

Boss Lady Chapter 121-122

Chapter 121

Below the tweet, naturally, there was a picture to go with it.

It was the Ten Square Realm that Ying Zidian had brought to the meeting room earlier.

The reason why the Ten Square World has become a masterpiece in the carving world is that it is difficult to forge.

Not to mention whether there is any possibility of imitating the original ice jadeite stone, even if there is, not many people are able to carve eighty different forms of the 88 Buddhas on the half-human highland jade stone.

As a result, there is not a single copy of the Ten Directions in the carving market.

This is also why the CEO of the DK Group was so disoriented when he saw the Ten Directions.

This was because no one could have imagined that someone would be able to re-carve a new copy of the Ten Directions in just four days, and even more brilliantly.

Not to mention outsiders, if Elder Zhong had not given the middle-aged shareholder this Weibo copy, he would not have really known that the Ten Square Realm had not come back yet, but had been newly carved out.

“Uncle Zhong, it can’t be?” The middle-aged shareholder came back dumbfounded after posting the Weibo, “That’s not our Ten Square Realm?”

“Of course it’s not.” Elder Zhong was proud and waved his big hand, “It’s all said and done, it was carved by my granddaughter.”

Oh, I heard that it seems that the Fu family kid helped out too.

Whatever, he couldn't see or hear.

When he returned the snacks Master Fu had stolen from him, he would look at the kid squarely again.

The middle-aged shareholder wiped a handful of sweat and asked in a shaky voice, "You're not joking?"

"There's nothing to joke about." Elder Zhong was not happy, "I'm not even boasting about it in a big way, I'm not afraid to tell you, just ibi, my granddaughter knows people."

Well, he didn't know either.

But that didn't stop him from blowing off a wave first.

Who would be stingy in praising their own children anymore?

The middle-aged shareholder actually still wanted to say that Elder Zhong was joking.

ibi is an international organisation, even the rich and powerful in the imperial capital can't get in touch with it, so how could it be possible for them in Shanghai?

But when the words came to his lips, he hesitated.

It is true that ibi has always been fighting international crime, but there is no personal reason why they have registered a Weibo number and sent out a Weibo post.

There are countless things happening internationally every day, most of which ibi is responsible for monitoring and managing, and manpower is very tight.

Even if the loss of the Ten Frontiers was a transnational theft, it was a very big deal.

After all, this theft didn't involve human lives, so why did ibi tweet about it?

Say ibi with the times, middle-aged shareholders that is not believe.

Maybe really has something to do with people's little girls?

The middle-aged shareholder at least believed some of it, thanks to the constant bragging of Master Zhong.

But netizens who hadn't experienced this theft saw this Weibo and every one of them believed it.

[Fake, right, just her? Oh, I think I remember she won an award for writing something, for the school art festival? Can carve??? Sorry, I'm laughing first.]

I know you want to protect your family, but that's not how you put gold and jade on your face.

[With all due respect, carving is not the same as writing large letters and flower paintings, okay, even if your cousin really knows how to carve, can she finish it in four days?

[Is there any proof? Just one picture, who knows if it's your old stock.

I'll whisper a word, other than that, this cousin lady is just very driven, and didn't other Zhong insiders also say that? She was the one who managed to get dk group to raise a bet?

[Yes, I love this alone, those who only tap on the keyboard and hide behind their phones to mock, what are you doing at seventeen? Do you still need your mother to change your clothes?

If you're not capable, don't sour on your sister. If you were to sign a deal with a big company, you'd already be incontinent before you got there, right?

We are always ready to help my sister see if anyone has badmouthed her, and then you can receive a lawyer's letter, no thanks.

The taunting netizens shut up one by one.

The middle-aged shareholder frowned at the comments, "Uncle Zhong, do we have proof that the Ten Square Realm was carved by Miss Cousin?"

"Want a proof of what?" Elder Zhong was upset, "This is what my granddaughter carved, can't it be that a second Ten Square Realm can be conjured out of thin air?"

The middle-aged shareholder sighed, "But Uncle Zhong, the problem is that people on the internet don't believe it."

"Don't believe it?" Elder Zhong also took out his mobile phone, his fighting spirit high, "I'm going to go to the line with them."

He hadn't even opened Weibo here when a call came in first.

"Grandpa."

"Hey." Grandpa Zhong coughed a few times, "Dickey, have you gone back to your dad's house yet?"

"Stop tweeting." Ying Zidian pressed his head and said politely, "Please let me raise an old man."

Master Zhong: "....."

No, who's raising an old man?

He's in his seventies and hasn't thought about retiring to old age, but rather the more he works the more energetic he becomes.

And as a result his granddaughter is about to retire?!

"Grandpa, I know you mean well." Ying Ziji lowered his eyes and smiled, "I'm looking at it all."

Old Master Zhong's heart suddenly felt a bit bad.

He hadn't actually done anything, he had just asked the company to send out a tweet.

Sometimes, when one has been in the darkness for too long, a little warmth has to be held tightly.

Elder Zhong frowned, "But the internet-"

"It's fine." Ying faded, "I don't read it."

Just don't come to her of your own accord and get in the way of her retirement.

After the phone hung up, Elder Zhong thought for a moment, turned his head, and asked the middle-aged shareholder, "What do you think of my granddaughter?"

"Very okay." The middle-aged shareholder got serious, "Throw away those filters you have on yourself, Miss Cousin is very suitable to be a manager."

The betting agreement, if she said sign it, then the Zhong Group would win.

It would also bring huge benefits to the Zhong Group, I've never seen someone so good at business.

Master Zhong nodded, and the decision became clearer.

**

Inside the Maserati.

It was with great patience that she didn't black him out.

[Master Ying, it's you, isn't it?

I knew it would be you! Master Ying, even if you don't want to take me as your pupil, I still have to call you teacher! You're too good. Is there any art you don't know?

[Master Ying, when will we meet again? I'm still here in Shanghai for you. Please, please teach me how you draw so much like Chino Feng.

Ying Zidian clicked on the three dots at the top right of the chat box to turn on the message no disturbance.

Good.

The world was clear all of a sudden.

Fu Yunshen looked sideways: "The oil painting master who wants you to go to the Royal Academy of Arts in O China?"

"Yes." Ying Ziji was silent for a moment, "Do you think that all oil painters are chatterboxes?"

Chino Feng is, and Berg Blaine is still.

Is it possible that there is some kind of tradition in the world of oil painting on the O Continent?

Ying Ziyi pondered.

“Hmm.” Fu Yunshen leaned back on the driver’s seat, looking lazy, “I said no.”

Ying Ziyi turned her eyes and raised her eyebrows.

Fu Yunshen’s peach blossom eyes lifted, his low mute voice contained a smile, “A few more words from our little friend could kill her.”

So this master oil painter in front of him was very unusual.

“.....”

“So brother is kinda happy.” Fu Yunshen raised his hand and casually rubbed a handful of the girl’s hair, “It’s rare that Yoyo has so much to say in front of me.”

What depressed people are most afraid of is to completely close themselves off and stop contacting the outside world.

This would make the condition worse.

The good thing was that it wouldn’t be now.

Ying Ziji gave him a look and was about to say something when his phone rang.

It was Sheng Qingtang calling.

“Little divine Doctor!” His voice was excited, “I knew there was more to you that was unusual! I didn’t expect that you would even know how to carve.”

He had studied carving and understood the extraordinary nature of the Ten Directions Realm better than an amateur.

The Ten Directions Realm was not just a carving masterpiece, it also contained Buddhist teachings within it.

If he hadn’t read the Buddhist scriptures, it would be absolutely impossible to carve out the Ten Directions Realm.

Is the Little Divine Doctor still human?

“Little divine Doctor, are you free lately, let’s meet.” Sheng Qingtang added, “I have all the qualifications for you from this Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association, come over and sign your name, you don’t have to do anything.”

“Not in, no appointment.” The girl said the most ruthless words in the most polite tone, “This person is dead, something to burn the paper.”

Sheng Qingtang on the other end of the phone, “.....”

**

Zhong Manhua naturally saw the tweet that Zhong’s group sent out.

But by the time she saw it, she had already arrived at Zhong’s house.

She didn’t go on Weibo much, or Zhong Zhiyan had told her about it.

When Zhong Manhua heard it, she was outright angry and laughed.

Saying that the Ten Square Realm was carved by Ying Zigui?

Jiang Moyuan had helped them pick up a real daughter from a poor county, they still didn't know how much weight they had?

Zhong Zhiyan was very good at reading people's opinions, plus she was in a depressed mood these days.

She looked at Zhong Manhua's face and smiled, "Auntie, cousin is indeed quite liked by grandpa, I'm even a bit jealous of her."

Zhong Manhua didn't respond.

Master Zhong liked Ying Zidian, so she actually felt a bit better.

Even if she was no good at anything, at least she was liked by the older generation.

But she still had to say something polite, and Zhong Manhua smiled: "Evening, your grandfather still likes you the most."

Zhong Zhiyan's smile froze and her fingers clenched her shirt.

"Hello?" Ringing, Zhong Manhua answered the phone and froze, "What? You're the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association?"

Chapter 122

Zhong Manhua naturally knows about the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association.

This is the general association of calligraphy in China, and other regional associations are merely sub-associations.

Members of the sub-associations are not even eligible for membership of the main association.

The Association of Chinese Calligraphic Artists also has a very high status in the art world, and often has exchanges with some foreign masters.

But why would the Chinese Calligraphers' Association call her?

She had once wanted to ask a member of the Chinese Artists Calligraphy Association to be Xiao Xuan's teacher, but they were not in the mood for such leisure.

After all, these master calligraphers, who could sell a piece of calligraphy at a sky-high price with their hands, would naturally not come to teach.

Zhong Manhua was puzzled: "May I ask if you have made a typing error?"

"Wrong number?"

There was a staff member on the other end of the line, and when he heard this, he took another careful look at the phone number: "There is no mistake, aren't you Master Ying's mother?"

Zhong Manhua was stunned again, "Master Ying?"

The Ying family has been in business for generations, when did they have a master?

"Sorry, if you have typed correctly, then you are a liar." Zhong Manhua's expression cooled down, "We don't have any masters in the Ying family, you have to be a bit technical to cheat people."

Without waiting for the staff on the other side to say anything more, she simply pressed the phone and blacked out the number.

Zhong Zhiyan realised something when she heard the Chinese Artists Calligraphy Association, "Auntie, what's wrong?"

"Scam call." Zhong Manhua laughed contemptuously, "How dare you claim to be a staff member of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association, inviting some master Ying to their place, you don't even have to play games to deceive people."

Zhong Zhiyan's complexion changed.

Zhong Manhua hadn't watched the live broadcast of the art festival day, she was there.

The pair of characters that Ying Ziji had written left and right had made Sheng Qingtang marvel at them.

As Sheng Qingtang was the former president of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association, Zhong Zhiyan was sure that this call was specifically for Ying Zidian.

I didn't expect Zhong Manhua to take it as a direct scam call.

But it was true, the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association was much more famous in China than the Ying family.

Zhong Zhiyan couldn't tell whether she was glad or nervous, she looked down and tried to suppress the smile on her lips, "Auntie, what if it was really the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association calling?"

"Not likely." Zhong Manhua took a sip of tea, unconcerned, "Your aunt and your cousin are not in the art business, as for"

The words that followed went unspoken.

Zhong Manhua frowned.

The Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association couldn't be for Ying Zigye, could it?

She had hired calligraphy and Chinese painting teachers for Ying Zidian, but nothing had come of it.

Zhong Manhua would rather believe that Ying could pass one of her mid-term exams.

She hadn't been to any of the parents' meetings in Yingcai's class before, so she couldn't afford to lose face.

"Evening, you go and do your thing." Zhong Manhua put down her cup, "I'll wait here for your grandfather to return."

**

This way.

The staff of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association was disconnected from the call and was confused.

They had to reply to Sheng Qingtang that Master Ying's family had taken them for scammers, and not only that, they had also blacked out their mobile phone numbers.

Sheng Qingtang was furious, and after thinking about it, he was ready to go straight to the door and ask for help.

At that moment, Qingzhi's phone call came in.

"Sheng Sheng Tang, it was given to the wrong person." The head teacher was sweating, "The contact number for Ying's parents has changed, blame me blame me, I still have the old file."

“Take a note, this is Ying’s father’s phone number, it’s 177xxxxxxx.”

Sheng Qingtang wrote it down and was confused: “What about the one just now?”

“That’s her adoptive parents’ home.” The head teacher didn’t say much, just mentioned it slightly, “Quite an unpleasant thing.”

He and the Director of Moral Education were good brothers and together they were known by the students as the Qingzhi Twins, although the Director of Moral Education also had the name of the Exterminator more than him.

The head teacher had heard the Director of Moral Education say that so many times.

That Mrs. Ying doesn’t ask for facts and comes up to beat people up.

If she does that in front of outsiders, what will she do in private?

Just a while ago, there was a story on Weibo about a mother slapping her son in public and choking him.

I thought that this rich and powerful woman would have some manners, but it seems that she is no better.

Sheng Qingtang had been living a reclusive life and really didn’t know about this kind of thing, so he frowned: “OK, I get it, it’s the Ying family of the four gentry, right?”

He hung up the phone and sent the new number to the staff.

He himself got up, put on his old-fashioned glasses and sat in front of his computer, tapping out very slowly, to the current president of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association.

[That what I say to you, remember this Ying family, in future, if they have anyone there who asks for our association, they all refuse, and then tell them to get lost, as far away as possible].

**

Central and outer ring.

In the small district.

After taking his medicine, Wen Fengmian received a call from the Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association.

He was quite surprised, but not much shocked.

It was as if the resounding name of the Chinese Calligraphy Artists' Association was not enough to touch him.

But pride, to be sure.

After all, he had brought up Ying Zidian, and even if she was not his own, he had always wished her the best future.

Wen Fengmian smiled and asked softly, "Is it to get Yoyo to join the club?"

"No." The staff member said, "Our event chairman said that he was asking Master Ying to be the director of our association, without having to do anything, just to put up a name."

That was the normal response.

He muttered.

The first call went out, and he thought it had gone to some leader.

A scammer?

Nothing to trick people into joining their association?

“Okay, I get it.” Wen Fengmian coughed a few times, “I can’t make the decision on this matter, I need to ask the child’s own opinion.”

“I should.” The staff member was a little flattered and said busily, “You’re too polite, I’ll reply to the head of the fest right now.”

Wen Fengmian’s voice was very soft, but it was still heard by Wen Hailan.

The door opened and the teenager came out of the bedroom carrying a small bear, “Dad?”

“Well, it’s looking for Yoyo.” Wen Fengmian got up, a little worried, “Guiya, you’ve been a little sleepy lately, is everything alright?”

“It’s fine, dad, don’t worry.” Wen Huilan rubbed his eyes, “Sister said that it’s normal.”

He had already undergone hypnotherapy twice.

Some things that had been pressed into the subconscious for a long time were slowly being erased.

As the second on the list of top hypnotists, Yu Xuesheng’s hypnotic ability was naturally recognised as one of the top in the world.

Treating autism was not yet a matter of concern.

“That’s good.” Wen Fengmian let out a sigh of relief and shook his head again with a smile, “You, ah, really just listen to your sister.”

Wen Huilan sat down beside him and didn’t deny it, “Dad, who’s looking for Sister?”

“The Chinese Calligraphy Artists Association, asking Yao Yao to become a director.”

Wen Weilan nodded, “I know, but Sis doesn’t seem very willing.”

“It’s fine if you don’t go.” Wen Fengmian didn’t say anything, “Yaoyao and Mr. Fu ate outside, she left a medicinal meal for us to use.”

**

On the other side.

Ying Ziyi didn’t know that Sheng Qingtang had even asked the association’s staff to call her home.

This kind of thing, she didn’t even bother to look at it, it wouldn’t affect anything in the future left and right.

As soon as she finished eating, she was very sleepy.

Fortunately, Fu Yunshen had driven here, so she didn’t have to walk much.

After she fastened her seat belt, Ying Ziji leaned against the window.

Before closing her eyes, she glanced at Weibo.

Hmm.

Her grandfather was so happy that he hadn't even tweeted today, so she had finally saved herself a job.

Ying yawned, wrapped the blanket around her body, closed her eyes and went to sleep.

Fu Yunshen didn't drive fast and arrived in the neighbourhood forty minutes later.

Ying Ziyi was still sleeping and had no intention of getting up.

Fu Yunshen lifted his hand and patted her: "Yao Yao."

The girl stirred, but turned around and buried her head, obviously not wanting to pay attention to him.

Fu Yunshen pulled out the car keys, got out of the car, then walked over to the passenger side and opened the door.

As if she knew what he was going to do, Ying turned her body back around again.

"....."

Fu Yunshen tapped her again, "Yao Yao, we're home, it's time to get off."

This time there was finally some response.

Just one word.

"No."

“We can’t sleep here.”

“Just sleep here.”

“.....”

This was sometimes really a bit difficult to communicate with children.

Did he have to go and buy some books on the subject and read them?

“Little friend.”

Fu Yunshen propped one hand on the top of the car door, his body leaning down and slightly forcing himself closer.

A pair of peach blossom eyes were deep and charming, light and bright, as if reflecting the entire star river.

“You don’t come down, do you want brother to carry you? Hmm?”

Boss Lady Chapter 123-124

Chapter 123

Hearing these words, Ying Zidian slightly lifted his eyes, which were still half closed.

Half asleep and half awake, she didn’t pay attention to the stunning beauty in front of her.

She thought about the possibility of his words for a while, and then thought that she could still not move.

So Ying gave a reluctant movement and lifted her hand.

It was a very sleepy and perfunctory tone, with a flat and unchanging intonation, as if she was saying how the weather was today.

“Oh, you can hold it then.”

“.....”

Fu Yunshen looked puzzled and slowly lowered his head.

This reply was something he hadn't expected at all.

According to reason, with such a statement from him, the little child would definitely get up immediately and go upstairs to bed.

After all, he was only joking.

Although the girl was a child in his eyes, she was approaching adulthood, and it was important to keep a distance between men and women.

But who knows, she really chose to say yes just so she wouldn't walk.

Well, it was also possible that the child didn't see him as a man.

That's why she was so relieved to let him hold her.

Fu Yunshen looked at the girl nestled in the passenger seat, and for the first time, he felt a sense of amusement and anger.

“Yaoyao, behave.” He bent down and went to pull her, “Get up, go up and sleep, it’s just a few steps, how can you sleep in the car?”

“I think it’s fine.”

“.....”

Once again, the exchange failed.

Fu Yunshen lowered his voice and slowed his tone: “Are you really sleeping here? What if you catch a cold?”

Ying Zidian stopped talking.

She had a “don’t disturb my sleep” look on her face.

“.....”

Okay, this time there’s no more communication.

Fu Yunshen didn’t say anything else, he just had to bend down and carry the girl out of the car, then put her on his back.

For the sake of the child’s reputation, hugging was not an option, but carrying was.

I can’t help it, I’m spoiled, I can only suffer.

It’s really tiring.

Luckily, there is only one child.

To prevent Ying Zidian from falling off, Fu Yunshen put his hand on her little leg and lowered his eyelashes.

It's a bit light.

I don't know where all the food he fed her has gone.

After locking up the car, Fu Yunshen carried the girl upstairs.

This is a six-storey block, and because it was built early, there is no lift.

However, Ying Ziji bought a three-storey flat to make it easier for Wen Fengmian to go downstairs.

The hallway was quiet, so quiet that you could hear a steady heartbeat.

Fu Yunshen slightly tilted his head sideways.

The girl's chin rested on his shoulder, her head occasionally tilted and her cheek brushed against his neck.

The girl's softness was unique to her.

Fu Yunshen shifted his gaze, he let go of one hand that was holding her and lifted it, setting her head upright.

But within a moment, it would be tilted over again.

There was a hazy scent that came together, just like a dark fragrance.

With just a few layers, Fu Yunshen felt profoundly that it was more difficult than if he had been walking in a no-man's land, braving gunfire.

Luckily, there were only three layers, and this hardship was over.

Fu Yunshen lowered Ying Ziji from his back again, holding her up with one hand to prevent her from falling.

With the other hand, he raised it and knocked on the door.

Wen Hanlan, who came to open the door, saw this scene: "....."

He hesitated slightly: "My sister, she's?"

"Too tired to fall asleep." Fu Yunshen nodded, "I'll take her to the bedroom."

**

Although the Zhong Group won the betting agreement and got the Ten Square Realm back, the storm did not pass.

Master Zhong took this incident to cleanse the Zhong Group's inner circle with an iron fist.

However, all shareholders who had dissenting views and were even prepared to join with outsiders to seek shares in the Zhong Group all stepped down.

In fact, originally it would not be so fast, after all, these shareholders usually conceal themselves very well.

It was just that this time when the dk group was coming on strong, they all thought that the Zhong Group would lose for sure, which is why they revealed their wolfish ambitions.

But in the end, they didn't expect that the Zhong Group would survive the attack unscathed and even go up a level.

Several shareholders were so remorseful that they went to beg for mercy on their knees to Master Zhong, but they could not be saved.

After shocking the Zhong Group, Elder Zhong personally went to the place where the One Word Team was holding Zhong Tianyun.

It had only been less than ten days since he had been there, and Zhong Tianyun had lost his former lofty presence.

His face was withered and his eyes were dull.

The One Word Team naturally treated him well, with chicken legs and fish steaks for three meals a day.

It was just that Zhong Tianyun himself was too stifled to eat and could only drink down water.

After seeing Elder Zhong, Zhong Tianyun's face changed.

He stood up excitedly and tried to rush over, but was firmly controlled by two members of the One Word team.

Elder Zhong looked at him, "Tianyun, I really didn't expect that you would join forces with the dk Group."

The dk group was able to come up with such a plan, and Zhong's group had the cooperation of the top brass inside and out.

Master Zhong asked himself that he had never treated Zhong Tianyun poorly, which was why he had not suspected his second brother, his only son, in the beginning.

At this point in time, Zhong Tianyun knew that he couldn't get away with it and sneered, "Uncle, there are many things you didn't expect, just like back then, did you ever think that you would get my father killed?!"

If it wasn't for Elder Zhong, his father wouldn't have died so early at all.

He would have had at least a third of the shares in the Zhong Group now.

"Is that what your mother said to you?" Elder Zhong looked calm, "Then did she not tell you that she was the one who rushed to give your father a knife."

"I was in a semi-conscious state, unable to move, and failed to stop it, but it was my fault."

Zhong Tianyun's expression changed dramatically, "What did you say?!"

"It doesn't matter what I said anymore." Elder Zhong looked like he was tired as he gently waved his hand, "I won't pursue what happened that day, after all, the punishment you are about to receive is already enough."

Zhong Tianyun had secretly embezzled up to tens of millions of dollars of public money and was suspected of money laundering, which was a major offence.

The One Word Team would naturally deal with it.

Elder Zhong also ignored Zhong Tianyun's roaring rant, sighed and walked away with his hands behind his back.

**

Qingzhi First Secondary School.

Class 19.

Another study session, the juniors leaned in cheerfully to play games.

Xiu Yu had bought new makeup from STAR and had just received the delivery today, and was preparing to try them on one after the other.

As she opened her eyeshadow palette, she said, "Father Ying, the person who sent Jiang Yan's shoes has been found, it's from the imperial capital, sister Painted Screen has gone to take care of it, I'll give you a heads up."

Ying Zidian nodded his head and gave a "hm", not asking any questions.

It was as if she had no interest in the imperial capital at all.

"Father Ying, what have you been thinking about?" Xiu Yu was curious, "I've been thinking about half the class."

"I was thinking about-" Ying Zigui spoke, "which one of the midterm exams would be less work."

Xiu Yu: "???"

No, you're thinking about that?

Isn't it easy for their father to take exams like this?

"You're not taking all the exams, Ying Dad?"

Ying Zidian pondered for a moment, "It doesn't seem to make any difference."

The school rules don't say that you can't sleep during the exams.

Then it's the same if you take one exam or seven.

Xiu Yu: "....."

It was that she didn't understand the world of the school gods.

No, their Ying Dad has gone beyond the scope of a school god.

Just for a while, Xiu Yu watched Ying Zidian live.

She couldn't understand it, so she went to read the pop-ups, which made her realize that what Ying Zidian was talking about was something that even college students hadn't studied, and even surpassed the level of those college instructors.

Was this still human?

Xiu Yu stared at the girl and was envious.

If their Ying Dad could share a tenth, no, a hundredth of her academic talent and IQ, she wouldn't have to want to cry when she saw a maths problem.

"If you take all the tests, you'll have to be number one in the school, right?" Xiu Yu tsked, "Let's see how that Zhong Zhiyan will still smell like tea when the time comes."

Ying Ziyang was not interested in Zhong Zhiwei.

As long as she wasn't specifically hanging around in front of her eyes.

“By the way.” Xiu Yu suddenly added, “You know about Norton University, don’t you, Ying Dad? Our school has surprisingly got the internal interview qualification of Norton University, and will send students to O Chau in June.”

“Hm?” Ying Ziji looked up, “How will the interview qualification be divided?”

“One for the senior age firsts, and the rest for the international class.”

Ying Zidian’s hand paused.

She hadn’t paid much attention to who the top senior students were in the past.

But ever since Wen Huilan had transferred to Qingzhi, he had never fallen off the top spot, whether it was in the school joint exams or the city first model or the provincial first model.

And every time, he managed to pull second by fifteen points.

Fifteen points may not seem like much, but the second is also the best in the class of excellence, and the score of the mock exam has never been lower than 730.

If Wen heard Lan hadn’t come, he would have been the top student in the national paper.

So Wen heard Lan’s score was almost the same as a perfect score, except that he particularly disliked writing essays and deducted all the points in the language subject.

But that didn’t stop him from still coming out way ahead.

So this interview qualification for Norton University is definitely for Wen Hanlan.

Ying Zigui pondered.

It seemed that she would really have to go to O Chau in June.

The real situation of Norton University nowadays cannot be found on the internet, so she needs to go and see for herself.

Ying Zidian was thinking about how to avoid meeting a certain alchemy madman when a little brother ran in from the door in a panic.

“Father Ying, it’s not good, something big is wrong!”

Xiu Yu was so shocked by the river roar that her eye shadow drew on her eyebrows, “.....”

She raised her head to look at her little brother, her eyes were enough to kill.

Ying Zidian exited the nok forum, “Take it easy, speak slowly.”

Chapter 124

What she didn’t see was proof that it wasn’t something that was going to kill people.

It shouldn’t be a bad thing either.

Xiu Yu also said at this time, “Ying Dad, don’t expect too much, they’ve been following Jiang Yan for a long time, they’re all in a panic.”

“Just a while ago, I don’t know which ladies’ room they were eavesdropping in, but then they also panicked and said something was wrong.”

“And guess what, Father Ying?” Xiu Yu shrugged, “It turned out to be a girl in senior year who wanted to confess her love to Jiang Yan.”

Ying Ziji glanced at his little brother, “.....”

“Sister Yu, of course this is a big deal.” Little Brother was pained, “Because not only was that schoolgirl going to confess to Brother Burn, she also found a few guys from another school to try to get Brother Burn to be a hero, so of course we had to warn him not to fall for it.”

Moreover, it wasn't even outside the girls' toilet, it was clearly when they were passing by on their way to the playground.

As immodest as they were, how could they have the fetish of eavesdropping outside the ladies' room?

Xiu Yu sighed and said in a deep voice, “Be glad you're with Jiang Yan, if you were with me, I would have beaten you into a third degree cripple.”

“Ying Dad, you believe me, it's really a big deal.” Little Brother glanced sadly at Xiu Yu, “When I passed by the head teacher's office just now, I saw Old Demoness Bai go to the head teacher.”

“Said something about having to assign a single classroom to you for the midterm exams to prevent you from plagiarizing.”

Ying Ziji's hand pressing on the phone screen paused and looked up, “You should also be glad that it's not me you're following.”

Little brother: “.....”

His young mind suffered a severe trauma.

“Old white demon woman is sick?” Xiu Yu’s expression went cold as she looked at the girl, “What do you mean by preventing you from copying?”

Ying Ziyi didn’t care and blurted out, “Maybe.”

If her little brother hadn’t mentioned it today, she would have forgotten who this person was.

“I do remember.” Xiu Yu frowned, “Ying Dad you and Lu Fang bet on the exam paper for the Ying Talent class, it was to be taken in the same exam room as them.”

The Yingcai class had a separate paper with a high difficulty factor.

The focus is more on the flexibility of the candidates’ thinking and the extent to which they have acquired extra-curricular knowledge.

Generally speaking, with the difficulty of the Yingcai class paper, even if it was done by students from the Science Experimental Class, it would be good enough to score 500 points.

This is why the papers of Qingzhi’s Talented Class have been called the number one perversion in the entire network.

It was the other two high schools in the imperial capital that were ranked among the top three schools in the country along with Qingzhi that were nowhere near the level of perversion of Qingzhi.

Because the difficulty factor is different, when the overall results are finally recorded, the grades of the students in the Talented Class are multiplied by 1.2.

In last term’s final exam, Zhong Zhiwei scored 615, which, when converted into the age total, is 738.

So she was top of the class.

Of course, it was not without protest from students in other classes.

The solution was that, in addition to the normal examination papers, students could also choose the papers of the Talent Class.

However, the final result would definitely be worse than the normal paper.

In all the years since the establishment of the Qingzhi Class of Excellence, no more than five students from other classes have chosen the paper of the Class of Excellence.

The 387 marks she got in her previous exams were not on the paper of the Talented Class either.

This was the first time she had chosen to take the Talented Class exam, so naturally it caused quite a stir on the campus forum.

The ordinary paper only scored 387 points, but the total score of the Talented class paper could add up to over 100 points?

“Ying Dad, old demon woman Bai must be holding a grudge against you because of that incident in Biology class.” Little brother was indignant, “After all, teaching our class, I get three times the salary of other classes.”

“It’s alright.” Ying Ziyi put her headphones back on and nodded, “Things won’t go as she wants.”

Xiu Yu rubbed his chin.

Was their Ying Dad being divine again?

**

Inside the head teacher’s office.

“Teacher Bai, this matter you mentioned is absolutely impossible.” The head teacher refused without even thinking about it, “Doing the paper of the Talented Class, that means taking it in the same classroom as the Talented Class.”

He was quite angry.

What do you mean by preventing students from cheating?

This wasn’t even an exam yet, and they were already suspicious?

“Director, you probably don’t know this student very well.” Bai Shaoshi wasn’t angry, she smiled, “She used to be uneducated in the Talent Class, she could piss off someone as good-tempered as Teacher He, do you think she would really take the exam seriously?”

What’s more, the bet between Ying Ziji and Lu Fang was known to the whole senior two.

If anyone lost, they would really lose their face.

“I don’t understand you understand?” The head teacher was furious, “I said it’s not possible, go prepare for your class.”

“Director, I’m really serious about making suggestions.” Bai Shaoshi’s smile stalled, “Ying Zigui will definitely cheat in order to pass her exams, it’s better to prepare a separate classroom for her.”

“Are you the director or am I the director?” The head teacher slammed the roster in his hand onto the table, “Fine, it’s fine to list a separate classroom, you can go to the headmaster now and say that you’re replacing me as head teacher.”

Hearing this, Bai Shaoshi’s expression turned ugly for a few moments: “Director, how could I have meant that?”

“I think you did.” The head teacher didn’t bother to pay any more attention to her and let her out, “Teacher Bai, remember that you are only a biology teacher and are not qualified to dictate the examination rules.”

Bai Shaoshi was thus “invited” out of the head teacher’s office.

There were students coming and going outside the office, all looking over curiously.

“What are you looking at?” Bai Shaoshi already had a lot of anger in her stomach, so she couldn’t bear it anymore, “Didn’t your parents teach you to respect your teachers? If you look again, I’ll give you a zero for the exam!”

“Teacher Bai.”

A low male voice rang out behind her.

Bai Shaoshi’s body stiffened and she turned back, embarrassed: “Teacher He, I was joking with them.”

“Joking?” He Xun frowned, “Teacher Bai, even if you’re joking, you can’t just say such things.”

“What Teacher He said was.” Bai Shaoshi looked at her watch and extended an invitation, “It’s noon, I’ll treat Teacher He to a meal?”

**

April 28 to April 29 were the days of Qingzhi High School’s midterm exams.

The senior year wasn’t included in them, as they basically spent every day doing papers for exams.

Senior 1 is not divided into subjects, so only three subjects are tested: Language, Mathematics and English.

The exams in senior two follow the pattern of the college entrance exams.

In order to let students feel the atmosphere of the college entrance examination in advance, they will not be so nervous when the time comes.

So on the morning of the first day, the exam is in language.

The exams started at half past nine, and you entered the examination hall at nine, and if you were fifteen minutes late, you couldn't enter again.

Of course, Bai Shaoshi's suggestion didn't work.

The head teacher then placed Ying Zigu's exam in the centre of the Talented Class in front of her.

Just to let her see if Ying Zidian would cheat or not.

But this time, the students in the Talented Class were not happy.

"Is the head teacher crazy? What if Ying Zidian really wants to cheat? If she sits in the middle, won't everyone else around her become her treasure trove of plagiarism?"

"Luckily I don't sit there, so be careful and keep your paper protected when the time comes."

"Don't worry don't worry, I'm so fast at doing my papers, I'll make sure she doesn't even have time to copy them."

A few students clicked together and decided that they would all work on their papers faster.

When the bell rang at nine o'clock, all the students took their seats.

Only the middle seat was still empty.

As Zhong Zhiwei was the first in her grade, she sat in the first seat in the first row.

She deliberately turned her head to look at the middle and frowned.

She didn't know whether Ying Zidian would cheat or not, but she was sure that even if she did, Ying Zidian's grades would still be unrecognisable.

She had actually been afraid of this for the past few days, but now it seemed so funny.

It was almost the exam point and Ying Zidian was still not coming, so she was probably scared.

Zhong Zhiyan shook her head, disappointed.

She looked down and checked her stationery, answer key and paper.

The bell for the exam to start at half past nine rang just then, accompanied by footsteps so soft that they were inaudible.

This caused the girl to sit down in her seat without the other students noticing.

The invigilator didn't say anything, he just thought that the girl was really accurate in stepping on the spot.

Ying Zidian had just brought two pens.

A 2b pencil for marking the cards and a neutral pen for writing the questions.

She casually scanned the paper and started writing.

Then Ying Zidian thought that the language course was not bad, there were quite a lot of multiple choice questions and she didn't need to move her pen much.

This was probably the most serious she had ever done a question.

She had never been so serious before when she was following those scientists doing experiments.

In fifteen minutes' time, Ying finished the first side of the questions, and then she turned the answer card over and looked at it.

Boss Lady Chapter 125-126

Chapter 125

Silence, or silence.

Ying Zidian looked at the back of his answer card and remained silent for five minutes.

The student next to him had been watching out for Ying Zidian copying his answers, so when he glanced at it, he noticed it.

It seems that Ying Zidian had already given up on himself and didn't even want to copy, so he just started to dwell on it.

So you're still betting with Lu Fang?

That's it?

He snorted with contempt and went back to writing his own paper.

Over here, Ying Ziji was expressionless and put her pen down.

She needed to take back what she had just thought.

A topic like the language essay was designed to counter her very existence.

Eight hundred words, it would kill her.

She doesn't write anymore.

Ying looked up and glanced at the watch above the blackboard. There were still more than two hours before the next exam, which was enough time to sleep.

She fished two soft earplugs out of her pocket and put them on, burying her head in the crook of her arm.

The girl's actions did not attract the attention of the other students in the class, who had already seen this kind of thing in their eyes.

There was no rule against sleeping during exams, so the invigilator didn't remind them.

In the past, there was a god of learning in the Talented Class who would sleep for an hour every time he took an exam, and then get up to answer the paper.

But even so, he came first in Yemen.

But can Ying Ziji be compared to this god of learning?

She slept, and that was a waste of time.

Thirty minutes before the end of the exam, the invigilator passed by the girl and took a subconscious look.

He stopped when he noticed that the essay section of her answer card did not even have a title written on it.

The question he had read was really difficult for this language essay question.

It was very likely that he would not even be able to understand the meaning of the question, let alone run away from it.

But not writing a single word would be like giving up the chance to get two marks even if he wrote a title.

As the answer card was pressed under Ying's arm, the invigilator didn't know how well she had written on the front.

She just noticed that the paper was as clean as it was before it was opened.

The other questions were not mentioned, but the first question, the reading of the expository text, had to be marked, right?

There were only nine marks for this big question, but many students got three marks at most.

The invigilator sighed, shook his head and left.

Ying Zidian slept through the next exam.

When she left the examination hall, Zhong Zhiwei, who had been holding back for two and a half hours, finally spoke up: "Cousin, did you stay up late last night? How could you sleep so long during the exam?"

Ying Zidian didn't even turn her head back and went straight out of the classroom.

She really didn't want to spend a second with some of the students in the Talent Class.

Zhong Zhiyan's smile froze.

"Zhiyan, don't stick your hot face on a cold ass." The girl next to her took her arm, "Let her sleep on it, and when she loses the bet, won't she have to apologize to you in front of the whole school? Why are you still asking her nicely?"

Zhong Zhiwei pursed her lips and didn't say anything: "Let's go, we have a maths test this afternoon."

For the students in the Talented Class, maths was the most important thing.

There was no telling where the teacher who gave the maths questions to the Talented class had hired them from, and they were so perverted that they never wanted to look at maths questions again in their lives.

In the final exam last term, Zhong Zhiwei only scored 112 in maths.

This time she asked her big brother for the questions from the maths department of the Imperial University in order to improve her grades.

Zhong Zhiyan looked at the girl's back as she left and smiled.

The maths exam was so difficult, and Ying could understand the questions?

She was really over-serious.

And sure enough, Ying Ziyang still slept for a long time during the 3:30 pm maths exam.

As soon as the bell rang, she picked up two pens and left the classroom without staying a minute.

As soon as the girl left, the students in the Talent class were all agitated.

“I’m laughing my ass off, you guys didn’t see that she actually finished her maths paper in thirty minutes, I think she’s not doing some kind of ghost writing on her answer card.”

“I thought she was going to plagiarise, but it turns out she didn’t do any questions at all... I won’t tell you how hard the maths questions were this time.”

“It was really hard, the last two big questions, I really didn’t even understand what the question wanted me to do, so I just had to write a few formulas on my head, hoping the marker would give me some marks.”

“Zhiyan!” Lu Fang shouted and came over, “Do you think the maths questions are difficult?”

The two consecutive exams had put Zhong Zhiyan in a good mood, so she paid attention to Lu Fang: “I should be able to get 125 marks.”

It was indeed a high score for a maths paper in Yingcai class to get this mark.

“Zhiyan, you’re too good, aren’t you.” Some girls were envious, “You said you’re from such a good family and you’re still working so hard, I really admire you.”

If she were a young lady from a wealthy family, where would she put so much thought into her studies?

“Being from a good family doesn’t come from me working hard either.” Zhong Zhiyan smiled lightly, “Grandpa will only be happy if I study well.”

“Zhiyan, when the results come out after Labour Day, you’ll bring your and Ying’s results together to show your grandpa.” The other girl said, “This is no comparison, no harm.”

Zhong Zhiwei didn’t say anything and packed her things.

After all, Ying Zidian’s results, the total marks were not even comparable to hers in one subject.

**

On this side, Ying Zidian had already left the school.

Fu Yunshen knew she had been tired recently and had exams, so he had been driving to pick her up.

He turned his head sideways and watched her fasten her seatbelt: “How did you do in your exams today?”

“Mmm.” Ying Ziji leaned back in the seat, “Quite tired.”

She wrote her maths paper and changed it once.

It had taken her so long for thirty minutes because she was always habitually using formulas that she couldn’t even learn in university maths.

She would need to restrain herself for tomorrow’s science paper.

“Then go to bed early today and stop surfing the internet.” Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, “Yoyo, are you sure you’ll pass?”

At that, Ying Ziyi looked puzzled, “Yes in the language.”

“If you can pass the language, that means you’re improving fast.” Fu Yunshen rubbed her head, “I knew it, if our little one is serious about anything, she’ll be great.”

Ying Ziji thought about it, “I am quite serious.”

So serious that she even wrote a solution to all the big maths problems.

“Yao Yao, don’t take that bet to heart either.” Fu Yunshen turned the steering wheel, “Even if I don’t pass, I still have my brother here.”

Ying Ziji propped her hand on her head and looked sideways, her phoenix eyes slightly raised, “Yes you’ve already been promised, have some fun by the way.”

The reason she had accepted the bet with Lu Fang was because she had agreed with Fu Yunshen.

“Hm?” Fu Yunshen’s trailing voice rose, “Brother already has such great charm?”

“No.” Ying Ziji slowly and methodically inserted the straw into the milk tea cup, “It’s the good looking actress.”

“.....”

Okay, kids are as ruthless as ever.

Fu Yunshen smiled, looking lazy, “Little friend, one pass, one good looking actress.”

Ying raised his eyes and seemed interested, “What if it’s a perfect score?”

“A perfect score?” Although Fu Yunshen didn’t expect her to get such a high score, he answered, “If you get a perfect score, my brother will give you an entertainment company.”

He turned his head, his voice gentle, "Just do your best, don't be too burdened."

**

The next day.

Ying Zidian arrived at class ten minutes early because of the promise Fu Yunshen had given her.

The students in the Talented Class were a bit surprised, but they didn't take it to heart.

They reckoned that Ying Zidian's language and maths scores were only about ten marks, so even if she had taken her science exams seriously, what could she do?

Lu Fang was excited and tried hard to hold back his laughter.

Soon he would be able to get Ying Zidian to apologise to Zhong Zhiyan in front of the whole school.

There were two invigilators for each exam, and they were chosen at random, one for each session.

As soon as He Xun came in, he saw the girl sitting in the middle at a glance and couldn't help but frown.

He knew about the betting, too.

He could only say that Ying Zigui was not self-respecting, and actually wanted to compare her exam results with the students of the Talent Class.

The result was still to be thought of?

He Xun didn't look any further and started to distribute the papers with the other invigilator.

But when it came to Ying Zidian, he was very fast, obviously not wanting to wait a second longer.

The science exam was only two and a half hours long and the questions were very difficult, so there was not enough time.

As soon as the exam bell rang, all the students, including Zhong Zhiwei, started to work on the questions.

Ying Ziji first unfolded the paper and looked at it once, making sure that no question required too much penmanship before she put pen to paper.

She was very fast, with one multiple choice question in ten seconds.

Within a few minutes, she had reached the big physics experiment question.

He Xun was checking if the candidates had written down their names and student numbers, and when he passed by Ying Zidian, he only wanted to take a look at her and leave.

But when he saw her just looking at the paper, the pen in her hand filling in the diagram casually on the answer card, he still couldn't resist.

"If you're writing randomly, you might as well not take the exam."

With that, He Xun went straight to draw the paper in her hand.

He Xun works with dedication and meticulousness.

When teaching students, he also requires them to strive for excellence and be serious and rigorous.

Therefore, in his classroom, students are definitely not allowed to wander off, let alone sleep in class.

It is so important to write exams so casually?

What's the point of coming to the exam then?

It's a waste of everyone's time.

He thought that Ying Ziji had chosen to take the paper test for the Talented Class because he really had the intention to repent.

It seemed that it was just a superficial act, as she wouldn't be able to do well in the exam anyway, and then she could go out and show off that she had even sat for the paper of the Talented Class.

He Xun's expression was very cold, and he didn't look at Ying Zidian.

But it was only when his hand reached out that it didn't even touch the edge of the paper.

"Boom!"

The table jolted violently and crashed directly into his lap.

Just by hearing the sound alone, one could tell how strong the force was.

A sharp pain came through, causing He Xun to bend his back in direct pain.

He stumbled back a few steps, and if it wasn't for the table behind him supporting him, he wouldn't even have had the strength to stand.

This movement startled the students around him, especially the one at the table He Xun was leaning against.

He was so frightened that he dropped the pen in his hand, and his answer card was even scratched with an extra long line.

All the students in the class looked over, both shocked and bewildered, not knowing what was going on.

The other invigilator, who was still putting barcodes on the students, was also startled.

Ying Ziguí lifted her head.

Her pupils were as bright as snow and her eyebrows were cold.

It was as if a cold wind was sweeping in as a blade, causing the whole classroom to plunge into the icy snow.

Then everyone in the class of excellence heard the girl's cold, cold voice: "Brains are useless, I can take them off for you."

"....."

With one sentence, the classroom was dead silent.

Zhong Zhiwei was stunned.

Is Ying Ziyi crazy?

How dare she speak to He Xun like that?

Didn't she know that He Xun was a graduate of Norton University?

Students from Norton University were the best in whatever industry they were in, and no one would want to offend them.

After all, Norton University is a very prestigious name.

The company has been hiring such a talented Norton University student for many years, so naturally, everything goes smoothly.

Even the headmaster, things are also based on He Xun's ideas first, others later.

He Xun came to Qingzhi these two years, smooth sailing, really never encountered this kind of thing, let alone be so contradictory.

He drew in a breath, and his eyes beneath his gold-rimmed glasses were filled with anger.

But Ying Zidian did not look at him again.

She got up, took her own paper and answer key, and walked out of the examination room so fast that the other invigilator didn't have time to stop her.

He only had to look at He Xun: "Teacher He, what's going on? How can you start a conflict with a student in the examination room?"

In order to keep the students quiet for the exam, they didn't even dare to make a sound when they walked.

He Xun didn't say anything, just faintly: "Teacher Li, don't worry about this."

He tried to stand up by holding the table, but found that the pain in his leg had become even more intense.

If he didn't still feel conscious, he almost thought his leg had been amputated.

There were even a few other places on his body that were vaguely painful.

He Xun let out a slow breath and his expression became even colder.

With such a big temper, he wouldn't be able to go long in the future.

There was no need for him to point out and remind anything else.

It was also a waste of his time.

The other invigilator was anxious and angry: "Teacher He, what personal grudges are there that you can't settle in private?"

He Xun's eyes went cold: "Teacher Li thinks I'm doing this because of a personal grudge?"

"Or else?" The invigilator was exasperated, "Is it possible that this student has even taken the initiative to provoke you?"

He Xun pursed his lips and didn't say anything.

Naturally, Ying Zidian hadn't taken the initiative to annoy him, but he just couldn't stand her casualness and lack of seriousness.

He Xun didn't explain any further.

Ying Zidian had already left the examination hall on her own, so it made no difference.

Zhong Zhiyan withdrew her eyes and returned her attention to the answer key, but the smile in her eyes could not be concealed.

She had known for a long time that with her attitude towards the exam, she would sooner or later come into conflict with He Xun.

Every minute of the science exam could not be wasted, and if Ying Zidian left in anger, the exam would be invalidated.

But not even three minutes later, the girl came back.

But she didn't come back alone, she was followed by the head teacher who came in a hurry.

As soon as she entered, the head teacher's face sank: "Teacher He, what do you mean?"

He Xun froze for a moment and frowned, "What's wrong?"

"You're casually taking away the candidates' papers, and you're asking what's wrong?" The head teacher's voice dropped coldly, "Don't tell me you don't want to stop Ying Zidian from taking the exam?"

"Yes." He Xun didn't deny it, "She didn't answer the questions properly, she was writing randomly and wasted a paper, that's why I had to take it away."

The head teacher thought he was unbelievable: "She can answer as she likes, what's it to do with you? Even if you draw a picture of Du Fu on the answer key, is that any of your business?"

“What? Did you produce the paper or did you pay for its printing? Or can’t you have a paper if you haven’t paid the tuition fee?”

Exam papers are what students should have, even if they don’t come on leave.

What’s the point of just taking them away?

He had been the head teacher for twenty years, but he had never seen such a teacher before.

Or was it that all the high achievers who graduated from Norton University were more arrogant than the average person?

He Xun was left speechless by the questioning.

Especially in front of so many students, it gave him a feeling of having no face left for the first time.

The other invigilator finally understood what was going on and also felt incredulous.

“Teacher He, in that case, you don’t have to invigilate this exam and the English exams that follow.” The tone of the head teacher was sarcastic, “I’m afraid that if you see any student thinking about a question, you’ll think he’s dazed and take his paper as well.”

This sentence made the other students startled.

The head teacher didn’t even look at how ugly He Xun looked, so he went to call the other teachers to come here.

Then turning his head again, he said to He Xun, “Teacher He, now please leave the examination hall immediately.”

He Xun’s temper also came up, and he pushed his glasses and turned around to leave.

But the pain in his legs could not even support him to stand up.

In the end, it was with great effort that he limped away.

Many of the girls in the examination room were inexplicably disappointed.

He Xun was young, not more than a few years older than them, and handsome, so naturally he was the dream girl of many girls.

But this incident today had somewhat destroyed He Xun's lofty image in their hearts.

"The others will continue with their exams." The head teacher said, "The time delayed will be made up later."

**

This science exam was like a fire for the students in the few Talent classes around Ying Ziyi.

They just watched as the girl looked at the paper very casually and put pen to paper on her answer card.

Even with the delay, from the beginning to the end, she didn't take more than thirty minutes to answer the questions.

But in thirty minutes, they hadn't even finished writing the multiple-choice questions.

Even though several students knew that Ying was writing randomly, such a way of doing the questions still affected them.

When the bell rang for the next exam, several students hadn't even had time to look at the three big questions in the optional section, and Ying Zidian was already up after a nap.

They were shocked and thankful at the same time.

They were shocked that Ying Zidian was in such a good state of mind, and glad that she wouldn't do it at all.

Zhong Zhiwei pursed her lips and was in a bit of a bad mood.

This time, the difficulty of Physics was beyond her expectation. Even though she had prepared a lot, she probably wouldn't get a high score, barely exceeding the passing mark by ten points.

But the good thing is that her biology and chemistry are not bad, so she should be able to get 250 points in the science synthesis in the end.

Zhong Zhiwei wanted to tell Zhong Manhua about what had happened on the science exam, but after thinking about it, she gave up.

She clutched her stationery bag and left the classroom.

**

At noon, He Xun returned to the office, his face still ugly.

He went to the hospital, but the hospital said he just got hit on the leg, nothing else was wrong, and only a few plasters were prescribed in the end.

He Xun opened the Shark Live platform as usual, but in the subscription section, the avatar of the study anchor was still black.

He clicked in and found that the last live date was 13 days ago, and his heart was in turmoil.

He also contacted the Shark Live platform to get the contact information of this anchor, but was rejected by the Shark platform as not being able to disclose information.

He Xun had also spent a lot of money on gifts, at least half a million already.

But all the private messages he sent to the anchor sank into a sea of rocks, without a single reply.

The date of the Norton University test is getting closer and closer, and He Xun is not yet able to guarantee that he will be able to pass.

Just as He Xun was thinking, the blacked out live feed suddenly lit up.

He looked over.

Boss Lady Chapter 127-128

Chapter 127

He Xun had always wanted to know who this learning anchor was.

However, when this anchor was live, he didn't show his face but only his hands, so he couldn't even guess.

The number of people in the academic world in China who could have this kind of ability and were still very young could definitely be counted in the palm of one's hand.

But He Xun had no way to match this anchor with those academics.

However, it wouldn't be Norton University.

Even if it was from a D-ranked college like his, no one would be doing live broadcasts as a netizen.

Not to mention, those students from a grade A or above colleges were not even seen by the common industry.

He was disappointed when He Xun found out that there was still only one hand.

He pondered for a moment and took out a card from his wallet.

After taking a picture, he sent another private message to the anchor.

**

Most people were eating at this time of noon, but the live broadcast was quite popular.

Ying Ziji had just opened the live stream for a few minutes, and there were already a lot of pop-ups.

[The god is finally back, I've waited so hard for you.]

[Although maths makes me unable to eat, the maths that the gods talk about is quite good for dinner.]

[What a coincidence, I'm also eating with a bowl of rice.]

Looking at these pop-ups, Ying Ziji paused.

She still used a different voice than hers: "Today, I'm talking about high school maths."

[Wow, is the god finally being a person? I can't believe I'm going to be doing high school maths, I'm already sitting on the little bench.

The second year of high school passed by silently, and it was finally my turn to worship the Great God.

[Da Shen, why haven't you been live lately?

Ying Zidian took out Maths elective 2-2 and casually replied, "Midterm exam, preparing for the exam."

[.....]

[.....]

[.....]

The pop-up screen was full of a series of ellipses, floating all over the screen.

He Xun, who was also watching the live broadcast, frowned.

Midterm exams?

A scholar at this level has a midterm exam?

Even if it's to avoid revealing his identity, there's no need to use such an excuse that can be broken down at once, right?

The actual fact is that you'll be able to get a lot more than just a few of these.

[The gods are so grounded, they actually have midterm exams.

While writing the questions on the paper, Ying Ziji opened her private message box.

Then she saw the science exam question for Qingzhi's Talent class: "....."

It was a real coincidence.

The papers that were done were all in one set.

As Ying Ziji was about to close the private message box, her eyes shifted down and she saw the four words that caught her attention.

Norton University.

She clicked on that private message.

[Hello, god, I'm fourth on your fan list, you haven't replied to my private messages, and I don't know what the reason is.

I'm a graduate of Norton University and have a favor to ask you, please reply when you see it.]

Below this private message is a picture.

The certificate of completion of Norton University.

It was a certificate of completion, not a graduation certificate.

Ying didn't look at it anymore.

She closed the private message, deleted it, and blacked out the account again.

She was still too weak to calculate the identity of the person on the other side of the network through the internet.

And, she really didn't have the leisure to count one at a time.

The live broadcast was just a tool for her to earn money, she didn't even care about it.

After an hour and a half of live broadcasting, Ying turned off the live broadcast and went on to take her English test with two pens.

The first thirty minutes were for listening.

Because of her obsessive-compulsive disorder, Ying Zidian listened to the listening recordings and was so impressed by the sound recorders reading them that she just wanted to correct their intonation and staccato.

After listening, she glanced down and realised that she hadn't answered the questions.

After a brief review of her memory, Ying picked up her pen and began to answer the first listening question.

The speed of her answers was still very perverse.

Not to mention the fact that the English questions were all multiple choice questions, so her speed was even faster than ever.

While the students in the next class were still working on the completion questions, Ying had already finished answering the correction questions.

When she looked at the essay, she had to write 150 words and was tempted to put down her pen.

But she couldn't get full marks in the language, so she might as well do it in English.

After finishing the essay in another ten minutes, she looked at the time, yawned, buried her head and started to refresh herself.

Qingzhi's exams were based on the college entrance exams, so she could only turn in her paper fifteen minutes early.

There were a lot of people turning in their English papers early, and the students in the Talented class came out with a lot of mixed expressions.

"I had thought that Ying was really scribbling, but I passed by her desk when I handed in my paper and took a look at the vocabulary she used in her essay, which I hadn't even seen before."

"That's what proves she was scribbling, isn't it? You've at least memorised the IELTS vocabulary and you've never even seen it, so she probably made it up out of the alphabet."

"But it looks pretty decent, and she's got all her answer cards scribbled all over the front, too, and I have the impression that a few of them are the same as the ones I did."

"Then you're screwed, you got those questions wrong."

Zhong Zhiyan didn't join their chat, she just pursed her lips and smiled, "Don't say that guys, my aunt even hired an English teacher for my cousin, the last time she answered that question in class, I didn't even know how to do it."

"Just a blind cat that met a dead rat." Lu Fang sneered, "Let her take it easy for three days, she won't be able to laugh when she comes back from the holidays."

The rankings of the mid-term and final exams would be posted on the school bulletin board.

Of course, only the top 100 are posted to take into account the mood of the students.

However, the complete rankings would normally be uploaded on the campus forum, and when the time came, it would be a public execution.

Because he was in a good mood, Zhong Zhiwei said, "Let's go, it's not easy to have a holiday, I'll treat everyone to dinner."

**

It was half past five after the exams, just in time for dinner.

Ying got into the Maserati: "Where are we going to eat today?"

"Not in Shanghai today." Fu Yunshen was lazy, "I'll take you to Hengdian Film City."

He looked sideways, "Don't you want to see really good looking actresses?"

The last three words, as if for emphasis, he bit off more than he could chew.

Ying Zidian's hand on her seatbelt paused, "The results are not out yet."

"So, let's show you first, little friend." Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows and his lips curved up, "This will give you motivation to study if you see any very good looking actresses who are stimulated by the time."

"....."

Sometimes, is really do not want to talk to him.

“The movie star you said last time was coming to Qingzhi to give a speech is also filming over there.” Fu Yun Shen looked scattered, “Then brother will also drop by and see if there are any good looking male stars.”

Ying Ziji smiled and looked sideways, “Are you ready to bend?”

She thought that one of the great inventions of the 21st century was this new hipster language.

It was really quite interesting.

Fu Yunshen looked puzzled, he looked at her and smiled, “Yao Yao, how do you talk?”

“To be honest.”

“You look at female celebrities, I look at male celebrities, how come when it comes to me, it’s bent?”

“It says on the internet that girls hold hands and are sisters.” Ying Ziji leaned against the car window, not slowing down “Boys holding hands-”

Fu Yunshen went along with the question, “What is it?”

“It’s a couple.”

“.....”

This was the first time Fu Yunshen had heard such a statement.

His eyes narrowed slightly, emptying a right hand to jerk the phone away from the girl’s hand: “Little friend, the phone is confiscated by my brother at this moment, so you should read less abnormal things.”

“Little brain so smart, don’t get dumb.”

**

Until the end of the day, He Xun did not wait for a reply from that study anchor and was a little anxious.

But he clearly saw that the study anchor had also spoken on the live stream about a question sent over by another fan.

He frowned and sent another private message, yet it was unsuccessful.

He was blacklisted by the anchor and could not even send pop-ups in the future.

This was something He Xun hadn’t expected at all.

He took a deep breath and just felt like he had spent his money for nothing.

And at this time, a new announcement was released on Qingzhi’s official campus website.

【Title】 : Announcement of punishment for the 4.29th Science and Engineering exam of the Talented Class.

[Content]: At 9:40am this morning, the teacher surnamed He had a conflict with a student in the examination hall, and after investigation, it was the selfish act of the teacher surnamed He that affected the student’s examination.

The punishment is as follows: the teacher surnamed He is banned from invigilating examinations, suspended for one week and apologised to the students at the flag-raising ceremony.

This announcement is hereby made.

Seeing this announcement, He Xun's expression became even more ugly.

Admittedly, he had been impulsive in this matter, but it didn't have to be so serious, right?

Moreover, it was even put up on the campus network, how could his students look at him?

He Xun got up and was about to go to the headmaster.

At this time, his mobile phone rang.

He stopped and took it out to take a look.

There was no caller ID, and it was obviously hidden.

Naturally, he had received this kind of number on his phone, and not just once.

There was also only one place that called him that would be a hidden number.

Norton University.

Chapter 128

The first time he received such a number was from the Norton University Admissions Office when he was accepted to Norton University seven years ago.

Since then, however, he has never received an official call from Norton University.

The remaining times, it was his mentor who called.

So not to mention outsiders, even they, former Norton University students, could not get a glimpse of Norton University's full picture.

It was too mysterious, and too desirable.

He Xun immediately picked up, "Hello."

"He, it's me." On the other side of the phone, it was indeed his tutor, "Originally, this call, you should not be able to answer."

Hearing these words, He Xun's throat tightened, "Mentor?"

"You should know that, right?" The tutor sighed, "The school side is also recording your work as a way to judge whether you can graduate without an examination."

He Xun's eyes sank, "Yes, I know."

Because the test was too difficult, Norton University gave other options.

If a student met the university's requirements in terms of work, they could get their diploma directly without having to take the test.

He also chose to come to Qingzhi as a teacher because the job of a teacher was easier and more convenient.

"The school is disappointed with your performance today, especially since you were also punished." The tutor was regretful, "He, so your test is twice as difficult, two of the students you teach must pass the school's interview and admissions test."

He Xun's expression changed in an instant, "Mentor!"

This admissions test was not for a D-grade college, even if it didn't reach S-grade, it had to be at least A-grade.

But if anyone could get into an A-grade academy, what else would the test be?

One is hard enough to get into, two is almost impossible.

The test was one of two, but the other test was even harder, to solve a problem given by Norton University.

That was why he had gone to that study anchor for help, but in the end it was a basket case.

"That's it, Hor." The old man was a believer, "God bless you and good luck."

The phone hung up, and He Xun was still in a daze, not looking back.

Far away from the continent of O, across an ocean and an unknown number of countries, Norton University was actually able to know what was happening on the side of Qingzhi High School.

It's true that Qingzhi issued a penalty announcement, but it didn't say what the details were.

In this way, He Xun remembered another classmate of his from a year ago.

This classmate chose a job in sales.

The choice was different and the assessment was also different.

And once, his classmate was also punished by the company after he verbally abused a few customers during the sales pitch.

It didn't take long for a call from Norton University to come in, with the same wording.

It was as if there was nothing in this world that Norton University didn't know about.

He Xun pursed his lips, and did not go to the headmaster, sitting in his chair and fuming.

**

Although Mentor Lu Zhi's medical skills were not enough to make Old Lady Ying fully recover, they had helped her tune up her body.

In the past few days, she has been able to get out of bed.

At her request, Ying Luwei had to go to the hospital to discharge her.

She wore a hat and a mask so that no one would recognise her.

Ying Luwei thought that after a month or so, time would have smoothed things over.

But she secretly went on Weibo a few times with her small number and found that there were still many netizens mocking her below.

Her carefully raised fans were also being shouted at by everyone, and she couldn't even control the comments anymore.

As a result, she didn't dare to show her face, and when the studio occasionally posted her daily life, the comments had to be selected.

After sending Mrs. Ying home, she went to her own piano room.

The score on the piano stand was still Vera Hall's "Sun and Moon".

After pressing a few notes, Ying Luwei became angry and slammed the lid down.

It was less than twenty days before her recital.

After practising for so long, she could only manage to play 24 bars of this world-class piano piece, The Sun and the Moon.

Not to mention stumbling and making mistakes in between.

If she had gone on stage with this level of proficiency, her remaining fans would have gone straight off.

But what else could she do if she didn't play "The Sun and the Moon"?

Ying Luwei was so distracted that she didn't want to practice at all.

At this time, her manager called to ask about her progress.

"No." Ying Luwei held back her resentment, "What do you mean by Vera Hall? The man is dead, so why not leave the score behind?"

She also had the feeling that there were several places where the notes were wrong, but even those pianists in O-continent hadn't been able to correct them, what could she do?

“You don’t want anyone on the internet to hear that.” The agent frowned, “Vera is even from the 18th century, her influence is still there today, you can’t compete with her if you don’t want to be torn, so be careful with your words.”

“Got it.” Ying Luwei was perfunctory, “I’m at home and no one else can hear me, but what about my recital?”

“I’ll give you a suggestion.” The agent pondered for a moment and spoke, “The situation you’re in now is the result of that fake daughter of your Ying family.”

“Why don’t you invite her to your recital and let her play a piece of music?”

Ying Luwei froze, “Let her play? She doesn’t know how to play.”

“It’s because she doesn’t know how to play, that’s why you should let her play.” The agent laughed, “You could also say that you taught her piano but couldn’t teach her anyhow.”

“You mean -” Ying Luwei understood, “to make a big fool out of Ying Ziji and help me fix my powder?”

She liked life in the spotlight, which was why she marketed her persona in the entertainment industry.

At the same time, she was also deeply dark about how to manage the powder circle.

“That’s the idea.” The agent said, “But you have to find a way to make her say yes, otherwise if she doesn’t come, everything will still be useless.”

Ying Luwei was impressed, “I have a way, don’t worry.”

“Anyway, it’s better to be careful.” The agent reminded again, “Your recital tickets are already selling pretty well, the remaining fans are really die-hard, you don’t have any black spots like murder and arson, they definitely won’t go off the grid.”

“You can give me a few tickets, for the first row.” Ying Lu Wei ruffled her hair, “I’ll take them to my sister-in-law and the others.”

**

Hengdian Film and Television City.

It was already eight o’clock in the evening when the Maserati arrived at its destination.

At this time of night, most of the film crews were still filming.

There were still many tourists visiting the city for the chance to meet the stars here.

Ying Ziji got out of the car, her phoenix eyes narrowed slightly and she raised her head.

This is a film and TV shooting base, but basically it’s all ancient dramas, so it’s all clear ancient architecture too.

She took one look and her interest was lost.

After all, when she wasn’t on Earth, these were in front of her every day, and they had to be even grander and more massive.

“There’s a nice barbecue restaurant over here, but tomorrow happens to be May Day, and there are more people coming over here today to have fun.” Fu Yun Shen slightly leaned down and naturally pinched the girl’s face, “Yaoyao, you play a little over here first, Nie Chao he will also come later, brother go line up to get the number.”

After thinking about it, he took out the daily nut from his pocket again and put it into her hand.

“You’ve slept all the way, eat this to pad your stomach first.”

Ying nodded: “I’ll wait for you.”

Fu Yunshen got back into the car and went to find the car park.

Within a few minutes, Nie Chao, dressed in a flirty pink suit, came over from the other side, attracting a lot of attention along the way.

Upon seeing the girl, his eyes lit up, “Big Brother!”

Ying turned around and looked at the slippers under his feet, “.....”

A bit reluctant to recognise.

“Big Brother, I’ve missed you so terribly.” Nie Chao dawdled over, “Alas, it’s a pity that Seventh Younger has hidden you so well that I can’t even see you.”

“I’m right here at school.”

“.....”

How come both of them are not enlightened?

Nie Chao scratched his head and immediately changed the subject, “Big Brother, my company is filming over there, do you want to go check it out first?”

Hearing this, Ying Ziji intended to pay more attention to him, “Female and male?”

“Both men and women.” Nie Chao had already gotten Fu Yunshen’s words, “The women are pretty and the men are handsome, to make sure you’re satisfied.”

Ying Ziguai nodded slightly, “Let’s go.”

The two of them walked towards the film base.

“This way, big brother.” Nie Chao led the way, “I’ve invested in a Qing dynasty drama, they’re filming in the Ming and Qing dynasty palace garden.”

The Ming and Qing palace garden is a major attraction and filming location in Hengdian Film and Television City, a 1:1 replica of the Forbidden City, modelled on the rituals of other dynasties, and incorporating architectural features from the Republican era.

Ying thought about it.

When she used to come to this side of China, it was indeed still ancient times, like it was some kind of Qing Dynasty.

That would have been even less interesting.

But-

The dog and pony shows Nie Chao and his company made were indeed quite to her liking.

“This is the royal garden.” Nie Chao introduced as she walked, “There seems to be some kind of tearing up between the concubines in a moment, big brother, I’ve prepared all the chairs for you, so you can just watch the show.”

This remark made Ying Ziyi give him an extra look, “I can tell you your peach blossom luck.”

Nie Chao was happy now, and he walked to the tree and was about to bring the chair over.

But before he picked up the chair, a staff member came in a hurry on the other side and snatched it away with a split hand.

“What are you doing?” Nie Chao was baffled, “This is my chair.”

The staff member turned around and gave him a sarcastic look, “What’s your chair? It’s the crew’s.”

“The crew’s is mine, isn’t it?” Nie Chao was furious, “Give me the chair.”

“Alright, alright, no time to talk to you, Miss Luo also needs to rest, can’t you guys wait first?” The staff were already in a hurry to deliver something, and when they were stopped, they immediately became angry, “Can you compare yourselves to Miss Luo? If something goes wrong with Miss Luo, can you afford it? Or can you not stand without legs?”

Boss Lady Chapter 129-130

Chapter 129

The staff member didn’t even give Nie Chao a second glance.

The tone of their voice was very impulsive, containing a strong sense of mockery, full of contempt.

Apart from the stars, Hengdian Film and TV City also receives many VIPs every month.

These VIPs are the real moneymakers in the entertainment industry.

The tips given to them at hand were in the thousands of dollars.

The crew they are in charge of tonight is not big, but several of the actors are from the hottest 100-person talent show “Youth 101” not long ago.

One of the companies had pitched in big bucks for them to be well received.

At this moment, a scene had just been shot there and the actors had to rest and prepare for the next shoot.

But the ordinary chairs were too hard, so the agent asked him to go and bring over a soft reclining chair.

The staff didn’t dare to be slow at all and immediately went to find it.

I don’t know where this group actor came from, but he wanted to steal the chair from the main actor?

He even said that the chair was his?

It was already night time, and he was still daydreaming.

The staff member looked Nie Chao up and down again and was impatient: “Hurry up and get out of the way, will you give me the money if you delay? Ah?!”

“Give you money?” Nie Chao held back, but still did not kick up, “I’ll deduct all your money!”

This was a luxurious chair he had specially prepared for his sister, the cushions were all made of fine velvet, specifically for watching the show.

Such a chair came down to ten thousand dollars already.

What the hell is this for Miss Luo?

Is it worthy?

Even though Nie Chao was uneducated, he was from the Nie family and had a black belt in karate.

Not to mention that he had also trained a lot under Nie Yi's long-standing intimidation.

The fact that the staff member was able to snatch the chair from him earlier was something he simply didn't expect to happen.

Nie Chao used only a little deft force to snatch the chair back.

The staff member was incredulous.

He reached out to snatch it again, but he was no match for Nie Chao.

"It's over, you're done." The staff member was so anxious that he stomped his feet, "You dare to take Miss Luo's chair, do you not want to be in Hengdian anymore?"

It couldn't be easier for a group actor to be banned.

Nie Chao didn't have time to talk to him.

He just walked towards the girl with his chair in his arms, "Big brother, bad luck today, I'll invite you to watch the play tomorrow, I'd better take you to take a stroll around the attractions over at Cheng Tian Men, the night view there is good."

His chair, he hugged and didn't give any Miss Luo a seat.

"Let's go." Ying didn't look at the staff either.

The two of them left one after the other, treating the staff as if they were nothing.

The staff member's face was blue and white for a while, shaking with anger, but more than that, he was scared.

He hadn't got the chair, how could he explain it to the staff back later?

There was a lot of commotion here, and it was close to the shooting spot.

In a matter of seconds, someone arrived.

It was the agent who had sent the crew to find the chairs earlier.

Seeing the staff standing there, the manager was displeased: "Zi Yue asked you to move a chair, what are you doing? Are you trying to get your salary docked?"

"Brother Chen, I was moving a chair." The staff member was in a bad mood, "But a group act in slippers came from nowhere and took the chair away."

"A group act?" The agent frowned, "The group act dared to snatch what Zi Yue wanted?"

What kind of group act is this, and they want to earn money?

The staff described it, "And wearing slippers, no quality at all."

"Forget it, you don't have to worry about the chairs." The manager waved his hand, "Zi Yue wants to eat the cinnamon cake from that shop to the west, go and buy some."

The staff wiped off a sweat and quickly left again.

**

Other side.

Barbecue shop.

Only after Fu Yunshen got his number and finished queuing up and got into the booth did he ask Nie Chao to bring Ying Ziyue over.

This barbecue restaurant didn't have the charcoal smell of the others, the air was fresh and the floor was clean.

Many stars come here to dine after filming.

Fu Yunshen was sidling up to the waiter and saying the names of the dishes. When he saw the girl enter, he vacated the seat next to her and let her sit down.

“Seventh young man, but I'm furious.” Nie Chao put his luxurious chair down and sat opposite, “You said I spent a lot of money on this custom-made chair, and someone actually wanted to whoring my chair for nothing.”

“I'm telling you Seventh Younger, with my violent temper, I almost didn't smash this chair straight into his head.”

“Well, then I had to go to the police station to fish you out, and your big brother had to pay an extra bail.”

“.....”

Nie Chao immediately wilted.

Fu Yunshen finished his order and turned his head, “Yaoyao, is everything okay?”

Hengdian Film and Television City was indeed prone to conflict, and he had thought that with Nie Chao as his host, he would at least be able to circumvent these things.

It seems that he had been careless.

In the future, it would be better to keep an eye on the children he brought with him.

“I’m fine.” Ying Zidian propped his chin up with his right hand.

With the other hand, he fished out a bottle from his pocket and tossed it to Nie Chao.

“Big Brother, what’s this?” Nie Chao picked it up and got excited when he opened it, “Is it an immortal elixir that can give me peach luck?”

“No.” Before Ying could respond, Fu Yunshen raised his eyelashes slowly and lazily, “It’s a kidney tonic.”

Nie Chao: “What??”

He was in his prime, why did he need a kidney tonic?

Fu Yunshen curled his peach blossom eyes and smiled lowly, “Isn’t that right, little friend?”

Ying Zidian nodded his head.

The kidney tonic is just one of the effects.

It was right to say so.

Nie Chao's heart broke.

Two people had teamed up to bully him, a single dog who was always getting kicked by women.

“By the way, brother hasn't asked-” Fu Yunshen pulled his sleeve up to the middle of his small arm and picked up a skewer of chicken wings, “How did you do on your exam today?”

“Not bad.”

“Well, are you sure you'll get a hundred in the science round-up?”

“Three hundred, I think.”

“Pfft-” Nie Chao spewed a mouthful of beer, “Big guy, you're good at this fighting, but you're just as much of a dud as I am at studying.”

He had graduated quite a long time ago, but he also knew that three hundred in science was a perfect score.

It wasn't as if he hadn't inquired about Ying's academic performance at Qingzhi; it was difficult to pass.

There were places where he could still do as well as the big boys. , which gave Nie Chao some comfort.

Fu Yunshen glanced at Nie Chao, “It's not the same.”

“Huh?”

“You're not as well behaved as our little friend.”

Nie Chao glanced at the girl who was seriously eating the roast meat: “.....”

Yes.

Good enough to beat a dozen big men with one hand.

**

After eating, Nie Chao started showing off again, “Seventh youngster, big brother, I have a penthouse suite over here, it’s packed up and reserved especially for you.”

“It’s almost ten o’clock.” Fu Yunshen glanced at the watch on his wrist and got up, “Yao Yao, it’s time to go back to bed.”

“No, I want to watch the drama.”

“We’ll watch the real thing tomorrow.”

“That’s not it either.”

“.....”

Nie Chao pricked up his ears and was listening, his eyes glowing green.

“Okay.” Fu Yunshen gave up, “You can only watch one episode.”

The three of them walked back.

As they walked, they passed by the Ming and Qing Palace Court from earlier.

At this time, all the crews had already wrapped up.

Luo Ziyue had been filming all day and had knelt for a long time, her body was as if it had fallen apart.

Especially since there was not even a soft chair tonight and the hard bench made her lose her appetite.

Luo Ziyue just wanted to get back to rest quickly and instructed the staff at the side, "Pack up my things."

The staff member busily responded, and as soon as he turned around, he saw a tawdry pink suit.

Luo Ziyue saw him not move and wrinkled her brows, "Hurry up."

"Miss Luo, it's the harmonicist." The staff member wouldn't let go of the opportunity to brush up on his goodwill in front of Luo Ziyue and pointed to the front, "What he's holding in his hand is the chair I found for you."

Luo Ziyue took off her sunglasses and looked in the direction he was pointing.

But the first thing she noticed was not Nie Chao, but Ying Ziyue, who was standing at one side.

The light from the street lamp wasn't clear, bright and fading.

But even so, it was hard to hide the girl's picturesque face.

Luo Ziyue recognised her at once.

This was the private student who had followed her in the milk tea shop last time, and had made her lose face by talking tough.

It seems that this private student rice is quite competent, he even found out where she was filming and specially mixed in as a group actor.

Luo Zi Yue's face turned cold: "Follow me there."

With someone backing her up, the staff naturally had the courage to do the same.

Nie Chao was telling Fu Yunshen about what had happened a while ago when two people blocked the road in front of him.

He was forced to be interrupted and turned his head: "Who is it? Can you walk?"

Luo Ziyue ignored him and looked at the girl who was eating a sundae and sneered, "What, I didn't make it clear to you last time and you dare to do it again?"

Fu Yunshen raised his eyes as he stepped forward, shielding the person beside him behind him.

His voice lowered and he was laughing, "What did you say?"

Only then did Luo Ziyue notice that there was a third person, and when she looked over, she was frozen.

She didn't look back for half a day until a voice came from behind her, it was the producer.

"Miss Luo, your scene tomorrow is at seven o'clock, you must not be late."

Luo Ziyue was impatient, but had to respond, "Please inform, I will."

After saying that, she just looked at Ying Ziyang and Nie Chao coldly and lifted her chin, "These two people, I don't want to see in Hengdian in the future."

“Or else, I won’t do this scene.”

The two group actors were no match for her, they could be replaced by anyone.

The producer didn’t expect to hear such words, so he froze for a moment and looked over.

When he did, his nerves tightened.

“Boss? Why are you here in person?” The producer was so shocked and scared that he almost fell to his knees, “I swear, this time the plot really isn’t as dogged as last time.”

Chapter 130

When the producer sees Nie Chao now, his legs go weak.

Although he was in charge of coordinating and shooting the script, he didn’t know what his boss’s preferences were.

Originally, he had produced a small web drama in accordance with the current trend of web dramas, and used all the doggy stuff as he saw fit, such as the amnesia scene.

At the time, the producer saw a lot of online reviews and thought it was good.

Who knew that their boss would personally come to the studio and threaten to break their legs if they ever made such a bloodthirsty drama again?

The producer was terrified.

Their boss basically doesn't come to Hengdian, so this can't be true, right?

On the side.

The moment the producer opened his mouth, Luo Ziyue's mind instantly went blank and her ears perked up.

“.....”

Somewhat unable to understand what the producer was saying, her arrogant expression froze on her face as she stared blankly ahead, her eyes listless.

The staff who had come after her, their smiles frozen in disbelief as well.

This group actor in a pink suit and slippers was the boss?

Then, just now, he was trying to grab the chair of the boss of the crew, and he even let out harsh words?

The staff member shivered and his body kept trembling.

Just as he wanted to confirm with the paper man, the producer wiped his sweat and spoke again, “Miss Luo, let me introduce to you, this is our investor, Mr. Nie Chao.”

“I dare not.” Nie Chao was still clutching his luxurious seat, when he heard this, he spoke in an ominous tone, “I'm not an investor, I'm a group actor who was banned by the Hengdian.”

Luo Ziyue's face turned white with a swish, and there was no trace of her previous high-mindedness.

Her lips trembled as she tried to speak, but nothing came out.

When Nie Chao said this, the producer also remembered what Luo Ziyue had said earlier and was shocked and angry: “What did you say? You want to kick the investors out of Hengdian?”

“No, I” Luo Ziyue was embarrassed and her heart was unbearably ashamed.

Her face was so hot and sore that she wanted to find a crack in the ground and bury herself in it.

She was used to playing big names, and before she started, she was the same in Youth 101, and the other contestants didn't dare to say anything even if they were angry.

After all, she has a backstage, so even if anyone is uncomfortable with her exposure, the tweets will be deleted and the person who is unlucky is the one who exposed her.

Therefore, Luo Ziyue has never considered any consequences, and she lets whoever messes with her go.

Who would have thought that such a big investor would actually dress so immodestly?

“Mr. Nie, I'm sorry.” Luo Ziyue only had to stiffly apologise, her voice mumbling, “I didn't know earlier and offended you, it's really”

“Don't apologize to me.” Nie Chao didn't eat this, “What did you say about our Seventh Younger Sister just now? Say it again?”

Another glance up and down at her, “What kind of thing are you, worthy of having her come for you?”

Those who could have this privilege, Seventh Younger was only barely one.

What the hell was this little battered star?

Nie Chao quite wanted to swing his chair up and take out this bad breath.

A word that humiliated Luo Ziyue so much that she couldn't even stand up, she was white and trembled out, "This young lady, I'm sorry, I always thought you were my illegitimate child, I'm"

The girl ignored her from the beginning to the end, not even a single look.

This made Luo Ziyue feel even more humiliated, and the blood on her lips faded cleanly.

She looked at Nie Chao again, and for the first time, her tone carried a bit of a pleading tone, "Mr. Nie Chao, I really didn't mean to do it."

"Sorry, your grandfather, I'm just that careful." Nie Chao had seen many beauties in the entertainment industry, a single Luo Ziyue was not in his eyes at all, so he said directly to the producer, "Tell her to get out of our production right now and don't let me see her in Hengdian."

Naturally, the producer listened to Nie Chao and made an immediate decision, "Miss Luo, you don't have to come to the shoot at seven o'clock tomorrow morning, I'll give you your pay for the past few days."

"Take that big pile of yours and your pile of people and go, the crew is a small temple and can't afford to feed a big Buddha like you."

Luo Ziyue's body swayed and her face went white and white.

Regret came in waves and tears came out of her eyes.

"And this staff member, dismissed." Nie Chao added, "What kind of work attitude, no manners at all, it's good that it was me who met me, if you met another company boss, I think you can just go home and farm."

The staff member's body was shaking like chaff: "Boss, I didn't know it was you, if I had known"

“What, if you knew you’d still be climbing on my head?” Nie Chao grunted, “It’s too bad luck, you see to the matter, we’ll leave first.”

He cleared his throat and lowered his voice, “Younger Seven, I’m handsome, right?”

Fu Yunshen glanced at him, smiling, “Wait until you have some taste in dressing.”

“What’s wrong with my taste in clothes.” Nie Chao muttered, “If I had your and my brother’s swagger, I could put on a sack.”

The producer sent the three away and raised his voice, “Boss, don’t worry, this time the drama will be to your satisfaction.”

No sooner had he said this than he saw the girl stop, turn her head, and come towards him again.

Ying took out a bag of snacks and said, “I think the script is good.”

The producer was confused.

“Or as dogged as you can get, the more the merrier.” Ying Ziyi yawned and nodded slightly, “It’s promising, keep up the good work.”

The producer looked at the bag of crisps the girl gave him and fell into a daze.

For a long time, he scratched his head and went back in confusion.

**

After being humiliated by Nie Chao like this, how could Luo Ziyue still have the face to settle her film pay.

That night, she left Hengdian in a hurry in a nanny car.

On the way, the agent finally found out what happened and was so angry that he wanted to curse: “Luo Ziyue, what did I say to you? Tell you to be more restrained and stop playing big names, this is not the time for your casting!”

“This is the script that the company has managed to get for you, are you going to die every time you sit in a soft chair? Have to go grab a chair with others?”

Luo Ziyue’s face was unpleasant: “He’s a boss, dressed so funny, who would know?”

She played a big game, but of course she was also looking at people.

The investor she couldn’t wait to go and offer her hospitality, how could she offend?

“Luo Ziyue, I’m warning you, your debut spot was bought and it would have caused outrage from the netizens.” The agent simply didn’t know what to say, forcing down his anger, “If it wasn’t for the company setting up a persona for you to dare to love and hate, you wouldn’t even have fans do you know that?”

Luo Ziyue stopped talking and pursed her lips.

Of course she knew that she could debut because her golden master was behind the ticket.

Her debut position actually belonged to the real ninth place, which was stolen by her, and that ninth place naturally didn’t debut.

But that ninth place had a lot of fans fighting for votes, and after the debut results came out, they even came under her Twitter to scold her and tweet their displeasure.

But what could be done about it?

A vegetarian without a company's support, even if she ranked high in several public performances, how could she compete with her?

Luo Ziyue didn't feel anything at all about it.

The entertainment industry was like this, with a golden master, the climb was easy.

"Go back first." The agent couldn't say any more, after all, the top told him to take Luo Ziyue well, "There are other scripts, you choose one."

**

This year, Labour Day was a five-day long holiday, and many of the Qingzhi students who had finished their exams went on a joyful trip.

Except for the senior class, which was still being made up, the rest were the teachers who corrected the papers.

The teachers are all complaining, this is no holiday and they still have to look at the pictures of food sent by a bunch of their own students in their circle of friends.

The headmaster is really inhumane.

However, this is also a tradition at Qingzhi High School, where the mid-term exams for the second term are held before May 1, and the papers are posted directly after May 1.

But this time, the teachers of some subjects were quite relaxed.

Especially the teachers of the physics group.

The multiple-choice questions were machine corrected, no teacher needed.

All that was left was a lab question, two answer questions, plus an optional question, and the score was actually not much.

The most important thing was that the paper was very difficult this time.

Whether it was the paper for the Talented class or the ordinary paper for other classes, it was much harder than in previous years, which led to many students not writing the questions.

The Physics team leader was originally very reluctant to get up early in the morning to correct the papers.

But after correcting a dozen or so, he was cool with it.

He had been allocated the optional questions for five classes, including the class of excellence.

But surprisingly, not many people had written the optional questions.

The few who had written one had written a mechanical wave formula, which was worth two marks.

He didn't even have to look at it, he just drew a zero.

It was so easy for him to correct this paper.

The head of the physics team was sitting in front of the computer, happily marking the paper and humming a little tune.

He had read the questions this time, and the optional questions in the ordinary paper were of the difficulty of the Physics Competition, and the only ones who could do it were the top students in the Physics Competition in the Science Experimental Class.

As for the paper for the Talented class?

He looked at the answers for a long time before he understood what the solution idea was.

After the head of the physics team finished correcting a hundred ordinary papers, he switched to the papers of the Talented class and continued to correct them.

There were a few good students in this year's class, so maybe they got the optional questions right?

But the result was still blank, blank, blank.

He also scored zero, zero, zero, without his hands shaking.

The head of the physics team was having a blast, thinking he could take his wife and son on a hike after he finished his corrections, until he flipped to the last answer key.