

Concubine 401

Chapter 401 He Finally Found Out!

“...”

Three black dots appeared above Su Ji's head. Three seconds later, she replied, “I know.”

...

“Then why would you?” Casar wanted to say something, but he hesitated. Perhaps she really didn't know how much teasing she was teasing a grown man. He reorganized his thoughts and said earnestly, “I know that your boss is indeed a very capable and charming person. Even if you don't have a boyfriend, you must know that...”

Su Ji was quite interested in the information related to Pei Huai. “What?”

Casar glanced at the tightly shut door, as if he could not bear to tell her the harsh truth, but after some struggle, he decided to tell her.

He looked into her eyes and said, “he has a girlfriend.”

Su Ji: “...”

She felt that she had just wasted 30 seconds of her life.

Su Ji leaned back in her chair. “Of course I know.”

Casar was shocked again.

This girl was really bold.

However, not only did he not hate her, he liked her even more. What should he do?

In the end, rationality prevailed over emotions. Casar moved his chair closer to her. “Since you both are taken, you should have a sense of boundary. Even I, someone from XBY, felt that the way you picked up his chopsticks just now was too intimate. Next time...”

Su Ji understood and interrupted with a smile. “You're mistaken. We are actually...”

Before she could finish speaking, Pei Huai finished his call and pushed the door open. His gaze fell on the two people who were next to each other. His tone was cold. “Why are you sitting so close?”

Casar subconsciously pulled away and then realized that he was trying to help Su Ji. What was there to feel guilty about?

Su Ji's words were interrupted.

Casar found a random excuse. “I'm talking to my housemate, why are you so anxious?”

Pei Huai opened Casar's document unhurriedly. “Do you need to send all the assistants outside to talk to your housemate?”

Casar took out a cigarette to hide his guilt. "We're talking about the show. It's confidential. The fewer people who know about it, the better."

Pei Huai signaled to the waiter with his eyes. The waiter nodded and turned on the air filter in the room.

When Casar saw that he had finally opened his document, he calmed down and stopped talking about other things.

Although the food was to her liking, Su Ji was 80% full and did not want to eat anymore. She started scrolling through her phone.

Pei Huai looked at the documents and glanced at Su Ji from time to time.

He saw her playing with a piece of veal between her chopsticks, but she kept going back and forth without putting it into her mouth.

He felt like feeding her.

The preliminary results of the calligraphy competition had not been released yet, so Su Ji was browsing the entertainment news.

Zhou Xuefang's crying was ranked 19th on the trending searches. Su Ji did her the honor of clicking on it and saw the exciting footage.

Zhou Xuefang was probably drunk. Her eyes were as red as a rabbit's and she was crying. Unfortunately, the netizens did not buy it. Not only did they not sympathize with her, but they even took screenshots and made them into emojis.

There was also a video of her manager, Chen Jing.

In the short video, Chen Jing raised her hand to block the camera. Her tone was cold as she expressed that she was no longer working with Zhou Xuefang. She hoped that everyone would pay more attention to her new artiste, Fang Shuangshuang.

She was quick to change.

The top trending searches were basically all news related to "Cohabitation".

Ever since it started airing, their show had dominated the rankings for several days in a row.

As "Cohabitation" received more and more attention, the fans gradually formed groups. There was no need to search for detailed information about the guests. There were already a bunch of people who were ready to answer those questions.

Su Ji knew a bit about everyone. Pei Xi asked her to do her homework in advance.

However, a piece of information about Dr. Wang Yi caught her attention.

Wang Yi returned to China last year. According to the exposé, he had been working at the National Institute of Life Sciences ever since.

He also mentioned that he went to work at the research institute every day.

After he became popular from the show, many fans wanted to go to where he worked to take a shot of him

Everyone knew that the National Institute of Life Sciences was mysterious and sacred. Ordinary people couldn't enter. They just wanted to take a picture of Dr. Wang Yi driving to the research institute.

In the end, no one managed to capture Dr. Wang Yi entering and leaving the research institute.

One of Wang Yi's fanatical fans had been waiting since six in the morning. She looked at the cars one by one, but she did not see her idol!

This puzzled the netizens.

Doesn't Dr. Wang Yi work here?

Why couldn't they get a shot?

If he didn't come here for work, then where did he go?

Recalling the mysterious bottles and jars in his room...they suddenly had goosebumps.

Su Ji was engrossed in reading the news, while Casar and Pei Huai were discussing the next stage.

Before the smoke from Casar's cigarette could reach Su Ji, it was filtered out by the air filter.

Seeing that Pei Huai was not relenting, Casar tried to appeal to his emotions. "You definitely won't be at a loss. Also, just do me a favor. Don't make me lose face in front of my girl."

"Your girl?" Pei Huai's gaze slowly landed on him and he frowned.

Now that Casar knew Su Ji's intention, he thought that it might be better to say it aloud, "you have a girlfriend, but I'm single." He looked at Su Ji. "I've taken a fancy to that girl. This time, I've come to China partly for you and partly for her. If I get the project, I'll be able to impress her."

His tone was quite sincere, but he did not notice that Pei Huai's face was dark.

If he did not say this, Pei Huai would have given him the project.

However, at the moment he would not even see the shadow of the project.

"You're interested in my girlfriend?" Pei Huai sneered.

Casar was puzzled that he did not understand. He continued, "your girlfriend? I said I'm interested in..."

As he spoke, Casar suddenly froze.

He finally understood.

"You mean Su Ji?" Casar almost choked on his cigarette. He was coughing hard, but he did not wait for himself to recover before he continued asking, "she's your girlfriend???"

He raised his voice. At the dining table, Su Ji also looked away from her phone screen and glanced at them.

Chapter 402 More Handsome Than You, And Richer Than Me

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When they left the clubhouse, the Casar was still numb.

...

That's right, Su Ji attended the XBY awards ceremony. No wonder Pei Huai was there.

Su Ji was the one he accompanied to the Gothic cathedral.

They didn't each have a boyfriend and girlfriend, they were each other's boyfriend and girlfriend!

No wonder Pei Huai, who had such a cold personality, would have a cameo in a television drama. No wonder the staff members were so polite to them...

Casar punched the front passenger seat. "Damn it, that kid beat me to it again!!"

The driver was almost scared out of his wits. When he turned his head and met Casar's unhappy expression, three black lines appeared on his head. He had no idea what had happened to this man during lunch.

The driver gulped. "Don't worry, the cameras aren't on."

Of course, Casar didn't care about that. It didn't matter to him whether the camera was on or not.

The project could be put aside for the time being.

However....the girl!

At this moment, it was as if the broken string in his mind had suddenly been connected. When he found out that Pei Huai was Su Ji's mysterious boyfriend, everything became clear.

Other than the Pei Corporation, who else could have such power to do that on her birthday?

Su Ji, on the other hand, came down from the clubhouse half an hour later. The two of them walked at a steady pace, one after the other, but surprisingly in sync.

The car was still waiting for Su Ji. The driver was dozing off.

Someone knocked on the car window. The driver woke up. He lowered the car window and met CEO Pei's smiling eyes.

He seemed to be in a good mood after leaving the clubhouse with Su Ji.

Pei Huai asked him to leave while he drove Su Ji back.

The driver was stunned. "Oh, okay. Sorry to trouble you, CEO Pei."

Pei Huai nodded slightly and took Su Ji into his car.

The roar of the supercar rang out. As he turned his head to look at the road, a scratch mark appeared on the side of his neck. A thin red mark crossed the tendon on the side of his neck.

The red mark rubbed against his collar and stung.

Pei Huai said, "it's quite painful."

Su Ji glanced at him. Her gaze fell back on her phone. "You brought it upon yourself."

After Casar left, Pei Huai said that he had not seen her for a few days and that he wanted to kiss her, but he almost couldn't stop himself.

Su Ji scratched him.

Casar's affectionate confession had obviously woken something in him.

When they reached the house, the car stopped by the roadside some distance away. Pei Huai looked at Su Ji, "stay away from Casar."

Su Ji picked up her bag and deliberately angered him. "I'll go to bed with him tonight."

Pei Huai wanted to lock the car door, but he restrained himself and watched her get out of the car worriedly. "Be good."

It was not a demanding tone, but more persuasive.

Su Ji waved at him.

When Su Ji reappeared in the livestream, the netizens found it strange.

["Why did Su Ji come back later than Casar?"]

["Who is the one discussing business today??"]

["And why did wifey walk back? Didn't they go in a car?"]

However, their questions were unanswered.

Xiao Ken returned a few minutes before Su Ji. When he went into his room to change, he saw Casar sitting by his bed near the balcony, smoking.

"I heard that you guys played King of Kings today?"

"Did she play well? I really didn't know she played this game."

"Girls usually play King of Kings for the skins, right? What mage did she choose?"

He had just returned from playing basketball with Tong Le and was covered in sweat. He opened the wardrobe and grabbed his t-shirt, lifting it off his head.

Casar did not reply to any of them. He just smoked quietly.

Xiao Ken finally realized that something was wrong. He turned his head to look at the camera again. As expected, the camera was turned off, and the Casar's mic wasn't with him.

He was in high spirits when he left the house in the morning, but he was completely dejected at this moment.

He wondered what could have made him so sad.

Xiao Ken also took off his mic. He took a step forward and sat on the bed next to him.

“Get lost.” Casar didn’t hold back at all.

Xiao Ken smiled. He knew that the CEO was not a clean freak. “You’re so rich, do you really need this much money?”

“Besides, don’t they all say that if you lose a business deal, you’ll gain an advantage in love? Of course, I’m not referring to Su Ji. Su Ji is mine, but you might meet your true love soon...”

“I saw her boyfriend.”

He didn’t intend to say it, but Xiao Ken’s words made him want to destroy him then and there.

They could both die together.

Xiao Ken stood up and walked to him. “You saw him? Do we know each other?”

Without waiting for an answer, he quickly thought of two other more important things, “is he as handsome as me? Is he as rich as you?”

Casar blew a smoke ring at him slowly and said, “more handsome than you, and richer than me.”

For a moment, he was not sure if Casar was answering or just repeating his question.

After all, this answer sounded unbelievable.

Casar’s look gave him the answer.

The room fell into a strange silence.

Xiao Ken began to understand where Casar’s sense of defeat came from.

Impossible!

Was there still a man in this world who was more handsome than him and richer than Casar?

This matter did not conform to the law of conservation of energy!

Casar was not interested. He had a cigarette in his mouth and was scrolling through his phone in boredom.

It was the first time in his life that he had fallen for a girl, and he was given such a huge blow.

If Su Ji’s boyfriend was any other person, he was confident that he could woo her...

The prince was indeed a little hurt.

He opened the music app on his phone and wanted to listen to a Chinese song about broken hearts.

However, he wasn’t familiar with Chinese songs, so he searched for the word “lovelorn” and the first song that popped up was called “Lovelorn Alliance”.

He felt that it should be quite suitable for the occasion, but in the end, it was an upbeat song.

He sighed and brought the cigarette to his mouth. He locked his phone and the room returned to silence.

When Casar exhaled the smoke for the third time, Xiao Ken couldn't help but be curious. "Tell me who he is. Let's see if I can accept it or not!"

Casar did not keep him in suspense. He looked into his eyes and said the name.

Chapter 403 Helping My Wife Win

On the first floor, Duan Shengquan finished some data analysis and was very satisfied with CEO Pei's appearance today.

What surprised him even more was that CEO Pei's appearance had caused the viewership to skyrocket again. Moreover, he did not ask for copyright fees from them!

...

It was awesome.

Duan Shengquan ordered a big meal for the guests. When everyone arrived, he looked at Su Ji happily. "CEO Pei gave you so much face this time. This shows that Blue Whale really wants to nurture you. You must work hard in the future and perform well to repay the agency and CEO Pei..."

He thought that CEO Pei might be watching. However, no one really reacted to his words.

All the female guests knew about Su Ji and Pei Huai. As for the male guests, after what had just happened, only Li Shuguo did not know the truth. He chuckled and said, "Director Duan is right."

"Alright, I understand."

["The workplace is like a battlefield. Su Ji, you can do it!!"]

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Two days later, the preliminary results of the National Calligraphy Competition were out.

Su Ji immediately noticed that "Helping My Wife Win" was ranked at the top of the list.

That night, after Su Ji talked to the director, he prepared a small room without cameras for her to teach calligraphy.

This was not the first lesson after the new year, but it was the first lesson after the preliminary round.

Su Ji printed out the nickname of the person who was first on the list and pasted it on the wall behind her. As soon as her students showed up, they could see it.

Regardless of whether they passed the preliminaries or not, they all shared a common enemy!

No one knew who the person was. All they knew was that the person was really good.

After Su Ji's lesson, before she turned off the camera, she threw a dart at the center of the piece of paper with the name written on it.

At the same time, a CEO, who was having a meeting and attending the calligraphy class at the same time, felt a pain in his forehead.

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Many people in the entertainment industry knew that Su Ji knew how to write in the Huajin script style, but it was not necessarily the case for people outside the entertainment industry.

Wang Yi came out of his room and was about to go to the kitchen downstairs to get himself a glass of water when he happened to pass by Su Ji's room. She opened the door and came out.

Wang Yi saw that the rice paper in her hand was still wet and looked like some kind of ancient book. He seemed to be interested and stopped to chat with her.

He pushed up his glasses, and the lenses reflected the faint light from above. "May I have the honor of admiring it?"

Su Ji handed it to him. At the same time, she looked at him and asked, "Dr. Wang, did you go to the research institute today?"

Wang Yi put down the cup. He nodded, but he was not paying attention. "Yeah, I go there almost every day. "

Su Ji did not say anything. She looked at him with a suspicious look.

Professor Wang looked like an honest person. He was definitely not a liar, but how come the netizens didn't manage to take a photo of him at the research institute?

Wang Yi looked at her writing.

Su Ji rolled it up very casually. Some of the words had been smeared, but one could still tell how beautiful it was before it was smeared.

"You wrote this?"

Su Ji said yes.

Wang Yi nodded.

As expected, a girl who could capture Pei Hua's heart must be different.

He looked at it for a while and said with uncertainty, "this is...Huajin..."

Su Ji nodded, "I didn't expect you to recognize it. It's the Huajin script style."

"I know a bit about it, but I'm not proficient in it." Wang Yi was very humble.

"Huajin script style...was a script style from thousands of years ago. It's impressive that you can write it."

He did not often praise others, but he was very sincere when he praised Su Ji.

He was passionate about things like that.

"Professor Wang, are you interested in ancient script styles?"

Wang Yi nodded hesitantly. "I guess you can say that."

Su Ji said, "I know a friend. Not only does he know the Huajin script style, but also those from other dynasties..."

Wang Yi looked at her and carefully helped her roll up the papers, "actually, this live stream is also a very good educational platform. We shouldn't waste such a great exposure. If there's a chance, you should invite your friend to the house as a guest. We can teach the netizens about the script styles of each dynasty. It will be educational and entertaining."

He was right.

Before Su Ji went upstairs, she told Director Duan about it.

Director Duan was very supportive.

Since the calligraphy competition was in full swing, introducing the ancient script styles in the live stream at this time would be in line with the country's goal.

Then, Duan Shengquan asked Su Ji when her friend would be free.

"Tell him that we'll reimburse him, it won't be a waste of time."

Su Ji thought about it and asked instead of answering, "how much can you give him?"

Recalling how well that person had planned, Su Ji had reason to believe that the amount of money would determine if he would and when he would be coming.

Duan Shengquan: "..."

Last time, on Pei Huai's birthday, the birthday present Su Ji gave him was painted by that person. From the fact that the painting was still hanging in Pei Huai's study, he probably still didn't know that it was painted by him.

Su Ji never had the time to thank him for this.

At this moment, she spoke righteously, as if Professor Wang had possessed her. "I think money should be spent on promoting Chinese culture. Actually, the live stream is also a very good educational platform. Such a large amount of exposure should not be wasted..."

Needless to say, Wang Yi's words managed to convince him. In the end, Duan Shengquan offered a very good price.

When Su Ji returned to the room, Nan Miaomiao had already gone into the bathroom to take a shower.

An out-of-tune singing voice was heard amidst the sound of water.

Su Ji propped up a big, soft pillow and leaned lazily on the bed.

She found Bian Tong on WeChat and sent him a message.

She first told him that she wanted to invite him to the house to talk about ancient script styles.

She could see that he was typing for a while. Judging from the speed of the reply, it was obvious that he was looking for a reason to refuse. However, before he could send it, Su Ji sent another message with the price Duan Shengquan offered.

There was a pause before the word 'typing' appeared again for two seconds.

[Bian Tong: "When?"]

[Bian Tong: "It is my duty to promote our culture."]

Chapter 404 Do You Like Older Women?

Three days later was an auspicious day for traveling and meeting relatives and friends.

Bian Tong chose this day to come to the house.

...

He was wearing a mask and a hat. He was dressed in black and looked suspicious.

Jiang Cuiqin and Ji Xi were also interested in calligraphy, so they stayed in the house today.

After Bian Tong arrived, he shook hands with everyone.

["The expert in calligraphy recommended by Su Ji should be worth listening to!"]

["Su Ji's class is usually worth tens of thousands of yuan. Today, there's a free lesson. Don't miss it!!!"]

["He seems to be a handsome guy. His eyes are so beautiful! Why is he wearing a mask?"]

Bian Tong only took off his hat.

Ms. Fang asked him if he wanted to take off his mask because he would be on camera.

Bian Tong politely refused. "That's fine. "

["Taking off your mask will affect your looks. We understand!"]

["It's good that you don't, lest our fantasies are shattered!"]

Then, he whispered into Su Ji's ear, "It's not convenient for me to show my face."

Su Ji glanced at him and met his mysterious eyes. "If you said that earlier I wouldn't have asked you to come."

"How can I refuse Pei Huai's girlfriend? "

"Cut the crap."

But in fact, he didn't lie. He accepted jobs based on his mood. Of course, he wanted to earn money, but not any kind of money.

He was a cautious person.

He came here today because it was Su Ji who asked.

As soon as he saw Jiang Cuiqin, Bian Tong felt that her eyes were familiar.

She was similar to the lady he met at the Calligraphy Association, although Jiang Cuiqin was much more beautiful and had a much better temperament.

“Young man, you look so serious.” Jiang Cuiqin’s eyes sparkled. “What do you do?”

Bian Tong had many jobs, so he picked the one that was easiest to explain and said, “I’m a lawyer. ”

Jiang Cuiqin’s eyes lit up.

According to the survey in the past two months, the most popular professions were lawyers, doctors, and university professors.

[“I remember that Ms. Jiang has a son, right? Why is she so interested in handsome young men?”]

[“Recently, I discovered that Ms. Jiang is not only interested in handsome guys, but also beautiful single girls.”]

[“All of you, go and review the trailer! Ms. Jiang loves matchmaking.”]

Ji Xi also introduced herself to Bian Tong. She liked painting and calligraphy.

Bian Tong’s gaze lingered on her face for a while.

[“Mr. Bian is also a fan of Ji Xi, right?”]

[“Ji Xi’s fans are going to be so jealous!”]

Bian Tong stared at her for a while, and the netizens were more and more certain that he was Ji Xi’s fan.

But he was not.

After a while, he shook his head.

It had been a long time since he had seen the face of a femme fatale...

The calligraphy lesson began.

Bian Tong was quite familiar with this.

In the Calligraphy Association, he was often surrounded by a group of old ladies. He would stand in the middle of the crowd and write.

Today, he was writing while explaining to the netizens, which was also something that he was familiar with, so it was not difficult.

Su Ji had also written a piece of calligraphy. Jiang Cuiqin picked it up and admired it several times. Ji Xi said that if her calligraphy was beautiful, she would be good at painting.

[“It’s worth it. It’s definitely worth tens of thousands per lesson!”]

[“I really admire those who can write with a brush. How can their hands not tremble?”]

After that, Su Ji did not take up much of Mr. Bian's screen time and handed the stage to him, allowing him to express himself freely.

She sat at the side and scrolled through her phone. When Bian Tong introduced the style of calligraphy that she was interested in, she would also listen carefully.

There wasn't any interesting news, except for the follow-up news about Wang Yi's mysterious whereabouts.

Some paparazis were also pursuing this matter. They were definitely not as passive as the fans. The news was a video of a street interview by a paparazzi.

The shaking lens and the blurry image showed that it was taken secretly.

The reporter stopped a middle-aged man who came out of the National Institute of Life Sciences. Just by looking at his clothes and the height of his hairline, one could tell that he was not an ordinary man.

"Hello, does Dr. Wang Yi work in the research institute?"

The middle-aged man was stunned for a moment and looked at the paparazzi suspiciously. "Wang Yi? Why are you looking for him?"

The paparazzi continued to ask, "why haven't I seen Dr. Wang Yi coming here? Could it be fake? Does our National Institute of Life Sciences allow such things?"

The middle-aged man realized the identities of the people and his tone became a little more stern. "Dr. Wang is a respected member of our research institute. He is definitely not a fake."

The paparazzi asked, "can you tell us where he works?"

"I'm sorry, I can't," the middle-aged man said firmly. He then called for security. The video behind him shook violently and was cut off very quickly.

The paparazzi posted the video online and the netizens had different opinions.

However, most netizens still believed that Wang Yi could not be a fake and condemned the paparazzi's behavior as very immoral.

However, one thing was certain. The mysterious aura around Wang Yi was getting stronger.

Jiang Cuiqin's laughter pulled Su Ji's attention back.

When she looked up again, Bian Tong said something, and the usually elegant Jiang Cuiqin was laughing!

Su Ji shuddered and got up to join them again.

She realized that Bian Tong was really patient with old ladies. He rarely looked at girls his age.

Su Ji waited for him to finish writing a piece of calligraphy before lightly touching his shoulder. She asked in a voice that only the two of them could hear, "do you like older women?"

The age gap was a little big, but Su Ji accepted all forms of true love...

“Older women?” Bian Tong paused for a moment and quickly glanced at Jiang Cuiqin. He seemed to have understood something and coughed awkwardly. “You’ve misunderstood.”

Women older than him?

Anyway, he had never met one.

The morning passed in a flash. The netizens initially thought that they could not stay for more than ten minutes, or some simply wanted to take a look, but in the end, they stayed for the whole session!

Jiang Cuiqin insisted that Wang Yi stay for lunch. Bian Tong was paid by the hour today, so he agreed.

Jiang Cuiqin ordered a meal and sent a message to the group chat. However, those who already had plans would not be back. After three days of depression, Casar asked Pei Huai out again today, wanting to fight him to the death.

To Su Ji and the others’ surprise, Dr. Wang Yi, who usually did not return to the house at noon, came back today.

Chapter 405 Bian Tong’s Secret...

When Wang Yi returned home, he was still wearing a white coat and saw Bian Tong wearing a mask.

Su Ji introduced them to each other, and Wang Yi shook hands with him. “Mr. Bian, nice to meet you.”

...

Bian Tong glanced at the badge on his white coat that belonged to the National Institute of Life Sciences, then looked away without batting an eyelid. “Nice to meet you.”

Wang Yi took off his coat and went to wash his hands.

Jiang Cuiqin, who was practicing, put down her pen. “I didn’t expect you to come back early. Are you not busy today?”

Wang Yi’s voice came from the bathroom. “It’s alright.”

Su Ji glanced at the coat he had draped over the back of the sofa.

He seemed like he was busy working.

Beside him, Ji Xi had also written something.

The audience was complimenting her handwriting.

However, Ji Xi didn’t seem to like it and was too embarrassed to show it to Ms. Jiang. She wanted to put it away, but Jiang Cuiqin said, “no, Director Duan said that he wants to put our calligraphy up for auction on the official website. The money will be donated.”

Ji Xi stopped when she heard this. “I see. Thank goodness you said it.”

Many netizens waited for the organizers to take photos and upload them to the website.

They were all auctioned at low prices. If they could get their favorite idol's calligraphy and do charity at the same time, it would be very meaningful.

At the dining table, Wang Yi looked at Bian Tong's oracle bone inscriptions. Below them were the scripts from a later period.

As he read them, Wang Yi's gaze gradually fell on Bian Tong.

He seemed to be trying to size him up through the mask.

Seeing that everyone else had started eating, except Bian Tong, Wang Yi smiled politely and said, "Mr. Bian, please take off your mask and eat."

Su Ji looked at Bian Tong and then at the pile of food in his bowl. Jiang Cuiqin put them in his bowl.

Perhaps because she herself reincarnated, Su Ji somehow understood why Bian Tong did not want to take off his mask and show his face in public.

"Why don't I help you..." Su Ji wanted to find an excuse to help him leave, but Bian Tong misunderstood. He moved the bowl of food toward him protectively. "No, thank you."

Su Ji: "..."

Bian Tong looked down at his bowl of rice, his beautiful hand slowly reaching to the side of his mask.

["Is Mr. Bian finally showing his face??"]

["Looking forward to it!!"]

["Will my fantasy be shattered? I'm so conflicted!"]

Wang Yi was also staring at Bian Tong.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Bian Tong picked up a huge mouthful of rice with his chopsticks and a piece of pork belly. He took off half of his mask at lightning speed and stuffed a big mouthful into his mouth. Then, he immediately wore his mask again. He was so fast that it was as if nothing had happened. By the time everyone's minds caught up, his mask was on and he was chewing slowly the food

Su Ji: "..."

Wang Yi: "..."

["Did anyone get a screenshot??"]

["I didn't even see it!"]

["Did he just move? If it wasn't for the fact that the rice disappeared, I would have thought that I was seeing things!"]

After that, Bian Tong did the same thing and finished the entire bowl of rice without letting anyone see what he looked like.

The netizens were preparing to take a screenshot, but they either captured him taking off his mask with his hand covering his face, or he had his head lowered.

Not a single part of his face was revealed.

[“He is too fast!”]

Ji Xi and Jiang Cuiqin looked at each other and smiled, thinking that Su Ji’s friends were very interesting.

In the end, not a single grain of rice was left in Bian Tong’s bowl. He calmly raised his chin at Su Ji as if asking, “see how powerful I am?”

Su Ji silently clapped for him under the table.

After lunch, the staff had already started to take photos of everyone’s calligraphy after getting everyone’s approval. They were ready to post them on the website.

Wang Yi put on his white coat again. There were still a lot of things for him to do at the research institute.

Bian Tong left with him, but not in the same car.

A scientist was passionate about their field of research. After the meal, Wang Yi thought that he might be a little too sensitive. Perhaps Mr. Bian was just interested in ancient scripts.

The two of them parked their cars side by side and chatted for a while before getting into the car.

Wang Yi said, “you are multi-talented. When you are free, we can meet up.”

Bian Tong said jokingly, “those who contact me often tend to be involved in many lawsuits. Dr. Wang, please don’t contact me.”

Wang Yi shook his head and smiled. Just as he was about to turn around and get into the car, a few pieces of calligraphy fell.

Wang Yi bent down to help him pick them up.

They were written in modern scripts.

Bian Tong paused for a moment. Seeing Wang Yi’s confusion, he smiled. “I’m not a famous person and my handwriting is not worth much, so I took them with me.”

“I see,” Wang Yi seemed to have seen something, and he said warmly, “you are self-deprecating.”

Bian Tong left the calligraphy written in ancient script styles with the organizers.

The one Wang Yi saw was written in traditional Chinese characters from the end of the late Qing Dynasty. He also wrote a poem from the same period.

Wang Yi’s eyes lit up.

Bian Tong noticed his expression and took the calligraphy from him, “I’m sorry, Dr. Wang, I’m pressed for time today. Let’s talk another day.”

Wang Yi nodded and got into the car.

Bian Tong had called for a taxi.

He thought that it was not worth it to buy a car.

Wang Yi lowered the window of the driver's seat and asked Bian Tong to leave first.

When Wang Yi's car was the only one left in the courtyard, he started the car and called his assistant at the research institute. "Apply for the things from last time. I'll need them at the research institute later."

The assistant was stunned. "Professor, are you referring to the relics left behind by the songstress at the end of the Qing Dynasty?"

Wang Yi mumbled an affirmation. He connected his phone to Bluetooth and put his hand on the steering wheel.

"Okay, I'll go and apply for permission now."

The assistant seemed to have realized something. "Why so sudden..." He sounded a little excited. "Is there any progress?"

Wang Yi's car drove away from the house. "Don't ask so many questions. Go and prepare..."

Chapter 406 Who is This Idiot?

That night, Wang Yi didn't return for dinner. He told them that he had a lot of work.

Xiao Ken guest starred in a game show during the day. When he returned at night, he was still sweating. He quickly went to the fridge to get a bottle of drink, pulled the tab with one hand, and took a big gulp.

...

["Damn!"]

["I'm dead!"]

["Does anyone know what show he was on? I want to watch it!"]

Each of them became more popular after being on "Cohabitation".

Xiao Ken, who usually played drums or basketball in his free time, had also received many invitations.

However, he was more interested in sports or music.

Xiao Ken casually wiped his neck with the towel. He stood in front of the large open refrigerator to cool himself down. He held a bottle in one hand and looked at his phone to read Wang Yi's message.

"Did he get caught by returning to the house during the day?"

In the living room, Su Ji comfortably nestled herself on the sofa and played games on her phone.

"No," she said.

She was playing absent-mindedly and thinking about other things.

Xiao Ken looked at her with a smile. The fridge door slammed shut, and he finished the remaining half of the drink.

From his current position, he could only see the back of Su Ji's head.

She had an enviable amount of hair.

Su Ji was aggressively beautiful. Although she looked like a vixen when she drank too much, very few people had seen that side of her except Pei Huai. Therefore, in the eyes of most people, she was a cold person.

However, her hair looked soft. Just by looking at it, one could imagine how it felt to the touch.

She had a face that one wouldn't want to mess with, but staring at her back made him want to protect her.

He really liked her.

The more they lived together, the more he liked her.

As Xiao Ken thought about this, he suddenly remembered that she already had a boyfriend. Most importantly, he was more handsome than him...

Narrowing his eyes, he moved to the front of the sofa. He gradually saw Su Ji's face, which was so pale that it could defy the heavens.

The young man sat on the armchair beside her and played with the empty drink bottle on the coffee table. "Will you play with me after this?"

Su Ji looked away from the screen and glanced at him suspiciously. "Do you know how to play?"

Xiao Ken laughed. "I, Lu Bu, am ranked in the national server~"

Su Ji shifted her gaze back to her phone. "Wait until I'm done with this round."

["So celebrities play this too. I feel like I'm one step closer to becoming a celebrity!"]

Casar had just returned home from his business meeting with Pei Huai. He did not drink because Pei Huai did not want to drink with him.

Seeing that Su Ji and the others were also there, he took off his tie and threw it aside. He sat on the armchair beside Su Ji and sighed. "Girl, your boy..."

He swallowed the word "friend" the moment he saw the camera. "Your boy boss sure knows how to torture people..."

["F*ck, he looked so cool taking off the tie!"]

["What the hell is a boy boss? Does she have a girl boss?"]

Su Ji's fingers moved quickly and she did a triple kill. "Really? He never tortured me."

“Are you sure?”

Su Ji: “...”

A few images flashed through her mind, and her fingers stopped moving for a few seconds.

Casar wanted to tease her, but he was immediately killed by her words. “Maybe he did.”

Su Ji did not say anything else.

Casar was dead.

That kid was so lucky!

Damn it!

Xiao Ken coughed, “excuse me, I’m barely an adult.”

Casar glanced at him.

[“What are they talking about? Why don’t I understand?”]

[“They have only been living together for a few days and they already have secrets??”]

Xiao Ken invited Casar to play with them later, and Casar agreed. He immediately took out his phone and waited.

“I don’t want to play with him,” Su Ji refused immediately.

Casar said, “hey, don’t be like this. The more the merrier.”

Then, he asked Xiao Ken to invite him to form a team.

Xiao Ken wanted to form a five-man team, and he wanted to invite the girl who played Diao Chan last time.

In order to forget about Su Ji as soon as possible, he planned to focus on another girl.

He hadn’t added the person as a friend, but he could still find her in his game history.

But she was in another game at the moment.

In addition, she was still short of one more person. Xiao Ken saw that Su Junye was online, so he invited him as well.

He was also there when they played with Diao Chan last time.

Su Junye agreed instantly. After he joined the party, he started to talk non-stop in the channel.

[“Who is KS? Are they from the house?”]

[“Why don’t you turn on the voice chat later? Let the netizens all over the country hear my magnetic voice.”]

[“KS? Male or female?”]

Casar waited for Su Ji to finish her game and invited her out as soon as possible. Then, he saw Su Junye chattering away.

He frowned evilly. "Who's this idiot?"

Xiao Ken covered the radio and replied, "Su Ji's little brother."

Casar, who did not know their complicated relationship, froze for a moment. He shamelessly changed his words immediately. "He must be a very cute little brother."

Su Ji chuckled and covered the mic. "Don't be embarrassed. My brother is an idiot."

Casar raised his eyebrows.

["What are they talking about?"]

["You probably need to learn Morse code!"]

As the sound of victory rang out, Su Ji ended the game. As soon as she logged out, Casar's party invitation popped up.

Su Yi sighed and accepted

They needed one more team mate.

Xiao Ken warned Su Junye through WeChat. He told him that his sister would be in the game later and that he should not mess around. If he dared to make his sister angry, he should be blocked immediately.

Casar said impatiently, "you're the only one left. Who did you say you wanted to invite? If they are not coming, I'll just invite someone."

"She's coming right away!" Xiao Ken switched back to the game interface. In order to avoid missing Diao Chan, he was monitoring her status.

Then, Xiao Ken realized that Diao Chan was already on another team.

"What the f * ck? Who's so fast?"

Chapter 407 Old Master Pei's Crush

He tried to click on the invitation button a few times, but the system did not respond.

She was snatched away the moment he looked away for a few seconds?

...

Seeing that Casar's patience was running out, Xiao Ken quickly switched back to WeChat and asked Su Junye to see if he could invite Diao Chan.

They had played together the last time, and there were records of it.

Su Junye returned to the game interface and stared blankly at the familiar account in his team.

["Haven't you already invited Diao Chan?"]

[“She’s in our team?”]

Su Ji and Casar looked at Xiao Ken, who was acting strangely.

Diao Chan...

Su Ji looked at her brother’s and Xiao Ken’s avatars and found them familiar.

Xiao Ken returned to the game and saw that Diao Chan was really in his team.

He was a little confused.

If all five of them had joined the team, why was there still one person missing?

He looked at the accounts one by one...

He looked up. “Why isn’t Su Ji in?”

“Are you playing or not? She’s already in!”

“?? ”

First of all, he was definitely not blind.

Then, Casar said that Su Ji was in the team.

Therefore, there was only one possibility. Diao Chan was...

Xiao Ken was petrified, but Su Ji had already realized it.

It seemed like the two of them were the ones who matched with her at Xu Ni’s coming of age party.

Anyway, she didn’t really want to play with Casar.

She sensed something interesting between Bian Tong and Wang Yi and that it might have some inexplicable connection with her reincarnation. She couldn’t help but think about it.

She put her phone away and slid it into her pocket. “Forget it. Since there’s one less person, we’ll play next time...

With that, she got up and walked towards the elevator.

If looks could kill, Casar would have done it a hundred times by now. If Xiao Ken was not dawdling, Su Ji would have stayed!

[“I understand the pain of missing one person!”]

[“Tell us your account IDs and we’ll join!”]

However, Xiao Ken was not in the mood to care about Casar.

He was hoping to focus on Diao Chan to forget about Su Ji, but Diao Chan was Su Ji!

With such fate, should they not be together?

Soon, Su Junye was the only one left in the game room. Su Junye, who didn't know what had happened, was still asking in the team channel.

["Why aren't you playing anymore? It wasn't easy to match with Diao Chan!"]

**

The charity auction began that night. When Su Ji finished washing up and returned to bed, the auction results were out.

Jiang Cuiqin's calligraphy was sold for 35,000 yuan, and Bian Tong's were sold for several thousand yuan each.

But then, Su Ji saw her and Ji Xi's calligraphy...

Ji Xi's final bid was 1 million.

Su Ji's was 1.11 million yuan.

This price was a little too high.

Looking at the bidding record, Ji Xi's bid record showed that the first few bids seemed reasonable. No one bid up by hundreds of thousands, but an overseas account immediately bid one million. It was the final bid and the person did not intend to be outbid.

Su Ji's was even more interesting. After the overseas account bid for Ji Xi's painting, he also offered a million for Su Ji's painting, as if he wanted to buy it for someone, but as soon as he offered the price, another account added 110,000 and finally bought Su Ji's calligraphy at a lucky price of 1,110,000 yuan.

"Aiya, CEO Pei is really rich! "

A voice came from the bed next to hers. Nan Miaomiao, who had just taken a shower, was lying on the bed reading a script. She held her chin with one hand and put her phone, which had many small accessories hanging on it, aside. She had just seen the results of the auction.

"A little," Su Ji's seemingly low-key words almost made Nan Miaomiao vomit blood.

She glared at her before going back to reading the script.

Su Ji called Pei Huai. He was waiting for her to call him after the live stream ended for the day.

Since Su Ji moved in, they would call each other every night. During the day, they might text when Su Ji was free.

As usual, the call was picked up very quickly. Su Ji teased him, "just an additional 110,000? Aren't you stingy, CEO Pei?"

Pei Huai laughed. He knew what she was talking about, but...

"Yes, because that's not me."

"?"

Pei Huai replied, "it's my grandfather. He was competing with my father. "

Su Ji laughed too. "Your grandpa is so cute."

She had always been curious. "Why does your grandpa want to find you have a girlfriend who's in the entertainment industry?"

Pei Huai said, "is this strange?"

Su Ji pulled open the balcony door and walked outside. The door closed behind her. Nan Miaomiao glanced at her and mumbled something that could not be heard clearly.

Su Ji rested her elbow lazily on the balcony railing. The spring night breeze blew her hair back and forth. "In the past, it might not have been so strange. But now, it is. Your second brother's ex-wife, and now your father...isn't it strange that he still likes female celebrities?"

Pei Huai scratched the space between his eyebrows. His girlfriend could not be fooled. "Actually, he had a crush when he was about Xingxing's age. He went to a concert with my great-grandfather. According to him, although that woman was no longer young, she looked very charming when she stood in front of the microphone and sang in a velvet dress. Her eyes were full of emotions."

"So he became a fan?" Su Ji asked.

Pei Huai replied, "he was very obsessed. Later on, he met my grandmother and she looked like that woman, so he fell in love at first glance. Grandpa was very good to my grandma, but it was still far worse than how I treat you. In short, perhaps because of that woman's influence, he didn't have the prejudice that wealthy families usually have against celebrities at that time. Despite Pei Song's past, his feelings were unaffected."

Su Ji didn't expect Old Master Pei to be a diehard fan since he was three years old. She smiled. "What's the singer's name?"

She wanted to see how beautiful she was.

Pei Huai replied, "Xiao Lingxian."

Chapter 408 Something Soaked in Formalin...

Su Ji hung up and went back to bed. Then, she searched for Xiao Lingxian.

Then, she realized that this woman had a complicated background.

...

She clicked on a few news articles that mentioned her mental illness but the web page had been deleted.

Perhaps it was because she captured the hearts of many people in that era, so there were indeed many people talking about it. All the strange things that happened to her made her very mysterious, even though it had been a long time.

There was only a grainy photo of her that was circulating on the Internet. In the photo, she had a classic perm of that era. Her willow-shaped eyebrows were thin and curved, and her red lips were soft and tender.

She was indeed beautiful in all kinds of ways.

When Su Ji exited the browser page, she accidentally switched back to the auction page.

She remembered that Bian Tong had written some traditional Chinese characters that were very beautiful.

She wanted to admire it, but she realized that the works he posted on the website were all written in ancient script styles.

**

When Wang Yi returned to the house, it was already 4:30 in the morning. The sky was faintly blue. It was very quiet. The early birds were chirping on the branches.

The car engine was turned off. Wang Yi took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyebrows.

His mind was filled with thoughts of what had happened today, but there were still too few clues.

After a while, he picked up his glasses and put them back on. He picked up the thick stack of documents on the passenger seat, opened the car door, and entered the house.

Unexpectedly, he bumped into Xiao Ken at the elevator, who had two big dark circles under his eyes. He had just come out of the soundproof room on the first floor and was about to go upstairs to catch up on his sleep.

It was still dark in the house, and the two men silently greeted each other in front of the elevator.

Xiao Ken looked much more haggard than Wang Yi. He smelled of alcohol, but it wasn't very strong. He was also holding an empty beer can in his hand.

Although the temperature had risen in the past two days, it was still quite cold in the early hours of the morning. However, Xiao Ken was wearing a sleeveless tank top, jeans, a baseball cap, and headphones around his neck.

He didn't look very happy.

"Did you play drums last night?" The elevator arrived. When they entered the elevator, Wang Yi spoke first.

After Xiao Ken went in, he turned around and faced the elevator door. "No, I wrote a song."

No matter how good the soundproofing of the soundproof room was, he would not dare to play drums in the middle of the night when everyone else was asleep.

He wrote a song.

It was said that people who were heartbroken were good at writing songs. The more miserable the song, the easier it was to become popular.

He didn't believe it and wanted to give it a try.

He had just uploaded the demo to the Internet with a few simple words.

When he returned to his room later, he planned to catch up on his sleep. If the song did not get any traction when he woke up, it meant that he was not miserable, or...he still had a chance?

Wang Yi nodded perfunctorily. "Rest early."

A few hours later, the bright morning sun shone on the earth. Wang Yi slept for a few hours. He woke up with the others who needed to get up early and went to the research institute as usual. He did not start late just because he had worked overtime last night.

Xiao Ken slept all the way until noon. When he woke up, the song he posted in the early morning was trending.

["The rapper can sing love songs so well!"]

["Please release the full version of this song!"]

["I felt emo listening to it in the middle of the night."]

Xiao Ken didn't get the feeling that there was still hope.

His unfinished demo had exploded overnight!

This time, Xiao Ken was completely depressed.

In the evening, the guests returned to the house. Xiao Ken volunteered to cook and heal himself with delicious food. Ji Xi also made the egg fried rice that everyone loved last time.

Ever since they assigned cleaning duties, everyone followed the cleaning schedule. However, when it came to cooking, they still ordered food most of the time. When they were free, people who were passionate about cooking like Xiao Ken and Lu Shang would take turns to cook. Li Shuguo and Jiang Cuiqin would also cook for the others sometimes. Jiang Cuiqin's cooking was perfect for the ladies..

It was very exquisite. If one didn't chew it 20 to 30 times, one would not feel like they ate anything.

When everyone was busy, Casar's servants would also help.

Su Ji sometimes volunteered to help and everyone said that it was enough for her to have the intention.

In general, the task of cooking was not too difficult. Mainly because the female celebrities ate very little at night. Su Ji glanced at the food at every meal. If there was nothing she liked, she would simply not eat. She did not feel hungry either, as if she was about to become an immortal.

However, at times like this, she would usually receive a phone call from Mrs. Xu Mingzhi at night. She was also curious about how her mother could see which meal she had not eaten when she was so busy with work every day.

Later, when she chatted with Pei Xi, Su Ji found out that Pei Huai had been talking to Madam Xu on the phone recently.

Tonight's dinner was lively. There was Ji Xi's egg fried rice and Xiao Ken's Western food. It was rare for everyone to eat together. Nan Miaomiao herself craved Ji Xi's Yangzhou Fried Rice, but she made Su Ji

eat it too. She could not gain weight alone. (PS: Recently, her face has become more natural. She can smile and frown now.)

Su Ji glanced at the food and decided to give her face.

Of course, in the eyes of the netizens, the two of them were like best friends who were unwilling to be separated even when they were eating.

Jiang Cuiqin sat down and looked at everyone "We're just missing Dr. Wang. Can someone go up and call him?"

Lu Shang wanted to get up, but Su Ji, who had just washed her hands and came out of the bathroom, said she would go.

Xiao Ken placed a plate of freshly grilled steak on the table. "Are you sure?"

After all, it was a man's room. It wouldn't be nice to get a girl to go.

However, Su Ji had already entered the elevator. She said nonchalantly, "it's fine."

Casar glanced at Xiao Ken as if he was watching a show.

Xiao Ken noticed his expression and immediately took the steak away. "Get your servant to make it for you."

Casar looked at the plate that had disappeared in front of him and was not angry. He snapped his fingers and said, "Orphie, one steak, medium well. "

Orphie was the name of his servant.

["Is it really okay for Xiao Ken to offend the crown prince like this?"]

["Young man, don't burn your bridges!"]

["It's another day of me feeling envious of Orphie!"]

At this moment, Su Ji had already walked to Wang Yi's room. She knocked on the door twice.

"Come in."

Su Ji opened the door. Wang Yi was sitting in front of the workbench, studying his bottles of formalin.

He did not attempt to hide anything.

This was Su Ji's first time entering Wang Yi's room, and her attention immediately fell on the things soaked in the glass bottles.

Chapter 409 Madam Xu's Scheme

Every time Wang Yi's glass bottles appeared on screen, the crew would immediately censor them.

Although they knew that there was nothing wrong, they looked quite scary after all. Duan Shengquan wasn't sure if they could air it. Better to be safe than sorry.

...

However, they were live, so they had to do it fast when the jars were in the shot. Over time, they simply stopped filming in Wang Yi's room. After all, he was busy with work in his room every time.

At this moment, Su Ji could see very clearly there were animal or human tissues in the jars. The bottle he was holding in his hand now had a few short black threads inside.

It might be human hair.

It was about the length of a man's hair.

Su Ji walked closer.

She didn't say that she was here to call him down for dinner, and Wang Yi didn't ask either. The two of them immediately talked about the bottles.

Su Ji could guess the purpose of the tissues, but the hair sample in Wang Yi's hand at the moment piqued her interest.

Wang Yi knew what she was thinking and smiled gently. "Human hair contains a lot of trace elements similar to the composition of human blood. It can accurately reflect the metabolism of the human body, and thus infer a person's health, gender, and even...their age."

Su Ji curled her lips slightly. "I see."

Wang Yi was also interested in talking to her about this. He looked at the hair hanging down her cheek and said, "actually, even if we don't use high-tech instruments, we can tell one's age with a high-spec microscope."

He pulled one of his hair and looked at Su Ji. "We're more than ten years apart, do you want to try to see the difference?"

For some reason, Su Ji could hear a hint of probing in his words. However, she only paused for half a second before happily pulling off a strand of her hair. "Please enlighten me."

Wang Yi took it, took out the microscope, and skillfully adjusted it. Then, he took the middle section of each hair and clamped it under the same slide to observe.

He observed very carefully and explained the differences to Su Ji.

In the end, he came to a conclusion about Su Ji's hair. It's the hair of a young girl around 20 years old..."

After saying that, he smiled in disappointment and moved aside for Su Ji to see.

Su Ji was as calm as ever as she bent over to look into the microscope.

She dared to do this because she knew that she reincarnated...

Su Ji was always particularly interested in high-tech things. When she looked at it, her lips were slightly pursed, and her expression was different from her usual seriousness. Her eyelashes were long and thick, and they fluttered occasionally.

After looking at it for a while, she turned her head and asked Wang Yi, "Dr. Wang, how old is the hair in your bottle?"

Wang Yi smiled. "I need to keep this a secret for now."

Su Ji raised an eyebrow. "Understood."

Someone knocked on the door again. It was Orphie's dark but amiable face. Her Chinese was not bad. "Mss Su, Mr. Wang, master is asking if you need help..."

Only then did Su Ji remember that she came up to call Wang Yi down for dinner. She paused slightly and looked at him. "The food today is good. Do you want to eat with us?"

Wang Yi adjusted his glasses. "Of course."

When the two of them went downstairs, Casar and Xiao Ken glanced at them.

They only came down when they were almost done eating.

["What were the two of them doing upstairs? Why did they come down so late?"]

["Why do you care? Can't they discuss scientific knowledge?"]

["Do you actually believe that?"]

["Those in the house are minding their own business, why do you care?"]

At the same time, Nan Miaomiao said, "hey, what were you two doing upstairs for so long?"

["... "]

Then, the netizens heard Su Ji reply, "talking about science."

["... "]

**

The next day, Su Ji followed her mother's orders and went home for dinner.

Xu Mingzhi just missed her daughter too much.

At noon, she personally cooked. A capable and valiant woman in the business world was still full of charm when she wore an apron.

Aunt Wu and Uncle He helped her cook a delicious and nutritious meal.

Su Ji ate quite a bit.

Su Ji casually tied her hair up, revealing her small delicate face that looked fuller after she ate.

Xu Mingzhi made more food today. After Su Ji finished eating, she packed the extra food into a beautiful four-layered lunch box and put it in a thermos bag. She handed it to Su Ji. "Baby, take this with you later. Ask Wang Zhicheng to send you to the Pei Corporation."

Su Ji glanced at the sumptuous lunchbox. She didn't expect her mother to treat Pei Huai so well.

However, just to be safe, she asked for confirmation, "for Pei Huai?"

As expected, Xu Mingzhi frowned. "It's for his mother. She always said that she wanted to try my cooking. Today is a good opportunity."

Su Ji: "..."

Oh, she remembers now.

Madam Du Meilan had recently started to work at the Pei Corporation.

Since she had decided to return to the country, Pei Huai offered to buy her a few office buildings, but she refused.

She said that she didn't want to work too much, so she asked him to let her use the floor beneath him.

Pei Huai knew that that was not true. She clearly wanted to monitor him.

However, considering that Madam Du had recently divorced and was more clingy, Pei Huai did as he was told.

It had only been a few days since Du Meilan joined the headquarters, and everyone in the company admired her strong aura and swift methods.

On the surface, Xu Mingzhi wanted to satisfy her best friend's wish, but in fact, she wanted her daughter to bond with her future mother-in-law.

Su Ji knew that, but she did not say it out loud. However, she thought about her man. She took the heavy lunchbox and glanced at it. "She can't eat so much by herself. It's just right for the mother and son."

Xu Mingzhi chuckled in her heart.

Little ingrate.

Su Ji smiled, hooked her arm around Xu Mingzhi's neck, and kissed her cheek. "I'll go now."

Xu Mingzhi's heart was warmed by her daughter's actions.

However, the next second, she realized something and ran out of the door, "who did you learn this from? Was it Pei Huai? Keep your distance from him! Don't let him bite you like a mosquito!"

Chapter 410 Master Pei Chose Su Ji Instead of His Son

Ever since the incident in XBY, Xu Mingzhi could not forget about Pei Huai's "mosquito bite".

Meanwhile, in the Pei Corporation...

...

On the first floor, in the VIP waiting room where Su Ji and the others were waiting last time, a short-haired woman was sipping coffee. She was dressed fashionably and business-like, and a branded handbag was placed beside her. She looked like she came from a powerful background.

The sound of high heels could be heard from the corridor outside the door. The short-haired woman looked in the direction of the sound. When another figure appeared at the door, the short-haired woman said in surprise, "Mei Lan! Here!"

The sound of high-heels in the corridor stopped. Du Meilan turned around. "Henna, I didn't notice you! Let's go upstairs and talk."

The short-haired woman agreed. She put down her coffee cup and stood up with her bag.

The two of them were obviously familiar with each other.

They were about to discuss business.

The two women walked in front and their assistants followed behind them.

Looking at the two women separately, their auras were so powerful that they seemed to be unable to blend in with anyone else. However, when they stood together, they were chatting and laughing in a harmonious manner.

The two of them walked out of the hall and headed straight for the VIP elevator.

"Aunt Du."

The girl's pleasant voice came from the direction of the door.

Du Meilan turned around when she heard the voice. The moment she saw Su Ji, her smile widened.

"Su Ji? Why are you here?"

Henna looked at Su Ji and then at her friend. Although she was puzzled, she followed her to Su Ji's side.

Su Ji also took a few quick steps forward.

At this moment, many staff members around them had already noticed them.

The employees of the Pei Corporation had basically seen Su Ji and Du Meilan before, but today they saw the two of them at the same time!

Moreover, Madam Du had an important guest!

They knew that CEO Pei doted on Ms. Su, but what about Madam Du?

Future mother-in-law and daughter-in-law...

The employees didn't dare to talk about it, but they secretly glanced at them.

Immediately after, Du Meilan walked up to Su Ji and hugged her close. She then introduced her to Henna as if she was introducing her favorite child. "Su Ji, my youngest son's girlfriend."

At this moment, the employees thought that they had watched too much drama.

Soon, they scattered in all directions.

Du Meilan then pointed at Henna, "Henna, my good friend. She's also the Brand Operations Director of SK."

Pei Xi had once helped Su Ji secure a gown sponsorship from SK. Bill was also the global spokesperson for their men's wear.

Su Ji shook hands with her politely.

Henna replied with a smile. At the same time, she sized Su Ji up. In just a few seconds, she seemed to have understood many things. "Su Ji, I do know you. You're the one with the most potential among the newcomers in the entertainment industry last year."

Su Ji responded appropriately.

Du Meilan saw the thing in Su Ji's hand. "You're here for me? I have to talk to Henna about something in about 40 minutes. Let's take the elevator together. Pei Huai is in the office. You go to him first. I'll tell you when I'm done, okay?"

She spoke elegantly.

Su Ji replied, "no problem. You guys go ahead. I'm not in a hurry."

Henna teased them, "I'm sorry for disturbing your meeting."

As the Brand Operations Director of SK, Henna was a fashionable devil that even Pei Xi rarely saw.

But now, in front of Su Ji, she was like a friendly aunt who lived next door.

"You are teasing me."

The three of them entered the elevator. Su Ji pressed the buttons for them.

As the elevator went up, she heard the two people behind her conversing in a foreign language.

It was not that they wanted to hide anything from Su Ji. The two of them had known each other when they were abroad and were used to speaking in that language.

When the elevator arrived, Du Meilan smiled and patted Su Ji's shoulder, indicating that they would leave first.

Su Ji nodded.

Henna said casually, "oh right, Meilan, why did you suddenly think of returning to China? Would Mr. Pei be worried?"

The moment the elevator door closed again, Su Ji heard Du Meilan say lightly, "what's there to worry about? We're getting a divorce."

Henna: "what???"

Later, when Su Ji came out of the elevator on the top floor, she happened to see Shen Mu opening the door for his CEO in the corridor. He seemed to be going somewhere..

When Pei Huai saw Su Ji, he paused for a moment, and his eyes were filled with surprise.

Shen Mu didn't wait for the CEO to speak and responded quickly, "I'll inform CEO Qiu to wait for a while."

With that, he disappeared.

Su Ji walked up and explained to Pei Huai.

She came to see Du Meilan, but Du Meilan was not free at the moment, so she would be in his office for 40 minutes.

Pei Huai raised his eyebrows slightly. "Madam Du is quite nice to me."

Su Ji shook the thermos. "You can try this first. My..."

"You made it?"

"...mom made it herself," Su Ji said.

Pei Huai nodded, took the thermos, and brought her into his office. "Then I have to try it."

Su Ji: "..."

Why did Pei Huai feel a little relieved when he heard that it was her mother who made it?

Su Ji helped him open the lunchbox. Pei Huai said he would do it himself, but she stopped him.

Then, Pei Huai realized she even helped him take out the amount he could eat and re-plate the rest.

She took out five pieces of the steamed meat that was neatly arranged. The rest was evenly arranged so that it would not be obvious that it had been touched.

There was a piece of egg pancake that had been cut into a few pieces. She took out a piece from the top, bottom, left, and right, and the original round egg pancake now looked like a flower.

Pei Huai realized what's going on.

He was secretly tasting it...

"It was good."

"Actually, she doesn't know how to cook many dishes, but she said that as a mother, she should have a few specialty dishes so that her daughter knows what home cooking tastes like."

Pei Huai smiled gently.

Then, she heard Su Ji say, "I have one too. It'll be what home cooking tastes like for my son."

Pei Huai: "..."

After hesitating for a second, he chose Su Ji instead of his future son.

He said, "he will definitely like it..."

Later on, Pei Huai realized that Madam Du was really just making him look after Su Ji while she was busy. Once the 40 minutes were up, her assistant immediately came to get her.