

Reincarnation: I Married My Ex's Brother

Chapter 17 Sweetheart

Settings

As expected, the young master of the Fang family likes to wear casual clothes, just looking at this posture, it is really Yushu Linfeng.

I just don't know whether the front is like what others have said, he is a handsome young master.

Xu Pingfei glanced at the young girl in a white dress. She was indeed exquisite in appearance. She was a slim girl with a demure temperament, and she looked like a caring girl. Xu Pingfei was satisfied, and then said to Fang Yusheng, "Yu Sheng, this is your Aunt Wang and her Xiaoluo."

Fang Yusheng turned around, looked up in the direction where the sound was just made, and said calmly, "Aunt Wang, Miss Lin."

At the moment Fang Yusheng turned around, Lin Luo didn't notice that her breathing was slower.

It was subdued by Fang Yusheng's beauty.

'I still hug the pipa and half-hidden', it describes a kind of beauty that is half-hidden and half-concealed. Fang Yusheng wears sunglasses, and the lower half of his face is beautiful and perfect, and there is not a single bad thing. The woman who hides her face is also moving.

The appearance under the sunglasses made Lin Luo more curious and expectant.

Lin Luo recovered, and quickly responded, "Hello."

Realizing that Lin Luo was satisfied with Yu Sheng's first impression, Xu Pingfei was relieved.

The adults found an excuse and left, leaving the two young men to talk for themselves.

Lin Luo sat opposite Fang Yusheng, a little nervous. Fang Yusheng was calm as usual. He asked the waiter to fill him up with tea and drank it leisurely. Lin

Luo realized that Fang Yusheng had no intention of having a conversation. She squeezed her fingers and took the initiative to find a topic.

"Big Brother Fang is usually at home, what hobbies do he have?" When going on a blind date, you have to start with the other person's preferences.

Fang Yusheng listened, put down the cup, but knew everything. "Copy the scriptures and listen to the Buddhist scriptures."

Lin Luo subconsciously continued, "You can't see anything, how do you copy the scriptures?" After asking, Lin Luo realized what he said, and poke the other party's pain.

However, Fang Yusheng's expression remained unchanged, and he answered her question calmly and seriously, "Naturally, copy it by hand."

"..." Lin Luo was silent for two seconds before complimenting him against his will, "This hobby is quite niche."

Fang Yusheng: "I don't think so." After speaking, he stopped talking.

Lin Luo: "..."

How else to talk about this topic?

The blind date with Lin Luo broke up unhappy.

Xu Pingfei heard about the blind date of the two people, and was silent for a while, and then arranged time for another blind date.

On the second blind date, the following dialogue took place.

Miss from Wu's house in the north: "Mr. Fang, this is the handmade pastry I made by myself. You can try it." Conquering a man's stomach with food is the first step to conquering this man.

Fang Yusheng picked up a piece, put it in front of his nose and smelled it, then put the pastry back to its original place.

"Sorry, I am allergic to eggs."

The smile on Miss Wu's face couldn't hold back.

After nearly a month of uninterrupted blind dates, Fang Yusheng failed blind dates again and again, Xu Pingfei wondered, perhaps she had found the wrong type of blind girl. Maybe, Fang Yusheng is not interested in the obedient girls who are at home with the family. Maybe, he even called the coquettish girls?

Afterwards, Fang Yusheng's blind date was sometimes hot, sometimes sexy, and sometimes indifferent.

But by the way, Young Master Fang never found the person who was in tune.

It was another blind date that ended in failure. Qi Bufan, who accompanied Fang Yu before his life, saw that the blind date had failed again, and his face couldn't help showing worry.

"Mr. Fang, the thirty-sixth blind date, blown again."

Standing under the scorching sun, Mr. Fang was wearing a long-sleeved shirt, but he didn't see any sweat. On the other hand, the passersby around him were dressed in cool clothes. He is not like people in this world, accustomed to living alone in a cold place that other people can't disturb, not afraid of severe cold, but also not exposed to sunlight.

Caressing the folds on his left sleeve, Fang Yusheng's eyes were still dark. He stared at the darkness that had accompanied him for more than ten years, and said in a daze, "I can't find someone to my heart. There is nothing wrong with it." Anyway, for so many years, he was used to it alone.

Qi Bufan looked at him with a regret in his eyes.

If he were not blind, what would it be like?

"It's better to find someone to live with," Qi Bufan said with great sincerity.

After Fang Yusheng heard it, it was rare for him to seriously think about this sentence.

Is it really good for two people to live together in a group, just to stay together, not to love each other? "That's not necessarily true." After vetoing Qi Bufan's remarks, Fang Yusheng got into the car and said, "If there is such a person who fits my liking and loves me, then it doesn't matter if I meet him later." Fang Yusheng knew in his heart that there would not be such a person.

He turned his head in the direction of the window, fascinated, and did not listen to the unpleasant muttering beside him.

There was such a person, Fang Yusheng hadn't thought of it for a long time, but he had never forgotten it. Without the permission of that person, Fang Yusheng was locked in his heart.

He met her, but also missed her.

Buddhism believes that resignation comes, but he will never meet that person again.

After all, he didn't even know her real name, and he was nowhere to find her.

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Qiao Jiusheng went to an orthopedic hospital in the city. It has been more than three months since the car accident. Today, she is here to check on her recovery. If she doesn't come, she might be wondering what Wei Shuyi wants to talk about in her ears.

Since the police announced the death of 'Qiao Jiuyin', Fang Mu's people have not searched for her whereabouts in the hospital.

But despite this, Qiao Jiusheng didn't dare to take it lightly, and even the registration was in the name of a friend of Wei Shuyi. For Qiao Jiuyin, her own existence is a time bomb, and Qiao Jiuyin must still be paying attention to her whereabouts, she dare not care.

Sitting in a chair and waiting for a while, it was Qiao Jiusheng's turn.

She had an examination and the doctor saw the film and told her that her ribs were recovering well. Qiao Jiusheng was relieved, went back to Wei Shuyi's house, and made a quasi-rich dinner specially.

When Wei Shuyi returned home, he was a little surprised to see the table full of good dishes.

"Why, I can cook, don't you feel surprised?" Qiao Jiusheng and Qiao Jiuyin have both learned cooking. Although her cooking is not as good as Qiao Jiuyin's, it's not bad.

Wei Shuyi moved his lips, walked to the table and sat down, picked up his chopsticks and tasted a piece of fish.

After eating silently, he put down his chopsticks and praised, "The taste is great."

"Hmm."

Qiao Jiusheng used glass cups to pour Wei Shuyi and herself a glass of low alcohol cocktails. It's not a precious cocktail, it's the kind of wine you can buy in ordinary supermarkets. Qiao Jiusheng raised the glass, smiled brightly at Wei Shuyi, and said, "Thank you, thank you." She didn't say anything in detail.

But Wei Shuyi understands.

Wei Shuyi looked at the cocktail in front of him, and after a moment of silence, he also picked up the glass and clinked it with Qiao Jiusheng.

After drinking, Qiao Jiusheng said and started, only then did Wei Shuyi pick up his chopsticks to eat.

After eating, he took the initiative to wash the dishes.

The sound of the faucet was a little loud. Wei Shuyi wiped the bowls with his sleeves. When he cleaned all the bowls, when he walked out of the kitchen, he saw that the living room was empty. He stared at the empty living room for a while, then opened the door of the guest room.

The room was clean, the quilts were neatly folded, and the room was restored to its appearance three months ago. There is not one thing missing, and there is nothing more. If his mind is full of memories related to that girl, Wei Shuyi will have a kind of illusion that he has never encountered Qiao Jiusheng.

He opened the window and glanced at it. He happened to see Qiao Jiusheng walking towards the gate of the community with a small bag.

Watching the back disappear, Wei Shuyi closed the window.

No data found.