

## Modern Day 1081

### Chapter 1081: The Only Customized; Bo Xiao Incident Leaked

“Hubby, I knew you were the best.” Seeing that Jiang Kui had agreed to her suggestion, a look of success flashed across Zou Man’s eyes.

Hearing Zou Man’s address, Jiang Kui frowned. However, he and Zou Man were already husband and wife, so it was normal for her to call him husband. Jiang Kui’s eyes flickered and he reminded Zou Man, “Don’t provoke Xia Wanyuan. You’re not her match.”

At the mention of Xia Wanyuan, Jiang Kui could not help but look forward to her. *It would be great if such a woman could be my wife, unlike Zou Man, who only knew how to scheme.*

“Jiang Kui.” Zou Man naturally saw the disdain and yearning for Xia Wanyuan in Jiang Kui’s eyes. She stopped calling him husband and called him by his name. “Don’t forget, I’m the legitimate wife of your Jiang family.”

“Alright.” Jiang Kui did not want to argue with Zou Man anymore. He waved his hand. “I’m going to be busy. Go out.”

Zou Man snorted coldly and walked out of the room.

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In the Jun Corporation’s office, Jun Shiling was seriously reviewing documents. Not far away, Xia Wanyuan was lying on the sofa reading.

After meeting Wei Zimu, Jun Shiling wanted to return to work, so Xia Wanyuan followed.

The twilight deepened, and the setting sun dyed the sky red.

Xia Wanyuan read the book and her gaze shifted to Jun Shiling.

Although they had been together for a long time, Xia Wanyuan was still attracted by Jun Shiling’s serious work.

“If you look at me again, don’t say that you’re tired later,” Jun Shiling suddenly said, but he did not look up.

Xia Wanyuan retracted her gaze, but not long after, she turned back.

Jun Shiling finally looked up and his cold gaze met Xia Wanyuan’s smiling eyes. “Hubby, still has a lot of things to do here. I don’t have time to satisfy you now. Let’s talk tonight.”

“...” Xia Wanyuan glared at Jun Shiling helplessly. “Is it illegal to look?”

“I’m afraid I’ll break the law.” Jun Shiling smiled.

“You look really good working in a suit.” Xia Wanyuan did not want to discuss a dangerous topic with Jun Shiling. Otherwise, Jun Shiling would not be able to control himself later. She praised Jun Shiling sincerely.

“Then look.” Being praised by Xia Wanyuan, Jun Shiling was in a good mood. He stopped teasing Xia Wanyuan and lowered his head to continue working.

Xia Wanyuan looked at him for a while and suddenly took the blueprint on the table and began to draw.

The sun completely set and the moon gradually climbed up the branches. Jun Shiling finally finished handling all the documents for the day, but Xia Wanyuan was still drawing something on the paper.

Jun Shiling stood up and walked behind Xia Wanyuan. After looking at her for a while, his eyes gradually darkened. “What is this?”

“Clothes.” Xia Wanyuan drew the last line on the paper. “Do they look good?”

On the paper were all sorts of suits. Other than the orthodox black, there were other styles. Even though it was only on the paper, Jun Shiling was very sure that this would look good on him.

“Alright, let’s go home. I’ll send it to Xiu Yi’s clothing department and let them make a few sets tomorrow to see the effect.” Xia Wanyuan put away the blueprint and extended her arm to Jun Shiling.

Jun Shiling did not ask further and brought Xia Wanyuan back to the manor.

Just as she arrived at the entrance of the manor, Uncle Wang welcomed her. “Madam, Miss Wei Jin is here. She doesn’t look too good.”

“Okay, I understand.”

In the living room, Wei Jin sat on the sofa with her back straight. Her aura was indestructible. Seeing that Xia Wanyuan had returned, Wei Jin smiled. “Cousin.”

“Mm, why are you here alone so late? Where’s Mu Feng?”

“Mu Feng has just been discharged and is resting at home.”

“Then let’s talk in the study,” Xia Wanyuan said as she threw away Jun Shiling’s arm and reached out to Wei Jin.

“...” Jun Shiling looked down at his hand and sighed silently in his heart.

“What? The Wei family?” In the study, after hearing Xia Wanyuan’s thoughts, Wei Jin’s eyes widened slightly. “Cousin, I can’t. I don’t have the ability.”

Ever since she was young, Wei Zhong had nurtured her into a lady who was proficient in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting. He had never taught her how to control the family.

Now, Xia Wanyuan actually wanted her to control the Wei family. *How could I do that?*

“You don’t have to answer me now.” Xia Wanyuan patted Wei Jin’s hand. “Think about it first.”

Facing Xia Wanyuan’s trusting gaze, Wei Jin nodded. “Alright then.”

“Why? Is Mu Feng relieved that you came alone?” After talking about the Wei family, Xia Wanyuan cared about Wei Jin’s situation.

Speaking of Mu Feng, Wei Jin hesitated for a moment, then hid her unnatural expression and shook her head. “He was resting when I left. He had just been discharged and his condition is not very good. I just wanted to come and see you, then I have to go back and take care of him.”

“Okay.” During this period of time, Wei Jin had been busy taking care of Mu Feng and rarely saw her. Xia Wanyuan and Wei Jin chatted in the study for a long time before sending Wei Jin back to the Mu family.

However, when Wei Jin’s car arrived at the entrance of the Mu family’s villa, the guard opened the door slowly.

The chauffeur honked several times, but the door was still closed. The chauffeur got out of the car in confusion and looked at the guard room. The two guards were both there. They pretended not to hear and did not open the door.

“Hey.” The chauffeur patted the metal door. “Open the door. I’m sending your Young Madam home.”

The guard looked up. “Young Madam? Which Young Madam? We don’t have a Young Madam here.”

The chauffeur was confused and ran back to tell Wei Jin. Wei Jin glanced at the closed door. “Thank you for sending me back. Go back. I’ll go in myself.”

The driver felt that something was wrong, but as a driver, he could not criticize others’ matters. Furthermore, his wife and child were still waiting at home. The driver replied and drove away.

After the Jun family’s car disappeared into the night, Wei Jin walked to the door. “Open the door.”

“Hey, is this Miss Wei?” The guard placed his legs on the table and did not move. As he chewed the betel nut in his mouth, he glanced at Wei Jin with a naughty smile in his eyes.

“I said open the door.” Wei Jin frowned.

“I’m sorry.” The guard tilted his head. “Madam has instructed that the world is not peaceful now. The door will be closed after ten in the evening. It’s already past time. We’re following orders. Miss Wei, don’t make things difficult for us.”

Wei Jin’s expression did not change. “Mu Feng will wake up at eleven after drinking the medicine. If he doesn’t let me in, who do you think Mu Feng will look for when he needs me later?”

The guard was stunned for a moment and subconsciously sat up. However, when he thought of the generous reward Zhang Yi had promised, he returned to his sloppy appearance. “That’s not something us servants can decide. This Mu family is still controlled by Madam, right?”

The good education she had received since she was young made Wei Jin not show any emotions even when she was bullied by the guard. “Do you think Zhang Yi will offend Mu Feng for you tomorrow morning? Between offending Mu Feng and firing you, which one will she choose?”

The guard gradually stopped chewing the betel nut and looked at Wei Jin, who was standing at the door.

*Mu Feng liked this Wei Jin. We had heard some news. If Mu Feng pursued the matter, she would definitely find a scapegoat. Wasn't that me?*

The guard put down his leg and opened the door for Wei Jin. "Miss Wei, please."

Wei Jin adjusted her clothes and walked in without looking at the fawning guard.

She and Mu Feng lived in a separate building. Now, other than the room Mu Feng was in, the entire building was dark.

Wei Jin went forward and pushed the door. As she had expected, the door was closed.

The night in the north was bone-chilling. The coldness on the door crawled from Wei Jin's fingertips to her heart. Wei Jin took out her phone and looked at the time.

There were still ten minutes to eleven in the evening. Mu Feng was about to wake up.

Mu Feng had just been discharged and had not recovered in all aspects. Wei Jin did not want him to worry. She took a few steps back and looked up.

Opposite Mu Feng's building was the main building of the Mu family's mansion, where Mu Ting and Zhang Yi lived.

As Zhang Yi put on a facial mask, she looked at Wei Jin, who was climbing up the air conditioner pipe to the second floor, with a mocking expression.

Mu Ting walked over and followed Zhang Yi's gaze. A hint of emotion flashed across his eyes. "This woman is great in all ways, but she shouldn't let Mu Feng like her."

Mu Feng and he had never had a harmonious relationship. Now, he even wanted to snatch the Mu family's power from him for a woman. Mu Feng simply did not care about him, the head of the Mu family.

*I'm still alive! Furthermore, I'm in my prime. Even if I wanted to pass the power of the Mu Feng, it should be at least twenty years later. Now, Mu Feng had begun to fight with me for this woman abandoned by the Wei family. How laughable.*

"Hubby ~ Old Master is biased towards Mu Feng. When Mu Feng recovers, will you have to give up your position?" Zhang Yi leaned on Mu Ting's shoulder and stroked Mu Ting's chest with his painted fingertips.

"Impossible!" Mu Ting's voice suddenly rose. Suddenly, he seemed to have thought of something and looked at Zhang Yi's stomach unhappily. "If your stomach was more hardworking, would I still have to worry about Mu Feng?!"

His father-son relationship with Mu Feng had long disappeared. If not for the fact that Mu Feng was his only son, he would have chased Mu Feng out long ago.

The skin on Zhang Yi's face trembled. She did not even have the intention to seduce Mu Ting. Of course she wanted to get pregnant, but she could not. What could she do?

At 10: 58 p.m., Wei Jin climbed to the balcony on the second floor. She took out a tissue and carefully wiped the gray stains on her body. Then, she tidied her appearance and pushed open the door to enter.

Just as she walked to the bed, Mu Feng woke up.

When he opened his eyes and saw Wei Jin, who was as moving as the moon, a smile appeared in Mu Feng's eyes. "Ah Jin, have you always been here?"

"No, I went to visit Cousin. I just came back not long ago." Wei Jin walked to the side and poured a glass of water for Mu Feng.

Mu Feng reached out to take it and touched Wei Jin's fingertips. He wrapped his hand around Wei Jin's. "Why is it so cold?"

Wei Jin struggled unnaturally. "I already said that I just came back from outside and haven't had time to wash up."

Mu Feng lifted the blanket. "Then come and warm yourself."

Wei Jin looked at the worried Mu Feng, and the corners of her eyes turned red. However, she quickly restrained her emotions and did not let Mu Feng notice her loss of composure.

She placed the cup aside, then took off her coat and lay down.

The blanket was warm and instantly melted the coldness in her body. Wei Jin took the initiative to burrow into Mu Feng's arms. Mu Feng smiled and hugged her tighter.

The next day, the alarm rang. Jun Shiling was about to get up when Xia Wanyuan pulled him back.

"What's wrong?" Jun Shiling smiled and leaned into Xia Wanyuan's neck, sniffing her fragrance. "It's only morning. Madam, your appetite has not been small recently."

"Shut up." Xia Wanyuan could not be bothered to argue with Jun Shiling about this. "Lie down for a while more. You can get up later."

She had someone rush to make a sample overnight and they would probably send it over in the morning. She wanted to wait for the clothes to be sent over before getting up.

"Sure, but I can't sleep. I want to find something to do." The fragrance on Xia Wanyuan tempted Jun Shiling.

Before Xia Wanyuan could reject him, Jun Shiling had already leaned over.

"....."

After some time, Uncle Wang carefully knocked on the door. "Madam, someone brought you something."

Xia Wanyuan kicked Jun Shiling. "Go get it."

Jun Shiling got out of bed and opened the door. Uncle Wang handed a box to Jun Shiling with an unnatural expression. His wrinkled face seemed to be inexplicably red. "Someone just sent this over."

“Got it. Thank you, Uncle Wang.” Jun Shiling took it and closed the door.

As Uncle Wang walked downstairs, he silently calculated. *Seeing how much Young Master doted on Madam, and the two of them had been together for so long, why was there still no movement in Madam’s stomach?*

Halfway there, Uncle Wang suddenly stopped and his old face was complicated. “Could there be a problem with Young Master? No, no.”

*However, it was time to make more soup for Young Master so that there would be a cute little princess in the manor as soon as possible.*

In the bedroom, Jun Shiling had already changed into the suit that Xia Wanyuan had personally designed. It was different from the black that Jun Shiling was used to wearing. This time, Xia Wanyuan had buried some dark blue stripes in it. There were dark golden lines on the sleeves, and they could be vaguely seen when he turned around.

Xiu Yi’s fashion team was top-notch and had completed Xia Wanyuan’s design 100%. The perfect design and Jun Shiling’s perfect figure stunned Xia Wanyuan for a moment.

“It’s beautiful.” Xia Wanyuan’s eyes curved into crescents. She pointed at another box. “Look at that.”

Jun Shiling opened the box. Inside was a coat of the same color as the clothes he was wearing, but it was a woman’s. The man’s suit was noble, and the woman’s coat was elegant. They matched.

“CEO Jun, I want to give you a gift.” Xia Wanyuan gestured for Jun Shiling to help her put on her clothes.

“What gift?”

“You’ll know later.” Xia Wanyuan kept him in suspense.

The two of them woke up late and dawdled. When they went downstairs, it was almost noon.

Looking at the strange soup on the table, Xia Wanyuan was a little puzzled. She was about to take out a spoon to try when Uncle Wang stopped her.

“Madam, this soup is for Young Master. Drink the pork ribs soup. I’ll scoop it for you.”

Beside him, Jun Shiling looked at the soup that was filled with the smell of herbs and his face darkened.

Even though Xia Wanyuan did not understand at first, she still understood when she saw Jun Shiling’s dark expression. She could not help but laugh.

Jun Shiling grabbed Xia Wanyuan’s waist. “Laugh again.”

Xia Wanyuan waved her hand, the smile in her eyes not dissipating at all. “I’m not, I’m not.”

“Take it away,” Jun Shiling shouted. The servants hurriedly removed the soup.

Until Xia Wanyuan was sent to the school gate, Jun Shiling’s expression did not improve.

“Calm down, CEO Jun. It’s enough that I know you’re fine.” Xia Wanyuan suppressed her laughter.

“Let’s go. I’ll send you to the classroom.” Jun Shiling glanced at Xia Wanyuan with a frown.

The last time Shen Xiu came to check, there was nothing wrong with his and Xia Wanyuan's bodies, but he did not know why there were no children.

"Can't you just send me here?" Xia Wanyuan was a little puzzled. *Didn't he always send me to the school gate in the past?*

"Hmph." Jun Shiling snorted coldly and got out of the car. He held Xia Wanyuan's hand and walked towards the school building.

Halfway there, Xia Wanyuan suddenly remembered that the two of them were wearing couple outfits she had designed.

Although the students of Qing University knew that Jun Shiling was Xia Wanyuan's husband, Jun Shiling rarely appeared. This time, his appearance naturally caused all sorts of commotion.

Instantly, from the school forum to Weibo, everyone knew that

Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan had come to Qing University in matching clothes!

[This dress is so beautiful!! I want to wear the same one as Xia Wanyuan!! I'm a rich woman, I'm willful.]

[... The word rich lady in front made me cry. Not only do I not have the same husband as Xia Wanyuan, but I also don't have the same clothes as Xia Wanyuan. It's too tragic. Is there anyone worse than me?]

[Uh... Go take a look at Xiu Yi's official website... Even rich women can't buy the same model. ]

Everyone touched Xiu Yi's official website to take a look.

The website specially opened a special space for its subsidiary brand, "JX".

It was noted that the subsidiary brand was personally established by Xia Wanyuan as the only men's clothing brand under Xiu Yi.

However, this men's clothing brand would not be sold to the public because it was the only custom-made one.

Everyone knew very well who the only person who could get customization was.

[Today is also a day to eat lemons. I cried.]

[A top designer only designs male clothes for one person. Immortal love.]

[I didn't expect Xia Wanyuan to be an extremely romantic person. Sigh, I don't think I'll ever meet such a man in my life.]

Just as everyone was watching the gossip excitedly,

A piece of society news quietly climbed onto the trending list. "The country broke a large-scale human smuggling case and saved thousands of people."

At first, everyone thought that they had seen wrongly. *What was going on? Thousands of people? Were we living in the old society? Now that it was so advanced, why would such a case appear?*

Everyone was discussing. At this moment, an unknown Weibo account quietly exposed, "It's said that An Rao's husband, Bo Xiao, is also involved in this case. However, Bo Xiao is not the captor, but the captured."

### **Chapter 1082: The Princess Enraged; Face-Slapping Madness**

As An Rao's husband, Bo Xiao's popularity was not low. Their godly love had always been the focus of everyone's gossip.

Everyone had seen on the news that Bo Xiao was a senior officer. Now that they saw this revelation, they subconsciously felt that it was fake. *After all, if such a high-level person colluded with the enemy, how much damage would it cause to the country?*

[ It's so fake to report a dragon walking. Others are fighting a bloody battle at the front line, but you're spreading rumors behind. Isn't this too much? ]

[Doesn't anyone care? Shouldn't such a marketing account that spread rumors about a general be arrested?]

Everyone's protest instantly drowned the comments section like a tide. An Rao's fans tried their best to protect Bo Xiao.

However, the informant quickly posted another post. Seeing this post, everyone was stunned.

This was a video taken secretly. In the video, Bo Xiao was handcuffed and being escorted into the car by armed personnel. The scene changed. At the entrance of the seventh prison, Bo Xiao was being brought in.

"Hehe, you all say that I'm spreading rumors, so I'll let you see the evidence. What general? Who knows how he got his rank? Let me explain. The seventh prison is where serious criminals are imprisoned. I don't need to think to know that Bo Xiao has committed a huge crime."

The netizens who were trying their best to protect Bo Xiao were dumbfounded. An Rao's fans were also stunned. However, what they were most worried about was not Bo Xiao, but the pregnant An Rao.

*Did An Rao know about this? What would happen if she knew?*

When the manager saw this news, she was so frightened that she rolled and crawled into An Rao's house.

Seeing that An Rao was not playing with her phone but doing pregnant yoga, the manager's heart relaxed. She walked over. "Ancestor, where's your phone?"

"On the sofa. What's wrong?" An Rao's stomach was already six to seven months old and was already bulging. She tried her best to be careful.

"I changed your old phone for you. Use this. The phone has radiation and it's not good for the fetus. When you want to video call Bo Xiao, I'll project it onto the television," the manager said and walked over to put An Rao's phone away.



“Okay.” An Rao’s phone also had radiation on the baby, so she listened to her manager. However, seeing her manager’s flustered expression, An Rao felt a little strange.

The manager packed her luggage and stayed beside An Rao, taking care of her in all aspects and isolating her from the news of the outside world.

At night, An Rao leaned on the bed and read the baby a bedtime story. Then, she suddenly looked at her manager. “Sister Liu, can you help me cook a bowl of noodles? I’m a little hungry.”

“Okay.” The manager touched the phone in her pocket and nodded. “Do you want to put eggs in it?”

A smile appeared on An Rao’s face. “I want two eggs. One for the baby and me.”

“Okay.”

In the kitchen, the water had already boiled and was bubbling. The manager hummed and was about to put noodles in the pot when she suddenly thought of something and paused in her actions of picking up the noodles.

“Oh sh\*t.” The manager threw away the noodles in her hand and ran to the bedroom.

However, it was too late.

The television had already been switched to the entertainment television channel. The beautiful host was broadcasting today’s major events in the entertainment industry.

On the television, Bo Xiao was wearing handcuffs and walking into the prison.

The manager hurriedly stepped forward and snatched the remote control. “An Rao, don’t think too much. Didn’t you call Bo Xiao a few days ago? How can he look like he’s in jail? Someone must have found a similar person to spread rumors.”

An Rao allowed her manager to take the remote control away. She looked at the television screen in a daze, and her mind seemed to have been emptied. There were countless roars in her ears.

During her conversation with Bo Xiao recently, she kept feeling that something was wrong, but Bo Xiao covered it up.

Seeing this scene now, everything seemed to be connected.

*Why had Bo Xiao been calling me in the same scene for months? Why was Bo Xiao always unwilling to show me his room? Why did Bo Xiao always call me at a fixed time and could not be contacted at all?*

There was an explanation for everything, because he was in prison.

“An Rao, don’t think too much. Really, how is that possible?” The manager stepped forward to comfort An Rao.

The next second, An Rao fainted on the bed.

“An Rao!! An Rao!!” The manager shouted An Rao’s name in fear. As she supported her, she called the ambulance.

The ambulance arrived quickly. The doctor moved An Rao to the bed and the manager followed anxiously. "Doctor, is she okay?"

"She panicked. We still need to go to the hospital for a deeper test." The doctor hung an oxygen mask on An Rao.

"Oh my god, what should we do?" The manager was about to die of anxiety. She suddenly thought of Xia Wanyuan and hurriedly took out An Rao's phone to call her.

Halfway through her meal, Xia Wanyuan suddenly stood up.

"What's wrong?" Jun Shiling sensed Xia Wanyuan's suddenly serious expression.

"An Rao fainted. She's in the hospital." Xia Wanyuan was busy today and had not seen the news. She did not know what had happened for the time being. She only heard her manager asking her for help anxiously.

"Let's go. I'll accompany you." Jun Shiling put down his chopsticks, took a shirt from the side, and draped it over Xia Wanyuan. He pulled her hand and walked out.

By the time they rushed to the hospital, An Rao had already woken up under the doctor's treatment. The manager sat beside her and came out anxiously in her slippers. When she saw Xia Wanyuan, she hurriedly welcomed her. "Miss Xia, CEO Jun."

"Go back first. You've worked hard. Leave this to us." Xia Wanyuan looked at An Rao. An Rao's eyes were open, and it was unknown what she was thinking.

"Okay." The manager was also worried about An Rao, but she believed that Xia Wanyuan was much more capable than her and would definitely take good care of An Rao. After greeting An Rao, she left in peace.

"An Rao." Xia Wanyuan sat by the bed and covered An Rao's hand.

An Rao finally looked at Xia Wanyuan, as if she had seen someone she could rely on. The corners of An Rao's lips curled up and tears flowed down. She grabbed Xia Wanyuan's hand with tears in her eyes. "Yuan Yuan, tell me, is it true? I only believe you."

Looking at An Rao's heartbroken expression, Xia Wanyuan could not bear to see her like this, but she had never lied. In the end, she could only nod. "Bo Xiao is in prison, but it's not what the outside world says."

An Rao knew that Xia Wanyuan and Jun Shiling had internal news. She wiped her tears. "Then will Bo Xiao come back?"

"He will." Xia Wanyuan took a tissue and wiped An Rao's tears. "Don't be too sad. Let Bo Xiao call you tomorrow, okay?"

"Mm." An Rao did not listen to anyone except Xia Wanyuan.

"Then come back to the manor with us. I'll sleep with you." Xia Wanyuan seemed not to be anxious about anything. Her calm appearance gradually calmed An Rao down.

“Okay.” An Rao held Xia Wanyuan’s hand, her eyes filled with dependence.

Jun Shiling contacted a special medical car to send An Rao back to the manor. Uncle Wang had already tidied up the guest room when he received the notice.

“Is the outcome of Bo Xiao’s punishment out?” While An Rao was washing up, Xia Wanyuan secretly asked Jun Shiling.

“Not yet. It’s more complicated.” Jun Shiling’s expression was a little serious.

Jun Shiling knew Bo Xiao’s true nature. He had played along and lured the enemy in, successfully facilitating this arrest.

However, his actions had indeed violated the rules. Furthermore, the forces in the southwest were too difficult to deal with.

They had been in the southwest for a long time. This time, they were forcefully reorganized. Everyone was angry and did not dare to flare up because of the pressure.

They did not dare to attack Jun Shiling, so they could only hold on to Bo Xiao’s matter and insist that Bo Xiao had colluded with the enemy. It was very difficult to stop the outcome of Bo Xiao’s handling.

“I have an idea.” Xia Wanyuan tugged at Jun Shiling’s sleeve.

Jun Shiling turned around. “Tell me.”

Xia Wanyuan leaned over and whispered a few words into Jun Shiling’s ear. A glint flashed across Jun Shiling’s eyes. He smiled and tapped Xia Wanyuan’s nose. “As expected of the Queen. Alright, we’ll do as you say.”

Xia Wanyuan pushed Jun Shiling. “Let’s go. I’ll sleep with An Rao today.”

“Alright.” Jun Shiling took half a step back and tapped his right cheek. “Give me some benefits.”

Xia Wanyuan leaned forward and kissed him, her dimples appearing. “Thank you for your cooperation, CEO Jun.”

After kissing him, Xia Wanyuan wanted to retreat, but Jun Shiling grabbed her waist. “I’ll cooperate with you today. I hope Madam can cooperate with me next time.”

Xia Wanyuan stepped on Jun Shiling’s foot, her eyebrows dyed red. “Jun Shiling, think of something else.”

“No.” With a warm and soft girl in his arms, who would have the mood to think about anything else? Jun Shiling smiled and let go of Xia Wanyuan’s waist. “Alright, go. I have to go to the study to busy myself for a while.”

Xia Wanyuan entered the bedroom. An Rao was sitting on the bed waiting for her. Her palm-sized face had a hint of pity. “Yuan Yuan, come quickly.”

Xia Wanyuan took off her shoes and got into bed. An Rao held her arm. “Yuan Yuan, Bo Xiao will be fine, right?”

Xia Wanyuan stroked An Rao's hair. "I don't dare to say anything else, but Bo Xiao's life isn't in danger."

Now that the matter was not clear, she could not guarantee the outcome, but Bo Xiao's life was not in danger.

An Rao hugged Xia Wanyuan's arm tightly. She would believe what Xia Wanyuan said.

"Alright, sleep. It's late." Xia Wanyuan reached out to dim the lights in the room and pulled An Rao into the blanket.

"Okay, Yuan Yuan. Thank you." An Rao leaned closer to Xia Wanyuan. "You're good. You're always here when I'm sad."

"Don't think too much." Xia Wanyuan smiled. "Goodnight."

"Good night."

The night gradually darkened. Beside Xia Wanyuan, An Rao gradually fell asleep.

However, on the Internet, the topic of "An Rao being hospitalized in a coma" continued to ferment.

Many netizens in Beijing Hospital came out to expose that they had seen An Rao being sent over in an ambulance at night. There were also many photos as evidence.

Looking at that familiar side profile and the manager beside the bed, the fans' hearts were about to break.

[Boohoo, is An Rao okay? Oh my god.]

[So does this indirectly confirm that something really happened to Bo Xiao? An Rao was probably kept in the dark in the past until she saw the news this time, so she couldn't take it anymore? I knew it. That Bo Xiao doesn't look like a good person.]

[ Idiot in front, why aren't you sleeping in the middle of the night, yet you're playing a lament for yourself? Are you a judge? Why are you so capable? There's no conclusion to the matter. Your gloating face is too laughable. ]

In the middle of the night, An Rao's fans could not sleep because of this news. Many of them did not sleep the entire night, wanting to hear that An Rao was safe.

An Rao woke up and saw the message from her manager. Only then did she know about the fermentation of the matter online. She hurriedly went on Weibo and reported to everyone that she was safe.

@ An Rao: "Don't worry, everyone. Yuan Yuan will take care of me. The child and I are fine."

It was accompanied by an early picture of steaming crab roe buns and thick corn porridge. It looked very appetizing.

The fans who had been waiting the entire night were relieved and comforted An Rao in the comments.

However, an extremely eye-catching comment was pushed to the top of the trending list.

[Hehe, her husband is already in prison, but she still has the mood to eat such a good breakfast. As expected, the love in the past was fake. The two of them are a perfect match. One is treason, and the other is hypocritical.]

The fans were almost angered to death by this comment. They rolled up their sleeves and prepared to fight her.

Unexpectedly, before the fans could start scolding, a familiar account appeared.

@ Xia Wanyuan: "The Internet is not a lawless place."

Xia Wanyuan had always been very cold in front of everyone. This was the first time everyone had seen her publicly scold someone.

[ Boohoo, in my lifetime, I've seen Xia Wanyuan scold others. I'm in love. ]

[Thank you, Xia Wanyuan, for taking such good care of our An Rao. Please don't make her too sad.]

Not long after Xia Wanyuan posted this comment, the strange comment called "Mu Mu is Light" was deleted by the Weibo administrator.

In fact, because there were too many comments insulting An Rao in this account, the Weibo administrator had banned this account.

Looking at the muted notification that popped up on her phone, An Lin threw her phone aside hatefully. However, when she thought of the news of Bo Xiao being caught on Weibo, An Lin's face was filled with gloating smiles.

"Serves you right!" An Lin sneered. "If I don't live well, don't even think about living well. I thought the man you married was very good. He's just a jailbird."

There was a knock on the door. An Lin threw away her phone and opened the door. It was Mother An. She looked much more haggard now.

"Linlin, you haven't been home in a long time. I came to visit you, okay?" Ever since Mother An had a terminal illness and knew that her days were numbered, for some reason, she had been especially greedy for family these days. From time to time, she would think of coming to visit An Lin.

"Do you think I can live well?" An Lin let her hair down and rolled her eyes. The bastard in her stomach was constantly reminding her of what had happened to her, and she no longer had any mood to please Mother An.

"This is the soup I made. Rest up." Mother An carried the soup box and staggered into the house.

"Don't disturb me. I'm going to sleep." Mother An was about to step in when An Lin closed the door. The closed door was only a centimeter away from the tip of Mother An's nose.

Looking at the closed door, Mother An was a little sad.

She had been domineering her entire life. When she was old and had a terminal illness, her days were numbered, she did not have anyone by her side. Even her adopted daughter, whom she had doted on her entire life, was unwilling to treat her well.

Mother An carried the soup box and returned the way she came. She met a mother and daughter who were talking and laughing. Mother An was stunned on the spot. She waited for the mother and daughter to leave before walking forward again.

Mother An thought for a while and took out her phone to call An Rao.

The call was quickly connected. Mother An called out very gently, "Daughter, when are you coming home? I'll make your favorite chicken soup."

An Rao was a little stunned by Mother An's sudden mother-daughter relationship. "I don't need it."

Mother An's voice was filled with tears. "I know I was wrong. I'm old and sick now. I know I shouldn't have treated you like that in the past. I'm begging you. Come back and visit me. Just treat it as coming back to see me for the last time, okay?"

Even though An Rao was extremely disappointed in Mother An, she was still a mother who had given birth to her. Hearing her cry on the phone, An Rao felt uncomfortable. "I'm pregnant. I can't take the plane."

Mother An only wanted to have a confidant by her side now, so she could not care less. "Then take the high-speed rail. I'll buy you a ticket. Just tomorrow, okay?"

The pity in An Rao's heart disappeared. "High-speed rail? Do you know how long it takes to get there from Beijing? Have you thought about my safety at all? Have you thought about my child's safety?"

"That's not what I meant." Mother An wanted to explain, but An Rao had already hung up.

Listening to the beeping sound of the phone being hung up, Mother An looked angry.

*I did not give birth to An Lin. It was fine if An Lin did not want to take care of me, but An Rao came from my stomach. If I wanted An Rao to take care of me, An Rao had to come back!*

In prison, Bo Xiao quickly learned of the leak of the incident online. He was worried about An Rao and hurriedly called her.

"Hello." An Rao appeared in the video. She looked well, but the corners of her eyes were red. It was obvious that she had just cried.

"Baby, I'm fine. Look, I can call you every day, right?" Bo Xiao blinked at An Rao, wanting to make her happy.

It was fine if Bo Xiao did not smile, but when he did, An Rao wanted to cry even more. "Bo Xiao, I miss you."

An Rao's words made Bo Xiao's heart clench. "I miss you too. Wait for me, okay?"

An Rao nodded, the tears on her eyelashes trembling.

"Then don't be sad because of the comments online. You're in the entertainment industry. You know that the comments online are mixed. Ignore them." Bo Xiao was worried that An Rao's emotions would be affected by the various comments online.

An Rao lowered her eyes. "But they're not right."

"What?"

"I hate it when they say that your identity was obtained through improper means." An Rao looked very sad. "You protected the country and them so diligently. What right do they have to say that?"

The only time An Rao had come into contact with Bo Xiao's working environment was when she went to Continent F to look for him.

Flames of war flew, and guns were ruthless.

She had watched Bo Xiao walk into the fire alone to protect the confidential documents. She had watched Bo Xiao and his comrades build a steel wall for the country behind them with their flesh and blood.

The mission was so thrilling, but in Bo Xiao's long career, this was only one of the insignificant times.

Bo Xiao was only in his twenties, but he had grown into a general in China.

Among them, An Rao did not dare to imagine how many times Bo Xiao had crawled out of the Grim Reaper's mouth and how many times he had to enter a hail of bullets to obtain such honor.

However, all of this became improper means in the mouths of those netizens.

An Rao was too sad.

Bo Xiao was stunned. He did not expect An Rao to be sad because of this. The corners of his lips curled up slightly. "Silly, look at me."

An Rao looked up and stared straight at Bo Xiao. Bo Xiao was not angry at these comments. Instead, he was very calm. There was a deep light in his eyes. "Feeling wronged for me?"

An Rao nodded. "Mm."

Bo Xiao smiled. "What about you? What do you think of me?"

An Rao's eyes were red. "You're the best hero."

The smile in Bo Xiao's eyes deepened. "Do you remember what I once said to you? I'll protect you the way I protect the country.

In my heart, protecting the country is protecting you. As long as you think I'm a hero, I'll never feel wronged."

Tears fell from An Rao's eyes. "Mm."

"So, stop crying, okay?" Bo Xiao wanted to help An Rao wipe her tears, but he had no choice. He could only look from afar. "If you give birth to an ugly child in the future, will it be your fault or mine?"

"It's your fault. You're the one who gave birth to an ugly child." An Rao was successfully amused by Bo Xiao.

"Mm, it's my fault." Bo Xiao smiled and continued An Rao's words. "What did you eat tonight? Tell me?"

An Rao obediently reported to Bo Xiao.

Not far away, Xia Wanyuan looked over and smiled.

As expected, no matter how many people persuaded An Rao, it could not compare to a call from Bo Xiao. Only Bo Xiao could make An Rao smile.

“Are you still sleeping with An Rao tonight?” Jun Shiling leaned over and hugged Xia Wanyuan’s shoulder.

“That’s right.” Xia Wanyuan nodded.

Jun Shiling let go of Xia Wanyuan’s shoulder and turned to walk upstairs. Xia Wanyuan called out to him in confusion, “Where are you going?”

“Go and urge them to hurry up and let Bo Xiao back.” Jun Shiling’s words successfully amused Xia Wanyuan.

*Wasn't it just letting him sleep for a few days? Was there a need?*

— —

Before Bo Xiao’s matter was over, a huge piece of news swept everyone’s eyes again.

Ever since the love variety show that Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan had been on last time became popular on the Internet, love and marriage programs had appeared like mushrooms after the rain.

All sorts of on-screen couples used this trend to become popular. Among these many programs, there was a variety show called “Leisure Life” that was the most popular.

This variety show specially invited popular couples and couples to discuss the meaning of marriage with the audience by recording their daily interactions.

This program had been very popular since it was established. However, this time, when it announced its latest guest, it instantly caused a heated discussion on the Internet.

Because the guests this time were Jiang Kui and Zou Man, who were famous for their love.

[666666, to be able to invite Young Master Jiang, this production team is amazing.]

[Ahhh, I’m so looking forward to it. I really want to know how Jiang Kui and Zou Man usually get along. Immortal love, immortal couple.]

[Let me say something silently. I’m already very happy to see Jiang Kui and Zou Man, this immortal couple. However, I still want to pray for another miracle. If the guests can add Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan, I’m willing to lose twenty pounds!]

[The person in front, I’m looking forward to what you say too, but it should be impossible. Boohoo, if these two couples can really work together, then the dog food will feed them to death!]

Because of the netizens’ suggestion, in the end, a large number of people with the same thoughts as her scrolled through the comments below, hoping that the production team would invite Xia Wanyuan and Jun Shiling.



Everyone only wanted to vent their hopes, but not long after, the production team's official Weibo replied.

@ Leisure Life: "Thank you for your enthusiastic discussion. The production team will adopt everyone's suggestion. We're also actively coordinating. We're looking forward to Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan joining our program more than everyone."

The official answer immediately aroused everyone's anticipation. Instantly, the Internet was discussing Jiang Kui, Zou Man, Jun Shiling, and Xia Wanyuan.

Xia Wanyuan did not have time to pay attention to this at all. She had already buried her head in the office and was handling the ancient books on the table.

"Wanyuan, are you busy?" Professor Zhang walked in with a stack of books. He smiled happily.

"Mm, Professor Zhang, why are you here?" Xia Wanyuan stood up and helped Professor Zhang take down the book.

"Look at what you're holding."

Xia Wanyuan lowered her head, holding this year's new teaching materials in her hand. She flipped through them and paused.

"Haha, do you see that?" Professor Zhang pointed at the editor's name on the title page. "Many of the books you participated in compiling last year have been printed. They're all here. You've achieved a lot, Professor Xia."

Looking at the dozen or so books in front of her, each of which had her name on it, a smile appeared in Xia Wanyuan's eyes.

In her previous life, it was a very illustrious thing for a person to write a biography. Xia Wanyuan had the traditional thoughts of her previous life, so she was naturally happy to see so many books that she had participated in compiling printed.

"The book in your hand has already been certified by the country. It can be used as a designated textbook for the literature department this year." Professor Zhang looked at Xia Wanyuan lovingly. "Keep up the good work. The heavy burden of our Qing University's literature department is on your shoulders."

"Thank you, Professor Zhang." Xia Wanyuan smiled faintly, then took a photo with her phone and sent it to Jun Shiling.

Professor Zhang, who was at the side, accidentally saw the chat box and shook his head with a smile. Young people nowadays were so clingy that even he was embarrassed.

*Xia: Look, the books I participated in compiling last year have been printed.*

*Jun: You're the best.*

*Xia: (Cute emoticon)*

Jun: *In order to celebrate this happy thing, I'll reward you to sleep with your husband tonight. (Serious and serious emoticon)*

Xia: (Shut up expression bag) *I can't be bothered with you. I'm going to work. Pick me up tonight.*

In the office, Jun Shiling looked at his phone and smiled. When Xia Wanyuan stopped replying, he put away his phone and looked at Lin Jing. "Continue."

Lin Jing adjusted his glasses as if nothing had happened. "We were just talking about Jiang Kui and Zou Man participating in a variety show called 'Looking forward to Life'. Jiang Kui has been trying his best to encourage the production team to invite you and Madam."

"I understand. Is there anything else?" Jiang Kui had never been Jun Shiling's competitor. He was not interested in Jiang Kui's thoughts.

"After this major case in China was solved, the Sea Shark side had a huge reaction. They went to look for Old K several times, but they were all rejected. Old K doesn't seem to have any movements."

Jun Shiling's eyes darkened. "Are the people from Continent F still watching?"

"Yes, they've always kept in touch." Lin Jing nodded.

"Okay, go ahead."

Lin Jing bowed respectfully and walked out of the office.

A large number of executives were waiting at the door with folders in their hands. When they saw Lin Jing come out, they hurriedly rushed up. "Special Assistant Lin, how is CEO Jun feeling now? Can we go in?"

Lin Jing smiled. "CEO Jun just finished chatting with Madam on WeChat."

All the executives heaved a sigh of relief. *I understand, I understand. He must be in a good mood now!!*

Hence, a group of people rushed to queue for the office.

However, in the office, just as Lin Jing left, Jun Shiling received another WeChat message from Xia Wanyuan. "CEO Jun, An Rao and I are eating and shopping outside today. Settle your dinner yourself. You don't have to wait for me."

The executives happily took the proposal to Jun Shiling to sign. However, Jun Shiling's repeated "no", "hit back and do it again", and "there's a problem" shattered everyone's hearts.

*Hehe, Special Assistant Lin is a liar!*

—

The books that Professor Zhang had brought to Xia Wanyuan were sent by the publishing house. A large number of books had already been printed and were waiting to be sold to the market.

With Xia Wanyuan's reputation, it was too easy to sell books, so the publishing house printed a million copies the first time.

Just as the news of the sale was announced online, a large number of orders flew over like bamboo shoots after a rain. The website was almost about to collapse.

The staff of the publishing house had never seen such a scene.

No, it should be said that they had never seen anyone sell textbooks with such an aura. After all, the popular books in the past were usually novels and literature. Few people asked about such purely theoretical books.

The publisher calculated with his fingers. These one million copies were probably not enough, so he issued the second printing mission overnight.

Xia Wanyuan's book sold so well that it naturally attracted the envy of many people. Many people jumped out to question her.

"I really can't understand. A young lady in her twenties created more than ten books in half a year. Who can guarantee the quality? There are actually so many people who are willing to be fools."

"Indeed, more than ten books appeared in half a year, and one of them even entered the list of national teaching materials. Isn't this too fake? Other than an empty reputation, what else does Xia Wanyuan have?"

[Are you jealous? Xia Wanyuan is amazing. Do you have a problem with that?]

[Although I also feel that these people's words are sour, in all fairness, Xia Wanyuan doesn't have a doctorate or any special contributions, and she doesn't have a core journal thesis under her name. Isn't it reasonable for others to doubt her book to be included in the national teaching materials?]

With the netizens' reminder, the topic that had once been hotly discussed about Xia Wanyuan's insufficient qualifications as a professor was dug out again.

A large number of comments were implying that Xia Wanyuan had spent money to buy a gunman to produce so many books. Furthermore, Xia Wanyuan did not have a core journal thesis under her name. *How could she be chosen as a national textbook the moment she published a book?*

There was definitely a conspiracy.

However, this time, before everyone could finish questioning and mocking her, Xia Wanyuan came out to respond and shut everyone up.

### **Chapter 1083: Slapping the Crowd twice**

Xia Wanyuan had been busy late into the night every day last year. Not only was she compiling teaching materials, but she had also written many papers.

Although Principal Yang and the rest tried their best to comfort her, it was fine as long as she was capable, even if she did not publish a thesis in a core journal.

However, Xia Wanyuan was unwilling to make things difficult for the school. She took the time to study the publishing mechanism of China's papers and then submitted a large number of papers to the four core journals in China.

Now, the results were all out.

Seeing that there were people on the Internet who doubted her qualifications to teach at Qing University, the official Weibo account of Qing University posted a dynamic response.

@ Qing University Official: "Professor Xia fulfills the conditions for being a professor in our school. Regarding the rumors on the Internet that Xia Wanyuan doesn't have a core journal thesis under her name, it's a rumor."

Under this Weibo post were two papers from top journals in the industry, both signed by Xia Wanyuan.

[I knew it. How could Xia Wanyuan find a gunman? Her classes were all there, okay? Xia Wanyuan's classes were so good. How could it be that she had no abilities like what the jealous haters said?]

[ There's still a difference between having strength and meeting the requirements, okay? In the past, Xia Wanyuan did not have the support of a thesis. Can't others question her? ]

Seeing that this storm had been suppressed by the official Weibo account of Qing University, another storm rose.

A user named "Drop the Book Bag" posted long articles revealing the dark reality of the literary world. Half of the articles were aimed at Xia Wanyuan.

Dropping the book bag: "I admit that I'm a vain person, but in the end, the pride of a scholar in my bones awakened my conscience. I want to stand up and tell everyone how dark the literary world is."

Many teachers had worked hard for many years but could not get a professional title because they needed a large number of thesis results and research results. If they could not complete it, they would find others to write it for them. The price was also very high.

Like Xia Wanyuan, who everyone was familiar with, she had found someone to write the thesis for her, which was why she had passed the basic requirements for a professor at Qing University. Of course, she was rich and the price she offered was very high.

Everyone might say that it's normal for transactions to be consensual, but this is a pure literary hall. How can I be insulted like this? I really can't stand it anymore."

Not only was this book bag sincere with his words, but it also had a lot of supporting information.

Among them were his WeChat chat records with Xia Wanyuan, a large number of bank transfer screenshots, and the information on the two top papers that he had listed on Xia Wanyuan's official Weibo.

The moment these things were released, they immediately attracted a lot of attention.

[What's going on? Really?]

[I'm a Qing University student. I'm on Professor Xia's side. You'll know how amazing Professor Xia is after listening to one class.]

[Hehe, I knew it. No matter how amazing Xia Wanyuan is, she can act, attend classes, produce so many books, and write two top-notch papers in a year. Does she really think she's the female lead of a novel?]

In the admissions office of Nancheng University, the head of the admissions office was observing the movements on the Internet with his subordinates.

“Chief, are you sure there’s no problem with this book bag?”

“Don’t worry, he’s in America. No matter how amazing Jun Shiling is, can he reach out to America? This person is a very amazing talent. He has a few top journals’ papers under his name. No one will doubt his authenticity,” the director said confidently.

He had spent a lot of effort to find this person. Even if those papers were written by Xia Wanyuan, she could not explain this matter clearly.

One was a senior in the academic world with a few top-notch papers, and the other was a young girl who had never even posted a master’s degree. This multiple choice question was too easy to do.

Thinking of pulling Xia Wanyuan down, and one of the golden signs of Qing University was gone, the reputation of the humanities of Nancheng University would still be flaunted, the head of the admissions office silently heaved a sigh of relief. *This year’s enrollment index should be saved.*

Under the Jiang family’s push, the topic of Xia Wanyuan’s academic fraud rose on the Internet.

Just as everyone was questioning why Xia Wanyuan did not appear to respond, the four top journals in the Chinese academic world actually posted something.

These four major journals had always been cold and indifferent to worldly matters, so they had very few fans on Weibo. However, they were all heavyweights in the academic world. When the four major journals posted something, everyone was alarmed.

The four major journals announced the outstanding national papers selected in the first quarter at the same time. Everyone was dumbfounded when they clicked on it.

Journal 1: Xia Wanyuan is ranked first and has been included in five papers.

Journal 2: Xia Wanyuan is ranked first and has been included in seven papers.

Journal 3: Xia Wanyuan is ranked first and has been included in six papers.

Journal 3: Xia Wanyuan is ranked first and has been included in seven papers.

Not only were the academic big shots dumbfounded, but the surrounding netizens were also dumbfounded.

Everyone looked at the title again. *It was indeed a national thesis, but why did this number seem like a joke? Furthermore, were these four journals wrong?? Why were they all Xia Wanyuan? It was as if they were copied and pasted.*

[ Oh my god!! Is this statistical chart serious? I dare say that I’ve been in academia for so many years and have never seen such a huge scene. The four major journals have moved out together and are flooded with dozens of national papers by Xia Wanyuan. I feel like I’m living in a dream! ]

[ I want to ask now if the person who said that he wrote for Xia Wanyuan is embarrassed. Look at the number of Xia Wanyuan's papers and then look at his. How can he have the cheek to say that he's Xia Wanyuan's gunman? ]

[ Isn't Xia Wanyuan rich... Can't she find dozens of gunmen? Maybe Xia Wanyuan found someone to specially write these papers. Does having a large number mean she's awesome? Anyway, I don't believe she's so amazing. ]

[ Is there something wrong with your brain? I advise you to treat it. Can't you allow others to be amazing just because you're trash? Xia Wanyuan is at the level of a father. If you're unhappy, hold it in. ]

Just as doubts appeared and the fans and haters were arguing, the four major journals simultaneously announced Xia Wanyuan's thesis manuscript and the debate video she had participated in when submitting the thesis.

Looking at Xia Wanyuan's in-depth explanation of the thesis content and her ability to control the entire venue in the video, the jealous haters silently shut their mouth.

#### **Chapter 1084: Bo Xiao Returns; Princess Movie Queen**

There were professionals in every field. The fans only saw the quantity and the value of the journal. They knew that Xia Wanyuan was very amazing, but no one knew exactly how amazing she was.

When everyone in the academic world saw this long list, they specially downloaded all of Xia Wanyuan's papers and studied them.

They even watched the video of Xia Wanyuan's defense once. Then, everyone was collectively stunned.

"My mentor told me that after watching Xia Wanyuan's defense video, he doesn't want to teach anymore. He feels that after so many years of research, he's inferior to a young lady in her twenties. He's autistic."

"Plus one, our mentor has just given us a mission in the group. He wants all of us to study Xia Wanyuan's thesis and learn her train of thought. I just want to say that I can't do it! So what if we learn her train of thought? I'm not as talented as Xia Wanyuan."

[I just want to ask, is that book bag awkward now? Hahahaha, do you think it's amazing that you've published two or three papers in the four journals?]

[No, he's thick-skinned. He's still quibbling, saying that Xia Wanyuan not only invited him, but also many others.]

The netizens returned to Weibo and took a look. As expected, he still did not admit that he was spreading rumors and insisted that Xia Wanyuan's papers were written by others.

@ Drop the book bag: "Hehe, she's the wife of the richest man in the world. How rich is she? To be honest, I only helped her write two papers. I can buy a house in my hometown. Who can resist such temptation?"

However, anyone who had listened to Xia Wanyuan's lecture seriously and read her thesis carefully knew very well that the standard of this book bag could not control Xia Wanyuan's thesis at all. It was obvious that he was talking nonsense when he said he wrote it.

However, there were too many people who could not help but be envious of Xia Wanyuan. There were also many people who did not know anything about academic papers and still believed what the book bag said.

"Director, Director, what do you think is going on?" In Nancheng University, the staff and the head of the admissions office looked at each other.

"How would I know?" The director was also shocked. He had thought of many ways for Xia Wanyuan to counterattack and countless countermeasures, but he never expected Xia Wanyuan to come up with so many papers at once.

"What should we do?" The staff looked at the direction of public opinion on the Internet. "Will we be implicated?"

"It's okay. That book bag is in America. They can't do anything to him in the country." The director looked hatefully at Xia Wanyuan's long list of papers and gritted his teeth.

The number of core papers Xia Wanyuan had alone could compare to half of their Nancheng University's Chinese department. How could they face the light of the humanities?

On Weibo, the book bag dropped because the netizens could not do anything to him. He posted one post after another, constantly criticizing Xia Wanyuan for being fake.

The fans scolded him angrily on Weibo, but it was useless.

At this moment, some attentive netizens realized that Jun Shiling, who had not been online for a long time, was actually online on Weibo.

A guess suddenly appeared in everyone's hearts.

As expected, not long after, Jun Shiling's account appeared on Weibo.

@ Jun Shiling: "Do you think that China's laws can't do anything to you just because you're in America? You have to pay the price for spreading rumors."

[Wow! CEO Jun has appeared. He's so domineering and protective of his wife! CEO Jun, well done. You should scold such a person who spread rumors like this. You're too much.]

[ I can actually be on the same page as CEO Jun in my lifetime. My dream is fulfilled. CEO Jun, kill him. ]

[Ahhh, CEO Jun, I beg you to participate in the variety show with Xia Wanyuan. I beg you. Even if you stand still, I can watch it for the entire day.]

It was night time in America. The person on Weibo, whose real name was Shang Wei, was sitting on the sofa and drinking tea. Five years ago, Shang Wei had been fired by the school because his words were too intense. Later on, he came to America.

He was a little talented, but he was too arrogant. He lived in poverty in America and hated China to the core.

He was unwilling to be fired by the school, and he was even more unwilling to see a young lady in her twenties achieve so much more than him. Hence, when China anonymously sent an email hoping to reach a deal with him, he easily agreed.

Seeing Jun Shiling's comment, Shang Wei sneered. "So what if you're the richest man? Can your Chinese law control me?"

He picked up the teacup and had just brought it to his mouth when the doorbell rang.

"Who is it?" Shang Wei put down his teacup and opened the door impatiently. *Who would come so late?*

However, the moment he opened the door, he saw the federal police. "We're in charge of sending you back to China. Come with us."

"Hey, why?! I didn't do anything wrong, why should I be sent away!" Shang Wei struggled to leave, but the federal police grabbed his collar and carried him to the police car.

In the house, the teacup was still steaming. There were still incomplete rumors and comments on the computer table.

No matter how the anti-fans questioned or how the forces behind public opinion pushed,

Strength was the best way to shut people up.

The scholars were not fools, nor were the teachers and students on campus. They could tell if something was good or bad.

Even though the publishing house had already printed three times in a row, they still could not handle the orders that flew in from all over the country.

Xia Wanyuan's published textbooks were also fought over by the major universities.

At this moment, the comments about Xia Wanyuan not being qualified to work at Qing University were no longer convincing.

In terms of teaching, Xia Wanyuan's classes were lively. The number of views in online classes was dozens of times that of other teachers on the Internet.

In terms of the number of core journals, Xia Wanyuan alone could compare to half of the best liberal arts schools.

In terms of the quality of the publication, the repeated printing and the new sales records already explained everything.

[Yuan Yuan is really amazing. She used her strength again and again to shut those lunatics up.]

[Actually, what I want to say is that Yuan Yuan must have worked hard. There are so many books. I wonder how long it will take to write them.]

[Godly idol. I can be a fan for another life!]



Looking at the netizens' comments, Xia Wanyuan was a little touched.

Although they had never met before, many people had silently supported her along the way. Perhaps she would never know who they were, but they seemed to follow her without hesitation and with passion.

At that moment, Chen Yun called.

"Wanyuan, your fans have been working hard for you recently. Do you want to consider getting them some benefits or interact more with them?"

As a manager, Chen Yun understood the fans' mentality the best. No matter what the fans did, as long as their idol could post a selfie or say a few words, they would feel that their hard work was worth it.

"Okay," Xia Wanyuan replied to Chen Yun and posted on Weibo.

@ Xia Wanyuan: "Lucky draw. Fifty thousand people, five hundred red packets, and a mysterious gift bag."

Chen Yun: *I asked you to interact, not use money to interact. Forget it, you have money. As long as you're happy.*

When Xia Wanyuan appeared, the fans were stunned for a second before surging into her lucky draw Weibo.

[Ahhh, is the wife of the richest man finally starting to throw money?]

[How mysterious is the mysterious gift bag? Will it have my beloved Xiu Yi clothes? Or is it a delicious drink? Aiya, forget it. Just five hundred yuan is already very fragrant.]

[ I like how Xia Wanyuan casually throws money. Being rich is willful. ]

The scene of one winning a house on Xia Wanyuan's Weibo was still vivid in their minds. Everyone knew that Xia Wanyuan was generous, so other than fans, a large number of passers-by also participated.

"Can you still hold on?" Backstage, the programmers were doing their best to monitor the situation on Weibo.

"Sure, sure." Another programmer with half of his hair bald was so happy that he was about to cry. "It's not in vain that the server that we've worked so hard to maintain hasn't collapsed this time. Although the number of people is already increasing, the situation is very good."

Before he could say the word "stable", the entire office exploded with "f\*ck".

Because Jun Shiling had posted another lucky draw Weibo post behind Xia Wanyuan.

The already shaky Weibo server was completely paralyzed.

The programmer touched the remaining half of his hair and wanted to cry. "I don't think I can protect you."

In the manor, Jun Shiling sat beside Xia Wanyuan and handed her a jewelry box from behind. "They all have gifts. Our protagonist has to have gifts too."

Xia Wanyuan smiled and took it. "Thank you, CEO Jun."

"You're welcome. Move back to the master bedroom to sleep today." Jun Shiling took out the necklace from the box and put it on Xia Wanyuan. "It looks good."

"Didn't I tell you? I have to accompany An Rao during this period of time. Sleep by yourself." Xia Wanyuan placed her foot on Jun Shiling's lap, and Jun Shiling wrapped her in his arms with his clothes. ]"You don't have to accompany An Rao anymore." Jun Shiling hooked Xia Wanyuan's ankle, causing her to smile.

Xia Wanyuan suppressed her laughter and asked, "What do you mean? Bo Xiao can come back?"

"Kiss me and I'll tell you."

"Forget it if you don't want to say it." Xia Wanyuan had already gotten the answer from Jun Shiling's expression.

— —

In the apartment, An Rao was packing her things. Her manager was helping her.

"There's no need to bring this. Yuan Yuan has already prepared it for me." An Rao picked out the clothes in the wardrobe. "You can take this sweater over. This sweater is especially soft and very warm."

Seeing that An Rao was packing seriously, the manager put down the clothes in his hand. "Look for it first. I'll cook some noodles for you."

"Okay." An Rao did not even turn around and rummaged through the wardrobe.

The manager pushed open the bedroom door and had just taken two steps when he heard a knock on the door. "Eh? Didn't An Rao just place the order yesterday? Why are you here so quickly?"

The manager nagged as he walked out. However, when she opened the door, she was stunned.

The man standing outside the door was solemn with a familiar smile on his lips. *Wasn't that Bo Xiao?!*

"Bo..." The manager exclaimed, her face filled with excitement and joy. Bo Xiao placed his index finger on his lips and stopped her.

"Where's An Rao?" Bo Xiao smiled.

"She's packing in the bedroom. Go in quickly. Coincidentally, I'm going out," the manager said as she picked up her bag and walked out. She even pushed Bo Xiao.

An Rao and Bo Xiao had not seen each other for so long, so she would not be a third wheel here.

The door closed. Bo Xiao changed his shoes, slowed down, and walked into the bedroom.

The entire room was still the same as before he left. Even the position of the doll had not changed much. Beside the wardrobe, An Rao was wearing a white sweater. Her stomach was bulging and she was seriously choosing the coat in the cabinet.

"This red one seems a little small. This white one is good." Hearing footsteps, An Rao thought it was her manager and nagged her manager to help her decide.

Bo Xiao stood at the door and stared at An Rao not far away without saying a word.

An Rao seemed to have gained a little weight and there was a little meat on her face, but she was still bright and beautiful. She did not put on makeup today, and her eyelashes were still curled and curled. She blinked, making Bo Xiao's heart ache.

"Didn't you want to cook noodles for me? I want two eggs. Me and the baby." An Rao took out a white coat and turned around. She stopped mid-sentence.

To Bo Xiao's surprise, An Rao did not cry or make a fuss. Instead, she closed her eyes and looked a little annoyed. "How annoying. Why am I seeing Bo Xiao again? Am I dreaming?"

As An Rao spoke, she reached out and prepared to pinch her face. After all, in the past, she had always let herself wake up like this.

However, just as she placed her hand on her face, someone grabbed her wrist. Bo Xiao had walked up to her at some point.

An Rao opened her eyes. The temperature of Bo Xiao's palm was on her wrist. An Rao's eyes widened. "You."

Bo Xiao smiled and scolded An Rao. "Stupid, so stupid." However, his eyes were red.

An Rao was still not sure. She pounced into Bo Xiao's arms, and Bo Xiao's unique smell surrounded her. Bo Xiao also hugged An Rao tightly.

Hearing Bo Xiao's strong heartbeat, An Rao was certain that Bo Xiao was really back.

She finally dared to cry. She cried very sadly in Bo Xiao's arms.

Bo Xiao kissed her hair from the top of her head to her lips, ignoring the tears on her face.

An Rao sobbed. "You're so annoying. I can't breathe."

Bo Xiao stopped and knocked An Rao's head. "Idiot."

"How did you come back? Did you escape from prison?" An Rao, who had just watched an escape movie last night, was filled with strange thoughts.

Bo Xiao really wanted to pry open An Rao's head and see what was inside. "Shut up. Have you eaten?"

"No." An Rao shook her head.

"I'll get you something to eat." Bo Xiao glanced at An Rao's stomach. "You can starve, but you can't starve my son."

"Hmph!" An Rao was angered by Bo Xiao again.

Bo Xiao smiled and pulled her into his arms. "Good girl, I was joking. Wait for me here."

“No, I want to go with you.” An Rao only wanted to be a clingy little tail and did not want to go anywhere.

“Let’s go.” Bo Xiao moved a stool for An Rao and let her sit in the kitchen while he cooked.

“Bo Xiao, you’re back. Will you still leave?” An Rao was most concerned about this question.

“I can accompany you for a while.” Bo Xiao boiled the water and walked to An Rao. He wiped her face with a wet towel. “You’re not allowed to cry. I’m already back. Smile for Hubby.”

An Rao glared at Bo Xiao, but she still wiped her tears and smiled at him, like a little wife who had been captured by bandits.

“Silly.” A smile appeared in Bo Xiao’s eyes. He lowered his head and covered An Rao’s lips.

“Hey, my noodles,” An Rao said, but her body did not move. She even leaned towards Bo Xiao.

Bo Xiao stroked An Rao’s head. “The noodles are not cooked yet. I’ll reward you with a kiss first.”

An Rao wanted to say something but was swallowed by Bo Xiao.

Since Bo Xiao was back, An Rao naturally stayed in the apartment.

In the manor, Xia Wanyuan received An Rao’s message and glanced at Jun Shiling. “CEO Jun, thank you.”

Jun Shiling glanced at her. “Try saying thank you to me again?”

Xia Wanyuan laughed. “When are you bringing Xiao Bao back?”

Xiao Bao had been staying at Old Master’s house for almost a week. He had probably missed home long ago.

“Tomorrow.” Jun Shiling typed the last few words on the computer. “Can you go back to the master bedroom tonight? An Rao has gone back.”

“Got it.” An Rao could be at ease now that Bo Xiao was back. Xia Wanyuan’s mood was much better, and she was even a little restless.

Anyway, Xiao Bao was not back today. Xia Wanyuan hooked Jun Shiling with her foot.

Jun Shiling grabbed her ankle. “Do you want it?”

“...” Xia Wanyuan kicked Jun Shiling in this position. “Can you think of anything else? I want to go out for a walk, okay?”

Jun Shiling wanted to say that it was not good. He wanted to discuss the harmony of life with Xia Wanyuan at home.

However, when both Xia Wanyuan and he had thoughts, Xia Wanyuan would definitely have the final say.

“Okay,” Jun Shiling said as he took a pair of socks from the side and helped Xia Wanyuan put them on. He helped her put on her hat and scarf, then pulled her out.

Jun Shiling drove while Xia Wanyuan sat in the front passenger seat. The two of them left the manor just like that.

By the time the two of them finished supper on the small boat in Houhai and saw the night view, it was almost midnight.

The night was very cold. At this time, no one was still walking outside. Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan walked together on the street that they had not stepped on in the day.

"I've chosen for so long, but I still haven't chosen any interesting sci-fi script." Xia Wanyuan was not wearing high heels at night. She held Jun Shiling's arm and walked and jumped. Her shadow looked even more agile under the street lamp.

"I'll get Lin Jing to release an announcement tomorrow and gather a copy online."

"Will I do a bad job?" After all, Xia Wanyuan had never come into contact with sci-fi movies and rarely watched them.

"Don't worry. If you don't do well, I'll support your box office alone and get the Internet Water Army to raise your score. Is a full score enough?"

Xia Wanyuan patted Jun Shiling. "You're teasing me again."

A smile appeared in Jun Shiling's eyes. "Are you stupid? You'll definitely do well. I believe you."

"Okay." Although Jun Shiling was only encouraging her, Xia Wanyuan inexplicably felt a force supporting her.

The two of them walked under a bridge. In the quiet night, there was suddenly a cry.

"Crazy, get lost quickly. Let me tell you, I don't have a daughter like you." Not far away, a middle-aged woman was pushing a young lady out.

"Mom, I was wrong. Don't abandon me." The little girl looked thin and weak, like she was fourteen or fifteen years old. She hugged the middle-aged woman's leg with a face full of tears.

"Get lost. Is it easy for me to raise you and your brother? What's wrong with letting you wash their feet? Do you think you're the daughter of a rich family?! Let me ask you something. Are you going to wash Boss Liu's feet and massage him?" The middle-aged woman looked at her daughter with disdain. There was no warmth in her eyes.

"I'm not going." The young lady bit her lower lip stubbornly. She was not stupid. *What foot washing massage? She was clearly selling me for five thousand yuan.*

"Okay, then die outside and never come back." The middle-aged woman threw her school bag at the little girl and left without looking back.

The papers in the school bag scattered on the ground, and some floated to Xia Wanyuan's feet with the cold wind.

Xia Wanyuan lowered her head to pick them up, then walked forward and handed them to the little girl. "These are yours."

The little girl's eyes were red and she looked thin and pitiful. She retracted her gaze from her mother, who was already far away. She was clearly still very young, but it inexplicably made one feel that there were many things in her heart.

"Thank you, Sister." The young lady reached out to take the paper.

The lights here were brighter. Xia Wanyuan looked down and saw the little girl's frozen and swollen hands. Her hands could no longer be seen as they were filled with frostbite.

"If you don't have a place to stay tonight, I'll help you find a hotel." Seeing the scene just now, anyone could tell that this young lady had been abandoned by her biological mother.

"No, thank you." The young lady's voice was soft. "I'll find a place myself."

Xia Wanyuan wanted to say something, but her gaze suddenly glanced at the manuscript in her hand. The lights had been dim just now, so she had not seen what was on it. Now that she had casually glanced at it, it was actually a fragment similar to science fiction.

Furthermore, this small scene aroused her interest in reading.

Xia Wanyuan was a little surprised. "You wrote this?"

The young lady nodded. She did not have any entertainment activities. Since she was young, her favorite thing was to read all sorts of strange books. She secretly stood at the side and watched all sorts of movies while working in the cinema.

Over time, some images appeared in his mind, and she wanted to write them down.

Xia Wanyuan flipped a few more pages, her eyes shining.

The little girl looked weak and young, but the things she wrote were unrestrained.

She seemed to understand why she had not met a suitable script for so many days.

Science fiction was originally something that was unconstrained and imagined endlessly. After the world and society changed, there would always be some fixed patterns that would be limited by various boxes.

However, children were different. They naturally had strange fantasies about the world. Their imaginations were endless, and it was easy to have all sorts of strange but interesting settings.

Xia Wanyuan smiled and tidied up the manuscript. "Young lady, I'll find a place for you to live. I'm not a bad person. Do you believe me?"

The little girl looked at Xia Wanyuan's clear eyes in a daze and nodded subconsciously.

"Alright, let's go."

Xia Wanyuan stood up and placed the little girl in a hotel under the Jun Corporation.

It was not until one in the morning that Xia Wanyuan and Jun Shiling returned to the manor.

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The next day, Xia Wanyuan took advantage of the break in filming to flip through the little girl's manuscript.

She had never received specific training, so her writing appeared very young, but she had quite a number of strange thoughts and ideas. The more Xia Wanyuan looked at it, the more interesting she felt.

"Wanyuan, why are you here? Congratulations on winning the Best Actress nomination." A colleague from the production team passed by and congratulated Xia Wanyuan.

"What best actress?" Xia Wanyuan withdrew from the sci-fi world that the young lady had imagined and did not understand what her colleague meant.

"Don't you know? You've been nominated for the Best Actress Award, but Su Yueran seems to be competing with you at the same time. I don't know who will win in the end, but congratulations. This nomination itself is very valuable," the colleague explained to Xia Wanyuan.

At the same time, the news of Su Yueran and Xia Wanyuan being nominated at the same time was widely spread by the media.

Ever since Director Charon's audition, Su Yueran and Xia Wanyuan's relationship had become very awkward.

They were both female celebrities with extraordinary backgrounds and had a good reputation in the industry. In fact, their image and temperament were very similar.

Everyone knew that Su Yueran and Xia Wanyuan had gone to the audition together, but in the end, Su Yueran was chosen to play the role of Director Carlon's latest sci-fi movie. Although she was only a supporting actress, it was enough to make her famous internationally. In comparison, Xia Wanyuan was a little inferior.

This time, the two of them were nominated as Best Actors at the same time. Everyone could not help but compare the two of them.

*Who would be the Best Actress this time?*

### **Chapter 1085: Variety Show**

Xia Wanyuan had a large number of fans, and Su Yueran was not bad either. Regarding who had won the Best Actress award, the netizens discussed animatedly, each holding a word.

Because Su Yueran was favored by Director Charon, more viewers thought that Su Yueran could win the Best Actress Award.

[Actually, Xia Wanyuan is also very amazing. I think she acted quite well.]

[Hehe, it's just a presentable movie. How dare she compete with others for the Best Actress?]

[The person in front, shut up. The Best Actress evaluation doesn't look at quantity, but quality. So what if it's one? As long as your acting skills are good enough, it doesn't matter even if there's only one.]

The fans were arguing non-stop. In the production team, Xia Wanyuan had just finished a scene and sat down to rest when Su Yueran, who had not appeared for a long time, came.

“Miss Xia.” Su Yueran had a smile on her face, looking gentle and elegant.

“What’s the matter?” Xia Wanyuan frowned slightly.

“I came to see you act. Your acting skills are good, so I should learn more from you.” Su Yueran sat on the chair beside Xia Wanyuan. “Actually, I think the winner of the Best Actress nomination will definitely be you. Your acting skills are much better than mine.”

Xia Wanyuan glanced at Su Yueran, then retracted her gaze. She stood up and left, too lazy to waste time with Su Yueran.

Whether it was Director Charon’s audition or the nomination of the Best Actress, Xia Wanyuan felt that there was no need to compete.

She was not interested in flattering each other with Su Yueran. Su Yueran was quite good herself, she had good acting skills, and had many outstanding works.

She wondered what was the point of pretending to flatter her here.

Watching Xia Wanyuan leave, the smile on Su Yueran’s lips froze. Her eyes darkened. Xia Wanyuan was really stubborn, as if she could not break through her. She was really difficult to deal with.

After leaving the production team, Xia Wanyuan went straight to the hotel where she had placed the little girl last night.

In the hotel, the little girl was curled up on the sofa watching a Star Wars movie. Hearing the door open, the little girl subconsciously shrank her neck. Only when she saw that it was Xia Wanyuan did she let down her guard. “Big Sister.”

Xia Wanyuan walked in. “Are you watching television?”

“Mm.” The little girl nodded.

Xia Wanyuan handed her the biscuit in her hand and sat on the sofa. “Your story is very good. Are you willing to work with me?”

The little girl had never been praised for writing a good story. Her eyes widened slightly. “Really?”

“Mm, I’ll give you money and send someone to guide you. You’ll be in charge of producing the story.” Xia Wanyuan felt that the little girl was quite spiritual.

“Okay.” The little girl knew that the beautiful big sister in front of her was very good, so she did not hesitate.

“Are you an adult?” From the looks of this little girl, she was probably only fourteen or fifteen years old. She was really too thin and weak. She had probably been malnourished for a long time.

“I’m an adult. I just turned eighteen.” To Xia Wanyuan’s surprise, the little girl nodded.



She had not eaten enough since she was young and her health was not good, so she looked much younger than ordinary children. However, in terms of age, she was already an adult.

“Alright, I’ll find someone to sign the contract with you then.” Xia Wanyuan was relieved. Since she was already an adult, she could bear legal responsibility herself and did not have to seek the permission of her guardian.

“Mm.” The little girl smiled at Xia Wanyuan. After washing away the dirt, one could tell that she was a beauty. Her big eyes were filled with gratitude and innocence.

For some reason, she looked a little like Lu Li.

“What’s your name?” Xia Wanyuan had forgotten that she still did not know the little girl’s name.

“Liu Ling.”

Xia Wanyuan stood up. “Okay, Liu Ling, I’ll leave first. Write well.”

“Mm.”

After Xia Wanyuan left, Liu Ling thought for a while and left.

Ever since she followed her parents to Beijing five years ago, she had been doing all sorts of odd jobs every day and knew the route to this city very well.

Along the way, Liu Ling rode a bike to a basement.

At the entrance of the basement, a middle-aged woman was washing clothes. Beside her lay a man smoking. Not far away, a little boy was playing with the toy plane in his hand.

This was her family.

Liu Ling walked forward. “Dad, Mom.”

The middle-aged woman looked up at her with disgust in her eyes. “Why are you back? Have you forgotten what I said? Get lost.”

“Mom, I can earn money now.” Liu Ling walked towards her parents.

However, the middle-aged man stood up, picked up the stool under his butt, and threw it at Liu Ling. “What a prodigal thing. We raised you for nothing.”

Liu Ling was so frightened that she hurriedly hid behind. “Dad, Mom, listen to my explanation.”

The middle-aged woman put down her clothes and looked up. “Let me be honest with you. You know that your health isn’t good and you can’t go out to work. We really can’t afford to raise you. You’re already an adult. Just treat it as if you don’t have us as your parents in the future.”

The middle-aged man looked at Liu Ling fiercely. “Aren’t you leaving?!”

Liu Ling’s eyes were filled with tears. Finally, she steeled her heart and turned to leave.

Looking at Liu Ling’s departing figure, the little boy playing with his toys suddenly chased after him. “Sister,” but he was stopped by his parents.

“You’re not allowed to go. We can’t afford to raise her anymore. We can only raise you. She’s not your sister. Don’t go over.” The middle-aged woman pressed down the little boy who had been struggling. “She’s sick. It’s none of her business if she dies in the future. Alright, good baby, stop crying. Mommy will buy you your favorite hamburger, okay?”

Hearing hamburger, the little boy stopped crying and obediently left with the middle-aged woman.

Her parents kept explaining, so Liu Ling could only return to the hotel. Thinking of Xia Wanyuan’s promise to give her money, she wiped her tears, picked up a pen and paper, and began to write a story seriously.

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After completing her scenes with the production team, Xia Wanyuan had just left the production team when she met a large group of reporters.

“What do you think of Miss Su Yueran being nominated for the Best Actress Award like you?”

“How has An Rao been recently? Can you tell us?”

Xia Wanyuan replied simply, “No opinion.” “Pretty good.”

With that, she was about to leave when a reporter reached the microphone to her mouth. “Mrs. Jun, you have a good relationship with An Rao. You must know Bo Xiao, right? What do you think of Bo Xiao’s treason?”

When he said this, the surroundings fell silent. The other reporters were shocked that this colleague was so bold to ask such a sharp question.

As expected, the originally calm Xia Wanyuan suddenly stood tall. The reporters around her could not take it and took a step back.

“Who told you that Bo Xiao betrayed the country?” Xia Wanyuan looked coldly at the male reporter who asked the question.

“Isn’t that so? Otherwise, why would such a high-ranking general be arrested and sent to prison? According to our country’s laws, he must have committed an extremely serious crime to be punished like this.” The reporter braced himself and met Xia Wanyuan’s gaze.

“There will be an official evaluation of the truth. It won’t be you making wild guesses here.” With that, Xia Wanyuan got into the car, leaving the reporters looking at each other.

“Tsk,” the male reporter who asked the question looked disdainful. “She must be guilty and doesn’t dare to admit it. If Bo Xiao didn’t betray the country, how could he be captured? What kind of person is he?”

The others were silent. After all, it involved Bo Xiao’s level, so no one dared to say anything.

However, not talking nonsense did not mean that they did not hint at it while writing news.

To people who played with words, as long as they wrote that meaning, it did not matter if the table expressed their opinion.

Hence, that day, the news of Xia Wanyuan berating the reporter was spread everywhere.

The news hid Xia Wanyuan's specific answer. The main point was that after Xia Wanyuan heard the reporter ask Bo Xiao a question, she scolded the reporter angrily.

[Um... Is this considered anger stemming from embarrassment?]

[I quite want to know what's wrong with Bo Xiao. It's been so long, but the officials haven't given a specific response.]

[Xia Wanyuan is so angry. Could Bo Xiao really have betrayed the country? As his wife, An Rao shouldn't appear in the entertainment industry anymore. She'll lead the children astray.]

At the same time, everyone paid attention to the fact that Bo Xiao could be awarded as a chief at such a young age.

After all, to people in the military, it was already very capable to be a company commander in their lives. There were only a few chiefs in the country, let alone someone as young as Bo Xiao.

[There's no need to guess. If you ask me, there must be a conspiracy. According to rumors, Bo Xiao is valued by a certain military leader. They originally wanted him to be their son-in-law, so they nurtured him vigorously. In the end, after Bo Xiao became famous, he dumped the leader's daughter.]

[... The person in front, is that true?? Bo Xiao doesn't look like that kind of person.]

[Hehe, why not? Otherwise, how do you explain how Bo Xiao became a chief in his twenties? What a joke. Furthermore, it's an era of peace and there's no war. Where would he get the credit?]

These words rendered everyone speechless. Hence, all the major forums, Tieba, and Weibo began to guess Bo Xiao's identity.

The most popular post was "What's wrong with our society? What's wrong with relying on connections to become a high-ranking general? In the end, such a person even colluded with the enemy. What kind of vermin have we raised?"

Many people who did not know the truth were agitated by this pile of posts and were furious.

In the apartment, An Rao lay on the sofa and looked at her phone as usual. Then, she saw the news on Weibo. After casually flipping through it, An Rao threw her phone aside angrily. "What kind of person is this?"

Bo Xiao came over with a plate of sour plums. "What's wrong?" As he spoke, he was about to pick up An Rao's phone.

An Rao reacted and shouted, "Don't touch my phone!"

Bo Xiao was stunned. "Petty. Alright, I won't move. I'll give you plums."

"Mm." An Rao extended her arm to Bo Xiao. "Come and accompany me."

Bo Xiao could only sit beside her. However, An Rao, who had been extremely greedy just now, had no appetite.

Bo Xiao was a smart person. He could guess what was wrong with An Rao's expression. He knocked An Rao's head. "Don't think nonsense. I won't care what others say."

An Rao carefully looked at Bo Xiao's expression and pulled his hand to her stomach. "Do you hear it?"

"Hear what?" Bo Xiao laughed.

"Baby said that Daddy is the most amazing hero." An Rao pursed her lips. She knew that Bo Xiao had a strong mentality, but no matter who it was, how could they not be sad to be questioned and mocked by the people she protected?

"Got it." Bo Xiao patted the back of An Rao's hand. "Eat first. I'll go out and buy something."

"Yes."

Bo Xiao left home but did not go to the supermarket. Instead, he walked to the backyard of the neighborhood and sat on the bench.

He took out his phone and swiped it casually. A large amount of news about him surged over.

"What else does Bo Xiao have other than his face?"

"Bo Xiao is ungrateful. He relied on his face to climb up the ranks and even married a female celebrity in the entertainment industry to hype himself up. Shameless."

"What high-ranking general? He obtained a rank through shady means and actually colluded with the enemy to betray the country. How disgusting."

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The large number of eye-catching comments made Bo Xiao's expression turn cold.

He was also someone who had seen great storms and climbed out of bullets, but now, he felt that...

Rumors and evil words were sometimes more hurtful than thousands of troops on the battlefield.

Even someone as mentally strong as him would be sad because of these comments.

Bo Xiao took out a cigarette from his pocket and was about to light it when he thought of An Rao. He put the lighter back and only held the cigarette in his mouth. He looked into the distance quietly, thinking about something.

In a corner that he did not notice, An Rao looked over worriedly as she touched her stomach.

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Ever since the production team of "Leisurely Life" announced that Jiang Kui and Zou Man would join the variety show, their fans had increased.

Other than urging the broadcast to start every day, the most important thing for a large number of netizens was to ask the production team if they had invited Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan.

[Wait and wait. Today is also the day I crazily request Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan to appear on the variety show together.]

[Although the hope is slim, I still want to squat here and wait for a miracle to appear.]

In the manor, Xia Wanyuan had just finished her homework with Xiao Bao when she received a call from Chen Yun.

“Wanyuan, you know Jiang Kui and Zou Man, right?”

“Yes, what’s wrong?” Xia Wanyuan took a pen and wrote on the paper.

“The two of them are going to participate in a variety show. It’s a little similar to the love variety show you and CEO Jun went to last time. The production team sent an invitation. I just want to ask you if you’re willing to participate.” Chen Yun felt that with Xia Wanyuan’s personality, she probably wouldn’t be willing to participate in such a competition.

However, to his surprise, Xia Wanyuan actually agreed. “Sure, take it.”

“Huh? Oh, okay. Then I’ll reply to the production team.”

“Mm.”

After hanging up the phone, Xia Wanyuan wrote on the paper.

Xia Wanyuan knew very well that the Jiang family must be behind the production team’s invitation.

Since the Jiang family wanted to use the power of public opinion to suppress the Jun family, she might as well go with the flow and see who would suppress who in the end.

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After so many years of cooperation, the Jiang family and the Jun family had reached the point where only one could stay. Neither could tolerate the other.

When the production team received Chen Yun’s reply, they thought it was fake. The production team’s director waved his hand. “The liars nowadays are too good at seizing every opportunity. They’re quite good at grasping the direction of the wind. They even lied to me. Did the liar say that he wanted the deposit to be sent first?”

### **Chapter 1086: Untitled**

The staff compared the account again and exclaimed, “Director!! It’s true! It’s Xia Wanyuan’s manager’s account!”

“What?!” The director, who was drinking water, could not hold it in anymore. A mouthful of hot tea rolled in, making the director roll his eyes.

However, at this moment, he could not care less. The director ran to the computer in a few strides and was stunned when he saw the words “agree to cooperate” in the email. He compared it from top to bottom for a long time and confirmed that it was not photoshopped. Only then did he believe that Xia Wanyuan had really agreed.

To be honest, Jiang Kui and Zou Man agreeing to participate in the show already made him feel like he had saved the galaxy in his previous life. When he sent Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan invitations, he did not think that Xia Wanyuan and Jun Shiling would agree at all.

However, to his surprise, the director was overjoyed.

*With these two groups of guests, wouldn't I be able to earn money lying down?* The director thought happily. "I have a day off today. I want to go to the temple to pray. Thank you, Buddha, thank you, Bodhisattva."

Although the program had not begun, he could already see the bright future. The high viewership ratings and large amounts of money were already waving at him.

After confirming the specific conditions for the cooperation, the production team could not wait to release a publicity statement. Without a doubt, it blew up the entire Internet.

Although it was already late at night, the office was brightly lit. The programmers touched their already short hair and wanted to cry but had no tears. "The people I hate the most are Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan."

The colleagues agreed. "Plus one, ever since Xia Wanyuan became famous, my hair has been decreasing day by day. Ever since Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan got together, I should be able to go to Shaolin Temple to be a monk after packing up."

Jun Shiling only found out about this after work. When he entered the house, Xia Wanyuan was painting at the table. The white woolen sweater outlined her soft curves.

He hugged Xia Wanyuan from behind. "Why? Do I have no right to speak now? You didn't even tell me you were going to participate in a variety show."

Xia Wanyuan turned to look at him. "Forget it if you're not going. I'll go myself."

Jun Shiling laughed. "I realized that your temper has grown recently."

Xia Wanyuan snorted coldly. "You've been going overboard recently. You don't know how to control yourself."

"I think your temper is still too small. It can still continue to rise. Keep up the good work," Jun Shiling said with a smile, then received a light kick from Xia Wanyuan.

"How did Bo Xiao handle it?" Thinking of the reporters' questions today, Xia Wanyuan put down her pen and turned around.

Those reporters were indeed despicable, but they represented the thoughts of most people. No matter what the truth was, in the eyes of most ordinary people, they could only see Bo Xiao being sent to prison.

And this erased all the credit for Bo Xiao. In everyone's eyes, Bo Xiao had become a criminal.

“They’re in the process. The move you mentioned last time was indeed useful against those people in the southwest. Now, all parties have temporarily quietened down and turned their gazes to the surroundings. They don’t interfere with Bo Xiao’s matters anymore.”

“That’s good.” Xia Wanyuan nodded. “Let’s go eat.”

However, just as the two of them took two steps, Jun Shiling’s phone suddenly rang. Jun Shiling picked it up and listened for two seconds before frowning.

He hung up and looked at Xia Wanyuan. “Let’s go to the hospital.”

### **Chapter 1087: Beating Up the Heartless Reporter**

“What happened?” It was rare for Jun Shiling to show such an expression. As Xia Wanyuan followed him out, she asked.

“An Rao fell and is in the hospital for emergency treatment,” Jun Shiling turned around and explained to Xia Wanyuan.

Xia Wanyuan’s pupils dilated slightly. Jun Shiling grabbed her hand and brought her out.

The night was deep and the usually dry north was raining heavily tonight. The heavy rain hit the car window and splashed.

When the two of them rushed to the hospital, Bo Xiao was sitting on a chair in front of the operating theater with a cigarette between his fingers. It was clearly extinguished and the ashes fell to the ground.

“What’s going on?” Xia Wanyuan and Jun Shiling walked over.

Bo Xiao looked up at them. His eyes were red and his eyeballs were bloodshot. His smiling eyes were dim.

He picked up the cigarette in his hand and took a deep puff. The smoke lingered in the air and slowly dissipated. “I deserve to die.”

During this period of time, the news about Bo Xiao was very popular. As long as the word Bo Xiao was involved, it could attract a lot of attention.

Many media wanted to dig out information from it, so they found Bo Xiao and An Rao’s residence through various channels.

Now that An Rao was pregnant, Bo Xiao would accompany her for a walk in the garden every day after dinner.

Not long after they left the house today, a large group of reporters appeared out of nowhere and surrounded the two of them.

Bo Xiao protected An Rao and walked back, but there were too many reporters and they did not give up their seats.

There were even many reporters who surrounded her and asked all sorts of questions. When they heard the words “collaborate with the enemy”, “shameful” and “shameless” in their words, An Rao, who had been silent, exploded and scolded the reporter who said these words on the spot.

The reporters became even more intense. Seeing that An Rao and Bo Xiao had stopped, they instantly surged forward. A large group of people squeezed closer and Bo Xiao kicked a reporter away.

This caused the others to protest. They held cameras and microphones and kept pressing in front of them. The cameras flashed desperately, making it difficult to open their eyes.

Bo Xiao was caught off guard and An Rao slipped and fell to the ground. Blood immediately flowed from her leg.

However, even at this moment, the reporters still pointed their cameras at An Rao and took photos. The flashes never stopped.

Bo Xiao could not care less and hurriedly called an ambulance to send An Rao to the hospital.

Thinking of those people’s faces, Bo Xiao gritted his teeth. He had given everything to protect these people, but these people wanted to destroy his An Rao.

Xia Wanyuan turned to look at Jun Shiling. “I’ll ask the doctor first. Stay here and accompany Bo Xiao for a while.”

“Okay.” Jun Shiling nodded.

The lights in the operating theater were always on. Bo Xiao smoked one cigarette after another. Jun Shiling walked over and sat beside him. He patted his shoulder. “I’ve already gotten the top experts to come over.”

Bo Xiao glanced at Jun Shiling. “Thank you.”

“There’s no need to say this between us.” Jun Shiling took the cigarette from Bo Xiao’s fingertips and stubbed it out. “Smoke less. You still have to accompany An Rao later.”

Bo Xiao sat still and allowed Jun Shiling to take the cigarette away. Jun Shiling did not say anything and sat beside Bo Xiao.

Half an hour later, the operating theater door finally opened and the doctor walked out. “Is the patient’s family around?”

Bo Xiao immediately stood up, his voice trembling slightly. “Doctor, how’s the situation?”

The doctor took off his mask. “The child is safe.”

Bo Xiao’s eyes instantly turned red and he looked agitated. “I don’t want the child. How is the adult?”

The doctor frowned. “She’s safe. It’s just that she’s bleeding a little too much. She needs to recuperate in the hospital for a while.”

“Thank you.” Bo Xiao finally felt relieved. As long as An Rao was fine, everything was fine.

Just as Bo Xiao finished speaking, a nurse pushed the bed out of the operating theater.



Bo Xiao hurriedly followed. On the bed, An Rao's eyes were closed and her face was pale. Her hand was connected to the medicine tube. She looked haggard and weak, and Bo Xiao's eyes were red.

He followed the nurse to the ward and watched them settle An Rao down. Only then did he step forward and gently pull An Rao's little finger.

Because of the medicine, An Rao's hand was cold. Bo Xiao pulled the blanket for her. "I'm sorry."

An Rao was most afraid of the cold and pain. It was all his fault for not being able to protect her, causing her to be injured like this when she was pregnant.

Bo Xiao accompanied An Rao for a while and stood up to look for the doctor. Unexpectedly, just as he took two steps, his expression suddenly turned cold. On the door of the ward, a camera was facing this way.

Bo Xiao opened the door. Outside were two sneaky men in baseball caps. Seeing Bo Xiao come out, the two of them ran.

However, Bo Xiao's speed was not something they could compare to. Bo Xiao ran two steps and kicked the two of them in the back. The two of them staggered and fell to the ground.

"Bo Xiao!! You're a national general!! Do you still have any image?! You're breaking the law!!" Sensing the thick murderous aura on Bo Xiao, one of the reporters covered the camera in his arms and shouted at Bo Xiao.

"I'm hitting you." Bo Xiao stepped on the camera. With a crack, the lens shattered.

"Just you wait!! You're a national personnel. Just you wait for jail." The reporter scrambled to his feet and ran out with the broken camera.

Bo Xiao clenched his fists and restrained himself for a long time before not chasing after him.

When Jun Shiling and Xia Wanyuan came over, Bo Xiao was still standing in the corridor without moving. He lowered his eyes and looked dim.

Bo Xiao always had a smile on his face. Even though he looked sloppy sometimes, the firm light in his eyes had never extinguished. However, at this moment, Xia Wanyuan acutely felt that the light on Bo Xiao had extinguished.

Hearing footsteps, Bo Xiao looked up. "You guys go back first. I'll take care of this place alone. It's very late. You've worked hard today."

"Okay, contact me if there's anything." At that moment, Bo Xiao probably did not want anyone else by his side. Jun Shiling nodded and instructed Bo Xiao before leaving with Xia Wanyuan.

Bo Xiao returned to the ward. An Rao was still asleep.

Looking at An Rao's calm eyes, which were usually filled with light, Bo Xiao felt a little tired.

He had always been a firm person, but at this moment, looking at An Rao lying on the bed, he suddenly felt very tired.

He had given up fame and fortune, even his life to protect others, in exchange for this reward. *If I could not even protect An Rao, what was the point of me doing anything?*

The reporter who had been beaten up by Bo Xiao held a grudge and repaired the camera memory card after leaving the hospital.

That day, the news of “Bo Xiao beating up the reporter after he was released” rushed to various social media.

### **Chapter 1088: CEO Jun Deals with Keyboard Warrior**

Not only did some reporters not get the news they wanted, but they were also beaten up by Bo Xiao and their interview equipment was destroyed. Naturally, they had personal emotions when writing the news.

The report hid the fact that An Rao was present. It exaggerated the fact that the reporter had been beaten up by Bo Xiao just by asking a question.

“I’m really speechless. I just want to ask, are the generals that we taxpayers spend so much money to raise like this? They eat our tax pay, live in a luxurious house, marry a big celebrity, and even betray the country. Such a person still has the cheek to hit a reporter?? Why? If others can interview him, why can’t I?”

There were a few large photos of Bo Xiao kicking the reporter to the ground. The media reporters were very good at taking photos. In the photos, Bo Xiao was tall and strong, but he stepped on a thin reporter to the ground. It made people feel that he was bullying them.

[Tsk, as far as I know, can someone who entered the seventh prison come out so quickly? Who would believe that Bo Xiao doesn’t have a backer? He can be released so quickly even when colluding with the enemy. Amazing.]

[Isn’t he too arrogant? Aren’t reporters supposed to interview people? Why can others accept interviews and only Bo Xiao is more special? He’s indeed someone who can become a general in his twenties. He’s indeed amazing. ]

[He’s so arrogant. Doesn’t anyone come out to investigate who’s behind him? He’s a gigolo who relied on his backer to climb up the ranks. Now, he’s even beating up reporters on the streets. Does he not take the law seriously?]

The matter of Bo Xiao hitting the reporter quickly caused a lot of netizens to discuss. Netizens expressed that they were going to be the snowflake that braved the world today and become a part of the Internet tyrant Bo Xiao.

In this information era, as long as one wanted to find it, they could find many of Bo Xiao’s past footprints.

The news of Bo Xiao entering and leaving the various nightclubs and casinos in America a few years ago had been dug out. It could only be described as extravagant.

At the same time, everyone found information about Bo Xiao’s biological mother.

“It turns out that his biological mother was a dancer. Later on, she even became a lunatic. No wonder she could raise someone like Bo Xiao. Look at his extravagant life in the past. He went to all sorts of bars and nightclubs. Such a person is actually a general of our country. Hahahahaha, it’s too funny.”

“According to the Jun Corporation, Jun Shiling doesn’t like to interact with people the most. Bo Xiao even goes to Jun Shiling all day long. Jun Shiling ignores him, but he still sticks to him.”

[ I now have reason to suspect why Bo Xiao would be with An Rao. Didn’t they say that Bo Xiao climbed up through the daughter of a certain leader? Then could Bo Xiao be with An Rao because An Rao and Xia Wanyuan have a good relationship? Bo Xiao wants to hug Jun Shiling’s thigh. ]

That night, when most people were sleeping, the Internet was filled with violent revelry.

Everyone happily discussed Bo Xiao’s materials since he was young and everything about him and An Rao. In the end, everyone believed that Bo Xiao and An Rao were together because he wanted to use An Rao’s connections.

It was already late at night, and the moonlight was as cold as ice.

In the ward, An Rao’s hand moved. Bo Xiao, who was at the side, had his eyes closed. He suddenly opened them as if he had sensed something. “An Rao, you’re awake?”

An Rao slowly opened her eyes. When she moved slightly, she felt her stomach hurt. An Rao frowned. “My stomach hurts.”

“Be good. The doctor has already applied medicine for you. You just have to rest for a few days.” Bo Xiao leaned over and planted a kiss on An Rao’s forehead. “I’m sorry.”

“Why are you sorry?” An Rao’s eyes revealed confusion. “It’s not your fault.”

“It’s my fault for not protecting you well.” Bo Xiao was filled with fear. When An Rao was carried into the ambulance just now, the way her legs were covered in blood frightened him.

“No, you’ve already done very well.” An Rao smiled at Bo Xiao. “Feel my stomach. He seems to be kicking me gently.”

Bo Xiao carefully placed his hand on An Rao’s stomach. Feeling the tremble in his palm, Bo Xiao was stunned for a moment before nodding slowly. “I feel it.”

“I’m fine. An Rao, who has always been afraid of pain, acted as if nothing had happened after such a huge surgery. You don’t have to worry about me.”

Bo Xiao retracted his hand and sighed softly. He held An Rao’s hand. “When the verdict is out, I won’t go out anymore. I’ll accompany you at home, okay?”

An Rao was stunned for a moment. She wanted to say something, but she swallowed her words and nodded at Bo Xiao.

Although she really hoped that Bo Xiao could accompany her at home every day, she knew Bo Xiao well. He would eventually return to that position.

“Good girl, sleep a while more. I’ll accompany you.” Bo Xiao touched An Rao’s forehead and smiled at her.

An Rao grabbed Bo Xiao’s hand and held it tightly before closing her eyes.

After a night of fermentation, people received news when they woke up in the morning.

When Xia Wanyuan woke up, she naturally saw this.

After casually flipping through the comments online, Xia Wanyuan frowned.

Usually, she did not care much about the public opinion online. After all, even if they said it, it would not have any substantial impact on her.

However, when she saw the news about Bo Xiao today, she was really a little angry.

Xia Wanyuan, who came from chaotic times and wars, knew that the peaceful environment did not come from the sky.

They had to resist the foreign enemies who were eyeing them covetously and suppress the various factions internally, only then could they have a peaceful country. These were all things that countless people had sacrificed their lives for.

In this era, she had also read a little of China’s history books. More than a hundred years ago, this country was still a weak place that knelt on the ground and was skinned, pulled out, and drank blood.

Today, the world was even more turbulent. The foreign enemies were much stronger and cunning than the small surrounding countries in her previous life.

Behind this, countless people like Bo Xiao blocked the gunfire outside to support the blue sky.

However, these keyboard warriors could sit quietly in the air-conditioned room and point their fingers at Bo Xiao, cursing him with the most vicious words.

“Don’t be angry.” Jun Shiling sensed the change in Xia Wanyuan’s emotions and sat over.

“How many people will be disappointed if they say this about Bo Xiao?” Xia Wanyuan’s eyes were filled with anger. Bo Xiao’s every score was exchanged with blood. There was no hint of foul play.

“Ordinary people often can’t see the whole picture, so they’re easily used.” Jun Shiling comforted Xia Wanyuan. “I’ve already gotten someone to deal with it. Alright, don’t be angry.”

### **Chapter 1089: CEO Jun Responds; Support Bo Xiao**

Although Jun Shiling had been comforting her, Xia Wanyuan was still angered by the large number of slanders online. She only ate half of her usual breakfast.

Jun Shiling reached out and pinched Xia Wanyuan’s face. “Why are you so angry?”

Xia Wanyuan lowered her eyes and did not speak.

Not only was she feeling indignant for Bo Xiao, but she also recalled her previous life.

In her previous life, after the country was destroyed, in order to completely cut off the prestige of the Xia Dynasty's royal family, the enemy spread rumors everywhere.

At that time, the people's wisdom had not been developed, and the people at that time were as easy to incite as the current netizens. What others said, the people believed.

The enemy told the people that her father was licentious and that her father had been punished by the heavens for doing too much evil.

At that time, she was hidden in the crowd and watched everyone insult her parents with all sorts of dirty words, so she could empathize with him now.

Xia Wanyuan rarely felt so down. Jun Shiling pulled her into his arms. "Alright, I'll settle it as soon as possible."

Xia Wanyuan nodded and wrapped her arms around Jun Shiling's waist. She took a deep breath and calmed down.

There were only a few things on Jun Shiling's Weibo, and he usually did not go online. Hence, when he posted this post, no one noticed it at first.

Until they reacted, the server was once again squeezed to the verge of collapse.

@ Jun Shiling: "@ Bo Xiao, come back early, let's drink together."

[Wow! CEO Jun, did you read the comments online too? Is this a response to Bo Xiao?]

[I knew it. CEO Jun and Bo Xiao are good friends. Are the keyboard warriors satisfied? Look at Jun Shiling's Weibo. Other than Xia Wanyuan, has he posted anything else? Bo Xiao is the only one. Can't this represent their friendship?]

[Finally, someone stepped forward to support Bo Xiao. CEO Jun is indeed the most unyielding.]

As Jun Shiling stood up, some of the people who followed suit began to waver. After all, Jun Shiling had a good image in everyone's hearts.

*It was said that one was marked by the company one kept. If he could be friends with Jun Shiling, how bad could Bo Xiao be?*

At the same time, Jun Shiling's executive letter had been sent out. The outcome of Bo Xiao's incident was on the final agenda.

In the hospital, An Rao woke up. Bo Xiao was standing by the window and looking at the sky outside. The weather was very good today and the sky was blue.

"Bo Xiao," An Rao subconsciously called out to Bo Xiao.

Bo Xiao turned around, looking tired, but he still forced a smile. "What's wrong?"

An Rao reached out to him. Bo Xiao walked over and grabbed An Rao's hand. "I'll call the doctor to check and see if you're feeling unwell?"

An Rao shook her head. "I'm not feeling unwell. I just want you to accompany me."

“Okay.” Bo Xiao nodded.

“Then can you tell me how you’ve lived all these years? You’ve never told me.” An Rao stared straight into Bo Xiao’s eyes, making him unable to reject her.

Bo Xiao sat by the bed and began to tell An Rao in detail about his past experiences.

He said that he had used the excuse of studying abroad to gather information, that he had escaped death countless times, that he had been praised after making a great contribution.

An Rao listened quietly, her eyes filled with admiration. Bo Xiao lowered his head and saw An Rao’s bright eyes. His mood improved a little and he smiled. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“You’re so amazing.” An Rao hugged Bo Xiao. “Other people are still in school at your age, but you’re using your strength to protect us. I’m so lucky to have married you.”

Bo Xiao stroked An Rao’s head, his eyes filled with a smile. “Silly.”

—

In the Jiang family, Jiang Kui frowned and was looking at the form reported by his subordinate. “A bunch of trash, why did your performance fall so much?!”

The subordinate said carefully, “CEO Jiang, the market has been occupied by the Jun Corporation. It’s difficult for us to get a share.”

Jiang Kui suddenly slammed the table. “Stop using Jun Shiling as an excuse. This is also occupied by the Jun Corporation, and that is also occupied. Then what use do I have for you?!”

The subordinate rolled his eyes at a place where Jiang Kui could not see. He thought to himself, *If you’re so good, go and snatch the market from Jun Shiling. You’re both rich descendants, but why can’t you compare to him?*

However, on the surface, the subordinate was still obedient. “CEO Jiang, as you wish.”

“Go down. Let me think.” Jiang Kui waved his hand.

Jiang Kui looked at the declining results every year with a deep gaze. *Does Jun Shiling really not have any weaknesses?*

*No, Jiang Kui suddenly looked up. Who said that Jun Shiling did not have any weaknesses? Xia Wanyuan was his greatest weakness. Instead of attacking Jun Shiling, it was better to attack Xia Wanyuan to make Jun Shiling unhappy.*

Thinking of this, Jiang Kui called Zou Man. “When will that variety show start?”

“Soon. Why?” Zou Man found it strange. Jiang Kui had never been interested in this. *What was going on today? He actually took the initiative to call me and ask.*

“Go and tell the production team to bring it forward as soon as possible.”

“Okay.” Although she felt that Jiang Kui’s actions were very strange, his words suited her intentions. Zou Man agreed immediately.

The Jiang family was the sponsor of the production team, so the production team would naturally try their best to satisfy Zou Man's request. Hence, the overall progress was raised a lot. After adjusting the program plan, the production team informed Xia Wanyuan.

"Okay, I understand." Xia Wanyuan nodded. "I'll look at the time."

After hanging up, Xia Wanyuan checked her schedule. Only then did she remember that she had forgotten someone in the hotel. She had forgotten to visit Liu Ling for the past two days.

She called to ask. Fortunately, the hotel staff helped take care of Liu Ling's food.

"Sister Xia, I've already gotten someone to send you all the stories I thought of in the past." Liu Ling sat on the sofa and ate the cake sent by the hotel while talking to Xia Wanyuan on the phone.

"Okay, I'll read it later."

Coincidentally, Uncle Wang walked in with a large box. "Madam, the courier just sent it over. He said it's for you."

Xia Wanyuan took it and saw that it was Liu Ling's manuscript.

Xia Wanyuan casually flipped through them. They were all silhouettes of ideas. Although they were not systematic, they were novel and interesting. Xia Wanyuan thought of a solution and sent Chen Yun a message, asking him to find some people who knew how to make animations and make these ideas into short videos. They would be released on the market to see how popular everyone was.

At the same time, in the hotel room, Liu Ling was stuffing the food on the table into her brother's arms. "Here, eat this."

"Good daughter, so what you said about you earning money is true?" The middle-aged woman, who was originally fierce, was now smiling.

### **Chapter 1090: Slapping the Internet**

Liu Ling nodded. "Really, Mommy, I can earn money. That Sister Xia said that she would give me a lot of money."

The middle-aged woman smiled until the wrinkles on her face appeared. "That's good. I knew you were amazing. The place you're living in now is quite good. Is it also the place your Sister Xia found for you?"

"Yes."

"Alright, I see that your place is spacious and much better than our basement. How about this? We'll live here and it'll be convenient to take care of you, okay?" Although she said that she was asking, the middle-aged woman had already stood up and began to size up this suite.

The more she looked, the more the middle-aged woman clicked her tongue. "This place is too comfortable. You wretched girl, why didn't you tell us earlier? If you had told me earlier, I would have brought your brother over."

"Mom," Liu Ling called out to the middle-aged woman.

“Hey, my good daughter, what do you want to eat tonight? Mom will buy it for you.” The middle-aged woman turned around and smiled like a flower.

“I want to eat braised pork.” Liu Ling had not seen her mother smile at her like this for many years. Seeing this smile, Liu Ling felt that everything was worth it.

“Okay, I’ll buy it for you! Then write a script to earn money. I’ll go now.” With that, the middle-aged woman left happily.

Chen Yun quickly found a suitable team and specially sent someone to organize Liu Ling’s imagination into smooth stories and make them into segmented animations.

Since it was something Xia Wanyuan had instructed them to do, the team increased their speed and polished a five-minute short video in a few days.

After Chen Yun showed it to Xia Wanyuan, she nodded in agreement. The team began the production of the next video.

Chen Yun had also helped organize those scripts. He found them quite interesting. “Wanyuan, these ideas are really interesting. They’re very spiritual. I think these short videos will definitely be popular.”

“Mm, register an account and publish it. Transfer all the money you obtain to Liu Ling.”

“You’re so good to that little girl.” Chen Yun sighed. Although Xia Wanyuan looked cold, she was really good to people.

Xia Wanyuan did not comment. Liu Ling lacked money and had originally changed it according to her script. It was just right to give her the money.

In order to make it easier for Liu Ling to stay, Xia Wanyuan had the hotel staff change her suite. The suite had two bedrooms.

The suite was filled with everything. There was a sofa, a television, a bed, and even a kitchen.

At this moment, the entire suite had already become a small home.

Liu Ling’s younger brother was playing with toys on the carpet. Her mother was lying on the sofa at the side, munching on melon seeds and throwing the skin underground. The expensive wool carpet was unrecognizable from the melon seeds.

Liu Ling sat by the window and wrote a script, but her mother was watching television too loudly. Liu Ling said carefully, “Mom, can you be quiet? I have to work.”

Liu Ling’s mother spat out the melon seed shell and subconsciously wanted to scold her like before. However, when she came back to her senses, she suddenly remembered that everything in the house was because of the papers Liu Ling had written.

She wiped her hands on her clothes and reached out to turn off the television. “Okay, write yours. Mom will cook for you. What do you want to eat?”

“I want to eat braised pork.” Liu Ling had liked to eat this since she was young, but in the past, she had never made this for herself.



“Okay, let’s make this.”

Before Liu Ling’s mother could enter the kitchen, Liu Ling’s younger brother started fooling around. “Mom, I don’t want to eat braised pork. I want to eat hamburgers!! I hate the smell of braised pork!!”

Liu Ling’s mother glanced at her precious son, then at Liu Ling. “Good daughter, look at this.”

Liu Ling’s eyes turned red, but she was used to it. She nodded. “Then let’s eat hamburgers. I like hamburgers too.”

“Good!” Liu Ling’s mother looked at Liu Ling in admiration. “Our Ling’er is still the most obedient, unlike your younger brother. He’s young and insensible. You’re the most obedient. You know how to earn money and give in to your younger brother.”

Liu Ling, who had never been praised by her parents, forced back the tears in her eyes and smiled happily.

*As long as I could get my mother to praise me, it was fine if I did not eat the braised pork. I would let my brother do whatever he wanted.*

*As long as my parents did not abandon me.*

— —

A few days had passed, but the discussion about Bo Xiao on the Internet had not completely dissipated.

After all, Bo Xiao’s identity was special. Too many people used him for an article, and Weibo was in chaos.

Seeing that the public opinion was getting more and more crooked, Jun Shiling posted a new post.

@ Jun Shiling: “Bo Xiao has always fought with his blood. No one can deny him.”

[CEO Jun has finally come out to slap the haters.]

[ Ahhhhh, you finally stood up and spoke up for Bo Xiao. Did you see those jealous comments? Isn’t CEO Jun’s words more effective than your wild guesses? ]

[Hehe, the world is just as dark. It’s just that trying to hide it makes it more obvious. I’ve seen many such things.]

[Is the person in front crazy? How do you know? Did someone call you and tell you? What others say all day is wrong. Only you’re right. There’s something wrong.]

With Jun Shiling’s words, the online public opinion was reversed.

However, there were still many people who questioned how Bo Xiao, who used to be so extravagant, could achieve so much at such a young age.

Just as everyone was arguing, Jun Shiling, who had been silent just now, actually updated another post when no one was paying attention.

This time, he sent nine photos in a row.

These photos introduced how Bo Xiao had obtained those huge achievements.

The Bo Xiao in this was no longer the usual impression he had in everyone's hearts.

He was no longer handsome. He was even wrapped in bandages and his face could not be seen clearly. There were all sorts of wounds and his flesh was blurry, making one's heart tremble.

Just looking at it made one's heart ache, let alone Bo Xiao, who had experienced this personally, more than once.

Behind the photo, Jun Shiling wrote this sentence.

"Behind every honor is Bo Xiao's blood. A tribute."

The netizens fell silent. Thinking of their attitude towards Bo Xiao these few days, they thought that they probably did not even have the right to apologize to Bo Xiao.

*How did we treat Bo Xiao these few days? How did we abuse him online?*

They called him a gigolo, scolded him for relying on others to climb up the ranks, and said that he was sinister and cunning.

The netizens turned around and flipped through their comments for the past few days. They were all silent.

Compared to the wounds on Bo Xiao's body, the way they held the keyboard looked very ugly. It was as if a smelly bug was criticizing a flying swan. It was ridiculous and sad.