

Chapter 522

Now she simply hated Evelin even more, but Tailor Feng was partial to him in her heart and only had exceptions for Evelin no matter what.

What exactly is she not as good as him, Evelin?

Now Song Jiajia's heart was simply filled with hatred, wishing she could tear Evelin apart by hand right now.

Thinking of this, Song Jia Jia's eyes suddenly tinted with a scramble, and the corners of her lips that had been hooked in a smile slowly curled at the corners of her lips.

She must be good enough to make Evelin pay for it.

Shannon Villa.

Tailor Feng was not able to drive because he had been drinking, so he called the driver to pick him up from the bar.

This side of the house has just arrived home, and since I've had a little too much to drink today, I'm going to come up for a short break.

"Young Master."

It was at this moment that the butler suddenly came before him.

"What's wrong?"

Tailor Feng frowned and pinched the bridge of his nose with his hand, trying to make himself as clear as possible.

"We've investigated what you've ordered investigated."

The butler said with a heavy face.

Tailor Feng turned his head to look at him, his obsidian-like eyes emitting an icy, fierce light that brought an endless sense of oppression.

"Well?"

"We've now investigated that the reason why Evelin was injured at that time was because someone had already tampered with that suspension bridge before, and that's why you encountered that danger that day."

The butler respectfully gave these things away.

The butler was very afraid now, the nervous heartbeat, the even breathing, unusually clear in the quiet treacherous atmosphere.

Because he knew that this matter of Evelin was very much, for Tailor Feng to get on board, and now that he heard that this matter was actually tampered with long ago, it was expected to make him even angrier.

"Has it been investigated? Which one did this thing, anyway?"

At this time, Tailor Feng's gaze was somewhat deep and scorching.

He was very curious at the time who the person who did this was. Why would they be so vicious as to want to put Evelin to death like this.

Hearing Tailor Feng ask the housekeeper this, he suddenly didn't know how he should answer.

First there was a period of silence.

"Why don't you talk?"

Now Tailor Feng was extremely alert with a pale face.

The beeswax, which was still playing with this hand, had now stopped and was staring up at the butler.

"It's..."

Beads of sweat ran down the butler's cheeks, and he murmured in horror.

"Speak up!"

Tailor Feng's voice started to get louder and also became very angry.

"For the time being, we haven't been able to find out."

The butler gulped after saying that he really didn't know what was waiting for him next.

"What?"

I really didn't expect my people to have found out who started this? This instantly made Tailor Feng very angry.

"And how did you do with that thing I told you to do earlier?"

Thinking about this matter is not a very simple matter, it is only to let them continue to investigate again, and I am afraid it is indeed a little difficult to know the real results for a while.

"That's taken care of."

"Then I'll tell you to hurry up and send me extra men down to investigate that matter, and I won't blame you today, but if I don't have the results of the investigation later on, don't blame me for being rude to you."

Although Tailor Feng

His face has eased up a bit now, but you can still tell he's very angry now.

The butler was in full voice.

He was still fully aware of his own young master's temper, which was why he was so afraid before.

Tailor Feng thought about it and suddenly asked, "By the way, where is my brother?"

The steward was hesitant at the mention of this.

"Eldest Young Master...he's out today."

"Out?"

Tailor Feng frowned, "Going to the office or somewhere?"

The housekeeper shook his head, "Not to the company, because in the morning Qin assistant came over to get the documents, I asked in passing, he said that the young master was not in the company, where exactly, this I am not clear."

Tailor Feng thought about it and pulled out his phone to check the time.

When I saw the date on it, I suddenly thought of something and snapped out of it.

"It's over!"

After saying that, he hurriedly stood up and walked out.

At this time, there was a church more than thirty kilometres away from the Villa of Fragrant Hill.

The thing An Qiao had done in her life that she regretted the most was promising her father to return to China for Anxin's wedding.

The wedding venue was decorated very grandly, and I heard that the wedding celebration company was hired from Kyoto, and the pure white and festive red adorned each other, which looked romantic and stylish.

As the bride and groom said their vows in earnest in the presence of the pastor, Anjo watched quietly as they exchanged rings and then k*ssed amidst the uproar of the crowd

k*ss

Anjo suddenly felt the sunlight a little too strong, so piercing that she could barely open her eyes, and simply didn't start looking again.

There was a glass of red wine on the table and she picked it up and drank it in one gulp, all the while admonishing herself under her breath.

Anjo, you lose! If you lose, you have to admit it!

From now on, he, Qiao Ziyu, is An Xin's man and has nothing more to do with you!

That's what I thought, yet a glass of wine down the drain, I couldn't help but remember what Qiao Ziyu had said to her in the beginning.

He said, "Anjo, you're the best girl I've ever met.

He said, "Anjo, the two luckiest things in my life are to have met you and to have married you.

He said, "Anjo, marry me!

But in the end, it turned out to be Anjo, sorry!

Oh!

Ancho's mouth tugged up in an ironic smile, suddenly feeling so bored.

She picked up her bag and stood up, ready to leave.

But at that moment, a harsh female voice sounded behind her.

"Yo, if it isn't Anjo."

An Qiao turned her head, and indeed saw a bejeweled woman, Qiao Ziyu's mother Liu Xiu Xiang, who hadn't been very kind to An Qiao in the past, often speaking coldly.

"Something wrong with your aunt?" Anjo maintained basic politeness.

"It's nothing, but I'm just impressed that you have the nerve to come back to the wedding."

Liu Xiu Xiang smiled proudly. Qiao's family used to be a family of scholars, but after the death of Qiao's father a few years ago, the family has fallen into disrepute, and it was only through Qiao Ziyu's hard work that they managed to keep up appearances.

At this time, she was surrounded by several women about her age, and they all had mocking expressions on their faces at the news.

"This Anjo, after what happened two years ago, how dare he return to the country now? Shame on you!"

"Yes! The An family's face has been disgraced by her!"

"This kind of woman deserves to be left alone!"

An Qiao pursed her lips and listened to the women whispering, only to feel it prickle like needles.

Chapter 523

Halfway through, she suddenly laughed lightly, "I heard that Qiao Ziyu became the CEO of the An Clan, and I'm quite impressed with this ability to eat soft food."

"What did you say?"

Liu Xiu Xiang was on fire and raised a hand to slap her with a furious glare.

Yet the hand paused in mid-air.

Anjo was still smiling softly, the two shallow pears at the corners of her lips seemed to be spilling over, but they grabbed her wrist with precision and strength.

"Is your aunt in a state of shame? Too bad I'm not the same Anjo I was two years ago! Besides, An's Group still has the twenty percent of shares my mother left me, and in

all seriousness, no matter how high Qiao Ziyu climbs, he's just working for me, so aren't you afraid of losing his job with this slap in the face?"

Liu Xiu Xiang was really startled.

How could she have forgotten that this woman still had twenty percent of An's shares? If it wasn't for this, how could she have agreed to Qiao Ziyu being with her back then?

This girl has become quite a talker after two years!

Not far away, An Zishan saw something happening here and came over, asking, "What's wrong?"

Liu Xiu Xiang immediately turned pale and cried out in aggravation, "Alas dear grandfather! What's wrong with your Anjo? I just came over to say hello kindly, why is she hitting people when she doesn't get her way?"

An Zishan frowned, he knew about Qiao Ziyu and An Qiao, and subconsciously thought that An Qiao was sad and that's why he had overreacted.

So he sternly reprimanded, "An Qiao, Aunt Liu is your elder, how can you hit someone?"

Liu Xiuxiang saw someone backing her up, more and more trouble, a snotty nose and tears crying old tears, the intention to save to embarrass her.

An Zishan was a little angry, this daughter, how could she be so ungrateful!

"An Qiao, apologize to your Aunt Liu!"

An apology? Heh.

An Qiao couldn't help but snicker, just now she grabbed Liu Xiu Xiang's hand, from another angle it looked as if she had moved her hand.

But her father doesn't ask her anything, and would rather trust an outsider than her?

An Qiao pursed her lips and winced slightly as she remembered the incident two years ago when she'd had that incident and Dad had been just as indiscriminate in calling her out on her misbehavior.

"What if I don't apologize?"

"You!"

Liu Xiuxiang laughed back in anger, "Is this how the An family teaches their daughter? Why don't you apologize for what you did! Huh? It's no wonder that at eighteen you're thinking of crawling into a man's bed, what a nice thing to be! Luckily our peace of mind isn't like hers, or else this marriage wouldn't really dare to happen."

The sharp and mean words reached An Zishan's ears, causing his face to turn livid as he roared, "An Qiao, I told you to apologize!"

Ancho got angry too, raising her voice a little higher, "I didn't hit her!"

"Hey, you're not admitting it yet are you! So many people saw it just now, and you still want to deny it? I say you're a young girl, why are you so bad-hearted?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah! We all saw you do it just now, and if we hadn't stopped you, that slap would have been exhaled onto Sister Liu's face."

"No matter what, you're still your elder. How can you behave like this? It's uneducated."

Liu Xiu Xiang and her sisterhood were so angry with her forwards and backwards, so upside-down, that An Zishan trembled and raised her hand fiercely, and a slap landed hard on An Qiao's face.

An Qiao was hit by a blow to the head, the surrounding people saw An Zishan move, the voice of this weaker, they all show a look of watching a good show.

At that moment, Peace of Mind noticed something was wrong and came running from the stage.

"What's wrong? What's going on?"

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Immediately someone took her and whispered what had just happened.

An Xin's eyes widened after hearing this and said in aggravation, "Sister, how can you be like this? Even if you're not happy with Ziyu's marriage to me, you shouldn't be attacking your elders!"

An Qiao was extremely angry and speechless, how could this family be so shameless?

She opened her mouth to explain, "I didn't."

"OK!"

Qiao Ziyu suddenly spoke up, his brows furrowed, "Why did you call her back?"

After a pause, he suddenly said sarcastically, "Anjo, I told you two years ago that I liked peace of mind, so why can't you figure it out? Is there no other man in the world besides me, Qiao Ziyu? Besides, you were the one who first messed around with another man behind my back two years ago, and now you're acting like you're in love with him for who to see?"

An Qiao was fiercely startled, looking incredulously at Qiao Ziyu.

She hadn't thought he'd say that.

Even when a scandal like that broke out two years ago, he hadn't hurt her with such embarrassing words when he broke up with her.

But now...

Her mind went blank, her nose was a little sore, and tears blurred her eyes.

But at that moment, a deep magnetic voice sounded.

"Who says she can't find a man?"

At the entrance, the crowd spontaneously made way, only to see a dozen men in suits and sunglasses clustered around a tall, upright young man coming this way.

Someone in the crowd let out an exclamation, "Oh my God! Who's this? It's too handsome to look at!"

An Qiao looked up and saw that the man at the head of the group was tall, with three-dimensional features, deep eyebrows, taut mouth, and a powerful aura that crushed everyone present from the moment he appeared.

Who is this guy?

The single lady at the scene had small stars in her eyes, originally attending the wedding with a sociable mind, where it was still held down.

But in the next second, the faces changed!

I saw him walk up to An Qiao's side, his tense face suddenly softened, reaching over An Qiao's shoulders to gruffly say, "I promised to accompany you today, why did you come here by yourself?"

Ancho froze, his mind a little foggy.

What do you mean?

Does she know him?

And what's this, what's going on with these men in black? What does he think this is, a TV show?

Opening her mouth, she was about to open it, but a long, white finger suddenly pressed against her lips.

The corners of the man's mouth were slightly hooked, smiling tenderly and spoilingly, "Well, I know you're distressed that I'm busy with work, but we're a couple after all, and sooner or later we have to meet your family, don't we?"

Anjo laughed bitterly, what with what!

When did she get an extra husband, and why didn't she know?

"Sir, I,"

Before she could finish her sentence, the great dizziness made her go limp, but luckily the man's quick eyes and hands clasped her waist tightly so she didn't fall.

What's going on?

Why are you so dizzy?

She knows her own drinking, and a glass or two of red wine is no problem at all.

Before I thought about it, there was a man's cold voice overhead.

"Who just said my wife hit someone?"

Chapter 524

As his stern gaze swept into the crowd, it landed on Liu Xiu Xiang's face.

"This lady, is that you?"

Auntie?

Liu Xiu Xiang's face changed slightly, this child, how do you call someone? Even if she's a generation older than him, can't you call her auntie? What's your name, ma'am? It's awful!

Now there was no good reason to say, "Yes! So what if I did?"

Feng Yan's lips curled up in a sneer, "Qin Special Assistant!"

In the next second, Qin Yue appeared out of nowhere and slapped Liu Xianxiu's face solidly with a "pop" sound.

There was an ah-hah around, and instantly they all froze, wondering what the hell was going on!

Liu Xiu Xiang was hit and fell to the ground, staring incredulously, not reacting in a half-hearted manner.

Feng Yan's gaze was cold as he said loudly, "My Feng family has always had a rule that if no one offends me, I will not offend! You say my wife beat you, and since you bear the name you have to do the deed, and you're not sorry for the charges!"

"What do you mean?"

Qiao Ziyu became furious and was about to rush forward, but was stopped dead in his tracks by An Xin.

She could tell that this man was no ordinary man, and she wouldn't do anything until she knew what was going on!

Eyes swept over the empty glass of red wine on the table, a malevolent glint in their eyes.

This An Qiao, is really lucky, originally wanted to use that medicine to recreate the scene two years ago, so that she can completely ruin her reputation, but halfway through the road, there is a Cheng Bite Jin, or her husband?

That b*tch!

Feng Yan naturally noticed the wickedness in An Xin's eyes, so how could he let her get away with it!

He picked An Qiao up across the room and said as he walked out, "Tomorrow, I will sue everyone who bullied my wife today for slander, intentional injury, and vandalism, and until then, I don't want to hear any more comments about treating my wife badly, or else I will be an enemy of the entire Feng family!"

What?The Fung Foundation?

As the crowd was startled, before their minds could react, Feng Yan had already carried An Qiao away in his arms.

Half an hour later.

In a small cottage.

Ancho leaned into the man's arms in a daze.

"Hot,"

She felt really hot, and a current of electricity leaped up in her abdomen, leaping around like ants, making her so hot she was going crazy.

In a trance, it was as if an iceberg had appeared in front of her, and she couldn't help but rub her body against it.

The cool touch came to her and she closed her eyes in contentment, sighing softly, Comfort!

But soon, an even greater emptiness was felt.

"Well,"

A wince leaked involuntarily from her lips, and Anjo felt like she was going crazy, unable to see or think of anything, just kept going to tug at her clothes.

She was wearing only a white t-shirt, and with a slight tug, she sprang to life.

Without this layer of fabric in the way, the skin felt more comfortable right up against it.

Only then did Ancho raise a satisfied smile and moan like a little beast in her throat.

Feng Yan sat on the sofa in the bedroom with a cigarette in his mouth, quietly watching her undress in front of him, hugging the bed and rubbing against it.

His eyes were half-lidded and glowed with a ghostly light, reminiscent of a wolf in the dark of night.

The handsome face in the light has a magnificent beauty, naked, only around the waist of a towel, revealing a lean chest and upright body, increasingly handsome and cold.

He was a little nasty, though the tightness in his abdomen betrayed him, but still wanted to see what kind of humiliation the woman could do.

She embarrassed herself in front of him, which he found amusing.

It's like a puppy holding a bone it can't gnaw, it can't gnaw, and it can't let go.

How cute!

Yet gazing over the clear fingerprints on her face, the demon's eyes narrowed sharply and flashed dangerously.

If you touch his woman, you'll die!

Pick up the phone and call the recently departed Chin Special Assistant, "Tomorrow morning, I want to see all the information about An's group."

The phone hung up and he stubbed out his cigarette.

It was then that the phone rang again.

He looked at the caller ID and answered it.

A man's panting voice came out of the phone, it was Tailor Feng.

He was still very spoiled for this brother, so he pressed patience and asked, "What is it?"

Tailor Feng gasped as he said, "Brother, where have you been? I just got here to the wedding and they said you were gone."

Feng Yan coldly lifted the corner of his lips.

"I'm taking your sister-in-law home."

"Sister-in-law?"

Tailor Feng almost choked to death on a mouthful of saliva, and it took a long time before he could slow down.

"Brother, don't be impulsive, your sister-in-law doesn't remember you now, and she didn't mean to..."

"Okay."

Feng Yan directly cut him off, "Hang up if you're fine, I'm busy here."

Afterwards, he just cut the phone off.

On the other side, Tailor Feng looked at the disconnected phone and scolded in dissatisfaction, "Busy, busy, who doesn't know what you're busy with? One by one, they bully me as a single dog."

That said, though, I couldn't help but frown when I thought about my own brother.

And now, this side.

After Feng Yan hung up the phone, only then did he walk over and reach out to pull the already miserable woman into his arms.

"What for? Hot."

"Good girl, I have ice fast here, don't believe me, touch it."

The man grabbed her hand badly and felt it below her belly.

An Qiao's eyes suddenly sobered up a bit as she touched a burning spot.

She subconsciously resisted, but her hands were clipped back, and instead of being savagely aggressive, the man ran a peck over her lips, as if deliberately teasing, stirring up a frenzy of valley fire after valley fire.

The dress was already a mess, and he slid his hand smoothly down the hem of the dress

"Well...don't."

She seemed to realize something and struggled.

But in her ears came the man's hot breath, as if it carried fire, to burn her to ashes.

"Don't what?Is that so?Or is it?"

Long fingers fanned the flames of her body, and Anjo wailed with impatience, almost on the verge of tears.

Feng Yan's eyes were deep and deep, the woman in front of him was half naked and charming, and the whole picture of a living, breathing woman made him hate to immediately tear her bones into his stomach.

But thinking about the way she had just looked at Qiao Ziyu's lost soul, her anger rose from her heart.

He quirked a smile, but it didn't reach his eyes.

"Be good, be obedient and you'll be satisfied."

Anjo bit her lip, her cheeks flushed, and nodded her head in a completely subconscious motion.

"Who am I?"

"I don't know."

The little buttocks were slapped hard, and Feng Yan said indignantly, "Not good, I'm your husband."

Anjo: "

"Call your husband!"

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"Don't tell me to leave."

"Honey!"

"That's so good, hubby will satisfy you right away."