

## Chapter 3984

The hatred of killing the master, the deep hatred and hatred.

Ericson Li has made up his mind that no matter what happens in the future, he must protect his son for Mr. Chu.

Because, this will be the spark that can finally start a prairie fire in Mr. Chu's plan to start a prairie fire!

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Lin'an, by the West Lake.

Spring dawn in Suti, wind and lotus in Koji courtyard, autumn moon in Pinghu, snow on broken bridge...

This is a lake scene full of romance and legends.

And now, it will also usher in its last legend.

After Xiao Mark was picked up, all Helen Qiu's thoughts were completely gone.

She no longer has to go to work, she has no thought of cooking, and she no longer has to run her life with the same heart as before.

She is like a woman who has lost her soul, walking on the street without a clue.

His eyes were blank, and his once radiant and pretty face was now only desolate and desolate.

It seemed that the prosperity had come to an end, leaving only a place of desolation.

Why did Helen Qiu not want to go back to Noirfork?

Just for the guilt in my heart.

There was one sentence that Helen Qiu said was right.

She really has no face, goodbye Jiang Dong.

Even more shameless, went to see Mark's parents and relatives.

When talking with Ericson Li and the others before, Helen Qiu almost didn't mention her and Mark at all.

All that is said is for the future.

She didn't mention anything in the past.

In particular, her relationship with Mark and her marriage to Mark.

For the past few years, Helen Qiu has really been disheartened towards Mark.

She even felt that what Mark loved was not herself.

He doesn't like her at all.

That's why he went to Chumen so unrestrainedly and took risks without consulting her. He didn't even say goodbye to himself, so he went to Chumen Mountain alone.

At that time, she was disheartened. Apart from Mark's disappointment, the bigger reason was that Mark didn't care about her.

But the arrival of Ericson Li and others, and what Cynthia said, woke her up.

It turned out that the stupid guy, silently, had done so much for her.

Yes, as Cynthia said.

A person protects himself when he is alive, and protects himself after death.

Is such a man not caring enough about himself?

Cynthia is right.

She, Helen Qiu, was a selfish woman.

She has never been able to afford a man who understands her, not to mention providing the slightest help to Mark's career, she has not even supported him behind his back.

After Mark died, she even left Noirfork directly.

There is no one who guards Mark's Noirfork foundation, and there is no relatives and mother who take care of him for him.

She is neither a good wife nor a good daughter-in-law.

She is a failure.

A complete loser.

Mark was still thinking about her until he died.

But she has complained about Mark for so many years.

"Evan, I'm sorry..."

By the West Lake, the sun sets in the west.

Helen Qiu stood by the West Lake in a plain white dress, tears streaming down her face.

The blue waves are rippling, and the fiery red sun wheel burns the earth.

Another evening, another sunset.

Helen Qiu thought again, if Mark killed himself with a sword that year, was it the same evening and sunset.

Helen Qiu raised her head and looked directly at the scorching sunset.

At that moment, she saw a lot.

After seeing his cousin's engagement banquet that year, Mark promised himself in a firm tone that from now on, no one in this world will make you feel wronged.

Seeing that rainy night, she knelt outside the Shen family's door in order to ask for forgiveness from the young master of the Shen family, but Mark angrily scolded her for being stupid.

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Yilili, scene after scene, rolled past her eyes like a slideshow.

There is suffering, there is beauty.

There is loneliness, there is prosperity.

Laughed and cried.

But all the ups and downs are now a thing of the past.

That man is no more.

Tears fell like rain.

Helen Qiu looked into the distance, the corners of her lips trembled, and she whispered softly.

"Evan, I miss you..."

This call is like a hole through the ages.

After speaking, Helen Qiu slowly closed her eyes.

Then, with one foot, he stepped into the West Lake.

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huh~

Suddenly, the wind picked up.

### **Chapter 3985**

Ripples swayed in the quiet water of the West Lake.

Endless ripples radiate from all directions.

Helen Qiu, who had already been desperate to die, suddenly found that her body lying in the West Lake didn't sink in the slightest, instead it floated on the surface of the lake.

Dao Dao strength, released from those ripples.

Just above the lake, dragging Helen Qiu's body to prevent her from falling.

Helen Qiu was stunned.

She didn't know what happened.

All I know is that the scene in front of her is more bizarre than her worldview.

However, this made Helen Qiu's mood even more broken down.

"why?"

"Why don't you let me follow Mark."

"Why make me suffer in this world..."

Helen Qiu burst into tears.

She originally thought of liberation, but she didn't think about it, but even suicide became an extravagant hope.

"If a person is not afraid of death, why should he be afraid of suffering?"

While Helen Qiu was crying bitterly, a deep voice sounded quietly.

I saw the bank of the West Lake, I don't know when, there was a figure.

This person is dressed in a long gray coat, with a burly stature and a resolute and dignified face, but it has a sense of vicissitudes that have passed through the years.

It seems that it should be a middle-aged man.

Looking at the woman crying in the lake, the man waved his hand.

Seeing the thousands of water droplets, they rushed out of the water as if they were ordered to, and brought Helen Qiu back to the shore.

Helen Qiu stared blankly at the middle-aged man in front of her.

She is a woman with a strong sense of vigilance, and she is often vigilant against strangers.

However, for some unknown reason, seeing this man in front of her, Helen Qiu not only felt any vigilance, but also felt familiar.

It's like, I've seen it somewhere.

"You... who are you?"

"Have we met before?"

There were still tears on Helen Qiu's pretty face.

He looked over with suspicious eyes and asked cautiously.

The man smiled: "Although you don't know me, I know you."

"Are you Helen Qiu?"

There were tears on Helen Qiu's face, and she looked bewildered like a child.

The man, on the other hand, had a kind smile on his face, like an old father looking at his daughter-in-law.

“En, good eyesight.”

“Beauty is indeed the best choice.”

“No one who lost me.”

The man looked at Helen Qiu carefully, nodded with satisfaction, and said to himself.

Helen Qiu’s brows furrowed, her vigilance raised: “What do you want to do?”

The man smiled again and said, “Why, just now I thought death was like home, but now I’m afraid of meeting bad people?”

“If you die in my hands, wouldn’t it be just what you want, and you don’t have to go to the lake to kill yourself.”

The man’s words made Helen Qiu speechless.

“Hey...”

“You said you young people, you are always looking for your own death.”

“That bastard is, and so are you.”

“One by one, none of them make me worry.”

The man sighed for a while, with a look of hatred and anger at his misfortune.

Helen Qiu didn’t listen to these words at all.

“Don’t persuade others to be kind without suffering others.”

“You have no idea what I’ve been through.”

“Naturally I can’t understand how I feel.”

“If nothing happens, please leave.”

“My life and death have nothing to do with you.”

Helen Qiu turned her head away, not wanting to talk to strangers anymore.

But the man didn’t have any intention of leaving, and continued to shake his head and smile: “Bitter?”

“You are so young, what can you suffer?”

“It’s nothing more than things like children’s love affair.”

The man smiled lightly, and his words were full of light and cloudy colors.

It was as if Helen Qiu’s sufferings were nothing more than ordinary trivial matters in his eyes.

Helen Qiu ignored him.

The joys and sorrows of the world are not connected.

For me, it is a big event that the sky is falling. For others, it is probably just a story that has nothing to do with me, and naturally there will be no empathy.