

Chapter 7

Old Classmate Dumbfounded

Jiang Hao didn't notice and continued, "Ye Feng, since we're old classmates, I'll remind you not to touch anything here. Otherwise, you won't be able to afford it even if you sell yourself."

"Do you see that garden? It was designed by an international landscaper and costs 30 million!"

"..."

Unknowingly, Ye Feng had already arrived in front of Villa No. 1.

It was a three-story European-style villa.

Through the iron fence, he could see the large courtyard in front of the villa. The lawn in the courtyard was well-mowed, and there was a small path leading to the gate. On both sides of the path were some flowers, which were blooming in various colors.

Jiang Hao's eyes lit up when he saw Villa No. 1.

“Ye Feng, this is Villa No. 1. It's the king of all the mansions in this area. Do you know how much this mansion is worth... Sigh. What are you doing? I have to remind you that you can't touch this villa...”

Jiang Hao was showing off when he saw Ye Feng walking toward the gate of Villa No. 1. He quickly stepped forward to stop him.

Before he could finish, Ye Feng pressed the fingerprint lock.

The door slid open silently.

Jiang Hao's voice stopped abruptly!

He stared at Ye Feng as if he had seen a ghost.

Ye Feng could actually open the door of Villa No. 1!

How was this possible?

Ye Feng turned around and looked at Jiang Hao with a faint smile, “Is there anything else?”

“Ye Feng... Is this villa really yours?” Jiang Hao swallowed his saliva, his voice trembling.

Ye Feng sneered: “Then, is it yours?”

“I...” Jiang Hao’s face turned red.

He thought of how he was showing off in front of Ye Feng just now, and in the end...

His face hurt!

Compared to Villa No. 1, his mansion No. 97 was nothing.

But with Ye Feng's family background, how could he afford Villa No. 1?

Just as Jiang Hao's mind was in a mess, suddenly, a girl wearing black-rimmed glasses, who looked very quiet, walked over.

Beside the girl, there were a few people from the Real Estate Department.

They were carrying two pots of 'Nanguo Qingfeng.'

Jiang Hao recognized this girl. She was Lin Junjun's assistant and the manager of the Real Estate Department. Her surname was Xing.

What was she doing here?

Just as he was feeling puzzled, Xiao Xing had already walked past him and arrived in front of Ye Feng.

“Hello, Mr. Ye. I’m the manager of the Real Estate Department. You can call me Xiao Xing!” Xiao Xing introduced herself to Ye Feng with a smile.

Ye Feng nodded. “Hello, Manager Xing. What’s the matter?”

“Mr. Ye, first of all, thank you for choosing our Zhongtian Lake-View Villa area and this villa.”

“To thank Mr. Ye for your recognition, our Real Estate Department has prepared a small gift for you.”

“These two pots of 1.2 million yuan Nanguo Qingfeng are specially customized for you. We wish you all the best in your future...”

“Thank you!” Ye Feng smiled and accepted the gift.

Jiang Hao was stunned.

Ye Feng was actually the owner of Zhongtian Lake-View Villa No. 1!

But...

How did Ye Feng do it?

A normal villa could be bought with money, but this was Villa No. 1, and one had to have a certain status to be able to buy it...

Otherwise, Manager Xing and the others wouldn't have sent him a potted plant worth millions just to thank him for moving in!

Jiang Hao was confused.

However, at this moment, another middle-aged man who seemed to be taking a stroll seemed to be attracted by the scene and walked over.

Ye Feng glanced at him but did not care.

Unexpectedly, when the middle-aged man came over, he actually took the initiative to greet him with a smile. "Hello!"

"Hello, who are you?"

"I'm Jiang Gaoming, living in Villa 97. I just happened to see you living there, so I came to visit and make friends..."

Hearing this, Ye Feng subconsciously looked at Jiang Hao who was not far away.

Villa 97, surnamed Jiang, wasn't that Jiang Hao's father?

Jiang Gaoming had also seen his son, and seeing Ye Feng looking over, he immediately asked, "Mr. Ye, you know my good-for-nothing son?"

Ye Feng nodded. “Not only do we know each other. We were high school classmates.”

“That’s great...” Jiang Gaoming’s smile became even more brilliant when he heard about the relationship.

But then, his smile froze.

It seemed that there was something wrong with Ye Feng’s tone?