

Chapter 663

There was a peach blossom forest in front of us, and since it was now June, the peach blossoms had long since shed, but there were some bruised fruits on them, which were quite beautiful.

Evelin looked like she liked it so much that she even pulled Tailor Feng over.

"Wow, you're looking at a lot of peaches."

Tailor Feng smiled, "It's not even ripe yet, don't pick it."

Only then did Evelin stretched back the hand she was about to reach out to pluck and looked ahead at the endless peach forest and said, "Guess what's on the other side of that?"

I saw the peach forest covers an extremely large area, the trees are planted densely, the naked eye alone to look over, it is impossible to see the situation on the other side.

He shook his head and said honestly, "I don't know."

Evelin took his hand and walked inside.

"Let's go over there."

Tailor Feng was fine with it, so they walked inside together.

The forest is really big, and it's hard to imagine that someone would get such a big piece of land out to plant peach trees in a place like Kyoto, where there is so much land.

A short time after they had gone, they suddenly heard the sound of a piano, if any, coming from inside.

The sound of that instrument, not like some modern instruments emanate, seems like ancient music.

Evelin acted in a costume drama some time ago, and was exposed to some zither and lute and other things, and for the sake of filming needs, she also learned a few days superficially.

So it was easy to hear the sound of a koto now.

She was suddenly not bright-eyed and pulled on Tailor Feng's hand, saying, "There's the sound of a zither hey, it's like someone is playing the piano in front of it."

Tailor Feng, of course, heard it, and seeing that she seemed interested, suggested, "Let's go over there and take a look?"

Evelin nodded repeatedly, so they walked together to the sound source.

They didn't have long to walk before they saw a round stone table set up under a peach tree in front of them.

There was a circle of low stools around the stone table, and a woman in a light blue sari was sitting on the stone stool with her back to them, looking at that posture, she was clearly caressing the violin.

Such a view, such a lyre, such a person....

Evelin had a feeling as if she was in a dream, as if this dense forest was a key that took them through time and space to ancient times.

The curiosity in my heart couldn't help but intensify at the moment.

The two approached slowly, the sound of the violin did not stop, as they were afraid of disturbing someone, so they stopped when they reached nearly ten paces away.

Just stand there and listen quietly.

The air in the forest was not as hot as it was outside.

Even at eleven o'clock in the noon hour, the shade of the leaves blocked out much of the blazing sun.

There was a fresh breeze in the distance, which tinted one's entire body with a comfortable layer of coolness.

Evelin loved the feel of the moment, and she curled her lips slightly, standing there and tapping the beat to the other's music.

After about two or three minutes, the music finally stopped.

The man sitting on the stone bench was quiet for two seconds before he got up and turned towards them.

I have to admit, it was an extremely beautiful woman.

Evelin was in the entertainment industry and had seen many beauties besides being a beauty herself.

She thought to herself that with what she had seen over the years, she had probably seen all the beauties in the world, and would only be tempted if she met any more beautiful ones.

However, reality told her that in this world, there is never the most beautiful, only more beautiful.

And the killing power that beauty gives to people is far greater than we ourselves anticipate.

I saw the person in front of me, long hair like a waterfall, safely on the shoulders, willow eyebrows, almond eyes, melon seeds face is Chu's touching style, a cherry mouth as if lightly dotted vermilion lips, the whole person exudes a kind of ancient beauty.

In particular, that aura, the state of a weak willow helping the wind, as if from the painting out of the person, there is a kind of thrilling beauty.

For a moment, Evelin almost looked crazy.

It was still a sudden cough from the person across the room that brought her back to her senses.

I saw the man lightly cover his lips and laugh softly, "Who are you? How did you get here?"

The sound of the voice is as pleasant to the ear as a yellow warbler's melodious voice.

For some reason, Evelin blushed a little for no apparent reason.

Obviously, I'm a woman myself, but there's always a sense of overwhelm and shortness when it comes to the woman in front of me.

She panicked and replied, "We are tourists here, just looking at this peach forest is quite big and pretty, so we came over to take a look."

Tailor Feng kept holding her hand and didn't open it.

The woman's hand covering her mouth paused slightly, her beautiful eyes darting around to take in the two men.

Immediately afterwards, I saw her laugh, "This is not a play area, you're in the wrong place."

Evelin was inexplicably frustrated and nodded her head incessantly.

"Yes, sorry for interrupting your playing, we're going out."

After saying that, he was even going to pull Tailor Feng out.

However, the man next to her didn't move.

She froze and looked up at him subconsciously, but the man's eyes were just staring straight at the woman across from him, not moving, not even blinking.

The handsome eyebrows were still slightly knitted, as if they were in deep thought.

Evelin's heart stumbled, inexplicably sour, and tugged on his sleeve, lowering her voice, "We're leaving."

Only then did Tailor Feng come back to his senses, turning to look at her and nodding his head.

They held hands and went out of the peach forest.

Once outside, Evelin let go of his hand.

Tailor Feng You was still stuck in his own meditation, suddenly she let go of his hand, slightly startled, not quite understanding the situation.

But after releasing him, the little woman left him alone and walked forward on her own.

He was a little puzzled, but he took a few quick steps to catch up with her and reached for her hand.

But the hand had only just touched her fingers when the woman shook it off.

Evelin turned her head, looked at him with an unhappy look, and said fiercely, "Don't you touch me."

Tailor Feng was a bit confused by her fierceness and subconsciously asked, "What's wrong?"

Evelin's heart stagnated, the sourness growing more and more obvious, and with a cold snort, she didn't want to talk to him anymore, so she kept walking forward on her own.

Tailor Feng was baffled by her, not knowing where he had failed to offend her again, and had to follow along.

After walking a long way, Evelin didn't hear him speak again, so she turned around without a step.

Tailor Feng didn't expect her to stop when she said she would, and her steps made a sharp stop in place, almost hitting her.

He didn't reach out and help her shoulder with some amusement. Who fed you the bomb? What's the temper tantrum for no reason?"

Evelin wasn't so fussy in her heart originally, but when he said this, the fire came up.

Chapter 664

She opened her eyes wide and looked incredulously at Tailor Feng, gritting her teeth, "Don't you know what I'm angry about? What have you done that you don't have an AC count?"

Tailor Feng: "?????"

What did he do?

Why do we need ac numbers?

However, experience had taught him that no matter what the other person was angry about, it was always wrong to ask at this point, and to ask was wrong everywhere.

Don't worry about anything yet. Just apologize.

So, Tailor Feng came down very beguilingly and seriously, "I'm sorry wife, I was wrong."

Evelin stalled for a moment.

The fire that was about to go outward because I was wrong about that one sentence immediately deflated like a balloon that had been burst.

She looked at him, half-heartedly, and snorted.

"Don't think I'll forgive you just because you say you were wrong, huh?"

Tailor Feng saw the situation and coaxed, "I was really wrong, wife."

I said, and reached out and hugged her.

Evelin actually had already dissipated most of the fire in her heart, but she still couldn't help but ask after him, "Where did it go wrong?"

Tailor Feng: "....."

I'm tempted to say, "How do I know what I did wrong?"

But that was something he didn't dare say directly, thinking about it, going over in his head all the things he had seen and experienced along the way before, and finally his eyes lit up.

He looked at Evelin and said tentatively, "I... shouldn't keep staring at that woman just now?"

Originally he was just a dead horse trying out a question without much hope in mind.

But unexpectedly, Evelin's face really did change slightly.

With just a glance, Tailor Feng knew he had guessed it.

There was a big sigh of relief, but also a little celebratory sweetness.

He laughed, "Honey, you're just jealous."

It was in a somewhat indebted tone of voice.

Evelin lifted her eyes to stare at him fiercely at the words.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "Sounds like you're proud of yourself, doesn't it?"

Tailor Feng hehely laughed, shamelessly taking her into his arms and hugging her waist with a shameless smile: "Where can I?! I just think that I'm especially happy that you're jealous for me, which means you care about me in your heart."

Evelin snorted softly, not speaking.

Tailor Feng saw the situation and explained, "Actually, the reason I kept staring at that woman just now wasn't because she was pretty."

Evelin gave him a blank look, "I believe you're the one with the ghost."

Tailor Feng even held up his finger, "Really, I swear to God, no matter how pretty she is, she's not as pretty as you in my eyes, after all, you're my own wife aren't you?"

I said, and shamelessly leaned in to k*ss her.

Evelin slapped him away in disgust and said coldly, "Explain it however you want, I don't care anyway."

The arrogant little look made Tailor Feng lose his smile.

He shook his head helplessly and smiled, "You may not believe it, but if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe that such a coincidence could happen under the heavens."

Evelin saw that he seemed to have something to say, and although his eyes still didn't look at him, he quietly pricked up his ears.

As expected, I only heard Tailor Feng say, "The reason I kept staring at her just now is not because she's pretty, but because of her looks, which are similar to the ones I've seen before.

A person who passed was particularly similar, except that person died more than twenty years ago, which is why I was a bit distracted just now and thought I'd seen that person."

Evelin was stunned, not expecting this, and turned her head curiously.

"Someone you've met before?Who is it?"

Tailor Feng shook his head.

"I didn't know her, I met her through a photo that my dad had tucked away in a book, and one day I got bored and went to the library to look through a book to play and I accidentally found it, so I took the photo and asked my dad about it, and he said it was a good friend of his who had been dead for many years."

Evelin was so surprised that she subconsciously asked, "Then do you know that person's name?"

Tailor Feng shook his head, "I don't know, I didn't ask, and Dad didn't say anything."

Evelin fell silent for a moment.

The incident, if coincidental, was actually possible, but I don't know if it was just her mind, but it always felt a little weird.

Tailor Feng saw that her eyebrows had been lightly locked, afraid that she was unhappy, so he smiled and explained, "Well, don't think too much about it, there are so many similar-looking people in the world, maybe it's just two people who look more alike."

"What's more, I was only a few years old when I saw that picture, and children's memories are inherently inaccurate, so maybe I'm not sure if I'm remembering it wrong."

When Evelin saw him say that, she didn't say anything more, though she still had doubts in her heart.

Only then did the two of them join hands and happily head elsewhere.

And now, the other side.

In the peach forest, after the woman sent the young couple away, she sat down again, caressing the guqin on the stone table.

Like verdant fingertips caressing over the strings, they play a melodious tune.

But then, instead of continuing to bounce, she paused with her hands in the air.

For a moment, in the end, or lightly sigh, loose hand on the strings, said to himself: "It seems that today is not suitable to play the piano, obviously did not do anything, why the heart can not be quiet?"

Just then, footsteps sounded behind him.

A man came out of the depths of the peach grove and saw her sitting there thinly clad, his brow instantly knitted.

Walking past Cloud, he draped a thin jacket over her shoulders and said in a warm voice, "It's so cold in the forest, why are you out in so little?"

The woman looked up, saw it was him, and smiled.

"Brother Wen, it's noon, people are wearing strappy skirts in this weather, but I still have to wear a long-sleeved jacket, won't that make people feel strange?"

The man called Big Brother Wen paused for a moment, his eyes flashing with disapproval.

"Other people are other people, you are you, your own body is the most important thing, what do you care what other people think?"

In the meantime, he said, gathering up her clothes for her, and his eyes fell on the zither on the stone table, unnoticeably.

"It's getting late, stop playing, let's go back to lunch."

The woman did not refuse, and rose obediently to her feet.

The man took the initiative to step forward and reached out to hold the zither for her, his eyes inspecting her again to make sure there was nothing missing, and only then did this goodness move forward with satisfaction.

They didn't have to walk long before they arrived at a small, more remote restaurant.

The entire mountain resort is huge, so naturally there can't be just one restaurant.

Thus, the two were in a relatively secluded location throughout the mountain resort, with a themed restaurant opened on this side.

Once they were in the restaurant, the man helped her sit down in her seat and then dug right into the back of the kitchen.

Chapter 665

It didn't take long for a colorful and delicious meal to be brought out.

The woman looked at the food in front of her and asked Brother Wen, "Where's yours?"

The man with the surname Winn looked faint, "I've eaten."

He said, sitting down across from her and picking up a book to read.

The woman saw him like this and didn't continue to force herself to eat.

After finishing his meal, the man got up to clean up the dishes and greeted the shop's employees before leaving with her.

When walking on the road, because of the woman's exceptionally high face value and that rare and out-of-the-ordinary temperament, she would naturally attract a lot of frequent glances.

The woman was obviously a bit uncomfortable by such a gaze, gently tugging on the man's corner and whispering, "Brother Wen, they..."

The man's face was somewhat cold, and his gaze was stern as he swept around the circle of people looking over and said in a cold voice, "What are you looking at? Watch out for gouging out your eyeballs again."

Most of the people who can come here to spend money are either rich or wealthy.

Ordinary people may not be able to come here even if they have money.

Therefore, when the man surnamed Wen said this, someone was not happy.

"Who's looking at you? Is that gold on your face or are you just being selfish? The other beauties didn't even say anything about you being out here blind..."

Before the other party could finish his words, the man surnamed Wen's face went completely cold.

Making a move to go up to him and reason with him, the woman gently stopped him.

In the meantime, she seemed reluctant to start a public argument with someone, so she took the man named Wen and whispered, "Forget it."

Afterwards, he looked across at the middle-aged man with an understanding smile on his face.

"This gentleman, my friend is merely stepping forward to protect me so I apologize if I have offended you in any way with my words."

That middle-aged man wasn't actually unreasonable, he just didn't like the overbearing temper of the man surnamed Wen.

When I heard the other man say that, I laughed too.

I'm not sure if I'm going to be able to do that, but I don't know the name of this lady. Why haven't I seen that before?"

The man surnamed Wen said coldly, "There are so many women in the world, you've seen them all?"

The other side choked for a moment.

Seeing that her face was going to look bad again, the woman even pulled the man surnamed Wen behind her, then smiled gently at him, "I wasn't here before, I just came back from abroad, so of course I'll never meet you, I'm Aster Su, nice to meet you."

The other party asked for a name smoothly and burst out laughing.

"Aster Su, that's a nice name, Miss Su, my name is Li Qiang, I'm the general manager of the Li Group, here's my business card, nice to meet you."

So, he pulled out his business card and handed it to Suwan.

Aster didn't refuse, but after receiving it, he even looked at it carefully before putting it down in his bag.

"I have work to do, so I won't disturb Mr. Li's elegant mood."

Mr. Li smiled: "do not bother, do not bother, by the way, I live in the Yaxing side of the room, when you have time, you can come over to play ah, we know each other is destiny, can also be a friend can well."

Aster nodded and didn't say go, or not go.

Naturally, that Mr. Li was also a knowledgeable person and saw the situation and said no more.

They waved goodbye.

Only after seeing the man leave did the man surnamed Wen snort, "Weasels paying homage to chickens, no peace of mind!"

Aster looked at him and sighed.

"I'm sorry Brother Wen, it's all my fault for getting you into this."

The man surnamed Wen frowned as soon as this was said.

What kind of words are these?" he said in a sullen voice. "Between us, why do we need to talk about eventualities?"

Aster Su smiled faintly as she walked forward and said, "All these years, you stayed by my side and didn't go anywhere, taking care of me and protecting me, if it wasn't for you, I would have been gone more than twenty years ago, so how could I have survived until now?"

She said, seeing a small flower on the side of the road, stopping to reach out and gently touch the tiny petals.

Eyeing the delicate flower, it was again as if they were not looking at it at all, but at the misty distance of the air.

"I sometimes wonder if you hadn't saved me back then, and I hadn't survived, if you wouldn't have had a happier, easier life these past twenty years."

Wen Wenjun's face suddenly sank.

He stepped forward, pulled Aster Su's hand and said sternly, "So that's what's in your heart? Are you blaming me for saving you? Or do you still have that Feng man in your heart? Hasn't he hurt you enough? Why is it that even at this point, your heart still favors him?"

Aster was startled and looked at the angry man in front of him with a bit of a blank stare.

She said softly, "Brother Wen, I didn't mean that, I just..."

"Enough!"

Wen Wenjun suddenly let out an angry shout, he looked at Aster Su with extreme disappointment and said, "Don't lie to me anymore, do you think I don't know? Just now, over there in the Peach Grove, you met two young men, and that man looks a lot like him, doesn't he?"

"Is it because you saw him that you remembered the man? So, you've been unsettled because you simply haven't gotten over him yet!"

Aster pursed her lips and fell silent.

Neither a yes nor a no.

Her hand had still been held by Wen Wenjun, and her white wrist was pinched with a red mark by the man.

Wen looked at her, his chest rising and falling vigorously with anger.

It wasn't until her eyes caught a glimpse of the red marks on her wrist that she held out on her own that she snapped awake as if she had been suddenly burned by something.

He turned pale and immediately let go of her hand.

"Your hand..."

"I'm fine."

Aster took his hand back with great speed.

She was wearing a windbreaker jacket made of muslin with long sleeves, and he couldn't see the red streak once his hand was withdrawn.

She looked a little faint, not looking at him, her eyes only on the misty distance.

I don't know if he didn't want to look at him, or if he was running away from the rest of it.

She said softly, "Big Brother Wen, thank you for being willing to send me back to China this time, as for what you just said, it's nothing, you're the one who's thinking too much."

I said, suddenly bowing my head and coughing twice.

As soon as Wen Wenjun heard this coughing sound of hers, his heart immediately clenched and endless regrets came flooding back.

He shouldn't be angry.

Over the years, he thought he'd fixed himself up pretty well.

As long as he could stay by her side, he was willing to restrain all those fronts and tempers that he hadn't taken away in the first place into his heart and never show them again.