

Miracle Pill Maker Bullies the Boss

Chapter 13: What Are Your Interests?

A second ago, Song Ning had been acting detached. As soon as Huo Yanxi and Lu Xia entered the elevator, Song Ning's expressions underwent a drastic change. She began to display greater care, and said to Huo Yao with particular gentleness, "My dear girl, come on inside..."

Unfortunately, the elevator door had not closed yet and Lu Xia happened to see the change in her foster mother's attitude. Immediately, Lu Xia's face turned ghastly pale.

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Huo Family's house was not large. However, it had two floors and could not be called small, either. The house had classical Chinese style decoration and all the furniture pieces were made from rosewood. The layout and fixtures in the house told Huo Yao that the inhabitants possessed good tastes.

Huo Yao took her time and looked around slowly. Eventually, a scroll of calligraphy and painting hung on the wall caught her eyes. That scroll came as a surprise to her.

But then, she looked away and thought that she had been mistaken. She dismissed the idea that the scroll was an authentic piece of work.

The Huo Family did not appear to be an impoverished household like she had thought originally. That being said, she didn't think the Huo Family was wealthy enough to afford such a valuable piece of famous authentic work.

Hence, the scroll was most likely a fake.

Her father noticed how her gaze lingered on the scroll for a while. He had been wondering anxiously about how to break the ice and establish some connection with this daughter of his. He glanced at the scroll and thought of an idea.

"Yaoyao, do you like calligraphy as well?" He asked, smiling cheerfully.

Huo Yao raised her eyes and looked at her father. Then she replied in a casual tone. "Not interested."

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Huo Jinyan was suddenly at a loss for words. He had barely come up with a common point as a conversation starter. But with her abrupt answer, all those words were now stuck in his throat. It took him a long while before he could utter another word again. "Oh, you are not interested..."

Huo Yao noticed that this was a huge blow to him. She thought for two seconds and then added the next line. "We have different interests."

Huo Jinyan once again put on a smile of a loving father. He was ready to continue the conversation further. "Then, what are your interests?"

Huo Yao thought of her real self before she became the owner of this body. All of a sudden, she sunk into silence. A few seconds later, she looked up at her father and answered solemnly. "Studying."

Huo Jinyan's lips twitched visibly. He could hardly keep a straight face.

A slacker who always skipped classes at school had just said that her interest was – 'to study'.

2

Mr. Huo stared at his daughter, quietly. She didn't seem to be joking about it. All of a sudden, he began to wonder if he was fed misleading information when he had enquired with the school faculties back in the small county.

With one look, he could tell that his daughter was both adorable and ambitious.

"Hey, are you bragging about your damn calligraphy and painting again?"

2

Song Ning heard her husband mentioning 'calligraphy'. She came out from the kitchen to set the table and glared at him.

"Go and bring out bowls and chopsticks!" She shouted at him in an imposing manner.

"I wasn't bragging."

Mr. Huo scratched his nose in embarrassment. Saying so, he followed his wife's orders and went to the kitchen.

He was still mumbling. "How come you always say my antiques are shabby? That scroll is..."

His voice had dropped down to a whisper. Therefore, Huo Yao failed to register what he was saying.

But her biological mother had shouted 'damn calligraphy and painting' very loudly and clearly.

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After dinner, Song Ning took Huo Yao upstairs.

There were four bedrooms on this floor. The one allotted for Huo Yao was situated at the back of the corridor on the right side. Song Ning opened the door and said to Huo Yao, "Your fourth brother used to live in this room. He doesn't live here at present and will only come back probably in a year's time. So, I re-decorated his room for you. Take a look. Do you like it?"