

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 398

She personally didn't prefer boys with delicate features. It gave off a sense of weakness. Naturally, when she saw a boy with delicate features calling out and standing in front of her, her first reaction was to frown. "Can I help you?"

Her tone was unlike the tender voices of ordinary girls. Her voice was lazy with a hint of rebelliousness.

Hearing her voice, Wen Ziyu's heartstrings felt as if they were being teased by an invisible hand. He could see that the girl in front of him was not like the ordinary girls he encountered before. He raised his mouth, smiled kindly, and said shyly, "Did you come for the independent enrollment examination?"

Looking at Qiao Nian's dark eyes staring back at him, he lowered his eyes, smiled, and said, "Sorry, but I have not seen you in school before, so I guessed you were here for the independent enrollment examination. By the way, what's your name? My name is Wen Ziyu. I'm a third-year student in the Finance Department of Qing University."

Qiao Nian's dark eyes were dry as she patiently listened to him. But after talking for so long, he still did not have a key point. Qiao Nian was starting to get impatient.

"What's the matter?"

Wen Ziyu looked in the mirror every day when he got up and when he took his bath. He knew he looked good. He had taken the initiative to chat her up and introduced himself enthusiastically. Unexpectedly, he was met with challenges twice. This was the first time he encountered this situation, and he did not know how to react. He touched the bridge of his nose and said, "No, it's nothing. I just saw you standing here and playing with your cell phone, and I wanted to ask you if you were interested in visiting the school. After all, it's your first time at Qing University."

"I'm not interested."

Qiao Nian looked back at him, her expression cold and lazy. She was still leaning against the wall and her head was still lowered. It seemed like the cell phone in her hands was more interesting than anything else.

Wen Ziyu was at a loss.

So cool!

He was just walking by with his friends and saw her leaning there. His eyes lit up, and he wanted to come over and ask for her WeChat. Although he noticed from afar that Qiao Nian was not the usual soft and cute type of girl, he was not mentally prepared for her to be so cool.

Maybe all boys had deep-rooted bad habits. The more they were rejected, the more they wanted to find out about the girl. Wen Ziyu was no exception. He persistently asked her again.

“Junior, I...”

Before he could finish his sentence, suddenly, a voice could be heard coming from the right side.

“Nian Nian.”

Was this a man’s voice?

He instinctively looked in the voice’s direction.

He saw a handsome man wearing a khaki windbreaker. He was walking over slowly and elegantly.

Beside him was another man of about the same height, with a crew-cut hairstyle and an aura of toughness. He was holding onto a pair of car keys. Looking at their clothes, they were both adults in their early twenties, and at least a few years older than himself.

Wen Ziyu was confident that he was better compared to the man with the car keys and paid no more attention to him.

His attention was on the man who called out to them and was walking over lazily.

He recognized the brand of the man's clothes. He had a friend who wore clothes from that brand before. It was a menswear brand called "Seven".

The man's clothes seemed to be a globally limited edition. Only one or two pieces were released. It was very rare as the total number of released clothing pieces was extremely small.

He was tall and had long legs. The sunlight that leaked through the leaves of the sycamore trees on both sides of the school shone onto his tall and charming nose.

Stunning!

Wen Ziyu was still standing there, but he felt a sense of defeat and inferiority.

He clenched both his fists as he looked at both of the men walking directly towards the girl he was trying to chat up.

Ye Wangchuan walked over and took the initiative to carry Qiao Nian's schoolbag. His eyelashes were half-closed and his voice was low and dull as he spoke with a tone of familiarity. "Have you been waiting for a long time?"

