

## Chapter 525

After Feng Yan said that, he ripped off the towel at his waist and pounced on it.

Anjo was waking up hot.

When I opened my eyes, I just felt like I was falling apart and it hurt when I moved. An orange crystal lamp was lit overhead, the ornate patterns brimming and shifting in the light, stinging her eyes a little.

Where is this?

She thought unconsciously, turning her eyes slowly.

The classical British style of decorating is breathtakingly luxurious, with a heavy air of grandeur, and Picasso paintings hanging on the walls, the strong colours and lines make her feel like she is in an absurd dream world.

It's a dream!

She closed her eyes again, her head groggy with the thought that it was best to keep dreaming and never wake up.

Don't wake up and face that harsh reality.

For a long time, the sound of extremely light footsteps suddenly sounded in her ears, and she couldn't help but tense up all over.

The bed sank slightly, and she could feel someone lifting the covers and laying up, and soon the tip of her nose was enveloped by a crisp, masculine scent, an arm on her unkempt, tender body, easing upward.

"Ah!"

Anjo made a timely noise and opened her eyes sharply.

A hand under the blanket.

Immediately, the man's deep, mellow voice like strong wine sounded, "Awake?"

Ancho turned his head, startled.

What a handsome man!

Handsome eyebrows, a straight nose, a beautifully defined jaw, plus those pursed lips, now languidly resting on a pillow, s\*xxy as hell!

But as the gaze slid slowly downward, over the lean chest, the well-muscled belly, and saw the straight

"Ah!"

Anjo screamed and whirled and covered her head with the blanket.

"You, who are you? Why aren't you wearing trousers!"

Feng Yan raised his eyebrows.

Immediately afterwards, the words were unmistakable: "Why so surprised? I've used it all, and I'm still afraid to look at it?"

What?

Ancho flipped off the covers, revealing a pair of ravenous eyes staring at him.

"You, you said we've"

Feng Yan nodded his head.

Ahhhhhhhh!

Anjo wanted to cry, and then noticed that she didn't seem to be wearing anything either, but was wrapped in a blanket and didn't realize it for a moment.

Besides, there are some memories left in her head. She had a fight with Liu Xiu Xiang, was beaten, was drunk, and was taken away by a man right afterwards.

Anjo, Anjo! How stupid are you? I can't believe I fell for the same trick twice!

Remember, two years ago, she also had one night of s\*x after drinking too much at a bar, hence the breakup with Qiao Ziyu!

After two years, the same thing happened again!

Anjo, you're so stupid!

Feng Yan's mouth was slightly hooked, watching the little woman cover the blanket and freak out, really worried that she would suffocate herself like this.

Reaching out, he tugged at the blanket and said, "Honey!"

"What wife? Who's your wife?"

Ancho yelled in anger, a little face so red and urgent it looked like it was dripping.

Feng Yan's eyes flashed with a whiff of evil intent as he deliberately said, "You slept with me last night, do you still want to be irresponsible?"

Anjo was speechless, "Hey, I mean, you're a man, what can I do to you if you don't want to?"

Feng Yan snorted, "Ugh! Women ah really fickle, also do not know who last night mouthed husband, now lift trousers and want to leave, which is so cheap."

I said, grabbing my phone from the bedside table, and with a few scratches and pulls, I found a recording and threw it at her.

"Here, listen for yourself!"

Anjo blinked and clicked on the recording in seeming disbelief, startled.

"Be good and call your husband."

"Honey."

"Say honey I want more."

"Honey I want more."

"Baby, do you want your husband to push harder?"

"Yes!"

"Then you k\*ss your husband."

""

"Well? Believe that now?"

Feng Yan pulled An Qiao into his arms, lowered his head to her lips, k\*ssed her once, and then deeply, hooked her small tongue repeatedly sucking, the action is gentle and lingering.

Ancho couldn't help but tremble slightly and tried to push away, but felt weak.

By the time the man finally let go of her, she was panting, unable to speak at all.

Feng Yan hooked his lips in satisfaction, his finger pointing on her slightly red and swollen lips, and said: "Remember, to be my Feng Yan's wife, from now on, even a single hair on your whole body, only I can touch, and if I see a scene like the one during the day again, I'll."

"Wait!"

Anjo finally interrupted him and said with a slight gasp, "Since we've had that kind of thing happen, you should know that I'm not"

"I don't mind."

Feng Yan interrupted her, fearing that she might be embarrassed in the slightest.

"The most important thing for two people to be together is to be spiritually compatible with each other, not to mention that it's not my first time."

His first, two years ago.

But Anjo was completely confused, staring at his overly handsome face, "But, but I don't really know you."

"So now you know! My name is Feng Yan."

Feng Yan said, pulling open the bedside drawer and pulling out two red books.

Anjo's entire body was horrified when she saw the three hot gold letters clearly written on it!

It's a marriage certificate!

What's wrong with it?

She stared at it, only to feel the thunder!

After staring incredulously for a long moment, she suddenly wrenched a thigh hard and hard, "Hiss--"

It hurts, not a dream.

So, she's really married?

"No, no. This, this is fake, right?"

Anjo still couldn't believe how a marriage certificate could be obtained without an account book and without her being present in person.

The man, however, said chestily, "If you don't believe me, check it out yourself at the Civil Affairs Bureau."

Afterwards, he had gotten up, grabbed the towel next to him and wrapped it around him, saying, "Since you're up, hurry up and get dressed, and to celebrate the happy marriage, I'm taking you out to dinner."

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Thoroughly packed and out the door at 7:30 pm.

An Qiao got into the car and found out that this is actually the most expensive villa area in Jiangcheng, and I heard that a house is worth at least 30 million yuan.

Not surprised, she gulped and had to quietly check out the man next to her again.

Handsome, powerful, young, rich, and functioning normally in that area, he looks like a super quality diamond in the rough.

Can't figure out how they found her.

An Qiao asks herself if she is not as beautiful as a celestial goddess, if her posture is above average at best, and if she has no special talent, what does this man see in her?

The more she thought about it, the more she couldn't figure it out.

All the way to Salouye Leng's open-air restaurant, the gorgeous decor and royal-level service once again shocked An Qiao, and when she saw the sky-high menu, she couldn't help but suck in a breath of cold air.

A steak is \$30,000 and a bottle of wine is over \$100,000.

It's not rice that we're eating, it's gold!

## **Chapter 526**

Even though Anne's family was considered wealthy in the country, they had never come to such a place to eat.

Anjo flipped the menu over and over, but finally gave up.

She clicked no hands.

Feng Yan wasn't reluctant, and gave a list of dish names to the waiter fluently, adding, "Bring out the bottle of loverslost I left here, I want to celebrate with my wife."

"Yes!"

When the waiter left, Anjo said apprehensively, "Mr. Feng."

Feng Yan's face paled, "Call your husband!"

hiccup

All right!Anjo had to compromise for the time being, "Well, for the record, if you're getting married because we had s\*x, then I don't think it's necessary.You're a man, you're not at a disadvantage in this matter, and I don't need you to be responsible for it, if you're really feeling aggrieved how about I make it up to you in some other way, do you think that's okay?"

Feng Yan's skin tugged at the corners of his mouth with a smile, "No!"

Anjo: "

This man, he's so greasy, isn't he?

She pursed her lips, unsure of what to say, but puffed and sulked.

I don't know why they are the only guests in Jerusalem tonight, but An Qiao doesn't know it's because Feng Yan has already booked the venue, and he only thinks it's because it's too expensive and business is quiet.

Not long after, the waiter brought the wine over and the sobering process took place, and they just sat facing each other, saying nothing.

It wasn't until the wine sobered up and the waiter poured a cup for each of them and then retired that Feng Yan lifted the glass in front of him and asked, "Do you really want to know why I married you?"

Anjo nodded vigorously even.

She really wanted to know. After all, the man in front of her was undoubtedly too good in every way, and it was too far-fetched to ask her to believe any of those responsible reasons.

She also never believed that there was love in the world without a cause, or hate without a cause.

Feng Yan narrowed his eyes at her, the corners of his mouth seemingly smiling, holding a red wine cup in an extremely lazy and charming manner, suddenly waving at her.

Anjo was confused, but got up and walked away.

But she didn't expect to be grabbed by the wrist as soon as she reached him, and she only had time to scream as her whole body had fallen into his arms unexpectedly.

"What do you do?"

She panicked a little, her small hands against his chest, and struggled to get to her feet.

"Don't move."

Feng Yan clasped her waist and sat her close to him, whispering, "Don't provoke the fire."

Anjo stayed.

She actually felt it underneath her.

The deep, gorgeous voice rang in my ears at the right time, like a cello playing a heavy string, and it was s\*xy as hell.

"Feel that? That's the reason for marrying you."

Ahhhhhhhh!

Ancho's face exploded red with shame and anger, and she pushed the man away, standing up sharply.

"You, you, rascal!"

The man hooked his lips slightly, very pleased with the way she was blushing, his eyes full of pleasure.

"We're married, isn't it normal for husbands to play a little sleaze on their wives?"

Anjo was so angry with her little face that she was actually speechless.

Thankfully, the waiter brought the food up at that moment, which defused the awkwardness a bit.

An Qiao sat back in her original position in exasperation, looking at the exquisite food in front of her with no appetite at all, but then looked up again, the man opposite her was eating elegantly, and as he ate, he raised his glass of wine and smiled charmingly at her, saying, "Honey, CHEERS!"

Ancho was even more speechless.

Thinking about it, since he doesn't want to talk properly, then it's better not to say anything, anyway, there's a diamond king's husband she doesn't suffer, so thinking about it, An Qiao has nothing to struggle with, picking up the cutlery and trying to eat.

Who cares what he means? It's a big deal to be hungry in the world, so she eats her fill.

Today, from the morning until now, she still dripped with rice, plus the chef here is a seven-star chef specially invited from France, the cooking is naturally an authentic French meal, not to mention the taste is good, and usually do not have the opportunity to eat, so Anjo ate very rude.

Watching the little woman take offense with the food, Feng Yan slightly hooked his lips and smiled imperceptibly.

Anjo's appetite was small and she was soon full, and Feng Yan was still elegantly slicing foie gras when she put down the cutlery.

The restaurant is somewhat dimly lit, the kind of warm yellow that is full of ambiguous atmosphere, An Qiao served full belly, the mood has slightly improved, watching Feng Yan eat without slowing down, handsome face because of the light, than the day looks deeper, eyes even overflowing with a slight blue.

She was slightly stunned and thought to herself, his eyes actually had blue in them, was he a hybrid?

The phone suddenly buzzed in her purse and Ancho came back to life and took it out to see that it was Dad.

She got up in a hurry and went to the other side to answer it.

"Hey, Dad."

She deliberately lowered her voice, not wanting to be heard by Feng Yan.

"Anjo, why is your phone off? I couldn't get through on the phone!"

An Zishan's voice was laced with thin anger, and An Qiao was startled slightly.

Is her phone off? No!

She'd just gotten it out of her bag.

Anjo didn't have time to think about it in detail, her mind was still angry that he didn't believe her this morning, so she only asked quietly, "Something wrong?"

"Where are you?"

Ancho hesitated, but chose to answer honestly, "Jerusalem West Restaurant."

"A man?"

Anjo stopped talking.

She vaguely remembered that it was Feng Yan who had taken her away from the wedding, Dad was definitely not asking this now because he cared about her, and anyone with eyes could see that the man was no ordinary person, and she didn't want her family to misunderstand.

But who An Zishan was, An Qiao only hesitated a little, and then he saw what was happening.

The voice on the other end of the phone was gentler, and said with conviction, "You're with Mr. Bo, aren't you?"

An Qiao looked at Feng Yan not far away, frowned, and lost his tongue to deny, "No."

"No? So what are you doing out here by yourself?"

Anjo didn't know how to answer, she wasn't very good at lying, so she had to be silent.

An Zishan's voice sounded again, "You say you too, it's not like having a boyfriend is something shameful, why don't you tell your family? It caused such a big misunderstanding this morning."

"He's not..."

"Alright, I know you're fine, just bring Mr. Feng back for dinner when you're free, you hear me?"

"Dad, we..."

"Okay, I've got work to do, that's it! Let's not talk to you yet."

Anzisan quickly hung up the phone, causing Anjo to still be somewhat unaware when he saw the words end of the call on the screen.

What did Dad just say?

Bring Mr. Feng home for dinner?

"....."

Ancho is really getting teary....

She returned to her seat with her phone.

## Chapter 527

At this time, Feng Yan had finished eating and was sipping elegantly from a glass of red wine.

"Your father?"

From the look on her face just now, he had guessed.

Ancho was surprised, but nodded honestly.

"What did he say?"

Anjo seemed a little freaked out and said with a bitter little face, "He said that he'd let me take you home for dinner sometime."

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On the other side, Anjou.

As soon as An Zishan hung up the phone, Liu Xiuxiang, who was next to him, leaned in and asked anxiously, "How's it going?What did she say?"

Anzu-san looked at his own mother and nodded, "They're together."

"Liu Xiu Xiang stayed put.

An Xin screamed in resentment, "No way!With a product like her, how could she possibly take on the youngest owner of the Bo Family Foundation!"

An Zishan's face sank at the words, his tone took on a bit of thin anger, and he drank, "An Xin, what are you talking about, no matter what she's still your sister!"

An Xin was so angry that she blanched.

Zhou Yu is Anxiety's mother, seeing her daughter being reprimanded, she was naturally distressed, and even came up to smooth things over, "Alright, Anxiety doesn't know any better, why are you still serious with the child at your age."

After saying that, the words changed and sighed, "But what An Xin said is also the truth, think about it, after all, An Qiao had that kind of incident two years ago, how could an illustrious family like the Feng family marry one alas! Old Ann, do you think she's "

She looked at An Zishan with a difficult face, and although the latter half of her sentence was not spoken, everyone present knew what it meant.

It's nothing more than that, with An Qiao's reputation, being Mrs. Bo is definitely not enough to qualify, it's not like she's someone's mistress!

An Zishan was startled, but it really felt like that when Zhou Yu said it like that.

After all, there are many young people today who call their husbands and wives in order to appear intimate, even if they are not in a proper relationship.

Could it be that Anjo really has fallen on her sword?

An Zishan's face changed slightly, and Zhou Yu saw it and struck while the iron was hot, "Didn't you just ask where she lived? It's only her first day back to China today, so if she really is in a normal boyfriend/girlfriend relationship with that Mr. Bo, she should come back to live."

Only then did An Zishan remember that he had just been so focused on making sure that An Qiao was not with Feng Yan that he had forgotten to ask her where she had landed today.

His face changed several times, but he finally picked up the phone again and dialed.

However, when you dial again, a mechanical female voice comes from the other side: the user you dialed is offline, please dial again later!

Since it was on speakerphone, everyone heard the tone at once, and for a moment there was a scowl and an ambiguous look on their faces.

See! You really are someone's mistress, aren't you? Otherwise, but how could any serious woman go and fool around with a man on her first day back in China and stay out all night?

Actually, Anjo is really wronged.

As soon as I answered the call, I realized that my phone was only one percent charged, sat down for less than half a minute, and simply turned off automatically.

But she figured no one would call her again at this point, so she handed her phone to the attendant to charge and ignored it.

Who knew this misunderstanding would arise.

At this point, though, Anjo, who doesn't yet know what's on the Anchor's mind, is upset about where she's staying tonight.

Feng Yan means that since he's married, of course he's coming home to live together, but An Qiao is dead set against it.

She hasn't figured out how.

I've got to get him to testify! If you really went with him tonight, wouldn't that indicate consent to their relationship? She's not that stupid!

So, because of that, they were at a standstill.

By this time, all have finished eating, under Feng Yan's persuasion, An Qiao drank two glasses of red wine, already a little tipsy.

A musician with a violin came over and smiled, "Presenting a song called "howdoilive" to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Bo's happy marriage and wish you a hundred years of good fortune!"

When you're done, you set up your driving position and play the violin professionally.

The song was familiar to Anjo, a love song by Whitney Houston, and she remembered that the original lyrics were touching, to the effect that you were the whole point of me living in this world.

An Qiao doesn't believe in this kind of love, think about it, if the whole reason for a person's existence is because of you, then how stressful and tiring it must be for that person to live.

She still prefers a more independent and free love.

The melodious music slowly flowed between the two of them, An Qiao looked up at Feng Yan, only to see his face indifferent, a shallow smile hanging from the corner of his mouth, his deep eyes as bright as if they were studded with stars.

"I happened to hear this tune when I was studying abroad and I liked it, didn't you?"

Ancho was too embarrassed to say he didn't like it, but he could only nod slightly, "Yeah, it's okay."

"Heh!" Feng Yan laughed out softly and raised his hand to look at his watch, "It's getting late, let's go."

An Qiao's eyelids jumped and tried to refuse, but Feng Yan had already walked out ahead of him.

She had to hurry up with her bag as well.

All the way out of the restaurant, Feng Yan got into the car first, but turned around to see An Qiao standing on the side of the road, not moving.

With a quirk of his eyebrow, he held out his hand, "Get in."

Anjo took a step back, then, with just the right amount of fake smile, said, "Mr. Feng, that, thank you for today's dinner, I'll leave if there's nothing else."

After saying that, was about to dodge, however just walked out of two steps, the back collar tight, has been carried by a man in the hand.

Feng Yan got out of the car at some point and stood behind her, his thin lips slightly hooked, his eyes a little cool, and asked, "Where to?"

Ancho managed a smile, "Of course I'm going home."

"I'll give you a ride."

The man dropped those three words and, without a word, turned around and shoved her into the car.

Anjo: "

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The black Maybach is driving on the busy streets of Jiangcheng, Feng Yan drove the car, occasionally using the corner of his eyes to glance at the quiet little woman in the passenger seat, a touch of satisfaction flashed in his eyes.

He knew Anjo well enough to know that she wasn't one of those vain girls with no boundaries, which is why he respected her and followed her advice to send her home.

After all, they hadn't spent much time together, and if they insisted that she must live with her now, she might provoke her to rebel.

Well, yes, the heart of resistance.

Feng Yan analyzed in his heart, comforting himself, she can't run away even if she wanted to anyway since she got a license, so take your time, the future is still long, there's no hurry.

The car quickly arrived outside the An family villa, An Qiao got out of the car, and before Feng Yan spoke, he flew off to say thank you and ran far away with his head down in the direction of the gate in a hurry.

Feng Yan looked at her back as she ran faster than a rabbit and smiled softly, watching her enter the gate before driving away.

Anjo always had the key to the front door of the Anchor House, so instead of knocking on the door, she just opened it herself with the key.