

## Chapter 531

Feng Yan looked solemn and said seriously, "If I had insisted a little longer for you to come home with me, surely this wouldn't have happened."

Ancho, not expecting him to say that, warmed up and shook his head.

"How can I blame you for that?"

"You're my wife, and it would have been wrong of me to let you get hurt."

Anjo: "

Anjo's face flushed again, and he didn't know what to say.

Feng Yan slightly hooked his lips and reached out to gently touch her hair.

The car went around a mountain road and finally came to a stop in front of a house in Bueno, the assistant palace got out and opened the door for them. Feng Yan went down first, and while An Qiao was about to get off the car, he was suddenly picked up by him directly from the car and carried across the road, striding towards the villa.

Anjo was slightly shocked and subconsciously about to struggle, but the man scolded her with a low, "Don't move!"

She deflated and somehow swallowed her rejection at the man's frowning face.

All right! Could she be understood to have hurt her knee, but every man should be such a gentleman!

However, despite this thought, when leaning on Feng Yan's broad shoulders, a warm feeling rose up in my heart.

The villa that Feng Yan lived in was huge, at least several times bigger than the An's villa.

Anjo was carried by him all the way into the house, then straight up to the first floor. Feng Yan kicked open a bedroom door with his foot and walked in to put her on the bed.

The bedroom is a simple black and white line design, very consistent with the style of men, a set of furnishings although not necessarily all very precious, but placed with a glance is known to be carefully designed, seems very tasteful.

After Feng Yan put her on the bed, he went to take off her shoes.

Anjo stiffened and stopped him in a rush, saying "I'll do it myself!"

However, the outstretched hand was blocked back by the man, Feng Yan looked up at her and smiled, "I've never helped a woman take off her shoes before, and you're the first."

Ancho was slightly startled, her small face reddening and becoming even more overwhelmed.

She was wearing a pair of white crampons today, and the man's long, beautiful fingers smoothly untied her laces and took them off.

And then he took off his pink socks.

It was then that Ancho realized that her foot was bruised and swollen from the twist, and her ankle hurt when she touched it.

But she hadn't even noticed it herself just now, so how did he find out?

Without waiting for An Qiao to figure it out, Feng Yan said with a frown on his brow, "Sit down for a moment, I'll be right up."

After saying that, he turned and walked out.

Reaching the door, he suddenly paused and turned back to add, "Remember to take off your trousers and take care of your knee wounds."

Anjo: "

Three minutes later, Feng Yan came back up with an extra pillbox in his hand.

He walked in the door and found Anjo sitting on the bed as he was, not with his trousers down.

With a flash of displeasure between his eyebrows, he walked up to her and crouched down, saying in a quiet voice, "Why don't you listen?"

An Qiao didn't even know what words to use to describe her feelings at this point, do you think it's appropriate for a grown man to tell a girl to take off her trousers at every turn?

Feng Yan's eyes narrowed, as if he could see her shyness and suddenly smiled evilly.

"I've seen every part of your body, so don't be shy."

Anjo's already red face burst into flush and pushed him away, "Rascal!"

"Heh!"The man was quick to grab her small hand, as if she wasn't embarrassed enough, and even put a dignified k\*ss on her mouth.

Anjo: "

Oooh, the rascal!

"Good girl, the wound will get infected if you don't treat it, let your husband look at it."

Feng Yan is coaxing her like a child, after which he will come up and take off her trousers.

Anjo winced and shrank back, blocking it with her hands as she screamed, "No!!I'm going to the hospital."

"The doctors at the hospital are not as gentle as my husband."

"Then I'm on my own!"

""

An Qiao held a resistant attitude and finally ran out of patience with Feng Yan. He stood up and looked condescendingly at the small woman in front of him.

Ancho had a death grip on his trousers with both hands and was staring at him too.

Half a dozen times, Feng Yan suddenly coldly hooked his lower lip and turned around to walk out.

Anjo: "

I watched as he strode out and the door slammed behind him.

Ancho was a little confused, was he angry?

She's a little aggravated, what a temper this man has!

What's the point of not letting him take his medicine? What's all the fuss about?

Don't give her that look!

An Qiao thought to herself, combined with today's whole day's encounter, she only felt so annoyed and her nose was sore, as if she wanted to cry again.

However, before she could finish her grievance, the door suddenly opened and Feng Yan came back in.

The man, with a cold face and without saying a word, strode over and picked her up in his arms and walked out.

Ancho froze and asked, "What are you doing?"

Feng Yan spat out three words in a bad mood: "Go to the hospital."

Anjo: "

It's a bit temperamental, but what if you're really nice to her?

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It was late by the time she got to the hospital, and the doctor on duty gave her medication and instructions on what to eat and drink, and they went back.

On the way back, An Qiao's leg was bandaged, so it was even more difficult to move, still Feng Yan carried her upstairs.

Ancho suddenly thought, is this the rhythm of sharing a roof tonight?

She actually understood that it would be preposterous for her to insist on leaving when they were in this situation, but she wasn't ready if they lived together.

Feng Yan seemed to see what she was thinking, reached out and rubbed her head vigorously and said, "Don't think nonsense, I'll sleep in the guest room tonight."

An Qiao was already embarrassed, and felt even more embarrassed by the man's words, so she had to growl in a small voice, "Who's imagining things!"

Feng Yan lightly laughed and did not bother her, after putting her on the bed, he went to wring a hot towel to wipe her hands and face, An Qiao was served a little embarrassed, but several times wanted to come by herself, but was blocked by this man, she thought, can only pull away from the topic to dilute this awkward atmosphere.

"That guy tonight."

"Don't you worry, I've already sent someone to dispose of that man."

"Disposal?" Anjo frowned slightly, "Don't we have to call the police?"

As soon as the conversation ended, Feng Yan suddenly looked up at her and paused before saying, "The police will be called, don't worry."

Afterwards, she told her to lie down and cover up, which was why she took the towel and walked out.

The door softly unlocked behind him, and Feng Yan's gentle demeanor immediately went cold, picking up his phone and calling Qin Special Assistant.

"Special Assistant Qin, how are things going?"

"Boss, it's been taken care of!"

"Well." Feng Yan thought about it and eventually added, "Find Tailor Feng and ask him to send someone to the police station for a walk-through."

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"Eh?What do you mean?"

Feng Yan thought of An Qiao's words and rubbed his brow, "It's nothing interesting, just a formality."

Afterwards, he hung up the phone.

It wasn't right for the little woman to know too much about his tactics and the family's way of doing things just yet, lest it frighten her, so it was better to go through the motions at the police station, lest she worry.

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Feng Yan did what he said he would do, and that night, he really slept in the guest room.

The next day, Anjo woke up with the sun up.

She went out and strolled around the entire villa without finding Feng Yan, so she must have gone to work at the office.

An Qiao was a little lost, she was the only one in the huge villa, inevitably felt empty, she had to go back to the room to wash up, but just after washing up, the phone rang, it was Feng Yan.

An Qiao paddled down to answer, Feng Yan's deep, s\*xxy voice reaching his ears, "Up?"

Anjo blushed slightly, she didn't really mean to sleep at this time of night, she usually got very little sleep and didn't know why she slept so well last night.

She threw up her tongue and mmmm'd.

"What do you want for lunch?"

Ancho thought about it, subconsciously realizing his words as him coming back for dinner, and said, "Whatever, eat whatever."

"Not just any, pick one and I'll have it brought to you."

Anjo realized that he wasn't going to come back, and that he had made a fool of himself again.

"Lighter is fine, I'm not a picky eater."

Feng Yan gave a hmmm and stopped talking.

He didn't say anything, and An Qiao had even less of a topic to initiate, so she fell silent for a moment, and as she wondered if the other side had already hung up, she suddenly heard Feng Yan say again, "Someone will bring over some household goods and clothes this afternoon, so open the door for them."

Anjo nodded, and after nodding realized he couldn't see, so he replied, "Good."

She replied, and the other side fell silent again.

Ancho was a little confused, what's wrong with this guy? Too much time at work? Calling and not talking again.

After a long silence, Anjo finally relented and asked tentatively, "Is there anything else? I'll hang up if it's okay, oh."

There was still no sound on the other end of the phone, and it was a long moment before he whispered, "I'll take you to a styling session at four in the afternoon, and accompany me to a family party tonight."

It took a long moment for Ancho to realize what he meant by a family party.

Is this to announce the relationship?

She blushed and hesitated before uttering, "Is it a little too soon?"

Her words caused Feng Yan to be slightly surprised for a moment.

Immediately, the whole mood was cheerful, and the corners of his eyebrows were tinged with an uncontrollable smile.

What a surprise that the little girl just said it was too soon, but didn't just say no!

It seems she still knows he's good for her.

As soon as Mr. Bo was pleasant, he decided to strike while the iron was hot and said in a serious manner, "Not so fast, we got our license anyway, it was only a matter of time before we announced it."

Ancho was still hesitant, "But"

Feng Yan teased, "It's not because the ugly daughter-in-law is afraid of meeting her in-laws, is it?"

Anjo pouted in displeasure, "You're the ugly one! Your whole family is ugly!"

"Haha,"

Feng Yan rare open-hearted laugh, the office, Qin special assistant looking at his president's cheerful smile, as if he had seen a living fossil, horrified.



My goodness, I'm not sure the president has ever laughed so hard in 27 years of life. It's really the old house that's on fire. It's really bad!

Feng Yan, unaware of Qin Special Assistant's inner activities, smiled for a moment and said, "Be good, I'll pick you up at night."

When you finished, you hung up the phone.

He looked up at Chin Special Assistant, who was standing off to the side in a rare good mood, and waved his hand, saying, "Go get Maurice."

Qint assisted in going.

The only person left in the office was Feng Yan, who stood up from behind his desk and walked over to the wide floor-to-ceiling windows, narrowing his eyes as he looked down on the car-popular people who were as tiny as ants below.

Last night had been a wake up call for him.

An Qiao was misunderstood two years ago and was in the newspaper, although he knew that person was himself back then, but in order to preserve another person, he couldn't say, but also wouldn't let An Qiao be bullied like this again, the only way was to let everyone know that she was the titular Mrs. Bo.

He, Feng Yan, doesn't believe that anyone in this world would dare to bully his wife!

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The clothes delivery man arrived just after lunch.

Anjo politely invited them into the house and stared in shock as she saw them moving boxes and boxes of stuff into the house as if they were moving.

This, this, this is too much!

She was surprised as she went to pour a cup of water for each of the workers who were moving things to give them a break, and what was just customary politeness was flattering to these people, who said thank you Mrs. Bo incessantly.

Ancho couldn't help but blush again.

In fact, she had been working and studying in France alone for the past two years and had suffered a lot, so she didn't discriminate against these lower strata of society, and only after chatting with them did she learn that they were all lower-level employees of the Feng Group.

Since they didn't know what they were buying yet, Anjo just let them carry their things into the living room and let them go.

Then it was an afternoon of unpacking boxes.

Feng Yan was very attentive and bought her not only clothes and shoes, but also a series of household items.

Anjo hadn't really believed until this moment that she was married, albeit with some half-hearted elements, but ripping off the license, she had followed him to his house, and from what he had said this morning, she was going to meet his family tonight, so there was no turning back!

An Qiao thought for a long time before finally making up her mind, no turning back then, she just wanted to show those who slandered her that she was doing well and didn't need them to worry at all!

At 4:00 p.m., Feng Yan arrived home on time.

He didn't go inside, he sat in the car and called Anjo, and in a few minutes he saw a small woman dressed in a plain outfit running out of the villa.

Anjo was tired and sweaty from packing all afternoon and was now freshly showered and still smelling faintly of body wash. Feng Yan smelled it and smiled lightly at the corners of his mouth, leaning in to her neck to take a small sniff, "It smells good."

Ancho blushed a little, "Stop it."

"Heh!" The little woman's shyness pleased him, and Feng Yan became more and more impressed, hooking her head and pressing her towards him, kissing her on the lips.

Anjo's lips were soft and sweet, and he could never k\*ss them enough, but gradually the movement became deeper, and his hands began to move restlessly over her body.

Anjo was almost suffocating from his k\*sSES, and when she felt the large hand that moved to her chest, she stiffened and pushed him, snorting, "Don't."

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Only then did Feng Yan stop.

With his lips still pressed against hers and a smile all over his brow and eyes, he whispered, "Does it still hurt?"

Anjo was stunned, and only then did the party realize he was asking about her knee and ankle injuries, shaking her head, "It doesn't hurt anymore."

It didn't really hurt that badly, but I rubbed it in yesterday and didn't feel much today.

Feng Yan was still unsure, and lifted her long skirt to look at her ankles and knees, and saw that the swelling had gone down, and although her knees were still covered with gauze, they weren't as scary as last night.

That settled him down.

"I'll have Chris get a pair of flats for you later, and we'll show up back tonight."

Ancho was a little apprehensive, "Is this good?"

She's only 6'5" tall, so she'd look short in flats, right? And it's a family party! What if Feng Yan's elders see us?

Feng Yan, however, just doted on her and ruffled her hair, "Don't worry." And then nothing more was said.

When Anjo saw that he was silent, he couldn't say anything else and turned to look out the window of the car.

The leaves of some of the plane trees on the streets are yellowing, and the autumn breeze is sweeping them down. She pursed her lips, feeling a little nervous at the thought that she might have to meet Feng Yan's family later.

Soon the car stopped in front of a large celebrity modeling club.

They got out of the car and were greeted by a very voluptuous looking man, whose two eyes glowed straight at the sight of Feng Yan.

"Yo, Feng Shao, what kind of wind actually blew to bring you here today?"

The man greeted happily, one sentence finished, only to notice An Qiao, who lagged behind Feng Yan, first stunned, then opened his mouth wide in shock as if he had discovered a new world.

"Oh my God! Did I read that right, woman? You actually got a woman?"

In the meantime, Feng Yan was a little annoyed with his raucousness.

He only saw his eyes dripping around An Qiao's body, looking at An Qiao's heart and couldn't help but lean towards Feng Yan.

"Tsk tsk, this chick is pretty hot ha, big boobs, thin waist and round ass, which lady?"

Feng Yan finally couldn't stand it any longer and said in an angry voice, "Chris! Don't give an inch!"

Chris was slightly shocked, seeing Feng Yan speak to him in this very harsh tone for the first time, and was obviously a bit confused for a moment.

Feng Yan also ignored him, gently pushed An Qiao down and said, "This is my wife, you personally styled her, be conservative."

Mrs.?

fu\*k!

Chris, apparently feeling like he didn't have enough brains for the day, looked at Anjo stunned, saw her smile at him and said politely, "Thank you."

He even waved his hand, "No trouble, no trouble, it's my honor to help Mrs. Bo with her styling."

Then he pointed upstairs to the premium VIP area and said, "Follow me."

An Qiao turned his head to look at Feng Yan, and only after receiving a nod of approval did he follow him upstairs.

Chris was worthy of being called an international magician, and after his transformation, two hours later, when Anjo looked at the slender, noble woman in the mirror, he couldn't believe it was himself.

Chris had picked out a white deep v dress with many tiny red crystals to add a splash of colour to the plain, her hair pulled up high with what looked like minimal but actually elaborate makeup, and a pair of ruby earrings.

and appears both noble and pure.

She was slightly distracted by the fact that Chris had added a white shawl to satisfy the conservative demands of the seal, which covered the fluffy white of her breasts and the single slashed shoulder even more invitingly.

"Bingo!Finished!"

He stepped forward to take a look at Anjo, not hiding his amazement, and complimented, "That's beautiful!"

Anjo blushed slightly and looked at her new, refreshed self in the mirror, but was actually satisfied on the inside.

"Okay, change your shoes, then I'll help you down."

Chris brought Anjo a pair of white crystal thick-soled sandals that would hide her height without tiring her feet.

Anjo smiled gratefully at him, which he replaced.

Soon, Anjo was walking down the stairs with Chris's help, the steps weren't very high, but she was being extremely careful, afraid that if she wasn't careful she might fall down, which would be comical.

Feng Yan was sitting on a sofa in the lounge area reading a newspaper, and there were several men sitting next to him, probably all waiting for their girlfriends or wives, and a circle of people sitting on the sofa, which made Feng Yan look even more upright and handsome.

She had an unexpected illusion that it was actually quite happy to live her life just like this.

After all, having been in love with Qiao Ziyu for five years before, they had never enjoyed such a pampering.

She had always thought at the time that Qiao Ziyu was that kind of character, a bit headstrong at times, but still good in nature.

It wasn't until later, when I saw how gentle and thoughtful he was with his peace of mind, that I realized that the only reason for not spoiling was because you weren't the one he wanted to spoil.

"Hey! Come see, is your little wife pretty?"

Chris's exaggerated voice rang throughout the ground floor, catching everyone's attention at once.

An Qiao was a little shy and embarrassed, blushing and burying her head low, so she couldn't see the flash of surprise that flashed across Feng Yan's eyes when he raised them.

"Well? I'm good at it, aren't I?"

Chris sends Anjo to Feng Yan, inviting a reward.

Feng Yan, however, didn't even look at him, his eyes looking straight at An Qiao.

Half a dozen times, before nodding, "Yeah, good."

Anjo was so uncomfortable with the way he looked at her, his eyes dodging to meet his, a blush flying from his cheeks all the way to his ears.

In Feng Yan's eyes, he only felt incomparably alluring, and his Adam's apple involuntarily rolled down.

"Let's go."

His voice was muffled as he took Anjo's hand and walked outside.

Chris dropped them off at the door and saw them get into the car before frantically pulling out his mobile phone and dancing like he'd discovered something big, "Hey! Tailor Feng, big news big news, that kid your brother Feng Yan just brought a woman to my shop and said it was his wife!"

On the other side of the phone, Tailor Feng, who was sitting on the balcony drinking lemon tea and sunbathing, puffed out a mouthful of tea and stared incredulously, "Really?"

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An Qiao was led out of the styling club by Feng Yan.

Feng Yan's legs were long and his steps were so big that she had to trot to keep up.

Just before reaching the car, I was suddenly on top of the man, followed by an overwhelming wave of wolf k\*sses.

Anjo felt his eagerness and ferocity and was a little afraid, but subconsciously knew that he meant no harm, so he didn't resist and obediently allowed him to k\*ss her.

After k\*ssing her for a long time, Feng Yan reluctantly released her.