

## MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 411

In the small garden, Old Master Jiang sat in his wheelchair for a long time. It was such a long time that the nurses taking care of him became afraid that he would catch a cold. They quietly went into the house, brought out a blanket, and put it on his lap. They were hesitant to comfort him. "Old Master, please don't be too sad. All children are like this. If some children perform well, other children perform poorly.

"The young master and Miss Xianrou both have good grades, it doesn't matter if she has poor grades. It's not like you need her to be very promising or that she needs to earn a lot of money in the future."

Old Master Jiang pulled the blanket over his knees. He smiled bitterly and said, "You don't understand. Nian Nian is special. She wants to be together with Wangchuan in the future. Her education is the minimum requirement."

It wasn't so easy to join the Ye family.

Furthermore, Ye Wangchuan's identity alone was already special enough within Beijing. As soon as it was announced that Qiao Nian would be his fiancée, who knew how many people would scrutinize her every move? He was already old, how much help could he give to Qiao Nian when that time came?

Could he rely on Jiang Zongnan?

Although he was old, he could still read the room. He could tell that his daughter-in-law did not welcome Nian Nian. Xianrou also did not welcome her.

After thinking for a while, Old Master Jiang took out his cell phone and steeled his heart. He said, "I'm going to call the principal of Qing University."

If they wanted to get in through the back door, it was expected that someone should speak up.

The younger generation did not have enough reputation. It was up to him to ask for a favor.

...

In the principal's office in Qing University, the principal went to pick up a cup of tea. He took a sip, enough to moisten his throat. Before he could drink enough to quench his thirst, his cell phone rang.

"Principal, your phone is ringing."

"I know, I can hear it."

The principal hurriedly took another sip and screwed the lid back on. He then put down his cup and walked over to the table, where his cell phone was ringing.

He was surprised when he saw the caller ID. With a stunned look on his face, he picked it up. "Old Master Jiang is calling me?"

For a moment, he couldn't react and started to question himself. "Why is Old Master Jiang calling me? Is someone from the younger generation of the Jiang Family taking part in the independent enrollment examination, too?"

As far as he could remember, all those from the younger generation of the Jiang Family had already gone to college. There was no senior in high school. While thinking to himself, he moistened his throat and answered the call.

"Hello, Old Master Jiang. What's the matter for you to personally call me? Yes, I'm in school. Is there something I can help you with? The examinations? Yes, the results are out. They're all posted on the school's official website.

“You want me to help you take a look at a student’s score?”

The principal hesitated for a moment.

Once the results were out, they were all posted on the school’s website. As long as he entered the admission card number, he would be able to view the results. However, Old Master Jiang had personally requested his help to check a student’s score. The principal was afraid of what this meant.

This wasn’t his first time encountering this situation. As long as the student’s score was not too far off from the benchmark, it was possible to give them a second chance for an interview.

“Okay, what did you say was the student’s name?”

The principal heard a name coming from the cell phone.

For a moment, the principal suspected that he had misheard. “Did you say the student’s name is Qiao Nian?”

He wasn’t alone in the office, so he didn’t turn on the loudspeaker. His arm and hand holding onto the cell phone felt numb. Embarrassed, he quickly walked over to the window, breathed in the fresh air deeply, and forced himself to continue listening to Old Master Jiang.

“Do you know her? How did she do in the examination? Surely it’s not the end of the rope for her yet, right? Principal Si, she’s my granddaughter. She was lost for more than ten years before I found her recently. I owe her a lot! I know her grades may not be up to your school’s standard, but I know her. She’s very smart. It may be due to things happening during her senior year, but she could have been distracted from her studies.”

Old Master Jiang was a proud man. It was particularly difficult for him to ask for a favor. "Please let her enroll into Qing University first, regardless of major, as a favor to me."