

## Chapter 537

She said coldly, "I don't have time to rub elbows with you, get out of my way!"

After saying that, he wanted to leave, however, before taking a step, he was stopped by Peace of Mind before he could go.

An Xin smiled unkindly, "So eager to leave, it's not because you're afraid I'll shake that crap out of you, is it?"

Anjo was furious and growled lowly, "At ease, what do you want?"

"Didn't want to do anything, just a reminder to everyone that I'm not used to your hypocrisy and showmanship."

After saying that, she suddenly turned to the crowd and said loudly, "You don't know, do you? This woman, now Young Lady Feng, was a big celebrity in our Kyoto two years ago!"

When the boss of Sinosteel Group, Liu, was dead in bed with this vixen, she also vainly tried to seduce my husband, but failed. If you don't believe me, you can search the news from two years ago and you can definitely find it!"

When the people around her heard her say that, some who had a good memory and happened to have seen that news article, instantly recognized An Qiao, and it dawned on them.

"Ah, yes! As I recall, it was about a high school graduate who was kept by someone who ended up leaving the King in bed with Mi Ching, not her!"

"Really?"

"Of course it's true! That news was a sensation at the time."

"Geez, what a surprise, a girl who looks quite innocent."

"Ugh, what innocence do you believe in these days, it's all an act."

"No wonder she was able to seduce young Feng! That's too shameless!"

""

Anjo looked at the people pointing fingers at her, mocking, disgusted, hating, or sympathizing, and felt like she was back two years ago, a target, hit by the spittle.

She was shaking with anger, wanted to leave, but was blocked by peace of mind, wanted to explain, opened her mouth but found nothing to say, gradually, eyes red, beige tears hung in her eyes, bit her lip hard, but refused to fall.

Anjo, be strong! You've been through this, haven't you, two years ago?

What's the point of suffering for the past two years if you're still as vulnerable as you were before?

She took a deep breath and looked up, her gaze stern at peace of mind.

"Peace of mind, what have I ever done to you to make you target me like this?"

An Xin snorted coldly, her arms wrapped around her chest, looking incredibly arrogant.

"Am I targeting you? I'm just telling the truth."

"But that's plainly not the case!"

An Qiao gritted her teeth, looked at Qiao Ziyu and said, "If you hadn't told me Qiao Ziyu was at the hotel in the first place, how could I have gone over there? You're the one who obviously lied to me!"

"Anjo, if you're going to lie, would you please make up a real lie too? Ziyu was in another hotel at the time, but with me, but you say I told you to go to the hotel to find him, am I stupid? I let you go to the hotel to find him knowing you were trying to steal my boyfriend?"

Anjo was so shaken that he couldn't speak.

Yeah, that's the truth, she got a call from An Xin, saying that Qiao Ziyu and a woman had gone to a hotel room, she didn't really believe it at all, she just couldn't avoid An Xin's encouragement and went over there, but she didn't expect to faint as soon as she got out of the lift.

And then the next day, there was the scene that would embarrass her for the rest of her life.

Only later did she realize that on that night, Qiao Ziyu and An Xin had a room.

and had a relationship.

And her five-year childhood love affair with Qiao Ziyu, without an open relationship, has become an eternal secret.

Anjo closed her eyes and clenched her fists, telling herself desperately to be calm.

Don't fall for An Xin's trap!

She wants her to lose control and make a fool of herself, and she won't!

Half a sound, she opened her eyes, her eyes no longer had the weakness and anger she had just now, and was about to speak, when suddenly, whoever among the guests let out a scream, "Feng Shao?"

An Qiao was slightly shocked and looked up, only to see Feng Yan standing in the doorway, long and imposing.

The orange light hit his shoulders, illuminating the original cold and hard lines somewhat softly, half of the side of the face hidden in the dark, appearing more and more three-dimensional features, dark eyes dark, thin lips taut, all around the body exudes a gloomy atmosphere.

Ancho's first reaction was, when did he get here?

The second reaction was, did he hear everything that An Xin had just said?

Anjo blanched.

Feng Yan's face was tense, and he stepped forward, striding towards An Qiao.

An Xin and the others were the ones who had seen Feng Yan, and now, seeing the man's gloomy face, they couldn't help but feel proud.

Heh. Anjo, you think you can climb a branch and become a phoenix? I don't know that I can beat you back with a few words, I don't believe Bo would still be with you without a problem if he knew about all your old crap!

She had already made up in her mind a lot of how Feng Yan should react later, waiting to see exactly how An Qiao would make a fool of herself.

However, it was Feng Yan who walked up to An Qiao and pressed her shoulder up and down, concerned, "Is everything okay?"

Ancho bit her lower lip and shook her head.

"Yo! What's going on here?"

A mellow and gorgeous male voice sounded, and only then did the crowd notice that Tailor Feng had come out at some point, a pair of smiling peach blossom eyes sizing up An Qiao, smiling: "Little sister-in-law, who bullied you? Talk to me and I'll help you out."

Anjo looked at him without speaking.

Rather, the guest next to him was a little unnerved, who was Tailor Feng to be able to call him sister-in-law, it was evident that An Qiao and Feng Yan's relationship was not as everyone guessed.

A few days ago, the police said that the police have been investigating the case, but they have not been able to find any evidence of the incident."

Feng Yan looked at her, "So I have to thank you?"

An Xin was delighted at the news and shook his head, "Mr. Bo is too polite, it's my honor to help you."

"Heh!" Feng Yan sneered, "It seems you've forgotten what I said at your wedding yesterday."

An Xin's face changed slightly, of course she remembered, but at that time Feng Yan still didn't know An Qiao's true face, but now

Before she could react, Feng Yan had already picked An Qiao up in a horizontal embrace and said to Tailor Feng as he walked out, "Tell your uncle not to invite me to this kind of banquet in the future where anyone can attend, Feng Mou can't afford to attend."

After saying that, the man had already sailed away.

Tailor Feng was a little stunned, doubting his hearing for the first time.

Is Feng Yan putting pressure on his family for An Qiao?

Because of this little thing?

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He paled, suddenly realizing that this time the man was for real, the girl

"Mr. Feng, young master Feng, he..."

An Xin was also a little startled, shouldn't Feng Yan be angry? Isn't it time to throw a fit and dump that b\*tch Anjo on the spot? how?

Tailor Feng withdrew his gaze and looked at the dumbfounded An Xin, a touch of sarcasm flashed across his eyes.

"Miss Ann, may I ask how you got in here?"

An Xin came back to her senses, and nah looked at Anzirin.

By now Angeline was itching to find a crack in the ground, this accomplished fool!

But she still maintained her ladylike demeanor on her face and said slightly apologetically, "Feng Shao, I'm really sorry, if I had known this would happen I would never have let her in, I'm really sorry."

"You are," Tailor Feng thought before remembering, "the daughter of the Swire Group?"

Anzirin was so happy to see that he actually knew him that she nodded her head, "Yes, I'm working at g.k now, our director was invited because he was unavailable, so he gave me the name sticker, so"

She was still explaining, but Tailor Feng no longer had the patience to listen, interrupting her with a wave of his hand and instructing the housekeeper behind her, "Drive these people out, keep the snacks for later, and don't let any more cats or dogs in."

Afterwards, he turned and left.

An Qiao was carried by Feng Yan, and instead of going back to the hall, she went to the teahouse at the other end of the villa.

The famous lodge is huge, with all kinds of recreational grounds set up inside, and even rockery and water and rocks, which are beautiful, and a stone path winding through the flowers and trees at night, with the moonlight reflecting silver light on the ground.

Anjo saw that he was already far away, struggled slightly, and said, "Put me down, I'll walk on my own."

Feng Yan knitted his brows slightly, "Your feet hurt."

Ancho sniffed and blushed a little at the thought of lying to him earlier about his foot hurting.

People really can't lie!

She simply stopped struggling, it wasn't like she'd been hugged by this man once or twice anyway, so get used to it.

But looking at him going in a direction that wasn't the way out, it was confusing, "Where are we going?"

"Go see my grandmother."

"Huh?" Anjo was really scared this time and struggled hard, "Don't, you put me down first."

She was struggling so much that Feng Yan had to put her down, her nice sword brows furrowed, and asked, "What's wrong?"

Under the moonlight, the girl pursed her lips, her small face penetrating a fragile pallor, and whispered, "You heard everything that Anxin spoke just now, didn't you?"

Feng Yan didn't hide her and nodded his head.

Ancho's face grew whiter and whiter.

"Don't you mind?"

"Don't mind."

"But,"

"Anjo!"

Feng Yan interrupted her so seriously for the first time, slightly lowering his head to look into her terrified eyes and said seriously, "The past is gone, what I want is your future."

What I want is your future.

What a beautiful language.

Anjo's nose was sore, and she blinked away the sourness, hardening it and muffling it, "But your family will mind."

For the first time, Feng Yan felt that coaxing a woman was also a technical activity, and he happened to be the less skilled kind, so he had no choice but to softly comfort her: "I'll take care of these things, and since I dare to marry you, I'll never let you suffer even the slightest harm, do you believe me?"

How much Anjo wanted to say she believed it, but could she really handle it?

Who's parent's family wouldn't mind knowing what she used to do?

Besides, it's still a family like the Bo family.

She thought for a long moment, but shook her head, "Give me a minute! Now, I'd be scared."

She'd be afraid that the happiness would come and go too quickly, that when she woke up she'd realize it was just a dream, and wait a little longer, long enough to give her the confidence to face what might go wrong, to really and truly believe it was real.

Feng Yan looked at her, his deep eyes shining with a taboo light.

Half a sigh, finally, "Alright then, I'll give you time, but not too long, because I won't be able to wait."

He said, gently grabbing Anjo's shoulders and k\*ssing her on the forehead.

Ancho shuddered at the tip of her heart and nodded.

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On the other hand, the old lady of the imperial family didn't see her grandson in law, and when she saw Tailor Feng, she specifically asked, "Little Yi, Feng-boy said he would bring his daughter-in-law to show me, why didn't he come?"

Tailor Feng's mother was the daughter of Old Mrs. Huangfu, so the two were true grandparents and grandchildren, and when she heard the news, she walked over to the old lady and sat down, smiling, "Someone has made little sister-in-law unhappy, so cousin brought her home first."



The old lady came to her feet, "Who's that blind?"

Tailor Feng's gaze seemed to smile, "Just a few cats and dogs, I've already sent someone to drive them out."

Said, and told the old lady about what happened, the old lady heard a cold snort, "Those demonic sl\*ts who love to chew the crap out of things, I came to anger at the sight of them, fortunately Feng boy is a person with a heart, otherwise it will be bitter for that little girl."

"That." Tailor Feng smiled, "Saying that if it wasn't for our family two years ago, little sister-in-law wouldn't have suffered this injustice."

The old lady's brow furrowed in a half-hearted way, and finally sighed, "Tell your brother to be nice to her, and bring her back for dinner next time when you have time."

Tailor Feng nodded.

After leaving the Celebrity Villa, Tailor Feng returned to the villa.

Once inside, the housekeeper hurriedly greeted him.

He glanced at it faintly and asked, "Something wrong?"

The steward nodded and said in a low voice, "The matter over at Liu Yu'er has been settled."

Tailor Feng paused slightly and nodded.

"Okay, I got it."

Although the person who tampered with the suspension bridge wasn't found, it's a good thing that the previous incident was dealt with.

Although Evelin was extremely aggrieved this time, Evelin herself hadn't even thought about how she should handle this matter.

So Feng Yibian directly settled the matter for Evelin.

Since she was able to do such things to Evelin right under her nose, she should have thought ahead of time that she would be responsible for the things she did.

Even if Evelin wasn't someone he liked, this kind of employee appearing inside his company would more or less be kicked out of his company.

Butler whispered, "The company says that they have now completely snowed her and have terminated her contract and won't let any company hire her anymore."

Seeing that Tailor Feng still seemed a little upset, he quickly explained how they had handled the matter.

Tailor Feng nodded his head after hearing that.

"Okay, so the most important thing you need to do now is to find the person who tampered with it first."

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The butler was busy responding.

"Yes, young master."

After hearing the housekeeper and himself say so, Tailor Feng was relieved, after all, he had taken a breath for Evelin.

The butler was respectfully in front of Tailor Feng, and when he saw the situation, he asked, "Young Master, is there anything else you wish to order?"

Tailor Feng waved his hand and the butler saw that he had nothing else to do, which was why he left directly after bowing.

Because he knew that the young master hated to be disturbed at this time.

What's more, he now smelled of alcohol and was a bit wobbly throughout, and to be able to just finish these things properly with himself was already considered to have a lot of willpower.

In fact, Tailor Feng did all these things without telling Evelin.

Because he knew that Evelin wouldn't have agreed to him doing this for her if she knew.

Evelin had always been the type to want to leave things alone and had no intention of getting back at all.

But Tailor Feng couldn't see the woman he loved being bullied like that, so that's why he said that he had been sending someone behind his back to dispose of this Liu Yu'er.

"Hiss."

Tailor Feng really had some trouble sitting down and slept on top of the couch at once.

Isn't that what they say about drowning one's sorrows in alcohol? How come he's almost drunk now, and it's still all about Evelin in his mind?

Such a scene is simply an echo of the ancient poem about borrowing wine to dull sorrows.

But he didn't want to go straight to bed so early, so he kept lying on top of the couch with his eyes closed.

Now that you've had your fill of alcohol, you may want to lie down for a while, so that you can investigate the situation properly.

In fact, even though Tailor Feng was already drunk at this time, all he was thinking about was how to help Evelin Kang and how to be nice.

But Tailor Feng just didn't understand why he was so good to her, but Evelin was always so ungrateful again and again?

And it was at this time of the night that Evelin was informed by the doctor that she could go home.

When the doctor came to inform, Zhu Yi happened to be there.

On hearing that, he said, "It's so late, I'll take you home."

After saying that, they began to pack up Evelin's things and prepare to send her back.

Evelin saw the situation and got up in a hurry.

"I'll just go home by myself, it's too much trouble at this late hour."

Although she and Zhu Yi were still husband and wife at this point, but these two were just having an affair, not really being together.

So it's not really good to bother him too much.

But unexpectedly, Zhu Yi smiled at her, put everything back together and smiled, "It's fine, you're just in good health now. It's better for me to take you home at night with the wind chill, and I'll feel a little more at ease seeing that you're home in peace."

And thinking that since she's already here, it's better to just send her back, no matter how much she repeatedly excuses herself to insist on it.

Evelin frowned and subconsciously said, "No need for me, I'll let Emotion stay for a while..."

"Emotion is a girl too, and it's not safe for her to be out this late."

Without even thinking about it, the game just interrupted her.

Evelin saw the situation and knew that she couldn't insist on him, so she only nodded her head in agreement.

"All right then."

The two of them, Evelin and Zhu Yi, walked to the entrance of the hospital.

Evelin did feel the coolness of tonight's weather

Wind.

Thinking or let Zhu Yi send himself back, his own just body is well, this time if the wind is blown by the cold, accidentally cold that can be bad.

The car steadily stopped in front of the two, the game get off for her to open the door, warm voice: "Get in the car."

Then Evelin sat in the back of the car, and Zhu Yi drove in the front of the car.

But just at this time, Evelin discovered that she had received a text message on top of her phone.

"How's it going, Evelin? Didn't think so, did you?"

Below the text message are two photos.

Here are two group photos of Tailor Feng and Song Jia Jia.

Only now Song Jiajia leaned her face on Tailor Feng's chest, looking simply ambiguous.

Evelin was a bit stunned at this point.

Although it was said out there that Tailor Feng hated other girls, but what kind of a situation was this picture tonight.

And this woman, Evelin still knew her, she and Tailor Feng had some unclear relationship before.

Evelin originally thought that the two of them were just having an affair, and it wasn't surprising that a man of Tailor Feng's nature would do these things, but in reality he didn't have too many real connections with those women.

But these pictures....

Think about what he told himself in the hospital earlier, and then look at his ambiguity with another woman tonight.

Evelin couldn't take it anymore at once.

Teeth clenched on his lower lip and his own palms had long since been fisted.

She felt now at this moment that all her heartbeats had been for nothing.

It's men all the same.

They're all the same in overdraft of a woman's feelings for them, whenever you feel like you're already in love with him. Or when you feel love coming on and one of their actions a word always makes you retreat back to square one at once.

Originally, she would have been discharged today, and Evelin was still in a good mood, but it hadn't been long since she had gotten into this car when she suddenly found this picture....

Looking at the signature that sent the photo over, Evelin's heart was pierced with pain.

Song Jia Jia....

Why the hell was she with Tailor Feng? What kind of a relationship is there between the two of them? Why is it possible to do something so intimate?

It wasn't like her mouth to say that she liked Tailor Feng though.

But Evelin knew clearly in her heart how she felt about Tailor Feng.

She wasn't as cold to him as her own lips made her out to be.

When she saw the picture, she really had some internal meltdowns of her own.

Just like when she woke up inside the hospital, Tailor Feng tried so hard to save her. But why in the blink of an eye did you just take another woman into your arms?

I don't know why, but it was obvious that I just knew that I seemed to like Tailor Feng. Now when I see this picture, I can't help but feel the pain in my own heart.

"What's wrong?"

Zhu Yi sat in front of the car, but from the rearview mirror inside saw Evelin's face suddenly turned white. Hurry up and ask what's wrong with him.

Evelin just shook her head silently.

"You don't look very well, are you not feeling well, you must say. That way I can turn around in time to take you to the hospital."

Zhu Yi didn't want Evelin to be harmed in any way at all, even if he was sick.

"I'm fine, you drive."