

## Madam's Identities Shocks the Entire City Again

### *Chapter 2: She's My Fiancé Too*

He couldn't bear to, but he stuffed the card into Qiao Nian's hand anyway. He looked up at her and asked gently, "Have you gotten all your things? You can take the necklace that I got you for your 10th birthday with you. I gave it to you, so it's yours now! You can take it."

He Yujian furrowed her brows and eyed Qiao Nian unhappily. Because of her place in the family, He Yujian did not have the cheek to mention anything about the 3000-yuan necklace.

Qiao Chen stood by her side obediently and added on, "That's right, Sister. Since Dad already gave it to you, just take it. P-Perhaps... you'll need it in the future..."

She didn't make herself clear, but Qiao Nian knew what she was getting at. Qiao Nian glanced at her coldly.

Qiao Chen gave her an elegant smile in return. That high-and-mighty expression was practically carved onto every other Qiao family member.

Qiao Nian picked her bag up and handed the card back to Qiao Weimin, saying expressionlessly, "I left the necklace in the drawer, you guys can look for it if you don't believe me. Besides the notebook I bought for myself, I didn't take anything from the Qiao family."

The expressions of the Qiao family members turned a little awful.

Especially He Yujian and Mother Qiao, who hadn't even bothered to say anything.

Qiao Nian was as disobedient as a child could get and constantly made things difficult for the people around her.

Qiao Chen glanced at Qiao Nian's bag and her eyes glinted. "Sister, that's not what Dad, Mom, and Grandma meant. You're too sensitive. We've lived together for over 10 years. Even though you've found your biological parents, you're still my sister. We hope that you'll live well in the future too. If you don't want the necklace, at least keep the ten thousand yuan that Dad gave you. Luohe County is very different from Rao City, you'll need to spend more there."

Qiao Weimin added with a frown, "That's right, keep the money."

"I don't need it." She had some money of her own.

Qiao Nian didn't keep his card and didn't intend to have anything to do with the Qiao family anymore. At this point, her cell phone rang. She placed the bank card that Qiao Weimin had given her on the table and then looked at the phone screen. She then said to the Qiao family members, "My family is here, I'll leave first."

He Yujuan scoffed as she watched Qiao Nian leave. She remarked sarcastically, "Hmph, what an ingrate! You've raised her for over 10 years and she didn't even bother thanking you before leaving."

"Grandma, Sister is perhaps too excited to see her biological parents," Qiao Chen said gently.

Too bad, Qiao Nian's biological parents were just peasants who couldn't even enter their villa. What a joke!

"Sister said she only took her notebook with her, but her bag looked so packed and heavy. It didn't look like it only contained a notebook..."

Father Qiao shook his head and sighed hypocritically. "Forget it, we've raised her for over a decade anyway. Let her take whatever she wants with her. We don't need that kind of money, anyway."

He Yujuan supported herself with her walking stick as she watched the figure disappear into the distance. She said with disdain, "It's good that she's left. She was never one of us anyway."

"Chen Chen, don't you call her Sister anymore. She isn't fit to be your sister! Go and get changed, you'll have to make good your chance later when we're at Waterside Loft..."

There was always someone more outstanding out there.

Although the Qiao family was considered rather powerful in Rao City, they were still inferior in status compared to the Jiang and Tang families.

Qiao Nian couldn't hear them clearly anymore, but she could detect the joy in Qiao Chen's voice and the happiness of the Qiao family collectively.

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It was a hot day, and the tar road was heating up. There was practically nobody outside except a few elderly people seeking shade under some large trees.

Beyond the rose garden, a black Volkswagen was parked by the roadside.

Jiang Li glanced at his watch. It had been about half an hour, but no one was walking out of the villa yet.

He wound down the car window and peered outwards impatiently.

The warm air from outside poured in and the man in the backseat quickly ordered, "Shut the window!"

It wasn't a loud voice, but the tone was unmistakably firm and held a certain oppressive power that was impossible to ignore.

Jiang Li quickly turned around and then wound the window back up.

"Master Wang, how are you not anxious about her! I should've been here the day before, but you made me fetch you from some other city, that's why we're here only today! My Boss already called me earlier today to ask what went wrong. He said that I had to bring her home today, or else I'm not to return..."

Ye Wangchuan hadn't slept in three days and was having a headache now. The constant nagging of the man in the front seat annoyed him further. He leaned back and glanced at the man, saying hoarsely, "She's also my fiancé."

Those few words silenced the car.

The Jiang family had been doing rather well about three generations back.

But they were still worlds apart from the Ye family. He had grown up with Ye Wangchuan, but over the years he gradually understood that he and Ye Wangchuan were different. The Ye family was different too.

In this generation, the most pampered one in the Ye family was the Crown Prince in the car now.

If it wasn't for his Boss's connections, Ye Wangchuan's fiancé wouldn't have had anything to do with their family...

There was some worry in his eyes now.

His young cousin had gone missing for over 10 years, and, based on his investigation, she hadn't seemed to be an outstanding figure. What if she wasn't compatible with Master Wang?

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“She’s out!”

Jiang Li saw a figure emerge from the villa.

“I think that’s her, I’ll go take a look.”

Jiang Li undid his seatbelt and got off immediately.

The petite figure was getting closer to him.

Those fair legs caught his eyes first. They were so slim and slender.

And so very fair.

Jiang Li had seen tons of beauties in the entertainment circle, but he was still awed by her.

The girl approaching him seemed to be about 17 or 18 years old, and her veins could almost be seen under the bright light. Her skin was so fair and her eyes so dark. Under that veil of coldness was a sort of wild spirit being suppressed.

Even after he’d seen countless beautiful women, he couldn’t deny that she was a beauty!