

Love After Marriage, He Got A Free Wife

Chapter 4: May-December Romance

It seemed that things were going just as Fang Xiaonuan had predicted. This person was also opposed to this marriage. As she thought of this, Fang Xiaonuan's red lips curled up. This was great.

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Mr. Fang reluctantly passed Fang Xiaonuan's hand to Ji Lingchen. Fang Xiaonuan's fingertips were cold, and Ji Lingchen's palm was warm. The moment they touched, Fang Xiaonuan reflexively wanted to withdraw her hand. Ji Lingchen was quick to react. He quickly closed his palm and grabbed her hand tightly.

Fang Xiaonuan was shocked. She raised her head and met Ji Lingchen's sharp gaze. She paused and laughed under her breath. "What? Are you afraid that I'll go back on my word?"

Ji Lingchen narrowed his eyes. While he was helping Fang Xiaonuan straighten up her veil, he threatened, "Go back on your word? Can the Fang family bear the price of you going back on your word?"

Like father like son, their methods of delivering threats were exactly the same. Fang Xiaonuan looked at Ji Lingchen with a mocking gaze. This person clearly did not seem to be willing to get married. If she went back on her word right now, wouldn't that be exactly what he wanted? 'Why...'

Fang Xiaonuan was deep in thought, but her gaze did not leave Ji Lingchen's face. To everyone else, they just looked like two newlyweds gazing at each other lovingly, unwilling to part for even a moment.

When the auspicious time was approaching, the priest had no choice but to interrupt them. "Do you, Fang Xiaonuan, take Mr. Ji Lingchen to be your husband, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, to love him, to care for him, to honor him, to accept him, and to be loyal to him until the end of your days?"

Fang Xiaonuan came back to her senses and faced the priest. "I do."

Perhaps her voice was too firm, but Ji Lingchen could not help but glance at her. She was even younger than he had imagined. Her fair and tender face still had baby fat in it,

and she looked dainty. He was very close to her, so close that he could smell her milky fragrance.

If the circumstances had allowed, Ji Lingchen would have massaged his temples. The wife his father had chosen for him was too young. They were eight years apart... He was truly in a May-December romance.

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After the priest finished asking Fang Xiaonuan to say her vows, he asked the same of Ji Lingchen. When the man answered "I do", his voice was deep and pleasant, but when Fang Xiaonuan heard it, she wanted to roll her eyes. 'What a hypocrite.'

When it came to the exchanging of rings, Ji Lingchen finally let go of Fang Xiaonuan's hand. He took the ring and put it on Fang Xiaonuan's finger. He found that the back of her hand was completely red, and he could vaguely see the imprints of his fingers.

Ji Lingchen said nothing. He only shook her hand lightly. How could there be such an obvious mark? Was this woman made of porcelain? Would she break when he touched her?

Fang Xiaonuan also saw the red blemish on her hand. She snorted lightly. When it was her turn to put the ring on Ji Lingchen's finger, she deliberately used brute force to put the ring on his ring finger.

The pain in his fingertip made Ji Lingchen subconsciously look at Fang Xiaonuan. It seemed that his new wife not only had tender skin and a bad temper, but she was also very vengeful.

Fang Xiaonuan noticed Ji Lingchen's gaze and she stared back fearlessly!

After the wedding, Fang Xiaonuan was taken directly to the Ji family's old mansion. The servants took her to a room on the second floor then left.

Fang Xiaonuan grabbed fistfuls of the wedding dress that was in the way and sat down on the sofa. She was exhausted from the tedious etiquette. Why had no one told her that getting married was such a troublesome thing!

When Ji Lingchen pushed the door open and entered, he saw layers of the snow-white wedding dress piled up on the sofa. Fang Xiaonuan sat in the layers of wedding dress. Her small face was scrunched up as she massaged her calf. She was mumbling something.

Hearing his voice, Fang Xiaonuan stretched out her legs and raised her chin at the sofa opposite her. "Sit, let's talk."

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Ji Lingchen was just about to say something when he saw Fang Xiaonuan wave her hand. "Forget it, it's fine if you don't sit. I just want to say a few words to you. I was forced to marry you. You know your old man's personality. The strength of our Fang family is nothing in the face of your family. In order to protect my family, marriage is the only option. I don't like you, and you don't like me. We can just maintain this superficial marriage without any problems. You can do whatever you want. Do as you wish. I won't care."

Ji Lingchen sneered. "Playing hard-to-get? Do you think you can gain my interest that way? Protecting your family? That's quite an excuse. If your family had not signed for more than 20 orders in my family's name, I might even believe you."

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