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One hand braced against the body to envelop her beneath herself, one hand clasped around her waist, the tip of her nose against the tip of her nose, smiling evilly at the sight of her red, swollen lips.

"Remember, you're only allowed to dress like that in front of me from now on!"

A little aggravated, but still obedient, Ancho replied, "Oh."

Only then did Feng Yan touch her face in satisfaction, release her and pull the door open for her himself.

"Get in the car!"

Anjo got into the car and blushed a little when he saw that Qin Tesuke had arrived here at some point and was now sitting in the driver's seat.

Must have seen that scene earlier.

She was even more ashamed in her heart, secretly vowing that she must find a time to communicate with Feng Yan, and not to be so Meng Lang outside in the future.

Half an hour later, the car arrives at tonight's destination, the Celebrity Lodge.

Feng Yan had the presidential suite here for years, so he took Anjo with him and headed straight for the lift.

The lift door was just about to close, but a hand suddenly blocked it, only to see an extremely handsome looking young man walk in and see Feng Yan, his eyes bright.

"Yo!Brother, I didn't believe Chris when he said you were going to bring my sister-in-law over, tsk, so it's true?"

Feng Yan looked at him with a blank expression, "Why are you here?"

"Chuckle!Why can't I be here when you can come to the party my uncle is throwing?"

"Finished with the corporate matters handed over to you?"

""

Taylor Feng drawled, not wanting to bring up the subject, and turned his attention to An Qiao.

This careful examination was not slightly shocking, and then a bad smile flashed.

"How old is little sister-in-law? Look at this tender, pinch-pack of water, it's still underage, right?"

With a little face so red that it could almost drip blood, Ancho replied softly, "I'm 20."

"Ha! Really? So I've changed my mind? I always thought he only liked that kind of green apple loli!"

As I was saying, the lift doors had opened and Feng Yan kicked him in the ass, shouting angrily, "Get out!"

As if Taylor Feng already knew he had this trick, he jumped out before he kicked over, a pair of peach blossom eyes smiling and deliberately irritated, "Look at you, I'm just joking, you're yelling like you want to kill someone, those who don't know still think I've got it right, haha!"

Taylor Feng's laughter faded away as the lift doors closed, heading to the topmost floor of the high-class presidential suite.

An Qiao was a bit put up with that teasing, yet when he looked up, he bumped into Feng Yan's dark, dark pupils.

She was afraid that he would be upset, so she even put a smile on her lips and acted as if nothing was wrong.

But suddenly I heard him say in a deep voice, "He's talking nonsense, don't believe it."

Ancho was startled, and didn't respond in mid-sentence.

He's explaining this to her?

Someone who couldn't wait for a response half a dozen times, his handsome face sank and a finger flicked her forehead, annoyed, "Do you hear me?"

Ancho crinkled her small face over her forehead and answered evenly, "I hear you."

Since the banquet didn't start until eight in the evening, Feng Yan took her to her room to rest first.

And take care of a little business along the way.

Anjo was sitting on the couch in the living room, bored and watching TV, when her phone suddenly rang.

She scanned the study, then walked briskly to the other side and picked up the phone.

"Hey, Jen Jen."

"Anjo, did you call me yesterday? My phone screen is broken and I just bought a new one today, so I didn't get it."

Anjo Khan.

So it was.

She didn't want to make Zhen Zhen feel guilty by telling her about last night's encounter with the pervert, so she just said, "So that's how it was, I was wondering why you just didn't answer your phone when you knew you wouldn't be resting that early."

"Alas! Never mind, I had a breakup yesterday, so I smashed my phone in a huff."

"Huh?" Anjo expressed her frustration with the lady's behavior.

It's a pity to smash your mobile phone when you're heartbroken!

Zhen Zhen continued to complain, "An Qiao, why do you think that sc*m has two feet on the ground?! I'm not fit or pretty enough or my family isn't rich enough to deserve him anyway, damn it! He's good, but he actually dared to go pick up another woman without telling me, he really doesn't want to live!"

Anjo smiled awkwardly, "So what did you do to him?"

"Heh! Nothing much, just put a surveillance camera in his room and then live streamed the video of him taking that woman home for s*x all over the world."

Anjo: "

Miss, I know your family is rich and powerful, but you shouldn't play around like this!

But Anjo knew it would be useless to talk her out of it, so he just said, "Don't go to nightclubs for boyfriends anymore, it's not reliable."

Zhen Zhen was righteous, "So where do I find it?"

This puts An Qiao in a difficult position, she has only had one love affair, and that was with a childhood sweetheart when she was a student.

She doesn't even remember how to find it herself.

After thinking about it, she came up with the most plausible solution, "Why don't you go on a blind date?"

Zhen Zhen: "

"Alas! Forget it, let's not talk about it, do you have time on Sunday, let's have dinner and go shopping together, you haven't gone shopping together since you returned home."

Ancho figured that there shouldn't be much to do on Sunday, so he agreed.

"Well, that's settled then ha, see you on Sunday, bye!"

"Bye bye!"

As soon as I hung up the phone, a man's deep voice came from behind me.

"Who are you having dinner with on Sunday?"

An Qiao was shocked and turned around sharply to see Feng Yan appearing in the doorway of the study with a glass of water.

She sighed with relief, was the man a phantom? You don't even walk quietly. Also, she had just seen the study door closed, so why did he come out in the blink of an eye!

Feng Yan looked at An Qiao's horrified face and frowned slightly, taking big steps towards her.

Before he knew it, the phone was snatched away from him.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

An Qiao was so anxious that Feng Yan grabbed his wrist, his eyebrows raised, and asked, "Who?"

Anjo had to answer honestly, "My high school classmate, a woman, don't believe me, look at the name."

Feng Yan also really went to look up the call records, and when he saw the note name Zhen Zhen Er Er, the corner of his mouth hooked up inscrutably.

Then, with a few quick strokes and pulls of the long finger on the phone, he suddenly frowned at her.

"You didn't even save my number?"

Ancho didn't give him a good look, "You didn't tell me what your number was!"

Feng Yan was stunned, thinking about it as if it was really like this.

His face softening a bit, he handed the phone to Anjo and said, "So I'm telling you now, you save it in."

Ancho deflated and reluctantly entered his number.

After losing and about to put the phone away, the man suddenly relented again.

"Docket!" He ordered tautly.

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An Qiao ohs and is about to enter Feng Yan's name, but he snatches it away with one hand.

Then take the phone back, the note on it becomes "k*ssing husband".

Anjo saw this note and was really badly chilled, yet seeing his smug look, he finally endured it and said nothing.

After dinner, at eight o'clock, the party began.

As one of the leading leisure clubs for the rich and famous in Jiangcheng, the hotel is naturally incomparably luxurious, and as soon as you enter the lobby, you will feel the bright lights and splendor.

People come and go and drink together, a bustling scene.

The organizer was Huangfu Zheng, who had a royal background, and saw Feng Yan very warmly welcoming him up, "Young Master Feng has graced us with his presence, please go inside!"

Feng Yan's mouth was slightly hooked, a rare gentle smile, "Is Grandmother here?"

"on! Knowing you were coming, I asked Rue to bring her over specially."

"Well, talk to her, I'll go see her later."

"Okay, okay!"

After saying three good words in a row, Huangfu Zheng then welcomed Feng Yan inside.

An Qiao was being held tightly by Feng Yan's hand and was a little nervous, especially when she passed by Huangfu Zheng, clearly feeling his strange glance at her.

"Relax and be my Feng Yan's wife, you'll face these occasions often in the future."

Feng Yan whispered in her ear and An Qiao looked at him and nodded.

It was a lie to say that she wasn't nervous, even if she had no eyesight, she could see that the people appearing here tonight were not ordinary people, there were even a few she had seen on the international news on TV, they were all leading figures of the country, not something you could hire if you had the money.

Thinking of this, she couldn't help but take another look at Feng Yan, growing curious about his identity.

She had always thought that Feng Yan was a successful businessman, but today, it seemed that he was more than that.

After all, he said it was a family party.

Anjo's head was a mess and he suddenly regretted agreeing to accompany him to the dinner.

At the same time, not far away from the rest area on the sofa, several exquisitely dressed debutantes saw Feng Yan, their eyes lit up, however when they saw An Qiao beside him, they immediately revealed a shocked expression.

"Who is that woman? Why are you standing next to young Feng?"

"I've never seen it before, and I don't know who's so fortunate as Miss!"

"Not much to look at! She's just a pretty girl at best, why does Bo fancy her?"

"Bah humbug! Maybe it's just a regular female companion?"

""

The women's chattering reached Anjo's ears, making her feel even more uncomfortable.

The magnificent hall, the royal level of service, where everyone is dressed up in a particularly elegant and noble, laughter, banquet, happy conversations, occasionally overheard them talking about the content, but also the international economic trends, military and other topics, not to mention the domestic major giants between the topic.

These were things that Anjo had never even heard of before, feeling like an ugly duckling who had accidentally wandered into the world of white swans and was overwhelmed with embarrassment.

In the meantime, Feng Yan felt her discomfort, "What's wrong? Uncomfortable?"

Ancho pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Feet hurt?" Feng Yan asked again.

Still shaking his head, Anjo paused and nodded.

In the meantime, Feng Yan looked at the group of women in the rest area and thought, "I'll take you there."

Take a break in the back garden."

Anjo agreed evenly. However, just after taking two steps, a clear female voice came from behind her.

"Feng Shao, I haven't seen you for a long time, how did you happen to meet here?"

They turned their heads to see a young woman in a long red dress.

Feng Yan frowned slightly, the woman's strong perfume made him take a step back.

"Who are you?"

The woman was slightly stunned, her face was a bit too embarrassed to hang on, forced a smile and said: "Feng Shao you forgot? It's me, Chiaotzu! I was your date at the last dance."

"I don't remember!"

After Feng Yan said that, he pulled An Qiao along and headed to the back garden.

Lin Bellao watched the two of them drift away, stomped her foot in resentment, and returned to the sofa.

"Yo, is this a failed pick-up line?" The other woman's tone was mocking.

Lin Bellao unwillingly gritted her teeth and said, "It must be because of that woman next to him that Feng Shao is willing to talk to me."

"By the way, who's that woman?"

"Heh! Who knows? There are a few girls in the upper class circles that I don't know, but I've never seen her, and I don't know where she came from!"

As I was saying that, Angeline came from the distance with a glass of red wine.

"What are you talking about? So bitter and hateful."

An Zhilin is very pretty, the kind of famous lady full of gentle temperament, as the daughter of the chairman of the Swire Group, and the senior perfumer of the Bo Group's high-class luxury brand g.k. There is no hint of arrogance in her, but instead she is understanding and generous in the eyes of the public, so everyone is willing to hang out with her.

Lin Bellao snorted, pointed in the direction of the dance floor and said, "Here, look at that! There's also a fox charming child who came out of nowhere and seduced your CEO-sama, who's in love with you right now!"

Anzirin looked in the direction of her finger and saw Feng Yan dressed in a black suit, as handsome as ever, and in his arms holding the

She opened her mouth in amazement, a little incredulous.

Anjo! How could it be her?

It was only a side face, but Angeline was convinced that she would never mistake it for Anjo.

Anzirin turned pale, thought about it, and with a twinkle in her eye, she joked with a few people and followed.

In the back garden.

As Feng Yan rubbed An Qiao's ankle, he asked, "Does it hurt a lot?"

Anjo blushed a little and was a little embarrassed, but her feet didn't really hurt, she just didn't want to stay in the hall for the attention, so she made an excuse to come out.

But now the two of them were sitting on a bench, watching Feng Yan seriously rubbing her ankle, and their hearts inevitably rose with a sense of guilt.

In the meantime, she said with some self-reproach, "I was ill-considered, I didn't expect your foot injury to be so serious, so I'll take you home to rest."

Anjo shook her head, "No, no, I'm fine, just sit for a minute."

She thought of what Feng Yan and the uncle who greeted them just now said, "Aren't you still going to see your grandmother? Just go! I'll just wait here for you."

Feng Yan frowned imperceptibly.

He could feel the change in Anjo's mood, he still looked happy when he came out of Chris's styling club, but once he entered Celebrity Hill, he changed.

Actually, his intention was to introduce Anjo to his family and also announce their relationship, but now it looks like

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Feng Yan rubbed his eyebrows, somewhat annoyed.

In the end, he decided to compromise first.

After all, announcing their relationship was to protect An Qiao, but if it would hurt An Qiao's pride, he'd rather keep it under wraps for now, and anyway, after they spent time together, she'd understand that if he liked her, he'd never care who she was, and as for his family

Feng Yan wasn't worried, his grandparents would definitely like An Qiao, as for his parents' side, he had his own opinion.

Thinking about it, he said, "Well, sit down for a minute, tell the waiter what you need, and I'll be right back."

Anjo smiled and nodded.

After Feng Yan left, An Qiao sat alone on a bench, the night breeze was cool, blowing on his body, especially comfortable and relaxing.

A surprised voice suddenly sounded behind him, "Anjo?"

When Anjo turned back, she was surprised to see Angeline standing in front of a flowering tree in a long, soft yellow dress.

Ancho was also a little shocked and stood up from the bench, "Cousin?"

"So it really was you, I thought I was mistaken."

Angeline came over and looked Anjo up and down, immediately recognizing that the long dress she was wearing was the work of the famous stylist, Chris, and not a little jealous of the exquisite makeup and expensive jewellery she was wearing tonight.

The relationship between Chris and Feng Yan is unknown to outsiders, but as a senior perfumer at G.K, she has heard about it. I heard that Chris came from a wealthy family, and because he was unhappy with the family's control over him and his love of styling, he opened his own clubhouse.

Chris and Feng Yan, as well as Tailor Feng of the Feng family, have played together since childhood and are hardcore brothers, and the fact that Feng Yan was able to get him to help An Qiao with his styling shows that An Qiao really is different in his heart.

This An Qiao has grown a lot since her trip abroad. She's actually managed to get to know someone like Feng Shao!

An Zhi Lin automatically categorized An Qiao and Feng Yan as a mistress and a golden lord, and although she was a bit despicable, she didn't move her face.

With a small smile, she pulled Anjo down on the bench and said, "Anjo, I thought you were out of the country? Why are you back?"

An Qiao didn't want to tell her that it was her father who told her to come back for the wedding, so he casually made a perfunctory remark, "I'm not used to being abroad, so I came back."

"And yes, you haven't been out of the country since you were a kid, so it's no wonder you're not used to it."

With a smile on her face, Anzirin's tone involuntarily took on an element of pride.

Ancho understood her superiority and smiled, but didn't say much.

Although they are cousins, but because the An family's uncle went out to work at a very young age, and single-handedly founded the fashion focused Swire Group, their status is much higher than the An Qiao family, and they usually have less contact.

Anzirin suddenly sighed, "Saying that, if it wasn't for that incident two years ago, you wouldn't have needed to leave the country."

Ancho's eyes darkened and he lowered his head slightly.

That incident two years ago was a stain that she would never be able to erase from her life.

Even though she repeatedly told herself not to think about it, not to care, she couldn't help but feel sad when she returned to Kyoto again and heard those nasty words from people over and over again.

That's why she was so apprehensive tonight.

A taxi driver could remember the news from two years ago and recognize her, in case the family recognizes her.

An Qiao really didn't know how to explain it then, and what Feng Yan would think of her.

Anzirin looked at her changing face and said with concern, "Anjo, are you okay?"

Ancho shook her head, "It's okay."

"It's fine." Angeline's words changed, "By the way, I came here today with our director, who did you come here with?"

An Qiao hesitated slightly, subconsciously not saying Feng Yan.

"A friend."

"Friends?"

Angeline was clearly not convinced, heh! With Feng Yan's status, how could he be friends with her?

And with that hug, they're making out!

She thinks this, but doesn't break it, only smiling, "So, then your friend must be a very distinguished man."

Ancho managed a smile, "Sort of."

I don't know what happened, but she had seen Anzirin before, but Anzirin had never ignored her or stepped on her, but today it was like she had opened up a conversation, causing Anjo to be full of embarrassment.

After a while, most of the conversation was Angeline talking, and Anjo listening, occasionally responding with an um, ah, yes.

Until Anzirin suddenly looked not far away and smiled, "By the way, An Xin and Qiao Ziyu are here too, do you want to go over and say hello to them?"

What?

Are An Xin and Qiao Ziyu here?

Before Anjo could respond, Angeline had stood up and waved at a group of people standing a short distance away.

The group was having a good time with their glasses of wine and laughing and feasting, and they didn't know what to say.

With this wave of Anzirin's hand, someone immediately noticed, and turning around, Anjo unsurprisingly saw An Xin in a pink dress and Qiao Ziyu in a black formal dress.

The two are newly married and seem to be extremely affectionate, with Anxin holding Qiao Ziyu's arm, a handsome man and a beautiful woman, a pair of golden boys and girls.

Seeing Anzirin, they came this way.

"Cousin, thank you for bringing me and Ziyu over, it's really fun here, and I actually just saw the son of the Feng Clan and the chairman of the Huangfu Group hey."

An Xin looked excited and talked non-stop when she saw Anzirin, so hard to see the wink Anzirin was giving her.

She immediately noticed the girl sitting on the bench in the shadow of the big tree.

"Anjo?"

An Xin stared incredulously, but for an instant, her eyes became odd, "Why are you here?"

Ancho stood up with ease and asked rhetorically, "Why can't I be here?"

Yeah, where you can come without fear, why can't I come?

An Xin was at a loss for words, not expecting her to say that, in the past when An Qiao encountered this kind of situation shouldn't she immediately explain and then be humiliated by her and leave nicely?

She suddenly thought of that marriage certificate, could it be that that was the reason she was now daring to confront her?

Thinking of this, an idea suddenly came to my mind as my eyes turned at ease.

She sneered, "Of course you can come, well Feng Shao's woman, if you can't come who else can?"

Fung?

All those who heard these two words couldn't help but reveal surprised expressions, listening to her tone of voice, plus the fact that she was able to come here, the Feng Shao she was talking about shouldn't be the legendary Feng Shao, right?

The guests all around were drawn to the word, and Anjo frowned slightly, a bad feeling rising in her heart.