

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 509– 510

Chapter 509

Along the way, Xiao Miao blinked, worried about Shelly's condition.

“Mummy, in your situation, we can't adopt Gulu.”

The little guy stared at the kitten next to the cage, rubbing her hand very well, a little anxious, but also solemnly reminded.

Shelly sat in the passenger seat of the taxi, opened the window, faced the wind from the window, and sniffed, “Mummy has a way.”

About twenty minutes later, Ms. Shelly took the cat and her daughter, and rang the doorbell of a villa area.

Opening the door, Zhang Quan, who was standing by the door, dressed in home clothes, looked down at the woman in front of him.

With a look of dust, he was holding the cat cage with one hand, the other hand was still fixed, and a little girl who rubbed her nose was next to her.

When did her Ms. Shelly be so embarrassed.

He hurriedly took the cage over and greeted the people inside. After hearing the “meow...” call in his hand, he was immediately frightened. He turned his head and asked the person: “Is there anything wrong? Can't you keep a cat?”

Shelly entered the door and lay down on the sofa with Xiao Miao, as if he had no strength to respond, so he could only wave his hands slightly.

After Miller sent the cat upstairs, he fetched two glasses of warm water. Xiao Miao got up to take it politely, and said sweetly, “Good Uncle Quan.”

The woman who took up most of the sofa squinted her eyes. After a long time of tossing, she didn't get a sneeze. She took the warm water with one hand in frustration. After drinking it, it took a long time to relieve herself.

“Okay.” She lifted away her messy hair and restored her clean aura, “I have something to do with you.”

Zhang Quan sat on the independent sofa chair on the other side, staring at her injured arm, and the scars still looming in the corner of her eyes, “How did you do it, why didn't you listen to your brother?”

Xiao Miao quietly took a sip in her water cup, and immediately said, "Mommy had a car accident."

The word "car accident" was so scared that Zhang Quan bounced up from the sofa, stepped forward and pinched Shelly's cheek to look up and down, "What's the matter? Did you hit someone or someone else hit you and killed him??"

Shelly was silent, letting his natural noble face be deformed, and then rolled his eyes.

This is the scene she can expect, and Zhang Quan's reaction is like this. If her brother knew about it, he would probably exaggerate it a hundredfold.

"It's okay, this matter has passed." After the others looked at her up and down, Shelly pushed away with one hand, and his expression became solemn, "I'm looking for you for other things."

"What's the matter?" Zhang Quan returned to the sofa, and after reacting, he suddenly pointed to the direction of the stairs behind him, "Did you let me raise a cat for you?"

Shelly was neither light nor heavy, and he swept over with a cold eye, "What's the matter, you don't want this little thing?"

In the end, she changed to a more comfortable position and sat up, holding the pillow next to her with one hand, her expression relaxed: "Of course, there must be more important things to find you."

In Zhang Quan's vigilant and trembling eyes, Shelly stretched out his hand to dig out the pile of documents from his bag and threw it on the coffee table in front of him. He hooked his lips and smiled evilly, "Miriam recommended to me, saying that you have no talent for acting?"

After turning over the pile of materials, and listening to Shelly's concise narration, Zhang Quan pinched his eyebrows, and leaned against the back of the sofa chair with a look of impeccable expression, "A good, upright young man, Why are you persecuting him?"

"You are upright young man, you?" The woman held her empty water cup and knocked on the coffee table indifferently, "Don't get cheap and sell well. If the thing is done, I will consider transferring half of the restaurant shares in my hand to you. Then you don't have to be angry with my brother."

This condition is quite tempting, and the man straightened up again, as if hesitated for a while, "Okay, it just happens that I haven't had anything to do in Kyoto recently, so I think it's good deeds and virtue."

After finishing talking, she looked at the woman with a calm expression through the files in her hand, "Honestly, aren't you interesting about Miller? Your brother is not very satisfied with him. If he knows, he will definitely fall out."

When the topic progressed to the desired goal, Shelly didn't mean to wait any longer. If we continue to talk, she will inevitably involve emotional problems. These are all she is tired of responding.

So after getting up, he waved to Xiao Miao, took the little guy's hand and blinked an eye at the man on the sofa before leaving, "Don't worry, I aimed at that woman, purely because of my indefinite personality, which cannot be changed."

In Jinling Shanghai, there will be two charity auctions in the financial industry every year. Not long after Bryan led You Mao to appear in the Economic Times, the company received an invitation letter from the Shanghai charity organization in the company's mailbox.

Originally, I wanted to arrange for Mr. Huo to go, but after Chairman Mao's case was over, Bryan had to fulfill his previous promise and leave enough time for the young couple to prepare the wedding banquet.

"Master Song is one of the earliest honorary representatives of this charity auction. For his face, he is going to go this time." Faced with Miriam's question, Bryan, who was lying on the sofa and flipping through the book, responded unhurriedly. At the same time, there is a more important reason for his past, "There are still business opportunities."

On the other side of Kyoto, Shang Rui began to receive invitations to the party since the first year of founding Fengrui. The purpose at the beginning was the same as that of Bryan, in order to expand business opportunities and contacts. Whose relationship was borrowed from this, naturally it goes without saying.

Every year in the future, even if there is no time, he will invite representatives to participate at least once, and take some pictures symbolically to come back. Naturally, the important thing is never the antiques, but his Fengrui reputation.

Shang Rui decided to attend the charity gala in the Spring Dynasty this year.

For the woman who is now lying in his arms, holding a drawing board in one hand, writing and painting.

He stared down at the top of her head, his fingers passing through the black shredded hair intentionally or unintentionally, and finally slowly moved downstream, pinching her soft earlobe.

The woman's body shrank instinctively, leaned in his arms, and gave a soft "Yeah" again.

Shang Rui cast his eyes down on the drawing board in her hand, the childlike cartoons, but one of them was obviously heavy, which seemed very abrupt.

He curled his lips and smiled, pretending to ask unconsciously: "What's the matter?"

Qi Feng pursed his lips, turned his head and glanced at him with some blame, "Did you deliberately?"

The man did not deny, but his smile was softer. He wrapped her in his arms and took an eraser from the coffee table beside him to wipe it off. After he wiped the mark clean, he put his hands under him with a happy expression and said: "It's not enough. Repaint. I will watch you paint."

Qi Feng was still lying in his arms, patted the rubber crumbs clean, and continued to bury his head and paint seriously, painting, and then suddenly stopped.

"What's wrong?" he asked softly.

The tip of the pen in her hand was still there, leaving a heavy dot on the drawing paper. She suddenly got a little laughter and shook her head slightly, "Brother Rui, have you ever thought of giving up Fengrui?"

This made the man's brows wrinkled slightly, and his breathing became heavier, but he didn't say anything.

The woman in her arms didn't know it, she continued to talk to herself, her eyes full of fascination, "I suddenly felt that it's good for us to be like this. You open a photography shop, you are the boss, I'm the boss, we can go A smaller, quieter city, to live our ordinary life."

As he said, he seemed to be suddenly excited, his tone also increased a bit, put down the drawing board in his hand and squeezed the man's arm, "Miss Song doesn't want to divorce you, isn't it for Feng Rui?"

After speaking, he turned around and found that the man's eyes were deep and terrifying.

She stopped her conversation suddenly, and after watching Nana for a while, she laughed at herself again: "I'm sorry, I just said casually. This is my selfishness. Feng Rui is your painstaking effort for so many years."

After she said a lot on her own, Shang Rui didn't respond from the beginning to the end, just like thinking, thinking very heavily.

It wasn't until the atmosphere completely cooled down that he got up on his own, holding Qi Feng's chin and lightly kissing her forehead: "I'll consider it."

After that, I took the coat from the hanger next to me and put it on my body, "It's late, you can rest early, and I will see you tomorrow."

"Aren't you sleeping here today?" Qi Feng chased out, and finally leaned on the door frame to see the man's back. He never waited for a response from him.

She still didn't fully understand what Feng Rui meant to Shang Rui.

Chapter 510

Rania has attended charity dinners in Shanghai several times on behalf of his father, but in recent years it has been rare.

The main reason is that Shang Rui is usually there. For occasions like this that are not very necessary, she will try to avoid two people attending together.

Probably also, the fact of their marriage has not been suspected or excavated by the outside world.

Some of the rare ones, such as those that were deliberately investigated like Bryan, were later suppressed by her father by various means.

Invitations to the dinner party are still sent to Song's house every year. After receiving them for the past two years, Song's mother has not mentioned them directly, and put them all into the study box that contains waste documents.

Unexpectedly, this year Rania will go uncharacteristically and take the initiative to mention this matter, "Mom, you will find me the invitation post after dinner."

At the dinner table, Rania's voice was dull. After her mother asked him, he didn't explain too much. He just said indifferently: "You have to go this year, private affairs, you don't have to worry about it."

Mother Song drank the soup, glanced at the deserted daughter, then glared at Lao Song on the main seat with a bit of guilt, "What kind of temper I learned from you."

Old Song smiled rarely, and commented: "There is nothing wrong with it."

The father and daughter looked at each other, as if they had exchanged some information, they stopped talking. Only Song Mu, who was at the dinner table, couldn't understand the two, and talked about them for a long time.

At the end of the meal, Mother Song found the invitation note from the study, and when she handed it to Rania's hand, she stared at her skinny wrist. Suddenly her nose became sore, "Little Ran, don't you alone. It's too hard, no matter how hard you still have parents, we have the ability to let you live the life you want, okay?"

Rania stood at the entrance of the study, quietly put the invitation card into the bag, then looked down at his mother, then curled his lips and smiled softly, "I don't work hard."

His face was indifferent and arrogant, as if he was the one who stayed out the most.

When the voice fell, the old man's muffled cough came from the direction of the living room. He tapped the ground twice with his cane, as if expressing some dissatisfaction.

Rania turned his head and glanced lightly, then said goodbye and left.

At the charity dinner the next day, Shang Rui took Qi Feng to the airport by car from Kyoto to Shanghai on the right schedule, holding the woman's hand tightly along the way. He knew in advance that Rania would be attending the dinner from his assistant, and he originally planned to meet him at the airport.

The unexpected scene did not appear, and only later learned that Rania was flying on a private jet.

Arrived at the dinner party three hours later, Rania in a golden evening dress as a special guest, gave the opening speech for the party.

She is proud of her body, has a brilliant aura, and her every move exudes an irresistible charm.

Someone on the guest table straightened his eyes. A young man sitting next to Qi Feng always showed a soft smile on his face. He turned his head and asked the companion on the other side, "Who is she?"

"Miss of the Song Family in Kyoto..." The companion was dumb, and after patted his forehead, he also expressed understanding, "Yes, you may not understand when you just returned to China. Why, interesting?"

After a pause, he teased with a smirk, and elbows him, "I remember you said that you will not consider personal issues in the next five years?"

The man smiled and didn't say anything, he only raised his other arm and looked at his chin carefully, collecting all the smiles and smiles of the woman on the stage far away, and then he showed appreciation without hesitation.

The companion next to him blinked, suddenly a little surprised.

"You won't come for real, master?" Reached out and shook his hand in front of the young master's eyes, and followed his gaze. The woman who had just finished her speech was walking down the stage with her arm and her beautiful appearance. Needless to say with the temperament.

I just didn't expect it to be able to attract my own stubborn young master, what a charm it would be.

Shanrao's gaze floated with the golden light and shadow in the audience, until the person was seated in the front row again, he had to ask: "Is this Miss Song married?"

“No, I haven’t heard of it.” The companion hesitated, showing some concern and worry in his tone. “Aren’t you people in the upper class getting married? You will find out if you are married or not. .”

Saying that he has taken out his mobile phone, and after simply tapping the keyboard, he put the information interface that was queried in front of the man’s eyes, “See it for yourself.”

Rao Shan reached out and took it and turned it up and down. There were not many reports about her, but almost all the news materials that could be found were not stingy. Some media even compared this cold-hearted Miss Song to a lone star in the sky, glamorous and beautiful, occupying a height that ordinary people cannot reach.

He curled his lips and smiled evilly, and gently spit out her name: “Rania.”

A thick smile filled his eyes. When he handed the phone back, he asked the man next to him seriously, “Rao Shan, Rania, don’t you think they are a natural match?”

“Master, have you finally figured it out?” The man’s fingertips that stretched out to pick up the phone were trembling, and his eyes were the size of a copper bell, with so much excitement that some tears filled his eyes, “Great. , Master shouldn’t doubt your orientation this time, right?”

Thinking of this, the man in his twenties had a bitter look on his face, and he couldn’t help but recall the unbearable experience of being suspected of being the little white face of the young master, and finally being mentioned by the master to sneak into the lobby for “interrogation”.

He wiped the corner of Void’s eyes and touched the phone to get up and go out, “I’m going to say goodbye to the master.”

Rao Shan’s face sank, he stretched out his hand to drag the person back, and cast a threatening look, “Who raised you?”

After a word went out, the man felt obedient in an instant and sat upright. Except for Yu Guang who also glanced over from time to time, he never dared to mention the word “Master” anymore.

Qi Feng, who was sitting next to him, listened absent-mindedly to the speech on stage, but listened to the entire interaction of the two men next to him. She would inevitably take a quiet look in that direction and see that it was a face with a sharp profile. , The handsome-looking man was smiling slightly with the corners of the evil charm’s lips.

She turned her head again, and this time her gaze fell on Shang Rui’s face next to her.

A beam of soft light came directly, just illuminating his profile. This is also a man with a three-dimensional silhouette and an extraordinary aura. It is also the husband of Miss Song Jia who they just discussed.

I only felt that the hand that had been clenched since entering the door was a little numb, she moved slightly, and the man looked down.

Against the light behind him, you can clearly distinguish the soft emotions on his face, and at the same time he heard his deep concern, "What's wrong?"

Qi Feng shook his head and adjusted his sitting posture slightly before pursing his lips and smiling: "It's okay."

Later, when the man turned his gaze back to the stage again, she didn't turn her head anymore, just feeling like a man on her back, like sitting on pins and needles.

She couldn't figure out whether Shang Rui heard the conversation between the two men just now, and if he did, how he would feel. And this man always looked calm and self-sufficient, as if turning a deaf ear to the world around him.

Qi Feng still doesn't understand how a person like Shang Rui who is so vigilant would not pay attention to the interaction between the two, and how could he easily express his inner thoughts.

This woman is too simplistic and easy to be seen through at a glance, but never can see through others, and Rania happens to be at two extremes.

The auction of the dinner is alternated with interactive sessions such as performances. The organizer will invite some traffic stars to help out. After Rania's speech, there will be a performance, followed by a short break.

Taking advantage of the break, she communicated with the assistant, got down from the VIP seat, and sat in the last row of the terrace.