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Lin Ziming rarely has such a strong desire to express himself. Today, in front of Chu Fei, his desire to express is particularly strong. He wants to make Chu Fei look at him with admiration and even regret his divorce.

This kind of psychology, in fact, is quite naive and very careful.

But he really couldn't let go of this relationship. Several times he wondered if Chu Fei would regret it?

Now that he has this opportunity, he naturally doesn't want to let it go, even if he knows that doing this by himself, it doesn't seem to make any sense.

Chu Fei stomped her feet and became a little angry. Lin Ziming was too arrogant. He was always so annoying and caused trouble for her.

Just coming all the way, she already knew what kind of existence Tingfengting was. Even the black gold members at the bottom level cost 5 million, and the higher-level Zijin members have to top up tens of millions.

What is this concept?

This is not an investment, nor a necessary expense. It is just a recreational club, which means that those who are willing to spend so much money to fill up members must at least be billionaires!

And who is Lin Ziming, even if he knows Chairman Ziqiong, he can't become a Zijin member, right?

Not to mention, to the extent that you can get in with brushing your face, who does this Lin Ziming think he is, listen to the son of the boss of Fengting? It's so ignorant!

At this moment, Chu Fei had the same anger and anger she had before, as if she had returned to the state before the divorce. Lin Ziming would always humiliate her, with no self-knowledge. Even if they are divorced now, they are still like this.

Seeing Lin Ziming's smug face, Chu Fei gritted her teeth and followed, she wanted to see how Lin Ziming would lose face.

When Xiao Cheng saw Chu Fei's expression, the smile on his face became even more intense. The original depressed mood was wiped out now, and he didn't know how happy he was.

This guy named Lin Ziming is really a stupid brain, and he can say even if he can get in by brushing his face.

In this way, his original hostility towards Lin Ziming was reduced a lot, because in his mind, he had already regarded Lin Ziming as a stupid stupid brain, so he was naturally not at ease.

How could Lin Ziming not know what Chu Fei and Xiao Cheng were thinking in their hearts, but that was exactly what he wanted to do.

Soon, he walked up to the guard, took out the white membership card in his hand, and said, "My name is Lin Ziming, and I am a supreme member of Tingfeng Pavilion. I want to come in for tea today and arrange the best for

me. Nice lounge.”

The guard saw the white membership card in Lin Ziming’s hand. The expressions on their faces were very strange. Looking at Lin Ziming’s expression, it was also full of weirdness, and said, “Friend, are you kidding me?”

Lin Ziming asked, “Are you the new doorman?”

Another guard said: “Sorry, we worked at Tingfeng Pavilion three years ago.”

The guard looked at Lin Ziming up and down, and saw that Lin Ziming was wearing ordinary clothes, and his outfits totaled less than 1,000 yuan. The membership card he held in his hand was even more ordinary to outrageous, white. They listened to the wind pavilion. When is there a white membership card?

Lin Ziming suddenly realized that he was the guard who only came three years ago, so he had to remember him.

He was too lazy to talk with the guard, and said directly: “You are new here. It’s normal if you don’t know me. Then, you call Lin Feng and tell him that Lin Ziming is here, and he will give you instructions.”