

Chapter 690

Feng Xinglang smiled: "I'm sorry to have to use such a rude way to invite Mr. Wen to come, but it's really also because with other ways, I'm afraid that Mr. Wen won't come, and even if he does, he won't admit what you've done, so Feng Mou has no choice but to do this, if I've offended you, please forgive me Mr. Wen."

Wen Wenjun's face shifted again, but in fact, he had probably guessed what he wanted to say.

But the mouth just won't admit it.

He sneered: "Mr. Feng speaks funny, what have I done to admit in front of you? Are you bullying me because I've just returned to the country, so you're using this to humiliate me? Feng Xinglang, even though your Feng family has deep roots in China, I, Wen Wenjun, am not a vegetarian, so you'd better cut me loose right now..."

"There's no need to rush Mr. Winn."

This time, the person who spoke was Feng Yan.

I saw him feel a photograph from his bosom and hand it to Wen Wenjun.

"How about Mr. Winn take a look at the picture and see if you recognize the man in the picture, and we'll talk about what happens next?"

The only picture I saw was of a mentally unstable middle-aged man, with a bit of tanned skin and coarse mineral paste, and the whole thing looked like a perfectly normal image of a middle-aged frustrated man.

Wen Wenjun just looked at it and withdrew his gaze.

With a grimace, "I don't know."

Feng Yan raised his eyebrows.

"Don't know? Really?"

Wen didn't say anything.

Feng Yan suddenly laughed and said, "That's strange, since you say you don't know him, then why did someone testify that one night half a month ago, you went to his house and gave him a big bag of cash?"

Wynne's body stiffened with a visible stiffness.

This was slight, but it was still keenly caught by Feng Yan and Feng Xinglang.

They glared at Wen Wenjun, and Feng Xinglang said, "If Mr. Wen isn't convinced, we can bring the witness up to confront him on the spot, but I'm afraid that by then, things won't be as easy to handle as they are now."

"After all, people helped us, and since we let you see his face, we naturally can't have any more trouble behind him, so just to be safe..."

"What do you want?"

Wen Wenjun suddenly spoke up, interrupting him.

His originally gentle and elegant face now revealed a rare grimace.

"Trying to kill me? Do you dare?"

Feng Xinglang paused slightly, followed by a slow smile.

"Mr. Wen is joking, what's to kill or not to kill? We're serious businessmen and never do this kind of blood on our hands."

Wen Wenjun choked on his words and almost didn't give a laugh.

"Businessman? A businessman would drug someone and tie them up privately in a place like this? Who are you fooling?"

Feng Xinglang nodded slightly, "Well, it's good that you know we're fooling you."

Wen Wenjun: "...and..."

It's not a good day to talk.

The atmosphere in the living room was a bit awkward, but Feng Xinglang was in no hurry and just sat there quietly waiting.

Feng Yan even got a cup of tea for him from somewhere, and Feng Xinglang took two sips of it, thinking that the tea was bad and didn't want it.

"Mr. Winn could have waited if he hadn't thought to tell us, but you know, I'm still wounded and I can't wait too long, this is my wife's house, and that man of hers has the biggest hobby every day of his life, which is to inspect his house estate and all that, and he might come over sometime."

"I don't want to worry her, and I don't want to stick it to Miss Sue, so I'm bound to give a solution to this before she comes over here, so Mr. Winn."

He paused again, but this time his tone was steeply harsher.

"You're going to have to think about that."

Wen Wenjun's face changed when he heard the words "Miss Su".

He stared at Feng Xinglang with a deadly stare and asked, "Even if I admit it, so what? You kill and don't dare to kill me, do you really want to turn me over to the police?"

Feng Xinglang raised his eyebrows and smiled, "Joking, I told you, I'm a businessman."

Wen frowned, not quite understanding what he meant.

Afraid that his father would get tired of talking too much, Feng Yan took the initiative to explain, "Mr. Wen has a few nice properties in China that my father and I think are pretty good, so if Mr. Wen is willing to cut his teeth, then we won't pursue this matter any further."

Wen Wenjun was momentarily startled.

As if he couldn't believe what he was hearing, he stared at them dumbfoundedly still.

Feng Xinglang was embarrassed and coughed lightly.

After all, it was still the first time doing this kind of extortion and blackmail, and it was more or less embarrassing.

Feng Yan instead did it without blushing or gasping.

Anyway, my father said, this matter should not make a big fuss, really offend those black evil forces, the most we can do is to fight to the death, no one can get any benefit.

He's old now, and long gone from being as much of a hero as he was when he was younger.

Know that there are times in this world when there is just no real justice in the world.

Everything is just all about setting out with your heart and giving everyone a double take.

That was why Feng Xinglang had come up with such a compromise.

It was said to be just a few properties, but in reality, Wynne knew what he meant, he wanted all of Wynne's power and wealth in the country.

After taking these away, it would be like, banishing the man, Wen Wenjun, from the country altogether, never to return again.

Wen Wenjun naturally understood what he meant, and that was why he gritted his teeth so hard that he didn't agree to speak out half a dozen times.

Feng Yan smiled, "Mr. Wen has half an hour to think about it, if you haven't agreed after half an hour, then I'm sorry, we only have business to do on this matter."

After saying that, he bowed to Feng Xinglang and said, "Let me push you in for a little more rest."

Feng Xinglang's body hadn't fully recovered, and after talking to him for so long, he did feel tired as well.

So, without refusing, he nodded and allowed himself to be pushed towards the room inside.

For the past half hour, Wynne had been sitting on the living room floor, not speaking or paying any attention to him.

He was hanging his head slightly, so even from the temporary surveillance installed in the living room, he couldn't see the expression on his face.

But Feng Xinglang and Feng Yan didn't want to see it either, no matter what expression he had on his face and how depressed he was in his heart anyway, he had to give this money and those businesses as well.

After all, he was the current head of the Feng Family, and the injuries he had sustained were not for nothing.

And the two living lives, the truck driver does not need to say, that is his own fault, but the driver who has been driving for Feng Xinglang, but he really let him regret a hand.

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At first, Feng Xinglang was hesitant to make the decision.

The reason for the hesitation is also because of that driver.

That driver had been with him for years and had been doing a good job, and he wasn't willing to get a fair verdict when something like this happened and he couldn't get a fair verdict on that life that the driver had sacrificed in vain.

But then, he came to his senses.

The so-called just verdict, even if it is just, is not visible when people die.

Most importantly, help him take care of his family, as well as, don't let any hint of harm come to his family.

As for Wen Wenjun's side, the Feng family can't touch him now, but sooner or later this revenge will definitely be avenged.

When he thought of this, his eyes showed a stern colour.

But that was only for a moment, and soon it was invisible.

It was followed by the same gentle look as usual.

He looked to Feng Yan next to him and said, "There's nothing going on around here, come play a game of chess with me."

Feng Yan's chess skills were handed to him by his hands and now surpassed him.

However, Feng Xinglang and his style of chess are different, with Feng Yan being more aggressive and Feng Xinglang being more defensive.

Therefore, the two can score a fair amount of points when they are really fully focused down.

Feng Yan saw that he was still in good spirits and didn't refuse, nodding his head.

Taking out the chess board and pieces from the cabinet beside him, they entered and played.

It's almost half an hour after a game of chess.

The ending was a win for Feng Yan.

Feng Xinglang shook his head helplessly as he looked at the position on the chessboard where he didn't have a single piece left.

"People really have to get old, I can't beat you now."

Feng Yan laughed and said, "You should be happy that you've taught this well."

Hearing this, Feng Xinglang really squinted and smiled, nodding his head, "Yes, although the Yangtze River's back wave pushes the front wave, but without this front wave, the back wave wouldn't be able to push up, would it?"

Feng Yan nodded along.

"Yes yes yes, you're right on all counts."

He said, looking at the time, "It's about time, let's go over there."

Only then did Feng Xinglang restrained his smile and let him push his way to the living room.

All the while, Wynne was still sitting in the living room.

Half an hour passed and he actually had an answer in mind.

But in the end, there was some reluctance.

So, when he saw Feng Xinglang, his first words were not to agree with him, but to ask rhetorically, "How on earth did you suspect things to me? Just because I like Heterodyne?"

Feng Xinglang didn't think that it had been half an hour and he still hadn't figured it out.

With a helpless sigh, he had to tell the truth about the fact that he had seen him long ago that day.

Wynne hadn't expected this in any way.

It was just one little mistake and the gutter was overturned.

With a self-deprecating grin, he said, "Okay, I'll admit it, I did that one."

He said, suddenly raising his head and looking at Feng Xinglang with a torch-like gaze.

“But do you know why I’m doing this?”

Feng Xinglang raised an eyebrow, shook his head, and then put on an expression of washing his ears.

“Because you’re such a hypocrite!”

Wen Wenjun’s face suddenly had a malevolent expression.

He looked at Feng Xinglang and sneered, “On the surface, you pretend to be gentle and polite, but in reality, in your bones, you are the most selfish and indifferent egotist, wasn’t the reason why you abandoned Heterodyne and stayed with that woman in the first place because you actually saw that she was the eldest daughter of the Lone Family, while Heterodyne was only an adopted daughter?”

“In that case, why did you provoke her before that? To get her so deep into the web of love you wove that she did something so wrong that it even ruined her life?”

“Do you have any idea how hard she’s had it all these years? Every day and every night is spent in tears of remorse, do you know that in order to atone for her sins, she even erected a tablet of immortality in the temple for your so-called wife, in order to atone for the wrongs she committed in the first place?”

“This all started because of you, so maybe if you die, it will all go away.”

“She doesn’t have to be sad every day anymore, and she doesn’t have to watch you and that woman make love to each other while she’s sad.”

“Feng Xinglang, you claim to be a righteous gentleman, but in reality, you’re a sc*mbag who’s not what you seem! You have wasted Heterodyne’s affection for you!”

Feng Xinglang and Feng Yan were stunned for a moment after hearing what he said.

I never thought he would say that.

I saw that the Wen Wenjun at this time had completely lost his usual elegant and calm demeanor.

The entire man was sitting there tied to a rope, and both the clothes on his body and the expression on his face looked like a bum bordering on madness.

Feng Xinglang was silent for a moment, halfway through, before he sighed.

"I didn't know...you guys would think that."

His voice was a little sluggish, and he didn't sound very happy about it.

Feng Yan frowned.

He doesn't know much about what happened back then.

The only some of them are still first-hand accounts.

So, it's not a good time for him to say anything.

Only Feng Xinglang was silent for a moment before he said, "At first, I really didn't think things would turn out like this, if I had known, I wouldn't have approached her then, much less out of pity..."

Feng Yan's heart thudded as he listened to the wrong words.

"Dad, you wouldn't really do that to Aunt Sue..."

Feng Xinglang stared up at him, "What are you thinking about? I was just looking at her as a girl at first, quite pitiful, although raised in a solitary family is considered to have a family of her own, but she is lonely, prideful and sensitive, often times prone to thinking blindly on her own, so at that time, I was just going to enlighten her a few words."

"By that time, your mother and I had already met, and I knew she was your mother's sister, which is why I shone a little more light on her."

"Your mother happened to be studying abroad at the time, and I thought that she didn't have many siblings, and it also happened that I was a professor at their school at the time, so she was considered my student, so it was reasonable that I wouldn't be averse to staying away from her."

"Later, it wasn't that I didn't feel her feelings for me, it was just that it was too late, she never said it directly, and it wasn't good for a guy like me to just run over and say, you don't like me, little girl, I don't like you, I have a girlfriend of my own."

"Wouldn't that look too hurtful and disgraceful? That's why I never said anything at the time, thinking that there was always going to be a perfect solution for things to work out so that no one would get hurt."

"And that's when you all learned that your mother returned home and we decided to have the wedding, and that's when she learned that your mother was my girlfriend."

"She was very reluctant to accept it, but I told her very bluntly that I had only the same feelings for her that I had for my sister, not for a man and a woman."

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"She didn't want to take my word for it, so I didn't bother so much because I was so busy during that time, with wedding preparations and at the beginning of the company's life."

"Now that I think about it, it's because I didn't bother with her at that time, always thinking she could figure it out on her own, that I set the stage for what happened later."

He didn't go on to talk about the supposed bane behind it, figuring he didn't want to repeat it again in front of Wynne.

But even if he didn't say it, the two men in front of him understood.

Wen Wen's face turned very ugly for a moment, while Feng Yan nodded thoughtfully.

"So, wouldn't this all be a misunderstanding at all?"

Feng Xinglang nodded, "Yes, but this misunderstanding is all because of my indecisiveness, and in all seriousness, I'm to blame."

He said, looking up at Wen Wenjun, and added, "I know you've been by her side for twenty-six years, and that's why I'm willing to let you off the hook today, when I didn't make it clear to her in time, it was considered a debt, and now that I've made up for it in you, I've returned the favor."

Wen Wenjun's face was a little pale, and half-heartedly, he bit down on a sneer.

"You sure can pick yourself clean, though!"

Feng Xinglang didn't comment.

He was tired and didn't seem to want to get into more trouble with Wynne.

After whispering a few instructions to Feng Yan, he pushed the wheelchair himself and turned to leave.

"Mr. Winn, all things, it doesn't matter what's right or wrong, let bygones be bygones, she doesn't have many days left, and she still needs you around, so...this is kind of the last thing I'll do for her, so behave yourselves."

After saying that, the figure followed and disappeared in the doorway.

His own bodyguard followed him to the car.

In the living room, however, Wynne listened to his words, but she completely lost the strength to resist.

Feng Yan walked up to him, crouched down and smiled, "Mr. Wen, how is it going? Now we're going to go through the industrial transfer process?"

Wen looked up at him and didn't refuse any more in the end, pulling himself up with him and allowing the two incoming bodyguards to carry him out with them.

The procedure wasn't a hassle and it was done quickly.

Feng Yan let him go as he had originally promised, and Wen Wenjun had a complicated feeling after Feng Xinglang's words.

Going back to his and Aster's place again, he didn't rush in, but just stood there in the courtyard.

Looking at the closed door, I couldn't seem to muster up the courage to knock on it.

To this day, he still remembered what Aster had said to him.

The grievances she'd suffered, the mistakes she'd made, and the reluctance and reticence with which she'd held back.

He only met her when she was twenty years old, when she hadn't done something like that at the wedding of Lone Ying and Feng Xinglang.

He found her beautiful, innocent, and extraordinarily beautiful, like an unrestrained bird in a valley.

It was love at first sight for him, but at the time, they didn't cross paths much.

He couldn't muster the courage to confess to her either.

After all, at that time, Su Aster was still the second miss of the Solitary Family, and although she was adopted, who knew that the Solitary Family had never treated her as their own daughter, and never allowed anyone to bully her outside.

And what about him?

At that time, he, ah, was still very young, had not yet made his fortune, and was only the most ordinary and commonplace man in this world.

He didn't have a proud family history, a rich family fortune, or enough to be able to commit to her for life.

So, he could only bury all those crushes in his heart and never let anyone know.

Until the wedding, which made such a big mess, he accidentally learned about it and also learned that the lone family had sunk her ship in a state of shock and rage.

Fortunately, she wasn't really sinking with that ship at the time.

And I don't know what it was, but she survived.

But even if she survived, she was no different than dead at that point.

If he hadn't rescued her in time to take her to the hospital, she might not have drowned in the seawater, but would have frozen to death from the freezing temperatures of the winter night.

Thereafter, he learned from her intermittently about what had happened during that time.

He was heartbroken, angry, and with a hint of celebration.

Heartbroken at what happened to her, angry at the way the Lone Family and that sc*m Feng Xinglang did it, and glad....

She was no longer the daughter of the Lone Family, now she was alone and had no one to rely on, and the only one she could trust to rely on was him.

So, he took the opportunity to become the most important person around her, taking her abroad, taking care of her body and life, and helping her out.

He became an indispensable presence beside her, and she seemed to sense his feelings.

Just never agreed to it in all those years.

Wen Wenjun stood there, thinking back over the years in his mind, not knowing whether to feel sad or saddened.

She lied to herself!

In the end, what happened back then, although Feng Xinglang was also responsible, it was not at all as she said.

In her account, it was Feng Xinglang who approached her, cheated on her feelings, and stepped on two boats.

The sister of her adoptive parents' family, jealous of her and jealous that she might one day steal her husband, shipwrecked her.

But what actually?

In fact, she is the one who refuses to believe that she is the one who is the third party in the relationship.

She refuses to believe that it wasn't her sister who was going to sink her, but the shocked anger of her adoptive parents, who had loved her for years, when they learned of all this.

What kind of good men and women are the Lone Ranger family?

When I love you, I can hold you up to the heavens, but when I don't love you, you're like mud under your feet.

They didn't have an ounce of mercy, instead it was the sister, who she called vicious and cruel, who secretly saved her life behind her parents' backs.

And all these years, she hadn't returned home, presumably not for the so-called promise with her sister.

But it's because, the two oldest members of the Lone family, happened to die last year.

Now that she's back, no one will pursue what happened back then.

What a nice calculation...what a...chilling calculation!

Wen Wenjun stood outside for a long time, but couldn't muster the courage to knock on the familiar door.

Eventually, he turned around and walked out, slowly, determinedly.

Fate opens and closes, and everything is just a nightmare in your own mind.

Now the dream has awakened and it's all over.

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Aster had a dream at night.

In the dream, it was like she was small again.

She was thin and tiny, lying on a cot in the orphanage, and a gentle and loving matron aunt came over to take her temperature and said, "The fever has just broken, so get some more rest."