

OFFICIAL SON-IN-LAW AND THE BEAUTIFUL LADY FRAGRANCE

Chapter 1: 001 Do not control

"I swear, as long as I, Zhang Hongyang, am around, you, Liu Zhizhong, will never see the light of day again! Yangzhou will always belong to the Zhang family, and one day, even your wife will be mine."

"Damn it, who let you sleep with my girl in college? This is the price you pay for crossing me!"

"If you still want a government job, work at the grassroots level for the rest of your life. If not, get lost! Get out of the Zhao family; you're not fit to be their son-in-law, and your mother-in-law has never liked you either!"

"Remember, no matter where you are or what you're doing, I can make your life a living hell!"

Liu Zhizhong downed one drink after another, drowning his sorrows. The domineering voice of his brother-in-law, Zhang Hongyang, echoed in his head.

After his father-in-law's death, he had been ruthlessly oppressed by Zhang Hongyang, exiled to be the deputy mayor of a remote town for three years.

Just when there was a chance to move back to the city, to become the head of a street office with a promotion to the main departmental level, no one was more suited for the position than Liu Zhizhong.

He was already 28 and thought it might be time to mend his relationship with his wife and have a child.

Over the past three years, the couple had drifted apart due to infrequent visits. Sometimes, when he did manage to come home, his wife wouldn't even let him touch her.

Little did he know that today, after a personnel adjustment, one of the Zhang family's distant relatives snagged his position.

The situation was unfortunate, but that was the political advantage of being born a woman from the Zhang family of Yangzhou.

But Zhang Hongyang, now the executive deputy district head, personally called him just to rant arrogantly without any pretense.

At one in the morning, Liu Zhizhong was so drunk he didn't even know how he made it home.

When he got to the bedroom, he flipped the light switch, but after a brief flicker, the light went out.

The room was shrouded in darkness, fragrant and inviting. Liu Zhizhong fumbled for his phone to use as a light, but in his drunken state, he dropped it on the floor.

Feeling too lazy to pick up his phone, he staggered to the bathroom, took a hazy shower, and stumbled naked onto the bed, collapsing weakly as if dead.

At some point, he touched a soft, silky body that was smooth and sweet.

A primitive fire suddenly blazed within him, and Liu Zhizhong couldn't control himself.

It had been over half a year since they last made love; he was like a powder keg. Thinking it was his wife, he hugged her and delivered a series of passionate kisses, and then...

And then...

Liu Zhizhong was utterly lost and confused as he continued, whispering unconsciously about Zhang Hongyang's oppression, his bitterness, even mentioning Zhang's intentions toward his wife, eventually breaking down in tears, lying immobile on the bed.

Then, the person beneath him sighed and shifted.

Soon, the entire bedroom was once again a whirlwind of spring passion, wildly intense...

Afterward, Liu Zhizhong was exhausted, drenched in sweat, and fell into a deep oblivious sleep.

Around four in the morning, he woke up feeling much clearer-headed and refreshed, though thirsty.

Being a good drinker, and with the vigorous activity, the alcohol had worn off quicker.

A vague memory stirred him into excitement again.

The room was still dark. He rolled out of bed, relying on his memory to find his way to the water dispenser, and gulped down a large cup of water.

That felt great!

Naked, with thoughts of his wife in bed, he unexpectedly felt a rise of excitement again.

At this age, such primal emotions were uncontrollable when stirred.

It had been so long since they had intimacy, and last night, after coming home drunk, his wife hadn't shunned him – she even seemed quite responsive?

Thinking about this made him even more excited and impossible to restrain.

Damn it, Zhang Hongyang, you want to have designs on my wife and kick me out of the Zhao family, but I won't let it happen!

Zhao Yan is my wife, and I want her right now, more passionately!

Thus, Liu Zhizhong returned to bed, hugging his wife and fiercely kissing her lips.

But something felt off quite soon.

Her lips were slightly thinner, delicate and fine, not as voluptuous and enticing as his wife's, and they even carried a hint of alcohol – his wife Zhao Yan never drank.

The body of the woman was somewhat slender, though still smooth and curvy, not as tender or as supple as his wife's.

The woman in his arms, delicate and exquisite, was definitely not his wife!

But she responded to him, wriggling in his embrace, fueling the uncontrollable fire in him.

Who was she?

Instinctively shocked, Liu Zhizhong reflexively let go of the woman and rolled under the bed.

In the darkness, he searched for his phone, needing to find out who this woman was.

Just then, the woman on the bed spoke in a chilling low voice, "Liu Zhizhong, what are you looking for? Can't you turn on the light?"

Boom!

Liu Zhizhong's mind erupted like thunder.

It was her!

"Ah? I... I..."

Liu Zhizhong fell apart, nearly collapsing...