

## Chapter 3493

Zynn was frightened by Charlie's aura, full of murder.

At this moment, he has only one thought in his head, that is, the Su family must not be blind to get involved in this matter.

It is better for them to have nothing to do with this matter.

However, how could he know that his father, who was already excited, was waiting for tomorrow morning to go up to the Waderest Mountain with Joseph and witness the demise of the Wade family!

At this time, Chengfeng, while eating his dinner, used his chopsticks to order a few bowls and plates, and said to his housekeeper Anson, "Anson, there is no wine for this dinner, it's almost meaningful!"

Anson said with a smile, "Master, the doctor told you to drink less and not to drink as much as possible,"

"And you have to get up early tomorrow. I was afraid that you might miss something by drinking, so I didn't prepare."

Chengfeng said with his face, "I ask you, what day is it today?"

Anson said, "The fourth of April, why?"

Chengfeng cursed: "Bullsh!t, I can not know that today is the fourth day of April! I mean, what is the big day today?"

Anson's eyes twinkled and he quickly thought about it, then he said, "Master, today is the day that the Cataclysmic Front will kill the Wade family and make the Wade family lose face!"

"That's right!" Chengfeng laughed and said, "This day, even compared to the New Year, is no less than the New Year, right? If I don't have a drink on such a festive day,"

"Can I afford to ignore the one hundred coffins from the Joseph to Wade family? Can I turn my eyes to Changying, who will be thrown to the ground in the morning?"

Anson nodded: "You're right, Master, I'll go get you some wine! Which kind do you want to drink?"

Only then did Chengfeng nod in satisfaction and instructed with a smile, "Get the best Maotai, and bring me an extra glass, I have to toast to Changying! Hahahahaha!"

Anson hurriedly fetched the best Maotai wine, and also brought two Maotai wine glasses.

Chengfeng put down his chopsticks and laughed loudly, "Come on, fill them all up for me!"

Anson hurriedly opened the Maotai and poured two cups out.

Chengfeng picked up one of the glasses, tilted his head, and drank it all, smacking his lips while laughing: "Hey! Tsk tsk ..... people are in good spirits, this wine has become even more mellow than usual!"

After that, he picked up another cup and said with a sneer, "Changying ah Changying, back then you called the thunder in Eastcliff, the scenery,"

"But have you ever thought that twenty years later, Wan's son will personally pick your grave and bruise you?"

Speaking of this, Chengfeng grunted, shook his wrist, poured a glass of wine on the ground, and laughed: "Come on, nephew, have a drink! After

tomorrow, you will be a ghost floating in the air, scattered and floating!  
Hahahahaha!"

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