

Boss Lady Chapter 91-92

Chapter 91

[F\*ck, I'm dumb, so she wrote this one too?

[Then she said the writing was rubbish? I don't understand.

I studied painting in art school, and every time I look back at my old paintings, I think they're rubbish.

I can't stand to look at them, and I wonder how I could have done such ugly paintings.

I love this student. You said I didn't write the words. Then I'll say that the words you think are good are rubbish and write another one on the spot to hit you in the face, does it hurt?

[Ouch, Ouch, Ouch, Lin Xi's face is all blue.]

Lin Xi became famous at a young age and was full of pride.

His teacher was a great calligrapher of the same generation as Sheng Qingtang.

This was the first time he had been lectured by Sheng Qingtang and spoken to like this.

It was only because of such a "cheating" incident.

Lin Xi was not a fool, he naturally thought of something.

With a sweep of his eyes, he saw Zhong Zhiyan sitting on the stage.

His eyes were extremely cold.

Zhong Zhiyan hastily avoided Lin Xi's gaze, her face turned even paler and her body trembled.

The Minister of Arts and Culture noticed that she was not right and asked with concern, "Zhiyan, are you alright?"

Zhong Zhiyan forced a smile, "I'm fine."

She pinched her palm and looked towards the stage.

Sheng Qingtang has a very high status in the art world and even Master Zhong could not invite her.

How could a person like Ying Zidian know Sheng Qingtang?

And she asked Sheng Qingtang to read her words?

What a joke.

She has been studying calligraphy for 14 years, but she is only a beginner in the eyes of calligraphers.

Ying Ziji lived in Qing Shui County since she was a child and didn't even have a teacher, yet she could write so well.

It was unfair.

Zhong Zhiyan let go of her hand and squeezed her school uniform again, unable to sit still.

But she was the head of the student council, and she couldn't leave.

She could only stay here with her head in the sand, suffering from the jealousy inside her, which was torturous.

Wei Hou was no better than Zhong Zhiwei.

Sheng Qingtang's series of questioning had caught him off guard and there was no room to even save him.

Especially when he also admitted in public that it was his writing, the evidence came in and it was simply a fatal slash.

"Wei Hou, Wei Hou, I didn't expect that you would steal Ying's painting from your little classmate." Sheng Qingtang was even angrier, "And put your own seal on it, who do you think you are?"

"I didn't steal it!" Wei Hou's face turned red as he argued, "It was given to me by someone else."

The pop-ups scolded Sheng Qingtang for him.

[Convinced, someone else gave it to you and you took it, you're the one with the big face?

The actual fact is that you'll be able to find out more about this particular student.

By the way, where are the ones who blew off Wei Hou? Why don't they have the face to come out? The first thing you need to do is to find out who Wei Hou is, he's a shameless piece of sh\*t.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you're doing. Did the keyboard warrior read the words she wrote?

"Get lost!" Sheng Qingtang didn't even want to hear another word from Wei Hou, "Don't affect the city's appearance here."

The two staff members helped Wei Hou down again.

“You guys continue.” Sheng Qingtang was still angry, “I’m going to have a melon to cool down.”

The president of the Shanghai Art Association said busily, “I’ll take you to the resting place.”

As it turned out, Sheng Qingtang had just taken a few steps when he came back in a fury: “I’ll take this painting, and none of you will touch it.”

The crowd: “.....”

They didn’t dare to touch it either.

Ying Ziji yawned and also turned around to get off the stage and went back to her seat.

She had only just sat down and looked up when she saw Xiu Yu and a group of minions moving away with awe.

“.....”

Ying Zidian raised her eyebrows slightly, her voice shallow and dense with laughter, “Don’t be afraid.”

“Afraid, too afraid.” Xiu Yu wrapped his school uniform tighter, “Ying Dad, you really are too tough, I have to admire.”

I had to say, this mental quality was really strong.

Moreover, she even suspected that it was their Ying Dad who had specially laid a trap, waiting for whoever was going to dig into it.

Then Wei Hou got into it.

“So that pair of characters is also yours?” Jiang Yan turned her head, “How did it still come into Wei Hou’s hands?”

Ying Zidian put his baseball cap back on, covering half of his face and revealing only a chin: “Who knows.”

“We’ll have to find out.” Jiang Yan sneered, “I’d like to see-”

Xiu Yu interjected, “Who’s moving dirt on our dad’s head.”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

God damn our father.

It’s as if he’s in the family.

\*\*

After a good show, the opening ceremony was then drawn to a close.

Outside the school gate, Zhong Manhua also arrived.

She got out of the car, still dizzy with anger, and almost crashed into a tree.

It was the butler who was quick to see and blocked it in time, “Madam, be careful.”

Zhong Manhua calmed down: "When is the opening ceremony over?"

She wouldn't go in at this time and let people know she was Ying Zigu's mother.

"If it starts at nine, it should be over by half past ten." The butler glanced at his watch, "It's half past nine, madam, would you like to go to the coffee shop next door and sit down first?"

"Go ahead." Zhong Manhua nodded.

She was going to wait for the opening ceremony to end in the coffee shop, then go in and get Ying Zigu out.

Cheating!

Zhong Manhua looked ugly.

Her own daughter, Zhong Manhua, had done something so underhanded.

What would all the noblewomen in the celebrity circle think of her?

"Madam Ying."

A voice came from the front and was calling her.

Zhong Manhua's footsteps lurched and her first reaction was to dodge.

But it was already too late.

A noblewoman greeted her, surprised: "Madam Ying, it's really you."

Zhong Manhua's body stiffened for a moment and she could only respond, "What a coincidence."

"I don't think you remember me, Madam Ying." The noblewoman didn't care and was very cordial, "I've seen you at the New Year's party."

Zhong Manhua looked cold.

The ones she didn't remember were the families she couldn't see.

She lost interest in communicating with the noblewoman and wanted to leave.

"Madam Ying, you are really something." But the noblewoman said at that moment, "I didn't expect that your adopted daughter was also so outstanding, it is because you have taught her well."

Zhong Manhua froze violently, suspecting that she had heard wrong: "What did you say?"

She had heard this kind of words a lot.

After all, Xiao Xuan had given her a good fight, and anyone who knew her would praise her.

But Ying Zidian?

It was good that she didn't cause her any trouble, and outstanding?

"You don't know, Madam Ying?" The noblewoman was surprised, "Isn't Miss Ying Zidian your adopted daughter? Just now, I was watching the live broadcast and she ....."

"Sorry, I'm in a hurry." Zhong Manhua interrupted her, "I'll leave first."

After saying that, she hurried away and didn't enter the cafe, but got into the car.

She also closed the car door, with a do-not-enter attitude.

The noblewoman offered her hospitality, but ended up offering a lonely one, and her face didn't look too good.

"A little courtesy to say that you taught it, you really think you taught it, proud of what ....."

The noblewoman snorted coldly and also walked away.

\*\*

Inside the lounge.

The winners will be posted on the notice board at 4pm.

The next day, the trophies and prizes would then be awarded to the whole school.

"Chief Fest, since you're here, why don't you start this award ceremony tomorrow?" The president of the Shanghai Art Association was respectful, "This time, apart from quite a few talented students, you can also see if there are any that you like."

"No, I don't have time." Sheng Qingtang refused without even thinking, "I have to go back to planting vegetables."

"....."

The president of the Shanghai Art Association didn't know what to say, so he could only say, "Well then, you see that matter of Master Wei Hou ....."



“This matter is not over!” Sheng Qingtang’s anger rose again, “I will not show mercy, if you dare to do it, you must dare to bear the corresponding consequences.”

The president of the Shanghai City Art Association understood.

Sheng Qingtang’s attitude directly determined the attitude of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists’ Association.

Wei Hou’s future was considered gone.

The president of the Shanghai City Art Association thought for a moment and said tentatively, “Grand Master Sheng, that student Ying Zigui, do you want to take her as your disciple?”

“What?” Sheng Qingtang was shocked, “You actually think that I am worthy of being her teacher?”

President of the Shanghai City Arts Association: “.....”

It’s not necessary.

“Hurry up and go hurry up and go.” Sheng Qingtang impatiently kicked him out, “I haven’t finished this melon yet.”

The president of the Shanghai Art Association rolled away nimbly.

\*\*

The other side.

Several masters of the art world and teachers from the art group were divided into several groups and were judging the awards in each category.

The calligraphy group didn't even need to look at it. Even Sheng Qingtang praised the handwriting, so who else could the first prize go to if not Ying Zidian?

"It's a pity." One of the art teachers picked up one of the calligraphies, "Zhong Zhiyan's writing is not bad either, if it wasn't for Ying Zidian this time, the first prize would definitely have gone to her."

"How can this be compared?" Another art teacher said, "Zhong Zhiyan's handwriting is not bad, but it's only beginner level."

I didn't expect that Ying Zidian would be able to write well at such a young age.

Even Sheng Qingtang was shocked, she is really gifted.

After a while, the head of the art team pushed the door open and came in.

He greeted the masters politely before asking, "Has the list of winners come out?"

"It's out." Several teachers hesitated for a moment, "It's just that this year's list of winners is a bit special."

"What's so special about it?" The art team leader took it over and started looking at the first one.

The eyes froze for a moment.

Calligraphy, first prize (1): Ying Zidian, Senior 19

Chinese painting, 1st prize (1): Ying Zidian, Year 2, Class 19

Printmaking, 1st prize (1): Ying Zidian, Upper Secondary 19

Oil painting, 1st prize (1): Ying Zidian, Upper Secondary 19

Chapter 92

Sketch .....

The head of the art group looked on and fell into silence, so shocked that he couldn't speak.

"That is, in all the events of this competition, the first place went to student Ying Ziyi." One of the teachers in charge of the selection coughed, "So it's quite special."

In previous years, there had been many good students, but at most, they had only bagged three prizes in the competition.

It was rare enough to have a first prize.

Taking first place in all of them is almost impossible.

After all, there is a speciality in the art, and no one is all-rounded.

But this time, there was actually a student who came first in all of them.

Is this still a human being?

The teachers and masters of the art world have seen each other and there is really nothing to say.

To give a first prize, that's still giving it low.

The head of the art team was still silent for a long time before he said in a trance, "Ah, post it on the bulletin board later."

\*\*

Once the opening ceremony was over, the festival became irrelevant to most students.

Many students picked up their school bags and left the school with a cheer.

Before they left, they didn't forget to run to the senior's building to show off a bit.

They were so angry that the senior students wanted to put their pens down, but they had no choice but to continue writing their papers as the entrance exams were approaching.

Wen heard Lan was not in the class.

He was a special student of Qingzhi, so he had a lot of privileges.

Because of him, Qingzhi had made a special trip to Qing Shui County to get him into the class of excellence.

As long as Wen heard Lan could take the college entrance exam, nothing else mattered.

So even if it was the midterm and final exams, it was fine if Wen heard Lan didn't want to take them.

It's not that there were no students in the Talented Class who complained about this.

However, it was not the case that even Wen heard Lan could score full marks on a paper that was recognized as difficult by the entire network.

They were the bully, and Wen heard Lan was a pervert.

They could only choose to shut up.

So while the other students were doing the questions, Wen heard Lan was resting with Elder Zhong in the Scholar's Gallery.

Master Zhong had arrived at the school at half past eight, but before he could watch the opening ceremony, he was taken away by Ying Zigui and Wen Huilan.

Although, Wen Listen Lan didn't know why his sister did that.

Master Zhong moved a rocking chair and lay comfortably in the shade: "Xiao Lan, you won a lot of red packets from Grandpa that day, do you have to promise Grandpa something?"

Wen Xinlan looked at him slyly.

He took out his mobile phone and opened his Weibo account: "Come on, let's share a mutual fan with grandpa."

"....."

Wen Huilan's face was expressionless: "I don't play Weibo."

"Ugh?" Elder Zhong muttered, "You youngsters don't play Weibo, you're even more backward than me."

He had one less follower.

He was not happy.

Wen Hanlan's eyelashes drooped and he pursed his lips.

He wanted to, but was afraid to reach out to the outside world.

"Little Lan, then tell Grandpa what was so interesting about Ziggy when he was little?" Elder Zhong smiled, "Ever roll out of bed in your sleep?"

He didn't get an answer, he got a look from the teenager at the silly old man.

"....."

Elder Zhong was a little distracted and just had to take out his phone and start surfing.

The thing he was happiest about every day was eating fresh melons with his young internet friends.

"Yo ho, what's this Wei Hou doing." Elder Zhong pushed his presbyopic glasses, "He actually got the Chinese Artists Association to speak out personally."

Wen Huilan's eyelashes lifted and she looked over.

[@Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association v: After reporting, our director @Wei Hou, who writes regular script, has engaged in unfair competition and impersonated students' works, the situation is extremely bad.

Attached below is an announcement with the seal of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association.

It is also signed by the President and Vice President.

The Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association is the main association, and the Shanghai Art Association is just a local sub-association.

The president of the Shanghai Art Association is no match for a member of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association.

Those who could enter the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association were all famous calligraphers and represented the pinnacle of Chinese calligraphy.

Geniuses such as Lin Xi are not even eligible for the test now.

Most of the older generation of calligraphers keep a low profile, and the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association has only sent out ten Weibo posts since it opened its doors, nine of which were retweets.

The first original tweet was an automatic greeting from Weibo.

This second one was the announcement of the punishment for Wei Hou.

Near noon, fewer people were swiping Weibo, but the heat was only too high.

Apart from calligraphy enthusiasts, passers-by also clicked in.

Because of the marketing quite a few times, the name Wei Hou was even louder than Sheng Qing Tang.

[Crap, Wei Hou was expelled from the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association? How big of a crime is this? I remember he was an honorary calligrapher].

[You don't know, do you? He said that the high school student's calligraphy was his, and slandered him for cheating and stealing his calligraphy for the competition.

[? No, is Wei Hou out of his mind? He is a great calligrapher, but he did such a thing, he wants fame and status, what does he want?

What does he want? And when Sheng Qingtang came, Wei Hou was exposed at once.

Do you know what the funniest thing is? Wei Hou was not impersonating someone else's student's words? The student didn't care, and wrote a better one to his face. I was there, I'll show you the video

]

Master Zhong clicked on the video, and his brow furrowed: "This Wei Hou is actually claiming Ziji's writing?"

He got up angrily, "What a shameless old thing, even children are bullied, I'm going to go and beat him up violently."

Wen heard Lan's expression pause.

He finally knew why his sister had asked him to drag Elder Zhong here.

It was because if Elder Zhong had been there, he would have directly rolled up his sleeves and gone up to kick someone.

"Little Lan, go with Grandpa." Elder Zhong was furious, "Grandpa will take you to take out your sister's anger."

\*\*

Wei Hou naturally saw the Weibo too.

But when he saw it, it was already afternoon.



Just a few minutes ago, another director of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association had personally come to his door, bringing a penalty announcement and confiscating his certificate.

Wei Hou's face was pale, completely unprepared for how things would turn out.

It was not that he had never done this before.

The qualification test for him to enter the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association was actually not his handwriting, but that of another examiner.

But that examiner was not as famous as he was, and had no proof, let alone any backstage.

He could only watch as his work was taken away from him, with no way to seek redress.

Afterwards, Wei Hou even took the certificate of honour from the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association and went to this examiner's home to show off.

What could be done to him again?

But now, Sheng Qingtang had the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association investigate him thoroughly, and also found out about this incident at the beginning.

Not only had he been expelled, his reputation was also completely ruined.

He was completely and utterly disgraced.

What Wei Hou cared most about was his reputation and money, and now he was about to lose both.

It was all because of that senior sister Lin Xi.

Wei Hou's eyes went cold, he picked up his mobile phone and asked Lin Xi for Zhong Zhiyan's number.

He dialed it, his voice grim: "Zhong Zhiyan, you dare to set me up, I'm telling you, if I don't have a good time, you won't have a good time either."

"This painting, you gave it to me, which means you stole it, you can't get away with it!"

Zhong Zhiyan was standing in front of the announcement lan when she received the call.

Frowning at the words, she first glanced at the other students before walking to the nearby grove.

"Master Wei Hou, I don't know what you're babbling about." Zhong Zhiyan laughed, "You were the one who was insatiable and wanted to take credit for my cousin's work, so how can you blame me again?"

"My senior brother also clearly asked you if this was your writing, and you took it straight away, can't it be that I did this too?"

Wei Hou was extremely angry: "It was you who asked me to put my seal on that pair of characters."

But Zhong Zhiyan was calm, she said indifferently, "I asked you to, and you did so? Master Wei Hou, are you ready to offend the Zhong family by slandering me like this?"

Wei Hou's expression changed greatly.

Of course he knew about the Zhong Family.

It was one of the four powerful families in Shanghai City and had a very high status.

If it was before, he would naturally not be afraid of the Zhong family, who still had to respect him.

But he had already been expelled from the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association, and with the incident of fraudulently claiming his works, everyone had already shouted at him.

"Master Wei Hou, don't forget that it is my cousin's writing that you have impostorily claimed." Zhong Zhiyan smiled again, softly, "My grandfather dotes on my cousin, do you think he will listen to your explanation when he sees you?"

"Does he believe me, or you?"

Wei Hou was so angry that he dropped his phone.

Zhong Zhiyan's expression remained unchanged as she blacked out Wei Hou's number and was about to leave the school.

But at that moment, the crowd in front of the bulletin board was suddenly noisy

"Crap, what kind of pervert is this Ying Zigui, all first prizes?"

"We've seen it with our own eyes, but why did she beat Goddess Zhong in Chinese painting?"

"The judging must be fair, so Zhong Zhiyan is not as good as Ying Zidian." "What else could it be?"

"I'm a bit disappointed. Isn't Goddess Zhong the eldest daughter of the Zhong family? How come she's not as good at calligraphy and painting as a country bumpkin? Her title of goddess doesn't really live up to her name."

"What nonsense?" Lu Fang, who is Zhong Zhiyan's loyal admirer, angrily retorted, "Painting is just entertainment, look at Ying Ziji's overall score, is it as high as Zhiyan's in one subject?"

"Comparing her to Zhiyan, you're lowering Zhiyan's class."

Lu Fang snorted again, "If she can score more than four hundred points in her final exam next month, I'll eat sh\*t live.

Boss Lady Chapter 93-94

Chapter 93

When Zhong Zhiwei heard this, her fingers tightened before she loosened them.

That's right.

No matter what, Ying Zidian was still a poor student who had failed all her classes.

She was going to enter the Imperial University in the future, but what about Ying Zidian?

She probably won't even get into a second class.

It's true that she can't compete with her.

Zhong Zhiyan shook her head with a smile and left the school.

\*\*

Except for the fraudulent work, the festival went on as usual.

Ying didn't go to the award ceremony, and several juniors from class 19 received a trophy each.

After the art festival, she received a transfer from the school.

A total of two million.

She had entered seven competitions and the first prize was one hundred thousand.

According to the headmaster, the remaining one million three hundred thousand was compensation.

Ying Ziji looked at the few zeros on the text message and felt even better about Qingzhi.

At this school

She leaned back in her chair, raised her hand and tapped the keyboard, clicking on the stock trading software.

After taking a look at the general market, Ying Ziji made a one-time dump of the 10 million shares she had bought last month.

After that, she opened the nok login program again.

Although not many people knew about the nok forum, as long as there was a login program, they could all register their accounts.

That was why, on the front page of the forum, there were so many godfathers and users with nothing to do.

After all, not most people are unaware of the existence of the hidden section, and the login process is not deliberately encrypted for the public.

The front page is no different from a normal forum, with a number of users serialising stories.

In terms of board design, the nok forum is no different from any other forum, it is quite ordinary.

However, every second, countless information flowed into and out of this seemingly ordinary and mundane forum.

Ying Ziji went in and scanned the home page.

Today's popular post was a post asking for help.

It was posted ten minutes ago, but there were already five hundred replies underneath it, and the heat was still rising.

Ying Ziji lowered her eyes and opened this post.

[Help]: The owner went to O Chau a few days ago, help!

The owner had saved up some money and was finally able to go on a trip, thinking that he hadn't been abroad since he was so old, so he signed up for a tour to O-continent.

Originally the road happy, the owner also bought a donut to eat, go for a walk on the beach, but you know and so I saw what?

The Little Mermaid statue smiling at me!!!

Yes, the famous Little Mermaid statue, from Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale, and it not only smiled, it nodded at me.

Beautiful, yes, but scary!

Please help, is this little mermaid coming to life just like Miss Conch?

[2F]: The owner is mentally deranged, scattered scattered.

[3 Floor]: Although I am also a godsend, I have to admit that the owner's skill in making up stories is really strong.

.....

The actual fact is that you'll be able to get a lot more than just a few of the most popular and popular ones. It's okay, I have spiritual tonic pills here, one for 9,999, no return even if it doesn't work.

The actual fact is that there are a lot of people who have been in the forum for a long time.

.....

The actual fact is that you will be able to get a lot more than just a few of the most popular and most popular ones. I was there last year and I saw it too. I thought I was blinded at the time.

Floor 475]: I've been there too, why didn't I see it?

After browsing through the replies one by one, Ying Ziji's eyes twitched slightly.

When she scrolled down further, she saw the owner reply to the post.

Floor 738]: Bullshit, of course I have a picture, not only do I have a picture, I also have a video.

[Floor 739]: [Video], I'll show you!

Ying Ziji raised his eyebrows and clicked on the video.

However, as soon as she clicked on it, the forum prompted her that the video did not exist.

When she refreshed it again, the request for help had disappeared.

Apparently, it had been deleted by the administrator.

Ying Ziji pondered a little and probably understood.

This was the front page, where most ordinary people were, so posts related to world secrets were not allowed to appear.

She also knew that the nok forum had a hidden section that required a certain growth value to enter.

Viewing the major hunters list also required growth value to be decrypted.

Ying Ziji looked at her user information and pondered.

This was a new number she had registered after asking for the login program from a certain hacker.

id: cola milk tea fries

Growth value: 8

Rank: f-rank

Registration date: 16 March 2020

Logging into the nok forum once will give you 2 growth value, which is a benefit for new numbers.

Ying used his mouse to scroll down and read a few more interesting posts.



【Reward】 : Discovered the relics of Atlantis, begging for a team, short of nurse, short of warrior, come quickly.

The first thing I want to do is to get a good idea of what I'm doing.

The first thing you need to do is to get the best results from the monthly exam.

Growth value can be traded, but if it becomes negative, the account will be banned.

Although proof such as ID is not required to register an account, and posting is anonymous, the strange thing is that if an account is banned it is also impossible to register a new nok account.

Some people also suspected that there was a super hacker group behind the nok forum, but there was little evidence.

After a few pages of browsing, Ying finally saw the post she needed.

[Reward]: Seeking help from the gods to solve the academy's problem.

[1F]: As the title suggests, our school is too sick to come up with a chemistry problem that can't be found online, but it's definitely world class in difficulty. I'm sure I'll be grateful for the growth value.

Below the floor is an automatically generated reward letter.

It was marked with a thousand growth values.

The level was set at C.

Ying Zidian lowered his eyes and accepted the reward.

A box popped up on the screen.

[Ding, your level is currently F. Please upgrade before accepting a higher level bounty.]

Ying Ziji's face was expressionless.

Three seconds later, she opened fifty f-rank bounties at the same time.

Within another five minutes, they were quickly completed.

All these bounties did not need to show up, they could be traded online.

The growth value immediately shot up to 500 and the rank rose to D, but it wasn't enough.

Ying pressed her head and opened a few dozen more d-rank bounties and proceeded to upgrade.

She just needed to access the hidden section, but she really didn't want to use her old number.

Once that old number was out, pension life would have to end.

What a crap forum, all with the internet as a carrier, and still just as crap as before.

\*\*

Saturday.

Elder Fu was left alone again at the Fu home with a few caregivers.

Ying Ziji also went to the old Fu house once more to check the toxins in Master Fu's body.

Master Fu was weak and she had only used golden needles to help him contain the toxin, but there were no herbs to eradicate it.

More importantly, the situation in the Fu family was now very complicated, and there were quite a few people who were thinking of Old Master Fu leaving as soon as possible.

Even Master Fu's travels would be monitored.

Last time she invited Master Fu to have a cake, he had quite a few bodyguards with him.

After putting Master Fu to sleep, Ying Ziji walked out.

Fu Yunshen was waiting outside, and when he saw her, his peach blossom eyes curved up: "Yao Yao, thank you."

"No thanks." Ying Ziji shook her head slightly, "How long before the herbs arrive?"

"It's on its way." Fu Yunshen didn't hide it, "It will arrive at the end of the month."

The reward had doubled tenfold, and the hunters on the list could hardly resist the temptation.

So even if the herbs were in the desert and the deep sea, they would still go.

Ying nodded: "Grandpa Fu is asleep, he can't have too many mood swings, otherwise the toxin will enter his heart and it will be troublesome."

"This matter, brother knows." Fu Yunshen's eyes darkened, but then he smiled again, "Let's go to the mall, buy you some clothes, it's also a birthday present for you."

The two of them got into the car.

Ying Ziji got into the passenger seat, leaned against the car window and closed her eyes.

Soon, he fell into a deep sleep.

Fu Yunshen looked sideways, his peach blossom eyes slightly lowered.

The girl's skin was still almost transparent, but it was not as sickly pale as it had been.

She looked a lot better than the first time he had seen her.

He had the relief of having successfully raised his little friend.

Dodo was in Ying's pocket, also sleeping on his stomach.

His little pink nose was twitching and humming happily.

The corners of Fu Yunshen's lips curved slightly as he stepped on the accelerator and started the car.

Thirty minutes later, the Maserati pulled up in front of the Century Mall in the city centre.

Ying Ziyi was still asleep.

When she was asleep, her usual indifference came off.

Her usual cold eyebrows were loose and softly curved.

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched slightly and the knot in his throat rolled.

He was still looking straight ahead, but his hand was raised.

He slowly moved forward and then poked the girl's face.

It was soft and sticky, and it was very soft.

After just one poke, Fu Yunshen withdrew his hand.

But to his surprise, Ying Ziji still didn't wake up, and her eyelashes didn't even flutter a bit.

Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes narrowed and his eyebrows raised, so he simply turned around.

He propped his head on one hand to look at her, his eyelashes dropping.

His other hand lifted again and poked Ying Ziji's face again.

This time it lingered longer, and under his fingers, he could clearly feel the warmth and softness of the girl.

It was as if he was holding a piece of soft jade in his hand.

Fu Yunshen paused for a moment and wanted to withdraw his hand, but he couldn't resist and poked her a third time.

Ying Ziji suddenly stirred and her eyes opened.

Her phoenix eyes were foggy and watery, with stars dotting them.

She raised her head as if she was aware.

Fu Yunshen's hand lurched.

Their eyes crossed and they met.

## Chapter 94

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

Sometimes, the air is most afraid of sudden silence.

Fu Yunshen withdrew his hand, as if nothing had happened.

He moved his eyes away and looked ahead again.

There was no one in the garage, and the lights were dim.

“Yoyo, there's a mosquito parked on your face.” Fu Yunshen looked self-effacing, his tone still the usual lazy one, “I drove it away for you.”

Ying Ziyang didn't say anything.

She reached out and straightened her collar.

Turning her head sideways again, she looked in the rear-view mirror.

It was obvious that the right side of her face had been poked.

Several times.

A faint redness flushed it.

Even when she was asleep, she knew what had happened.

Ying Ziji was silent for a moment: "I'm in an okay mood today."

Fu Yunshen looked at her, "Hmm?"

"Just..." Ying Zidian turned her head, "I can barely give you one more squeeze."

She had the attitude of "If you've squeezed, you've squeezed, don't pretend, be generous".

"No." Fu Yunshen clenched his fist against his lips and coughed, "I'm afraid I'll turn into a beast later."

He had never really done anything like this before.

It couldn't be helped, the little friend was too good when he was asleep.

There was really no restraint.

Ying Ziji unbuckled her seat belt and opened the car door, her voice clear and light: “No, you can’t change.”

Fu Yunshen looked at her, “What?”

“I will beat you.”

“.....”

He needed to take back what he had just thought.

Fu Yunshen leaned back in the driver’s seat and smiled, “You didn’t want to hit me at first, how come you’ve known me for so long that you still want to?”

“Don’t worry.” Ying Ziji propped his head up, the end of his eyes were heavy with a few smiles, not slowing down, “I hit people without hitting their faces.”

“.....”

Okay, the little friend is still a face person.

It seems that in the future, he has to protect his face first.

Maybe the kid will be soft-hearted and won’t do anything?

The two of them got out of the car.

The weekend was crowded, and there was a sale today, so there was already a long line at the luxury shop in Century Mall.



Fu Yunshen took a glance at them and looked lazy: “Yaoyao, let’s go upstairs.”

There are seventeen floors in the Century Mall, and the top floor is only open to Platinum members.

If you spend 10 million dollars in the Century Mall, you will be able to get a platinum card.

The card that Fu Yunshen handed out was a black and gold card.

The teller had never seen a card like this before, but there was no way she didn’t know Fu Yunshen.

She was busy welcoming him: “Young Master Seven, this young lady, welcome.”

Fu Yunshen nodded and turned his head: “Yao Yao, see if there’s anything you like.”

Ying Ziji didn’t bother to be polite with him and started browsing from the first clothing display.

The lady at the counter asked, “Young Master Seven, do you need something to drink?”

Fu Yunshen shook his head and just sat down on the sofa in the hall and waited.

He simply sat there, making it impossible to ignore his presence.

After ten minutes, Ying Ziji came back with a dress.

She seemed to think for a while before saying, “I think this one is fine.”

Fu Yunshen raised his hand, loosened the collar and looked over.

Then he saw a long black coat that resembled an Arabian robe: “.....”

Hmm.

His little friend didn't have a good eye.

It was somehow not dressing up.

Although children could wear school uniforms with the quality of high-fashion.

Fu Yun Shen profoundly felt that it was quite tiring to raise their little friend.

But the sense of accomplishment had also increased accordingly.

“Miss, this dress is not suitable for someone of your age, it's a bit old fashioned.” The counter girl smiled, “You should wear something younger and more energetic, our side just happened to have some new high-fashion from the o-continent side, why don't you .....”

“No need.” Fu Yunshen got up, “It's all inclusive, send it here.”

He gave an address over.

The counter girl was stunned, but wasn't surprised and hurriedly went down to prepare.

Ying Ziji was silent for a while, then she raised her eyebrows: “Are you mocking me for not being able to choose clothes?”

Fu Yunshen's peach blossom eyes lifted, rare seriousness: “Brother is not.”

He raised his hand this time and squeezed her face openly: “Little friend, at your age, you can't afford to be short of clothes.”

Ying Ziji took his hand off, "You're three down."

After swiping her card, the counter girl sent the two out.

When they came back, they bumped into the manager who was in charge of the seventeenth floor management.

The manager took a look, "Was that the seventh young master of the Fu family just now?"

"Yes." The counter sister envied, "Buying more than ten million dollars of clothes straight away, worthy of being one of the four most powerful families."

"Not much use, all his money is given by Master Fu, he's just a foppy gentry himself, idle and just that good at coaxing women with his face." The manager giggled lightly, "You don't know, do you? His fiancée would rather climb into his big brother's bed than get engaged to him."

The counter girl was stunned, "Manager, what are you saying?"

"Just two years ago, Master Fu fixed a marriage for him, waiting for him to get married when he comes back from O Chau." The manager said, "But when the other party found out about it, they immediately went to the young master of the Fu family, tsk ....."

He admonished again, "So you shouldn't be so respectful to him either, Shanghai City is saying that one day when Master Fu is gone, this Seventh Young Master will lose his power."

Having said that, the manager hurriedly left and went to the next shop.

The counter girl hesitated for a moment, but didn't say anything.

The card Fu Yunshen handed him just now seemed to be the only one in the entire Century Square.

\*\*

The Zhong family.

The maids were busy in the kitchen.

Mrs. Zhong glanced at Master Zhong, who was reading the newspaper, and stood up, asking Zhong Zhiyan to follow her to the balcony.

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips and followed her.

Mrs. Zhong gestured for her to close the glass door before she frowned and spoke, "I heard that you didn't even win a first prize in the art festival competition?"

Zhong Zhiyan's expression changed, "Mom, I'm not ....."

"I don't want to hear you make any excuses, excuses are just shirking your responsibilities." Mrs. Zhong looked at her condescendingly, "Mom is very disappointed, mum asked your grandfather to hire so many teachers for you, and you didn't even come out on top in an art festival."

Zhong Zhiyan bit her lip.

Mrs. Zhong asked again, "What projects have you participated in?"

"Calligraphy, Chinese painting and oil painting." Zhong Zhiyan moved her lips, "Mum, I just wasn't serious, I just wanted to have some fun."

"An art festival, and you still want to be serious?" Mrs. Zhong frowned again, "It's just that Qingzhi's art class is also one of the best in the country, so it's normal for you to not be able to compete with it."

Zhong Zhiyan let out a sigh of relief.

Luckily, Mrs. Zhong didn't pay attention to these things, so she didn't know that the winner of the first prize was Ying Zigui.

Not only does Madam Zhong not pay attention to this, other gentry don't have such leisure time either.

"By the way, your grandfather has called that adopted daughter of the Ying family back again." Mrs. Zhong suddenly spoke up, "Don't be too hard on her, coax your grandfather more."

Zhong Zhiyan nodded, "Mom, I know everything."

Not long after mother and daughter returned to the table, the door opened.

"Ziggy is here." Master Zhong was delighted, "Sit down quickly, dinner will be served in a moment, don't worry about eating, your mother she's not coming today, it won't affect your mood."

Ying Ziyi nodded and sat down beside him, "Grandpa."

At these words, Mrs. Zhong, who was listening at the side, frowned straight away.

These days, Master Zhong was too confused, wasn't he?

First, he used the company's Weibo to back up an adopted daughter, and then he made Zhong Zhiyan apologise.

Now, even his own daughter Zhong Manhua's status is not as high as this adopted daughter.

The moment Mrs. Zhong saw the girl, she lost her appetite.

However, as the daughter-in-law of Master Zhong, she could not say anything.

Zhong Zhiyan was so vain because of the art festival the other day that she didn't dare to look up.

Ying Ziyang ignored them and talked with Master Zhong.

The meal left Mrs. Zhong and Zhong Zhiwei in a bad mood, but Master Zhong ate three bowls of rice and had to go for exercise.

When Madam Zhong saw that Master Zhong had gone for a walk on the balcony, she also finally found an opportunity.

She stopped the girl and did not let her go.

"I don't know what kind of attitude Manhua has towards you, but I'm going to make my attitude clear." Madam Zhong's voice was light but her gaze was sharp as a tack, "It's better not to think about things you shouldn't."

She aggravated her tone and added a warning, "You don't have that kind of fortune."

Master Zhong was so fond of his adopted daughter, who knew if he would share out his shares in the Zhong Group as well?

This was the kind of thing she could never tolerate.

"That's all I have to say." Madam Zhong's eyes were cold, "I hope you are a smart person who knows what you should and should not do, understood?"

Just as she finished these words, not far away, Master Zhong came over humming a little tune.

Madam Zhong's nerves tensed and she greeted him, "Old Master."

“What are you standing around for?” Master Zhong frowned, “Aren’t you going to stay with Evening?”

“Evening isn’t in a good mood and she won’t talk to me, so I’m asking her if something happened at school.” Mrs. Zhong smiled, “I’ll go now, and you take more care of your health too, old master.”

Master Zhong waved his hand, obviously not wanting to keep her either.

Madam Zhong sighed with relief.

It seemed that Elder Zhong hadn’t heard her.

She turned around, and was ready to go upstairs.

There was the faint sound of a cold feeling voice.

“Madam Zhong, before lecturing others, please mind your own daughter.”

Madam Zhong’s footsteps lurched and she turned back, her face cold: “What do you mean?”

A foster daughter, who was also worthy of being compared to the Zhong family’s eldest daughter?

She was really spoiled by Master Zhong and didn’t know how high she was.

Ying tossed the phone and pressed a key.

The conversation sounded in the silence of the stairway.

It was clear.

It was a recording of Zhong Zhiyan's call with Wei Hou.

Boss Lady Chapter 95-96

Chapter 95

Although Zhong Zhiyan didn't look up or say anything, she kept an eye on Ying Zidian.

When Madam Zhong went to look for Ying Zidian, she saw it too.

She naturally knew that Madam Zhong was there to back her up and warn her.

After all, Ying Zidian was only an adopted daughter, and her status was no match for hers.

But Zhong Zhiyan had never expected that Ying Zidian would not only not be threatened by Madam Zhong, but would draw fire on her.

She could not even think, her mind was blank and her ears were buzzing.

She then listened to the recording of Wei Hou's furious ranting.

-This piece of writing, you gave it to me, which means you stole it, you can't get away with it!

-it was you who told me to put my seal on that character.

Again, listen to her own words.

- I made you, and you did so? Master Wei Hou, are you ready to offend the Zhong family by slandering me like that?



– My grandfather dotes on my cousin, do you think he will listen to your explanation when he sees you? Will he believe me or will he believe you?

Zhong Zhiyan stood at the corner of the stairs, her hands and feet cold.

The blood was gone from her face, and the shame and embarrassment was so intense that she almost cried out.

Mrs. Zhong was shocked and angry, and she snapped her eyes at the girl, “What are you doing? Take out the phone!”

Ying Ziyi’s fingers gripped and the phone naturally fell into her palm, “Madam Zhong, I didn’t make it public for Grandpa’s sake.”

She tilted her head slightly, and her voice was cold: “It doesn’t mean that you can mess with me.”

Madam Zhong’s face sank.

When people grew old, their greatest wish was for their children and grandchildren to be happy and enjoy their lives.

Master Zhong was no exception.

After all, Zhong Zhiyan was also the one he had grown up with, and after more than ten years of living as a grandfather and grandson, how could he not have feelings for her?

Although he had reprimanded Zhong Zhiyan last time, he was concerned about her health afterwards, and even sent a doctor to see her.

Mrs. Zhong was well aware of Master Zhong’s temperament.

He had always given rewards and punishments, and as long as he did something wrong, even if it was his own son, he would punish him as he saw fit.

“Zhong Zhiwei!” Elder Zhong was really angry now, more than anything else, he couldn’t believe it, “It was you who stole your cousin’s painting and gave it to Wei Hou?!”

“Grandpa ……” Zhong Zhiyan’s eyes were misting up, her eyes were hazy with tears, “Grandpa, I just, just ……”

It was just out of a little jealousy.

She didn’t mean anything else.

“Shut up!” Elder Zhong’s chest rose and fell violently, obviously furious, “Now, immediately! Go to the attic and reflect for me, when you know you’re wrong, when you come out again!”

This time, Zhong Zhiyan’s tears were literally flowing out, still stunned, “Grandpa?”

“Housekeeper!” Master Zhong didn’t even look, he roared, “Send Missy to the attic.”

Zhong Zhiyan couldn’t even argue before the butler “invited” her away.

“And you!” Master Zhong turned his head again, “Don’t think that I can’t see the little things you do in private, if you have the time, educate Evening properly, see what’s going on with her lately?”

Mrs. Zhong’s face stiffened with embarrassment and embarrassment, her face burning with pain.

There was no trace of her previous high-mindedness, and she lowered her head, “It’s my fault, old master, I’ve really neglected to discipline Evening for a while now.”

“Old man doesn’t want to hear such polite nonsense.” Master Zhong’s remaining anger was still fresh, “If your daughter is not taught, it is your mother’s fault, apologise to Ziji!”

Madam Zhong’s expression changed again.

In all the years she had married into the Zhong family, when had she ever been forced to apologise?

The person she was apologising to was also an adopted daughter of humble status.

Mrs. Zhong gritted her teeth and said, “I’m sorry,” as thin as a mosquito’s fly, and was ashamed to stay any longer.

“Dickey, grandfather is ashamed.” Master Zhong took a deep breath, “Grandpa really didn’t think that Evening would do such a thing, it’s because grandpa didn’t teach her well.”

“It’s not your fault.” Ying Zigui’s brows loosened as she brought over a cup, “Grandpa, drink some water.”

When Grandpa Zhong finished drinking, he forgot what he was going to say.

“Grandpa, I’m going back to my father’s side first.” Ying Ziyang nodded slightly, “I’ll come and see you whenever I can.”

It was also thanks to Zhong Zhiyan that Elder Zhong had gotten all the depressed qi out of his body.

She then added the pills to regulate his health, and he was now completely fine.

“Fine, fine.” Master Zhong immediately lost his temper and smiled, “Ziji, your father .....

Still not going on, he changed the subject, “Remember to tell grandpa if you lack anything.”

After Ying Zidian left, Master Zhong took another glass of water and muttered.

How strange.

Why did he feel that his body had relaxed instead after this tantrum had been issued.

Master Zhong scratched his head, not coming up with a rationale, so he leisurely went to water the flowers.

\*\*

In the attic.

Zhong Zhiyan had been kneeling for an hour.

She wiped her tears desperately, aggrieved to the core.

Didn't nothing happen in the end?

Moreover, Ying Ziyang had stepped on Wei Hou and gotten Sheng Qingtang's appreciation.

After another half an hour, Madam Zhong came up to bring hot milk to Zhong Zhiyan.

She put the cup on the table, raised her hand and slapped Zhong Zhiyan, saying coldly, "Do you know what's wrong with you?"

Zhong Zhiyan covered her face, and her tears flowed even harder: "I shouldn't have gotten carried away."

“Slap!”

As soon as she finished her sentence, she received another slap on her face.

“Wrong thing to say.” Mrs. Zhong shook her head, disappointed, “You were wrong for not having your hands clean and clear of all traces, and for getting the call recording taken away.”

“Also wrong for being jealous of an adopted daughter and lowering yourself to strike.”

Zhong Zhiyan froze.

“Zhiyan, you are the grand young lady I have carefully cultivated, how can you be inferior to an adopted daughter?” Madam Zhong half squatted down and sighed, “Your grandfather is right, you do need to reflect on it.”

“Your rivals are those famous ladies in the imperial capital, not that adopted daughter.”

“She’s not worth taking seriously, do you understand?”

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips, “Mom, but Grandpa’s side .....

“Your grandfather is old and confused now, and is deluded.” Mrs. Zhong suppressed her anger, “But you were raised by him, he can’t really punish you, you kneel for a while longer, I’ll go beg for mercy.”

Zhong Zhiyan sullenly responded.

“There’s more.” Madam Zhong stood up, “Your aunt doesn’t want that adopted daughter to impinge on the young master of the Mu family, so she’s letting him come and live on our side, just next month.”

“What does the Imperial Mu family stand for, Zhiyan, there’s no need for mum to say more, right?”

Zhong Zhiyan wiped her tears, "I know."

Only then was Mrs. Zhong satisfied and went out.

\*\*

Within a few days, the students of Class 19 also learned of what Zhong Zhiyan had done.

They all agreed that they should pocket her in a sack some dark and windy night and let Jiang Yan blow her head off.

"Ying Dad, you're just going to let Zhong Zhiyan go?" Xiu Yu frowned, "If you want me to say so, you should put this recording on the school forum, so that others can see what kind of face she has."

This, and a goddess?

A group of boys were blind.

"No need." Ying Ziji looked down, still taking the bounty task on the nok forum, "Ignore it."

She didn't care what Zhong Zhiyan did.

The Zhong family, she only cared about Elder Zhong alone.

"Tch." Xiu Yu turned his head, "Jiang Yan, how about this, you go scold Zhong Zhiyan and break her heart."

Jiang Yan's face darkened, "You're crazy."

He had the time to do that?

Xiu Yu shrugged, "Father Ying, where are we going to eat today?"

Ying Zidian looked up after finishing the last D-rank task, "The canteen."

Hearing these two words, Jiang Yan's feet, which were about to leave the school, gave a pause.

The little brother bumped into his back and almost cried in pain, "Brother Burn, why aren't you going?"

Jiang Yan smiled and followed behind Xiu Yu: "I'm not going out, I'm going to the canteen."

The Qingzhi canteen had the eight major cuisines of China, as well as Western food.

The prices were cheap and the taste was okay, so the students basically ate in the canteen, even if they were the sons and daughters of the four great families.

But not including Jiang Yan.

When Zhong Zhiyan saw Jiang Yan walk in, her expression paused and her back subconsciously straightened.

But when she saw Ying Zigui, she furrowed her brows.

"Zhiyan, it's been a long time coming." The girl next to her was surprised, "Jiang Yan actually came to the canteen to eat, but it's not surprising that Ying Zigui is here too."

Everyone knew that since Ying Zidian had gone to class 19.

Qingzhi's male and female school bullies were all following her.

Zhong Zhiyan's nails pinched her palm and she smiled faintly, "She, ah, she just likes to hook up with men."

The girl froze.

"At first, she hooked up with Teacher Ying's fiancé, and then she got close to Fu Yunshen." Zhong Zhiyan said carelessly, "Now, even Jiang Yan doesn't let her go."

The girl didn't expect this, but after hearing this, she immediately became disgusted: "That's quite disgusting."

"There are even more disgusting ones." Zhong Zhiyan put down her chopsticks, "You are not aware that just a while ago, she ....."

The words that followed didn't finish.

It was because Zhong Zhiyan noticed that Ying Ziji looked at her in this direction.

She lifted her head and wiped her lips with a tissue, quite at ease.

From such a distance, she couldn't hear what she was saying.

Even if she did, there were so many people in the canteen, what could Ying Zidian do?

Zhong Zhiyan threw the tissue away and was ready to leave the cafeteria.

But she hadn't even stood up yet.

The girl's long, slender fingers turned and the chopsticks between her fingers flew out abruptly.



“Pop!”

It just plunged hard into the dining table in front of Zhong Zhiyan.

Chapter 96

Half on top, half on the bottom and the middle section in the table.

There were even wood chips falling in droves.

“.....”

The whole canteen was silent in an instant, as if all the noise had been taken away by this one chopstick.

Jiang Yan had been paying attention to Ying Zidian, so naturally he couldn't have failed to see it.

His hand loosened unconsciously and the plate he was holding fell with a clang.

The food on the plate fell all over the little brother.

Little Brother didn't scream this time, because he was already dumb.

Not only was he dumbfounded, but all the students who saw this scene were dumbfounded.

It was as if they had gone mad.

Zhong Zhiyan looked at the chopsticks that were only half an inch away from her plate and her mind buzzed: “.....”

She looked at Ying Zidian incredulously, her lips trembling.

If the chopsticks had flown just a little bit off, they would not have been stuck into the table, but .....

Zhong Zhiyan didn't even dare to think about it, her school uniform was already completely soaked with cold sweat and her breathing was disordered.

Her body kept trembling and she didn't even have the strength to stand up.

The girl next to her was also terrified, tugging at Zhong Zhiyan's sleeve.

No one saw how the chopstick flew out of the girl's hand at all.

But that didn't matter.

What mattered was how Ying Ziji had managed to stick a wooden chopstick into the table.

The canteen was still dead silent, all eyes were on the girl.

Ying Zidian took a new pair of chopsticks, found a seat by the window and sat down.

“What are you looking at?” Jiang Yan's eyes swept and he sneered, “Haven't you seen enough? Do you want me to pluck your eyes out and stick them to your heels to see?”

The students immediately withdrew their eyes and began to bury their heads in a frenzy of food.

Jiang Yan lifted his chin, finally feeling a little better.

It seemed that his authority as the school bully was still there.

Xiu Yu took a bite of his apple and sat down after him.

As if she hadn't returned to her senses either, it was a few seconds later that she said in a difficult voice, "Ying Dad, you just ....."

"It's nothing." Ying Zidian picked up the vegetables with his chopsticks and said indifferently, "I forgot to withdraw my strength."

The hand was too strong, she needed to change.

Xiu Yu instantly felt that the apple in her mouth was tasteless.

Forgetting to gather strength, she stuck a chopstick into the table.

If this was really strong, it would be easy to break a hammer, right?

She was suddenly a little scared.

Xiu Yu looked at the girl, pondering.

Those who could bring their strength to such a level would be associated with ancient martial arts, even if they were not orthodox ones.

However, after the arrival of the twenty-first century, ancient martial artists rarely appeared.

Xiu Yu wondered if it was related to the telling development of technology.

The few ancient martial arts families that once flourished and prospered in the imperial capital had also basically all receded.

Jiang Yan could only be considered a beginner in ancient martial arts, and not an ancient martial artist.

It was because of the improper method of cultivation that the internal energy in his body became disordered, which in turn affected his temper and emotions, hence the need for drugs to supplement it.

There are too few true ancient martial artists.

The ancient martial arts world, which not everyone can enter, is even more mysterious than the ancient medical world.

Xiu Yu could be sure that their Ying Dad must have something to do with ancient martial arts.

Maybe there was a master from the ancient martial world.

But she didn't ask.

She was happy just to see Jiang Yan get defeated, and she could still chat with her sister Painting Screen.

Thinking of this, Xiu Yu had an appetite again and ate an extra large apple.

\*\*

It was half past three in the morning.

It was late at night, even the nightingale was quiet.

Fu Yunshen opened his eyes and woke up in the bed of his single flat.

He lay in silence for a good five minutes before slowly getting up.

A pale bloodshot look floated in his demonic peach blossom eyes.

He didn't know how many times he'd had this nightmare, and even after three years of deep hypnotherapy, he still couldn't escape it.

Every time he closes his eyes, it's a bloodbath.

The sound of explosions, gunshots and hisses that haunted his ears.

It was also a past that he could not escape.

Fu Yunshen poured a glass of water and walked over to the balcony.

In the distance was a cluster of brightly lit buildings; Shanghai had always been a city that never sleeps.

At that moment, his mobile phone rang.

The caller was Nie Yi.

Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows and picked up anyway: "Hello?"

"Yun Shen, I've already returned to Datu." Nie Yi's voice was low, "Things are still unresolved, so please take care of Nie Chao for a while longer."

"Mm." Fu Yunshen pressed the corners of his eyes, a little helpless, "This kind of thing, you have to call me at night too?"

Nie Yi was silent for a moment before speaking again, "No, it's because Xuesheng told me that you had too much of a mood swing and was afraid that you would do something drastic."

Yu Xuesheng, the psychologist he had specially hired for Ying Ziyi, was also second on the nok hypnotist list.

Fu Yunshen responded indifferently.

His emotions were under monitoring.

This was at his own request, to prevent anything from changing.

After all, he had almost lost control once.

"Yun Shen, you-" Nie Yi paused, "Is everything alright?"

"Nothing, I'm used to it." Fu Yunshen let out a low laugh, "I just think that living is quite tiring sometimes."

Nie Yi was silent.

He didn't know how to answer.

"It's okay, I'm hanging up." Fu Yunshen didn't say much, "Remember to pay for your brother's food, he's really quite a good eater."

Without waiting for Nie Yi to say anything else, he cut off the call.

After a few more seconds of contemplation, Fu Yunshen opened WeChat.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you want to eat for breakfast, and I'll bring it to you.

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you want.

It's four in the morning, normal people are sleeping.

The answer came just a few seconds after he had sent this WeChat.

[No picky eating.

After a few more seconds, a second message came.

[Are you having a nightmare?

Fu Yunshen was stunned.

After a long time, he replied lazily.

[Kids are so smart, huh? You're still up so late? Although you have a lot of hair and are naturally beautiful, you still need to take good care of your body.

As soon as this sentence was sent, a video call came in.

Fu Yunshen gave his hand a beat, and then clicked to connect.

The girl's plain face appeared on the phone screen.

She was wearing a nightgown, her long hair falling over her shoulders, her eyebrows tinted pale gold by the hazy moonlight outside the window.

Obviously just woken up too, the girl's voice still had a knock-fly low tone to it.

“You don't sleep well, I'll bring you some medicine tomorrow, take it every morning, noon and night before dinner, seven days for a course of treatment.”

After a pause, Ying added: “If you have nightmares, it's best not to stay alone.”

Fu Yunshen's eyes were fixed.

He hadn't really thought that his little friend had called him on the video just to say this.

In the past, there had never been a person who would tell him not to be alone because of his nightmares.

“Brother knows, go to sleep, little friend.” Fu Yun Shen leaned back, his eyelashes moving, smiling, “If you don't sleep, I'll have to go over to your side now and tuck you in.”

The video call was hung up straight away.

Not even half giving him time to react.

Looking at the blacked out phone screen, Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, the corners of his lips curved up, the bottom of his eyes tinged with a few smiles.

As expected, it was still the same heartless little friend.

\*\* The next day.

The next day.



Qingzhi Middle School.

The headmaster's office.

The headmaster is going over the recent happenings in the school.

As a headmaster, he wants to know the truth about the students, not just listen to the words of the director or teachers.

The door was opened at that moment.

The person who walked in was He Xun.

He Xun nodded his head in greeting, "Headmaster."

"Teacher He is here." The headmaster pushed his glasses, "Sit down."

He Xun sat down.

"It's the beginning of April." The headmaster flipped the calendar, "The first interview at Norton University is at the end of May."

He Xun nodded, "Good."

To get into Norton University, one needed an invitation letter from the university itself.

Without an invitation letter, the top student in the entrance exam could not get into Norton University.

But this was external.

Internally, Norton University will organise three interviews.

The qualifications for the interviews are only available to students who have graduated from Norton University.

This is why, Qingzhi will hire He Xun at a high price.

Because with He Xun, Qingzhi has the qualification to Norton University.

If even one student gets into Norton University, Qingzhi will immediately be in the ranks of the world's top high schools.

In total, He Xun has three interview qualifications.

Although they were very few, the headmaster was already satisfied.

“I've thought about it for a while, like this.” The headmaster pondered for a moment and said, “Two interview qualifications are reserved for the international class, and the remaining one is for the age first, Mr. He, what do you think?”

“The headmaster's decision, naturally, is very good.” He Xun had no objection, “But Norton University doesn't just look at grades.”

Actually, he didn't know much about it, after all, his college only had a D grade.

According to his tutor, students from S-ranked colleges were considered true Norton University students.

If he went to ask, his tutor would again say that it was confidential and he wasn't qualified enough to know.

Even now, He Xun didn't know what level he had reached to be able to enter an s-level academy.

"That's it then." The headmaster nodded, "I remember that Mr. He knows someone from the Royal Academy of Arts in O Continent."

He Xun understood, "The headmaster is asking me to drop by the top students in the senior art class when I go to Norton University?"

"Not bad." The headmaster said, "But you might need to take another one, Ying Zigui has done very well in this art festival, I think she can give it a try."

o the Royal Academy of Arts on the Continent, which is also a top university in the world.

He wanted every student to have the best possible future.

He Xun didn't even think about it and refused, very coldly: "Sorry Principal, I don't think it's necessary."

The Royal Academy of Arts in o-continent also required a grade in culture, and what could Ying Ziji do if he went there?

Boss Lady Chapter 97-98

Chapter 97

He really did not want to take a poor student to a top university like the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau.

What's more, the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau is not able to have the qualification for admission just because they won the first prize in an ordinary art festival.

Even the few top students in the art class are open to question.

Naturally, He Xun had not paid attention to the art festival.

He didn't have the time to do so, after all, he was leading the international classes of all three grades at Qingzhi High School.

He Xun also had no idea that even Sheng Qingtang had been alerted to the Qingzhi Arts Festival this time.

The headmaster frowned inscrutably.

He did not expect that He Xun had such a strong opinion of Ying Zidian.

It wasn't like every student was good at studying, so why bother?

"It's me who's been ill-considered." The headmaster sighed and took off his glasses, "Teacher He, let's still discuss the matter of the Norton University interview."

Only then did He Xun's expression ease up.

The phone in the office rang at that moment.

The headmaster picked it up, and only after listening to the sentence, his expression changed: "What? I'm on my way."

He Xun raised his head, a few moments of confusion flowing from his eyes.

“Teacher He, excuse me for a moment.” The headmaster got up and straightened his clothes, “There’s an honoured guest coming, I need to go.”

He took a few steps and then seemed to remember something, “A distinguished guest from o-continent, Mr. He speaks good English, let’s go together.”

O-continent?

But all of Qingzhi’s teachers, no matter which management they were in, were required to be proficient in English, so why was he called upon?

He Xun was stunned: “Okay, I’ll go to the senior two international class first.”

The time was too urgent, and the headmaster didn’t have time to talk to him any more, so after nodding, he hurriedly left.

He Xun also followed him out and arrived at the sophomore classroom building.

After giving the international class the topics they had to practice today, he went to the meeting room that the headmaster had told him about.

In the middle of the journey, he naturally passed by Senior 2 Class 19.

He Xun remembered the headmaster’s words, which meant that he subconsciously looked through the back window.

In the last row by the window, the girl was wearing the short sleeves of her school uniform and covered with her school jacket, lying on the table and sleeping.

He Xun withdrew his gaze very coldly.

She was still sleeping in class.

This kind of student, after all, is not saved.

\*\*

A phone call brought the headmaster here, and it was the head of the art team.

He wiped his sweat, pointed inside the door and lowered his voice, "Headmaster, this is Mr. Berg Bryan, from the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau."

Berg Bryan, an honorary teacher of the Royal College of Art in o Continent, usually just hung out an idle position and did not teach.

Only occasionally is he invited by other schools to give lectures.

It is never someone else who invites him, and it is unheard of for him to come over on his own.

Berg specialised in oil painting in the Baroque art style, and was also a Romantic painter.

Baroque art is a style of art that flourished on the O Continent between 1600 and 1750 and has had a profound influence on later generations.

Baroque art did not only cover the field of oil painting, but also architecture, music and decoration.

Even if one did not know what Baroque art was, one would not be unaware of Chino Von, an oil painter who was known throughout the world at the time.

But Chino Von's style of painting was so obvious and unique that no one could imitate it.

And Berg Blaine, the modern oil painter who is now recognised as the closest thing to Chino Von in the world.

“I know him, but -” the headmaster looked over and hesitated, “what is he ..... doing here?”

Interior.

A foreign man in his thirties was slumped against the wall, his hands unfurled, stroking them over and over, as if entranced.

“Headmaster.” The art team leader’s throat strained for a moment and said with some difficulty, “It’s not the wall he’s hugging, it’s the painting of Ying Zigu’s classmate.”

The headmaster was confused.

Before he had time to react, he heard the man’s excited shout.

“Bravo! Bravo!” Berg hugged tighter, wanting to stuff himself inside the painting, “Oh my God, my God, what a superb painting.”

“It’s simply the hand of God, Chino Von in the flesh.”

Headmaster: “.....”

Art team leader: “.....”

Not that it was necessary.

The head of the art team coughed a few times and couldn’t resist interrupting his self-indulgence, “Mr. Berg, the headmaster is here, so if you have any requests, just ask.”

“Oh.” As if only just realising that there was someone else next to him, Berg turned around and asked straight away, “Did you draw this?”

The headmaster was still a little confused, “No, this is .....

“What are you doing here if you didn’t draw it?” Berg was impatient, “Hurry up, hurry up, I want to see the person who painted this.”

“Mr. Berg, please wait a moment.” The headmaster finally knew what he was here for and asked in English, “How did you find your way here?”

“Wasn’t it some art festival you had?” Burger was a little impatient, “I saw the painting, didn’t I? Who else would have come here.”

He clutched the painting again and looked around disgustedly, “There’s no good ice cream here.”

“.....”

The art team leader wiped his sweat again and whispered, “Headmaster, the artists are quite off the wall, you can’t be carried away.”

“That’s right, I see.” The headmaster returned to his senses, “I wonder what you are looking for in the person who painted this painting?”

“Why are you talking so much?” Berger was irritated, “First I was told to meet.”

“The painting is for a student and she is still in class.” The headmaster deliberated, “You’ll have to wait a while.”

This time, Berg agreed readily, “OK, I’ll wait.”



He Xun happened to return just at that moment and froze, "Mr. Berg?"

"Who is it? No time, no time." Berg didn't even look at He Xun, waving his hand, "Where is this student's class? Take me there quickly."

The headmaster had to take him away.

He Xun didn't even say a word from the beginning to the end, he frowned and turned his head, "What brings Mr. Berg here?"

"Doesn't Mr. He know?" Having sent a big Buddha away, the head of the art group breathed a sigh of relief and was quite proud, "He's here specifically for student Ying Zigu, as I see it, I guess he wants to take Ying as a student."

He Xun's body shook violently, instantly frozen in place, barely able to believe what he had heard, his ears buzzing as if he was on the verge of a bang.

What kind of a man was Berg, how could he possibly make a trip for a student himself?

The head of the art team didn't notice that his face had changed and he walked out with his hands behind his back, "Ugh, I have to go and apologise to Ying too."

\*\*

The study session was over and Ying Ziji had woken up from her nap.

She yawned, took out her phone to check the time, and saw a text message from Sheng Qingtang to her.

[Little divine Doctor, are you interested in the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association? If you are willing to join the association, I will ask them to give you the vice president position directly, what do you think? =w=]

“.....”

Ying Ziyi all but pretended not to see that Yan character and casually replied with two words.

[No.]

After Sheng Qingtang over there received the reply, he instantly became anxious.

[Ah!!! Why? Little divine Doctor, really, let me tell you, those old things in our club are not as good as you, it's really a waste of your good talent if you don't join the club!

Ying Ziji didn't change her mind, she propped her head up and looked detached.

[Because it would prevent me from getting old.]]

[.....qaq]

[Send that expression again and pull the plug.

[Little miracle doctor, I didn't send it, my bald son did. Here's the deal. Whenever you change your mind, feel free to call me.

Ying Zidian yawned, his phoenix eyes added a bit of confusion.

“Father Ying.” A little brother poked his head through the back door of the classroom, “The headmaster is looking for your old man, are you going?”

“I’m busy today, I’m not available.”

“Oh.” The little brother scratched his head, “I’ll turn him back now then.”

He also saw a foreigner, and wondered what he was doing.

Ying gave a hmmm, opened the nok forum and took up the c-rank bounty.

\*\*

The Ying family’s old mansion.

Zhong Manhua hadn’t gone out for the past few days, fearing that she would meet someone who would pull her up and talk to her about the Qingzhi Art Festival.

To prevent any embarrassment to her, she has cut off internet and phone contact.

She didn’t want to bother about Ying Zigui anyway, and when more time had passed, everyone would forget about the theft of her work.

Zhong Manhua picked up the phone and was about to call Ying Zhending.

The doorbell rang and the housekeeper went to answer it.

The person who came back was Ying Luwei.

Old lady Ying was still in hospital these days. Ying Luwei had been avoiding showing up because of the Weibo incident, so she went from the old house to the hospital every day to deliver Zhong Manhua’s stewed medicine.

“It’s Lu Wei.” Zhong Manhua put down the phone, “The medicinal food is ready, it’s warming in the kitchen on a low fire, I’ll ask the maid to bring it to you.”

“Thank you, sister-in-law.” Ying Lu Wei pulled up her hair around her ears and suddenly said, “By the way, sister-in-law, I went to Qingzhi today and heard that the teacher from the Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau was looking for Xiao Jian.”

Zhong Manhua’s hand gave a start, slightly stunned, “The Royal Academy of Arts in O Chau?”

The Royal College of Art in O Chau was not ranked in the top ten in the world because of its sole focus on art, but it was still a university that many students dreamed of.

“I’ve also heard of this Mr. Berg, he’s a master of oil painting, the kind you can’t even invite.” Ying Luwei was puzzled, “Sister-in-law, she doesn’t even want to learn calligraphy or Chinese painting, not to mention oil painting, why would Mr. Berg ask for her?”

Zhong Manhua’s face changed instantly, her chest heaving heavily.

What else could it be.

It must be cheating again.

## Chapter 98

It was a good thing that she had lost her face abroad.

Apart from that, Zhong Manhua could not think of anything else that would make the honorary teacher of the Royal Academy of Arts in O China come to Qingzhi in person.

Naturally, she had heard of Berg Blaine.

When she had chosen a painting teacher for Xiao Xuan, the painting teacher had highly praised him.

It could be said that Berg represented the pinnacle of Baroque painting on the continent today.

At the Royal Academy of Arts alone, there were countless students who wanted to work under Berg's tutelage.

But Berg's temper was very eccentric, even more so than Sheng Qingtang's. He did not accept any disciples, and would only occasionally give instructions to his juniors.

Zhong Manhua's heart and lungs now throbbed with pain at the thought of going out in the future and being pointed at.

Again.

If it was Xiao Xuan, she definitely wouldn't have let her lose face.

"Sister-in-law, what's wrong with you?" Ying Lu Wei looked at Zhong Manhua's face turning from blue to white and asked with concern, "Is it that you're not feeling well?"

"I'm fine." Zhong Manhua pressed her temples and calmed her breathing, "Is Mr. Berg still at Qingzhi?"

"The headmaster was with him when I left the school." Ying Luwei, "They should have gone to look for Dicky, they might still be there."

"Prepare the car." Hearing these words, Zhong Manhua got up and immediately made a decision, "Go to Qingzhi now."

She had to hurry and admit her mistake to someone before things festered.

“I’m familiar with Qingzhi, I’ll go with my sister-in-law.” Ying Luwei handed the medicinal food to the housekeeper and instructed, “Take good care of the old lady’s side.”

The housekeeper said respectfully, “Don’t worry, Miss Lu Wei, nothing will go wrong with the old lady.”

After the explanation, Zhong Manhua and Ying Luwei went to Qingzhi together.

\*\*

Qingzhi High School.

The headmaster listened to the errand boy’s reply and his whole body cracked a little.

With Berg’s status, not to mention coming to Qingzhi, even if he went to the Imperial University, the students studying painting would definitely clamour to see it.

This .....

However, to the headmaster’s surprise, Berg was in a good temper this time seeing ghosts.

He waved his hand graciously, “It’s fine, ask her when she’s free and I’ll be here waiting for her.”

The headmaster, who was experiencing what a double standard: “.....”

He was completely cracked up this time.

“Oh.” The little brother, who didn’t know Berg, scratched his head, “Are you in a hurry? If you’re in a hurry I’ll go back and talk.”

“No rush no rush.” Berg was in a good mood, “I’ll be staying in Shanghai for the next few days, whenever she’s available.”

Headmaster: “.....”

That’s not what you just said.

“Okay.” Little Brother thought this foreigner was very nice to talk to.

He was about to dilly-dally back when he heard Berg say again, “Hey, wait, ask for me if she likes Chino Von a lot.”

\*\*

Once the youngest brother had taken this to class 19, he saw their Ying father raise those nice phoenix eyes, but his expression was cold.

“Don’t like it, he talks too much, I want to bury him.”

“Then bury him.” The youngest brother was solicitous, “Father Ying, where is he, the brothers will go up and put a sack over him.”

Xiu Yu spoke quietly, “He’s been dead underground for hundreds of years, you go ahead.”

The little brother was confused: “.....”

“Ying Dad, that’s a funny joke.” Xiu Yu put one hand on the girl’s shoulder, “You haven’t met him, how do you know he’s a chatterbox?”

There are many accounts of Chino Feng, but most of them praise how good he was at painting.

He was born in 1623 and died in 1709.

In his lifetime he left hundreds of paintings of the utmost brilliance.

But all the canvases that still survive are housed in the major museums of o continent.

There were also two in the Imperial Museum, and it was there that Xiu Yu had seen Chino Feng's masterpiece.

“Because -” Ying remained indifferent, “he would read the Bible while he painted, in Latin as well.”

The noise gave her a headache.

Xiu Yu: “?????”

No, what kind of operation is this?

No, why did she believe their Ying Dad's serious nonsense?

Kino Feng had been dead for more than 300 years, and his bones were probably ashes.

But then again, Xiu Yu thought about it.

She had visited Chino Feng's home in O Chau, and she did remember that his study was full of various versions of the Bible.

“Ying Dad, bull.” Xiu Yu gave a thumbs up, “I'm only convinced by you to tell stories, and they're also very relevant.”



Ying Zidian's eyelashes dropped and her eyes narrowed slightly.

She had never been one to remember much about the past.

There were too many memories, and they were forgotten quickly and in a tangled way.

But the three hundred years she had spent in the ancient o-continent, she did remember quite clearly

She had studied oil painting with Chino for three years, and spent most of that time listening to him rant.

Indirectly, this led to her reciting the Bible backwards in Latin without reading it.

It was true that the painting was good and it was also true that the man was annoying.

As long as he didn't talk, he was still a lovely old man.

When Chino died, she went to see him.

Every year after that, she would also go to his gravestone and send a bouquet of white irises until she left Earth.

Chino, too, was considered one of her many teachers on Earth.

Unfortunately, Kino was just an ordinary person and there was nothing she could do to extend his life span.

Ying retracted her thoughts and her eyes returned to her mobile phone.

She had used her free time in the past two days to raise her nok account to level B, and had a growth value of 4,000.

With 1000 to go, she could enter the hidden section of nok.

In fact, she knew what would be discussed in the hidden section.

It was the real face of this world.

What ordinary people saw was only the tip of the iceberg.

Of course, world-class secrets could not be revealed, or else it would cause panic.

The nok forum, is just an organisation responsible for holding on to these secrets.

Ying Ziji lowered her eyes and looked at her new next b-rank bounty.

The bounty man had sent her a private message.

[You're new, right? Do you really have a medicine that can remove my scars? I've been looking for a lot of healers, but it's not working, it's getting worse]

Ying Zidian was brief and concise.

[Address, three days later, parcel collection.

The bounty giver was a bit unconvinced, but sent the address anyway.

[If your medicine doesn't work, you won't get the growth value, but if it works well, I can increase the reward.

Ying scanned the address and was ready to send the package out later.

Little brother also remembered the business: “Father Ying, he said he’s waiting for you, you can come whenever you’re free.”

Ying Zidian thought for a moment, but got up: “Then I’ll go and meet him now.”

\*\*

This way.

Zhong Manhua and Ying Luwei had already arrived at Qingzhi.

A month had passed and the red rash on Ying Luwei’s face had cleared up.

She went to the hospital for a follow-up, but the doctor still didn’t find anything.

If she hadn’t been suffering from the rash for a month, Ying Luwei would have wondered if she was dreaming.

“Sister-in-law, Mr. Berg and the others should be over here.” Ying Luwei smiled, “Let me take you there.”

“Wait a minute.” Zhong Manhua took out a mask from her bag and put it on, covering her face tightly.

“Sister-in-law, you .....” Ying Luwei seemed to freeze for a moment and understood, “I’ve heard from all the other teachers that Dicky has been doing very well at school recently and has won awards at the art festival.”

Zhong Manhua was annoyed when she stopped, "Okay, Lu Wei, let's not talk about that, let's go there first."

Ying Luwei knew what was appropriate, and knew when to say what would be more effective.

So she didn't say anything more, she just pursed her lips and smiled.

The two of them went to the front of the school building.

It's four o'clock and it's just between classes.

There are many students, and many of them know Ying Luwei.

Since Ying Luwei doesn't come to school much, she only takes an English class once in a while.

Most of the students like her because of the beauty of distance.

"Teacher Ying."

"Hello, Ms. Ying."

Ying Luwei greeted them all with a smile.

Zhong Manhua, on the other hand, felt a bit uncomfortable and waited impatiently.

After waiting for five minutes, she finally saw a familiar figure, walking out of the school building.

"Ziggy." Zhong Manhua immediately went forward and deliberately lowered her voice, "Dickey, mommy has something to say to you, pack your things and leave the school with mommy."

However, Ying Zidian didn't even look at her.

Although she was walking in her direction, she was clearly not looking for her.

Zhong Manhua frowned, her anger rising.

Just as she was about to step forward and forcibly pull the girl away, an impatient voice came from behind her.

“Make way, make way!”

Burger was as anxious as fire, and without looking at Zhong Manhua, he ran over impatiently.

Zhong Manhua was knocked aside and her feet in high heels gave way, but it was Ying Luwei who held her up in time.

“Sister-in-law, are you alright?” Ying Luwei was worried, “I'll take you to the infirmary first, anyway, Dicky has already seen it, I'll give a word to the students here, it's not too late to come back later.”

Berger's force was not small, and Zhong Manhua winced in pain.

She glanced at her ankle and it was already swollen.

Hearing this, she did not refuse and had to let Ying Luwei help her along.

Ying Luwei took Zhong Manhua to the infirmary, and after a few steps, she pretended to look back inadvertently.

She naturally recognised that it was Berg Blaine, and how could she let Zhong Manhua be the peacemaker.

Her reputation was tarnished, and Ying couldn't be better off.

However, only when she turned her head, she saw Berg "snap" and kneel down.

It was a very pious ritual, which he had learnt from the Chinese classics.

He folded his hands with a sincere expression, "Master Ying, please accept me as your disciple.

Boss Lady Chapter 99-100

Chapter 99

Berg had been waiting for this moment before he came from o-continent.

For this reason, he also approached a Chinese teacher at the Royal Academy of Arts in o Continent to find out about the etiquette of worship in China.

He had heard that the rituals of worship in China were not as grand as in the old days, but Berg also still decided to observe the most rigorous three kowtows and nine obeisances.

But his Chinese was not very good and he could only speak English.

Not knowing whether this Master Ying understood him, Berg was inwardly apprehensive.

The headmaster who followed: ".....??"

Was he deaf, or was he blind?

It must have been the wrong way for him to follow over.

And Ying Lu Wei, who witnessed the scene completely, her smile froze straight away.

She was too far away to hear what Berg was saying.

But it was certain that Berg had not come to trouble Ying Zidian, but had instead asked for her help.

But how was this possible?

Who was Berg?

He was a great man in the field of oil painting, more famous than Sheng Qingtang in the world.

Ying Luwei's heart was in turmoil, and she was even more panicked.

She didn't study painting, she studied piano.

With her deliberate efforts, she was a big hit in China.

But even so, she was not qualified to approach the world's top pianists.

It was not something that the gentry could do with money.

"It's nothing." Ying Lu Wei hurriedly withdrew her eyes and picked up her pace, "Sister-in-law, let's go to the infirmary first."

Zhong Manhua was in severe pain, so she didn't ask more questions when she heard the words.

More so, because she had already anticipated the possible consequences of cheating in her mind, she didn't turn around to look either in order to prevent her from having a heart attack.

\*\*

In front of the school building, the headmaster was still in a state of shock.

Luckily, the bell had already rung and the students all had to go back to their classrooms even if they were curious.

Ying Zigu took a slight step back, her expression was unruffled: "Mr. Berg, please get up first."

"No get up, no get up." Without moving, Berg repeated again, "Master Ying, I saw your painting of The Guest in the Church, please take me as your pupil."

The rector who was cracked into pieces but had to believe: "....."

This master oil painter from o-continent isn't here to recruit Ying to the Royal Academy of Arts in o-continent, but to be his pupil?

"Mr. Berg, I don't accept apprentices." Ying Ziji pressed his head, politely, "I still have to study."

The little brother who sneaked over to watch the fun: "....."

What a shame, their father is lying to the fool again.

"No, no, no, Master Ying, you don't have to study." Berg was in a hurry again, "But if you really want to study, I'll recommend you to any of the world's best schools, except Norton University."

"Thank you, Mr. Berg, for your kindness." Ying nodded slightly, "I am going to Norton University in the future."



She said go, not enter.

She didn't notice the difference, and tugged at her few hairs in worry: "Then how can you teach me to draw, Master Ying? If I didn't know that Chino Von has been dead for hundreds of years, I'd think you were him."

So, when he saw that painting on the internet, he immediately dropped all his work and came to China without stopping.

Chino Feng had always been his idol, and now he could add one.

Nor did Berg think that Ying could not draw such a painting when he was too young and just a high school student.

Talent!

For painters like them, hard work is not enough, talent is what counts.

Isn't there a saying that genius is 99% sweat and 1% inspiration, but without that 1% inspiration, the sweat is all played out?

Ying Zigui looked startled.

She was not the silly old man who read the Bible every day.

"We can explore that." Ying Ziyi pondered for a moment, "But worshipping is not really necessary, Mr. Berg you are already a top oil painter, it is recognised worldwide."

She had looked at Berg's paintings on the way down.

It did have the style of Chino Von's youth.

"Put them out of their misery!" Berg was furious, "How much do I weigh I don't know myself?"

Headmaster: "....."

No more, he was going to pass out.

But Berg also knew that he had no hope of becoming a master, so he folded his hands again, "Master Ying, then could you please draw me some more paintings, I want to take them back with me to copy."

"Yes."

Berger was delighted.

"Ask for money."

"Here!" With a wave of his hand, "I've sold one painting for seven million dollars, Master Ying, I'll give you double the price."

Ying Ziyi finally gave him one more look, "I can give you another one for free."

"Good, good, Master Ying, you're a good man."

Pleased with the promise, Berg was ready to go for some Chinese ice cream.

Before he left, he remembered something else: "Master Ying, you speak English so well, you can pronounce it better than me, I thought you were an indigenous person from O China."

Ying Ziji was silent for a moment.

She had looked at the wikipedia and the information showed that Berg had been born into a painting family.

Then maybe, she might have even met with Berg's old ancestors before.

\*\*

Half past five.

Fu Yunshen stood by the car door, waiting for Ying Ziyi to be released from school.

He was too good looking, tall and erect, with a perfect waist and stomach and long, strong legs.

Especially his naturally smiling peach blossom eyes, which were not deliberately made to look like that, but were so seductive.

People came and went, both men and women, and there were many men.

With so many eyes, Ying Ziji opened the car door and sat down on the passenger seat.

Fu Yunshen started the car and drove her to Shao Ren Hospital.

Ying Ziji propped her hand on her chin and wrinkled her brow.

“Not sleepy today?” Fu Yunshen handed over a packet of daily nuts, “What are you thinking about so seriously?”

“I watched a drama a month ago and haven't finished it yet.” Ying Ziji ripped open the bag, “But I forgot the title of the drama, I'll go back and look it up again.”

It was her first day back on Earth, and she was still at Ying's house, watching it on that old computer.

Fu Yunshen looked diffident: "You remember so clearly, what was the plot?"

Ying Zidian thought about it and briefly recounted: "It's about a high school student who uses a mirror to travel to ancient times, meets a king, then uses the mirror to travel back the next day and finds herself ten years later, travelling back and forth."

Fu Yun Shen: "....."

Quite a special and quite a dogged drama.

"Well, wait a minute, brother will ask for you." Fu Yunshen took out his mobile phone, dialed a number, and when he got through, he lazily said, "Hello."

Ever since he left the bar then, Nie Chao had been squatting at home, he was playing a game, "Younger brother Qi, what do you want from your brother."

"Help me look up a drama, the plot is ....." Fu Yunshen glanced at the girl and repeated what she had said earlier without the slightest pause, "This drama."

Nie Chao was shocked, "Younger Seven, have you been worn out?"

No, this kind of dogged drama, there are still people watching it?

"Cut the crap." Fu Yunshen raised his eyes, "Find it quickly."

"Oh oh oh." Nie Chao hoofed it and went to look for it.

He ran his own small entertainment company, so it was easy to find.

In less than twenty seconds, Nie Chao replied, "Damn, Seven, I'm sick, such a bloodthirsty drama is actually produced by my company, wait, I'll scold them right away."

"I don't know what kind of stuff they're making yet, but I'll blow the heads off of those writers in a minute with this plot, I don't know what's in their heads."

"So what, young man seven, I'll tell you the title of the drama, it's a bit long and shameful, I'm too embarrassed to say it."

Five seconds later, Fu Yunshen hung up the phone, his expression rare and complicated: "Yoyo, this drama you're watching is called--"

There was a pause before he spoke the words that followed.

The tone of his voice was smooth.

"The domineering president and the iceberg prince are fighting over me every day."

"....."

\*\*

Shao Ren Hospital.

Ying Ziji went to the human resources department.

Before she took over this hospital, a number of Chinese medicine practitioners had jumped ship and manpower was rather scarce.

But again, because the news of Sheng Qing Tang's successful cure had spread to all the hospitals in Shanghai, many physicians had applied for jobs again.

Ying Ziyi did not force Shao Ren Hospital to develop in the direction of pure Chinese medicine, so she recruited both Western and Chinese doctors.

She recruited both Western and Chinese doctors, as long as they could earn money.

"Miss Ying, this is the list of applicants." The director of human resources handed out a folder, "There are a hundred and fifty applicants today, we have interviewed one hundred and twenty, there are still thirty to go."

Ying did not take it, she nodded, "I know, hard work."

The HR master was a bit flattered: "Miss Ying is very kind, without you, the hospital would never be here today."

This was not an exaggeration.

He originally wanted to leave as well, but luckily he stayed.

"The interview starts at seven." Ying Ziji looked at the time, "I'll have a meal and come over later to have a look too."

"Good." The HR master sent her out, "It's best if Miss Ying can come as an interviewer."

By now, no one at Shao Ren Hospital would doubt Ying Zidian's medical skills.

Ying Zidian closed the door of her office and went downstairs.

A few of the remaining thirty interviewees had already come and were waiting in the waiting area.

Lu Zhi waited anxiously, her eyes looking around aimlessly.

Until she saw the girl.

Lu Zhi first stared, "Why are you here?"

As if she remembered something funny, she snorted, "You don't think you can come here to work as an escort just because you know a few Chinese medicines, do you?"

## Chapter 100

Lu Zhi is twenty-six years old, has studied Chinese medicine for eight years, and is still a graduate of the Imperial University of Chinese Medicine.

Naturally, she has a bit of arrogance.

Because she is close to Ying Luwei, she has always had a dislike for Ying Zidian.

In particular, she had been in trouble for a long time because her father had restricted her finances.

What's more, because of that court hearing, the Wu family was directly seized, which led to a lot of trouble for her mentor as well.

Luckily, the Wu family was so far behind the Meng family that most of the big families were reluctant to offend the doctor, and in the end it was no big deal.

However, her job in the imperial capital was lost and she had to look for a job near her in Shanghai.

However, a big hospital like the First Hospital would not want a young Chinese medicine doctor like her.

Lu Zhi had no choice but to try another hospital.

She heard from the doctors at the First Hospital that Shao Ren Hospital needed a lot of staff recently, so she came to apply for the job.

She didn't expect to run into the adopted daughter of the Ying family here.

As soon as she saw the girl, Lu Zhi's anger came up: "Have you studied Chinese Medicine and Basic Theory of Chinese Medicine? Do you know how to distinguish poisonous herbs? Do you know what is meant by 'looking, smelling, asking and cutting'?"

She said in a mocking tone, "I heard from Lu Wei that you were at the bottom of Qingzhi in your studies, with single digits in Maths and English, and you still want to study medicine?"

Medicine is not something anyone can learn.

It was even more difficult to learn fine, and the universities for medical students were all five-year systems.

Lu Zhi did not hide her voice in the slightest, causing several other applicants to look over.

There was astonishment and scrutiny in their eyes.

Ying Ziji raised her eyes, as if she had only just realised that there was such a person as Lu Zhi here.

She looked sideways slightly, her eyes were light.



It seemed to go straight to the heart.

Lu Zhi's heart lurched.

In the few seconds she was in a daze, the girl had already left, not even paying attention to her.

Lu Zhi punched a fist in the air and was so angry that she couldn't do anything but sit there with a blue face.

A few applicants felt that Lu Zhi was baffled and whispered in hushed tones.

Especially when Ying Ziji turned around earlier, her plain face brought them a big shock.

Another underage girl, several applicants were in their 30s or 40s and had children at home, so their good feelings were doubled.

"This woman is sick, isn't she? It's not like people's little girls have provoked her, and this is really hard for her to say."

"Poor learning can only be described as not being good at learning, I wasn't good at maths and English back then either, didn't I still study medicine?"

"I'm really convinced, I hope she doesn't get hired on, or I won't, I really don't want to be a colleague with someone like that."

"Ugh, who says otherwise ....."

Lu Zhi heard this and sneered, "What do you care? Stop badmouthing others behind their backs."

"Then you guys better not get hired on, otherwise won't you guys get upset when you see me everyday?"

She had a diploma from the Imperial University of Chinese Medicine, and her education was already overwhelming.

Shao Ren Hospital was so short of staff, who would they hire if they didn't hire her?

Lu Zhi snorted coldly as she took out her make-up bag from her bag and started to make up.

\*\*

Outside the hospital.

Fu Yunshen was still in the car. He saw the girl coming down the steps and opened the door on the passenger side of the car.

Ying sat up and fastened her seat belt: "At seven o'clock, I'm interviewing applicants."

"Mu Lao should thank you." Fu Yunshen sniffed and lifted his eyes, "He dumped such a mess on you, and I don't know if it's really generous."

There were many properties under the Mu family, and Shao Ren Hospital was only one of the most insignificant ones.

When Mu Heqing chose to give Shao Ren Hospital to Ying Ziji, he had actually thought about it for a long time.

He knew that if he gave her anything else, she would not accept it.

Even if the Shao Ren Hospital was the same as before, it still had more revenue than a small hospital.

Ying Zidian didn't care much: "It can earn money."

Hearing these four words, Fu Yunshen was slightly silent for a moment, then smiled: "Yao Yao, what about you, you are not yet an adult, you really don't need to think about money, if you are short of money, ask your brother directly for it."

The price of the bottles of medicine she gave him alone was definitely over a million.

Yet she refused the card he gave her.

"Oh-" Ying Ziji sipped his water, slowly, "No."

"What?" Fu Yunshen tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, "Told you, don't be polite."

Ying Ziyi gave him a slow, deliberate look, "Earning your own money gives you a sense of accomplishment, you, no fun."

"....."

Fu Yunshen put one hand against his forehead, helpless.

The child was taking earning money as fun, and it looked like he would be a sinner if he disturbed it

The Maserati started up and went to the nearest mall to Shao Ren Hospital.

There is an old hotpot restaurant on the top floor, owned by a chef from the Sichuan and Chongqing side, with authentic flavours.

A small hot pot for one person, clean and hygienic.

This time, Ying Ziji managed to order the red oil pot.

Fu Yunshen doesn't eat spicy food, so he ordered a clear soup pot for himself.

It was the time of year when the restaurant was full of people.

The two of them were so good-looking and elegant that even when they were eating the hot pot, they looked like nobles from the medieval period of O China.

Every move they made showed elegance.

Naturally, many people noticed them, and most of them had a look of amazement in their eyes.

Except for one man who came in from outside the hotpot restaurant.

He obviously knew Fu Yunshen, and it was only after seeing him that he changed his attention and came in.

“Yo, look, who did I see?” The man seemed to hate the smell of the hot pot restaurant, pinching his nose, the mockery in his words was heavy, “Isn't this our number one flirtatious dude in Shanghai, the seventh young master of the Fu family, Fu Yunshen?”

Ying Ziji put down his chopsticks and slowly lifted his head.

With just a glance, she learned all about this man.

Fu Yichen.

The second son of Fu Mingcheng, and the second young master of the Fu family.

Twenty-seven years old this year, unmarried at an older age.

He now works as the general manager of the Fu Group's branch, but has little real power in his hands and lives on the dividends from the Fu Group every year.

Fu Yichen's attention was only on Fu Yunshen, who was cold and sarcastic: "What, grandpa didn't give you any money and you're reduced to eating hot pot?"

Fu Yunshen looked pale, as if he hadn't heard.

He turned his head sideways and was peeling the shrimp for the girl.

His long, slender fingers threaded out the shrimp and put them into the bowl.

Ying did not look at Fu Yichen again, but her right hand pressed the chopsticks.

"With a snap, the chopsticks were picked up by the force, and the bowl of seasoning on top flew up and splashed down on Fu Yichen's head.

"Holy shit!"

Fu Yichen didn't expect this and was too late to dodge. Not only was his forehead smashed by the bowl of condiments, his face was also covered with sesame sauce and sesame oil.

The clothes he was wearing were also directly affected.

Fu Yunshen's hand gave a start and his peach blossom eyes lifted.

The chopsticks were still in Ying Ziji's hand, not moving at all, as if the bowl of condiments had flown out on its own.

At least that's what it looked like to the waiter next to him.

"Yaoyao, when you see him in the future, go around." Fu Yunshen suddenly smiled, "I'm afraid you'll hurt your hand."

"Mm." Ying Zigu took a new bowl, "It's too ugly."

Fu Yichen's face turned green, "Waiter, where's the waiter? Look at your shop, what's going on?!"

The waiter on the side was also confused, but quickly came back to his senses, "Sorry, this gentleman, you are not dining here, or come to ....."

The word find fault did not come out.

There was a laugh from someone around.

"Get lost! All of you get lost!" Fu Yichen was so angry that he took off his jacket and wiped his face.

After throwing it into the rubbish bin, he angrily walked away.

Fu Yunshen looked at the girl who was eating slices of meat, his eyes fixed slightly.

And then, his peach blossom eyes curved up and he called out lazily.

"Yao Yao."

Ying Ziyi looked up: "Hm?"

“I forgot to thank you.” He took out a candy and placed it in her palm, moving gently, “Thank you for backing up brother.”

\*\*

7pm.

The interview at Shao Ren Hospital continued.

The number Lu Zhi got was the first one, and she glanced at the applicants with a high hand and walked in.

As long as she behaved normally, the other applicants would have absolutely no chance.

There were three interviewers in the interview room, the Director of Human Resources and two specialist doctors.

Lu Zhi didn't show any fear and was generous: “I'm ready.”

“Miss Lu, please wait a moment.” The Director of Human Resources raised his hand to look at the time and politely said, “There is still one more interviewer who is not here, you need to wait for a few more minutes, you can have a glass of water first.”

Lu Zhi was stunned, “There's another interviewer? Is it the dean?”

“No.” The Human Resources Director smiled and didn't hide it, “It's the miracle doctor who brought Shao Ren Hospital back from the dead, I don't know if Miss Lu Zhi has heard of it.”

Lu Zhi was taken aback, “The same miracle doctor who brought back to life a patient that even the doctors at the First Hospital were helpless to do anything about?”

The Director of Human Resources nodded, super proud.

Of course Lu Zhi had heard of it, and her mentor had even mentioned it to her specifically.

She said that this miracle doctor at Shao Ren Hospital was remarkable, and she didn't know where he came from.

With this miracle doctor's medical skills, the major hospitals would be eager to accept him if he went to the imperial capital.

This is something that many physicians can only dream of.

Lu Zhi became excited.

As long as she performed well in front of this divine doctor, she would definitely be able to enter Shao Ren Hospital.

More importantly, she could learn the art of medicine from this divine doctor.

This would make it a lot easier for her to go to the Imperial Capital in the future.

At five minutes past seven, footsteps sounded and the door to the interview room opened.

Lu Zhi straightened her back, did well, and then raised her head.