

## Read Reincarnation: I Married My Ex Brother Chapter 1

In Binjiang City, the road named Renmin Avenue is the most crowded road on weekdays, but today it is rare and quiet, with no cars. This is abnormal, but in a prosperous city, there should be no cars on the streets at eight o'clock in the morning.

At 8:50, on the spacious and flat People's Avenue, a Bugatti Veyron sports car with a painted black body and an orange bottom suddenly appeared. On the front of the sports car, there was a red glittering 'Hundred Years' Wedding Invitation. The Bugatti led the way before a long row of luxury sports cars, and after Bugatti, there were eight red Pagani sports cars.

After Pagani, dozens of bright supercars were vaguely visible.

Standing on both sides of the road, the people turned their heads to look at the sports car in the middle of the road, showing all kinds of gazes.

Some people are envious, some are jealous, some are swearing, but they all stare at the cars without blinking, for fear of missing a glance. After all, such an exaggerated pomp is rare in decades.

Everyone knows that today, it was the wedding day of Fang's second son, Fang Mu, and Qiao's second lady, Qiao Jiusheng. For this reason, under the arrangement of the wealthy Fang family, Binjiang City emptied a whole street and restricted traffic.

-Fang family, one of the three top giants in Binjiang City, Fang family's business involves all aspects, business, culture, network, and finance all have its place.

-Qiao's family, that is a well-known jewelry family at home and abroad. The top luxury jewelry brand "Crown for Love" that has been handed down for hundreds of years is the industry of Qiao's family.

The marriage of the two wealthy families is self-evident.

Nearly a hundred top supercars, led by Bugatti sports cars, moved slowly along Renmin Avenue. The team drove through the municipal building in Binjiang City and the famous financial avenue in the world in Binjiang City. Finally, , The motorcade stopped at the gate of the most famous Imperial Hotel in Binjiang City.

The hundred-foot-long red carpet spreads out from the hotel lobby and extends to the side of the road.

A young man got off the Bugatti sports car.

His sideburns are trimmed neatly, and his black slightly fluffy hair is combed back to his head. Under his full and clean forehead, there are a pair of thick black eyebrows hanging, and two black eyes like dots are embedded in the handsome face. on. He has deep eye sockets, high nose, and a thin lips underneath the perfect person.

This person has a handsome face that only exists under the paintbrush. Although there are very few expressions on his face, he is in a good mood because of the burgundy couture dress. Fang Mu's mood is indeed good, because today, he is finally going to marry his lover Qiao Jiusheng.

Passers-by stopped to look sideways, watching curiously as the handsome man walked to the right of the sports car and led out his bride.

The bride is like a beautiful red rose, noble and magnificent.

She wore a luxurious heavy-duty beaded wedding dress, with a long lace skirt swaying on the red carpet, dragging it slightly as the bride moved. The young woman looks extremely beautiful, but her black hair is high, so that she can perfectly display the light purple jewel earrings on her earlobes and the deep purple pear-shaped diamond necklace on her neck.

This purple necklace is the most famous representative work in the history of the "Crown for Love" brand, and it is the proud masterpiece of the founder of "Crown for Love", Joe I. Wearing this necklace to marry, it can be said that the scenery is endless.

Rows of beauties and handsome men followed Fang Mu and the bride and walked into the Imperial Hotel.

This scene satisfies the eyes of the people passing by.

The wedding was held on the outdoor lawn of the Imperial Hotel. Standing in front of the priest, the bride's cheeks were shy and reddened. At this moment, her beauty was converged, not as flamboyant as a rose, but like a pink rose, delicate and tender. Beloved.

"Mr. Groom Fang, are you willing to marry Miss Qiao as your wife, recognize her as your legal wife, be loyal to her for the rest of your life, respect her, and never leave her?"

Fang Mu stared at the woman he loved, eyes dizzy and tender, without any hesitation, he responded clearly with a slightly cold voice, "I am willing." The bride 'Qiao Jiusheng' raised her head slightly and looked up at her beloved. The man, a touch of excitement and love rippling in the brown cosmetic contact lenses, her hands holding the flower tightly tightened. Finally, she was going to marry him, the man she had loved for six years.

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This is a damp and run-down room. There is no bed, no sofa, but a toilet and a small TV on one wall.

There were dirty curtains hanging by the windows, which were nailed to death, but the curtains were shaking gently. It was not the effect of the wind, but under the curtain, sitting a woman with her hands around her knees. Look carefully, the woman wears an iron chain on her right hand and leg. The chain is about three to four meters long. This length allows her to go to the toilet to solve her physical problems, but she cannot reach the door.

The woman wore a dress that couldn't see the original color, and there were purple scars on those squatting legs.

The chin rested weakly on her knees, and the woman tilted her head up, her face was thin and waxy and her eyes were red. She watched the sacred scene on TV, her eyes full of despair. Tears soaked her eyes, and the woman watched the handsome and noble man, and under the witness of everyone, said he was willing.

"The bride, Miss Qiao, are you willing to marry Mr. Fang, recognize him as your legal husband, love and respect him for the rest of your life, and never leave him?"

Hearing the priest's words, tears slipped from the corner of the woman's eyes, and rolled along the waxy face and into the neck.

On the TV, the beautiful and stunning beauty "Qiao Jiusheng" said excitedly, "I am willing."

At the same time, the woman who was chained also opened her mouth. She moved her lips three times. If you understand the lips, you can tell the difference. What she said is also—

"I do."

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She watched the sun rise and the moon come out. Day after day, her face became thinner and thinner, and her \*\*\*\* body became thin and skinny.

Gradually, the hope and expectation in her eyes turned into despair.

I don't know how much time has passed before the shrinking door finally opened from the outside.

Hearing the sound of the door lock, the woman curled up on the ground opened her eyes weakly. With moonlight shining in the room, the woman could tell that it should be night. With a bewildered sight, a woman wearing a waist-length skirt walked in from the moonlight. The beauty walked closer before she could tell that she was wearing a pink betel embroidered dress. It was beautiful. Like a pink rose.

The beauty was carrying a box and didn't know what was in it.

The beauty squatted down, her long fingers flicked away the long hair that fell on her face, revealing a cheek that was full of grace. And this stunning beauty, just a few months ago, the second youngest grandmother "Qiao Jiusheng" who just married into Fang's family!

Seeing this face, the woman lying on the ground shrank back subconsciously.

She is afraid of her!

"Tsk tut." The elegant beauty tutted twice, and she stretched out her long fingers and hooked the woman's chin on the floor. "My good sister, I haven't seen you in half a year, do you miss my sister?"

The woman on the ground did not speak, but her body was trembling slightly.

No data found.