

Substitute wife: mysterious husband, good evening

Chapter 15

"I know, but it's not up to me to decide whether we succeed or not." In fact, Su Xiaowan wanted Su Qiqi to come over. At the critical moment, she might be able to escape.

But why did Su Qiqi suddenly come to the ancient castle?

She didn't want to marry at that time?

Do you think that money is more important than the so-called love?

After losing her cell phone, Su Xiaowan looks at the deed of sale on the table. She turns her eyes. If she wants to sign it anyway, she should sign Su Qiqi's name.

Anyway, she married. She should be the one who will live in this gloomy villa for a lifetime.

Her great youth should not be wasted in this place.

After dinner, Su Xiaowan was walking in the living room. The maid handed a bowl of soup to Su Xiaowan and said, "little grandma, this is your nutritious soup!"

The soup was mellow and sweet. Su Xiaowan didn't know what was in it. She took the soup and thought that Feng Yan didn't eat much tonight, so she went upstairs. She wanted to find Feng Yan, but she didn't have any reason. Now she gave her a chance. "I've just had enough, but I'll give it to your young master. He's not in good health, We need to do more

"But little grandma, your hand..."

"Nothing." In fact, the dog didn't bite deeply. At the beginning, except for the pain, the rest had already been ignored. Besides, Su Xiaowan was not coquettish.

Seeing that the young granny is kind to the young master, they are naturally happy, "then be careful. If you need my help, just call me."

"Well." At least so far, Su Xiaowan thinks that people here are very kind, including master Feng.

Su Xiaowan knocked on the door of the study room and looked up to see the man sitting there reading quietly.

Obviously after the bath, she smelled a strong smell of mint as soon as she opened the door. The man's hair was still dripping with water. She was a bit lazy.

"Feng Yan! They made you soup. Do you drink it? "

Feng Yan looked up at the woman wandering at the door. She was wearing a sports suit. Her long hair was draped over her shoulders. There were more

spots on her face than before. She was so careful that she was... Cute.

This woman, breaking into men's place in the middle of the night, thinks that she can muddle through with more spots?

"I'm not hungry."

A mouth, the voice of a cold.

"You must be hungry after watching it for a long time. The soup is delicious. I don't believe you smell it. My hand is not ready yet. It's hard to serve it for you. You can drink a little more."

Her legs are shaking. In fact, every time I see this man, my heart is full of butterflies in my stomach. I don't dare to look at him. Who knows it's so hard to flatter him.

People don't appreciate it at all.

She took the soup and walked over, but, who knows, she didn't know what she had kicked, so her legs didn't stand firmly, and she was staggering towards the other end.

As soon as Feng Yan's brow tightened, he almost instinctively stretched out his arm. When he came back, the fragrance filled his arms, and the soft body of the woman fell into his arms.

Then, the bowl of soup, steady toward his legs upside down.

In such a quiet environment, only heard each other's breathing, Feng Yan's chest strong, especially after the bath, with a unique hormone breath, disturbed her heart.

"Not yet?" The thin lips of the man were lifted.