

Chapter 228

All these years, she had been fighting and stealing constantly, causing her to lose sight of what she, deep down, really wanted.

Now she saw clearly that all she wanted was Azawa's brother's love!

Clara clenched her fingers, the fingers that were squeezing the bag were almost white from the exertion, and her entire body was trembling slightly from the tremendous rise and fall of emotions.

Rovell walked in towards her step by step.

He had a pleasant smile on his face.

Warm and sunny, in the light of the light, like the smile of a Confucian prince.

He was getting closer to her.

It was as if she had smelled the familiar aroma of the cologne beside him.

The bottle of perfume, or the one she had picked out for him herself because she liked the smell of it that way, he used every day.

The perfume was called Locked Heart, and she was going to lock his heart so that it would be exclusive to her alone and no one could take it away.

Clara's mood was like a turbulent sea, the tides rising and falling.

Seeing that Rovell had already reached her, her face was happy, and she hurriedly took a step forward to greet her, shouting softly, "Rovell..."

However, the man just looked at her and moved away.

Footsteps kept staggering away from her, heading straight for the spot behind her.

Clara froze in place.

Full of incredulity.

She turned stiffly and looked in the direction that Rovell Mu was heading.

Only in the corner, a place near the bar, Jenny Jing was standing with Lin Shufan, discussing something with a few other middle-aged men.

A group of people with proper and elegant smiles on their faces, holding a goblet in their hands, under the light of a beautiful swan neck is like a fine art, white glowing curve and extremely beautiful, one can not help but want to hold it in one's arms.

Rovell walked up to them, and without knowing what he said to those people, those people raised their glasses with Jenny and left.

Then, Lin Shufan also patted Jenny's shoulder and followed suit.

Rovell Mu just stood there, looking at Jenny with deep affection and guilt, and Jenny looked back at him with a seeming smile.

The two pairs of eyes met, could not even see the slightest hint of hostility and defiance, the two people stood there, like the world's most beautiful painting, breathtakingly convincing.

Clara suddenly understood something.

The fortress of the heart crumbles instantly!

She laughed deliriously, louder and louder, crazier and crazier, until she ended up twitching and bursting into tears!

Ruan Jiaojiao was all terrified by the scene, and everyone around her cast their eyes over in curiosity.

"Heh heh heh heh heh heh heh..."

But I saw Clara still laughing madly, as if a crazy woman in despair, laughing so hard that her body trembled, tears smeared the makeup on her face, the whole person looked wretched and pitiful, as if a discarded woman.

"What's, what's going on here?"

Everyone was blindsided.

Someone whispered, "This, I'm afraid, is crazy, isn't it?"

"Wouldn't have inhaled anything dirty."

As soon as this was said, the surrounding people looked at each other, but fortunately Ruan Jiaojiao was quick to react and went up to pull Clara down, urgently saying, "Sister Clara, don't be like this."

In the corner, Jenny watched the scene and raised an eyebrow.

"Mu, your wife is having a drinking spree over there, why don't you go over and take a look?"

Rovell Mu looked at Clara, who was as if in a madness, with a cold face.

"It's not enough that she's embarrassed herself, but does she want me to be embarrassed with her as well?"

Jenny Jing tugged at the corner of his mouth in mockery, not commenting.

But Ruan Jiaojiao couldn't see any more

, seeing that he couldn't hold Clara, he strode towards this side.

Pointing at Rovell Mu, he said angrily, "Rovell Mu, Clara is like that, you are still in the mood to chat with the little b*tch here, isn't she your wife? Aren't you going to take care of her?"

Rovell's face was gloomy, looking at her coldly.

For a moment, in the end, he picked up his phone and called two bouncers in.

The two bodyguards moved quickly, sparing Clara's constant loud resistance, but they still covered her mouth and pulled her down.

Ruan Jiaojiao looked at their rough actions and winced a bit.

She turned to look at Rovell Mu incredulously and questioned, "Rovell Mu, that's your famous wife, how can you do this to her?"

Rovell Mu looked at her with cold eyes, his gaze without warmth, "Didn't you say that I should control her? What do you think I should do about it when she's here on such an important occasion and she's getting drunk?"

Ruan Jiaojiao: "..."

The mooch is about saving face.

As the youngest proprietor of the Mu Clan, Rovell naturally placed even more importance on reputation.

Just now Clara was crying and laughing there, and had already alarmed many people.

If he went over there and Clara got angry again, then I guess everyone would know tonight that he, Rovell Mu, was incapable of handling his wife and had a falling out with Clara in public.

So getting a bodyguard to pull her out was the perfect way to do it.

Ruan Jiaojiao shook her head, looking at the man in front of her who was still gentle and elegant, and couldn't believe that he was the same Rovell Mu who had doted on Clara a hundred times before.

She took two steps backwards in a row and muttered, "You've gone too far! You've really gone too far!"

After saying that, he turned and took a step towards Clara's direction to chase after her.

And that was the end of the farce.

Although still alarmed, people didn't really react, so naturally they weren't quite sure what was going on.

Rovell held his cup up and walked forward, raising his cup to everyone and smiling, "Sorry, my wife drank a little too much tonight, I've disturbed your grace, I'm here to make amends on her behalf."

It dawned on everyone, and they all raised their glasses as well.

"There's no need to be so polite, just as long as Mrs. Mu is all right."

"Yeah, Mu doesn't have to be so polite."

Jenny looked at this scene and suddenly felt very funny.

She knew best what kind of person Rovell was.

This man, cloaked in warmth, had lied to her back then, and now he was lying to Clara.

In fact, the only thing he loved from the beginning to the end was himself.

Thinking of this, Jenny slightly dropped her eyes, suddenly feeling quite lucky.

Lucky saw him for who he was relatively early on, and Lucky met the man who is now giving her a new life.

She stepped forward, heading the other way.

Rovell saw the situation and followed suit.

"Jenny, there's something else I want to say to you."

"Mu!"

Jenny paused, looked back at him and smiled.

"If you have anything to say, let's talk on the phone some other time, it'll be misunderstood if you call me like that in public."

When she finished, she turned and continued walking away.

Rovell's face changed slightly.

"Jenny, do you still hate me?"

Jenny was stunned.

Some funny looks at him.

"Why should I hate you?"

"Because..."

He choked on his throat, somehow unable to speak.

Chapter 229

Only half a dozen times did I lower my head, somewhat dejectedly, "Because I betrayed you, did so many wrong things to you, and once joined forces with people outside to bully you, will you always hate me?"

Jenny raised an eyebrow.

Is he feeling guilty with this bowing motion?

She laughed softly and shook her head.

"No, I don't hate you."

Rovell was slightly shaken, looking up at her incredulously, his pupils slightly dilated.

"Why?"

"Because hate means remembering, and I don't have to remember someone who doesn't even matter to me in order to hate."

When she finished, she raised her lips lightly and left without really looking back.

Rovell Mu stayed there, watching her back as she left, his heart weakening, his brain as if struck by lightning, and his entire body somewhat stiff.

What did she say?

She didn't hate him, but it was because he was just someone who didn't matter at all in her life.

He's not important?

Heh.Hahahahahahaha....

Six years of a relationship that she gave six years of her life to, and now she can just throw it away with abandon?

So you don't want it?

Just because you say you don't like it doesn't mean you don't like it?

Saying it's not important is not important?

Who gave her the right?

What makes her say it's not important?

Shouldn't those six years have been the best years of her life?

Even if times have changed, even if she has someone else by her side now, she shouldn't put him in the unimportant category!

After all, he was her first love, and shouldn't first love always be the white moonlight of the heart, the most important and hidden piece of existence in the heart?

No, he doesn't!

He'll never believe it!

Rovell seemed to have thought of something, and his eyes blossomed with a scorching glow.

He trudged out after him.

.....

Jenny didn't linger much at the party.

For no other reason than it's getting late and a certain daemon is starting to push at home.

Biden Lu has been upset about the fact that she came out to socialize, but refused to take him with her.

He vowed to let the world know that he was her man and their true relationship, if one day she agreed to go public with their relationship!

Huh?

Some man was now sitting at home in a rage, and had been hearing the sound of a car engine outside, before he squared his eyebrows and got to his feet.

In the next second, however, he sat back down.

What's all the excitement for?

It's just that the man came back, right?

He'll be back sooner or later!

Huh?

He sat heavily on the leather couch, and cocked his long legs to show how laid back he was.

Then, if that wasn't enough, he even picked up a nearby financial magazine and set it in front of him, pretending to be reading it.

This was what Jenny saw when he entered the room.

In the spacious and luxurious living room, a certain handsome man was sitting on the sofa, his long legs overlapping, holding a financial magazine in his hands, reading with great interest.

She pursed her lips and smiled, changed her shoes and walked over.

"Honey, I'm home."

Biden Lu didn't even lift his eyes once.

Just a faint "hmm".

Jenny put down her bag and went to sit beside him, taking his arm.

"Honey, I haven't seen you for a few hours, have you missed me? Is there a good boy in the house by himself?"

Biden Lu's face was cold and he pulled his arm out of her arms.

Without changing his face, he said, "No."

Jenny looked at him.

Draw out the arm and raise an eyebrow.

Gee, the proud man!

She got up and headed upstairs.

Biden Lu was stunned, not understanding why she had suddenly left.

Isn't this the time to concentrate on coaxing him?

He's so depressed, can't he be coaxed a little more if he doesn't get it right?

Are you so unattractive to this woman now?

I can't believe you got tired of coaxing him for less than five minutes.

Thinking about it, a certain man's already bad mood got even worse!

He heaved the magazine in his hands onto the coffee table, grunted, and sat there sulking himself.

I don't care, he doesn't want it!

They say a woman can't be spoiled, the more spoiled she is, the more of an asshole she becomes, and it seems he's just too lenient with her, causing her to pay less and less attention to him now!

President Lu continued to sit there sulking and sulking.

Just then, Jenny, however, came down from upstairs with a cup of something.

"Okay, don't be mad, I know I upset you by not taking you out, I was wrong, okay? Come on, be good and take your medicine."

Biden Lu has had a bit of a cold for the last two days, and the doctor has given him cold medicine to take a pill every night before bed.

Biden Lu looked at the pills handed over by the small white hand in front of her, then at the warm water she was holding in her other hand, and finally his eyes fell on her face.

The original depression in my heart was suddenly swept away.

Turns out she wasn't ignoring herself.

Just went to get him cold medicine.

Caring so much about him showed that he was still quite important to her.

Biden Lu was immediately happy.

But who is Boss Lu? Even if you're happy, you can't show it on your face.

So, he merely gave a colorless "mmm", swallowed the pills, and drank water from her hand before saying, "When are we actually going to have an open relationship?"

Jenny smiled dryly, "Actually, isn't it nice that we're like this now?"

"Good shit!"

Some man burst out in discontent.

Jenny: "....."

"How invisible am I? Keeps you from going public, eh?"

She shook her head incessantly.

"I definitely didn't mean that, uh...mostly, the timing wasn't right."

"Heh!" Biden Lu scoffed, "You think I would believe you? Say it! Do you want to stay a secret marriage forever? Hmm?"

Jenny even denied it.

"Absolutely not, I swear."

"If swearing works, what do you need the police for?"

Jenny: "....."

"I don't care, you give me a moment."

Jenny thought about it, considering the man's jealousy and the fact that the two were always so secretive, it really wasn't an option.

So then he said, "Just a little while longer, and when I'm completely done with my mother, I'll agree to whatever you want to do."

Biden Lu was only satisfied with this.

Jenny Jing was relieved to see that he had finally pacified the Demon King.

Immediately afterwards, I thought of what I saw at the charity gala today, and found it interesting, so I told Biden Lu.

Biden Lu listened and smiled mockingly.

"Even a sc*m like Rovell deserves to fall in love? It's simply an insult to the word."

Jenny raised his eyebrows.

"He doesn't deserve it, you do?"

"Sure."

A certain man didn't have the slightest problem with saying that, holding her close to him, taking her in his arms and whispering, "Before I met you, I didn't think I was worthy either, but I met you and knew that I had to wake up."

Jenny: "Well...you don't...go upstairs..."

Chapter 230

Other side.

Clara was sent straight back to the Mu family by the bodyguards.

Patrick Hong was away for the past two days, going on a business trip to the provinces, so besides the maids, there were usually only Clara and Rovell Mu at home.

Suddenly seeing Clara tied back by two bodyguards at this point, they were all shocked.

The head maid went forward to find out what was going on and was viciously attacked by the bouncer.

The two strong bodyguards looked at them and said in a deep voice, "This is the young master's wish, the young grandmother is only allowed to stay in her room tonight, none of you are allowed to let her out, let alone go in to see her, that's all."

"But, why?"

"Where do you get so many questions? Whatever Young Master says, we'll do, and as for the rest, don't ask too many questions."

After that, the two bodyguards left.

The bedroom was filled with hissing cries and smashing noises from Clara.

The group of servants looked at each other for a moment, not daring to say anything else.

It wasn't until the next morning that Rovell returned.

As soon as I entered the house, I felt as if the maids in the house had seen a savior, and their eyes were burning hot.

He asked grimly, "Where is the young lady?"

"It's upstairs, upstairs! It was smashed all night and didn't stop until four or five in the morning."

He tugged at his lip in mockery.

This woman, that is.

When you're unhappy, all you do is smash things to vent your frustration and nothing else.

Unlike Jenny, who could always solve all problems so sensibly.

It never occurred to him that he had seemed to dislike Jenny's too much calmness and sanity when he was with her in the past.

Feeling that she lacked all the pride and sensuality of a woman.

At that time, this kind of unruly and temper tantrum of Clara was all cute to him.

It's the most innocent expression of a girl's innocence.

Rovell took a step towards the upstairs.

Perhaps he was really tired after last night's disturbance, but when the maid opened the door and he entered the house, the first thing he saw was not the mess all over the house, but the woman who was lying on the carpet in the middle of the bedroom, sleeping deeply.

The entire Simmons bed she'd razorbladed, the picture frames on the wall, the makeup on the dresser, the clothes in the wardrobe.

All of it was slashed to pieces, and the entire house was inadequate to describe even a robbery scene of its devastation.

Even if the servants were prepared for such a scene, they still couldn't help but be shocked at the sight.

Rovell was quite calm though.

He had expected what he was seeing now, so he was largely untroubled by what he saw.

It was just a slight surprise to see a woman sleeping deeply on the carpet.

It seems she's not so stupid as to be incorrigible.

At least it was just a razor blade to cut these things instead of slashing your own wrists.

He said quietly, "You guys go down first."

The maids looked at each other, and then they all said "Oh" and left in unison.

Rovell stepped inside and closed the door along with it.

Clara didn't really sleep much.

Someone was coming in, she could feel it.

But she didn't want to get up or react in any way, and the night's ordeal had taken all her strength and patience.

All she was left with now was a heart full of discouragement and numbness.

A pair of soft house slippers stopped in front of her.

Rovell is on top.

Rinchen looked at her and said in a deep voice, "Is that all you can do? I thought you could just tear the door down and escape."

Scene words.

After all, she was only a weak woman, and as deep as her heart was, she was physically inferior to a man in the end.

Having to do so much damage in one night, he had taken quite a bit of damage himself, such as his fingers, which had been cut in several places by the blades.

I also bruised my arm in several places from trying to break down the door.

At this time wearing a torn dress, lying there, but somehow there was a kind of fallen beauty.

After a half-dozen moments, she finally moved her lips.

"You can laugh at me if you want! No need to hold back."

Rovell raised his eyebrows.

He crouched down in front of her.

Those eyes that she used to love the most were now staring at her deeply, but there was no warmth in them that she used to feel, there was just coldness.

"You're not looking for death?"

Clara quirked the corner of his lips in a light mockery.

"Seeking death for what? How nice to be alive? There are shiny, beautiful clothes, delicious mountains of food and seafood, I'm still a big sister of King's, and even if I get divorced, I still have a lot of money and can still live well.

Besides, I'm still young, and even if I leave you, I can find a better man and live the rest of my life in style, so why should I seek death?"

Rovell didn't expect her to say something like that.

He quirked his lips in mockery and said softly, "It seems that you are not as affectionate to me as you thought you were, you must have me! In that case, what was the madness of last night?"

Clara looked at him woodenly and didn't say anything.

Rovell Mu reached out his hand, gently tussled her disheveled hair and said softly, "Do you know how much of an impact you had on me, the Mu family, Fenghua and yourself when you went crazy last night?"

Scene words.

Those bright eyes now seemed as if they were a puddle of stagnant water, grey and without any light at all.

Rovell Mu continued, "Fortunately, I closed the news in time, the people outside probably only thought that you were drunk and wouldn't think much about it, otherwise the money that Fenghua smashed on you, as well as the Karanzee endorsement, would have been floating."

He saw that Clara still had that look on her face, so he didn't raise an eyebrow.

"Don't you have anything you want to say?"

Clara laughed mockingly.

"Say what? Apologize to you? Bow your head and admit your mistake? Or are you begging me to take pity on you and love me just one more time? Did it work? A heartless man like you has nothing but profit in his eyes and nothing else, and in that case, why should I bother in vain?"

Rovell laughed.

"I realized today that you're still smart enough, at least to get this far, to not be as stupid as other women who would continue to rely on crying to get a man's heart back."

Clara somewhat mockingly held up the corners of her lips and didn't say anything.

Rovell continued, "What to do? I actually appreciate you a little bit more now!"

"Thank you for your appreciation, it wasn't necessary, go ahead! What do you want me to do?"

"You're my wife, what can I make you do? It's just that I hope you stay alive and don't cause me any more trouble, you know, some things are a pain in the ass to deal with, and I, for one, have never liked trouble."

Clara was slightly stunned, a little surprised.

"You're not getting a divorce?"

"Why would I want a divorce?"

He leaned over slightly, even closer to her face so she could see the expression on his face more clearly.

So cold, so cruel, even with a smile always on his lips, it could send chills down his spine and creep him out.