

# Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 511– 512

## Chapter 511

Rania still prefers, this kind of sitting at the back, low-key and in control of everything.

And she thought she was low-key, but sometimes it was not as good as she wanted.

Because on such occasions, I often face a conversation from strange men, on the one hand because of her own attractiveness, on the other hand, it is the charm bonus brought by her family background.

Therefore, she has to deal with more, and relatively created her solitary aura that is now rejected for thousands of miles. Usually, within a few words, she chokes and leaves with a blushing face and grey head.

So when she looked at the man not far away, holding two glasses of champagne from the wine area next door, who was striding over here, she had a vague judgment in her heart.

“Rao Shan.” Approaching, standing still in front of her, Rao Shan handed out a glass of wine in his hand, nodding politely and gentlemanly.

Rania was silent for a while, staring at his decent tailored suit, “The etiquette is very thorough. Have you been in the West?”

Shanrao was slightly surprised, then he curled his lips and smiled, nodding in response: “Eight years.”

Compared to the men who might panic to incoherent, or too eager to express themselves, Rania breathed a sigh of relief in the face of the calm man before him.

She took the champagne, held it in her hand but didn't mean to drink it.

“You are dressed beautifully today.” The man held the cup slightly, a little blunt to please.

And the woman's simple and arrogant phrase “I know” made him laugh dumbfounded.

Half a minute later, Rania got up, handed the untouched cup back to the man's hand, and gestured politely and apologetically: “This gentleman, I probably understand your intentions. I would like to remind you to judge effectively and promptly. Stop loss is also the basic business ability of a businessman.”

This time, Rania didn't say the refusal too harshly, but it was enough to feel annoyed after the man figured it out. However, before the semi-Westernized man could

thoroughly understand her words, she had already followed the shadow of the figure she was gazing at, and stepped forward.

For a long time, Rao Shan stared at the empty seat in front of him, stunned and grinned.

The small space was filled with the light and unique fragrance of women. He suddenly looked down at the champagne glass in his hand, and an unprecedented emotional experience rose to the top of his heart.

When I was wandering in such a state of mind that could not be expressed in words, a familiar and dull voice suddenly came from my ear, shouting: "Master."

He slowed down, staring at the breathless man in front of him with some dissatisfaction, poured his own glass of wine with his head up, and asked, "What's wrong?"

The man giggled twice, his expression a bit wretched.

Shan looked at him suspiciously, the emotion in his eyes gradually changed from resistance to disgust, and he lifted his foot to avoid it.

"Master, don't go..." The man caught up and hurried in his footsteps, "Master, do you know that the master of the Song family in Kyoto is also the honorary representative of this charity party. What kind of friendship does he have with our master?"

Hearing this, Rao Shan stopped in a hurry and turned his head, "What friendship?"

The man blinked and thought about it. He could not really remember the content of the conversation on the phone just now, but he remembered very clearly the excited and worried tone of his father.

After a pause, he only squeezed out a word, "I don't know, anyway, it's friendship, this matter is covered by the master."

"Bao?" Rao Shan's deep eyes lit up, and he grabbed the other's collar with one hand, a little indignant, "Did you call to inform us again?"

The man was a little aggrieved, and finally broke free. He didn't dare to look up at the expression on his young master's face. He retorted, "Is this a good thing anyway, isn't it?"

It was a good thing for him to finally clear up the suspicion between himself and the young master.

Seeing Shanrao's eyes and no longer speaking, he seemed to be thinking carefully about something, he also slowly breathed a sigh of relief, and suddenly stared at the glass of champagne, smiled and stretched out his hand to grab it, "Master did you prepare it for me, thank you !"

Before anyone reached out to stop him, he had already raised his head and drank cleanly.

The result of such impulsive and reckless action can only be very aggrieved by the indifferent young master in front of him announcing the deduction of one month's bonus.

After a brief aphasia, staring at the empty wine glass in his hand, he secretly wondered what a pity that I had just drunk too quickly, and I didn't taste this valuable glass. What kind of wine Miss Song had personally held.

He wronged Baba and handed the cup out, "Master, can this be used for the money?"

Next to the auction venue is a free-flowing wine banquet hall. After Rania left the venue, he drank a small glass of red wine in the banquet hall, and followed that figure into the bathroom.

She waited deliberately for a while, so when Qi Feng came out of the bathroom and was washing her hands at the sink, she just lifted her foot in. The two seemed to inadvertently glance at each other through the glass mirror, Rania's expression was always deserted, but Qi Feng, who was caught off guard, flashed a panic in his eyes.

With a sound of "Zi La", the water splashed by the water jet splashed all over, she hurriedly avoided her gaze, took a paper from the side and wiped it casually, then walked away reluctantly.

Not long after, Rania came out of the bathroom again, and he glanced at the figure and smiled lightly.

When I was about to raise my foot to leave, I suddenly caught a glimpse of a white diamond-encrusted watch next to the sink, and after a closer look, he suppressed the idea of catching up.

When Qi Feng was in a hurry to find it again, she was standing in front of the bar closest to the passage, with a beautiful plate in front of her with some fruits.

"Miss Qi." She casually stopped the hurried footsteps of the visitors.

Qi Feng heard Rania's voice, his body stiffened instinctively, turning his head and looking in that direction, his eyes were uncontrollable panic, and he didn't know whether to leave or leave.

And Rania curled her lips with a seemingly non-existent smile, turned around slightly until she looked at her, and then she brightened up what she was holding, "Are you looking for this?"

After staying quiet for a while, staring at the watch in her hand again, Qi Feng let out a long breath, and walked over, "Thank you, Miss Song."

When the voice fell, he reached out to take it.

Rania put down the slightly raised arm and didn't say much. He just held up the other's wrist, moved gently and slowly, and put the watch back on for her.

Then stared at those slightly sensual arms for a short while lost, "This watch really suits you better."

She laughed, there were other deep meanings in her words, but she expected that Qi Feng might not be able to understand it.

The man who gave this watch is indeed more suitable for her.

Qi Feng withdrew his hand in a panic, because he couldn't figure out what the other party was thinking, he seemed even more at a loss. He raised his eyes and looked around, but he couldn't find Shang Rui.

"He comes here and spends most of his time for entertainment. Even if you see him, you can't bother easily." Rania casually tapped his hand with his fingertips on the countertop. The wall of the wine glass.

"Miss Song..." Before Rania's lazy, indifferent but inexplicably repressive posture swallowed up her remaining calm and reason, Qi Feng quickly retracted her arm, The visitor opened the distance.

She lifted her chin, "I'm curious, you obviously hate me, why can you talk to me like this? Why can you endure the trouble of not asking me? You don't want a divorce, is it proof that you still love Shang Rui? "

Seeing the face that gradually became crimson, Rania was stunned for a second, and immediately lost a smile in his heart, but his face was still deserted.

"I don't particularly hate you, and you are not worth my wasting extra thoughts to deal with. I just come to advise you, since you have chosen high-class communication, don't think of people as innocent as you were when you were a student. ,It's good for you."

The meaning in the words was still ambiguous. While Qi Feng was still contemplating, Rania's body had left the bar, passed the woman in front of him, and went straight to the venue next to him.

As the two of them rubbed their shoulders, a contemptuous snort suddenly sounded in Qi Feng's ear, "I don't want to divorce, did he tell you?"

When her eyes trembled and turned around, people had already lifted their feet and left. Only the bright golden light and shadow floated with the crowd and gradually disappeared before her eyes.

It took her a long time to calm down. Listening to the warm-up music from the venue, when she was about to take a step, she suddenly felt a calm force coming from her waist. She turned her head in a panic and faced Shang Rui's. A pair of calm and calm eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" He concerned in a low voice.

Qi Feng shook his head, clasped his arm with one hand, and gestured towards the venue, "I'm fine, let's go."

## Chapter 512

Rania returned to his seat and asked the assistant next to him, "The matter you contacted over there has been cancelled, and I have done it all."

The assistant blinked his eyes twice and looked a little surprised. After reacting, he bowed and went out, made a phone call and then returned to report: "It's done."

"Okay." The woman stared at the small object being auctioned on the stage far away, and just responded lightly.

Those who come to join in the fun on such occasions will usually eventually take some pictures to show their sincerity, but in fact, there is no need to be like Shang Rui. Almost all of them participate in the scene. The first five collections can accept as many as three.

At the end of the first half, he was already showing the limelight. From time to time, someone would look back at him. Who is this Mr. Shang whose number and name are frequently called out by the host? What everyone can see is a well-dressed man. , Sitting next to him, a dignified-looking female companion holding a price tag.

When he received more gazes, Qi Feng would be a little embarrassed. He covered his face with the price tag, showing only a pair of Shui Lingling eyes, quietly glancing at Shang Rui, "Don't buy so much, right? "

Shang Rui smiled and turned to look at her, "It's not very expensive, these things are very suitable for your photo studio, you can donate other things you don't like."

After a pause, the man suddenly wrapped her fist with his big palm, rubbing his fingertips as if intentionally or unintentionally, and said shallowly, "You like it."

Rania looked down, unable to see the interaction between the two of them, but his eyes were still cold.

The little attendant next to Rao Shan seemed to have some misunderstandings about the eyes she delivered from time to time. He stabs the man's arm with his elbow and snickers to remind him: "Master, Miss Song seems to be peeking at you."

Suddenly, Rao Shan felt like a man on his back, calmly adjusted his correct sitting posture, and coughed slightly to cover up his embarrassment. At the same time, he pursed his lips and asked indifferently: "Really?"

The little attendant looked back again, and lighted his head desperately, "No."

Many objects auctioned at the venue are not particularly expensive, so there are many participants, and the time to auction an object will not be very long.

But Miriam sat down in the short half, still slowly falling asleep, leaning on Bryan's shoulder and muttering to herself: "Shooting so many shots, what does Shang Rui want to do?"

Bryan looked down at her, did not respond to this question, but smiled and asked her if she was tired and if she should go back to rest. Miriam shook her head, "I will accompany you."

These words caused Bryan to laugh inexplicably, and then couldn't help but joke, "Are you worried about the money in your husband's pocket?"

"What?" Miriam was dissatisfied with these words, and indispensable to glance at him, and then clasp the arm tightly with both hands, "You now have a wife and children, so you should save some money."

"Your husband has money." Bryan's tone was stubborn, but his eyes were doted. He gently kissed her forehead and said: "Choose one you like, and we will go back and rest after taking a photo."

Just as he was talking, an object in front had just been photographed. At this time, the lady of etiquette pushed onto the stage a red sandalwood folding fan with a sense of age. Miriam's eyes lit up and he patted Bryan's arm, "I see That's not bad."

After the shots on the big screen are finished, the host introduces them one by one, and the auction begins.

The starting price is 120,000. Neither Miriam nor Bryan understand this aspect very well, but it is conservatively estimated to be less than 200,000.

The man raised his eyebrows, "Like it?"

After that, he didn't wait for the woman to respond, waiting for the number of bidders to gradually decrease, and he began to participate in it.

On the other hand, Qi Feng showed less interest in this folding fan. The main reason is that Shang Rui has taken enough photos tonight, which makes her somewhat panic and uneasy, "Forget it, I think it's enough, and I can't let go of more."

“It’s just a folding fan. I think it matches the mahogany dressing table in your room.” Shang Rui smiled lightly and took the bidding card from her hand.

Before raising the placard, Yu Guang had already glanced at Bryan in the corner who was participating in the bidding. The smile on his face gradually condensed, and turned into a fierce and dark light in his eyes.

He couldn’t let that man be so happy everywhere.

With the mentality of being inevitable, the price of this folding fan was slowly raised to 300,000 under Bryan and Shang Rui’s rivalry.

Miriam took aim at it and saw that Shang Rui’s gesture was simply and neatly raising his placard. Obviously he didn’t mean to give up easily, so she stopped Bryan with one hand, “Forget it, Shang Rui is fighting with you intentionally. It’s just a fan, it’s not worth it.”

Bryan naturally could see it.

He held a stalemate for a few more rounds. Seeing the price slowly rise to 400,000, he curled his lips and smiled, “Then I will listen to you.”

The words were nice, saying that they listened to Miriam, but he still stubbornly raised the brand for a few rounds. Miriam was frightened and raised the price to 500,000 before giving up.

Afterwards, Hook Ruoyou smiled and commented slightly: “It seems that he has made a lot of money in the business cooperation in Italy.”

Then he lowered his head and looked at Miriam a little apologetically, “Your husband needs to come on.”

Miriam raised her head and stared at him, feeling that the man’s slightly bent eyes seemed to be full of stars, and she would fall into it inadvertently, “You are the best if you add it or not.”

The two of them ignored the just relaxing atmosphere on the court, and only immersed themselves in their respective worlds and looked at each other deeply.

So I didn’t care too much about the last second of the host’s countdown. The last row of the guest seat sounded a bright female voice, and the price of 6 million was quoted.

There was an uproar on the court, and everyone looked sideways.

At this moment, it was not someone else who stood up to take over the baptism of everyone’s gaze. It was Rania’s assistant. Her expression was calm and leisurely. Then she sat down and confirmed a glance with the woman next to her.

At first, some people were talking about it, and Shang Rui's eyes sank. Even if he didn't hear the "Miss Song" in the crowd, he could guess who would be against him at any cost.

His eyes were completely gloomy, and when he got up, he was held down by Qi Feng next to him, "Forget it, listen to me once."

There was a silence for a while, and finally he breathed out silently, then licked his lips slightly, "Okay."

In the end, this folding fan was auctioned by Rania at a price of six million. Compared with Shang Rui, who spent one or two million on seven or eight pieces, she was the one who really stood out.

Before the auction ended, there was a short rest time. People who wanted to take this opportunity to talk to Rania were all rejected by her cold eyes, and it became something the assistants around him had to deal with.

Rania, who returned to the wine area, stopped Miriam in front of one of the bars.

When Bryan went to entertaining parties, Miriam was alone. When she saw Rania, her expression was a little surprised, but she quickly adjusted her lips and smiled gently at her. He took a glass of fruit wine from the side and handed it out, "Drink this? It tastes good."

Rania took the wine, took a sip and nodded in approval, "Yes."

After putting the wine glass aside, in response to the shimmering and hesitant gaze of the incoming person, he suddenly curled his lips and smiled, "Do you know what I need most?"

Miriam was stunned for a second because of her unexpected question, and immediately remembered what had happened at the auction floor, and laughed and joked: "It should be money."

"I don't lack money, but I also need them." Rania shook his head and denied, his eyes suddenly filled with an unclear cold light, and he stared directly at Miriam: "The thing I don't need is that you just did, full of Sympathetic eyes."

These words caused Miriam to lose consciousness for a second. After reacting, he withdrew his gaze and admitted his rudeness, "Sorry."

"It's not surprising that you have this idea, because you have Bryan's asylum. But the resources and strength behind me are enough to support me to live better than anyone else, so at least people around me who are qualified to sympathize with me have not yet appeared. ."



She looked lazy and casual, and after she had finished speaking, she motioned to the assistant behind her to come over and put the thick and dated wooden box in front of Miriam.

“For you.” She glanced lightly. “I’m not interested in these things.”

After speaking, he stopped lingering, raising his foot and stepping away, leaving Miriam dazed for a while, opening the wooden box, and seeing the folding fan that had just been auctioned.