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The woman stared affectionately at the embroidered person, her eyes seemed to have endless tenderness and hope, which could melt everything in the world.

“Ming’er, are you doing well now? Have you already known about Weiniang? Weiniang can’t help you, or your Lin family...”

The woman was heartbreaking with tears in her eyes and a sad face.

Two tears dripped on the embroidery, wet the young man’s forehead.

At this moment, a red figure appeared silently behind the woman, acting very softly and quietly, for fear of awakening the woman.

The woman sensed the arrival of the red figure. She wiped her tears, raised her head, and said with a smile: “Nishang, you are here, chat with auntie.”

Nishang is a woman of about 20 years old. She looks like a fairy, like a fairy from a painting. She is a little better than Chu Fei and Guo Junyi in terms of beauty!

Nishang is wearing a red Hanfu, looking like a lady in ancient times.

However, in her temperament, there is no elegance that gives people the elegance of piano, chess, calligraphy and painting, but an indescribable heroism. It’s like the image of an ancient female hero in a movie.

She sat down next to the woman and saw the woman crying, her eyes flashed with unbearable and angry, “Auntie, why are you crying again? You keep crying, it is easy to get old.”

The woman smiled gently: “Neon clothes, long time no see, where have you been, I haven’t come to see auntie after such a long time, is there any auntie in my heart.”

Nishang hurriedly shook his head and said: “How come Nishang has no aunt in his heart? Nishang gave her life to her! Even if she dies, it is impossible for Nishang to forget the great kindness of her aunt!”

“Okay, you girl, my aunty just made a joke for you, and it scared you.” The woman said jokingly, and then continued to embroider her hands.

Nishang’s gaze also turned to the embroidery in the woman’s hand. She looked at Lin Ziming’s appearance in the embroidery, her eyes flashed with strong pity, holding the woman’s hand, and whispering: “Auntie, you are embroidering Ziming again.”

The woman smiled slightly, without an answer, her eyes were smiling, as if there was endless warmth and kindness, because of her existence, the world was even more warm.

After a while, Nishang said: “Auntie, I went to meet Ziming. He is doing well now. He has inherited Lin Changtian’s inheritance. He is now the chairman of Ziqiong Media and has set up a new advertisement. .... Auntie, you have nothing to do!”

When the woman heard the neon clothes, her mood suddenly fluctuated,

causing her embroidering hands to tremble, the needle pierced her fingers, and dripping blood fell on the embroidery.

But she didn't feel any pain at all, and a demented expression appeared on her face. After recovering, she hurriedly grabbed Nishang's hand and said excitedly: "Nishang, have you really met Ming'er?! What is he doing now? How is he, is he okay? Did he lose weight or fat, or what? He, do you remember me?"

Speaking of the last words, the woman's voice became smaller and smaller, her eyes gradually turned red, and endless sadness, longing, regret appeared on her face...

Nishang hurriedly grabbed the woman's injured hand and put it in her mouth to suck, and then said: "Auntie, don't worry, Ziming, he is doing well now! And he must still remember you. During this time, I I went to Hwaseong to see Ziming. He has grown up and he is no longer the kid who needs your protection."