

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 463– 464

Chapter 463

On the birthday of Mrs. Qi, more people came than expected. The reason is that the day before, news came out suddenly that the president of Kyoto Fengrui would also come.

However, in one day, the news spread, and the people who had already stuffed the invitation cards into the bottom layer of the bookcase went through the cabinets overnight and found them again.

The central rule in the business chain is that any banquet and reception hanging from the beginning is an excellent opportunity to expand contacts and business opportunities in their eyes, and there is always nothing wrong with getting acquainted with people like Shang Rui. .

So that evening, the front of Qi's house and the roadside of a nearby street were crowded with luxury cars. The threshold of the Qi family was almost broken. Whether it was a face or a familiar face, they all came with gifts and congratulated the old lady with a smile on their faces.

The only exception is Shelly, because she didn't want to disturb Song Bo to be her personal driver, so she came by taxi. The gifts she brought were also selected according to the intention of Mr. Henry. After they came, they were placed in the middle of the pile of gorgeously wrapped gift boxes, without deliberately passing in front of the old lady.

She has been abroad for a long time, is free by nature and doesn't pay attention to red tape.

More importantly, she is not interested in this banquet and the old lady of the Qi family. The only thing that can make her a little curious is the second lady of the Qi family in Miriam's mouth and the Shang Rui from Kyoto.

The interest in Shang Rui is based on her instinctive nature at work. After all, she is a figure with a good face, even if she doesn't know her, it's good to know more.

And Qifeng...

Standing in front of a temporary curved bar in the middle of the living room, Shelly supported the countertop with a single elbow, and a red wine glass in his palm. His eyes swept across the audience, looking at everything carelessly.

For this banquet, Qi's family had been preparing a month ago. Upon entering the courtyard, there is a glass room above the gate, which is connected to the villa's door. The heating and lighting in the space are full, and it is very lively from the yard.

At that time, the old lady of the Qi family, with a cane in one hand, was standing in front of the villa's gate to welcome guests.

The old man smiled on his face, wearing a blue-gray sweater on his body. It didn't look like a well-dressed one, but he looked very energetic and capable.

From Shelly's direction, one could see the profile of the old lady nodding her head frequently. She curled her lips and smiled, but unconsciously turned her eyes to the woman wearing a one-shoulder skirt next to the old man.

Qi Feng held the old lady's arm in one hand, and a small half glass of red wine in the other hand, but she accepted all those who brought gifts to toast with the elderly.

"My grandma is not in good health these past few days, and she is still taking medicine. I will respect you for this glass of wine for her elderly."

She smiled softly, and her eyes were always crooked when she talked to people. Even with a serious posture, Shelly still saw her rare childishness and innocence.

She never thought that Miller, a veteran who has been in love for so many years, would like this one in the end.

She curled her lips, retracted her gaze, shook the red wine in her hand slightly, and took a sip.

Leisurely and comfortable, just like a spectator.

The moment the bitterness entered her throat, she curled her eyebrows slightly, a little dissatisfied, the wine did not suit her taste.

Considering the amount of her drink, she took two symbolic sips, looked around and saw nothing else that could attract her, then set aside the cup and planned to leave.

He picked up the bag behind him, intending to slip away from the back door. Just when he was about to lift his foot, he saw a man in a straight suit walking over to the light of the entrance.

He walks briskly, his face always keeps the evil and enchanting dull expression on his lips, and his eyes are soaked with light and relaxed emotions, as he usually enters and exits those windy places.

Shelly's neck crooked, his eyes curled, and his red lips were raised upwards, giving birth to a mood of watching the excitement.

She picked up the wine glass next to her again, melted into the crowd, and leaned against the door of the villa.

Miller carried two exquisitely packaged gift boxes in his hand, and put them on the long table specially placed at the door, and smiled and congratulated the old lady. "My father is still in Shanghai for a meeting. I can't rush back to attend your old lady. Happy birthday, so I specifically urged me to come, and hope not to be offended, the juniors are here to wish you a long life."

He said and smiled, his thick brows pressed against a pair of peachy eyes, which were slightly curved, as if countless sincere and affection flowed out.

Shelly didn't often laugh like Miller, and suddenly realized that this man had deceived the young girls in season.

It turned out to be these eyes.

It was not the first time Qi Feng saw Miller smile like this.

When he was ignorant in his school days, boys didn't have so many guts. She yelled "Brother Miller" from behind his butt, and he smiled like that when he looked back and rubbed her head.

He smiled and asked her: "What's wrong, little madman?"

The pictures of the past suddenly appeared in her mind, Qi Feng suddenly felt that a cold wind poured into her body, shocked her back with a layer of cold sweat.

His eyes trembled, and he almost couldn't grasp the wine glass in his hand, how could he still remember those high-sounding Mandarin.

Or maybe it was because the wine toast in front was drunk too much. Anyway, since Miller entered the door, her head was dizzy and rumbling, she wanted to hide, but the soles of her feet seemed to be filled with lead and couldn't move a step. .

The old lady calmly responded, until after Miller handed the wine to her, she didn't see Qi Feng's response, and she had no time to glance aside.

At this glance, I saw my granddaughter's eyes widened round, wishing to grow on Miller.

"Cough cough..." The old man coughed twice, and his cane hit the marble surface, making a "boom boom" sound, and then he greeted again, "My old man can't drink for these two days, so this toast is forgiven."

She looked at Qi Feng's little face blushing, and she knew that she had blocked a lot of wine for herself tonight, and some of them had to drink, but there was no way. As for the juniors like Miller who are not valued by her, it is not because she rejected them. what is the problem.

But Qi Feng was startled by the movement just now. After reacting, he didn't hear what the old lady was saying. He picked up the red wine bottle he had drunk next to him and filled it up with the cup that Miller held out. bump.

"My grandma is not in good health these past few days, and she is still taking medicine. I will respect you for this glass of wine for her elderly."

The words are the same in Mandarin, and I forgot to change the last honorific.

After speaking, she swallowed, cupped the cup in both hands, raised her head and gurgled into her throat.

The wine was poured too quickly, and she drank too quickly, a bitterness slid down her throat, choking her brows tightly, and almost couldn't help vomiting out on the spot.

"Forget it..." Miller curled his eyebrows, her smiley eyes stiffened, watching the full glass of red wine pouring into her throat little by little, deliberately stopping her.

But his hand stretched into the air, but it was blocked by another calm force that preceded him.

When Qi Feng opened his eyes, half of the wine left in his hand had fallen into Shang Rui's hand.

The man stared at her deeply, pinched the wine glass in his hand, and made no secret of the concerned emotions in his eyes, "Are you okay?"

Qi Feng covered his mouth with one hand, and with the other hand, his expression on his face was a little panic.

She didn't dare to see Miller at the moment.

But the woman who stood not far away squinted at all of this while holding a wine glass, but all her eyes fell on that person.

His hands froze in mid-air, his five fingers curled up silently, and finally he curled his lips with a smile, and took the strength of his hands.

The smile stayed shallow at the corner of his mouth, but what was soaked in his eyes was an unprecedented desolation.

Qi Feng originally wanted to take Shang Rui away, but after confirming that her condition was intact, the man turned his head and turned his gaze to Miller. He raised the glass of wine he brought in his hand to indicate, "Qi Feng is drinking. Not too good, Mr. Gu, let me drink it for her."

After he finished speaking, the gentleman nodded politely, and drank the rest of the glass.

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A simple glass of wine clearly divides the positions of the three people.

Miller squeezed the glass of wine and suddenly became happy.

He buried his head and laughed, and motioned to Qi Feng with his eyes closed, "I'm sorry, Miss Qi, I am abrupt."

It is rare for a man to be such a gentleman, but these words sounded particularly harsh.

Not far away, Shelly hooked his lips and saw enough of the excitement. When he was about to leave, a strange man who came by came to strike up a conversation, which delayed his pace.

When he was barely greeting him, the cold-faced man stepped in and looked at her lightly.

Miller didn't know Shelly would come, so when he saw her, he was a little surprised. But it was only a moment. After a while, his expression returned to condensate, his eyes turned to the right and he continued to walk forward, without even saying hello to her.

It's like a stranger.

Shelly rolled his eyes inwardly, her arrogant temper would naturally not catch up, so she simply sat down and chatted with the man next to her.

When everyone was almost there, Qi Feng greeted the old lady Qi on the excuse of being unwell, and planned to go upstairs to his room.

Before returning to the room, I went to the kitchen and picked up a glass of white water. When I was about to come out, I was startled by the figure that suddenly jumped out. I withdrew back and banged against the glass door behind me with a bang.

She is still so reckless, which has never changed.

There was no light in the kitchen. In the dim light, Miller couldn't help but chuckled and asked her, "Did it hurt?"

Recognizing the human voice, Qi Feng's expression condensed, his five fingers clasped the water glass in front of him, and he did not respond for a long while.

In the slightly embarrassing atmosphere, the man sniffed and smiled as usual, trying to get back the feeling when the two got together.

But Qi Feng felt that every second of looking at him would be torture to himself.

Her steps walked around, trying to avoid him.

Miller didn't give up, taking a long leg step, and steadily blocking the person in the door. His eyes dropped, and his expression became grim after realizing Qi Feng's attitude.

"I heard you went to Kyoto. Why didn't you answer my call? What is your relationship with Shang Rui? He takes you so much..."

When the topic mentioned Shang Rui, it was like cutting a sharp sword in Qi Feng's heart. She was cold and interrupted, "What is the point of asking so many things? There is no relationship between me and you." We are destined to be neither lovers nor friends."

She spoke as cruelly and decisively as possible, but still did not dare to admit that relationship with Shang Rui.

The man opened his mouth, and everything he was about to say later got stuck in his throat.

"Miller..." In the darkness, the woman's eyes gathered a flash of light, resolutely and fiercely, "Just treat it as I beg you, don't come to me, okay? Give me some breathing space, don't be so cruel to me ..."

After she finished speaking, she knocked the cup in her hand on the back of her body and stretched out her hand to push it.

The man staggered a step and stepped away. Before she lifted his foot to leave, he was panicked for no reason. He clamped her wrist with one hand and pulled the person back against the side glass door.

After a little movement, everything returned to peace. In the narrow and silent space, only the heavy breathing of men and women responding to each other is left.

Miller's eyes drooped, "I was wrong..."

A forbearing light flickered in his eyes, and his voice trembled, "Little madman, give me another chance..."

In the months since Qi Feng left him, he has often endured torture. He looks like the person who spends time and drink, but his heart has changed a long time ago.

While talking, he tried to get closer.

The breath of the two of them is getting closer and tighter.

His hands were firmly clamped by the man, and Qi Feng was unable to resist the scene when he suddenly approached. But in the last second he was close, Shang Rui's face suddenly appeared in her mind.

Over the year, he watched her laughing and scolding with a calm expression, and calmly cleaned her up. Most importantly, in the picture, she is already his person.

“Miller!”

She screamed suddenly, and squeezed free from him.

In the dark light that began to adapt, a sharp applause sounded, her five fingers were numb, her arms hung to her side, and her whole body was trembling soon.

“It’s fun to play me!” Her eyes were blood-red, and tears fell quizzically. Taking into account the movement outside, she suppressed her voice so low that her resentment could not be fully vented.

“I gave you a chance, many times!”

Before his emotions collapsed, Qi Feng pushed aside the man next to him and raised his foot to walk outside.

Miller stretched out his hand as if subconsciously, and finally only touched her fingertips. It was like the twists and turns between the two for so many years, and in the end only the regret of passing by.

On the road where her sight was about to return to light, the soles of the woman’s feet were vain. She staggered, and a figure flashed out of the shadow from the side before she fell. The man reached out and caught her in his arms.

“Are you okay?” behind her ear, Shang Rui breathed up and down.

The stiff body, which had always been vigilant, completely relaxed at this moment. She nodded helplessly and shook her head again.

“I’ll send you upstairs to rest.” Feeling a layer of gentle power on the top of her head, after a long silence, she supported his arm and got up.

“Okay.” She rolled her eyes to meet the man’s gaze.

The two went upstairs one after the other, and after turning the stairs to get out of the sight of everyone, Shang Rui suddenly picked up the person from behind, ignored the exclamation, and sent her all the way to the bedroom.

She nestled on the sofa, picked up a plush doll next to her, and smiled faintly at the man standing by the door, “I’m fine, you can go ahead.”

She was so pale that she couldn’t even hide her makeup.

Shang Rui cast his eyes down, staring straight at Qi Feng’s face, and said, “I can see that he cares about you.”

After he finished speaking, his eyes slowly filled with warmth.

The sudden eloquence forced Qi Feng to turn her face suddenly. She held her legs curled up on the sofa with her arms, her eyes fell to the side, and she did not speak as if she was angry.

In fact, she is not angry, but she doesn't know how to respond.

However, the small gestures and expressions of the woman fell in Shang Rui's eyes, but it was quite a little woman's style, so that he couldn't help but rippled in his heart, faintly curled his lips, and walked to her.

Before she could react, he had already clamped her chin with both hands, and with a little force, her crushed face directly met his deep and gloomy eyes, and the faint warm touch between his lips and teeth.

“Well.....”

Before she resisted, the man had consciously deepened the kiss, forcing it to become hot and lingering.

In the warmly decorated space, there are many elements related to Miller, the wallpaper they picked together, and the desk they bought together. But at this time, it was another man who kissed her in this space.

The two of them were immersed in different moods, almost completely forgetting everything about the outside world, and naturally they would not pay attention. A bright black shadow flashed by the door of the room that had just been hidden.

Shelly didn't mean to look for anything, but just after she came out of the bathroom, she saw that back figure holding the person into the bedroom, and then heard those trivial sounds, she had a bright eye, how could she not be clear.

Holding the skirt downstairs, my heart was still inexplicably panic. As a result, when he was about to step down the last step, he ran into Miller who was about to go upstairs.

She was startled, almost subconsciously reaching out to stop.

“What are you doing?” Miller was confused and didn't have the leisure time to make fun of him. He wrinkled his brows, and he was a little bit majestic.

Shelly scratched his neck, “There are people in the bathroom.”

“I don't go to the bathroom.”

He cold eyes, waved and pushed her arm away.

The man's footsteps were fast, Shelly was carrying his skirt and wanted to chase him. He stepped on his high heels twice, but it seemed very difficult.

"Hey..." She shouted abruptly.

The man stopped abruptly, turned his head and looked at her unknownly. Just as the atmosphere was slightly embarrassing, it spread from outside the courtyard to the living room, and a clamor gradually sounded.

Someone couldn't believe it, their eyes widened, "Is there someone from the Song family?"