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Lone Ying's eyes went cold for a moment as she listened and watched.

It just felt like a heavy fist that ended up on cotton.

There's always an unspoken annoyance.

The room was quiet for a moment, and after a few moments, Lone Ying took a deep breath, and in the end didn't fight any more on the verbal front, walking over and sitting down across from her.

Aster was slightly relieved to see her take her seat.

Sitting down, that means, being willing to talk to her.

There's still hope for everything if you're willing to talk to her.

Thinking this, her colour softened considerably and she asked, "What kind of tea would my sister like?"

"Whatever."

Lone Ying said faintly, her attitude still icy cold.

Aster didn't mind either, she was proficient in the tea ceremony, so she used the skills she had learned to make a pot of pu-erh tea.

Once the tea was brewed, the fragrance was overflowing.

She held out her slender fingers and poured a glass for each of the two men, then made a gesture of invitation.

"Sister, please sip your tea."

This was the etiquette inside the tea ceremony, and the Lone Warbler didn't refuse.

She wasn't afraid that Aster would poison it anyway, and besides, the tea was fragrant and smelled really good, so she picked it up and took a sip.

Su Aster looked at her and asked expectantly, "How does sister think it tastes? Compared to the craft back then, is it any worse?"

Lone Ying looked at the cup of tea, and then at the expectant-looking Aster Su, and suddenly smiled.

Her fingers gently rubbed the rim of the cup, and she said carelessly, "You know what's most important about tasting tea?"

Aster was stunned.

In the meantime, thinking gently, I replied tentatively, "Meditation?"

"No."

Lone Ying set the cup down and folded her hands in front of her, watching her quietly.

She had a kind smile on her face, but her eyes were endlessly indifferent and sarcastic.

"It's people."

"People?"

Aster was a bit dumbfounded.

Lone Ying said, "Yes, it's the person who makes the tea, if the person is right, anything she makes will feel like drinking manna, but if the person is wrong, even if the Heavenly Mountain Snow Water is made by her, it will have a filthy feeling that people can't help but dislike, don't you think so?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Aster's face turned white.

The whole person, shuddered slightly, with a sense of chocolaty valley yawning down a fragile wound.

She shook her head, holding back the tears that were about to fall, and said, "Sister, maybe you're telling the truth, but I didn't want it to be this way, and after all these years, aren't you still willing to forgive me?"

"Forgiveness?"

Lone Ying looked at her as if she had heard some big joke.

She smirked, "You talk to me about forgiveness? With what you did back then, and now you've come back with an unknown purpose, do you think you deserve to talk to me about the word forgiveness?"

The words thrown at him shook Aster hard.

Those bad memories of the past came flooding back into her mind, instantly staining her eyes red.

She shook her head and burst into tears, "Sister, you misunderstood me, I really didn't mean what happened back then, I admit that I was young and ignorant at that time, and I did like Xinglang, but I didn't even know that you were an unmarried couple ah."

"I was adopted by my family, but all those years, living out of the house, I had no idea that you were already together, and if I had known, I wouldn't have said anything to fall for him."

Lone Ying's face went completely cold.

She stared coldly at Aster Su and said in a deep voice, "Oh? Is it? So now you're admitting that you've been in love with him until now, too?"

Aster stalled for a moment.

Lone Ying's eyes were so cold, as if they carried ice that they would freeze her entire body.

She thought of something and smiled sadly.

"What's the point of liking it or not? If I had known today, I never would have liked him in the first place, much less been so delusional as to do something like that."

She said, pausing for a moment, as if to slow herself down.

Only immediately afterwards, in a voice that was even calmer than earlier, tried to be as calm as possible, "Sister, I know you hate me, but twenty-six years ago, you were also the one who pulled me back from the gates of hell."

"I know that in your heart, you just don't want to see me again for the rest of your life, but I came back anyway, and it wasn't because I wanted to get anything back, it was just..."

She said, suddenly bowing her head and pulling a document out of her bag.

"I don't have long to live, it's a doctor's order for a terminal illness, it can't be cured, but I'm content, the real Aster should have died in the sea twenty-six years ago."

"Now Aster, it's only because my sister was benevolent that she gave me a way out, so this time I've come back just to repay you."

Lone Ying looked at that sick notice and shook fiercely!

She couldn't believe it as she looked up at Aster and said in a deep voice, "Is this true?"

Aster nodded, then managed a smile.

"You don't have to pity me or feel sorry for me, I'm content to live for twenty more years. It's just that I want to come back one more time before I die, and tell you the whole truth about what happened back then."

Lone Ying's brow furrowed deeply.

She looked at Aster with some coldness and complexity in her eyes.

"What are you trying to say?"

Su Aster looked at her, her gaze was so firm, "Sister, that night twenty-six years ago, Xing Lang Bro and I, nothing actually happened, when you ran in, the reason why you saw us lying together in disheveled clothes was actually because..."

However, before she could finish her sentence, at this moment, Lone Ying's phone suddenly rang.

She frowned and raised her hand to interrupt Aster's words, then picked up her phone and pressed connect.

Not long after the connection was made, the face changed dramatically.

All at once, he stood up from his seated position and screamed, "What? Make it clear and I'll be right over!"

She said, picking up her bag and rushing out.

Su Aster was startled and a bit confused by her, and subconsciously asked, "Sister, what's wrong?"

Lone Ying didn't have time to explain to her, only dropping the sentence, "Something happened to Xinglang."

After that, the man was already out the door.

When Su Aster heard this, he didn't turn pale either.

Immediately and hurriedly stood up and also followed him out.

At this point, the other side.

Hospital.

Feng Xinglang was lying on a stretcher, pushed in at great speed by a group of people surrounding him.

All the way straight into the operating room, which was soon closed with a red light on the door.

His assistant was standing outside the operating room with blood all over his chest and hands, his whole face white and still somewhat unrecognizable.

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Until a nurse came out of it and took a slip and said to him, "Go ahead and pay your bill, leave the patient to us, don't worry."

He squared back up, nodded, and turned to the pay desk.

About ten minutes later, Lone Ying and Aster Su arrived.

When Lone Ying received the call from her assistant, she simply couldn't believe that someone who was fine when she left the house in the morning, turned around and actually had a car accident.

Yes, Feng Xinglang was in a car accident, a serious one.

At that time, the driver drove from an intersection through the car, Ming originally good, left and right are very safe, but at this time, do not know where out of a big truck.

Although Feng Xinglang's ride was good and high performance, it couldn't withstand a big truck crashing over like this.

So the car was then hit like a paper kite.

The good news is that the car's gas tank was well protected and didn't cause a fire or anything, and the car's airbags popped out in time to save his life.

But spare a thought, it's still impossible for a person to be completely fine with such a large impact.

Therefore, when the assistant arrived at the scene, he saw that Feng Xinglang was covered in blood and was already limited to unconsciousness.

The driver, however, was killed instantly.

A traffic accident like this is unlikely to be a trivial matter by any stretch of the imagination.

The assistant was also anxious, he couldn't handle such a big thing by himself, whether it was on the hospital side or the public opinion side, one person had to step in.

Only then did he quickly call Lone Warbler.

And someone had seen the accident before and had immediately called an ambulance.

Therefore, the ambulance arrived just in time, and that's when the assistant followed the car and brought the person to the hospital.

Lone Ying rushed to the hospital after hearing the assistant say the whole story, only to feel a heart as if to the throat, shocked.

The assistant saw that her face was ugly, and after thinking about it, in the end, she comforted, "Madam, don't worry too much, just now the doctor said that the chairman didn't hurt anything vital, he should be fine."

That said, he actually had no idea what he was doing.

Just can't do nothing right now, so it's just verbal comfort.

Lone Ying nodded, over the years, as the head mother of the Feng family, she had experienced too many ups and downs.

So despite the gripping pain in my heart and immense worry, I quickly forced myself to calm down.

She turned around and instructed her assistant, "You go back to the office right away and inform the PR department to make an emergency plan for online PR."

The assistant nodded yes, and quickly left.

Then, Lone Ying pulled out her phone again and called Feng Yan.

Her whole hand was shaking as she pulled out her phone, and she could barely hold it steady.

But in the end, she held a steady grip and made the call.

The other side picked up quickly.

It happened so suddenly that Feng Yan, at this time, was still unaware of the news of Feng Xinglang's accident, so he was still in the company meeting.

He was a little surprised to get a call from his mother, as she usually didn't call him at this time.

However, as soon as the connection was made, a slightly trembling voice was heard from the Lone Warbler.

"Diff, something happened to your father."

The other side went suddenly quiet.

Then there was a noted sound, as if he had left his seat to walk out.

Immediately after, I heard Feng Yan's cold and deep voice, "What's happened?"

Lone Ying took a deep breath before barely suppressing the emotions in her heart, and tried to say in a calm tone, "Your father had an accident at the highway intersection, and is now in the hospital for emergency treatment, this happened on the main road, and I guess quite a few people had already seen it at that time."

"There's no way to hide the news, and your father isn't out of surgery yet, so make sure you stabilize the seniors and shareholders at the company, and don't let them cause any trouble, okay?"

On the other side, Feng Yan tightened his frown.

"Mom, do you need me to come over?"

"No."

Lone Ying declined without even thinking about it, at this time, the company couldn't afford to be without someone, and Feng Yan was that perfect candidate.

She paused and swallowed again before saying, "I'll have Yiyi come over to stay with me, your most important thing right now is to stabilize the company, don't worry about this side, understand?"

After a half-hearted moment, Feng Yan finally agreed in a calm voice.

"Okay, I understand, then I'll immediately call Xiaoyi, and you'll let me know if anything happens."

Lone Ying nodded.

After hanging up the phone, she went and sat down in the chair next to her, her fingers still trembling but her face no longer looking as frightened as it did earlier.

Aster took it all in and didn't say a word the entire time.

It wasn't until this moment, when she saw her stop moving, that she silently walked over and sat down next to her.

"Sister, don't worry, Xing Lang will be fine."

Lone Ying did not speak.

She sat there straight, forgiving the sudden receipt of such bad news, her entire back still straight and showing no sign of bending at all.

This is the head wife of the Feng family, the main mother of the Feng family.

This was the style that she, Lone Warbler, should have.

Aster watched, pursed her lips, then looked worriedly in the direction of the operating room, and in the end, without further persuasion, fell silent.

On the other hand, after Feng Yan hung up the phone, he called Tailor Feng directly.

Tailor Feng received this news and was surprised.

Without a word, he left the work at hand and ran outside.

After informing Tailor Feng, Feng Yan called the major newspapers and news network platforms and personally signaled to them that it was best not to report today's events.

He was, after all, the next heir of the Feng Group, and whether it was financial strength or power, it could be considered the peak level.

Therefore, everyone would still buy him, and so it was hard to actually reveal anything about such big news.

Immediately afterwards, he arranged for someone to look into the cause of today's accident.

Feng Xinglang is usually very careful when he goes out, no matter how much time he is in a hurry, he will never let the driver drive too fast.

Moreover, the drivers hired by the Feng family are all very experienced kind of drivers, unless there is any accident, it is unlikely that an accident will happen because of skill or experience.

So, this time, the car accident that happened to Feng Xinglang made Feng Yan feel very strange.

Whether it was because Feng Xinglang was his father, or because he was the chairman of the Feng Clan, he had a need to investigate this matter properly.

He didn't leave the office after things were ordered.

Instead, go back into the conference room and continue the meeting.

The conference room was filled with all the major top executives of the Feng consortium.

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On the other side, there were a dozen or so directors and shareholders of all sizes sitting.

Because Feng Yan and Tailor Feng were slowly growing up in age, many things were now directly handed over to Feng Xinglang to handle.

Himself is in a state of semi-retirement.

Therefore, even though all the major shareholders are present at this meeting today, the meeting is still chaired by Feng Yan.

There was no disagreement about this.

After all, Feng Yan's abilities were there, not inferior to Feng Xinglang, and even hinting at surpassing it.

Everyone was also quite convinced of him, plus, Feng Xinglang had long been interested in passing the company on to him, and although it wasn't stated explicitly, in the entire Feng Clan, who didn't know that Feng Yan was the future owner of the Clan?

So, at this point, everyone looked at him and he didn't look too good, and for a moment their hearts were raised and they didn't know what was happening.

Just then, a few shareholders' phones buzzed.

They quietly took it out, took a look at it, and it didn't change colour.

Although Feng Yan had sent people out to block the news, this incident had happened in broad daylight and on the main road after all.

The media may be scrupulous about Feng and not dare to report it extensively, but for some of the rest of the bystanders, they don't care about that.

Plus, the major shareholders, naturally, have their own sources, so it's impossible to keep this from them.

It was precisely because of this that, in the immediate aftermath of the incident, Lone Ying would promptly call Feng Yan and even forbid him to go to the hospital, instead telling him to stay honestly in the company and stabilize these people.

Someone stood up right away, white-knuckled, "Something's happened to the chairman!"

"Huh?"

The rest of the people who didn't receive the news were taken aback by the news and looked at the one who spoke in surprise.

The speaker was a middle-aged man in his forties, the second largest shareholder of Feng's, surnamed Hong.

At this time, he sank his face and looked seriously at Feng Yan and said in a deep voice, "Mr. Feng, can today's meeting end here first, since the chairman has had an accident, we can't ignore it, so let's all go to the hospital first."

The whole room was in an uproar when that was said.

Immediately someone asked anxiously, "What did you say?The chairman had a car accident?"

"Yeah, just got the news, I heard it's in the operating room now, life and death unknown."

"Yes, yes, I've also received the news, the chairman is in such a big trouble, of course we should go there, why are we all still standing here?Hurry up and walk away."

I said, and was about to leave with a group of people.

However, at that moment, Feng Yan spoke.

He didn't rush or get angry, but in an almost idle tone, he asked, "What do you want?"

Everyone turned around in a daze.

Only Feng Yan sat down in his chair instead, elegantly crossing his legs and watching them.

There was a touch of sarcastic scrutiny in the eyes, and a coldness that made you want to step back.

Everyone was so shocked by the powerful aura he was emitting that they didn't dare to speak.

It was half a minute before someone mentioned in a whisper, "We just want to go to the hospital."

"See?"

Feng Yan narrowed his eyes, "Are you guys doctors or do you know first aid? What can you tell? Or maybe you're not actually concerned about my dad because you're worried that if anything happens to him, the ownership of the company will fall into the hands of someone else."

There was a silence as he finished his words.

We all looked at each other, you looked at me, I looked at you, and we didn't dare to speak.

Only the first one to speak out, Director Hong, saw the situation and stepped forward.

"Mr. Feng, you're wrong about that, what do you mean we're not worried about the chairman? To put it bluntly, even if we are inhumane, at any rate, we have known the chairman for more than twenty years, and when we were young, we fought together and called each other brothers, so we can't fake that affection."

"You are the chairman's own son, your father is lying in the hospital with serious injuries, it's fine if you don't go to see him, how can you stop us from going? Aren't you setting us up for injustice?"

That's a very classy way of putting it.

This is not only an indication of his "deep love and friendship", but also an allusion to Feng Yan's ambition.

Besides, if their failure to go was an injustice, then wouldn't it be even more injustice if Feng Yan, his own son, didn't go?

Feng Yan looked up at Director Hong, and a cool smile spread across his narrowed eyes.

"Is it? Since that's the case, then you can just consider it as me setting you up for injustice, anyway, my dad is the only two sons of my brother and me, and can't bear to blame, Uncle Hong just stay in the company and rest today, later on if my dad really blames it, you can rest assured that I will take the initiative to come out and bear it."

Director Hong stalled for a moment.

It was not a bout of blue and white.

The rest of the directors frowned at the sight of Feng Yan and were very dissatisfied with his approach.

Feng Yan, however, didn't care about them at all, but directly instructed his assistant Qin beside him, "Go make tea for a few directors, take the best can of red robe from my father's office, a few of you have some liver fire today, I believe that you should feel much better if you drink tea."

The assistant sniffed, whispered yes, and turned around.

It wasn't long before two pots of tea were actually brewed in.

Delicate cups were placed in front of everyone, each pouring a cup, and naturally there was one in front of Feng Yan.

He looked at the misty smoke and took a sip of the tea.

The rest of the people saw the situation and were too angry to speak up for a moment.

But off to the side, if you turn your head, you can see that the door has been secured and you can't get out of this conference room.

At any rate, Feng Xinglang was only undergoing surgery now, and wasn't really in critical condition, so although everyone was already dissatisfied, they didn't dare to directly tear their faces off at this time.

In the end, they all had to sit down in resignation.

And on the other side, the hospital.

When Tailor Feng rushed to the hospital, Feng Xinglang hadn't come out yet.

In the empty corridor, there was only Lone Ying sitting there, and a woman sitting next to her, he took a look and recognized that it was Aster Su, and was not surprised.

But at this point, he didn't have time to ask so many questions, so after a few quick steps, he asked, "Mom, how's Dad doing?"

Lone Ying looked up at him with no emotion on her face, "It hasn't come out yet, the specifics aren't clear."

Tailor Feng frowned deeply at the words.

Aster saw the situation and kindly reassured, "Brother Xinglang is blessed with a great life, he will definitely be fine, Tailor Feng, don't worry too much."

Tailor Feng looked at her, then set his eyes on his own mother, not being able to resist asking in the end, "Mom, why are you together?"