

Miracle Pill Maker Bullies the Boss

Chapter 17: The Invigorator

Song Ning was still trying to take in the situation in her mind when she heard Huo Yao's voice.

"These pellets can only ease your pain temporarily but are not suitable for long-term application. If you want to cure your migraine problem once and for all..." Huo Yao stopped for a second before she continued speaking, "Later when time permits... I will ask my friend to send over better ones."

Song Ning stared at her, "Are you saying that my migraine can go away permanently?"

Huo Yao raised her eyebrows. "Of course."

This task might not be achievable for others, but for her, pff... it was nothing more than a child's play.

Song Ning tapped at her nose, thoughtfully. She could not believe her daughter's words. After all, most doctors had told her that there was no permanent treatment for her migraine attacks.

Song Ning noticed the small bottle in her husband's hand. "Have you given the same one to your dad?"

They were living in modern society. However, Huo Yao used the word 'pellets', and she put them into ceramic bottles, which suggested primitive simplicity as if the bottles belonged to the past centuries.

Song Ning's mind was going into wild flights of fancy.

Huo Yao shook her head. "No."

"Then what is in mine?" Huo Jinyan was also very curious to know. Till now, his attention had been fixed on his wife and he had not opened his bottle yet.

A lock of hair fell on her cheek. Huo Yao tucked the hair strands behind her ear as she replied in her trademark lazy tone. "That does not contain any specific medicine. You can think of it as a kind of invigorator. You can take one every month. It will help you stay fit and strong."

“Pff...”

Huo Jinyan’s face and ears start to burn. The little ceramic bottle almost fell from his hand.

What an insult to his masculinity!

“Haha.” Song Ning reacted to the funny look on her husband’s face. She could not help but break into laughter.

How adorable was her daughter? She had given her father a health boosting tonic.

After a long time, Huo Jinyan heaved a silent sigh. He turned around and found a delicately carved rosewood box and carefully placed the bottle inside.

He did not need it. Nevertheless, this was the first gift which he had received from his daughter. He must cherish it.

Song Ning kept on rolling her eyes.

Huo Yao was still thinking about Song Ning’s migraine when she headed back upstairs post breakfast.

Song Ning suddenly remembered the serious business she had to talk about, with Huo Yao and stopped her daughter at once. “Look at me. I almost forgot the most important thing.”

Huo Yao raised her eyebrows and stared at her mom with crystal-clear eyes.

“It’s about the school transfer.” Song Ning explained. In a few days, the new semester was about to begin. They needed to decide upon it within the next couple of days.

“Your dad and I have considered several options. I am going to share all the information with you, and then you can select the one you like.” With that said, Song Ning bent over to pull out the drawer located near the table. From that, she took out a pile of brochures.

“See, this is No.3 Middle School. The teachers there are average, but the good thing is that the school is close to home. You won’t have to live on campus.”

“This is the No.11 Middle School. Their enrolment ratio of getting into prestigious and second-tier universities is low, but the chance to enter into art and music majors is much higher than that of other key middle schools.”

“And this is the Desheng Foreign Language School. The tuition fee is high. However, this is an outstanding middle school that is only second to No.1 Middle School. Your dad and I really like this school.”

Song Ning picked out the brochure of Desheng and showed it to Huo Yao. "This school requires admission tests, but your dad and I pulled some strings. They told us that you could get in without taking the test."

Huo Yao could not manage to speak at all during all this time. She let her eyes roam on the various brochures but didn't pay much attention to them. Her mind was elsewhere.