

# Passionate 15

Bei Qin, with his back to the door, was so scared that he almost jumped out of his heart.

The Secretary office is the scope of his management. He thought it was a reckless secretary, so he scolded: "who let you be presumptuous in the president's office?"

But as soon as he turned his head, he saw Wenqiao standing at the door with a stubborn face. He immediately closed his mouth, changed his mood of watching a good play, and stood aside.

Li Fengbei heard some familiar voices. He twisted his eyebrows and looked up to the door.

There was an angry woman standing at the door.

Her arms were suppressed by the security guards, her body could not move, her hair was in a mess, and her high-heeled shoes were broken, which made her feel embarrassed.

The small face with a big palm was dyed a magnificent pink because of anger, white and red.

That angry look looks a little silly, and a little cute.

Li Fengbei's line of sight falls on the hand that the security guard is pinching Wen Qiao. There is no wave on his face, but there is a dark flash at the bottom of his eyes.

The security guard was so numb that he quickly pleaded guilty, "president, I'm sorry! It's our dereliction of duty

Li Fengbei's voice was cold. "Everyone present today will be punished for two months' salary. Go down!"

"Yes, yes

The strength on Wenqiao's arm disappeared, and a group of people disappeared behind him.

After a meaningful look at Wen Qiao, Bei Qin followed the crowd and closed the door for them.

As the sound of closing the door fell, wenjo's eyebrows jumped, and the conditioned reflex wanted to run.

At the moment when Li Fengbei looked up, she felt a strong pressure.

He sat upright in the chair. Although he was sitting and she was standing, he felt a kind of arrogance and arrogance, full of the taste of being superior.

Wenqiao forced himself to ignore the powerful aura in front of him. With courage, he opened his mouth again: "Li Fengbei, let's talk about last night!"

"What happened last night..." Li Fengbei's sharp eyes fell on Wen Qiao and seemed to be thinking about her words.

The cold black eyes looked up and down at her, and finally fell on her chest. After a few seconds, the voice slowly said, "what happened last night?"

“Hooligans! Where are you looking?” The appearance of that evil wanton made Wenqiao blush with anger.

His hands crossed in front of his chest and said angrily, “don’t be silly! Shouldn’t you give me an account of what happened last night? Let me apologize to you. This is a society ruled by law! I’ll call the police and catch you

“Tell me? What kind of confession do you want?” His voice is very cold, but the voice is low and magnetic, very pleasant.

Li Fengbei got up slowly, put aside his suit gracefully with his long fingers, untied a button on his light colored shirt, and walked towards Wen Qiao.

The crimson lips slant hook, soften the three-dimensional cold hard facial features, looks like a monster.

Winjo swallowed, retreated warily, and pulled the door.

Make a position to escape at any time.

Li Fengbei seemed to see her mind. His body suddenly leaned forward, his strong arm propped up on the door, and he circled Wenqiao between his chest and the door.

The strong masculine breath comes, almost suffocating.

The heart beat a beat faster.

Wen Qiao’s eyes widened in alarm, and he stretched out his hand to support Li Fengbei’s chest. “Go away first! Don’t get so close