

## Boss Lady Chapter 31-32

### Chapter 31

The Mu family is one of several powerful families in the imperial capital, with a large number of family members in the main family and branch families combined.

Madam Mu had married into the Mu family for over twenty years and had actually never seen Mu Heqing a few times.

But she also knew that Mu Heqing's special car was a black Maybach.

This Maybach was specially customized, the only one in the whole of China, but .....

Madam Mu frowned.

It wasn't that she didn't recognise the Ying family's adopted daughter, that was why she hesitated.

With Mu Heqing's status, even the other powerful people in the imperial capital were respectful, so how could he possibly know an adopted daughter who didn't even have a name?

Mrs Mu was in a trance, looking down and pulling out her mobile phone from her bag, "Manhua, wait a moment, I'll make a call."

If it really was Mu Heqing's car, she couldn't just go up there, that would be disrespectful.

But it wasn't, she was simply too lazy to go up.

Zhong Manhua forced a smile and just stood there dryly, her hands shaking slightly from the embarrassment that kept welling up in her heart.

She struggled to restrain her anger and looked away, not even wanting to look at it again.

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The Maybach.

Mu Cheng only glanced at his phone, not bothering with the caller: "Miss Ying, finally I found you."

With the Mu family's strength, it was easy to find out a person's identity.

What's more, Ying Zidian wasn't deliberately hiding anything.

Ying Ziji bowed her head, "Well, what do you want from me?"

Mu Cheng glanced at Mu Heqing before saying, "Master will be leaving Shanghai tomorrow and wants to see you again before he leaves."

After returning to his residence in Shanghai City that day, he had specifically contacted the Imperial Capital Dream Family.

Mu Cheng didn't mention who the divine doctor was, but only asked vaguely, which made him realise how terrifying this Miss Ying's medical skills really were.

Even the ones who are famous in the ancient medical world are afraid that they are out of reach.

Ying nodded, "Elder Mu can be quite healthy as long as he doesn't smoke and drink."

Mu Heqing coughed awkwardly and looked serious: "I will, old man."

Mu Cheng's foot faltered and he almost stepped on the accelerator to rush out.

For years, no one had been able to persuade Mu Heqing, but with one word from Miss Ying, it had worked.

This is too .....

"Miss Ying, there's nothing I can send." Mu Cheng secretly wiped a sweat and took out an exquisite box, "This is a little token of appreciation from the master, please be sure to accept it."

This was the silver and gold needles that the Mu family had bought specifically from the ancient medical world, and the price had to be over ten million.

Ying Zigu's eyes stared for a moment, and without refusing, he took it, "Thank you very much."

The specially made silver and gold needles would increase the healing effect by dozens of times.

She needed them.

"And this." Mu Cheng handed over another piece of paper, "This is one of Master's properties in Shanghai City, the annual income from the flow of water is about fifty million, less is a little less."

On the paper, there was the name of a hospital written on it.

Ying Ziji's eyes twitched.

She hadn't thought that this rather large Chinese hospital in Shanghai City would be an industry of the Mu family in the imperial capital.

"Don't you refuse." Mu Heqing coughed again, "You know how to heal, this couldn't be better for you."

After a pause, a little arrogantly, "Just take it, and I will definitely not touch cigarettes or alcohol."

Mu Cheng: "?????"

Wait, is this a threat?

"Thank you, Elder Mu, for your kindness, I won't accept this." Ying Ziji lowered her eyebrows and gave a light laugh, "I'm quite lazy, but I can help out at the hospital with difficult cases every now and then."

She was quite in need of money, and she was playing her old job by the way.

"That's fine." Mu Heqing frowned, "It's also because I've been ill-considered, this way, I'll have Mu Cheng open a specialist consultation room specifically for you, so that not too many people will disturb you."

"But the flowing income from this hospital will be transferred directly to your card."

After saying that, fearing that the girl would refuse, Mu Heqing quickly let Mu Cheng drive away, that was fast.

"....."

Ying turned her head and put the box in her school bag, "We're having Japanese food today."

Fu Yunshen took her school bag straight away, moving lazily, "Brother will get it for you."

The phone rang at this time, and an extra message came up on WeChat.

He was a good friend of his, and he was a good friend of his.

[Brat, you don't even call out when you see me, you've grown in ability?

He hooked his lips and replied unhurriedly.

[This is not because I'm afraid that if I open my mouth, I'll make your old man short-lived?

[.....]

[Brat, you can stay away from other young girls, don't harm them.]]

The girl's face was so beautiful, she was so happy.

The actual fact is that there's no internet, so I'm going down.

The first time I saw this message, I wanted to black out Fu Yunshen.

He moved his fingers, but held back.

Not to be angry, he couldn't be angry.

"Master, the one from Fifth Master's house called just now, probably asking when you're going back."  
Mu Cheng spoke, "Should I return one?"

Mu Heqing closed his eyes, faint: "No need."

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The next day.

Ying Ziji arrived at school a little early, at seven o'clock.

But this time, the Talented Class didn't start the morning reading early as usual.

The students were all standing in front of the classroom, pinching their noses with disgusted expressions.

The back of the classroom was littered with rubbish and stank to high heaven.

"It's so dirty, isn't it, who did that?"

"Our class hasn't been this dirty since ....."

Zhong Zhiwei frowned as she watched, "What's going on, didn't the day student clean up yesterday? Who was on duty?"

The life committee member froze, "It was Ying Zidian, but ....."

But obviously when he left, the dustbin was empty.

"What but, she just wasn't on duty." Lu Fang laughed coldly, "And made the class look like this, she's simply trying to discredit our class."

The Yingcai class naturally had to do their best in everything, and hygiene was no exception.

How could they win the red flag if they were like this?

Ying Fei Fei suddenly said loudly, "Here she comes."

Immediately, the students made way.

Ying Ziji walked in, still plain and in her simple school uniform.

She swept a glance at the students standing around her and went straight to the rubbish bin, glancing at it lightly.

In the rubbish bin were her textbooks, tutorials, and the exercise books that Mr. Deng had given her yesterday.

All of them had been torn into large and small pieces, stained with oil, and had become completely unrecognisable.

The girl just looked at the floor quietly, with no expression on her face.

But inexplicably, the air pressure in the classroom was getting lower and lower.

“Ying Ziguai, weren’t you on duty yesterday?” Ying Fei Fei got the chance to mock, “You were on duty for loneliness?”

“Okay, stop it.” Zhong Zhiwei raised her hand, “Let’s all clean up together, while the student council is still here.”

“On what grounds?” Ying Fei Fei coldly, “She’s the one who messed up and left us in charge, so she should be left alone .....”

The latter words didn’t come out.

Ying Ziji moved.

She raised her eyes, stepped forward with little emotion, yanked Ying Fei Fei's hair with one hand, and pressed Ying Fei Fei's head directly into the bin in front of the whole class.

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The movement was hard and fast, without a half-second cushion.

"Ah...!!!"

Ying Fei Fei only had time to scream as her entire head, along with half of her body, was shoved into the bin.

The bin was so big that it had no problem fitting a person in it.

Ying Ziyi lifted her leg and kicked it up again.

"With a thud, Ying Fei Fei was completely covered with rubbish.

Everyone was dumbfounded and didn't react at all.

They watched dumbfounded as Ying Ziji pulled up her white school uniform sleeves, casually took two rubbish bags from the side and put them on her hands, lifting up Ying Fei Fei from the bin.

With her other free hand, she picked up an apple from the ground and was feeding it into Ying Fei Fei's mouth.

It was very leisurely, like a famous nobleman feeding a dog in the medieval period of O-continent.

Ying Fei Fei had just caught her breath when her mouth was blocked by a rotten taste.



Her eyes widened violently and she struggled desperately, wanting to scream but unable to break free, and could only be forced to swallow the apple bit by bit.

Zhong Zhiyan finally came back to her senses and said angrily, "Ying Zidian, what are you doing? Why don't you go up and pull her away?"

Zhong Zhiyan was the class president and the goddess of Qingzhi, so no one in the class would not listen to her.

Moreover, what Ying Zidian did was outrageous.

Even if she was not on duty, she was still hitting her classmates?

A few boys immediately went up to her, but the girl suddenly turned her head.

She still had her usual cold look in her eyes, like snow on a distant mountain.

But at this moment, a violent aura hung over her body and her sight was so compelling that even the 6'9" sports commissioner could not help but step back.

No one dared to move for a while.

Ying Ziji withdrew her eyes and looked down at Ying Fei Fei, who was covered in rubbish: "Is it delicious?"

Ying Fei Fei could finally speak, and she cried, desperately, screaming hysterically, "Ying Ziguai, you're sick! You're sick!!!"

Didn't she just tear up this bumpkin's book and throw it in the trash?

What is this?

How dare you do this to her?

“I am sick.” Ying Ziji bowed her head and laughed lightly, “Don’t mess with me.”

Ying Fei Fei was about to curse when the hand that was holding her let go and with a bang she rolled back into the dustbin.

Ying tore the two rubbish bags off her hands and took out the hand sanitizer from her school bag, carelessly, “It’s quite dirty.”

“.....”

There was dead silence in the classroom.

Zhong Zhiyan’s lips quivered as she struggled to calm her tone, “Help Fei Fei up.”

Several boys pulled Ying Fei Fei out and then all quickly backed away.

It was too smelly.

Ying Fei Fei’s school uniform and loincloth were all contaminated with rubbish, and even oil was dripping down from her hair.

It was unbearable.

In all her life, Ying Fei Fei had never suffered such an indignity.

“Ying Zigui, you’re finished, I’m telling you you’re finished!” She ran off crying, “I’m going to sue the teacher to get you out of Talent Class!”

Zhong Zhiwei frowned and didn’t follow, “Everyone sweep the classroom, we’ll have morning reading later.”

The students looked at each other for a while and obeyed the arrangement, but they all had the sense not to go looking for displeasure.

Zhong Zhiyan didn’t even want to care, and didn’t even look at Ying Zidian.

Before three minutes had elapsed, the class teacher of the Talented Class came in with a very cold face.

“Ying Zidian, come to the office.”

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When Zhong Manhua received the call from Qingzhi, she was lying in the courtyard drinking her morning tea.

She had thought it was something to do with Ying Zidian’s grades, but to her surprise, the class teacher told her on the phone that her daughter had beaten up a female student in her class and forced her to eat rubbish.

Zhong Manhua couldn’t believe it. She was so shocked and angry that she got up so violently that she startled the massage technician who was serving her at the side.

“Manhua?” Madam Mu heard the movement and opened her eyes, “What’s wrong?”

Zhong Manhua’s body stiffened, put her emotions away and took a deep breath, “Nothing, I fell asleep just now and had a nightmare.”

She couldn't let Madam Mu know that she actually had a daughter who would bully others.

This was no longer a matter of losing face, this was character!

Thinking of this, Zhong Manhua made up her mind as she faintly said back, "I'm not available right now, you guys watch out."

Only after she hung up the phone did she breathe a sigh of relief.

Luckily, she hadn't changed her identity back to just an adopted daughter, otherwise she would really have been too humiliated.

Mrs. Mu didn't ask either, her heart heavy with worry.

She had called Mu Cheng last night, but had not received a response until this morning.

Mu Cheng was Mu Heqing's close friend, and outside, he represented Mu Heqing.

When the Mu family couldn't see Mu Heqing, or if they had something to discuss, they always contacted Mu Cheng first.

This wouldn't mean that ..... their faction had fallen out of favour, would it?

But among the Mu family's group of juniors, Shenzhou was considered the outstanding ones.

Mrs. Mu became even more worried, she thought back carefully on the black Maybach again, and finally thought that the person sitting inside was not Mu Heqing.

Come to think of it, not to mention an adopted daughter of the Ying family, even if it was a few people in power in the imperial capital, Mu Heqing would not have condescended to meet her personally.

Perhaps she was just busy and hadn't seen her call.

Madam Mu closed her eyes again and went on to enjoy the massage.

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Twenty minutes later, in the office.

Ying Fei Fei had changed her clothes, but she still reeked of rot.

She stood sobbing and crying, her sobs getting louder and louder.

"Fei Fei doesn't cry." Mrs Ying, who had hurriedly arrived from the office, hugged her, heartbroken, "Don't cry, don't cry, mummy will do it for you."

While soothing Ying Fei Fei, Mrs. Ying looked up with an ugly face, "Teacher Xu, Fei Fei has always been obedient and would never get into conflict with her classmates, this matter, you must give us an explanation."

With that, his gaze swept coldly towards the girl standing against the door, disgusted.

"I really don't know how a student like you can be found in an outstanding class, you don't learn everything, apologise!"

Mrs. Ying was so angry that she would have gone up and slapped her if she hadn't been so proud of herself.

"Mrs. Ying, calm down first." Teacher Xu had a headache, "This matter has not been decided yet, let's ask first."

“Ask what?” Mrs Ying exploded at once, “Our Fei Fei is in such a state, what else is there to ask?!”

Mrs Ying’s voice was so loud that even the teachers in the other offices were startled.

The English office was right next to it, and Teacher Deng came too.

Once there were more people in the office, Mrs. Ying’s strength was increased: “If the Talent Class doesn’t expel her, I’ll go to Weibo to expose you!”

When these words came out, the teachers all changed their faces.

Teacher Xu was in a difficult position, “Alas, classmate Ying Ziji, you .....

Bullying a classmate is punishable by disciplinary action.

In serious cases, you can be expelled.

Ying Zidian raised her eyes, she walked forward with one hand in her pocket and smiled lightly, “Teacher Deng, can I borrow a computer?”

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Chapter 33

Borrowing a computer?

Teacher Deng froze for a moment and didn’t ask why: “Okay, wait for me.”

She nodded towards Teacher Xu and then left the office.

Teacher Xu frowned, but he didn't interrupt.

He had been leading the Talent class for so long that he knew every student well.

Ying Zidian was not good at her studies, she was introverted and quiet, and often walked alone with her head down, cautiously, without being bullied, which was good.

But when he called Mrs Ying earlier, the Ying family looked on with a cold shoulder.

It was as if they were sure that it was Ying Zidian who had done this.

Mr Xu really couldn't understand.

When Mrs. Ying saw that the girl was still acting like a breeze, without any shame or guilt, she exploded even more.

"What do you want with the computer? Huh? You're still not apologising?" With that, she took out her phone, "Since you're shameless, I'll post what you've done on Weibo right now."

The effect of public opinion is so great that it can ruin a person.

At the sound of her words, Ying Ziji turned her head and raised her eyes slightly.

The cold white skin was set against a pair of narrow phoenix eyes, which were cold and icy.

When she met this look, Ying Fei Fei suddenly remembered how she had been pushed into the rubbish bin earlier and how she had been forced to eat the rubbish one bite at a time, and her body shivered.

She reached out her hand tremblingly, "Mom, don't ..... yet."

“Fifi don’t be afraid.” Mrs. Ying then soothed, hating, “Mom will help you get out of this bad breath.”

“Mrs. Ying.” Teacher Xu had to speak up, “Without personal permission, this is a violation of your right to reputation.”

Madam Ying’s hand froze, her face inexplicably agitated in full view of everyone.

At that moment, the sound of footsteps rang out, and it was Teacher Deng who had returned with her computer.

“Thank you, Teacher Deng.” Ying Ziji took the computer and just held it in his hands, “Please.”

“It’s no trouble.” Teacher Deng still couldn’t resist and asked curiously, “What are you doing here?”

“Nothing.” Ying turned on his computer, took out a USB stick from his pocket and gently said, “Just copied a few surveillance clips from the surveillance room, to share.”

Surveillance?

These two words made Mr. Xu pay attention.

He looked serious: “What is going on?”

Ying Fei Fei’s eyes were wide and her palms were sweating.

She had come to school at quarter past six to teach Ying a lesson.

There was no one in the school at this hour, but the surveillance was always on, so if .....

No, of course not.



Even teachers are not allowed to enter the surveillance room, so how could Ying Zidian, a student, enter the surveillance room?

Ying Fei Fei calmed down and laughed coldly in her heart.

You really think you have proof?

“Watching the CCTV?” Mrs. Ying also laughed, scornfully, “Fine, let’s watch it and see how this student of yours is bullying our Fei Fei!”

Her voice was so sharp that Zhong Zhiyan, who was about to knock on the door to come in, also heard her, and her movements could not help but pause.

“Why don’t you go in?”

Behind her, a mellow male voice rang out.

“Nothing, Teacher He.” Zhong Zhiyan was slightly startled and smiled when she saw the person coming, “It’s just that there was a conflict in our class and Teacher Xu is solving the problem, so let us study on our own first.”

He Xun frowned, “What’s going on?”

“It’s nothing really.” Zhong Zhiyan wanted to say something, and briefly spoke about what happened earlier, “I came over to see how it was going.”

After hearing this, He Xun’s expression coldened for a few moments, but his tone was still moderate: “You should go back first, I’ll go take a look, don’t delay your studies.”

Zhong Zhiyan nodded and didn’t refuse, “Then I’ll trouble Mr. He.”

As soon as He Xun pushed the door in, he saw the girl leaning against the desk with her legs bent, a notebook resting on her small arm.

Her head was slightly lowered and her other hand was tapping something on the keyboard at a rapid pace.

He Xun's expression was instantly cold and more than a little disgusted.

The victim was right next to her, and she acted as if it was none of her business, without any sense of guilt.

He had never met such a student in his two years of teaching.

"Teacher Xu." He Xun didn't look at Ying Zidian again, "I'll ask the children in the Talent class if this matter has been resolved."

"It will take a while." Teacher Xu was a bit surprised by He Xun's arrival, but didn't say anything, "There's Zhiyan watching the class."

He Xun faintly: "Teacher Xu, there is no need to waste time."

If you have done something wrong, then you will be punished, what is the point of making the whole class wait with you?

The time of more than forty people, can you afford to pay?

"Isn't it?" Mrs. Ying was overbearing, "You want to watch the surveillance, is it not humiliating enough?"

Just as she finished her sentence, the projector in the office was suddenly turned on, and an image was projected onto the white curtain in front of her.

It was a surveillance video, the picture quality was not clear, but it was possible to identify who it was.

In the top right corner of the monitor was the time, accurate to every minute and second.

Seeing her figure appear on the monitor, Ying Fei Fei finally panicked a little and tried to tug at Madam Ying's clothes.

But everyone in the office looked over, including He Xun.

The screen scrolled up and the surveillance showed –

At 6:15:27, Ying Fei Fei entered the school gate.

At 6:20:46, Ying Fei Fei came to the Talent classroom, took out the books Ying had put in the drawer, tore them up and threw them in the bin, then went out.

At 6:35:14, Ying Fei Fei enters the classroom again with a bag of soy milk and a bowl of rice noodles and empties them all into the rubbish bin.

At 6:40:34 seconds, Fei Fei Ying carried a bucket of rubbish and threw it at the back of the classroom.

At 6:45:12, Fei-Fei Ying enters the classroom for the fourth time and puts the two spiders in Ying's drawer.

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The surveillance came to an abrupt end here, and the picture ended with Ying Fei Fei's smug and open face.

“.....”

There was silence in the office, all shocked.

Ying Fei Fei's face was pale: “No, that's not me, I didn't do anything. ....”

Ying Ziyi actually did have surveillance?

How was this possible?

Madam Ying also froze, her face instantly flushed red.

The image on the curtain was like a slap thrown in her face.

In full view of everyone, Mrs Ying was so embarrassed that she wanted to find a crack in the ground.

Ying put the computer away and gave it back to Teacher Deng with another thank you.

Naturally, she hadn't copied the footage from the surveillance room, but had hacked into it and taken a few clips.

The new technology worked, and saved her hands.

The teacher naturally recognized what Ying Fei Fei had torn up, it was the exercise set she had specially prepared, and even though she was good-tempered, she was still angry.

He Xun was stunned, obviously not expecting the truth of the matter to be like this.

He pursed his lips slightly, glanced at the girl with a complicated expression, and did not say anything.

He was aware of the matter of Teacher Deng preparing the exercise set.

Only then did Teacher Xu come back from his shock, and his voice sank: "Ying Fei Fei, look at what you've done. Why did you tear up Ying's book?"

"I, I ....." Ying Fei Fei couldn't argue any further, she cried out, "Who told her to hold our class back all the time?"

She didn't do it on purpose, it was Ying Ziji who owed her a lesson, could she be blamed?

"That's not the reason for doing it either!" Teacher Xu was so angry that she had a headache, "How dare you say that Ying Zidian is bullying you? Aren't you ashamed?"

He hadn't realised that there were such students in the class of excellence.

What quality?

Ying Fei Fei cried even more, she had never been spoken to so heavily by her class teacher before.

"Teacher Xu, even if our Fei Fei did this, it's not a reason for her to hit someone." Mrs. Ying hastily held Fei Fei in her arms and sneered, "She has to apologise!"

She spoke in a strong tone, "In short, it's your fault."

Mrs Ying wasn't afraid at all, because she remembered that Teacher Xu had said earlier that Ying's parents weren't available to come.

"You're not going to take care of it?"

The Ying family wouldn't come forward at all, so what could they do if they had evidence? What could they do if they had evidence?

Ying Fei Fei also gradually regained her composure.

Yes.

Zhong Zhiyan had already said that Zhong Manhua would not be able to take care of it.

How could an adopted daughter compare with a real young lady of a wealthy family?

Thinking of this, Ying Fei Fei finally breathed a sigh of relief, only secretly annoyed that she hadn't done a cleaner job.

In her complacency, she raised her chin provocatively.

However, Ying Ziji didn't even look at them.

She tilted her head, her voice light and unemotional, and even smiled slightly: "Teacher Xu, may I ask what the punishment is for deliberately murdering a fellow student?"

"Discipline? Or expulsion?"

Teacher Xu's expression suddenly changed, "What's this about?"

"Teacher Xu, you don't know." This time, it was Teacher Deng who spoke up, her voice cold, "This child, Ziji, is afraid of spiders, so bad that she will faint and suffocate."

She had only discovered this by chance, and had specifically instructed her classmates about it.

Unexpectedly, she had been used by Ying Fei Fei in this way.

Ying Zigui paused, not expecting Teacher Deng to speak up for her.

Before she fully woke up, she had been bitten by a spider and almost lost her life, but fortunately Wen Hailan was there.

Although it was nothing serious in the end, she also suffered from arachnophobia, which is a mental illness.

After she woke up, she would naturally not have this disorder.

But Ying Fei Fei would not know the twists and turns.

Ying Fei Fei's face, which had easily recovered its colour, turned white with a swish: "I... how do I know? It's just a coincidence, I ....."

"Shut up!" Teacher Xu slapped the table and became even more furious, "Ying Fei Fei, if something happens to Ying today, you will be arrested, do you know that?"

Ying Fei Fei couldn't even cry.

With so many eyes on her, Madam Ying was even more embarrassed.

She hadn't expected Ying Fei Fei to do this either, but what of it?

Wasn't there nothing wrong with the person at all?

“Alright, let’s just forget about this matter, you are fine, what are you counting on?” Mrs. Ying pulled out ten notes from her purse, “It’s just a few books and exercise books, I’ll pay you a thousand, is that enough?”

She didn’t even have a backbone that could fight her, what else did she want?

Throwing down the money, Madam Ying directly pulled over Ying Fei Fei: “Fei Fei, let’s go.”

After saying that, she even looked back with a special toe, only to find that the girl only raised her head, and there was no fluctuation in her black and white pupils.

Yet it sent chills down one’s spine.

Madam Ying had even gone to the door, but Mo Ming did not dare to take another step forward.

Ying Zidian was holding the phone in one hand, and her fingers were casually scratching.

He Xun saw it from the side, it was the Weibo interface, and remembered what Madam Ying had said earlier.

This was to return the favour.

If this matter was exposed by the Weibo vloggers, Ying Fei Fei’s reputation would be ruined.

But in the end nothing did happen, it can’t ruin a minor.

He Xun frowned and wanted to go forward to stop the girl.

However, the door was kicked open at this time.



“Clang”, directly knocked Mrs. Ying away, just made the nose crooked.

Then a hangdog voice came in with a big grin.

“Aigoo, Younger Seven, look at this, a thousand dollars and you dare to be so cross, is there no one else in Shanghai City?”

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Chapter 35

Nie Chao was furious.

Bullying a little sister?

How much more shameful can you get?

Madam Ying was holding her nose, which hurt like hell.

When she saw that it was an unknown gentleman, she had the strength to say, “What’s it to you? Huh?”

Only then did Nie Chao remember that not many people in Shanghai knew him, and he moved the doorway out of the way, pulling out his voice: “Seventh young man, come quickly, come quickly.”

Then he turned his head and reassured the girl, “Big ..... sister, don’t be afraid, Younger Seven is here.”

Ying Ziji was slightly stunned and raised her head.

Fu Yunshen entered a step behind.

He wore a white shirt this time, with the top two buttons loosened and his collarbone half exposed, tempting to the core.

He was so flirtatious and loose that he looked unorthodox.

Everyone in the office froze.

Mrs. Ying was even more shocked, her brain buzzing: "Seventh, seventh young master?"

Fu Yunshen's face was one that no one who had seen it once could possibly forget.

Even if there were people in Shanghai who didn't like the fact that he had achieved nothing, they still had to be respectful.

"Excuse me, Mr. Xu." Fu Yunshen ignored him, he walked straight towards the girl, "I'm her parent, I'm late."

Teacher Xu was confused.

Nie Chao gave a tsk, thinking to himself that Seventh Younger was really carrying shamelessness to the end, this was even claiming to be a parent.

"You go to class first." Fu Yunshen side-eyed, "There's no need to waste time."

Seven words that made He Xun's expression change.

Ying Ziji was slightly silent for a moment, she slowly said, "Actually, I can ..... do it myself."

Not waiting for her to finish, Fu Yunshen fished out a piece of dark chocolate from his pocket, his peach blossom eyes hooked: "Yoyo?"

Ying Ziyi, who was blocked by snacks: “.....”

Nie Chao: “?????”

What the hell, he’s even feeding her at any time?

Damn, this is raising his daughter-in-law as a daughter?

Teacher Deng pushed his eyes and also spoke out, “Mr. Fu is right, dicky, you go to class first, don’t delay, there are adults here to solve the problem.”

Ying Zidian still took the chocolate.

She didn’t want to bother him.

She also knew that he was genuinely kind to her, even if the reason was still unknown to her.

“Go on.” Fu Yunshen leaned in slightly and patted her head, “With you here, brother is afraid of scaring you if you move later.”

Nie Chao was choked up.

He was talking nonsense with his eyes wide open!

Did he forget how the other big brother had beaten five punks with one hand?

Teacher Deng agreed: “You’re in shock, I’ll take you to the infirmary to have a look first.”

The door to the office opened and closed, and the atmosphere was condensed to the extreme.

Ying Fei Fei was holding onto Mrs. Ying's clothes and shaking uncontrollably.

When Lu Fang said that Ying had befriended Fu Yunshen, she didn't believe her, but now she had to believe her.

What kind of luck was this?

Fu Yunshen raised his eyes, "Teacher Xu, I need to know what happened."

Mr. Xu was busy telling the whole story again, "Mr. Fu, we are discussing how to solve the problem.

The man's peach blossom eyes, dense with laughter, chilled down inch by inch until they froze.

Mrs. Ying shivered, where was her previous condescension: "Young Master Seven, misunderstanding, this is all a misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding? Your daughter can't be bullied, but my little friend is okay?" Fu Yunshen's voice was gentle and he was smiling, "On what grounds? Hmm?"

Mrs. Ying wanted to say, "Can an adopted daughter be compared to her daughter?", but when the words came out, she didn't dare to say them at all.

Fu Yunshen said indifferently, "Pick it up."

Mrs. Ying was stunned, and, not caring about her manners, she hastily knelt down to pick up the money she had thrown on the ground.

Before she could get up, a pile of money was dropped on top of her head.

“It’s just being thrown into the trash, people are fine, what’s the point of counting?” Nie Chao dutifully scattered money, “Here’s 10,000, is that enough?”

Mrs. Ying was so humiliated that her face turned white.

Ying Fei Fei’s lips trembled, “You, you’re bullying people with your power .....

“Hey, you guys don’t bite back.” Nie Chao coldly snorted, “I’m keeping track of how you oppressed our Seventh Younger Sister just now.”

Teacher Xu spoke tentatively, “Mr. Fu, you see this matter .....

“What to do with it, what to do with it.” Fu Yunshen straightened up and smiled lightly, “I believe that Qingzhi has always been fair.”

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In the end, Mrs. Ying took Ying Fei Fei and left in disgrace.

Although she wasn’t expelled, she was given a demerit, and Ying Fei Fei would never be able to go to Teito University again.

She would not be accepted by any of the 985 universities in China, not to mention Teito University, and her future was basically gone.

It was even worse than ruining her reputation.

“I said why are you rushing this way so early in the morning, so it’s to save the beauty from the hero.” Nie Chao muttered, “Seventh youngster, not that I’m saying, are you really looking at the big guy?”

“She’s still a sister, you’re a bit too early for that, aren’t you?”

Fu Yunshen glanced at him, smirking.

Nie Chao immediately raised his hands in surrender: “Forget I said it!”

“No.” Fu Yunshen glanced sideways, looking down from the rooftop of the school building, faintly, “It’s probably because we share the same illness.”

Nie Chao froze.

After remembering that bit about the Fu family half-heartedly, he was unable to speak at once.

Nie Chao didn’t know how to comfort him and hesitantly spoke, “Brother, look on the bright side, it’s been so long ago.”

“Yes, it’s been so long.” Fu Yunshen let out a low laugh, “Twenty years.”

In front of his eyes, there was a bloodbath.

Screams and gunshots intertwined, pounding against the eardrums.

His eyelashes twitched and he smiled again, “Before, I kinda wanted someone to protect me, but there was none, so I wanted to protect her.”

Hearing these words, Nie Chao was so sad: “Seventh youngster .....

The man leaned against the wall, his slender legs flexed as he looked to the sky and said softly, “I lived too much of a rocky life to settle down, but Yoyo, she must have the best.”

He smiled, the curve of his lips gentle.

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In the evening, the Zhong family.

When Zhong Manhua arrived, Master Zhong was reading the newspaper at the dining table, and simply responded indifferently, "Here you are."

Zhong Manhua paused in her steps, "Dad."

"Where's Dickey?" Only then did Elder Zhong put down the newspaper, probe, and look towards the door, disappointed, "Why haven't you come back yet?"

He couldn't resist reprimanding, "You're a mother, coming alone? What do you think you're doing?"

Zhong Manhua was irritated to no end.

If Qingzhi hadn't made her feel ashamed with that phone call this morning, why wouldn't she have gone to school to pick up Ying Zigui?

The Zhong family was her mother's family, and she had married into the Ying family.

But because of Ying Zidian, the Zhong family's sisters-in-law had mocked her secretly.

"Evening, aren't you in the same class as Dickey?" Master Zhong remembered something and turned around, "Haven't you seen her?"

It was already seven o'clock, the second year of senior school had long since been released.

Zhong Zhiwei's fingers tightened and she whispered, "Grandpa, I haven't seen her, and cousin she might ....."

"Maybe what?" Elder Zhong tensed, "Something won't happen, right?"

Zhong Zhiyan darted a quick glance at Zhong Manhua, "Cousin is going to be expelled from Qingzhi."

## Chapter 36

"....."

At these words, the entire living room was silent for a moment.

Mrs. Zhong, who was in the kitchen, peeked out and reprimanded Master Zhong before he could speak, "Evening, don't talk nonsense."

Then she said to Zhong Manhua, "Evening is just talking nonsense, what about dismissal or not, don't bother with her."

Zhong Manhua forced a smile, "Third sister-in-law is not saying anything, Evening is so well-behaved."

But her heart was pounding.

At that time, because Mrs. Mu was there, she didn't even ask her questions carefully, she only knew that Ying Zidian had hit someone.

She didn't get another call afterwards, so she forgot about it.

If Ying Zidian was really expelled, how could she save her face?



He put on his old-fashioned glasses, picked up his mobile phone and said slowly, "I'll call Qingzhi."

"Dad, don't worry about it." Zhong Manhua didn't want to lose face and suppressed his voice, "It's better if I do it."

"Don't you think I know your strong nature?" Master Zhong waved his hand, "If you come, I'm afraid you'll scold the child first."

Zhong Manhua was ashamed and angry, "Dad, what are you talking about?"

Master Zhong ignored her and called the number of the class teacher of the Talent class from his address book.

The number was quickly answered.

"Hello, hello teacher, this is Dickey's grandfather, I want to ask Dickey about her ..... today."

Listening to the conversation between Elder Zhong and Teacher Xu, Zhong Zhiyan squeezed her cup tightly.

Just what Ying Ziji did this morning, there was no one to take care of it, and being expelled was a sure thing.

Even if Elder Zhong went now, it would be too late.

She really couldn't understand why her grandfather had to be so kind to an adopted daughter. The Zhong family's illegitimate sons, even if they had achieved good results, hadn't softened Master Zhong's heart one bit.

How could an adopted daughter who couldn't do anything be virtuous?

“What?!” Elder Zhong was saying when his face suddenly changed, “Fine, fine, I understand, thank you teacher.”

Zhong Manhua sat on the edge of her seat, agitated as hell.

It was hard to wait for Master Zhong to hang up the phone before she spoke, “Dad, I didn’t teach her properly, don’t worry, I’ll go back to .....”

Master Zhong interrupted her directly: “What did you do this morning?”

Zhong Manhua was stunned, “Mrs. Mu and I were having morning tea at the old mansion, discussing things, Dad, you are asking this .....”

“You had time to drink tea and didn’t have time to go to school?” Master Zhong was instantly shocked, “Do you know how much aggravation Zidian has suffered at school? Do you think it’s her fault without asking what happened? You don’t want to go because you feel ashamed?”

“If it wasn’t for that Fu kid, Dickey would really have been expelled, you’re a mother, are you? What?”

“I’m more useful than you, even if I’m a flower vase!”

Zhong Manhua was blindsided by the scolding, and her face was red and flushed.

Zhong Zhiyan was slightly shocked.

Ying Zidian hadn’t been expelled?

Or did Fu Yunshen help her?

Zhong Zhiyan pursed her lips, her mood a little worse.

“Your daughter, you don’t believe me, are there people like you who are mothers?” Master Zhong was furious, “When Dickey comes later, apologise to her.”

Zhong Manhua jerked her head up, “Dad!”

Master Zhong didn’t look at her, turned his back and pressed another number.

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When Ying received the call, she had just finished giving Wen Fengmian a new round of physical therapy.

She glanced at the caller’s notes and picked up, her tone easing, “Well, I’m fine for the night, okay, I’ll go back to see you later.”

“What’s wrong?” Wen Fengmian was worried, “Is it the Ying family?”

“No.” Ying Ziji pressed his shoulder, “I’ll come back tomorrow, Dad, remember to take your medicine regularly.”

“Yao Yao, you shouldn’t be too tired.” Wen Fengmian wanted to say something, “Dad is still young, take care of yourself, don’t buy any medicine either, eat something good for yourself.”

As a parent, you are always thinking of your child.

“You can rest assured of that.” Ying Zidian peeled open a piece of chocolate, “I won’t compromise on food.”

It was true that she was short of money.

She could earn money again if she lost it, but she couldn't miss the food.

"Still, be careful." Wen Fengmian sent her out, urging, "Protect yourself, don't get into trouble with your classmates at school, and don't put too much pressure on yourself when you need help with your studies."

Ying Zigu hmed, waved her hand lazily, put on her school bag and left.

Forty minutes later, she arrived at the Zhong family's old mansion.

The sites of the old mansions of the four great families happened to occupy the four directions of Shanghai city, and it was quite far to string a door to door usually.

"The firm's capital ..... is in the middle of the city, so come here." Master Zhong was very happy to see someone at last, and beckoned towards the girl, "Let grandpa take a look, have you lost weight recently."

Ying Ziji paused in her steps before she walked over, "Grandpa."

"A little thinner." Master Zhong rubbed his chin, barely satisfied, "But you've become beautiful, very good, very good, Grandpa will buy you some clothes later, it's not good to wear black all the time."

Ying Ziji responded one by one.

"Sit sit sit." Master Zhong patted the seat beside him, "I have stewed black chicken soup today, take a good tonic."

With Master Zhong's permission, the servants served the meal and everyone else took their seats.

Zhong Zhiyan was holding her chopsticks, but she had no appetite at all.

Master Zhong glanced at Zhong Manhua, not angry.

Zhong Manhua held back and had to make a stiff apology.

However, the girl didn't even give her a look, as if she didn't hear her, she was eating the golden sand corn, eating it quite seriously.

Zhong Manhua's face turned blue.

In front of so many people, not even giving her a step down?

"Like to eat this?" Elder Zhong noticed, "Tell them to make another plate."

Ying shook her head slightly, "No need, Grandpa, I can't eat that much."

Master Zhong was afraid she would be polite and said, "Just say what you like, the kitchen is waiting."

Zhong Zhiyan couldn't stand it anymore, she got up with a cold expression, "Grandpa, I'm full, I'll go back to the house first."

Master Zhong nodded and didn't say anything.

Zhong Zhiyan held her breath and went upstairs.

How could Mrs. Zhong not understand her daughter, she smiled and said, "Old Master, recently the Talent Class has been heavy with studies, this is the time for Evening to go back and study seriously, you don't mind that she doesn't talk to you much."

This was a reminder to Master Zhong: "Dickey, is there a lot of pressure on your studies, do you want to let Evening make it up to you?"

Mrs. Zhong also almost failed to maintain her smile.

Zhong Zhiyan was top of her grade, how could she have the free time to give tuition to an adopted daughter?

"Thank you for your kindness, Grandpa." Ying Ziji leaned back in her chair, looking detached, "But I'm going to change my class."

"Change one?" Elder Zhong was stunned, "What?"

Ying Ziyi took a sip of soup, "I don't want to stay, it's quite annoying."

Zhong Manhua had been holding back, but finally she couldn't hold back any longer.

She slammed her chopsticks on the table with a snap, her anger rising, "Talent class is the best class in Qingzhi, do you know how much effort it took for you to get into the Ying family with that grade?"

"If you say you won't stay, you won't stay, do you think you represent yourself?"

Boss Lady Chapter 37-38

Chapter 37

How could you be so ignorant?

Zhong Manhua was so angry that her heart and lungs ached, her voice squeezed out between her teeth, "If you don't want to go to school anymore, then drop out."

Ying Zidian didn't even look at her, she didn't even bother.

She peeled a shrimp slowly and carefully, and the words "None of your business" were clearly written between her lazy eyebrows.

Zhong Manhua was irritated and was about to lose his temper, when Master Zhong was once again furious: "Zhong Manhua, do you know how to speak properly? What have you done with your upbringing all these years? If you don't know how to speak, get lost!"

If he was like this in front of him, what would it be in private?

Zhong Manhua was holding her breath, but she couldn't say anything in front of Elder Zhong.

She simply did not eat either, coldly draped her shawl, picked up her coat and walked out without looking back.

"Look at her ....." Master Zhong was so angry that his blood pressure went up and he coughed again.

Ying raised her hand and patted his back, handing over the cup, "Grandpa, drink some water."

"Ai." Old Master Zhong immediately stopped being angry and took it with a smile.

After drinking it, Elder Zhong immediately felt his qi and blood relaxed and his spirits were all better.

He didn't think about it too deeply, he just thought that his granddaughter was really nice.

"Old Master, calm down." Mrs. Zhong was busy rounding up the situation, "Manhua has to manage the company and take care of the children, and you know her well.

Master Zhong didn't appreciate it, "That also depends on the person, I can't even say a word to Dickey, but she's just a barrage of words, I haven't seen her talk so much about anything else."

“.....”

Mrs. Zhong finally understood how Zhong Manhua felt.

Master Zhong was being so nice to an adopted daughter, was this a way to let outsiders step over blood relations?

This meal had poured out of Mrs. Zhong's appetite, and she hurriedly finished it, making an excuse to go upstairs.

\*\*

After finishing the meal, Elder Zhong called Ying Zidian into his study.

“I've heard about what happened at school today. If you're wronged in the future, call me directly, I'm retired, but I'm still old and strong.”

“I know, thank you, grandpa.” Ying gave him a squeeze on the shoulder, “But you'd better stop calling me that, just call me by my name.”

Elder Zhong froze.

Before he could ask, he heard the girl say indifferently, “Don't really like names that others have used.”

When she was still alive, the Ying family had given her a maiden name, but now it had been replaced.

Master Zhong's heart was suddenly filled with mixed feelings.

Only after a long time did he sigh, “It's because Grandpa didn't take care of you.”



If he had known that such a thing would happen, he should have brought the child to the Zhong family to look after him personally.

It was only a while ago that he returned to Shanghai and found out about his granddaughter's disappearance.

When he thought of how much his granddaughter had suffered out there, it was hard for Old Master Zhong.

"Your mother, she's just that way, so don't pay any attention to her, let her be angry alone." Master Zhong thought about it and took out a card from the drawer, "Grandpa doesn't know what you young people like, and he's afraid you won't like it if you buy it, so take this card and watch what you buy."

Ying had no intention of using it, but in order not to upset the old man, she took it: "Have you not been sleeping well lately?"

"That's what happens when people get old." Master Zhong pressed his temples and sighed, "One has to accept old age."

Ying Ziguí nodded and had a number in mind.

She had been idle lately and went back to refine a few more medicines.

But Master Zhong's body was considered hardy among his peers, so if he took good care of it, he could easily live to a hundred.

"Staying child today, right? You haven't been back for a long time either." Elder Zhong coughed a few times and pretended not to care much, "I'll have the driver take you to school tomorrow."

Ying Ziji looked at Elder Zhong who was excitedly trying to rub his hands together, "....."

She was slightly helpless, "Okay."

Even if Elder Zhong didn't say anything, she would still stay.

"Fine, fine, tell Grandpa whatever you're missing." Elder Zhong nodded repeatedly, "I'll take you to the Fu family later to thank that boy."

Although, he didn't like this kid much.

He was so foppy that he didn't want to come to his family's cabbage.

Master Zhong sent the girl out worriedly, and sat in the study for a while longer, slowly dialing a number: "Hey, Old Man Fu, what do you care what I'm calling you for at this late hour, I'm just giving you a heads up ....."

\*\*

Before the day was out, word of what Ying Fei Fei had done spread throughout Senior Two, but most people had little interest in paying attention.

Because of Elder Zhong's preference, Zhong Zhiwei didn't sleep well all night, and was distracted during morning reading, his afterglow kept glancing at the empty seat in the corner.

A few students whispered.

"I heard that he went to the headmaster's office as soon as he came in this morning, I don't know why."

"I guess he's still going to get out of the Talent Class, our class finally has one less ass that dragging its feet."

Zhong Zhiyan listened and finally felt a little better.

She put down her book and left the classroom, ready to go to the Academic Affairs Building to take a look.

Zhong Zhiyan did not know that at this moment, in the headmaster's office, besides the headmaster, there were several teachers.

"You all know about what happened yesterday." The headmaster thought for a moment and spoke, "I've discussed with Ying's parents and I'm going to change her class."

Teacher Xu was stunned, "Headmaster?"

The headmaster just muddled through, "The Talent class isn't very suitable."

He had a toothache too.

Many people in Shanghai wanted to enter the class, but they didn't want to stay.

Teacher Xu understood: "It's good to change the class, so you can keep up with your studies and the pressure won't be too great."

"That's what I mean." The headmaster nodded, "That's why I'm thinking of letting Ying go to the international class."

He really didn't dare to put Master Zhong's granddaughter in a regular class, no one would be able to resist this old man's madness.

Although the international class is taught in English, the teaching is less difficult than in the Talented class and is more practical.

The students in the international class are also the magnificent children of Shanghai City, geniuses who will go abroad for further studies in the future.

He had heard Mr Deng say that the boy was very good at English, especially in speaking.

Hearing this, He Xun, who was on the side, finally knew why the headmaster had called him here.

He lifted his head with little expression, his eyes under his gold-rimmed glasses drenched in a cold, watery indifference: "She's transferring here, fine, I'll resign."

The headmaster was taken aback: "Mr. He, you're ....."

He Xun graduated from the world's number one university, Norton University, this year is only twenty-five years old, he got the professor's qualification.

He taught all the courses of the international class in senior two.

It took a lot of effort for Qingzhi High School to hire He Xun to lead the international class, so that Qingzhi could have students who could get into Norton University.

A professor who graduated from Norton University and a student who can't do anything, how else can you choose?

## Chapter 38

Ms. Deng frowned.

Even if there was prejudice, how could one say that to a child's face?

Students are encouraged.

Teacher Deng shook her head as she lowered her voice and explained to the girl beside her, “Child, Teacher He, he’s a graduate of Norton University, he’s young, he speaks straight, don’t take it personally.”

Ying Ziji hadn’t listened or looked.

Rather, when she heard the words Norton University, she finally gave He Xun a look.

This had made the university the number one in the world, and as a result, it had become accessible to anyone?

What vision?

The more you live, the more you pass.

I’m afraid she has made herself stupid by refining gold.

She took out her phone and searched for Norton University and clicked on the official website in English.

The official website was very simple and no different from other universities.

It was just campus news, faculties and departments, admissions and employment, and so on, with some pictures.

Nothing had changed from before, even the century-old buildings from the medieval period had been preserved.

Ying Zidian was puzzled.

With that madman’s character, would he really turn Norton University into a normal school?

But no matter what, the words Norton University now represented a world first.

Over the years, only a few dozen people from China had managed to enter Norton University, and after graduation, they were all top figures in their fields.

He Xun did not want to, but there was nothing he could do.

His academic qualifications were too outstanding, and he had the qualifications to make Qingzhi back down.

If he really resigned, it would be Qingzhi's loss.

The headmaster hesitated, "Ying, look at this ....."

"The headmaster doesn't have to be difficult." Ying Zigui got up, "I don't want to go to the international class."

Hearing this, He Xun's eyebrows furrowed and his heart suddenly stuttered.

There was an uncomfortable feeling.

It was rather like he had made a fool of himself.

The headmaster was relieved, "Good, Ying, then see which class you want to go to?"

Ying Zidian yawned and said blandly, "I'm going to class 19."

"Class 19?" The headmaster froze for a long time before remembering that there was such a class in senior two.

But this Class 19 was really .....

His teeth ached again.

He Xun's expression regained its coldness.

If you choose to go to class 19, then you are degrading yourself.

He didn't even want to look at the girl again, and directly got up and left.

The headmaster had no choice but to agree, "Then go to Class 19."

He took out the school records he had prepared long ago and called the class teacher of Class 19 again to discuss the matter.

It wasn't done in secret and it was about Class 19, so soon, relevant posts appeared on Qingzhi's campus forum.

[Title: Report – That adopted daughter of the Ying family is coming to Class 19!

[Content: As the title says, the owner has just got the news that the adopted daughter who got into the Talent Class because of her connections has been rejected by the Talent Class and the International Class, so she has to transfer to Class 19.

It was such a short post, and within less than a minute, there were hundreds of replies.

[1st floor: What what what what?

The first thing you need to do is to get a new one. Going to class 19? Should I say she has a big heart or a big guts?

The first thing you need to do is to get a new one.

The actual fact is that you can find a lot of people who are not able to get a good deal on a lot of things.

The actual fact is that you will not be able to get a good deal on your own.

.....

108th floor: Wow, class 19 is too bad, right? Anyway, I don't have a good feeling about this adopted daughter of the Ying family.

[109th Floor: Waiting for Brother Burn and Sister Yu to kick out this adopted daughter of the Ying family.

.....

Floor 470: Thanks for the invitation, I'm in Yingcai class, this dragger is finally out of the way.

The class of Yingcai was like a holiday, they stopped studying during class and started replying to posts.

Zhong Zhiwei put her phone out and started to memorise her book.

She waited for Ying Zigui to leave class 19 in a huff.

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Senior two, class 19.



A few killjoys were gathered around the podium, browsing the forum on their computers, their faces growing darker the more they read.

“F\*ck, what does the headmaster think? Is our class 19 open to anyone who wants to get in?”

Class 19, the second year of senior high school, had a nickname, “the unspeakable class”.

This was because this class was filled with all kinds of problem students that the teachers couldn’t control and the parents didn’t have time to control.

Not only that, but the big brother and big sister of Qingzhi are also here.

Who could afford to mess with this?

When students from other classes see people from Class 19, they all go around and don’t want to get into trouble.

How could someone come to Class 19 on their own initiative?

A girl came up and kicked a few people, “Keep your voice down, don’t wake up Brother Burn.”

Several people hurriedly shut up and subconsciously looked to their left.

The sun was shining just right outside the window, but the man was sleeping on his desk.

His whole head was buried in his school uniform, so it was hard to see his face.

The short sleeves of the school uniform outlined the muscular lines that only teenagers have, smooth and perfect.

The noise in the class ceased for a moment, but it was too late.

The man stirred, his head lifting from his desk, his forehead of shorn hair half covering his pretty brow.

He looked impatient.

The other students moved away in awe.

A little brother came forward with a bitter face: "Burn, Brother Burn, someone is going to transfer to our class, it's that ....."

Jiang Yan didn't even finish listening, his voice was hoarse and grumpy: "Who cares who he is, tell him to go away from wherever he came from."

When they got the right words, the youngsters cheered.

"Brother Burn is so dominant!"

"Brother Burn, give her a hard time later and make her cry!"

The boys scrambled to move the stools and pour water, waiting for Jiang Yan to sit down in front of the classroom.

At that moment, footsteps sounded in the corridor.

Jiang Yan took a sip of water, squinted his eyes slightly and looked over after his classmates.

The girl was wearing a blue and white school uniform, with a school bag hanging over her right shoulder.

As if sensing something, she turned her head sideways and a pair of phoenix eyes swept over.

The sideways face turned into a frontal face, and the storm was still felt even from a distance.

Jiang Yan squeezed the mineral water bottle in his hand, and the knot in his throat rolled a little.

There was a moment of silence from the group of juniors around him, and a few seconds later –

“Fuck, what kind of face is this? A real one?”

“Shut your mouth, what’s wrong with a high face value? You can’t come even if you have a good face.”

“That’s right, it’s not like we’re face-readers, Brother Burn, but you ..... you might as well go easy on it later.”

Jiang Yan sneered, “Roll.”

The little brothers shut up.

Oh, come to think of it.

Apart from Sister Yu, their brother Burn really hadn’t faked it with any member of the opposite sex, let alone shown mercy.

Jiang Yan got up and threw away the mineral water bottle in his hand before walking forward unhurriedly.

It was just at that moment that Ying Zidian also approached and stopped.

The young brothers were staring straight ahead, all wanting to see how this Ying's adopted daughter would roll in a moment, when they heard this big brother of Qingzhi speak up.

"Want to get into Class 19? Fine." Jiang Yan stuck his hands in his trouser pockets and looked askance at the girl, "Beat me and I'll let you in."

"Or else, go back to your class of excellence."

The little brothers instantly revealed expressions of admiration.

No wonder he had been a single nobleman for so many years, no wonder he was able to get his hands on a girl with such a divine face.

I heard that this Ying family's adopted daughter had always been timid and would definitely be scared away.

Who knows, when the girl heard this, she put her school bag down instead.

She was seen slowly and methodically pulling her sleeves up to the middle of her small arms and taking another step back, leaving enough open space.

The juniors were confused.

Jiang Yan slowly looked up.

Ying Zidian's eyes were half narrowed and she said lazily, "Yes, you go first."

Boss Lady Chapter 39-40

Chapter 39

“.....”

For the first time, Jiang Yan suspected that he had a hearing problem.

The younger brothers even let out a “crap”.

This girl actually wanted to fight with Brother Burn?

Didn't they know that their brother Burn had won first place in the city's taekwondo competition last year?

“No way, transfer student-” Jiang Yan licked his lips, “Are you serious?”

Ying yawned, “Well, I'm going to bed after the fight.”

The minions fell silent for the second time.

“This seems like a f\*cking provocation to Brother Burn, right?”

“Be confident and go off as if.”

“Fine.” Jiang Yan laughed and threw his school uniform jacket to the little brother on the side, “I'll fight you, don't cry when the time comes.”

Three minutes later.

Jiang Yan was lying on the ground, staring at the ceiling expressionlessly, having suffered the first big blow in his smooth life.

To the side, Ying picked up his schoolbag from the floor, crossed over to him and walked inside.

No one dared to stop.

The minions just watched as the girl walked unhurriedly towards an empty seat, took a pillow out of her schoolbag, placed it on the table and fell asleep with a blanket draped over her.

“.....”

Quite well equipped.

“Does this count as a failed attempt to drive someone away by Burn?”

“Did you see the way she just did that? I reckon she didn’t even move for real.”

“There’s one thing to say, it’s kind of cool.”

Who would have believed that Jiang Yan was beaten up by a girl if they hadn’t seen it with their own eyes?

“It’s okay, Brother Burn.” The younger brothers relieved, “You can’t, there’s still Sister Yu, I’ll call Sister Yu and tell her to come back, we’ll definitely kick her out of us.”

“Don’t worry, what you can’t do, Sister Yu can do.”

Jiang Yan gritted his teeth, “Get lost!”

The little brothers rolled away nimbly.

One of them grabbed his mobile phone, winding up, “Sister Yu, come back quickly, something big is wrong .....

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Ying Ziji slept until noon.

The classroom was empty, everyone had gone, and the headmaster had deliberately suspended a lesson for Class 19 today, just in case even the teacher would suffer an undeserved disaster.

She rubbed her head and opened her phone, a message from five minutes ago lingering on the lock screen.

[Kids, come out for dinner, brother is waiting for you at the school gate].

She was silent for a second, grabbed her jacket and walked out.

People came and went in front of the school.

There were many small stalls around Qingzhi, and at this time of day, students were buying lunch.

Only the sons and daughters of the big and small gentry in Shanghai would have their meals delivered.

The man stands in front of the school monument, his body leaning against a tree.

His head is slightly bowed, looking at his mobile phone.

He is lazing around, but he attracts many people who pass by to stop.

A woman came up to him in style: "Hello."

Fu Yunshen raised his eyes, and his pupils, which were originally lightly smiling, narrowed.

The woman pulled her hair behind her ear and said haughtily, "Can you give me a micro signal?"

"Well, I have a child to raise at home, if you don't mind and want to be a stepmother -" Fu Yunshen was interested, "that's fine too."

The woman's face turned blue and she immediately turned around and left, cursing "crazy".

Fu Yunshen put away his phone and turned his head to see the girl buying a candy cane and eating it as she walked towards him.

She was so sweet and soft.

He suddenly smiled and raised his hand to beckon, "Yao Yao, here."

Ying Ziyang already saw him, so she approached and handed over the other bunch of sugar gourds she was carrying.

Fu Yunshen paused, "You can eat it, brother doesn't like sweet things."

The hand was decisively withdrawn, like it was just that polite.

"....." Fu Yunshen raised his eyebrows, "Eating so much, not afraid of gaining weight?"

"Oh." Ying Ziji slowly bit into the hawthorn, "I run ten kilometres every day."

Although she was going to retire, she couldn't lag behind in terms of physical fitness.

Fu Yunshen looked up lazily, "How's the new class?"



“It’s fun.”

A bunch of silly kids have a lot of fun, and it’s easier than the Talent class.

Neither of them are extravagant, so they ate near the school.

On the way back to school, while Ying was wondering how she could lie down and make money, a scattered voice fell overhead.

“Little friend, open your mouth.”

Ying Zidian looked up.

In front of her were the man’s long, porcelain white fingers and a candy.

“What should I say?”

Ying Ziji glanced at him, “I thought you didn’t want to hear anymore?”

“Hmm? I don’t want to hear you say thank you, but I’d like to hear us say -” his peach blossom eyes curled up, “Thank you, brother.”

“No more food then.”

“.....”

“Okay.” Fu Yunshen ripped open the candy paper, “Brother is joking with you, specially reserved for you, eat it.”

The sugar entered the mouth, sweet and sour.

“I’ll send you here.” Fu Yunshen stopped, “Go back.”

As he turned around, four words floated in his ears.

Fu Yunshen turned back, and the girl was left with a backward glance.

The girl’s back was all that was left of her. Half a minute later, he let out a low laugh, his eyebrows scattered.

A child whose mouth is not his heart.

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At 3:30 pm, Class 19 finally came back to life because Qingzhi’s big sister had finally returned.

Big Sister was dressed in black leather and had her helmet in her hand.

Flaming red lips and a mighty wind.

At first glance, she was a social sister.

“Sister Yu, that’s her.” The little brother pointed to a table, “Extra arrogant.”

The social sister looked over and her eyes lit up, “F\*ck, so pretty?”

The corner of my little brother’s mouth twitched as he reminded, “Sister Yu.”

“Ahem .....,” Sister Society squared her shoulders and resumed her cool look, “Wait.”

Ying Ziji was resting her eyes when the table was suddenly kicked.

She opened her eyes, and her eyes looked away in confusion.

“I’m telling you, you’re not welcome in our Class 19.” The social sister slapped the table again, “If you know what you’re doing, you’d better hurry up and leave, don’t blame me for being rude then.”

“That’s right, hurry up and go.” The few youngsters behind him were vicious, “Ever heard of our Sister Yu’s big name? Xiu Yu, you can’t afford to mess with her!”

Now you should be scared, right?

But the girl looked at her with her head held up, and after a few seconds, she spoke thoughtfully, “Your eye shadow is really good, can you teach me how to do it?”

Xiu Yu, who was about to continue her harsh words, said, “What?”

Ten minutes later, looking at Xiu Yu, who was already discussing make-up with Ying Zidian with great interest, the class was in despair.

“This is not only a defeat for Brother Burn, but also for Sister Yu.”

“She’s toxic, isn’t she, she’s really eating Brother Burn and Sister Yu to death.”

“It can’t be helped, who made Sister Feather a face controller?”

Everyone had given up struggling and had to accept the truth.

But it turned out that ..... seemed to be quite pleasant to accept?

“Since Brother Burn and Sister Yu have both lost to her, she’s the boss of our class, what should we call her?”

“What could be a generation above Sister and Brother?”

“Of course it’s Dad, call Ying Dad.”

The crowd was all in agreement, and their eyebrows were raised.

“We can’t afford to lose face when Ying Dad comes to our class, we’ll have a welcome party and we’ll broadcast it live on the forum!”

“Quickly, quickly, start a post first.”

The juniors quickly posted and it was instantly on the front page of the forum.

When Zhong Zhiyan saw the post, she wanted to smash her phone.

She had waited for a day, but she had actually waited for such a result.

She saw that class 19 was all crazy, and Jiang Yan and Xiu Yu were not half as useful.

Zhong Zhiyan lowered her eyelashes and got up to go out to make the call.

“Aunt, although there are some things I don’t want to say, but this matter has a very bad impact.”

“Cousin she ..... she beat up Jiang Yan.” Zhong Zhiyan paused, her words punctuated, “That Jiang Yan is ..... going to be very troublesome.”

## Chapter 40

Class 19 is a class that is recognized as a loser, not to mention the Talented and International classes, and even the regular classes look down on them.

Zhong Zhiyan knew that Xiu Yu was just a delinquent girl who hung out in nightclubs and racing circuits, but she knew clearly that Jiang Yan was not simple.

This is what she had heard from Master Zhong by chance –

Jiang Yan, was related to a big family in the imperial capital.

Even if it wasn't at the Mu family's level, it wasn't something that the four big families in Shanghai could afford to offend.

And now that Ying Ziji had beaten up Jiang Yan, what would be the consequences, what else was there to think about?

Zhong Zhiwei wrapped her fingers around the earphone cord: "Auntie, at noon, I saw Jiang Yan leaving the school on his motorbike, don't go back to ....."

"Auntie knows." Zhong Manhua restrained her shocked anger, "It's really troublesome for you, Evening."

"I should, auntie." Zhong Zhiyan said, "Grandpa asked me to look after my cousin more at school, I can't let his old man off the hook."

And again without thinking, "But aunt, I think it's better not to let grandpa know about this, the family matters are already annoying enough for grandpa."

Zhong Manhua also meant the same thing: “You still know what to do, Evening, study at ease, Auntie will take care of it.”

She hung up the phone, her chest rising and falling violently, furious.

It had only been a few days since the start of the school year, and Ying had already caused her a string of troubles.

Even if she had taken it upon herself to change classes, now she was beating someone up?

Did she hit Jiang Yan?

The housekeeper also heard it and was surprised: “Madam, is Jiang Yan an emperor .....”

“Not bad.” Zhong Manhua was annoyed to death, “The Imperial Capital side deliberately concealed his identity, even I only know that he took his mother’s surname.”

Jiang Yan’s mother, was from the Jiang family in Shanghai.

Doing the math, Jiang Yan still needed to call Jiang Mo Yuan an uncle.

The butler deliberated, “Madam, Second Miss beat up Young Master Jiang Yan, not to mention the imperial capital for now, the Jiang family’s side won’t even take it lying down.”

If it wasn’t handled properly, the Ying family’s shares would be in turmoil for a while, and the losses would be in the hundreds of millions.

“I knew it, I’m always the one cleaning up her mess.” Zhong Manhua sneered, “Go and write a cheque first, I’ll go to the school and take her to the Jiang family to apologise.”

The butler understood, “How much does Madam think is appropriate?”

“Five million, and bring the jade stone that Master bought at the auction the other day while you’re at it.”

The guilt that had risen so easily in Zhong Manhua’s heart was gone again at the thought of her having to spend so much material resources to apologise to the Jiang family on behalf of Ying Zigu.

The butler nodded and went down to prepare.

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On the other side.

Xiu Yu was still cheerfully imparting make-up knowledge to Ying Ziji, sitting on the table with his legs crossed: “I’ll recommend some civilian cosmetics for you.”

Ying Zidian listened attentively and took a small notebook to take notes.

Halfway through, Xiu Yu suddenly stopped, “You haven’t never touched these before, have you?”

Ying Zidian gave a hint.

Xiu Yu, who had always lived a life of luxury, didn’t feel good in his heart, he just felt that sister Shen Yan was really miserable.

“It’s okay, I’ll cover you from now on.” She took the girl’s shoulders and was generous, “You can report my name Xiu Yu at school, no one will dare to bully you.”

Ying Ziji was stunned.

After a long time, she smiled lightly with her eyes averted, "Your words remind me of someone."

Xiu Yu was curious: "Who is it?"

"My best friend." Ying Zigui said lightly, "She said the same thing."

"Oh." Xiu Yu didn't ask too much, "Have you been practising your skills?"

Ying Zidian bit into a bag of yoghurt: "Sort of."

She had been in China for a while, when ancient martial arts had just emerged.

She seemed to remember that she had even taken on a few disciples.

Because their body functions had been developed to the limits of human beings, ancient martial artists lived longer than ordinary people.

"Great!" Xiu Yu was delighted, "Then let's both spar some day."

Ying Ziji paused for a moment.

She was afraid that she wouldn't be able to keep her strength in her hands and she would cripple someone.

"Father Ying!" At this moment, a little brother hurried in, "Father Ying, the moral education director wants you to go to the office."

Ying Zidian finished his yoghurt and got up, "Thanks, I know."



Little brother was flattered, he scratched his head and smiled heatedly, "Ying dad, don't be polite, once you enter class 19, you are your own family."

"Moral education director?" Xiu Yu frowned, "Don't you go, the headmaster of Class 19 can't control it anyway."

"Go and see." Ying Ziyi didn't care, "Save the trouble from piling up more and more."

"That's right." Xiu Yu also stood up, "I'll go with you to have a look, but what the hell is Ying Dad?"

The last sentence was asked to the little brother.

"Sister Yu, you don't understand this." Little Brother said, "You and Brother Burn have already retired to the second generation, and Father Ying is the first generation, so naturally he is a father."

Xiu Yu who didn't find the words to retort: "....."

She kicked a foot up and scolded with a smile, "Hurry up and get lost, go see if your brother Burn is still up."

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Moral education office.

"Madam Ying, I've asked the students to call." The director of moral education said, "They'll be here in a moment, you can do that first and have a cup of tea."

"No need." Zhong Manhua wasn't in the mood for such leisure, "Evening, has Jiang Yan not returned to school by now?"

“Auntie doesn’t need to worry so much.” Zhong Zhiyan smiled lightly, “Jiang Yan has never been very disciplined, and usually runs out quite often.”

Zhong Manhua pursed her lips, getting even more annoyed.

How could she not be worried.

What if the Jiang family didn’t accept the apology?

There was a full fifteen minutes of waiting before the door was pushed open.

The girl was dressed in a neat school uniform with a high ponytail.

Half a strand of black hair fell over her lips, making her long neck even whiter.

She was dressed like a good student, which pleased the moral director: “Ying Ziji, your parents are here and want to talk to you.”

Just as she finished speaking, she saw Zhong Manhua standing up with a cold face.

She raised her hand and raised a direct slap.