

Lucky Bride 137

Chapter 137: Believe In Heaven's Wrath (Part 2)

However, the person sitting in the courtyard and studying was not her son.

She looked at the strange man doing exactly the same thing as her son. He dressed like her son, studied what her son studied, and even traveled to the place her son traveled.

The books his son had read and the notes he had taken would also be copied.

The living environment was exactly the same. Sun Yarou felt a chill run down her spine. She knew that she couldn't touch anything she was seeing, but when the man looked into the distance, she felt very afraid.

Sun Yarou was sure that this stranger had been preparing to replace her son since he was young. There was no difference in their height or figure. However, how did their faces become the same?

Sun Yarou's body trembled. She knew that she would find out soon.

Zhao Fengyun also revealed a look of disbelief.

Everyone sighed.

Sun Yarou had completely collapsed to the ground. What she saw in her dream had really happened.

When she saw Zhao Anhuai being taken away, her heart tightened. She knew that her son must be very afraid. After all, anyone would be afraid when they saw someone who had been copying everything they did for more than a decade.

The moment she saw Zhao Anhuai's head being chopped off, Sun Yarou fainted.

Zhao Fengyun knelt on the ground and cried hoarsely, "Anhuai, my son."

Li Ying's expression changed. She wanted to lean against Zhao Fengyun, but he pushed her away. Zhao Fengyun took two steps on his knees and reached out to find something on the ground.

Everyone knew that he had seen Zhao Anhuai's head being chopped off with his own eyes and wanted to pick up the head.

However, this was something that happened in the past. They could see it but could not touch it.

Zhao Anhuai's head was carried into the room by a pair of slender hands. When the person came out again, he looked like Zhao Anhuai. He had been imitating Zhao Anhuai for 16 years and could fool everyone.

After Liu Sanniang withdrew some of her strength, the servants came back to their senses and ran to Sun Yarou's side to help her up. "Madam, Madam."

Tears streamed down Zhao Fengyun's face. He staggered over and picked up Sun Yarou. "Wake up. Someone, call the doctor..."

Zhao Fengyun looked at Zhao Anhuai with monstrous hatred. "Guard, arrest this impostor. I want to tear him into pieces."

Zhao Anhuai did not panic when he was exposed. He looked at Liu Sanniang with a dark gaze. "I underestimated you."

Liu Sanniang smiled. "This is your punishment."

Zhao Anhuai wanted to use his power to trigger the poison in his stomach, but he felt his stomach churning. He frowned and looked at Liu Sanniang.

The pain in his stomach made him fall to the ground and roll around.

Liu Sanniang stood up. "Spit it out."

Zhao Anhuai gritted his teeth, but his stomach was churning harder and harder. It was as if an invisible hand was stirring his stomach. This hand grabbed his stomach, tore off a piece of it, and came out along his throat. He could feel his teeth being pushed open by a force.

"Ugh..."

Zhao Anhuai opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of blood. There was a black pill in the blood. When the pill touched the air, it made a sizzling sound, and the blood around it turned black.

Zhao Anhuai looked at Liu Sanniang with a sinister expression that was mixed with anger and fear.

Liu Sanniang's power had far exceeded his expectations. He thought that he could deal with Liu Sanniang, but in the end, he was beaten miserably.

Now, he even couldn't kill himself with the poison.

Zhao Fengyun roared angrily, "Lock him up in jail. I'll tear him into pieces."

Zhao Anhuai lay on the ground and looked at Liu Sanniang. "What's your name?"

Liu Sanniang ignored Zhao Anhuai. She walked towards Sun Yarou who was unconscious and gently reached out to hold her hand.

Sun Yarou quickly woke up. She looked at Liu Sanniang and tears flowed out.

Sun Yarou did not speak. She closed her eyes and let her tears stream down. Her son was gone.

Zhao Fengyun looked sad. "Madam, I will definitely not let go of the murderer who killed our son."

Sun Yarou said, her voice choked with emotions. "He is using Anhuai's face. Find our son and return the face to him."

Zhao Fengyun nodded heavily. When he turned to look at Zhao Anhuai, he wished he could skin him alive.

Liu Sanniang said, "It's not over yet."

Zhao Fengyun was shocked. "What do you mean?"

He didn't dare to imagine what Liu Sanniang meant. Zhao Fengyun shivered. "My son and daughter..."

Zhao Fengyun's body stiffened and he felt a chill run down his spine.

Liu Sanniang said, "It's not them."

When Zhao Fengyun heard these words, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Liu Sanniang looked at Zhao Anhuai and said, "Who told you about Eldest Young Master's daily life?"

Zhao Fengyun looked at Zhao Anhuai with anger in his eyes. He shouted. "Go and bring everyone in the mansion to the main courtyard."

The servants were all in danger. Even the person who pretended to be the eldest young master had been exposed. How could they hide anything?

As servants, they did not dare to say anything about their masters on the surface, but behind their backs, they would always complain a little. Some people who had sticky fingers would even steal a thing or two. If any of these things were revealed, what awaited them would be heavy punishment.

For a moment, everyone was worried.

Everyone in the entire Zhao Mansion rushed to the main courtyard.

Soon, a servant ran into the main courtyard, shouting and panting. "Master, Master, bad news. Zhao Sheng committed suicide."

Zhao Fengyun's face darkened. "Wicked slave. Chop him up and feed him to the dogs!"

Zhao Sheng, the boy servant who had served Zhao Anhuai since he was young, committed suicide at this moment. It was clear that he was guilty.

The butler was the first to kneel down and slap himself. "Master, Madam, I'm guilty. A few years ago, I embezzled a hundred taels of silver and lost it all in a casino. Please spare my life. I'm willing to pay it back to atone for my crimes."

With the butler taking the lead, the other servants also knelt down and admitted their crimes while slapping themselves in guilt.

But at this moment, what the servants had admitted to, was nothing.

Compared to Zhao Sheng, who had murdered the Eldest Young Master, stealing was a small matter. Nonetheless, it was better to confess now than to admit it after being found out.