

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 629– 630

Chapter 629

Yan Mo looked down and listened, knowing that Mu Ming's analysis made sense.

His face became serious again, and he looked up and stared at each other coldly. Before he could speak, he heard two more sneers.

Mu Ming buried his head and said what Yan Mo was considering whether or not to say it.

“Of course you can continue to investigate this matter. It is not ruled out that you will be able to find some useful information. Then you will be brought to court and all cooperation between the Yan family, Fengrui and the Song family will be revoked...” His eyes lit up quickly, and adds, “The worst result is that I go to jail, the Yan family's project is unfinished, and the development in Shanghai is postponed indefinitely.”

After a pause, he pretended to sigh with regret, “Besides, with the information you have now, wanting to sue me to jail, it's harder than going to heaven.”

Yan Mo's eyes were cold, and he waited for the end of his analysis before exposing it like a mockery, “You said so much, you just want me to be interesting, don't continue to investigate.”

Hearing this, Mu Ming nodded readily, without any intention of denying it.

“At the time when the project that the Yan family cooperated with, Mr. Yan, although you were abroad, it was impossible to be completely ignorant of it. My mother Mushan died at the hands of Yanqiao. What I want is that his life is worth his life. With the entire Yan family, I have no hostility.”

He spread his hands, made clear his position, and then analyzed, “As far as I know, Yanqiao is arbitrary and arbitrary. Although you are in charge of the Yan family now, you are always restricted in your actions. With his old man, you will find it difficult to really penetrate your own strength. I believe that this situation will not last long, and your sister will hope to get a piece of the pie from you.”

When Mu Ming said this, Yan Mo kept his head down. He was silent, only feeling that layers of cold sweat were covering his back.

Seeing this, Mu Ming's smile gradually deepened, and then he asked: “Does Mr. Yan think what I said makes sense?”

Yan Mo raised his eyelids slightly, and glanced at him with a little anger, “Mr. Mu really had a plan. You are very clear about the family affairs of our Yan family.”

After hearing this, Mu Ming just treated it as a compliment to herself, laughed without guilty conscience, and then sat up straight for a few minutes, “Actually, I am here this time to discuss cooperation with you. Carefully Think about it, President Yan and I should be on the same front...”

“What do you mean?” The man frowned.

Mu Ming simply challenged, “I want to deal with Yanqiao, and the Song family wants to deal with Yan Yan. Although these two are your relatives, they are not in the same position as you. The specifics are how to stand in line, Mr. Yan. But think carefully.”

Seeing the other’s face sinking a little deeper, Mu Ming stood up very relaxedly and adjusted the hem of the suit.

Before sprinting away, he stopped as if suddenly remembering something, and looked down at his side.”If Mr. Yan is still undecided, you may wish to check his email. Sometimes there is always a relationship between his reputation and his family. Only by giving up can we grow.”

Listening to the footsteps resounding in the dining hall hall, Yan Mo’s heart trembled.

He looked down and stared at the phone on the desktop in front of him. After a long time, he finally reached out, opened the screen and clicked on the unreceived message in the mailbox.

At this time, Mu Ming had already walked out of the canteen door, and was heading toward the parking lot along the boulevard of the hospital. On the way, the phone rang a reminder that the email was received.

The wind in early autumn made the leaves rattle, like a beautiful movement striking his heart.

What he sent to Yan Mo was all the evidence and information in the U disk about the engineering accident caused by the Yan family’s early black-box manipulation. He knew that as long as Yan Mo saw these things, he would definitely make the choice he wanted. .

These things are time bombs that strangle Yan’s throat. As long as they are announced to the media, whether Yanqiao is still alive or not, it will be a fatal blow to the entire Yan family’s industry.

Yan Mo is a businessman, and he doesn’t know how serious he is.

Yan on the other side silently checked all the entries in the mailbox, only to feel that the cold sweat slowly climbed up his back.

When he was about to press the delete button solemnly, the call interface that popped up suddenly interrupted the man’s thoughts.

Pressing answer, the little nurse heard a hearty and excited voice, “Mr. Yan, the old man is awake, are you still in the hospital?”

“Wait a minute, I’ll be there soon.”

Between the response, he had already raised his foot and headed towards the hospital gate.

Before long, he returned to the hospital ward again.

The little nurse who led the door stood there for a while, then walked out in silence.

Thick curtains are drawn in the huge ward, the light is dim, and the surrounding is full of strong smell of potion.

The sound of the man’s footsteps was very clear in this quiet space. The old man on the hospital bed heard the sound and slowly opened his eyes, his drooping eyelids showing a bit of weakness.

In the end, his lips opened and he didn’t say a word.

Yan Mo looked down at the pale and familiar cheek, unconsciously remembering what had just happened in the dining hall, and the emotions that had been suppressed for a long time suddenly erupted.

With alienated indifference in his eyes, he stood in front of the hospital bed and looked down, “Are you trying to tell me to give up cooperation with the Song family? Do you still want to say that I led the wolf into the room?”

Hearing this, the old man’s eyes were visibly brighter, and finally he tapped his chin as a response.

Seeing this, the man curled his lips mockingly, and chuckled softly, “I’m sorry, I can’t listen to you this time.”

As he said, he opened the email message on his cell phone and hit the old man’s eyes, “You must want to ask me why, I’ll tell you now, because you are unscrupulous for profit, because you have buried trouble for Yan, I believe you should It is very clear what it means to announce this information to the media.”

The old man’s dim eyes trembled again, and finally grasped the bed sheet tightly, the muscles of his body were tense, and he hummed twice in his throat, but he could not speak a complete sentence.

When the gentle man saw this scene, his eyes were unexpectedly indifferent and indifferent.

He took the phone back again and made his position clear again, “Yan will always keep cooperating with the Song family. As for you, it’s just an accident caused by your health and accidental fall. I will not investigate this matter carefully. No one will be held accountable.”

Yanqiao noticed that Yan Mo was deliberately irritating himself.

But his emotions could no longer be controlled. At that moment, he felt that all the blood in his body rushed to his forehead, and his body twisted weakly, like a poor worm.

But Yan Mo just watched, watching his father start to breathe quickly, his expression pained, one hand tore the bed sheet weakly, and blue veins burst on his red forehead.

He pretended that he couldn’t see anything, turned around calmly, and headed towards the entrance of the ward. At the same time, he told: “The doctor said that you just woke up and you need to rest more so that there is no more emotional fluctuations.”

He raised his foot and stepped out of the ward, and met the nurse who was walking up with the thermometer. He smiled gently and raised his hand to stop him, “My father just fell asleep, so don’t disturb him now.”

The little nurse blinked his eyes, nodded quickly, and then turned back to the nurse’s station.

In the evening of the same day, Yan Mo, who was preparing for a meeting at the company, received a call from the hospital again, saying that the old man’s condition was not good again and went into the operating room again.

He hung up the phone blankly, turned off his work, and rushed to the ward as quickly as possible.

While waiting outside the operating room, he received a call from Yan Yan, which was an unexpected curse. He listened without pain and asked: “I called you a long time ago. , Why not come back and have a look?”

The woman over there hesitated and stopped talking.

Finally he hung up the phone with a cold face.

Chapter 630

Yan Yan couldn’t make it back to City Two because she was busy buying a single trade project in Shanghai.

After halfway through the acquisition process, it was discovered that there was a shortage of funds and a broken interest chain. In order to re-engage, a large amount of funds must be injected.

The project is a money-making project, but she does not have enough money on hand.

So during this period of time, I ran between the UK and Shanghai, and never spared any time to go back to South City.

It was not until two months later that bad news came from City Two, and Yanqiao died in the hospital.

At that time, the woman had just returned to Shanghai from the UK and had already agreed on a meeting time with Rao Shan. She was caught off guard by receiving this call, and she seemed to be deprived of nerves and fell directly to the side of the road.

Not long after, Rao Shan also got the news from Rania.

The man leaned on the sofa, curled his lips and smiled, "I heard that she and Yan Mo have never been able to get together. Have you completely collapsed this time?"

Rania stared at the keyboard, tapping the keyboard, "Is it right? You'll know if you go to see it."

After hanging up the phone, the landline at hand rang again. Rania thought it was an inside line, so he didn't pay attention to the caller ID. Unexpectedly, after trying to connect, what came from there was a long-lost dull voice.

"The matter is done for you. Mrs. Smith has left England."

On the phone, Shang Rui's voice was muffled, revealing deep fatigue.

After the reaction, Rania was still stunned for half a second, and the fingers of the phone were curled subconsciously, and the corners of his lips were curled in response: "I know, thank you."

She was still reticent as usual, and even if she didn't say clearly, she wanted to hang up.

Shang Rui on the other end of the phone seemed to have guessed her mind, and interrupted with a slightly raised voice, "You are not curious, how are things going?"

Rania's hand about to hang up the phone stiffened, then he looked up at the time on the wall clock and said, "I have a meeting in five minutes."

"Then I will make a long story short." Shang Rui narrowed his eyes and explained clearly: "Mr. Smith does not intend to intervene in markets outside the UK for the time being, so Yan Yan will not be supported in terms of funds. As far as I know, he is already preparing for a divorce. ."

The divorce was one of Rania's requests when he sent the book to Shang Rui earlier.

She could see that Mr. Smith didn't have much real feelings for his wife, so it was not difficult to provoke the relationship between two people.

As long as Shang Rui accidentally reveals some of what Mrs. Smith has done in China, conflicts will erupt between the two sooner or later.

Yan Yan married Smith to retaliate against Shan. As for Smith, it was even simpler. He just wanted to use Yan Yan to get Rao Shan's company in the UK.

Therefore, it is not surprising that the two people who were initially united because of their interests eventually parted ways because of their interests.

So Rania just smiled calmly when hearing this, "I see."

The death of Yan's father also cut off Britain's backing, Yan Yan's current situation can be described as difficult.

Rania, who hung up the phone, shook her head with a chuckle while tidying up the meeting materials on the desktop. She was a bit curious about what kind of mental state the arrogant Miss Yan Jia was in.

Rania has seen a lot of people who beat a good hand alive.

After the meeting that night, she sent a message of condolences to Yan Mo on her mobile phone, and rushed to the City Two Eastern Suburb Cemetery the next day to attend Mr. Yan's funeral.

It happened to be a drizzle that day. Rania was wearing a black suit and holding a black umbrella, standing at the end of the crowd, as silent as everyone else.

At this moment, a shadow of a figure suddenly came in under the umbrella, and when he fixed his eyes, he recognized that the man was Rao Shan.

The umbrella happened to be on the top of the man's head, and Rania looked up and saw that his jet-black eyelashes were covered with tiny drops of water, and his black suit was also wet, showing different shades of silhouette.

He swallowed all the words he had originally wanted to drive, and silently raised the umbrella a little bit higher.

Upon seeing this, Rao Shan smiled unreally, bent over her ear and asked, "Why are you here too?"

After asking this question, I am prepared not to wait for a response.

Sure enough, Rania was only holding the umbrella and leaning towards him, and his whole body showed an aura of refusing to communicate.

Shanrao didn't give up, he wanted to say something when he saw this, but was caught off guard by a loud noise from the front of the crowd.

Immediately, trivial comments came from the otherwise silent crowd. Someone pretended to move forward inadvertently. After a while, the vision exposed to Rania was blocked.

As Rania expected, Yanqiao's funeral would not be safe with Yan Yan.

She turned her head silently, saw the figure standing in the shade of the trees in the distance, and smiled slightly.

Mu Ming was wearing a gray jacket, and the eagle-like eyes under his peaked cap were staring straight at the crowded crowd in the distance. He stood for a while, suddenly pulled up the zipper of his jacket, and buried half of his face in the upright. Under the collar, he turned his head and walked away.

When Rania turned his head, he happened to see the person's back when he left.

When his gaze was about to withdraw, he suddenly noticed the surging of people around him, and the vision that had been obscured by the crowd reappeared. The women who walked from it were aggressive and domineering, causing everyone to evade.

Rania kept quiet, raised his eyebrows slightly, and waited for someone to come.

Until she stood still in front of her, she looked up and down the people with disdain, and said: "Mrs. Smith..."

After a pause, he changed his words as if he suddenly became clear, "No, should I call you Miss Yan again now?"

Today's Yan Yan wears dark smoky makeup, her long hair is tied into a shiny black ponytail, and she wears a decorative black pearl hat diagonally on her head.

"Miss, today is the funeral of the master, let's talk about it another day..."

The old housekeeper followed behind holding the umbrella for her. Seeing that the atmosphere was wrong, he wanted to speak out to discourage him, but he choked back abruptly by the other person's eyes. Afterwards, he pursed his lips and didn't dare to say anything.

Yan Yan hung her hands on her side, clenched into fists, and soon her whole body was shaking with anger.

She knew that things would not be that simple. Her father shouldn't die suddenly, Smith shouldn't have to divorce her suddenly, and even in the trading industry in Shanghai, someone dug a hole waiting for her to jump.

She knew that she had chosen the wrong person to challenge, but at this time she still did not want to admit her mistake.

“Rania, I didn’t allow you to come to my father’s funeral.” She said, catching her slap off guard, and slapped it very quickly and vigorously.

Rania avoided subconsciously, but the man next to him apparently reacted faster. Before she could escape, his hand was firmly grasped.

Shanrao’s eyes were filled with anger, and the strength to grasp the opponent’s arm was obviously aggravated. Seeing Yan Mo intentionally stopped him, he pushed the person away and warned: “This is not the place for you to do it.”

Yan Yan was pushed and staggered into Yan Mo’s arms.

Seeing that she was going to have a seizure, the man immediately clamped her in his arms with his hands.

Yan Yan, who couldn’t escape several times, roared like a mad lion.

Upon seeing this, Rania showed indifference, and lightly looked down at her, “I’m sorry, Miss Yan, I was invited by President Yan. I think it is not you who is in charge of the Yan family.”