

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 587– 588

Chapter 587

Rao Shan suddenly realized this problem was a little unbelievable.

This woman was obviously married, why was he nervous when he saw her, and why he couldn't help but want to please her.

After thinking about this, I felt a chill in my back.

The body was parked in the parking lot in front of the company building. Yan Hao unfastened his seat belt, pushed the door and got out of the car, then went to the back seat of the car and opened the door. He greeted the man who didn't know what he was in a daze, "Master, here it is."

Rao Shan quickly organized his thoughts and got out of the car.

When he strode to the company gate, he had recovered his usual fierce aura. When the staff in the lobby on the first floor saw him, they avoided as much as possible in the distance. Those who could not hide, just bite the bullet. Shout "Sing is always good."

With cold eyes, the man nodded as he walked, heading towards the elevator entrance all the way.

At this time, three girls in the internship period were gathering at the elevator, each holding a thick stack of documents, immersed in exchanges, and didn't notice the man who was approaching here.

The long-haired shawl girl suddenly exclaimed, "God, won't it?"

Although the voice was deliberately restrained, it was still sharp and harsh.

"Why not? Now it has spread on the Internet, and the hot news has exploded."

The short-haired girl next to me made a vow, afraid that the other party would not believe it. She held the document with one hand very hard. After pulling out the phone from her pocket, she opened the screen to search for the information and handed it out, "If you don't believe me, see it for yourself."

The phone was placed at the top of the file in their hands, and the other two girls looked at it with their heads leaning over without anyone else. After a while, they each exclaimed, "Really..."

"He is so handsome, he sings so well, and there are so many people who like him, why don't you want to be a junior who destroys other people's families?"

The long-haired girl shook her head and sighed, and couldn't help but laugh twice, "Men's junior, it seems that I have heard less, this talented musician is really maverick."

With a single ponytail next to her, the woman who has not spoken much has a sad look on her face. She unequivocally guessed: "It should be true love. It must be true love, so that she will be with her regardless of her future."

This kind of judgment was scorned and sneered by the short-haired girl next to her, "Little San is Little San. Both men and women are the same. They are the culprits of destroying other people's families. What kind of love?"

"Yes, yes." Immediately, the other also responded, "Why should a woman be cast aside as a junior, and change to a man to become true love? Your explanation doesn't work, the public will not buy it, anyway I think he is really a mud bodhisattva crossing the river now, and his future is hard to guarantee..."

The three heads huddled together, and the more they talked, the more vigorous they became, and slowly seemed to forget that this was in the company, and the tone rose unconsciously.

Seeing that something was wrong next to him, Yan Hao raised his eyes and quietly observed Shanrao's face that was dark enough to be covered with clouds, then he put his fist to his lips and coughed.

The three of them hurriedly turned around like frightened rabbits, but when they saw the person standing behind them clearly, their legs suddenly became frightened.

"Single, single is always good..."

The short-haired girl was the first to slow down, leading the other two to bend over to say hello, and then didn't dare to look at Shanrao's face.

Fortunately, after waiting for a while, the elevator door next to him opened. The man didn't say anything, but with his face collapsed, he raised his foot and stepped into the elevator.

When the three girls saw this, they didn't have the courage to follow up. They exchanged a tacit look at each other, and just like a rabbit, they jumped up the stairs next to them.

Even Yan Hao couldn't help getting up in a cold sweat. As the elevator door slowly closed, he raised his eyes to observe the face of the man next to him, "I will ask the Ministry of Human Resources to check which department these three people belong to..."

"No need." Surprisingly, the man didn't mean to pursue it. He turned his face suddenly after a moment of silence, "Do you know what they just said about the talented musicians?"

Rao Shan's focus on the direction of things surprised Yan Hao.

The man froze for a while, then took out his mobile phone from his pocket and handed it out after searching for hot news. "It should be said that this is the scandal that broke out last year for the original singer who just went viral. I heard that it was related to someone who was married. Of female stars are dating privately."

The phone was handed to his eyes, the man did not reach out to pick it up, just glanced down lightly.

At this time the elevator door just opened, he raised his foot and stepped out, walking towards the office, while pretending to ask casually: "What do you think, what do you think of this matter?"

"What do you think?" Yan Hao's heart was "banging" with drums. I really couldn't understand what kind of medicine the President Shan had taken wrong today. The questions that should be investigated are not investigated, and the things that have never been of interest in the past have to be asked to him. How to look.

"How can I look at it? It's someone else's private matter. I just need to do what I have at hand." The man smiled, his eyes bent into two slits, and the answer was official and decent.

At this time, walking all the way to the front of the office, Rao Shan suddenly stopped, lowered his eyelids and stared at the doorknob in front of him, and asked indifferently, "If it were you, how would you like a married woman?"

Yan Hao suddenly thought he had heard it wrong.

After reacting, I retreated far, and waved his hands in panic, "Impossible, Master, have you heard any rumors? I swear, I will definitely not do such nasty things..."

A simple try, the attitude of the other party will be tested out.

"Dirty..." The man's lips twitched slightly, repeating these two words, and then as if he had figured out something, he slowly opened the door in front of him and stepped in.

Yan Hao, who was standing behind him, hadn't slowed down before he came forward and tried to explain again, "Master, listen to me..."

But the only answer to him was the door in front of him that was suddenly closed.

The man inside the door had a calm expression, and stepped towards the desk with his foot raised.

It wasn't until after the afternoon that Yan Hao called again when he was dealing with official business in the office. His tone was a bit difficult, "Master, Miss Jia is here, waiting in the lobby downstairs, saying that he will wait for you to go to the dinner party."

After a pause, he added, "She has asked the family driver to go back. I don't think it will give you good face."

Rao Shan didn't say a word and hung up.

About an hour later, he got down from the upper floor. As soon as he stepped out of the elevator, the woman sitting on the sofa in the reception area in the lobby greeted him, scrolling the smell of perfume, and rushing on him, shouting One sentence: "Brother Rao Shan."

The man twisted his brows slightly, and saw that she had put on a small black tunic dress, a chiffon skirt with one hand, and his arm with the other, his face full of affection.

It is hard to imagine that this is only the second time they have met so far.

When the front desk service in the lobby saw this scene, he was so surprised that he could not close his chin, and watched people go out all the way. He was about to gossip with his friends, but he was caught off guard by the serious and cautious face of Yan Hao. .

The man put his hand on the bar and tapped the table twice before solemnly reminding him: "Mr Shan is unfamiliar with her, don't pass it around, otherwise..."

After finishing speaking, he squeezed that hand into a fist, and before the two people who were standing in a daze were able to relax, they raised their necks and left.

Chapter 588

Why did's daughter go to the company with every possible means and must drive Shanrao's car to the dinner party? At first, the man didn't quite understand.

He didn't notice the problem until the car stopped downstairs in the hotel, and the woman got out of the car with a affectionate expression on his arm and walked forward with the surprised and curious eyes of the people around him.

So with a cold face, he pulled the arm away from the opponent's hand, and walked forward quickly alone, and politely greeted some old seniors who happened to get out of the car at this time and came to congratulate their father.

While chatting casually, they raised their feet to the direction of the elevator entrance together, Miss Jia was left aside, dumbfounded for a while.

After reacting, he was about to catch up with the skirt, and was stopped by Yan Hao, who was quick-eyed and handy."Miss, it is not convenient for us to Shan. This old man Zhou has a lot of friendship with our old man. If you have something to say, you might as well wait for him to finish..."

The puff-puffed face of's daughter collapsed. Facing the cautious man, she was still not willful in the end. After a light smile, she raised her foot to catch up, and stayed close to the two, almost an arm. distance.

In the end, the same elevator went up to the banquet hall on the top floor. At this time, not many people came, but not many.

The two elders from the Shan family had arrived early. Shi Ran was accompanying him to entertain the guests who had already arrived. As soon as he stepped out of the elevator, he spontaneously accelerated his pace and went to say hello after seeing the old birthday star.

Ms. seized the opportunity and swung her long skirt back. As she wished, she was stepped on by the same person who got off the elevator behind her, so she staggered forward, and after an exclamation, she suddenly grabbed the arm of the man in front of her.

Rao Shan only felt the power on his arms sink.

His eyes became colder, and he paused for a while. Looking back, he saw the woman blushing and panicking, and the man who had just stepped on him was bending over and apologizing, "I'm really sorry. , Miss, I didn't pay attention, I'm so sorry..."

Ms. grabbed the man's arm, wishing to stick her entire face to the other person, responding to the apology from the incoming person, and waved her hands sensibly, "It's okay, it's because I was not careful."

Rao Shan stopped there, moved his body slightly to the side, and walked away from the elevator exit to the banquet hall.

There were people coming and going along the way. He glanced at the woman with a painful expression under him, and asked without emotion, "Are you okay?"

"It's okay." He shook his head and suddenly said aggrieved: "The foot seems to be sprained."

After speaking, his hands climbed more firmly, and he straightened up with his big watery eyes and pleaded, "Can you help me to sit in there?"

The man still had no expressions and did not speak up.

At this moment, the elevator door next to it opened, and another wave of guests rushed over, and a dark blue figure was wrapped in the crowd of people getting off before and after.

The woman is tall, with ten centimeters of high heels, to set off the introverted long skirt to make the figure more eye-catching, and it takes almost no effort to make the man standing there recognize it at a glance.

His eyes trembled unconsciously, and his throat rolled up and down.

But she didn't seem to see him. From the moment she got out of the elevator, she kept her eyebrows down, talking to a gray-haired old man next to her.

There was a slight smile on her face, which didn't seem alienated, but it didn't seem to be easy to get close to.

With just that glance, the man's heart was calm for the whole afternoon and he jumped wildly, and his soul seemed to be hooked away.

He darkened his eyes and raised his feet to catch up, but he had to think of the status quo. At the same time, he was tied to him by the lingering power on his wrist.

So he said indifferently: "If you feel unwell, I will ask Yan Hao to take you to the hospital."

Then he had to touch the phone out of his pocket.

Seeing this, Miss suddenly panicked and stopped her with a scream, "No, it's not that serious. You don't need to go to the hospital."

The phone had been taken out, and the man looked away from the screen, first looked at the woman's face that became aggrieved after a little panic, and then looked at the arm around her arm.

After a moment of silence, the other party finally let go of his hand wittily, and watched the people lift their feet away impatiently.

Rania entered the banquet hall. The old man with her was a senior who had done business in Kyoto earlier. As soon as the old man walked in, a woman in a white evening dress came to say hello.

"Mrs. Smith, why are you here too?" The old man's muddy eyes brightened, and then he smiled and asked, "Is your husband here?"

"He's here too."

Mrs. Smith smiled with a full face that wasn't really sincere, and while speaking, she pointed to the direction behind her, "He's standing there, the one in the white suit."

The old man looked in the direction of her fingers, and naturally raised his footsteps towards that side.

Rania, who was standing on the side, never said a word, but looked at the visitor with a smile that seemed like nothing at the corner of his mouth.

And obviously, the target that this Mrs. Smith would come over was not the old man just now, but the Miss Song who stepped in with the old man.

“Miss Song, it’s a coincidence.” The woman’s face was thick, but the makeup was exquisite. She greeted her politely and distancingly, and then reached out.

“Miss Yan, it’s a coincidence.”

Rania also responded with the same smile, and gently shook the delicate and white hand.

She deliberately called the other party Miss Yan, but did not call Mrs. Smith, and the meaning was very clear.

Sure enough, although the expression on the other party’s face was not much surprised, his eyelids drooped hesitantly, and then he chuckled and said, “I said, the encounter at the Japanese food store that day was not like a coincidence. , Ms. Song and I have no such fate, right?”

This woman always carries an overbearing and very aggressive aura, which is different from Rania’s alienated and deserted temperament.

Faced with the woman’s speculation, Rania did not mean to deny it. He only smiled and asked, “What does Miss Yan mean, think I am interested in investigating you?”

The two women looked at each other and were silent for a while, their complex and unrelenting emotions circulated in their eyes.

After a while, a slightly old voice came out of his ears.

“Why, ma’am, this beautiful lady is...”

The man has a strong voice, and his Mandarin pronunciation is a bit difficult.

Rania retracted his eyes and looked up in the direction of the voice.

Mr. Smith is walking towards this side with strides. He is wearing a white high-definition suit, holding the white with speckled red, his hair is also white, and his face is obviously wrinkled.

According to the information provided by Rao Shan, this Mr. Smith is close to 60 years old. Rania is not surprised to have such physical characteristics, but he is still somewhat unaccustomed to seeing him and this Miss Yan twice. .

But for Rania, concealing his emotions is naturally a matter of course.

She hooked her mouth with a small smile, and listened to the woman in front of her smiling and introducing, “This is what I mentioned to you before, the eldest lady of the Song family.”

Between the talks, the man had already walked over and wrapped his wife's waist quite intimately and naturally, but at the same time his eyes were set on Rania's body. He looked her up and down without hesitation, and his eyes brightened and brightened. .

Rania pretended not to notice, smiled and stretched out his hand, "Rania, Mr. Smith, hello."

The man was so busy, he pulled out the hand that was wrapped around his wife's waist, gently supported Rania's hand, then lowered his eyes, and kissed the back of her hand gently, "I learned two things in your country. This word is called Xinghui."

The man smiled so that his eyes were bent.