

## MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 343

There were a lot of different delicacies to try in Beijing. When they left the airport, a Buick with license plate number "Beijing 666888" was waiting for them.

Gu San opened the door gently, smiled, and gestured for Qiao Nian to enter the car.

"Miss Qiao, please get in the car first. We will head to the Imperial Mansion restaurant for dinner later. I have already reserved seats for us there."

Although Yuan Yongqin had bought her a few estates here, this was actually Qiao Nian's first time visiting Beijing. She was unfamiliar with the area and didn't know this Imperial Mansion Gu San spoke of. Thus, she faintly acknowledged and bent down to enter the car.

Once she entered the car, Gu San insightfully gave up his seat. He smiled and turned to the man waiting behind him. "Master Wang, you and Miss Qiao sit in the back. I will sit in the front and provide directions to the driver."

The Ye family chauffeur was silent.

What did he mean by that? Was that meant to humiliate him?

He had been Master Ye's chauffeur for the past 20 years. He knew the roads of Beijing like the back of his own hand. It was merely the trip from the airport to the Imperial Mansion. There was no way he would get lost.

Just as the chauffeur was thinking to himself, the front door was opened. He looked at Gu San, who hurriedly entered the car, and said to him, "Please go to the Imperial Mansion."

"Yup."

The chauffeur was depressed. As someone working for the Ye family, he understood the saying of doing more instead of talking needlessly. He silently turned the car around and drove towards Harbin Wangfu Road.

The Imperial Mansion was one of the best private restaurants in Beijing. Many influential people liked to dine here. This place was famous for its Suzhou cuisine.

It was comparable to Rao City's Waterside Loft. The more reputable the place was, the more expensive the dishes were.

Gu San didn't think much of it. He took out his cell phone and greeted the Imperial Mansion's manager, confirming their reservation.

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On the other side of the airport.

Qiao Weimin and Shen Qiongzhi had been standing on the roadside for a long time.

They were the first to get off the plane when it landed, then went to collect their luggage and waited by the roadside. It had almost been an hour since then.

Qiao Weimin raised his wrist impatiently and looked at his watch. "Is Chen Chen not here yet? Should we give her a call?"

Shen Qiongzhi was a little embarrassed. "Let us wait for a bit longer."

“We had to wait when we were boarding the plane. Now, we still have to wait after we get off. How much more do we have to wait here? It’s already getting dark.”

Just as he spoke, he saw a Buick driving by the side of the road. The car’s glossy black color looked spectacular under the sun. Looking at the license plate, he noticed that the plate number started with the low-key yet powerful word “Beijing”.

—Beijing 666888

Just from the license plate alone, he already knew the passengers were not ordinary people. But he didn’t know who they were.

He sighed inside as he looked at his reflection in the mirror of the roadside shop. He was carrying his luggage with a sleepy and tired look on his face. He looked distressed waiting by the roadside, much like those migrant workers coming to Beijing looking for jobs.

He couldn’t help but feel his heart tighten in sadness.

He thought of what Shen Qiongzhi had said. She said that Qiao Nian might be boarding the next flight.

He couldn’t help but think of what would happen to Qiao Nian when she arrived in Beijing. Would she also be like them, waiting a long time for the Jiang Family to send someone to pick her up?

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The Buick soon stopped in front of a restaurant along Harbin Wangfu Road.

Gu San turned his head around and said, “Miss Qiao, Master Wang, we have arrived.”

Through the rearview mirror, the Ye family chauffeur could see the girl sitting beside the Young Master raise her head. Her eyes were as dark as ink and filled with vigor. Her snow-white and beautiful face was dry and looked irritable after waking up.

She didn't seem to have the delicacy of a typical lady from the capital.

Instead, she had the aura of someone who was used to the harshness of society.

But she was so beautiful, such that even wearing a baseball cap wasn't enough to hide her beautiful face. There was no way the chauffeur could associate her with a gangster.