. Wen, if you have any difficulties in the future, you can look for me, and those people in the Ying family, you can just pretend that they are rotten cabbages that you don't see."

Wen Fengmian didn't nod or shake his head, he smiled and went to the kitchen to help Ying Zidian wash the dishes.

Master Zhong was still sitting at the table drinking when he suddenly remembered something.

Hiss.

He seemed to have seen Wen Fengmian somewhere, he always felt a bit familiar.

Where was it

Elder Zhong thought for half a day, but couldn't figure it out, so he simply smothered another mouthful of wine.

He turned his head and pulled the teenager: "Xiao Lan ah, old man Fu he is too dish, you come with me to play two, don't let me, grandpa is not afraid."

Master Zhong also liked Wen Hanlan very much and let him follow Ying Zidian and call him Grandpa.

He had a new grandson.

He was so happy.

Wen Hanlan looked up and looked at him slyly: "..... don't want it."

"You want it, you want it." Elder Zhong pushed Hei Zi over without a word, "If you win a hand from Grandpa, Grandpa will give you a big red envelope."

The last sentence made Wen Huilan execute the piece decisively, "Deal."

Master Zhong, who was still sober from his wine: "....."

Is there something wrong?

**

Outside.

The sharpshooter was still staring at the roof of the building across the street, but it had been too long and was more than a little impatient.

And finally, after an hour of waiting, the man appeared in the sights again.

This time, it was a man.

It was nine o'clock at night and the neighbourhood was deserted.

It was quiet.

Relieved, the marksman lifted the gun again and aimed it at the man's head.

His finger slid to the trigger, ready to pull it.

But just then, he was tapped on the shoulder.

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Chapter 83

The force is light, almost non-existent.

But as a sharpshooter who has travelled the world, his senses are extremely sensitive.

He could pick up even the slightest movement of the wind and grass.

The marksman's back tensed up in an instant, a cold sweat percolated on his forehead and his heart beat faster.

But in the end, he turned his head.

The moon was high in the sky, and the stars were scattered.

The cold, faint light reflected the girl's face, adding to the coldness.

She was even wearing slippers, and her long hair was loose around her shoulders.

Her eyes are hazy and lightly misted.

She looked like she had just woken up.

But the marksman's heart stuttered abruptly as he saw what the girl was holding in her right hand.

The Desert Eagle.

A hunting rifle.

He didn't normally use it, only kept it in his rucksack.

On realising that his backpack was no longer at his feet, the marksman finally realised that the girl in front of him was anything but ordinary.

He was appalled, "You"

"Boom!"

Ying pulled the trigger, without even a backlash from his wrist.

The reason why the Desert Eagle didn't circulate was because it had a strong recoil.

It was likely that with one shot, the bones of the entire arm would shatter.

Even if the person using the gun was a big man of seventy kilograms.

Having finished a sharpshooter, Ying Ziji looked indifferent and unmoved.

She wiped the Desert Eagle and put it away.

She also put the as50 used by the marksman into her backpack and lifted it.

Ying Zidian's ears twitched and she heard footsteps.

She didn't turn around either.

With her hands braced on the steps, her body slid downwards, her long black hair fluttering up in the air.

As soon as the majestic internal energy belonging to the ancient martial artists in her body came out, she just leapt straight down from the 18th floor.

By the time the people behind him came up, the top of the building was already gone.

The bartender was rarely confused and was dumbfounded: "This who did this?"

Fu Yunshen also fell into silence when he received the message coming up.

His information was encrypted through layers, otherwise it wouldn't have been impossible for even ibi to find him.

This time, they were luring the snake out of the hole, releasing the message on purpose.

Of course, it wasn't released to every hunter.

What Fu Yunshen didn't expect was that this seventh on the Gun God list had chosen today to make his move.

He really didn't know how to pick the right time.

But what's more, he didn't expect that the target would already be dead before they could do anything.

Just a few seconds too late.

"It's not your date, is it?" The bartender denied himself just as soon as he asked, "Nope, if you had a date, there's no way I wouldn't know about it."

After a pause, he asked, "Is that someone who has a crush on you?"

Only then did Fu Yunshen look up and raise his peach blossom eyes: "There are many people who have a crush on me, which one are you talking about?"

Bartender: "....."

But that's enough, narcissist.

Although there is a capital of narcissism.

The bartender couldn't understand: "You have so many enemies, who will help you? It's good not to kill you."

Fu Yunshen didn't answer, faintly: "This is a warning."

The bartender's expression was awe-inspiring.

A warning to the other hunters not to take it lightly.

Otherwise this was the consequence.

But who exactly was it?

Apart from them, who would know that there was a marksman hiding here?

And even if they knew, who had the power to do so?

And help them?

The marksmen on the Gun God List all attacked from a distance, and their ears were so good that it was really difficult to approach them without moving.

Unless they practiced ancient martial arts and had internal energy in their bodies, they could conceal their breath.

Fu Yunshen didn't say any more: "Pack up."

"Oh." The bartender called out towards the man's back, "What are you doing there?"

"Delivering gifts to the kids."

"....."

The bartender had little expression left.

He'd seen the little kid, of course, and had even observed him, but he didn't find anything special beyond that

Apart from his good looks, he was just an ordinary person, and really didn't know what was so spoiled about this young master.

The bartender put on his gloves and started to clean up.

**

Shanghai was still calm, the night was still long and nothing was going to change because of such a minor hiccup.

However, the nok forum blew up straight away.

It was not even three minutes before the seventh death on the Gun God list and someone got the news.

Of course, it was the hidden section that blew up, not the front page.

The front page was still full of gods and goddesses discussing feng shui and today talking about what to do when they came back at night and ran into a black cat.

The hidden section is not enough to have a nok account, you need 5,000 growth value to access it.

The growth value can be increased by taking bounties.

An a-rank bounty has a growth value of 10,000.

So the users who are active in the hidden section are the real big boys.

At that time, a certain hacker was so relieved to send the nok login program to Ying Ziji, because he knew that even if she wandered around, she wouldn't be able to wander into the secret section.

The hidden section was usually clear of bounties, of all levels.

But this evening, new posts were popping up in a frenzy.

[What's going on what's going on? That guy at number seven on the Gun God list is dead???]

[That can't be right, the marksmen ahead of him in the ranking are the top three apart from those with missions, who is it?

[How long has it been since the top ten of every hunter list has changed, this is about to change.

[Damn, I just went to wash my trousers and this big news came out, let's not have a good sleep.

[The only people who can kill the top 10 on the Gun God list should be hypnotists or puppet masters, right? But how could they do it?

Usually hunters on the list don't fight each other, unless there are interests involved.

Or maybe there is a bounty directly issued by the administrator of the nok that needs to be fought over by hunters.

I don't believe it, I don't believe it, I don't believe it.

The screen was full of "I don't believe it".

Until a minute later, a new post appeared.

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And, in just three seconds, this new post quickly climbed to red.

Red.

Top and red.

Only a forum administrator can do that.

[Administrator-007]: The seventh in the Gun God list has died, last positioned in Shanghai, China, for reasons unknown, the seventh position will be filled by the eighth, the rest in order forward, hereby announced.

“.....”

The entire forum had ten seconds of silence, and then the whirlwind blew up even more.

[Crap crap crap, really dead and I don't know who took him out, I'm crazy I'm crazy.]

[Or in China? When did China have such a ruthless person? Which big brother is in China?

[Big brother's tracks are encrypted, we wouldn't know.]

[No, aren't you all concerned about the administrator 007 who came out this time?

I don't know if I can get a privilege from the admins when I reach 1 million growth value.

[Don't think about it, a million growth is probably not enough, you can just go and kill the number one on the bounty list, maybe.

I'd blow up the planet, but there's no way I'm going to go up against the number one bounty, what am I doing with my life?

[I remembered, didn't the seventh on the Gun God list take a bounty for hunting the seventh on the bounty list? So could the bounty have backfired on him?

[Who knows, anyway, in the hunting business, one day you'll be dead, it's better to be a civilian.

Come on, you think because you're a hacker you won't be hunted? How about trying to hack into Norton University? [Death smile]

[.....]

Because even the admins came out and announced that the seventh in the Gun God list was dead, the users accepted it even if they didn't believe it.

It was also because this change in the list had put many hunters on alert.

This night was destined to be tumultuous for these bigwigs who roamed the international scene.

**

This way.

Ying returned to his room with his backpack and casually threw it on top of the wardrobe.

She also went to the bathroom and washed her hands to remove the dust that was on it.

Wen Fengmian had gone to bed early and didn't see her go out ten minutes ago.

Wen heard Lan did see her, but she thought she had gone to take out the rubbish.

It was impossible for her to think that in such a short time, her sister had not only taken care of a sharpshooter, but had also returned with a Desert Eagle and an as50.

Ying Zidian squeezed the juice from the chopped fruit and gave a glass to each of Wen Huilan and Elder Zhong, and sat on the sofa to watch the TV series.

Very serious look.

As if nothing had happened.

When Fu Yunshen came back again, he saw such a scene.

He looked lazy and his voice was low: "Yao Yao."

Ying Ziyi didn't turn around, but lifted a glass of juice and offered it to him.

Fu Yunshen took it and sat down next to her: "The present is in your room, remember to open it and take a look."

Ying Zidian nodded, still watching the TV seriously.

"No, little friend." Fu Yunshen glanced at the drama being shown on the TV and raised an eyebrow, "This TV is even better than me?"

"That's also-" hearing this, Ying finally looked sideways, she paused, "It's really better than you."

The plot was twisted and dogged enough, she liked it.

"....."

Fu Yunshen raised his hand and flicked her forehead with his finger: "Little heartless."

Ying Zidian glanced at him and took the juice out of his hand, "Then don't drink it."

"....."

He once again experienced the ruthlessness of children.

"Tomorrow at noon, brother will treat you and your classmates to a meal." Fu Yunshen stroked her head and smiled, "The chef from o continent, cooks very well."

"O-continent?" Ying Ziyi looked up, "What kind of restaurant?"

Fu Yunshen leaned back on the sofa, "thegordonramsay, a pretty famous three-star Michelin restaurant, I contacted their chef's team."

Ying thought for a moment.

Oh, hadn't heard of it.

The living room was silent for ten seconds or so –

Ying Zidian spoke unhurriedly: "You can ask yourself later."

Fu Yunshen: "What?"

"Don't be afraid." She yawned, "I won't laugh at you."

"....."

The other side of the living room.

Master Zhong was still pulling the teenager to play chess, completely unaware that he had lost a few games.

Wen heard Lan silently write it down, calculating that he could have more than one big red packet, and suddenly he also felt a bit affectionate towards Old Master Zhong.

This grandfather, seems to be quite good.

**

Meanwhile, o continent.

It was after four o'clock in the afternoon in country y time, the sun was slanting in the west and the sun was shining brightly.

Zhong Manhua arrived at thegordonramsay restaurant, a three-star Michelin restaurant.

Reservations usually need to be made two months in advance, so before coming to O Chau, back in January, she made a reservation.

Thegordonramsay is named after its founder, a world-class culinary god.

The founder was also a fiery personality and was known in the media as "the chef from hell".

Zhong Manhua and Ying Zhen Ting both love thegordonramsay and they have taken their children here several times before.

This time, for Xiao Xuan's birthday, they had also booked a table here.

Zhong Manhua walked up to the counter and took out her passport, "It's already booked, a seat for three tonight, chef's menu."

Hearing this, the lady at the counter looked up with some surprise and smiled politely and courteously, "This guest, don't you know yet?"

Zhong Manhua frowned, "What's wrong?"

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Chapter 85

"Just this morning, the chef team flew out to China." The lady at the counter apologised, "There is really no way to provide you with the chef's menu."

Zhong Manhua held back her anger and maintained her poise, "What about my reservation?"

"That's right." The lady at the counter explained, "As this incident happened suddenly, we were not expecting it, and it is indeed the restaurant's responsibility."

She was actually quite puzzled, and wondered what kind of big shot could have brought out the entire chef team.

A restaurant of the level of thegordonramsay, even if it had to go out of the country, the guests were willing to take a flight to taste it for that reason.

In keeping with the tenet that the customer is God, the lady at the counter added with a smile, "However, the chef's menu was actually unbookable at the time of your booking, as the restaurant was also participating in a TV food show for a while and the chef could not divide his time."

After a pause, she said politely, "If you look more carefully, what you have booked is actually the next level of sous chef menu."

Hearing this, Zhong Manhua froze.

She then glanced at her phone and found that she had indeed booked the sous-chef menu.

Great embarrassment flooded her heart and her face instantly turned red.

Although the difference between the chef's menu and the sous chef's menu was just one word, the difference was actually huge.

The main chef's menu, which was cooked by the chef himself, also had the finest ingredients.

"I have read that you, guest, are still coming from Shanghai City, which is where the chef team happens to be going and will be staying for three days." The lady at the counter added, "How about this, I'll put you in touch?"

Zhong Manhua was slightly stunned, "Went to Shanghai City?"

She had travelled thousands of miles to O Chau, but the chef had gone to Shanghai?

"When you made your reservation, you said you needed a birthday cake, so you must be celebrating your birthday?" The lady at the counter nodded, "The chef team went to Shanghai City to celebrate a lady's birthday too, what a coincidence."

Zhong Manhua, however, was even more embarrassed.

She had to go online and book two months in advance if she wanted to celebrate Xiao Xuan's birthday.

Other people had birthdays, but they could have the chef's team make a personal flight.

What kind of disparity was this?

If we were talking about those few big giants in the imperial capital, it would be okay, but Shanghai City?

Zhong Manhua thought for half a day, but couldn't figure out who had such a big stature.

In fact, she didn't have to go to thegordonramsay restaurant, there were quite a few 3-star Michelin restaurants in O Chau that were world famous.

But her not coming, and being rejected, were not the same at all.

The latter was a slap in her face.

"No need."

Zhong Manhua had already poured out her appetite and was even more humiliated.

After hurriedly throwing down three words, she carried her bag and left.

The lady at the counter was a little puzzled, but didn't say anything and continued to receive other customers.

**

The following day.

At noon, the students of Class 19 were invited to a small courtyard.

False hills and green water, birds chirping and a fresh breeze brushing through the trees.

This was one of the Fu family's properties.

The small courtyard was warm in winter and cool in summer, and although it was not large, it was considered a relic because of its age, and its location was excellent, so it was worth more than a billion dollars.

More than a dozen brothers and sisters in the Fu family had their eyes on this small courtyard and fought over it for a long time, but Old Master Fu did not move.

But in the end, no one expected that Master Fu would say anything, and even his son Fu Mingcheng crossed over and gave it directly to Fu Yunshen.

This made the young men of the Fu family and his generation red-eyed, but they had no choice but to secretly hate each other's guts.

Fu Mingcheng also wanted to use his father's position to ask Fu Yunshen to hand over the small courtyard, but he couldn't bring himself to do so.

Especially as Master Fu was still alive, there were some things that could not be done so drastically, and face had to be passed.

There are two long tables in the middle of the courtyard, enough for fifty students to sit down.

The tables are covered with red silk cloths, and wine glasses, plates, knives and forks are placed in front of each of them in turn.

Lobster tails, fried white asparagus with scallops in white sauce, braised lamb shanks in spicy red wine, chocolate truffles

There were even a couple of bottles of red wine from Chateau Romanee Conti, each costing over \$30,000.

Not only that, there were waiters in tuxedos waiting by the side, a kind of o-continent royal court banquet.

Even Jiang Yan was stunned.

It wasn't that he had never experienced it before, he had even had the pleasure of eating a state banquet in the imperial capital.

But the question was, who would invite such a high end and classy guest in a courtyard?

"I want to take pictures, I want to post it on Weibo." The little brother pulled out his phone sharply, just about crying, "This is the first time I've had a dish from a three-star Michelin restaurant."

Jiang Yan stank.

He glanced at Fu Yunshen and gave a cold snort.

A shameless person who relied on his face to deceive people.

He wasn't going to fall for it.

"Brother Burn, aren't you eating?" Little brother was eating really well, and when he saw that Jiang Yan was not moving, he was greedy, "Don't you want to give it to me."

He reached out his hand to grab it and a handful was opened by Jiang Yan.

"Get lost!" Jiang Yan's face was dark, "Who said I'm not eating? Mine is mine, give me yours too."

The little brother was dumbfounded.

By the time he reacted, his plate had all been carried away by Jiang Yan.

Little Brother: “.....”

He wanted to cry.

Ying Ziji propped her elbows up to watch a group of silly kids eat furiously, before looking sideways, at the man, her eyebrows slightly raised, “I’m quite curious, what are you?”

“Well -” Fu Yunshen pondered a little, “Brother is the kind with a good face, and money, who can afford to raise children.”

After a pause, he slowly added two more words, “A good person.”

“.....”

**

Once March passed, it was close to the Art Festival.

All classes submitted their entries, which were collated by the student council and then handed in to the art team.

There were not many entries from the English classes because for them, their studies had to be more important.

Unless they are interested, they will not waste their time on the Art Festival.

So this time when Zhong Zhiwei would enter the competition, it threw many students in the Yingcai class off their feet.

Once Zhong Zhiwei entered the competition, was it possible for others to do so?

Zhong Zhiyan went to the Student Council office as if she had not heard these words.

There were many entries, divided into calligraphy, Chinese painting, oil painting, printmaking and many other categories, so it was not an easy task to sort them out.

“Zhiyan.” The Minister of Arts and Culture greeted and went back to work.

Zhong Zhiyan asked intentionally, “Which side is the calligraphy on?”

“Over there, it’s already sorted out.”

“Well, I’ll take a look.”

Zhong Zhiwei went forward, flipped through it, and shook his head.

What was all this writing?

A bunch of vulgar stuff.

She really shouldn’t have lowered herself to the festival just because Ying Zidian had come to compete.

However, although the writing is not good, it is better than Ying Zidian’s.

How could someone from a small county know anything about calligraphy?

Zhong Zhiyan turned over the pages faster and faster, and became more and more bored, until she saw an unfolded scroll.

It was a very simple poem.

But the words were majestic, the dragon flying and the phoenix danced in the wood.

Zhong Zhiyan froze, her eyes shifted down and saw the name in the bottom right corner.

Her hand suddenly shrank and she squeezed the scroll tightly in death.

--

The upfronts are out, babies check out the top comments.

There are custom peripherals and cash bonuses, and the bookstore has pictures of the peripherals~

Chapter 86

It took a long time for her fingers to gradually unwind.

The quality of the scroll was good enough to leave no nail marks.

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips and glanced at the office.

She was relieved to find that the others were still busy sorting out the entries and had not noticed her side.

She had just lost her temper.

Putting the scroll back in place, Zhong Zhiyan looked cold.

She wouldn't believe it if she said that Ying Ziji had written it.

She had already seen Ying Zidian's file at Master Zhong's place, and it was detailed down to each year.

Qing Shui County was economically backward, a poor village, not to mention learning calligraphy, and it was a problem whether they could eat.

And the characters on this scroll could never be written without decades of skill.

It was obviously from a calligrapher.

Even her calligraphy teacher might not be able to write such words.

Can Ying Ziji write?

Zhong Zhiyan frowned.

She didn't expect that Ying Zidian would try to cheat her way to the festival prize.

She's crazy about money.

She turned her head and asked in a light voice: "Have any students cheated in the past?"

Hearing this, the ministers all stopped moving and were a little surprised: "Cheating?"

"For example -" Zhong Zhiwei paused, "having someone else write and draw for them, and then writing their name on it and handing it in."

"This" the Minister of Arts and Culture thought about it, "It seems to have happened, I heard from the seniors and sisters, I think it was a few years ago, a student did this and brought in the words of a famous calligrapher for the competition. "

"But at his age, he obviously couldn't write it, and what's even funnier is that the famous calligrapher was there that day and exposed it straight away."

"The student was expelled because the repercussions were too severe and the disgrace went online."

Zhong Zhiwei nodded, "I see."

"So from then on, no one dared to cheat at all." The Minister of Arts and Culture asked, "Zhiyan, did you find out about the cheating?"

"Neither." Zhong Zhiyan smiled, "We're not sure yet, we can't just slander."

"Oh." The Minister of Arts and Culture didn't say much, looking down and taking notes on the roster, "Whoever dares to do that is definitely finished anyway."

The speaker had no intention, but the listener had an intention.

Zhong Zhiwei thought about it, but still took the pair of scrolls out and left the office.

**

After leaving the activity centre, Zhong Zhiyan walked towards the Talent Class.

On the way, she bumped into a class of 19 students who had just finished their PE class.

From a distance of a few dozen metres, Zhong Zhiyan saw those students all gathered around the girl, very excited.

Even when Jiang Yan and Xiu Yu were standing next to her, they automatically curbed the sharpness around them.

This was something that never happened before.

It wasn't that Zhong Zhiyan hadn't noticed that many things had changed since Ying Ziji had left the Talent Class.

There was also Elder Zhong's attitude towards her.

Zhong Zhiyan glanced at the girl, her hand tightened, used her schoolbag to block the scroll, buried her head and hurried away.

As if afraid of being seen.

"So what's Zhong Zhiyan running catty-corner for?" Xiu Yu glanced at her and tsked, "She can't be a thief, can she?"

Ying Zidian was eating a lollipop and didn't look at it, just faintly: "Maybe."

"By the way Ying Dad, I always feel that you-" Xiu Yu rubbed his chin, "You are like a godly man sometimes."

Ying Zidian tilted his head, his phoenix eyes slightly raised: "A godly man?"

"I feel like you can predict things." Xiu Yu couldn't tell, he was vague, "Anyway, it gives people a mysterious feeling."

"Hmm." Ying Zidian nodded, "Then I can give you a free fortune telling."

"Trigonometry?" Xiu Yu was stunned, "Ying Dad, don't tell me that you're still a diviner."

Ying Ziji finished his lollipop before he said, "No."

Diviners usually use external objects, or supernatural science, to find out what they want to know.

Unlike prophecy, the results of divination given by a diviner are ambiguous.

It is the same with playing tarot cards.

She is not divining, she is seeing directly.

Only whether she is observing the future or the past, it consumes her too much, because they involve karma.

So until she had fully recovered, she would not normally use her divine calculation abilities.

Except for those things that she can tell by looking at them.

Such as the name of an ordinary person, their age, what they were about to do.

"I'll say." Xiu Yu also just thought she was playing and didn't care much, "But Ying Dad, if you are interested in divination, you can go around the imperial capital in the future."

“There’s a family of diviners right in the imperial capital, they’re setting up stalls every day to tell fortunes, but in reality they’re just scamming for money.”

“What godly stick, what do you know?” Jiang Yan laughed coldly when he heard this, “They can really tell.”

“Calculate my ass.” Xiu Yu was furious, “I’ve been cheated before, I was dragged by them on my walk to draw some kind of fortune sign, only to force me to pay for the interpretation of the sign, which pitched away my month’s pocket money.”

She was so angry that she smashed the fortune telling stall.

Ying Ziji’s hand gave a beat, pondering.

This style of acting

Hmm.

She yawned and went back to her class to start another round of sleep.

**

The art festival was scheduled for April 6, three days in total.

All the other grades will be off except for the senior and junior grades.

Ever since that incident with Ying Fei Fei, Master Zhong has been very concerned about every move this Qingzhi makes, and this time was no exception.

Two days before the art festival, on Saturday, he called Ying Zidian.

“Dickey, aren’t you taking part in the festival? How is it going? Do you need Grandpa’s help?”

He knew the boy hadn’t been able to learn this before, but now it was too late to hire a teacher.

He was a roughneck himself, though, and could only play chess.

“That’s fine then, Grandpa will come and see you then.” Master Zhong smiled and responded, “Don’t feel pressured, whatever you write Grandpa thinks is the best.”

Zhong Zhiyan was on the sidelines, the more she listened, the more her heart clogged up, she also had a plan in mind and got up, “Grandpa, I’m going out.”

If it were in the past, when Zhong Zhiyan wanted to go out, Elder Zhong would have to admonish her for half a day.

But this time, he didn’t say anything, he just waved his hand.

Zhong Zhiyan took a deep breath and left the Zhong family.

She took a taxi and went straight to the east of Shanghai and arrived at a villa.

In the courtyard, a man was weeding, and upon seeing her, he was a little surprised: “Zhiyan, what brings you here?”

“I came to see Senior Brother Lin.” Zhong Zhiyan walked forward, “There is still something I want to ask Senior Brother Lin for advice.”

This was her senior brother, Lin Xi, who studied with her under a great calligrapher.

Lin Xi wiped his hands and asked as he walked towards the room, "What is it?"

Zhong Zhiyan took out the scroll, opened it and spread it flat in front of the table.

"Senior Brother Lin, what do you think of this piece of writing?"

Lin Xi leaned over to take a look and was first silent for a moment, then shocked: "Zhiyan, did you write this?"

Boss Lady Chapter 87-88

Chapter 87

Zhong Zhiyan did not answer, but asked again, "Brother Lin, tell me first, what about this character?"

Lin Xi pondered for a long time and shook his head, "I can't say."

Zhong Zhiyan was stunned, "Why not?"

"The writing is quite casual, but the person who wrote it has strong skills." Lin Xi picked up the scroll and pointed to one of the poems, "Look here, this point, the painting, the structure and the layout, can be called superb."

"And it's obvious that the person who wrote it still wrote it down in one breath without stopping, without even pausing."

He sighed softly, "It's impressive to be able to write so perfectly like this."

Zhong Zhiyan had a clue: "So, this is a piece of writing that a high school student must not be able to write?"

“A high school student?” Lin Xi laughed, “Not to mention high school students, even teachers may not be able to do it.”

“Zhiyan, you’ve been studying with your teacher for more than ten years, and you don’t even have this kind of judgement?”

Zhong Zhiyan thought so too, she smiled; “Brother Lin, I’m less knowledgeable, can you tell which school this calligraphy is from?”

Every calligrapher had their own style, especially those unique ones that others could not yet imitate.

“Well-” Lin Xi frowned and looked at it again carefully, “This is written in line script and has deep skills, but the style is not obvious, it should be the work of Master Wei Hou.”

Saying that, he took out another scroll from the shelf in his study and opened it.

“Take a look, this is a pair of works by Master Wei Hou, I begged it from my teacher.”

Zhong Zhiyan looked at it and tried to suppress the smile on her lips, “Yes it’s kinda similar.”

It wasn’t really similar, at least in her opinion, the painting that Ying Ziji had cheated on was better than Wei Hou’s.

Zhong Zhiyan did some calculations in her mind and added, “Senior Brother Lin, can we go to Master Wei Hou now?”

Lin Xi pondered for a moment, “Yes.”

He first made a phone call to confirm that Wei Hou was at home before driving Zhong Zhiyan to Wei Hou’s residence.

At this time, Wei Hou was sunbathing in the courtyard.

He was over half a hundred years old, and his status in the art world was not low.

It was just that Wei Hou hadn't moved his brush in the past few years, and there were no new works, so I didn't know what the reason was.

"Master Wei Hou." Lin Xi greeted, "This is my senior sister Zhong Zhiwei."

Wei Hou half-squinted his eyes and held his stance, "What is it?"

Lin Xi stepped forward and handed him the scroll, "Is this your work?"

Wei Hou hadn't cared until he saw the words on the scroll, and a bright light suddenly dawned in his eyes.

"This is my practice brush." He held the scroll and smiled amiably, "Xiao Lin, why did it come to you?"

"It was brought by Zhiyan." Lin Xi smiled back, "Master Wei Hou, I haven't seen you for a few years, your skills have grown again."

"Naturally." Wei Hou waved his hand, "If there's nothing else, let's go."

"Senior Brother Lin, I still have something to say to Master Wei Hou." Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips, "Come in a moment."

Lin Xi didn't ask either, and nodded before going out.

The only two people left in the room were Wei Hou and Zhong Zhiyan.

Zhong Zhiyan spoke straightforwardly, "Master Wei Hou, I know that you didn't write this piece of writing."

Wei Hou froze, embarrassed: "Xiao Zhong, what are you saying?"

"But this piece of writing, it could have been written by you." Zhong Zhiyan smiled, meaning something, "Master Wei Hou has his own seal, right?"

**

6 April.

Qingzhi had the venue set up early, and a billboard was hung in front of the school.

Not only would the masters of the art world be here today, but there would also be a lot of media.

Qingzhi's art festival is always broadcast live on the internet in order to maintain impartiality.

It's also easy for some artists who can't be there to find good candidates.

Ying Ziji leans back in her chair and yawns, raising her hand to pull the brim of her baseball cap down to shield her from the sun.

She was recovering quite well, but she was still eager to sleep when she was bored.

"The opening ceremony is at nine, and the first awards aren't given out until this afternoon." Xiu Yu was teasing Dudu, annoyed, "It's a pain in the ass that the art troupe has to perform in the middle."

She wouldn't be sitting here if their Ying Dad hadn't been in the art festival.

“Hmm.” Ying Ziji half-closed his eyes, also draining his qi and internal energy in the process, “I’ll treat you to dinner when I’m paid.”

Little brother was drooling with hunger, “Ying dad, is there any share for me?”

Xiu Yu kicked little brother, “You only know how to eat, Dududu is more diligent than you.”

Dududu pouted his little pink nose and made a humming sound, bouncing a few times with his little piggy hooves to show that he could still exercise.

Little brother: “.....”

People are worse than pigs series.

“Ying Dad, are you sure of the first prize?”

Ying Zidian looked lazy: “Not too bad.”

Zhong Zhiyan was walking past with her folder in her hand, followed by some members of the student council.

Hearing this, she turned her head and smiled: “Then I wish cousin a good result.”

Ying Zidian looked up, the faint light under her eyes pale.

Zhong Zhiyan’s fingers tightened, the smile on her lips froze, and her heart skipped a beat.

But in an instant she calmed down and smiled again before turning her head and walking away.

She had already asked several masters in the calligraphy field, and that pair of characters could not be written without more than forty years of skill.

Although she didn't know the origin of the calligraphy, she could conclude that it wasn't written by Ying Zigui, so she gave it to Wei Hou with confidence.

With Wei Hou's fame in the art world, not many people would dare to take on him either.

If Wei Hou said it was his, then it was his.

Even if it really belonged to another calligrapher, he would not have brushed Wei Hou off in public.

Zhong Zhiyan was actually quite disappointed.

She had still overestimated Ying Zidian.

She didn't expect that Ying Zidian would use cheating to compete with her for Master Zhong's favour.

Zhong Zhiyan shook her head and went backstage.

**

The old Ying family residence.

The day before, Zhong Manhua had returned from O Chau.

Ying Zhending, on the other hand, had returned to the imperial capital to continue his business.

"Madam, the old master called just now." The housekeeper brought over a glass of milk, "asking if you want to come along to the school's art festival to cheer on Second Miss."

“Cheer?” Zhong Manhua laughed, “Does cheering make her a success? What’s the point of going to the festival?”

She was naturally competitive and wanted to do her best in everything.

If she went and people knew that her daughter didn’t know anything about piano, chess, calligraphy and painting, what would the other noblewomen think of her?

Zhong Manhua pressed her temples, annoyed: “Turn on the television.”

The housekeeper complied and switched to the channel where the live broadcast was taking place.

The live broadcast had not officially started at this time, and there were not many people watching it.

The shots were of the backstage and the exhibition room, sort of highlights.

As soon as the channel was switched, a cold and stern voice was heard ringing out.

[I’d like to ask this student, Ying Zigui, how did you get this piece of calligraphy, which I delivered to Master Wei Hou by hand? How did you get it and use it for the competition?

Zhong Manhua’s face instantly turned blue.

Chapter 88

The one who spoke was none other than Lin Xi.

Lin Xi is twenty-eight years old, but his attainments in calligraphy and painting are not low, and he is also very talented, so he is said to be young and talented.

His teacher is also a great calligrapher, so he naturally received an invitation as well.

He arrived earlier and the camera followed right behind him.

Lin Xie was young and vigorous, and didn't even bother to think about anything, let alone the consequences, so he was just exposed straight away.

It had nothing to do with him either.

In front of the live camera again, Lin Xi pointed to a very light pattern in the middle of the scroll: "This is Master Wei Hou's exclusive seal, which cannot be seen by a layman."

"But when you look closely, you can see that the pattern forms the character 'Wei'."

Qingzhi's teachers looked at each other in disbelief, and were inevitably a little discontented.

Luckily, at this time, there weren't too many people watching the live broadcast.

The head of the art group came back from his shock as he raised his hand, signalling the cameraman to turn off the camera first.

Lin Xi's face was cold: "What does your school say when something like this happens?"

He had only handed over the painting to Wei Hou the day before yesterday, and he saw it here today.

To say that it was not stolen, he did not believe it.

“We didn’t know about this matter either, we didn’t expect a student to be so bold.” The head of the art group didn’t make any excuses, “In this way, we will inform the opening ceremony later and criticise them, and expel them.”

For such behaviour as cheating, Qingzhi would never tolerate it.

Not to mention, this matter also involved Wei Hou.

This time the school had invited many masters in the art world, and even the president of the Shanghai Calligraphy Association.

But Wei Hou was the director of the General Association of Chinese Calligraphy Art.

The status of Wei Hou could not be equated at all.

If he stole Wei Hou’s words, was he not provoking the General Association of Chinese Calligraphy?

The head of the art team looked at the words on the scroll and frowned.

He had had his suspicions earlier, but it turned out that it really wasn’t written by Ying Zigu himself.

Only then did Lin Xi’s expression ease: “Your school’s decision is fair and should indeed be severely punished.”

He also had no interest in reading any further, and when he left the exhibition room, he ran into Zhong Zhiyan head-on.

“Senior Brother Lin.” Zhong Zhiyan greeted with a smile, “I didn’t expect you to come too.”

“Zhiyan, I was looking for you.” Lin Xi took her to the side, “Do you know a student called Ying Zidian?”

Zhong Zhiyan was surprised: "Ying Zidian? She's my cousin, what's wrong with her?"

"No wonder." Lin Xi knew that Zhong Zhiyan had borrowed the scroll to copy that day, "She must have seen how well it was written and didn't know who had written it, so she stole it for the art festival."

Zhong Zhiyan hesitated, "No way, although my cousin is from the countryside, she actually"

"For money." Lin Xi scorned, "This kind of person, I've seen a lot of them, they don't really like calligraphy at all."

His teacher was also in the calligraphy association, and every year there were many people who wanted to worship under his tutelage.

But many of them wanted to use his teacher's fame to sell calligraphy and paintings for more money.

"So-" Zhong Zhiyan paused, "Senior Brother Lin found out about her cheating?"

"Well, don't plead for her in this matter." Lin Xi raised his hand, faintly, "In a moment, your school will inform the criticism and expel her."

Zhong Zhiyan pressed the corner of her lips and restrained her smile, "I know, Senior Brother Lin."

**

Offstage.

Student area.

The girl leaning on the chair straightened up, her slightly closed eyes opened.

The sunlight scattered on her long, fluttering eyelashes, dropping a dappled shadow.

“Ying Dad, you’re not sleeping?” Xiu Yu noticed her movement, “The opening ceremony hasn’t even arrived yet.”

Ying Ziji stretched slowly, her voice low and cold, “Something’s up.”

“Hm?” Xiu Yu was unsure, “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing.” Ying Ziji propped his hand on his head, slouching, “Fun.”

Xiu Yu scratched his head.

Here we go again, that’s it.

Makes her think their Ying Dad is a godsend.

A few minutes pass and nine o’clock arrives.

The camera equipment was fully set up to ensure that the live broadcast would not be interrupted by a sudden breakdown.

Seats had also been set up on stage, with name tags on the tables.

Some of the seats were empty, but most of the guests were already seated, all leading figures within the art world.

With Lin Xi’s status, they could only sit in the third row.

The live broadcast officially began and more and more people watched.

As one of the top three schools in the country, Qingzhi High School was extremely well known.

I want to see how grand Qingzhi really is.

[I'm coming, I'm coming, look at the guests, there are really a lot of masters here.

[Lin Xi! Is that Lin Xi? Lin Xi is really the grass of the art world, he's so handsome.

[No, he's not bad looking, but isn't the art world about strength, why is it about face?

[Then, let's popularize our Lin Xi's Kailash, when he was twelve years old, his writing sold for a whopping half a million dollars.

[.....]

To have this achievement at the age of twelve, the talent is really good.

[Hey hey, look guys, why is Lin Xi standing up, what is he doing with the microphone?

[A little confused. Shouldn't the host speak first?

[Lin Xi doesn't look too good, he's probably up to something big, squat.

The headmaster, who was sitting in the first row with the president of the Shanghai Arts Association, saw this and was also puzzled: "What's going on?"

The head of the art group was busy saying, "Headmaster, there's an unexpected matter."

He explained in a low voice, and over there, Lin Xi had already spoken.

“Art is noble and great, it lets us know what beauty is, so I will never allow anyone to insult art.” Lin Xi’s voice spread throughout the playground through the microphone, “I came here today to appreciate the works of the next generation and to lift them up, but I never thought that such a bad thing would happen!”

“A student actually stole Master Wei Hou’s work to enter the competition!”

Lin Xi coldly said, “If Master Wei Hou hadn’t personally given me the word that he wrote this piece of writing, I would have been fooled by this student as well.”

Once these words came out, not only the students on stage, but also the netizens in front of the live broadcast were also shocked.

[Crap, did I hear it right, stealing Master Wei Hou’s words for the competition?]

[Ah this I, who doesn’t care about calligraphy, have heard of Wei Hou’s name, how dare this student?]

[Tsk, we’re in for a treat.]

“Take Wei Hou’s characters for the competition.” Xiu Yu marveled, “Father Ying, who do you think is so awesome?”

Ying Zidian changed his position and sat down, “Well, me.”

Xiu Yu choked, “..... dad you’re not kidding, I’ve had a heart attack from you all this time.”

“I can take it off for you and replace it with a mechanical one.”

“.....”

On stage.

Lin Xi had stepped aside at this point, and taking the microphone was the head of the art team.

“In response to this cheating incident, the school will definitely not condone it, and after discussion, we will disqualify Ying Zigu from the competition and expel her from the competition.”

The apple in Xiu Yu’s hand dropped with a snap.

Jiang Yan looked up slowly, his eyes narrowed slightly.

There was a lot of chatter around the room.

“Ying Zidian? How come it’s her? She can’t help cheating.”

“I guess she saw Zhiyan participating, so she wants to participate too, and wants to compete with her in everything.

“This is really a self-inflicted sin.”

Jiang Yan was annoyed at hearing this, he jerked up, the tip of his tongue against his teeth, very grumpy: “What are you bleeping about? Shut up, all of you!”

The students were immediately silenced.

“I said, what kind of punishment is this?” Jiang Yan turned his head, and a scarlet colour faintly emerged from the bottom of his eyes, “Is there any evidence? Just expel? How can you be a teacher?”

[Holy shit, who is this?

[Qingzhi is a school bully, not a good student.

“Of course there’s proof.” Lin Xi didn’t know Jiang Yan, so naturally he didn’t know his identity.

He took out the scroll, unfolded it, and projected it on the big screen, smiling coldly: “Look carefully, here is Master Wei Hou’s seal, ask her if she wrote the words?”

“Hm.” Ying Ziji finally spoke up, she glanced at it lightly, quite indifferent, “Indeed I didn’t write it.”

Jiang Yan frowned.

Xiu Yu pulled him back into his seat with one hand, “Don’t interfere when dad is talking.”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

Zhong Zhiyan looked surprised.

She hadn’t expected that Ying Ziji would just admit it.

Thinking that by taking the initiative to admit her mistake, she could reduce her punishment?

That was too naive.

The pop-up screen was also full of mockery.

[I’m throwing up, how dare you say you didn’t write it, how can you still cheat?

[How cheeky, Qingzhi did the right thing, such students should be expelled.

[How about helping yourself to a slap in the face?

[If I don't say anything, maybe there'll be a reversal. You'll be the ones who get hit in the face.

"You hear that? She"

Before Lin Xi could finish his words, he heard the girl's voice tone slowly, faintly raised.

A lightly written sentence.

"I couldn't write such rubbish."

"....."

The whole room suddenly went silent.

Zhong Zhiwei was stunned.

Did Ying Ziji know what she was talking about?

Her teacher couldn't even write this.

How dare Ying Zidian say that this word is rubbish?

[No, and she said she couldn't write such rubbish, who does she think she is?

[I'm convinced, so arrogant? Ning knows who Master Wei Hou is and says so, who gave Ning the face?

The girl's face is not only a laughing stock, but she can't write such rubbish, so you can write it.

Lin Xi also didn't expect the girl to not only not admit her mistake, but to be so arrogant.

He was even exasperated and ordered in a cold voice, "Set the table, bring the pen, ink, paper and ink stone, and let her write.

Boss Lady Chapter 89-90

Chapter 89

Soon someone brought up all the four literary treasures and set up a table right on the high platform, in front of the guest table.

Lin Xi looked at the girl, displeased: "Since you said so, I'll give you a chance to come up and write."

Xiu Yu was instantly fired up.

"It's alright." Ying Ziyi's hand pressed on her shoulder, gesturing for her not to move.

He himself got up and walked up.

Seeing this scene, the students on the stage stirred.

They all stood up, eager to go on stage and watch, and were quite excited, with the words "get something done" written on their heads.

Jiang Yan calmed down the internal energy that was raging in her body and suppressed her dryness: "Her hand hurts so much, how can she write?"

The hand that writes should be protected, right?

“I haven’t seen it either, but Ying Dad must know everything.”

“.....”

Jiang Yan felt that he couldn’t refute this statement.

It was because he had been in a state of self-imposed isolation for a while.

He just had to be patient and look towards the stage.

On the other side, Zhong Zhiwei furrowed her no-brow, confused.

She couldn’t understand at all that Ying Ziji had the courage to go up despite admitting to cheating.

She was from the same school as Lin Xi, so she naturally knew Lin Xi’s temper.

Lin Xi was usually gentle with people, but when it came to academic matters, she was very harsh and even she had been admonished several times.

Even she has been reprimanded several times. This time, Ying Zidian has run straight into Lin Xi and will never be able to take a step into the art world again.

The gentry are connected to the art world, and after what happened, will Master Zhong still favour an adopted daughter who offended the art world?

Ying Ziji glanced at the inkstone and found that the ink had been sharpened for her, which saved her the trouble.

She lifted her jaw and pointed at the scroll: "How much is this writing worth?"

Lin Xi restrained her anger: "At least five million, to write your words."

Ying Ziyi nodded, "Well, you mark it down."

She bowed her head and picked a wolf-hair brush from the brush barrel.

The viewers in front of the live broadcast were puzzled.

[What does she mean? What did she want Lin Xi to remember?]

[Didn't understand, but she was really daring, just that courage, deserves applause.]

[What courage? If she can't write in big letters later, it'll be a real shame.

Lin Xie looked on coldly.

Behind him, the headmaster looked at the art group leader: "When was the disciplinary action of expulsion discussed? Why didn't I, as the headmaster, know about it?"

"How can I bother you with such a trivial matter?" The head of the art team smiled, "Cheating, and even cheating on Master Wei Hou's head, how could it not be expelled?"

The headmaster frowned, "There must be a hidden agenda in this matter."

"Isn't she writing it?" The head of the art group was unconcerned, "You'll know when you look at it later, headmaster, she originally came from the county, how else could"

The voice instantly came to a screeching halt.

The pop-ups of the live broadcast also suddenly stopped.

Because at this time, but anyone who was paying attention to the stage saw the girl raise her left hand again and hold another wolf-hair brush.

She pressed the rice paper down with the paperweight and took a step backwards, as if she was observing something, before leaning down.

In the next second, both brushes moved at the same time.

[.....]

[Crap, left and right? She's crazy, right? Something that Lin Xi couldn't even do, how old is she this year?

[Claptrap! Art is insulted by people like this!

Don't film her, film her writing. Let's see how badly she writes.

[Everyone take it easy, we'll see what it's like later when she's done writing.]

Zhong Zhiwei shook her head again, even more disappointed.

The left hand is connected to the right brain, and the right hand is connected to the left brain.

It is very difficult to write with both hands and write well.

The brain has limited nerves after all, and it is impossible to do so without training.

The masters of the art world at the guest table were also shocked, but they were too far away to see what the girl had written.

It was only fifty or sixty seconds before Ying put down her pen.

“Finished writing?” Lin Xi didn’t even know what to say, his anger mixed with cold sarcasm, “Writing is the most important thing to avoid being in a hurry, what can you write if you write so quickly?”

With that, he stepped forward and picked up the piece of rice paper.

When he looked down at it, his expression stiffened in an instant.

The camera had been following Lin Xi, clearly zooming in on his facial expression, and one could even see every inch of muscle twitching.

[Lin Xi seemed shocked, what did he see?

[It’s not written too badly, is it?

[Too curious, let’s see what’s written.]

Lin Xi looked at the words on the rice paper, his pupils contracting violently, his fingers trembling in disbelief.

A piece of rice paper was divided into two columns.

On one side was the seal script, and on the other was the regular script.

Two different brushstrokes and completely opposite styles.

The strokes move in a flowing manner.

The strokes are so clear that they enter the wood.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Lin Xi really wouldn't have believed that it was written by a seventeen-year-old high school student.

It was still left and right, both hands at the same time.

How was this possible?

Not to mention that the character was so atmospheric that it seemed to have thunderbolts pouring down from it, and the aura was shocking.

It caused Lin Xi to feel a great pressure and he almost dared not look straight at it for too long.

A dozen seconds passed, and he remained frozen in place.

The photographer stepped forward, quite surprised, and reminded in a whisper, "Mr. Lin, please raise it up and point it at the camera."

Lin Xi, still in a daze, did unfold the rice paper.

The two characters were printed on the big screen, and were thoroughly exposed to everyone's eyes.

Zhong Zhiyan was smiling and talking to the Minister of Arts and Culture, when she looked up to see.

Her smile stalled and her brain buzzed for a moment: "....."

It was as if all the sounds in her ears had all disappeared at this moment as well

The entire venue, once again, fell into dead silence.

The pop-ups stopped for a few seconds, and then suddenly skyrocketed.

[Crap, this word

To be honest, with this comparison, Wei Hou's pair has indeed become rubbish.

[Left and right, all in one go, and even wrote in two fonts, that's what I call awesome, right?

[He has such good handwriting, does he need to cheat?

I don't mean to be conspiratorial, but why do I suspect that someone stole her handwriting? To deliberately label her as a cheat again?

How hard the mockery was earlier, how hard the backlash was now, especially from viewers who had been waiting for the reversal.

[I'm sorry, your so-called Kailash Lin Xi I really can't like, and even hate.]]

[Just that look he just had, wasn't he quite arrogant? The actual fact is that you'll be able to get a lot more than just a couple of days. The other 17 are already using two hands, he should add two feet, right?

[Hands and feet? You're so high on Lin Xi, you're saying that he sold a half million dollars worth of calligraphy at the age of 12, but I heard that the buyer was his grandfather.

[Wow, that's the dark side, isn't it? I just heard Ying Zidian ask Lin Xi how much the "rubbish" calligraphy was worth, and Lin Xi said 5 million, so the one she's writing now is worth 10 million, right?

[Lin Xi is just slapping himself in the face. He could have talked to the students in private first, and if they didn't repent, then he could have informed them of the expulsion.]

Because there were many students in the middle and high school combined, and there were staff members, there were two large screens on either side of the stage.

The big screens were projecting live images, and the participants were teenagers, so the school kept up with the times and naturally didn't turn off the pop-ups.

The pop-ups that had previously mocked Ying had long since disappeared, and they were all sarcastic about Lin Xi being too arrogant.

Zhong Zhiyan's mind was still buzzing and she couldn't hear what the people around her were saying.

The blood on her lips faded little by little, and her face turned pale.

How could it be?

Can Ying Zidian really write?

It wasn't a lie?

"Mr. Lin, I don't know why you are so sure that student Ying cheated with Master Wei Hou's writing." The headmaster glanced coldly at the art team leader, "But now that the matter is clear, you have insulted her reputation, shouldn't you apologise to student Ying?"

[Oh oh oh, this headmaster I like, not the kind who only values face and doesn't climb up the ladder.]

[Lin Xi should apologise, luckily the little girl has a strong mental capacity, the news about that student jumping off the building the other day took my breath away.]

Lin Xi's body stiffened and was embarrassed.

But he didn't apologise, instead he said, "But this pair of characters is really Master Wei Hou's."

Even if Ying Ziji had written well, it did not prove that she had not stolen it.

Before the headmaster could say anything more, to the side, the president of the Shanghai City Art Association suddenly got up, startled: "Grand Master Fest?"

Ying Zidian turned her head sideways.

Just a few metres away, she saw Sheng Qingtang with a straw hat on, wearing slippers and walking towards the guest stand.

The chairman of the Shanghai Art Association was busy greeting him: "Grand Master, what brings you here?"

In terms of his status in the art world, Sheng Qingtang was definitely one of the best.

Although he had retired from the Chinese Calligraphy Art Association, others would still address him respectfully as the Grand Master of the event.

"Come and have a look." Sheng Qingtang waved his hand, "I happen to have nothing to do today."

He wouldn't say that he wanted to use his old face to bring back that pair of calligraphy by the Divine Doctor Ying.

What kind of art festival is such a nice piece of writing for?

He should let him frame it and hang it on the wall to look at it every day.

Do these people understand the essence of the words?

He pooh-poohed it.

But what did he just hear?

Old Mr Sheng was furious.

Lin Xi was also taken aback: "Senior Sheng."

But Sheng Qingtang ignored him, instead pointing at the scroll and saying, word by word, "You said that this piece of writing was written by Wei Hou?"

Chapter 90

Lin Xi was stunned.

He didn't know why Sheng Qingtang would ask that, but he answered anyway, "Yes, Chief Event, on Saturday, I just sent this piece of calligraphy to Master Wei Hou, and he said it was his practice brush."

"Practice brushwork?" Sheng Qingtang held back, remembering that this was not his own son, and did not slap him on the face.

He laughed back in anger, "Just his Wei Hou's broken handwriting, how dare he say that this is his practice brush? Is he worthy?!"

At these words, the other masters of the art world around him all turned pale.

Although Sheng Qingtang focused on calligraphy, he was also accomplished in Chinese painting and sculpture, and had a high status in the art world, almost at a unique level.

He had an eccentric temper and no apprentices under his tutelage.

But this did not stop other masters of the art from respecting him.

Since Sheng Qingtang had said this, he must have seen something.

Lin Xi was stunned.

“Now, immediately, call this fool Wei Hou over to me!” Sheng Qingtang bellowed angrily at the president of the Shanghai City Art Association, “Within ten minutes, I want to see his person.”

“Sheng Qingtang, calm your anger, calm your anger.” The president of the Shanghai City Art Association was busy apologizing, “I’m on my way, you just got out of the hospital not long ago, you can’t be angry.”

“What do you care about me” Sheng Qingtang was in a temper again, and was just about to throw a fit when he saw the girl in front of him on his right glance at him.

It was light, very light.

Sheng Qingtang immediately silenced.

Oh no.

He had forgotten that Dr. Ying was here.

In case he accidentally fell on his head next time, there would be no one to heal him.

“Ahem.” Sheng Qingtang was a bit vain, he waved his hand and his face was slack, “Hurry up.”

“Yes, yes, yes.”

The president of the Shanghai City Art Association hurried away.

The pop-up screen exploded again.

[Crap, who is this old man? How come even the president of the Shanghai Art Association is so respectful of him?

[And he also said Wei Hou didn't deserve to write this word, although I don't know why, but it was somehow convincing.]

[Ahhhhhhh, this is Sheng Qingtang!!!]

Who is Sheng Qingtang?

He was the last president of the Chinese Calligraphy Art Association, specialising in calligraphy, regular script, cursive script, large seal script and small seal script.

Three years ago, Sheng Qingtang stepped down as the president of the Chinese Calligraphy Art Association and went into seclusion, even his colleagues could not find him, but I never thought I would see him here today.

[Even the rest of the o-continent is capable of oppressing, how strong is this sculpture?

[Damn, Qingzhi has even invited Sheng Qingtang, the headmaster is too powerful, I've skipped work to watch the live broadcast today.

The pop-up screen was full of praise for the headmaster's brilliance.

Principal: "....."

He wasn't he didn't.

Where was he that big of a stand, he was also confused.

**

Offstage.

Zhong Zhiyan's nails pinched her palm and the tips of her eyes were red with anger.

Sheng Qingtang actually knew that the pair of characters were not Wei Hou's?

But how could Sheng Qingtang have condescended to come here?

Could it be that Sheng Qingtang had written these words?

Zhong Zhiyan frowned.

No.

Sheng Qingtang's personal style was too obvious, and his calligraphy was not this kind of script.

As long as Wei Hou did not admit it, Sheng Qingtang would have no proof.

Even if something happened, she would not be involved, after all, it was Wei Hou himself who wanted to be greedy.

Zhong Zhiyan settled down and breathed a little sigh of relief.

**

Ten minutes had not yet arrived when the president of the Shanghai City Art Association went and returned.

Behind him, there were two staff members holding Wei Hou as he walked this way.

Wei Hou's face was blue and white, he was dizzy from motion sickness and had vomited several times earlier.

Lin Xi shouted, "Master Wei Hou."

Wei Hou was even more arrogant, how could he care about a junior?

He didn't even look at Lin Xi, coughed a few times and stepped forward, very respectfully, "Grand Master, I didn't know you were here, please forgive me if Wei Hou has missed out on welcoming you."

"Sorry to welcome you?" Sheng Qingtang's eyes were cold, "If you had come to welcome me, I would have been short-lived!"

Wei Hou's face sank, "What do you mean, Chief Executive Sheng?"

Wasn't Sheng Qingtang just relying on the fact that he was twenty years older than him to get the position of President of the Chinese Calligraphy Art Association?

If they were of the same generation, could Sheng Qingtang be better than him?

“What do I mean?” Sheng Qingtang snorted and picked up the scroll, “He said that you wrote this piece of calligraphy, so you come and say it.”

Wei Hou looked over and his eyelids jumped.

He was very impressed with this piece of writing.

It was a height that he could not reach in another ten years of practice.

Wei Hou had been famous in the art world for a long time and knew many people, so he was able to tell at a glance that this writing did not belong to any famous calligrapher.

Those of lower status than him did not dare to contradict him and could only give him the painting.

So when Lin Xi brought it, Wei Hou recognized it straight away.

He had not come out for a long time, also because he had encountered a bottleneck.

This pair of characters could just help him to stand more firmly in the art world.

“Not bad.” Wei Hou still didn’t deny it, “This character is indeed my practice brush, what did the fest chief want to say?”

He didn’t see that as he was saying this, the word ‘rubbish’ covered the big screen behind him.

[Wei Hou is fifty years old, right? His writing is not as good as that of a 17-year-old high school student, no wonder he was called rubbish.

[Hahahahaha, he even admitted it in public, he probably doesn’t know what happened earlier.

[I remember Wei Hou is also a member of the Chinese Calligraphy Art Association, right? It seems that the position is not low, this]

Sheng Qingtang's gaze became even colder: "So, you also know that a student took your calligraphy and cheated to participate in the competition?"

Wei Hou frowned, remembering what Zhong Zhiyan had said that day, and remained calm: "I lent out my characters for students to copy, why, who stole them?"

"Chief Fest, this is really Master Wei Hou"

Lin Xi wanted to argue, but was blocked back by an eye slash from Sheng Qingtang: "You can interrupt even when I'm talking?"

Being reprimanded to his face, Lin Xi's face turned red, but he did not dare to say anything.

Sheng Qingtang looked at Wei Hou again, "When did you write this?"

"Four days ago, I just got the inspiration." Wei Hou was impatient, "If the Grand Master is only asking me about such trivial matters, I, Wei Hou, can't be bothered."

"Fine, fine!" Sheng Qingtang angrily slapped the table, "You said you wrote this four days ago, but I saw it a week ago and even took a picture of it, did you travel back in time to write it?"

He opened his phone, pulled up the group photo from that day and disliked it in front of the camera.

"Look clearly, this was taken at Laozi's house, this is Laozi's bald and unfilial son, this is Laozi's watermelon and apple." Sheng Qingtang sneered, "Wei Hou, do you know which way the door to Laozi's house opens?"

"How dare you say that this piece of writing is your practice?!"

The screen enlarged the photo, allowing one to clearly see that the pair of characters on the photo was exactly the same as the one Lin Xi had displayed earlier.

There was not a single point of difference.

Wei Hou looked up quite carelessly.

When he looked at it, he was “buzzed” and his mind was directly emptied.

“.....”

The whole room was not expecting such a reversal, and they were all shocked.

Zhong Zhiwei’s face turned white, and her lips trembled fiercely.

Surprisingly there was really evidence?

Was this too much of a coincidence?

The pop-ups blew up even more.

[Damn, so if Wei Hou didn’t write this “rubbish writing”, how rubbish should his real writing be?

[So who wrote this piece of writing? The mystery of the century?

No, no, no. The point is, why did Wei Hou claim it? What did he want?

I now have serious doubts about whether Wei Hou’s previous achievements are also fake.

[Wei Hou is the disgrace of the art world. I beg the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association to investigate him thoroughly!

“Tell me, tell me!” Sheng Qingtang pressed on step by step, sneering repeatedly, “This piece of calligraphy, is it your practice brush?”

Wei Hou was so cold and sweaty that he couldn't even stand still.

He tried to speak but could not utter a single word.

Lin Xi, who was at the side, was also shocked.

“How dare you hoodwink me and smear a student for cheating.” Sheng Qingtang fiercely turned his head, “You, call the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association now, Wei Hou's punishment, I want it now.”

The president of the Huacheng Art Association wiped his sweat and pulled out his phone again.

“Great event president!” Wei Hou's expression changed drastically, “The chief of the grand event has gone too far.”

If he had known that Sheng Qingtang had the photo in his hand, there was no way he would have risked claiming it.

“Joke, if I didn't come today, wouldn't you be forcing this student to admit that she cheated?” Sheng Qingtang didn't even listen, “And you, Lin Xi, right?”

“To tell Qingzhi to expel a student in public without investigating clearly, I would also ask your teacher, is this how he usually teaches you?”

Lin Xi pursed his lips, his fingers clenched, and didn't speak anymore.

How could he possibly go about doubting Wei Hou's words?

Although this matter, what he did was a bit impulsive.

"Oh, by the way, this character was shown to me by this young student not long ago, saying that he wanted to take it to the art festival." Sheng Qingtang's voice was icy cold, "Wei Hou, I ask you again, why is your seal on this?"

He was about to die of anger.

Such a good piece of writing had been ruined by Wei Hou's seal.

He was so heartbroken that he could hardly bear it.

"....."

Lin Xi jerked his head around.

Ying Ziji was leaning against a pillar, silent.

The sunlight was cut into pieces by the leaves and fell on her skin, a light golden light floating.

It was so beautiful that it was like a world away, not of this earth.

As if she sensed something, she slowly looked this way.

A pair of phoenix eyes flowing brightly, as magnificent as a haze.

The silence around her was extreme.

The photographers all forgot to move.

Only after a long time did the first pop-up finally appear on the big screen.

[emm..... so this is me being ruthless and cursing even myself?]