

# Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 475– 476

## Chapter 475

He looked down at what was happening in front of him, and finally returned to calm after repeated waves of thoughts.

Shang Rui lightly curled his lips in the dark sight, then stepped back, stepping on the fluffy snow and returning along the original road.

Along the way, his mind has been thinking and weighing, and the sound of footsteps that seemed very calm and steady in the silence forced his brain to become clearer and clearer.

After setting foot on the main road, the pace is faster.

Back in the car, during the journey of only ten minutes, the brain formed a clear and clear thought in this short time. In line with Rania's warning during the day, he quietly clenched his fists, as if he had made a certain determination.

Before his thoughts were fully gathered, the phone in the chest pocket suddenly rang.

He took a look, hesitated for a while before picking it up.

"Where are you?" As soon as it was connected, the woman's slightly tired voice rang.

Qi Feng sniffed. Although he tried his best to suppress his emotions, his voice still contained heavy nasal sounds.

Shang Rui frowned slightly, staring at the gate of the amusement park facing the car window, and said softly, "At the company."

After a pause, like a hindsight, he asked in a deeply concerned tone: "What's wrong, is it something uncomfortable? Why does the voice sound wrong?"

Three or two questions blurted out, but Qi Feng was flustered. She sat curled up by the bedroom door, leaning back against the door, and wiped away tears indiscriminately, "It's okay, there was a location scene today. It might be blowing. My throat is uncomfortable."

After speaking, she pretended to cough twice in an attempt to cover up the past.

The reason is awkward.

With a smile, the man pretended to believe it, and continued to care: "Keep warm. It's really impossible to work. Wait until the weather is warm before doing it. Rest during this time."

Shang Rui has a deep voice, as long as he is serious, he sounds affectionate.

And this affectionate, no matter how true or false, is what Qi Feng needs.

The woman lowered her eyes, stirred the hem of the sweater with one hand, and lowered her head. After realizing that she was talking on the phone, she immediately said, "I see."

After a short silence, Shang Rui's empty eyes suddenly gathered tightly. He remained calm, staring at the floating figure in the distance, and then said: "I still have work to do tonight, so I won't look for you. , Rest early. When the weather is warm, I will take you out to relax. The New York Center will hold an international photography exhibition in two months. You should be interested?"

On the phone, his tone was up, expressing briskness and pampering.

The woman on the other end of the phone was taken aback for a moment, and then smiled quickly.

Before he could speak, the man said again, "I have already booked the tickets, knowing you will like them."

"Yeah." She replied softly, "Then I won't disturb you at work, good night."

The frustrated mood was relaxed for a short time, but soon his heart clenched again. Qi Feng hung up the phone, buried his head in his arms, and let out a deep breath.

She couldn't understand, when did things start to derail, and now they have completely moved in a direction she had never imagined. There is no retreat and no other choice.

The man on the other side listened to the busy tone of the beep on the phone, and immediately put down the phone. At this time, his brain was very clear and rational. He curled his lips and smiled, watching the increasingly clear figure coming out of the gate, and suddenly honked the car horn.

A harsh whistle sound forced Miller to look in the direction of the sound source, and then saw the man in the black car with double flashing lights on the steering wheel with one hand on the steering wheel, looking calm and comfortable.

His footsteps halted quickly, and fire quickly gathered in his eyes.

Looking at the incoming person through the window glass, Shang Rui lifted his thin lips upwards, pushed the car door down, and stood by the door and looked at Miller.

He could almost feel the creaking sound of his posterior molars, Miller squeezed his fists, and Monk Shang Rui's calm and calm contrast was sharp.

"Qi Feng is a good woman."

At night, the whistling north wind was mixed with a few not heavy snowflakes, and Shang Rui stood up against the wind like this, appraising it indifferently and rationally.

It was like some kind of triumphant noise, all blown into Miller's ears through the wind.

He tried to say something, opened his lips, but only felt his throat tighten.

Depressed heart breathing heavy.

After a brief confrontation, she finally curled her lips indifferently, nodded in agreement, followed by mocking, "But in Mr. Shang's eyes, shouldn't the real good woman be Miss Song? I don't know if she hears this, she will What do you think."

This made Shang Rui raised his eyebrows, as if it aroused his interest.

"I know a little bit about Mr. Gu, but this doesn't seem to come out of your mouth."

Counterattack calmly, and at the same time the sarcasm and disdain are even stronger, "It's a pity that Qi Feng doesn't belong to you now. If you want to persuade her to leave, you must have this ability."

Miller thought, suddenly chuckled, recalling what had just happened, the vague obsessions in his heart were slowly dissipating, "Clean up the messy relationship around you and treat her well."

Knowing that the words came out of his mouth were nondescript, but still couldn't help reminding them. After speaking, the corners of his mouth became more self-deprecating, and he closed his chin inward.

He didn't say more threatening words, and just about to lift his foot to leave, he was furious because of the disdainful attitude of the man behind him.

"Everyone is a man, so we should distinguish the priority." Shang Rui's eyes were long and narrow, staring at the back of Miller who was about to leave, "Don't you think I will give up the entire Song family for a woman.?"

The footsteps suddenly stopped, and the next second he squeezed his fist and hit Shang Rui's face severely, "You f&cking say it again?"

Miller's eyes were blood red, and his whole body was lit with anger.

The corners of his mouth were filled with a faint smell of blood, but there was a breath of success in his eyes. Shang Rui moved his wrist and gave him a vicious punch. He staggered and took a few large steps back.

Shang Rui spit out a mouthful of bloody sputum, staring at the people, "What qualifications do you have to do with me?"

"You are not afraid that I will expose your relationship with the Song family. Then how do you maintain the reputation of the president?" Miller at this time has gradually lost his reason because of full of resentment.

Shang Rui, who had the upper hand, lightly curled his lips, "Then what about Qi Feng? Will you watch her be publicized and become the target of public criticism? What kind of changes will the Qi family face at that time, if you have considered it clearly, Do it then."

After speaking, he let out a sigh of relief, and he reminded him cruelly: "No matter what you do, it is wrong with Qi Feng. If you take this move, she will hate you forever."

Miller, who was still a bit of fighting spirit, completely died down because of Shang Rui's words. He stood dejectedly in the distance, his eyes dropped, and he couldn't tell whether he regretted or blamed himself.

He always thinks that Qi Feng will come this far, the most important reason is related to him.

"Is she your plaything?" When he looked up again, his eyes were full of loneliness.

This description made Shang Rui chuckle. After thinking for a moment, he nodded in response: "I think Mr. Gu knows better than me. After all, your reputation in City Two is well known."

The sound of the wind in my ears became tighter, making people's cheeks cold.

Shang Rui narrowed his eyes slightly, his goal was achieved, he did not intend to stay any longer, reached out his hand to wipe off the falling snow on his shoulders, then folded and opened the door.

"The matter between Qi Feng and I has nothing to do with you. Don't let me find that you come to Kyoto to find her again, otherwise I don't guarantee that I won't do some extreme things."

When the voice fell, he bent over and stepped into the car, and closed the door with a "bang".

After the car body bypassed the parking lot and drove towards the broad main road, Shang Rui looked at the lonely figure of Miller through the rearview mirror, and a successful smile appeared in his eyes.

“Miller...” chuckled and shook his head, “It’s not a good habit to be emotional.”

Things that were still faintly uncertain in the heart were completely certain through today’s temptation.

A touch of cruelty crossed his mind, he slowly increased the accelerator, and drove away in the car.

## Chapter 476

As Rania predicted, after the New Year, You Mao was officially put into operation. Because of the strong support of Song Lao, in just three months, although there was no obvious income generation, the expected income has exceeded the original half-year plan. Numerical value.

Adding to the fact that Miriam is the person in charge of the marketing department, her original network resources are in her hands. After these three months of running, she has also gained a lot.

All of these are within the scope of Shangrui’s expectations, and Fengrui also implemented the foreign cooperative investment plan at the end of last year at the beginning of the spring, and the first cooperative institutions in Canada have received a good response.

It was originally something to be happy about, but because he has been investing his energy on foreign partners recently, he inevitably ignored the flow of domestic business. When he reacted, he discovered that there are many old people who have cooperated for many years. The customers withdrew from the cooperation with Fengrui after the spring.

After checking it by hand, I understood it.

These old customers, without exception, were developed during the early stage of Fengrui’s operation with the help of Song Laomai’s relationship. Now it is unreasonable to withdraw the relevant cooperation. It is self-evident who is behind it.

In Shang Rui’s eyes, Father Song had never sincerely supported him.

Taking a thick pile of materials on the table, Shang Rui’s eyes were soaked with an icy and decisive aura. Without speaking, the aura was enough to shock the secretary who dared not breathe.

“Get ready, fly to City Two this afternoon.” He commanded coldly.

City Two Youmao, Bryan was sitting in his office at the time, accepting an exclusive interview with a reporter from a Financial Times.

On the guest sofa, the opposite female reporter was a young face, dressed in a professional suit, slender, with a straight waist.

Bryan was a man she had seen, a gentle gentleman and no shortage of dignity. At the end of the conversation, she hesitated for a while, still jokingly asking the last question before ending the interview.

“When Mr. Shao was running Longteng, he was unwilling to accept exclusive interviews with economic journals, so there are still many rumors about you in our industry. To be honest, we didn’t have much hope this time. I want to ask , What made you change your previous attitude?”

This is basically out of the center of the topic, and has nothing to do with You Mao’s recent development or future operation direction, so she just smiled at the corner of her mouth and asked jokingly.

In this way, even if Bryan is unwilling to answer this question because it is a little private, she can come back in the first time.

But unexpectedly, after hearing this question, the man was a little dazed, his eyes drooping immediately, as if he was thinking about more seriously than any previous question.

“Uh, actually...” After waiting for a while, she planned to end this pleasant visit, but when she saw Bryan meditating, she suddenly smiled.

“Because of my wife.” He smiled and slowly raised his gaze, the light in his eyes suddenly softened to the extreme, so that the already experienced reporter couldn’t help but shake his mind.

But he didn’t care, “For a small company like You Mao in its early stages of development, if you want to quickly gain a reputation, an interview with reporters is a very good choice. You Mao is the joint effort of my wife and I. I hope she can witness it sooner. Its growth.”

When he said this, the reporter on the opposite side was looking up and staring, but his eyes unconsciously passed through the glass window behind the man and fell on the woman who happened to be holding a pile of information while collating.

I can’t see clearly when I’m far away, and I only have a half profile face, but I can judge that the body and temperament are good.

After Bryan finished speaking, she retracted her gaze somewhat unnaturally and smiled at him, “I also heard about the love story between Mr. Shao and Miss Lu, but I just thought you were married. Congratulations.”

Bryan’s expression was light, as if he didn’t care.

An outsider's "congratulations" was not in his eyes, but he nodded politely, then got up and tidied the hem of the suit, "Excuse me, I have a meeting to be held in ten minutes, and other personal issues It's convenient to answer."

Seeing him getting up, the female reporter also tidied up her notes in a panic, then stood up, said hello politely and left under the watchful eyes of the man.

After leaving the door of the president's office, when she headed out, she met Miriam who had just finished sorting things out. She couldn't help but raise her eyes and glanced up and down at Mrs. Shao.

Miriam seemed to have noticed her gaze. After turning around, the two of them looked at each other lightly. She smiled politely and alienatedly, her attitude and aura were far overwhelming.

After walking out of You Mao's gate and entering the elevator, the female reporter exhaled a long breath, recalling the experience of the interview just now, everything went smoother than she expected.

When Miriam saw people walking far away, she opened the door of Bryan's office, and she had to ask, "Why did the reporter just come out, why look at me strangely all the way?"

After finishing speaking, he put the information in his hand on his desktop, "Here are the relevant data you asked for recently. In the afternoon, President Mao came personally. I have communicated with Vice President Huo and he will receive it. But I think you'd better be there, after all, it's for your face."

Because the topic quickly shifted to the work level, Bryan twisted his eyebrows slightly, picked up the pile of materials, flipped through two pages, and finally nodded and agreed, "I know."

It automatically ignored her previous irrelevant problem.

During working hours, both of them maintained their instinctive rigorous self-control. To outsiders, they did not look like a husband and wife at all. Even Kristy, who came to visit the class occasionally, couldn't help but ridicule, "I don't know that you thought you two had a fight."

On the contrary, Miriam liked it, and continued to maintain this state in tacit understanding with Bryan.

But when I got here, I couldn't help but frowned, "Now that You Mao's business is getting busier and busier, should you hire an assistant back?"

"Let's talk about it." These words made him think for a while, and finally he went over it perfunctorily, and then asked, "When will Lao Huo arrive?"

Miriam looked up at the time, “Before ten o’clock, it should be soon.”

I quickly understood what he meant, and he responded: “The electronic version of the information has been sent to his mailbox, and the meeting can be held when it comes, and the relevant departments have been notified.”

She coped with ease. Bryan saw it, and suddenly smiled: “Your assistant is so pleased, I’m afraid I am reluctant to find someone to replace it.”

Slightly stunned, he understood the joke in his words, but it happened to hit her mind.

“You know how to calculate.” She still joked and turned around before leaving the house.”Yes, I will go out in the afternoon after the meeting. I won’t participate in the reception of President Mao.”

“Okay.” The man buried his head and continued to look through the documents, and at the same time reminded him in a serious manner, “By the way, I will take care of Anxi and Mom. You don’t need to come here this afternoon.”

After hearing this, Miriam had to shake his head and look at him more. When he saw that he was serious and didn’t mean to joke at all, she asked, “An Yan is not your son?”

The pen in the man’s hand paused, as if he suddenly remembered, “I scratched Xiaoxi’s face yesterday, go back and tell me about it. All the toys I bought were confiscated.”

These words were still spoken in a commanding tone, as if they were arranging some terrific work. After speaking, he shook his head and said, “It is said on TV that boys must be poor.”

Miriam thought to herself, when Bryan, who is so sensible and arbitrary, began to believe the vain rhetoric on TV.

But she just smiled and didn’t refute anything.

Bryan spoiled Anxi alone, so she asked Anxi to change his surname. In those days, the big man was so happy from ear to ear that he held the little guy in his hands when he came back from work, yelling “Shao Anxi, Shao Anxi”, no The little guy learned his name in two days.

As for Lu Anyan, it’s enough to have his mother and grandma pampering him.