

## Chapter 693

She looked at her aunt with wide eyes, blankly.

Quickly, the aunt left, followed by bringing some fruit candies and placing them in her hand.

The aunt smiled warmly and kindly and said, "Heterodyne is a good girl, don't cry when you get your injection later, these candies will be your reward."

She nodded heavily at the pieces of her favorite fruit candy.

It was only then that Auntie called the doctor over to give her the injection, and although it hurt, she really kept in mind what Auntie Dean had said and didn't cry.

One small hand clutched those fruit candies in a death grip as if they were clutching her for the world.

After the injection, the doctor left, and the dean's aunt had other business to attend to, so she left as well.

She happily took out the candies, happily peeled off the paper and was about to put them in her mouth.

Suddenly, just then, a couple of kids rushed out and snatched her candy away from her.

In the dream, she couldn't hear what the person across the room was saying.

All that could be seen was one of their little childish faces with the ugliest and most vicious expressions on the world's face.

They kept pointing at her and calling her names, calling her a cheap seed! Call her a shameless lowlife.

Those who have not experienced it firsthand would never have imagined that a group of children that young could say something so vicious.

Finally, they pushed her down on the bed, then peed on her bed, and finally stole the candy and left.

She could only stand there in silence, crying silently.

When Aunt Dean came over, she saw the pee on her bed and also thought she had done it herself.

Looking at her, there was another layer of disappointment.

Aster felt that in this world, probably no one would truly love him or her.

Aunt Dean's love for her was no match for a little false accusation from others.

Her foster parents' love for her was nothing more than a little charity in their spare time.

Even if the affection is as deep as Wen Wenjun, the so-called twenty-six years of companionship is nothing more than a man's kind of paranoid pursuit of his first love.

It wasn't her he loved, just an obsession in his own mind.

So, who in the world had ever really loved her?

Think it should be that guy!

She is always on top, always looking down upon everyone around her, she is proud and shining like a sea of stars.

And yet, he was just the most insignificant presence beside her.

But even so, she would pick out a few of the best ones from the pile of designer bags her parents had bought for her and put them in her room.

Wouldn't tell anyone, wouldn't even bother to tell her.

She'd arrogantly stand out and beat the crap out of someone when she was being bullied, then come back and lecture her on being useless and always embarrassing the family!

After what she did even after what she did, she didn't really hate her to death, but she silently saved her.

Even if she doesn't say a word, even if she has refused to forgive her.

But she still wanted her to live, to live in a way that had nothing to do with her.

She's the one who's never really hurt her!

In the darkness, there were silent tears rolling down the corners of my eyes.

At that moment, it was as if Aster truly understood that a mistake back then had caused her to truly lose something.

It's just that it's all in the past and nothing can be undone.

The next day.

Lone Ying received news that Aster had left Kyoto by plane.

The news was reported by the man at hand, and when she said this she was standing in the garden, cutting a flowering tree under the tutelage of her gardening teacher.

She's recently become obsessed with gardening and finds this kind of pruning and trimming work too good for her.

It is a great way to cultivate the body and learn a lot from it.

It's really a lot of fun.

For example, the flowering tree in front of me, as it originally grew, was jagged and pretty, but it always felt messy.

And now under her pruning, all the excess and unwanted is cut away, and what remains is the most natural and beautiful existence.

How can life be different if the flowers and trees are spared?

Every person is not born perfect.

People are always going through various ups and downs, frustrations, and coming together with their own sharpness and sharpness.

Then, during their time together, keep trimming off their edges and sharpness for each other, this way they can avoid stabbing each other.

Finally they both ended up fixing each other round and smooth and embraced each other with nothing but warmth and no more pain.

She smiled slowly at the thought.

Handing the scissors to the garden hall, he said, "I know."

Afterwards, he ignored the matter and turned to go to the house.

Feng Xinglang is reading a book in his study.

Lone Ying was carrying a plate of fruit in her hand when she pushed the door in.

Feng Xinglang looked up at her, and just with that glance, he suddenly paused.

She was acutely aware that there was something different about her today than she had been the other day.

He looked at the fruit she placed on the table in front of him and smiled, "Why are you doing this yourself when you can just let the maids do this?"

I said so, but I reached out and took a piece and put it in my mouth.

The sweet scent of fruit filled his mouth and he squinted his eyes in pleasure.

Lone Ying raised an eyebrow at him.

“What? Aren’t you happy that I’m serving you?”

Feng Xinglang quickly swallowed the pulp and shook his head repeatedly, “Absolutely don’t dare, just don’t want you to work so hard.”

Lone Ying stalled.

The man, not a sweet-talking s\*x, was, in the words of the old man, three sticks and not a fart.

But that’s why the sweet things he says on weekdays are so earnest and believable.

She didn’t tense up in the end, and a smile swept out of her eyes as she walked behind him and said, “You just like to stay in your study all the time, it’s so nice outside, and you don’t know how to go out.”

I said, not caring if he agreed or not, I pushed his wheelchair and headed out.

Feng Xinglang was stunned and helpless when he reacted.

The Lone Warbler was such a nature, and after all these years, it still hadn’t changed at all.

Talking and doing things in a domineering and dictatorial manner, and having a fiery personality, he was already used to it.

But even though it’s customary, I couldn’t help but say, “It’s okay to go out, you have to let me take the fruit with me, you’ve just cut it.”

Lone Ying turned red and rolled her eyes.

“Eat, eat, eat, you just know how to eat.”

The words were not nice, but in the end, he brought the plate of fruit over and shoved it into his arms, which continued to push him out.

The yard is on the lawn.

Feng Xinglang was sitting in a wheelchair, while Lone Ying, was sitting on a carved iron chair next to him.

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The iron chair is heavily padded so it's not uncomfortable.

On the table next to it was a morning tea and snacks that the maid had just brought in, and with the plate of fruit that Lone Ying had just served, it just made up a complete morning tea.

It's March and April and it's the perfect time to get comfortable with a cup of tea and a warm spring sun.

Lone Ying took a sip of her tea, squinting her eyes, her face a pleasant sight.

And next to him, Feng Xinglang, can be aggrieved.

He carefully looked at Lone Ying and asked tentatively, "Wife, that morning tea... is there any part of me?"

Lone Ying moved and turned her eyes to look at him askance.

"You want a drink too?"

Feng Xinglang nodded his head repeatedly.

Then, he saw Lone Ying pouring a cup of warm water to him from a nearby jug.

"Drink some water, what kind of tea do you drink with a bruise?"

Feng Xinglang: "....."

He looked at the impossibly plain glass of plain water in front of him and burst into tears.

"Honey, I hurt my leg and cojones, not my stomach, so is tea okay?"

"Who said that." Solitary Ying righteous refutation, "never heard of tea is cold, you want to recover from this injury, what crab ah tea ah can not dip, carefully point it you."

She said and left him alone, and went back to drinking her own tea and eating her own snacks.

Feng Xinglang was so dismissed by her, and knew that it was hopeless to have tea today.

I could only take the glass of plain water and drink it.

Good thing he didn't care what he drank in this quiet atmosphere.

The two of them just sat there quietly, basking in the sun.

Obviously a lot had happened recently, but at this point the two men sat together as if they were soul mates and didn't need to say anything.

After all, it's been more than twenty years since we've been married.

Many things have long been in the mind that belonged to them in tacit agreement.

You don't have to say it, and you don't want to say it, but you know it all by the look in your eyes.

But Rao, after much deliberation, Feng Xinglang still mentioned to her that Wen Wenjun was planning to assassinate himself.

After all, he was handling this matter this way for the sake of the Lone Family's face.

Lone Ying, as the only one of the Lone Family still alive right now, had a reason to know about it.

Lone Ying wasn't very surprised after hearing that.

Silently, he also told him about how Aster had come to see him several times in the past few days before and after.

Feng Xinglang's mood was very complicated after hearing this.

In the end, this matter started because of me, and it's also my fault, back then if I wasn't too indecisive wouldn't have caused the harm to everyone today, Ying Ying, you've been wronged all these years."

Lone Ying's face stiffened.

The eyes darkened uncomfortably, before snorting as if he didn't care.

"Who cares about your aggravation."

Having said that, I couldn't help but have flashing tears of emotion in my eyes.

Feng Xinglang smiled as he looked at it.

He suddenly reached out and took her hand.

"Honey, I love you."

The solitary Ying froze there at once.

How long has it been since I've heard that phrase anyway?

Or had she actually heard the words herself before today, here in this introverted, deep man?

He is a person who always likes to do but not say, and usually does a lot of things in silence, but never says anything.

So at that time, she gave him the nickname, Big Woody.

It's really too numb.



Lone Ying originally thought that in this life, she didn't have to expect to hear any nice and sweet words from him anymore.

But right at this moment, he actually said it.

She turned her head incredulously and looked at him.

I saw Feng Xinglang hold her hand, sighed and said, "I used to think that no matter what, if I did something people would definitely see it, and whether I said it or not wasn't that important."

"But I overlooked the uncontrollable nature of the human heart and overestimated my own abilities, and then again, feelings are such things that the longer the days wear on, the more likely they are to be confused with other feelings the more they are left unsaid."

"Ying Ying, I'm sorry that I never said anything nice to you all these years, I'll make it up to you bit by bit later."

"I kind of understand now that the emotional aspect of it, you can't just do it, you still have to talk about it. If you don't say it, it's easy to misunderstand, not just for people to misunderstand, but for you to misunderstand."

Lone Ying shook viciously.

At that moment, she felt as if her heart had been cut open by someone, allowing him to see the secrets she was hiding deep inside.

She held her mouth uncomfortably open and said, "What misunderstanding, I didn't misunderstand you."

"You have."

Feng Xinglang said firmly, "I'm not stupid, I can tell, but I never knew how to talk about this before, and today I just happen to have this opportunity, so I'll make it clear to you once and for all."

Lone Ying listened to his tone, as if he had the momentum to open his heart wide and be open and honest.

It was actually a rare moment of tension.

She didn't purse her lips and inwardly cursed hell!

She's this old, and the man in front of her has been lying on her pillow day and night for over twenty years.

How could she be nervous about him when she could picture him with her eyes closed?

But despite what she was thinking, the tightness of her body betrayed her inner emotions.

I only heard Feng Xinglang slowly say in a deep voice, "I know that you've always misunderstood me before, and that you liked Aster Su, even though all these years, in fact, you've already found out clearly that we didn't have anything happen that night."

"But in your heart, you still think that I fell in love with Aster as your understudy back then, during the time you were abroad."

"So all these years, even if you didn't say anything, I could sense that you were angry and resentful of me."

"That kind of hatred sometimes makes me feel so helpless and so unsure of how to explain it, because no matter how I explain it, it sounds like a weak defense to your ears."

"I don't know if you want to believe what I'm about to say, but I'd like to say that I was never in love with her."

"Back then, the person I loved was you, the person I've been married to for more than twenty years, the person I love is still you, and now the person I love is even more you, Ying Ying, and if there are no accidents, for the rest of my life, the person I love will also be you."

"So let's stop wearing out our relationship with these unnecessary misunderstandings, shall we? After all these years of working together, you should already know enough about my character."

"You know very well what kind of man I am. I don't need to lie to you, and I don't have that need, I just don't think it's easy for people to meet someone they really love in their life."

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"In this world, how many lovelorn men and women love each other but can't be together, such as Wen Wenjun who, even though he's been by Su Heter's side for twenty-six years, has never had her in his heart."

"We've been kind of lucky, because we love each other and still have each other, even with all the ups and downs in between, and we've never really been apart."

"In the past, it was because of my cowardice that a disagreement arose between our hearts and minds."

"Now, I'm brave enough to say what's in my heart, and I hope we can erase that disagreement and truly connect heart to heart, Inge, will you accept my apology?"

When the man finished his sentence, he looked at her fondly, expecting an answer.

The lone warbler's feelings were complicated.

There's a sense of emotion, and a sour, mixed feeling.

Her eyes were sore without looking at him, but she couldn't stop the tears from falling already.

Once Feng Xinglang saw her crying, he was heartbroken.

Even her hands panicked and pulled out tissues to wipe her tears.

"Honey, I'm sorry, it's all my fault, I didn't know you had suffered so much in your heart all these years, I just assumed this would pass slowly with time..."

He said, and the more he spoke, the more he blamed himself.

I just feel that I really haven't done my duty as a husband all these years.

Even though they say they will love her and pamper her and not let her suffer a bit in life.

But it didn't actually do it.

Lone Ying cried as she wiped her tears with a tissue.

How many years of sorrows and grievances, as if after listening to his heartfelt words, all at once to vent out.

It took her half a moment before she could barely stop crying.

Buzz said, "Okay, I'm fine."

Feng Xinglang looked at her with burning eyes.

Lone Ying turned to look at him, their eyes collided and she could easily see the man's sincerity and concern.

It was like something soft touched at the bottom of my heart with a warmth.

She suddenly smiled faintly.

"Did you mean what you just said?"

Feng Xinglang nodded heavily, then raised his right hand again, "I swear, absolutely the most sincere words."

Lone Ying dropped her eyes slightly and was silent for a moment.

Half a dozen times, before saying, "Okay, so accept your apology, I forgive you."

As soon as this was said, Feng Xinglong stared incredulously.

Immediately afterwards, the face that had been handling tens of billions of dollars of business without changing colour suddenly blossomed with joy.

He jumped forward and grabbed the lone warbler, hugging her tightly.

Emotionally and excitedly, "Honey, thank you."

Lone Ying was shocked by his large deputy's movements, and reacted by holding him up.

I couldn't help but curse, "What are you doing? Do you want to die? Hurry back to your seat."

Feng Xinglang's injuries were not yet healed, and the doctor had repeatedly told him not to make any drastic movements or move around, or else he would easily pull on the wounds, causing the wounds, which were already close to healing, to split open again.

Therefore, even though Feng Xinglang was recuperating at home during this time, the family had been very careful.

Not to mention making him make any big moves, even if he changed his clothes, it was the Lone Warbler who personally helped him change every day.

Just in case when he changed it himself, he would pull the wound and have some kind of accident.

But now, this man is actually excited.

, and without even caring about his own body, he just threw himself straight at her.

Lone Ying was so happy, heartbroken and anxious, she was afraid that something would happen to his wounds.

Feng Xinglang released her, then sat back in the wheelchair and smiled, "I'm fine, you don't have to worry so much."

Lone Ying stared at him hard, "You say it's fine? Is that serious wound a joke? You think you've lived too long, don't you?"

Feng Xinglang was so trained by her that he touched his nose, not daring to speak.

Only then did Lone Ying call the maid and instructed, "Push Mr. Mister back to his room quickly and call the doctor over to take a look at him again."

The maid answered the call.

The doctor came over as Feng Xinglang was pushed back into the room.

Removing his gauze and examining the wound carefully, he found that although the movement had been great, it hadn't really torn the wound.

Feng Xinglang was only relieved by this.

Immediately afterwards, she smiled at Lone Ying and said, "See, I told you it was fine, you ah just too nervous about me."

Lone Ying glared at him, but didn't say anything else, and had the doctor sent out.

Being so disturbed by him, the two of them had no desire to continue out in the sun.

Lone Ying saw that it was already late, so she went to the kitchen to prepare today's lunch.

She doesn't usually cook herself, but she's in a good mood today, so it's good to show off her cooking skills.

Feng Xinglang watched her back as she entered the kitchen, and a pleasant smile also appeared on his face.

In the evening, when Feng Yan and Tailor Feng were called back by them, they just entered the house and felt that there was something different about the atmosphere in the house today.

On weekdays, they come home to images of either their father sitting on the couch in the living room reading the newspaper, or their mother upstairs doing her own skin care.

Either that or my mother was watching TV on the couch in the living room and my father was reading the newspaper in his study.

In short, while the two men would never fight, they would never share a room like they do today.

But today was different, not only were they in the same space at the same time, but they were sitting on the couch together and were watching TV together.

Tailor Feng looked at the drama playing on the TV and saw that it was a youthful dog blood idol drama.

One more look at his own father, hugging his mother and watching, and he just felt as if he had seen some monster, and his three views were shattered.

"Brother, hurry up and pinch me and see if I'm dreaming."

Feng Yan didn't hesitate, nor was he rude enough to pinch him hard.

"Ow!"

Tailor Feng jumped up in pain.

"Brother! You really pinch!"

Feng Yan glanced at him faintly, "You didn't ask me to pinch it?"

Tailor Feng: "....."

No fu\*k that!

He waved his hand, "Forget it, this is not the time to be worrying about that."

I said, quietly pointing to the two people nestled in the couch and whispering, "Look at them, aren't they a little out of sorts today?"

Feng Yan's face remained unchanged as he stepped inside and said, "What's abnormal? I think it's pretty normal."

Said the man had stepped into the house.

Tailor Feng even shouted, "Hey, brother you don't..."

However, it was already too late, the sound of the two of them talking had actually just reached the ears of Lone Ying and Feng Xinglang.

Looking up, I saw them come back and said, "Back? Go wash your hands and get ready for dinner."

Feng Yan nodded faintly and turned to go to the bathroom in the back.