

Chapter 687

It would put scary little mice and cockroaches in her lunchbox, it would tear up her freshly written workbook, and then together they would laugh at her aggravation.

What's more, because she's so young, the older boys are starting to develop and have a sense of manhood and womanhood, and see her as pretty and nice and small and unattractive.

So one by one they put their claws into her.

Naturally, they didn't dare to do anything too excessive, after all, if the dean found out, they would be punished.

But they would force her to undress, rub it all over her, and rub some disgusting white stuff on her.

The small, not even ten-year-old Aster experienced the most disgusting, painful, darkest thing in the world.

So when the lone family came to the orphanage with the intention of adopting a child and ended up picking the skinniest, most unassuming looking one of the children in the yard, she was chosen.

She was surprised, and after the surprise came ecstasy.

She could finally leave this place, finally be free of those demons' control, and have a brand new life of her own.

So she went with the lone man without hesitation.

As it turned out, the days that followed were very good indeed.

When she first arrived home, she was uncomfortable, uptight, and scared.

Afraid they won't like themselves, afraid they'll throw themselves away again.

So she doesn't dare to talk much, or eat more, or even speak out loud.

Later, with her mother's patience and nurturing, she finally dared to speak out loud and smile happily.

She grew day by day, her skin began to turn pale, and she grew taller, outgoing and widely talented.

At this time, she also had a suitor, and in everyone's eyes, she was no longer the unassuming ugly duckling, but a beautiful white swan.

But, ah, there will always be that lack of fairness in this world.

God knows how hard she had to work during those years to train to be that generous and sunny and confident.

But in that house, no matter how well she did, there was always someone who was over her.

That person is the Lone Warbler.

She's so pretty, so out there, she's not gentle enough, but a lot of people love her and think she's spicy and straightforward.

She is not talented enough, but people think it does not matter, anyway, she is very smart, and when she takes over the family business in the future, she will still be better than everyone else.

She even always liked to look at people with her head held high, and cast her eyes out with a hint of reviled contempt.

But none of them would say she shouldn't, and everyone took it for granted.

The more she did, the more she lined up against Aster, who stood beside her, looking pleasingly at the others, the more timid and cowardly she became.

Just like an even more beautiful white swan, standing in front of the beautiful and dazzling phoenix, it will still be overshadowed.

From that time on, she realized that she couldn't compare to the Lone Warbler.

Even if she poured her life's work into it, she would never reach the heights she did.

So she gives up, she doesn't pursue or want to compare, until that person comes along.

That really was the light of her life! How could she be willing to lose the light she had so easily found?

The sister who is better than her in everything has already gotten so many things in this world, so why would she want to steal this one thing from her?

In the past, Aster really didn't understand.

Later, it was as if she was coming to understand some of it, but she knew that the mistake had been made and could never be undone.

Her thoughts drifted far away, so far away that it seemed as if she was experiencing her life all over again in a pouring moment.

The happy, the sad, the sad, the happy...the scenes all seem to come together like a movie scene.

Until then, she hadn't noticed.

It turns out that somehow it had been that long.

Things that were so distant, so long ago that they seemed like they had been experienced in a past life, and were thought to be long forgotten.

But as it turns out, she has never forgotten, but rather has been renewed through the years, only to be thrown in that obscure corner where she doesn't want to see it.

Aster fell silent.

Lone Ying looked at her with a condescending gaze, her eyes calm and indifferent, "You keep saying that you are wronged, but you forget that all this was never meant to belong to you in the first place, and today you told me that you know you were wrong and begged for forgiveness, how do you think I'm going to forgive you in the face of this?"

Aster Su shook fiercely.

It was as if something had been gently shattered in my heart, quietly, but painfully.

Half a dozen times, she managed to stand up.

"I see."

She whispered, raising her hand to wipe away a tear from her eye.

Even in how awkward and humiliating the situation was, she seemed to retain a noble grace about her.

"Don't worry sister, from now on...I won't bother you again."

She barely smiled, as if mocking herself, but there was a sadness in it.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be off."

I said, "I'm going to bow out."

In the meantime, Lone Ying's willow brows suddenly spoke, "Wait!"

Aster's footsteps paced.

Just saw Lone Ying step towards the bedroom, and soon, she came out with something in her hand.

The only thing I saw was a thick file bag, and inside the bag, all the envelopes of various colours!

Aster's face went white.

Lone Ying tossed the bag into her arms and said in a soft voice, "You can take these with you!"

With trembling fingers, Aster opened the bag and looked at the envelope, finding that it was all sealed and hadn't been opened at all.

She looked up, not daring to look at Lone Ying.

"You didn't read them all?"

I told you, I won't trust anyone who betrays me in this life, and I won't read any of the letters you've sent here over the years, so don't bother with this anymore."

The colour of the blood on Aster's face instantly faded and was ghastly white.

She trembled with trembling fingers and held the stack of never-opened letters.

"I know, don't worry sis, I won't...ever again."

Afterwards, she took a hard step out of the room.

Lone Ying kept seeing her out until the person was completely out of the doorway, and only then did this look ease up.

She lowered her eyes slightly, not knowing what to think, and smiled to herself.

I'm not going to be able to do anything about it, but I'm going to be able to do something about it.

But what else can we do!

Are we done with this?

Chapter 688

Even if those old wounds heal, the scars are still there, and even if you forgive, does your heart agree?

Do you really think that two people can go back to the way they were after what happened?

Lone Ying sighed and stopped thinking about it, and after packing her things, she headed to Feng Xinglang's hospital room.

And now, the other side.

Tailor Feng receives an invitation from a friend, and has a game to go to at the bar tonight.

Since having Evelin, he rarely goes out anymore, and usually if he is free, he is mostly at home or visiting Evelin's shift on the set.

They had a great underground romance and today was the first time he had been invited out since their marriage.

His friends didn't know about his marriage, so lately, seeing that he hadn't come out, they just took it as an inconvenience because the family was banging on tight, so they didn't ask much.

Before Tailor Feng went to his appointment, he also made a special call to Evelin, who was filming on the set, to report on the situation.

Naturally, Evelin had no opinion.

She didn't really like to control people, and didn't think there was anything wrong with that, and although Tailor Feng used to be a flowery wanderer, she knew that he wasn't like that in nature.

Besides, there are some things you can't defend against even if you want to, so you might as well not defend against them.

So, in a very generous gesture, she just agreed.

It was nine o'clock at night when Tailor Feng arrived at the bar.

After working late, I came over after dinner.

It was late for other places at this hour, but early for a place like a bar.

The lobby was staggered with tables of people, and he was led all the way to the VIP box by the waiter, and as soon as he opened the door, a blast of music hit him.

"Oh my dear ancestor, you've finally come."

Someone immediately ushered him over, and we hooked up, quickly becoming part of the lively feast.

And meanwhile, the next box.

Wynne is also drinking with a group of people.

This group of people, none of whom were domestic, some were blonde, some were bearded South Vietnamese, and all of them looked rather rough and mineral.

Most of them had tattoos on their arms, several of them, and scars on their faces.

Talking and drinking in the same rough-mine, bold style, and there were several others in the house smoking big cigarettes.

The whole compartment was so smoky that even the air became a bit smoky because of the smoke.

These people have a very different style than Wynne, so when he shows up here, it's inevitably a little awkward.

But looking at the way these people were treating him, and as if they already knew each other, there was no communication problem at all.

"Win!" A bearded man suddenly slapped him on the shoulder and asked, "How about the last time you said you were returning to China for an errand? Are things done?"

Wen Wenjun looked up at him, obviously the two men were much weaker compared to each other.

But for some reason, with just that one glance, it seemed as if he was a little higher.

The bearded man's strength, however, was not weak.

He was smoking and didn't rush to answer, but after finishing a cigarette, he thumbed it out in the ashtray before saying, "Done."

The bearded man had originally looked at his face and thumped his heart.

Now after seeing him answer, he was relieved and smiled again.

"Just get it done, that's a good thing isn't it, you should be happy, why do you look now, not too happy?"

The bearded man is a foreigner and doesn't speak Chinese very well.

Okay, so some words don't do it justice.

Wen Wenjun chewed on the word "good".

A half-smile and a snicker.

Yes, it does do good.

I'm afraid there's only one other man in the world who's been as stupid as he's been, doing good things for years.

Just thinking of Su Aster's chocolate-covered face, Wen Wen Jun was only troubled.

Picked up the glass of wine on the table and tipped it back down.

Beard didn't understand what he was thinking.

But anyone with eyes could see that he was in a bad mood.

Next to him, the others saw the situation.

There were two blond men who looked at each other, whispered something, and then, came over with glasses of wine.

"Hey, why are you drinking alone? Do you want us to call you a pretty girl to keep you company?"

They were all speaking Chinese, but you could tell by the accent that the Chinese wasn't very good.

Wynne looked at him and shook her head.

"No need."

"Win, come on! There's an old saying in your country, "There's no grass at the ends of the earth, so why love a flower unrequitedly!"

He laughed hip-hop and put his hand on Wen Wenjun's shoulder, continuing to advise, "Men, to come out to have fun is to be happy, there are so many beautiful women in your country of China, why mope around here for that one, don't you think?"

The man leaned in with a strong scent of cheap perfume from women.

Wynne frowned and gave way with a subconscious displeasure.

He said coldly, "No, you guys drink, I'm going out for some air."

Afterwards, he got up and walked out.

The blond man threw a cold face at him, first stiffening, then his face sank.

Behind Win's departure, he made a gesture to stand up, but was pressed down by the man next to him.

The man shook his head silently at him, and only then did he push down his anger and allow Winston to leave.

Wen didn't go far, but stood in the hallway just outside the box.

In fact, the air in the compartment was bad, and the air here wasn't much better than inside.

Places like this are sound and foul, and in general they're a mess.

With his hands on the railing, he watched the hot, energetic girls dancing on the stage below, but there was no love valley owed in his eyes.

There was just endless apathy and hatred.

Why?

Why?

He didn't understand why, after all the work he'd put in, after all the years he'd held on to her, in the end he was still less important than that person in her heart.

He had thought that she had deep feelings for herself even if she didn't like herself.

He didn't care if she still loved Feng Xinglang or not, maybe that position, could never be replaced, that was to blame for him showing up too late, he admitted.

But he couldn't care less, in his heart, besides Feng Xinglang, there were actually other people who were more important than him.

So in the end, what was he really to her?

Thinking of this, Wen Wen smiled to herself.

Just then, a hot, scantily clad woman staggered over.

She seemed to have had too much to drink and was wobbly in her walk.

At the sight of him, a clear face blossomed.

Chapter 689

"What are you doing here all alone, handsome? Is there no one to keep you company? Look, let me keep you company, okay?"

I said, and the whole thing pounced.

Wen Wenjun was unprepared and was pounced upon by her in the cold.

The original subconscious was to push the person away, however just at the moment when the hand touched the woman's body, a soft fragrance suddenly hit the nose.

He was startled and slightly distracted.

Looking at the woman in front of me, I only felt as if the images were reversing and hallucinating.

Immediately after that, the soft, pale face of Aster Su was seen.

"Heterodox."

He cried out in infatuation, ecstatic.

Hetero, is that you?

You didn't want to leave me alone after all, so you came looking for me?

He couldn't help but reach out to the woman and keep calling out, "Heterodox."

In the corridors of the noisy nightclub, the woman's lips were hooked in a seductive light smile, one hand gently on his shoulder, her voice soft and compelling.

"Yes, I'm Heterodyne, I'm here for you, will you come with me?"

"Well, I'll go with you, I'll go anywhere that has you in it."

There was no emotion on the woman's face as she watched his infatuation.

There is just endless calculation and indifference.

It was one o'clock midnight when Wen woke up again.

He was awakened by a splash of cold water.

When I opened my eyes, I saw a bright light in front of me.

He closed his eyes with some discomfort, and then opened them again to see that this was a lavishly decorated villa.

And he was now sitting in the villa's living room, all tied up with rope.

What is this place?

What's going on?

His face turned pale and, thinking back a little, he realized he only remembered that he had been drinking at the bar with some friends and had forgotten everything else.

What's going on?

Wen Wenjun's heart was very panicked.

And this panic, unreservedly, was all over the face.

He gulped, trying to see if anyone was around.

But head spinning and looking around in a big circle, he noticed that it was all quiet and no one else was there but him.

Wen wasn't a so-called good man or woman of any kind, so something like being kidnapped wouldn't scare him.

What would really scare him was the unknown.

It was not knowing who was kidnapping him, let alone that they had an agenda.

It was like an invisible giant net that was so heavy that he didn't even know where the breakthrough was.

Wen hated to feel this way.

So he couldn't help but shout out.

"Anyone? Anyone there?"

However, the only thing that responded to him was a hollow echo.

Or none at all.

That tremendous sense of panic was suddenly even worse.

He struggled a few times, and found that the rope on his body, though it looked simple, was actually tied very trickily, and no matter how hard he struggled, the rope was tightening and tightening, with no sign of loosening at all.

Wen Wenjun gulped.

On second thought, I simply stopped struggling and sat still, waiting.

And now, in the first floor study.

Feng Xinglang was discharged from the hospital yesterday, and after he was discharged, he didn't go directly back to the Feng family's old house, but had himself tied up by Wen Wenjun and arrived here.

When he came over, Wynne was still awake.

So, he just stayed in the study and didn't rush down there to see his reaction first.

Next to him, Feng Yan was there, and this was the thing that Feng Xinglang commanded and Feng Yan went to do.

Looking at the man who was sitting quietly on the floor, Feng Yan sneered.

"He's quick to calm down so quickly, though."

Feng Xinglang nodded as well.

"Yes, it's already good to have such composure for someone of their status who lives on the tip of a knife all year round, encountering something like this is inherently dangerous."

Feng Yan turned his head to look at his father.

After a pause, in the end, he didn't hold back and asked, "Dad, how do you know he did the car accident?"

Feng Xinglang laughed bitterly.

He didn't say why, a reason he didn't want anyone to know.

That's because that day, before his accident, he witnessed a person passing outside through the window of his car, and that person was Wen Wenjun.

He later awakened and sent a private investigator to check it out.

Finding out that Wen Wenjun was with Aster and had been with her for years was just a slight reflection.

The reason he was reluctant to make a public spectacle of it was that he even hid it from Tailor Feng.

It was because he didn't want to bring up the old story about himself and Aster.

As for Wen, he has a complicated background, and if you set aside the love affairs, he doesn't want to offend someone with such a deep background.

After all, the Feng family was no longer the same.

Now, most of the energy has been diverted to the malls, the unclean forces, who have long since quit.

But that's the way the world works, and those who have a body are afraid to die.

It is said that a barefooted person is not afraid to put on shoes, so to speak.

So, he didn't want to cause trouble for his children and grandchildren over a little personal matter, and most likely a misunderstanding.

He sighed heavily at the thought.

"Push me down."

When Feng Yan saw that he didn't answer, he didn't pursue the question and pushed the wheelchair he was in outside.

Feng Xinglang was cleared to be discharged from the hospital though.

But his injuries were still too severe after all, and he was able to leave the hospital because the Feng family had their own family doctor, and a lot of the stuff about healing would be better at home.

And this way, the lone warbler wouldn't have to stay in the hospital, which would be a more convenient thing for anyone.

But Rao doesn't mean that he's now able to move freely.

So now, whenever he has to go anywhere, he still has to be in a wheelchair and can't move around, and he can't even be around less people to take care of him.

When he was just released from the hospital today, he said he was coming out to do something, and the lone warbler was still upset.

Feeling that he was trashing his body at will.

Feng Xinglang was helpless, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Finally, I could only laugh bitterly as a sign of my frustration.

Feng Yan pushed him downstairs, and soon, the two of them caught Wen Wen's attention.

When he saw that it was them, Wen Wen was also shaken hard and quite surprised.

"Is that you?"

Compared to his surprise and dismay, Feng Xinglang was far more generous.

He even had a gentle smile on his face and said, "Mr. Winn, long time no see."

Wen Wenjun's face turned pale.

A half-hearted, dismissive snort.

"What have you tied me up here for? And what does that mean?"

I said, and lifted my hand to show the rope tied to my hand.