

Read Novel Divorce Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2607 [Chinese]

Divorce billionaire heiress chapter 2607-The inside seemed to be the same as before, but the dust that fell on it formed a solid memory.

They stepped in, one step at a time, destroying the integrity of the place.

The eldest aunt covered her mouth and nose, not wanting to smell the rotten and unpleasant smell inside, "I won't go up, you can go there by yourself, and take whatever you want."

If it wasn't for Ning Zhenzhen, she wouldn't have come here at all.

I don't worry that Ning Yue will find any bank cards here.

Because when Ning Yue's mother passed away, the old man had already searched and took away all the valuables.

The rest are irrelevant things.

Ning Yue looked at the surrounding furnishings.

The living room is decorated in a very warm beige color, and the light comes in through the windows, and you can see the sunshine.

But that floor-to-ceiling window has been covered with green plants, blocking all the light, airtight, and bringing an unbearable sense of suffocation.

You can vaguely see the traces of being carefully arranged.

It can also be seen that the owner of this family was once full of expectations for life.

But how did it come to this point?

Ning Yue picked up her mood and went upstairs, the further up she went, the dimmer the light became.

The rooms upstairs are half-covered, as if when the valuables were taken from inside, it was too late to end properly.

They are like a gang of robbers.

When she entered the largest master bedroom, the light was still blocked, but she could see the layout inside through the gap.

Ashtrays and drawers had been left on the floor, and there were old things everywhere.

Glancing around, there were no valuable clues.

Not even a single photo.

It seems that it was really cleaned up by the old man's people.

Ning Yue went around and walked to the study.

The contents inside were almost gone, and the few remaining books were scattered on the ground.

But she saw a picture in the cover of a book on the ground.

It's a group photo.

She recognized that they were Ning Yue's parents.

That pair of talented men and women had smiles on their faces and sparkles in their eyes.

It's just that the old man hated Ning Yue's mother too much at the beginning, and only showed her what Ning Yue's father looked like.

But Ning Yue recognized that Ning Yue and her mother looked very similar.

There is a small mole on the eyebrow.

That sense of familiarity came over me.

Her eye sockets suddenly became sore.

If they hadn't died, and if she was their biological daughter, would Ning Yue have a better life in her life?

Holding the photo in her hand, she turned and left the study.

The deepest room is pink, but the curtains have faded, but the warmth and cleanliness of the past can be vaguely seen.

The stroller was inside, and it was a little messy.

The bottle fell to the floor.

As soon as Ning Yue came in, she felt an indescribable sense of intimacy.

She sat lightly on the small bed, her feet accidentally touched the baby carriage, and the fairy tale book on the baby carriage fell to the ground.

She bent down to pick it up, but saw a notebook with only a corner exposed under the bed.

She subconsciously changed direction and picked up the notebook.

Open, it is a diary.

The diary written more than twenty years ago was written by her biological mother.

“On February 24th, Ning Junchen and I got married. The four-year long-distance love race finally got on the right track, and we will be together forever happily.” “On March 10th,

Ning Junchen asked me to drink with Mr. I’m not very willing, because I’m allergic to alcohol, Junchen said that there is an important cooperation and I can’t offend him, I can only agree, and I got a rash after I came back, Junchen promised me that there will be no next time.” “Boss Su is not a good person, I want to leave Keep him away.”

The previous notes are still serious, and there is hope for a new life and love for Ning Junchen between the lines.

“April 12th, after drinking milk last night, I felt dizzy. Boss Su gave me medicine. When I got up early in the morning, I was next to him. I was going to collapse. Does Ning Junchen know about this?”

“On April 13th, Ning Junchen said that this was the only time. He said that the Ning family was about to fail. The prerequisite for Mr. Su’s willingness to hand over the project to the Ning family was this disgusting condition. I became a tool for their transaction.

Is this the person I love? Is it really the right choice for this kind of marriage?”

“On April 20th, they came to me again and asked me to compromise, but Ning Junchen actually agreed. There is always time, I resisted but it was useless, I seem to be in hell, when will this life end?”

“On May 1st, I seemed to be sick, Ning Junchen took me to see a psychiatrist, he may I feel ashamed in my heart, and promise me that I won’t let Mr. Su come here again, I want to trust him once.”

“On May 2, Junchen was in a car accident and died on the spot. My life seemed to be completely dead. Junchen was my last The person I love is also the person I hate the most, why did you make me despair at the beginning?”

“On May 15th, the devil came again, and he found a basement in my house and tied me there Humiliated, after he left, I called the police, and the police left when they saw him. I swear, I will kill him.”

“May 20, I want to die, such a day is dark, I can't see any Hope. But I'm pregnant, I don't know! don't know who the child belongs to, but I hope it belongs to Junchen. I want to give birth. If it is not his, I will strangle him and commit suicide. “

“On May 21, that devil came again. While he was not paying attention, I stabbed his lower body with a knife, and he finally left. I didn't kill him. What a pity!”

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Time came to an abrupt end here.

Ning Yue's eyes blurred as she looked at her, and her fingertips trembled slightly.

The suffocation in her heart became more and more intense.

In just a few months, she could go from a newly married The newlyweds turned into a yin and yang.

She went from anticipation, to sadness, to anger, to despair.

It seemed that the ups and downs had gone through the worst year in the world.

Her husband, her lover, used her and betrayed her , but passed away on the day of repentance, taking away her last hope.

In the face of monstrous power, the greatest resistance she could do was to call the police.

But it did not bring her any hope, but crushed the camel to death The last straw.

She has become a plaything of power. She has become a victim of interests.

Her future, her lover, has become a bubble.

Ning Yue looked at the diary and it was broken at this point, as if it was torn off.

Her chest also tightened, as if someone had gently grabbed it, and it cut across the heart sharply, with a painful and difficult touch. Her arrival is not welcome.

But she did not die, her mother did not strangle her.

Ning Yue frantically turned a few pages, and did not see the familiar font until the last page.

It was written to Ning Yue's.

October 21 of the following year.

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