

Chapter 672

Only then did Aster nodded his head.

She lifted her head and looked at Evelin with a hint of apology, smiling gently, "I'm sorry Miss Evelin, I'm not feeling well, I need to go back to rest."

Evelin smiled, "It's okay, it just so happens that I'm going back."

And then, after a pause, "You don't know what's wrong with your health? My mother was also in poor health before, so I brought her to the capital for medical advice, but I met quite a few good doctors, so I can introduce you to them if you need them."

Aster smiled gently and shook his head, "No need, it's an old problem that I can't cure."

I said, turning to Wynne.

"Brother Winn, let's go."

Wen nodded and helped her stand up, then walked out.

Evelin watched their backs as they left, and only after a long time did this get up and leave.

What she didn't expect, however, was that it would be shortly after she left.

In the car park downstairs of the mall, Aster Su and Lone Ying, came upon a head-on coincidence.

At that time, Wen Wenjun went to the car and asked Aster to wait there, not expecting that only not two minutes after waiting, a car stopped in front of him, followed by Lone Ying getting out of the car.

The two men were facing each other head-on, both stunned, then both turned pale.

"Why are you here?"

Lone Ying was naturally furious, and she looked around to make sure that no one was there, before pulling Aster Su into the corner next to her.

Then, staring at her in a stern, angry voice, "Didn't I say you weren't allowed to come back? How did you get back here? What do you want?"

Aster Su stayed there, not yet able to react.

Suddenly an engine sounded, and then a black car crunched to a halt right beside it.

Wen Wenjun got out of the car with a heavy face and strode towards this side, pulling the still dazed Su Aster behind him.

"What are you doing?"

He bellowed angrily.

This roar didn't scare Lone Ying, but rather roared Aster Su back to consciousness.

She looked at the person in front of her and looked flustered, explaining incessantly, "Sister, I, I didn't mean to run back, listen to my explanation..."

However, Lone Ying didn't give her the chance at all.

She interrupted her directly, "Enough! Aster, how did you promise me back then? Whatever the reason, it cannot be an excuse for you to break the contract!"

When Su Wan heard her say that, she only felt her heart torn, and tears rolled down her eyes at once.

"Sister..."

Lone Ying looked at her and smirked, "What? Do you still think you can get back together? Do you want to seduce him again? Aster, how can you be so shameless? Who's going to see that weak look? You think I'm going to feel sorry for you? You're dreaming!"

"You shut up!"

Wen Wenjun couldn't hold back any longer, ignoring Aster's obstruction, he went straight forward and tugged Su Wan behind him.

He glared angrily at Lone Ying and said sternly, "Little Wan is a living person, she has her freedom to come back or go anywhere she wants, you have no right to interfere!"

Lone Ying looked at the man in front of her, and then at Su Wan with an incredulous sneer.

"Gee, I didn't see it coming, but at your age, how can a man be dying for you and desperately trying to protect you?"

Her gaze fell on Wynne's face again and she sneered, "Who are you to her? A lover? Husband? Tilt or nothing, right? Did she ask you to accompany her back?"

Wen Wenjun had a gloomy face and said coldly, "You don't need to know about our relationship, Mrs. Feng, you are also a decent person, you were once sisters at any rate, so why do you need to say such nasty things on such an occasion to bring each other down."

Lone Ying sniffed like she had heard some great joke.

First, there was an incredulous expression, followed by a loud laugh.

"Decent? That's really one of the funniest words I've heard today. She's the one who told you that we're sisters, right? Then I'm telling you right now, we haven't been sisters since the day she shamelessly seduced her own brother-in-law over twenty years ago!"

As soon as the words were spoken, everyone present shook severely.

Su Wan's face had turned white, and she tensed her body as she looked at the cold and stern-faced Lone Ying across the room.

Those bad memories of the past came flooding back into my mind, and tears poured down as if the floodgates had opened.

"Sister, I really didn't want to intrude on your life again, I just...I just wanted to come back for one last look..."

Lone Ying sneered, "A glance at what? Do you want to take a look at the man you've coveted for so many years, or do you want to see if I've had a good time with him and have a chance to take advantage of the need?"

"Aster, if I knew today would come, why did I save you in the first place? Why don't we just let you drown in the sea? That way you don't have to hide as much pain and I won't feel sick, don't you think?"

Aster Su was shocked and took two steps backwards, the words spoken by Lone Ying were like a knife thrust into her heart.

She bit her lower lip, halfway through, before shaking her head.

"Sister, I know that no matter what I say now, you will never forgive me, and in that case, I don't have to say anything more, so don't worry, I definitely didn't mean what you said, and since you don't want to see me at all, I'll disappear and go far away from you later, never to be seen again."

Lone Ying looked at her without speaking.

The coldness in the eyes, however, already says it all.

Aster Su's gaze dimmed for a moment, and then he took a step back, then curtsied deeply and bowed to Lone Ying before turning to the car.

Wen Wenjun saw the situation and knitted his brows deeply.

With a final cold glance at Lone Ying, he didn't say anything more and turned around to chase after her.

It wasn't until Aster Su got into the car and it left that Lone Ying let out a deep sigh of relief.

Her face was still very ugly, and she stared at the direction the car had left, and commanded the maid following behind her, "Go check for me, when she came back and where she's staying now."

The maid looked like Kee was a little older, having been with her since she was a child.

Nodding at the word, he responded respectfully, "Yes."

After Lone Ying gave her instructions, although she was still uncomfortable, she was at least a little better than just now.

She thought of how pale and fragile Su Aster's face was just now, it was a world away from how she looked when she was alive and well.

Her eyes were struggling, but in the end she didn't say anything else and stepped forward into the mall.

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That night, after Feng Xinglang returned home, he keenly sensed that something was wrong with Lone Ying's mood.

The face was gloomy, as if something big had happened at home.

He is now alone in the house with two sons away.

If there was anything that pissed her off, it was only myself that pissed her off.

After all, the Lone Warbler wouldn't let herself be so angry at the maid's mistake.

She was quite forgiving in that regard.

Even if there was usually a maid who made a mistake, she would at most say a few words, or at worst punish them again and forget about it, and she wouldn't stay gloomy about it.

Thinking of this, Feng Xinglang couldn't help but frown.

As you change your shoes at the door, you go over everything you've done today in your head.

But thinking about it, I left for work this morning, I was at the office all day during the day, I didn't even give her a phone call, let alone see her, it's reasonable to say that I shouldn't have a chance to make her angry.

A little more careful recollection.

It's not a wedding anniversary, nor is it anyone's birthday, nor is it a holiday.

He didn't call or send gifts, and he wasn't late getting home.

To sum it up, that's what he didn't do wrong.

So what is she so angry about?

Feng Xinglang was not a wife-bearer, yet because of an incident from a long time ago, he always had a touch of guilt stored in his heart towards Lone Ying.

So in life, too, she will often be reluctant to be bothered with her.

As long as she's happy, he'll let her get away with whatever he can.

So, in the long run, to the outside world, it becomes that the chairman of the Feng family is very powerful on the outside, but is actually afraid of his wife.

Feng Xinglang was somewhat speechless at these rumors, but didn't bother to defend himself.

It's good to be afraid of your wife, it saves a lot of faffing around, and he's happy to be quiet.

Thinking so, he changed his shoes and headed inside.

"Yo, what's going on here? Who lit our dynamite packet today? So angry?"

He was laughing and joking as he took off his jacket.

Trying hard to try and break the awkward and stiff situation in front of him.

However, none of the busy maids who filled the house dared to utter a word.

Even Lone Ying, who was sitting on the sofa, just glanced up at him and stopped looking at him, even more so with a lazy expression.

Feng Xinglang stalled.

There's a feeling of having touched another soft dingbat.

He was a little helpless, but the lone warbler ignored him.

So they headed to the dining room, asking as they did so, "Is dinner ready?"

A servant respectfully replied, "Sir, it's done."

"That's about time, let's eat."

The maid responded respectfully, then turned to the kitchen.

After Feng Xinglang gave his instructions, he turned around to see Lone Ying still sitting on the sofa, looking like she was clearly sulking.

I thought about it, but in the end, I walked back and pulled her arm.

"Hey, dinner's ready."

However, the hand had only just touched the Lone Warbler's hand when she shook it off.

"Don't touch me!"

Feng Xinglang was stunned.

If it was just a suspicion that she had made her angry, then now that she was so disliked, it was a certainty.

He was momentarily confused and frowned as he asked, "What's wrong with you today? I'm not bothering you either, so why are you mad at me?"

In fact, he was more or less aggrieved, after all these years, it had been him who had been apologizing to Lone Ying to admit his mistakes, and Lone Ying had always been cold and indifferent to him.

No matter how patient a person is, after being coldly confronted by such an attitude for a long time, he will still be a little discouraged in the end.

He sighed, there wasn't much he could do about it, so he just said, "If you're angry again dinner is better, and besides I don't seem to have messed with you today, so what's the matter with you?"

This time, Lone Ying finally lifted her head and looked at him.

She looked at him and was silent for a few seconds before suddenly asking, "Where have you been the last few days?"

Feng Xinglang was stunned.

Some didn't respond to her question.

But soon, he responded and answered honestly, "I'm all at the office, I'll be back from work, what's wrong?"

Lone Ying sneered, "Are you sure you didn't lie to me?"

Feng Xinglang was even more confused, "Why would I lie to you? Besides, Willow and the others have been following me, and in the company your eldest son can also testify for me, do I have to lie to you?"

Lone Ying thought about it, which was true.

Feng Xinglang dared to lie to her, but Feng Yan didn't dare.

His whereabouts these days, just ask Feng Yan back.

Thinking about it like that made her feel a lot better.

And no longer cold, his eyes softened considerably and he said, "Okay, let's eat."

Afterwards, he walked to the dining room.

Feng Xinglang was baffled by her being so hot and cold, not understanding what was wrong with her at all.

But since she's already willing to eat, that means she's not very angry.

Thus, Feng Xinglang didn't bother to investigate the reason for it and followed along to the dining room.

After eating, Lone Ying went out onto the balcony by herself and made a call to Feng Yan.

Feng Yan doesn't live in the old mansion anymore either, he's been living out in his own house since he and An Qiao got married.

Anjo hadn't really been brought back once officially, and the lone warbler wasn't in a hurry.

She knew that both of her sons had big ideas, and that she, as a mother, would at best serve as a mascot in the house to them.

Truly what she says, they won't listen.

Thinking this way, I feel a bit lost again.

But none of that is what matters right now.

In her heart of hearts, she didn't want to clutch her son for the rest of his life, either; they were grown up and were supposed to have their own lives.

She wasn't a mother who had full control of her son's valley debt and didn't bother to worry about it.

Even if the woman Tailor Feng was looking for wasn't from the entertainment industry, even if her family background was poor, she wouldn't have disagreed as much as she did now.

Lone Ying dialed the phone over, and shortly after, there was an answer.

"Hello, Mom?"

Feng Yan's low, magnetic voice came from the other side.

Lone Ying took a deep breath and asked, "Yan'er, I'm asking you something, you have to be honest with me."

Feng Yan was stunned, seemingly surprised, "Mom, what's wrong?"

"Nothing much, I just wanted to ask you if your dad has been staying at the office for the past few days and has he been out in between?"

The other side was silent for a few seconds.

Soon, Feng Yan's voice with a slight hint of concern came over, "Mom, did you guys fight again?"

Lone Ying rolled her eyes, a little impatient, "No fight, why are you asking so many questions? Am I asking you or are you asking me?"

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"I'm telling you, I'm the one asking you now, to tell me the truth about your father's whereabouts over the last few days."

"I'm warning you, if what you've told me is even slightly different from what I've found out for myself, I won't spare you."

Feng Yan burst out laughing at this.

"Mom, how old are you guys? You still suspect my father?"

His tone was laughing, and he was clearly a bit of a spectator.

Lone Ying was furious when she heard it.

"Feng Yan! Who are you with? What do you know about grown-up things? Hurry up and tell me!"

Once Feng Yan heard that his mother was angry, he didn't dare to gag with her anymore, so he gave her a full report of Feng Xinglang's itinerary in the past few days.

Lone Ying frowned as soon as she heard that she went out to socialize a few times midway.

"Who do you think he went out to dinner with halfway through?"

Feng Yan helplessly explained, "Mom, that's the head of SK's Asia Pacific region, and since it's an old friendship with Dad for many years, you have to entertain him when you come over, so we had a casual dinner together, which should be nothing, right?"

Lone Ying sneered, "You followed them for dinner?"

Feng Yan nodded his head without hesitation, "Yes, I followed along."

"No one else?"

"Who else could there be?"

Hearing him say that, Lone Ying stopped talking for a moment.

The other side saw her fall silent, and seemed to realize that she had been a little too aggressive.

After all, it's his mother, and Feng Yan can't bear to see her sad, so he kindly enlightened her again, "Mom, don't worry, Dad is so honest outside, and there's only you in his heart, you really don't need to worry."

Lone Ying still didn't say anything, and only after a long time did she say, "Alright, I know, that's it, hang on."

"Eh, good."

After hanging up the phone, she turned and walked to the house.

In the living room, Feng Xinglang was sitting there reading today's evening paper.

Paper is long gone now though, and people just use their phones or computers for everything they read.

But Feng Xinglang still retained the habit of reading the paper newspaper every day.

He sat there, seemingly reading a newspaper, but only he knew that his attention was not at all on the paper in front of him.

Instead, he was engrossed in the movements of the woman on the balcony.

When he heard footsteps, he knew she'd finished her call and come in.

So busy withdrawing his ears and eyes, he cleared his throat and pretended to be concentrating on the newspaper in front of him.

After Lone Ying entered the house, she saw him sitting there, but she didn't say anything.

Until the next day, when a story suddenly popped up on the Internet.

The story goes that someone coincidentally ran into someone on the street who looked very much like singing diva Aster, who died more than 20 years ago, and stole the video.

When the news was broken, it immediately caused a stir across the internet.

Who is Aster Soh?

That was 26 years ago, a singing diva all over Asia.

Its sweet voice and pretty, gentle looks exploded onto the music scene and became the object of many fans' pursuit.

Not only that, but she also plays the piano well, no matter what instrument it is, she's got it at her fingertips.

At that time, it was said that someone had counted that the men who chased her and wanted to marry her home alone could be lined up from Kyoto to Visterdem.

Aster's popularity is so high, but there have been few rumors about him

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Until later, one day the news suddenly broke that the ship she was on while out at sea had the misfortune to encounter a tsunami and was buried in the sea at that time.

This incident caused a great stir at the time.

Countless fans were devastated to learn the news.

Aster has only been on the scene for two years, releasing twelve songs and covering countless golden hits.

And yet, at such a young age, the fragrance perished.

Not to mention fans who love her, even those who are unfamiliar with her will be unable to help but feel sorry for her when they hear this news.

And now, someone has popped up, someone who looks exactly like Aster Su?

How does this not raise curiosity?

However, the news did not ferment quickly on the Internet.

Because after all, it's been twenty-six years since Aster was a hit.

Then again, she was only two years into her career when she died, and even though she had countless fans, she still left behind fewer works and a fan base that was generally older, so the time has passed and is rarely mentioned now.

The older generation barely remembered her, let alone the younger ones of today.

I'm just afraid that I've never even heard of the name Aster.

That was why even Evelin, who was in the entertainment industry, didn't react much when she heard Su Wan's name.

Because her fan base was already an older generation.

But how many of the old timers still have access to the Internet?

So, the news just started coming out and was just noticed and forwarded by some people who knew her.

But then one of her superfans, who found the posting and saw the photos taken by the peeps, was instantly amazed.

It's simply too similar.

Exactly, it couldn't even be said that it was like, but it really was like it was the living, breathing Su Aster himself!

He was a huge fan of Aster, and even though Aster had passed away twenty-six years ago, twenty-six years ago, he was only a teenager, so he was no more than about forty now.

At this age, it's not far from the online world, or even a regular visitor to it.

When he saw the news, he looked at the woman in the photo, who looked almost exactly like Aster.

The original silent heart perked up.

Is it really her? Is she back?

When the ship was in trouble, there was no recovery of Aster's body because after all, it was an accident in the ocean, and the salvage work was carried out with great difficulty due to the inexperienced skills of the time.

So, after 48 hours of recovery with no results yet, the rescue team gave up.

Now that I think about it, could there have been some kind of opportunity for her to survive?

Even though he knew the possibility was slim to none, or even just an obsession of his.

After all, there aren't many people in the world who look alike, so maybe it really is just a coincidence.

But after all, it was a glimmer of light seen in the darkness and no longer wanted to give up.

So this person just reposted the posting, and also went through his years of treasured photos and sang out videos, and wrote another essay about the life of Hetero So, and posted it together.

This guy is on the internet and is a marketing V.

Usually, he also does some explosive postings, but these postings are not limited to the entertainment industry, they are from all industries, and their authenticity is more reliable, so he has a lot of loyal fans.

At the time, this was posted, it got a lot of immediate feedback.