

## **My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 710 - Chapter 710: A Guilty Conscience (part one)**

### **Chapter 710: Chapter 710: A Guilty Conscience (part one)**

Warm sunshine, gentle breeze, beautiful women, and luxurious cars were undoubtedly the most beautiful things in the eyes of men. Rain flashed a winsome smile at the group of girls dressed in skin-tight clothes. His sapphire blue earrings sparkled beautifully under the sun, making him look more fascinating.

He mischievously blew a loud whistle and shifted his gaze from the girls to the script in his hands. This damn Edward always made him do the dirty work. Now, he had to offend all these beautiful women.

"Hello beautiful ladies! Do you think you have what it takes to rise to fame by becoming the heroine of this play?" Rain always acted in a careless and casual manner, utterly carefree. Even in such a situation, he didn't display any hint of seriousness.

"Huh! Even without this play, we are already well-known in every household. But we can't believe that you will choose a novice girl to play such an important role.

There were many A-list actresses in the FX International Entertainment Company. But as expected, they were all very arrogant peacocks. They never vied for a role in a play. Even if the play was tailor made for the actress, they wouldn't even take a look at the script. This time, they all showed up to audition as if they colluded with each other beforehand. It was quite rare.

"Oh! I see. Have you read through the script?" Rain glanced at the group of girls, his hand holding up his chin.

"Of course! How else would we know if the role was really important?" A woman with delicate makeup pursed her lips in displeasure. It was clear from her face that she found Rain's question stupid.

"Since you have all read the script, do you think you're capable of playing this role? The heroine is an innocent and clever girl. But judging by your temperament and sophistication, I really don't think you are fit for this role."

Rain raised his head and shifted his eyes away from the script to the woman who questioned him, his charming eyes gazing at her. But the moment he took his eyes off her, he smiled sardonically.

"Judging from Mr. Xia's words, are you implying that we aren't innocent? Girls, don't you think he's being rude to us?" Women always had their own unique way of thinking and understanding. Even when they didn't usually get along with each other, they immediately united with the anger inflamed by the woman.

"Yes, what makes you think that we're sophisticated? We're actually very mature. You should watch your words when you're describing us." All of a sudden, the rage of the whole group was aroused. The atmosphere immediately became extremely heated.

Rain rolled his tongue in his mouth and looked playfully at the several women who were the most indignant. It turned out that no matter how graceful they looked before the camera, they would inevitably show their ugly teeth in private. They were definitely not suitable for this play. It was fortunate that they weren't the pillars of the entertainment company, otherwise the company would have gone bankrupt already.

Rain sneered. Mature? How could he think they were mature from the way they just acted? They were actually very vulgar in his eyes. But he kept this thought to himself. Otherwise, the situation would get out of control.

"No matter what, the CEO and I will fully respect the decision of the director. I think the director and the scriptwriter are the ones who know best who would be most suitable for the roles in the play. So I advise that you'd better stop now, and don't spread rumors around the city. This won't do you any good, and it will only feed the paparazzi with false headlines. Moreover, the CEO will not be happy with that outcome."

Rain's tone was sharp and his words brooked no argument. If this had happened in the past, Rain would have teased the girls playfully. But now that he had Annie in his heart, he lost all interest in flirting with any other woman.

"Do you think the CEO will enjoy working with a girl who knows nothing about acting?" At the mere mention of the CEO, everyone was intimidated. But when they thought about the rumor they heard about the play beforehand, they glared indignantly and argued further about it.

"Wait, what do you mean? Do you mean that the CEO will act in the play? You're confusing me." Rain dropped his playful smile and listened carefully, eager to know the details.

"Huh! Everyone knows about it! The protagonist Beichen Yeyan will be played by the CEO. Because no one else can perform and vividly portray the romantic charm of the protagonist, so that's why the CEO was asked to play the role." One of the women, who was a minor celebrity in the entertainment circle pursed her lips, scoffing at Rain who she thought was playing the fool.

Rain grinned gleefully. "What did you say? The CEO will play the protagonist? You're so funny! I wonder who's powerful enough to have the guts to invite the CEO to play in the 'The Wicked Doctor and The Pretty Imperial Concubine' play."

Rain almost laughed his head off. This was probably the funniest joke he had heard this year. They really had a whimsical sense of humor to start a rumor about Edward acting in the play. But Rain was really looking forward to seeing how Edward would react if he knew that this farce had something to do with him. He couldn't wait to see Edward's expression when he got the news. It would be so amusing.

Wait, it's not real? We came here to audition for the role of the heroine because we heard that the CEO will act in the play. And we've read the script, we think Beichen Yeyan is a character with the perfect combination of nobility and handsomeness who could only be portrayed by the CEO. No one in the entertainment circle is better suited than him for this role."

Seeing Rain's exaggerated smile, all the girls looked at each other in puzzlement. Was it really all just a rumor? But it couldn't be! Someone had heard about it from the director of the play. That was the reason why they desperately wanted to get this role.

"In fact, you can wish for this to happen. Or you can make it happen by collectively making a petition to have the CEO portray this role. I think the audience ratings of the play will definitely reach the top once it opens." Rain wiped his tears of laughter, imagining Edward wearing the ancient costume and swinging a sword. The thought amused him to no end.

"Mr. Xia, is it really impossible?" All the girls were frustrated. To get this role, they had refused many other good opportunities. If there really was no truth to it, they had turned them all down for nothing.

"What do you think? You are really quite imaginative to think of something so remarkable. It's a pity that you chose to be actresses instead of scriptwriters." Holding back the urge to laugh, Rain flashed a mischievous smile, without any trace of the previous grievance he had on his face.

Since it's impossible, why did the director mislead us without any explanation?" They suddenly changed their minds and put the blame at the director of the play.

"As a member of the entertainment circle, didn't you think that it might be a publicity stunt? But the director actually dared to use the CEO as a publicity stunt. What a bold person!" Rain smiled. He was surprised when he heard such a ridiculous farce. In the midst of his laughter, he felt relieved. He finally solved what was originally a serious matter in a delighted way. What he would do the following was to make good fun of the great Mr. Mu.

Compared to Rain's successful day, Duke's trouble had just begun. The trouble he was currently dealing with was the bothersome woman standing in front of him.

Duke, can we eat lunch together? Even if we can't be together, we can still be friends. I've realized that everything in the past will always remain in the past. I know it's impossible to get it back again. I'm really sorry for troubling you before." Rachel said pitifully, showing an imploring look on her beautiful face. She looked contrite and depressed.

"It's good that you've realized that. But regarding lunch, we can do it some other day. I have an appointment now." Duke was surprised to see Rachel's sudden transformation regarding their relationship. But he didn't think too much about it. She probably took his words from the other day to heart. As a woman, it was impossible for her not to have any self-respect and shame.

You don't have time today? Okay that's fine. Sorry for disturbing you. Rachel's eyes darkened with disappointment, but she immediately flash a pleasant smile to indicate that she didn't mind. Her behaviour seemed appropriate.

Sorry, I have to leave now. Duke smiled apologetically and left in a hurry. If Rachel kept pestering him, he definitely wouldn't give her any opportunity to get close to him. But since she was behaving like an understanding woman, he found it hard to continue acting coldly towards her. This was Duke's gentle and soft side.

## **Chapter 711: Chapter 711: A Guilty Conscience (part two)**

Watching Duke hurriedly walking away, Rachel bit her lip and clenched her fists. A sinister smile rose to the corner of her mouth and spread across her face. Since Duke was completely unaware of this, he would act passive in the upcoming days.

Why did you suddenly come here?" Belinda frowned, looking doubtfully at Duke who just pushed the door open and entered her office. She shifted her eyes back to the computer screen full of data.

"I came to bring you lunch. What, you don't want to see me?" Duke unpacked the lunch boxes and placed them on the table. He had called her secretary to get her lunch schedule. He knew that Belinda had asked her secretary to order takeout for her to eat in the office at noon, so he volunteered to bring her lunch.

"I didn't say that. Don't try and stir up trouble between us. It's not good for our relationship." Belinda glanced at him. Although she didn't show it, she was really happy that he had brought her lunch.

"Okay, let's eat now." Aside from Leena, Duke seldom served a woman the way he was doing now. So he knew that his actions made it very clear that he was willing to do such trivial things for Belinda.

"It smells good, what did you bring me?" Belinda stood up as soon as she sniffed the sweet aroma of the dishes. She suddenly felt very hungry.

"These are from the Westin Western Restaurant. I got all your favorite dishes." Duke looked at the dishes on the table in satisfaction. He clapped his hands and smiled gently when he was done setting everything on the table.

"You enjoyed preferential treatment, didn't you?" Belinda narrowed her eyes as she looked at Duke. Westin Western Restaurant never provided takeout food for any customer. It was a marketing tool to make people feel that the food from the restaurant was very precious. As she thought about this, Belinda reached out her hand to take a dessert from the lunch box, only to have Duke pat the back of her hand, gently stopping her.

"Wash your hands first! I never thought that you'd be so careless about your hygiene." Although Duke was scolding her, his tone was affectionate. Even he wasn't aware of his loving manner himself.

"My hands are very clean! I didn't touch anything that I shouldn't touch. In fact, it won't make a difference whether I wash my hands or not. You always like nitpicking!" Belinda pursed her lips. But she still reluctantly walked towards the washroom to wash her hands.

Duke narrowed his eyes at her. What was she implying by saying that? She said that she didn't touch anything she shouldn't touch. Was she implying that he had touched something he shouldn't have?

Belinda grinned at her triumphant reflection in the mirror. She didn't deny that she used the topic of hygiene to test him. As the saying goes, "The wise man knows that he knows nothing, but the fool thinks he knows everything." If Duke thought there was any underlying meaning behind her words, then it meant that he was guilty. Otherwise, he wouldn't find anything wrong with her casual response.

"You seem happy today," Duke teased. He pouted and looked at her smug face with his arms folded in front of his chest.

"No, you're taking it the wrong way. I'm just hungry." Belinda lowered her head and walked past him. Even though she was really happy, she wouldn't tell him so blatantly.

Duke didn't push any further. He smiled and followed her as she walked. His usual cold expression was gentle and soft.

"Take your time. Nobody will take the food away from you." Looking at Belinda hurriedly gobble down the food, Duke frowned and took out a napkin for her. It was obvious that she was really hungry. She left home in a rush this morning without eating breakfast. When he rushed out to check on her, she was already gone. He could only see the faint exhaust smoke coming out from the back of her car.

"You might steal my food. I can't take my time, I'm starving to death. How did you know that I haven't had lunch yet?" Belinda asked as she ate the delicious food. With the way she was wolfing down the food, she didn't look like a graceful lady at all.

"If I want to know something, I'll find out with just one phone call." Duke said with an arrogant smile and sat down beside her. Different from Belinda, he ate slowly and gracefully in silence.

"Huh! What do you mean? Do you have someone watch me in my company?" Belinda was shocked by his response. She coughed violently as she choked on the food.

"I told you to take your time. Drink some water first." Duke quickly poured some water into her glass and patted her back soothingly.

Belinda took the glass and drank some water. She stared at him in annoyance. "It's your fault that I choked."

"What does it have to do with me?" Duke picked Belinda's favorite dishes and put them into her bowl. His movements looked so natural, despite it being completely different from his usual cold demeanor in public.

"It's because you surprised me just now. Duke, do you really have someone watch me in my company?" Belinda paused eating. She suddenly leaned closer to Duke and gazed thoughtfully at him.

"What do you think? Who do you think is most likely to be my spy in your company?" Under Belinda's gaze, Duke put down his chopsticks and looked into her eyes with interest.

"How would I know? There are so many employees in my company, I can't check them all one by one!" Evading his intense gaze, Belinda shifted her eyes away and focused on eating her food.

"In that case, you will never know." Duke winked mischievously and continued to pick her favorite dishes for her. He barely ate anything himself.

"Duke, you're making me uncomfortable with that look. Why do I feel like your bringing me lunch is like a fox guarding the henhouse?" Belinda noticed that Duke had been acting very strange recently. After her drunken incident, he seemed to have changed

into a different person. No matter how much she challenged him, he always smiled gently in response and let it pass. His strange behavior made her feel uneasy.

"Why? Do you have a guilty conscience?"

"Why else would you feel uncomfortable?" Duke smiled. He didn't feel upset at all. Keeping what Daisy said to him in mind, he decided to be more modest and to learn how to compromise. Since then, he had acted according to Daisy's advice and tried to behave by this principle. He knew that he had many shortcomings and that he sometimes unwittingly showed off his pride and arrogance as a nobleman, while simultaneously disregarding what Belinda might feel about his behavior.

"Bullshit, why would I feel guilty? If there's someone here who would feel guilty, that person would be you." Belinda took the glass from the table and drank a lot of water in an attempt to hide her nervousness.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm honorable and righteous. My conscience is clear as day." Duke leaned back casually with his legs crossed. His eyes had been focused on the movement of Belinda's pink lips as she spoke. Suddenly, he chuckled self-deprecatingly while holding his fist against his lips. He was struck by the last part of her sentence.

"Fine, why should I care? But aren't you going to eat anything?" She noticed that Duke didn't eat much but pick some food for her and sit there without eating anything. The sight of him barely eating made her feel strange.

"I'm not that hungry, just keep eating," Duke said, calmly refilling her glass with water.

"Are you really bothered by what I said just now?" Belinda suddenly paused again. She was only joking when she said that he might steal her food. She wasn't serious at all.

"You said many things, how am I supposed to know what you're referring to?" Duke looked at her doubtfully. He was confused by her words.

"When I said you might steal my food, don't take it seriously. I was only joking." Belinda touched her nose in embarrassment. She wished he hadn't misunderstood her.

"I know you were only joking. I didn't take it seriously. Stop worrying and eat your lunch. It's getting cold." Duke shook his head helplessly. He didn't think she actually meant it when she said he might steal her food. She must have misunderstood him for some reason just now.

## **Chapter 712: Chapter 712: Softness Begets Tenderness (part one)**

"Or is it because you have eaten already?" Belinda gave him a questioning look, insisting on getting to the bottom of the matter.

Duke was a bit stunned upon hearing her remark. He kept quiet for a while. But he soon let out a smile and gently shook his head. "Take it any way you wish," he said blandly.

"Come on, you are so boring." Belinda couldn't think of anything to say, and realized that it was no use asking him. So she decided to drop the matter and simply enjoyed her meal. She wasn't too fussy about food, she was only particular about the way the dishes were cooked sometimes. Food in perfect combination of colors, smells and tastes would be appreciated.

"I thought you knew what kind of person I am. You are right, I am no fun." Although Duke was responding to her complaints, he wasn't really looking at her. Instead, he kept scrolling through the latest news on his phone.

"No. I never did. But I do now." Shrugging her shoulders, Belinda replied. But then she paused the instant she set eyes on Duke, who was sitting beside her with his head hanging. As the sunlight flooded into the room, a gentle orange glow framed his handsome face. She suddenly became immersed in bliss, wishing that she could stay right here in this moment with him, forever.

"Just dig in. Say no more or you might choked," said Duke dotingly. Putting away his phone, he then leaned back on the sofa leisurely. He seemed to be relishing the moment too. To Belinda, the relaxed side of him had only added to his charm.

"Duke, it seems to me that you are quite free at the moment!" Belinda turned around all of a sudden, winking at him with a sly but pleasant smile.

"Yes, you can say that. Why?" Duke tensed up, avoiding eye contact with her. He could tell from her eyes that she was scheming, and it made him shudder.

"Great! Would you like to do something to kill time? How about doing the financial accounting for me? There, on the computer. My head is going to explode from looking at data the whole day," she groaned. Belinda never had a solid grasp of math and figures, so every time she checked up the account, she would definitely suffer brain fatigue.

"Seriously? You aren't scared of my stealing your trade secrets?" Having said that, he rose up before she could answer his question, and walked over to her desk.

"If you are really interested in them, go ahead. I'm quite okay with it, as long as you are willing to free me from this nightmare." She meant what she said. She was not the kind of enterprising woman who ambitiously aimed at proving herself in her career. If she had ever had a choice, she would have never chosen to run such a big company.



Because most of the time, she felt that her ability fell short of her desire to handle the company affairs well.

Casting her a glance, Duke said no more and seated himself in the chair casually. But when he caught sight of the documents that piled up on her desk, his heart missed a beat. She was not expecting him to go over all of them, right!? He quickly leaned forward and thumbed through them. His brows wrinkled.

"Did you put off all of them until now?" he couldn't help but ask. As expected, those were a whole month's worth of bills. It would take him an entire afternoon to check all of them. Duke suddenly felt a bit dizzy.

"Well, I always wait until the end of the month. I don't feel like dealing with them until it can't be postponed any longer. Why? A little too much for you?" asked Belinda, sticking out her tongue at him playfully with a hint of shame. Even though the accounting department had already classified all the data for her, she would still fall apart in the face of them every time.

"Don't you think so?" Duke asked while shooting her an angry glance. No wonder there were so many of them. It was all because of her laziness and procrastination. But what could he do now? He had no choice but to get down to work.

Well...not really, I think," responded Belinda, her voice trailing off like a child being scolded. But she was in fact chuckling to herself, knowing someone else was going to do the drudgery for her. To be honest, she considered this as the only good thing about this marriage so far.

Duke made no response this time. He started to concentrate on the documents which were densely packed with statistics, and even added comments and notes when needed. Having buried himself under the piles of work, he seemed to have forgotten about Belinda's existence.

It was not the first time that Belinda had seen him fully absorbed in work, but she was still deeply attracted by the way he attended to things with undivided attention. She just couldn't take her eyes off his serious, grim yet handsome face, especially his thin lips that were closed firmly when he was deep in thoughts. She was spellbound by the sight of this man.

The more time she spent with him, the more engrossed she was in the gentleness which he would show to her occasionally. Unlike Edward, who would always display his charms in every possible way, Duke was rather reserved and would keep a low profile most of the time. So it was pretty rare for him to show his tenderness.

After a while, Belinda finally turned her gaze away in silence, and cleared those things on the coffee table very quietly, trying her best not to disturb Duke. She then left the office and walked to the break room.

"Boss, can I help you?" The moment she walked out of the office, her secretary quickly followed. When she found Belinda making coffee, she was a bit surprised and came up to offer her help. Because the task of making coffee for Belinda was assigned to her, and her alone in the company.

"No, thanks. I can manage it myself. You can get back to your work," Belinda answered without looking at her. She was focused on brewing the coffee, thinking that she must be the one who prepared the coffee for her man.

In her opinion, a woman, no matter how strong she might be in some ways, she must keep a good balance between toughness and delicacy. Only then could she make men throw themselves at her feet. Otherwise, she would only push them away. After all, no man nowadays would like his wife to be better than himself in every aspect, it would only bring him frustration. Took herself as an example, she had shown her weakness to Duke just now, which was not very often, and she had not only earned his affection, but also convinced him to help her with her work. This was exactly what they called killing two birds with one stone.

From the corner of his eyes, Duke saw Belinda went out. He was very preoccupied with the work, hoping to finish them as early as possible. So without wondering or asking where she was going, he only glanced at her back before throwing himself back into the mass data quickly. When he saw her return with a cup of coffee, his face was colored with amazement.

## **Chapter 713: Chapter 712: Softness Begets Tenderness (part one)**

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## **Chapter 714: Chapter 713: Softness Begets Tenderness (part two)**

"How is it going? Have you sorted things out? Putting the coffee down gently, she approached to check on his progress. The moment she glimpsed at those data, she got a headache again. She had spent almost the whole morning wrestling with the task, but it wasn't a productive struggle. She was worried that Duke might be having a hard time since he was not familiar with her company's management.

"Not bad. I just need to change my thinking method." If he were stumped merely by those numbers, there would be no way that the Leng Group became what it was today. What surprised him though, was that her company didn't go bankrupt given her poor numeracy skills. It was literally a miracle. He had to convince himself that she was probably backed by a strong team.

"No way! Why are they so confusing for me!" exclaimed Belinda, who was trying to ease her headache by rubbing her forehead. Her perplexity increased when she found Duke typing new information rapidly into the computer.

"That's because you are stupid. Just leave me alone if you want the work done as soon as possible. I will add annotations to explain some of the puzzling aspects, so that you may find it easier to understand the next time you look them up. Duke kept typing while he talked to Belinda. He knew such a pile of work could take him hours to finish, so he needed to hurry up.

"I beg your pardon? I am not stupid!" Belinda reluctantly admitted in her heart that he was much better than her when it came to work, for he had checked a large number of documents in such a short time. Or more specifically, he had checked almost the same amount of documents as she did this morning.

With Duke taking over the job, Belinda could now take her time to enjoy the coffee and magazines. She was quite satisfied with it, so she simply entrusted the task to him, washed her hands and walked away without hesitation.

As the time passed, Duke felt a bit tired. He looked up and stretched a bit, when suddenly he discovered that Belinda was already fast asleep. He was torn between laughing and crying seeing that he was left with all the hard work while she snoozed away. He wasn't expecting any help from her but he had never imagined that she would just go to sleep without a care.

Standing up with resignation, he walked over, almost tiptoeing, and wrapped his coat around her as gently as possible. He then carefully kissed her on the forehead before going back to the desk. He suddenly remembered something, picked up his cellphone and texted his assistant, saying that he wouldn't be back to the company today, and asked him to send him messages if anything turned up. Duke took thoughtful steps just so he wouldn't wake up Belinda.

Putting down his phone, he took a sip of the coffee, which was already cold. He frowned when he found out it was sweet. Belinda had no idea that he would never put sugar in his coffee. Even so, he drank it all up.

He then went back to work. The task was a piece of cake for him, and it was only a matter of time before he finished it. However, the moment he picked up a document, a light knock was heard on the door.

The first thing he did was to turn around and check on Belinda. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her turning over, showing no sign of awakening. He then rose up, trying not to make any noise, not even an answer, before he got to the door, fearing that Belinda might have heard him.

"What's the matter, Simon?" He recognized the young man at the door at once, for they had met many times before. He was the special assistant of Belinda.

"Mr. Leng, what brings you here? And where is our boss?" Simon was caught by surprise when Duke opened the door. But he quickly snapped out of it and asked.

"She is in here, but has fallen asleep. Is it very urgent? If not, could you wait until she wakes up?" asked Duke dryly. It was typical of him to be indifferent or even cold to unfamiliar people.

"No, it isn't. I will come back after she wakes up then," answered Simon with an odd smile, directing a meaningful look at Duke. How come Belinda would sleep at this time of the day? Duke's words had conjured up images of romantic, and even erotic scene in his mind.

"Alright." said Duke, who ignored Simon's somewhat wicked smile, and closed the door without a word. Duke had always been like this. He wasn't talkative with people he wasn't familiar with, and would never speak needlessly, regardless of who those people might be.

The door closed fast, nearly bumping onto Simon's nose. He subconsciously covered it for protection. He had heard of Duke's reputation. According to rumor, this Leng Group's CEO had always been as cold as marble, and no one ever saw him smile. Now it seemed to Simon that the rumor was true. They had met for several times, but he had never seen a smile on his face, but rather the cold and distant look that would hold off

those around him. But there was one exception. His face seemed to soften a little in front of Belinda Shangguan.

Belinda had been sleeping like a baby. Must due to her lack of good rest these days, she slept quite soundly, and for a long time this afternoon. When she woke up, it was nearly time to get off work. But once she opened her eyes, she became a bit alarmed when she could find no sign of Duke in the room.

She rubbed her eyes, putting Duke's coat away before going to the desk and checked the computer. Surprised, she quickly browsed through the piles of documents until she finally believed that they were all done. Duke's efficiency impressed her. But the problem was, where was he now? Both his coat and his cellphone were still here, he couldn't have left the company.

"What's on your mind? You look like you're in a trance." Duke came out from the bathroom, his face wet. The first thing he saw was Belinda standing still near the desk, wearing a vacant expression.

"Well...where have you been?" Belinda blurted out. But she regretted it the moment she finished her sentence. It couldn't be more obvious as to where he had been with that much water on his face. It made her sound stupid for asking that question.

My eyes hurt a bit just now, so I thought maybe I should wash my face with cold water and freshen up. Why? Missed me already? You seem to be in a hurry to find me." asked Duke, who smiled teasingly. He leaned across the coffee table to get some tissues to wipe his face.

"In your dreams!" Belinda scoffed. Even though she wore a sardonic expression on her face, she dared not meet his gaze. It was true that she panicked a little in his absence earlier.

So, it seems that I was only flattering myself? Duke kept smiling without calling her bluff. He then sank down onto the sofa, stroked his glabella, looking a bit weary.

## **Chapter 715: Chapter 714: Softness Begets Tenderness (part three)**

"Are you tired?" asked Belinda. She noticed that he looked rather dull ever after coming out from the bathroom. It was not until then that she realized how inappropriate it was for her to have fallen asleep while he was helping her out.

"I'm fine. I've gotten used to working like this already. Could you make me another cup of coffee?" Pursing his dry lips, Duke asked as he closed his eyes drowsily.

"No problem. I will be back soon." Before leaving the room, she gave those documents a second glance, and was again pleasantly surprised by how well Duke had handled them. If Duke looked at her at that moment, he could surely read satisfaction on her face. Delighted, she went out, almost waltzing. Much like previously, she had no intention of letting her secretary help her with the coffee.

Soon after she left, Duke suddenly opened his eyes. It seemed that something had occurred to him, something he must remind her of. But it was too late. He couldn't do anything but sighed helplessly and continued with his nap. He was indeed tired. Unlike documents for approval, the documents he had just gone through were filled with numbers that needed to be checked with precision to the decimal points, which required more energy, not to mention that there were so many of them. It was not an easy task to finish them in such a short time even with his business prowess. Belinda was quick this time. In just a few minutes, she came back with two cups of coffee. But she slowed down when she entered and found Duke sitting there with his eyes closed. She hesitated, wondering whether she should wake him up or not.

"I think it's about time. Get your stuff done as soon as possible, and we will eat out before going back tonight." Duke opened his eyes and said to her. He calmly took one of the coffee up and sipped a little. It didn't surprise him that it was sweet again. It was his fault for forgetting to remind her. He disliked the taste but he drank it slowly with the same cold composure.

"Are you starving?" Belinda asked tentatively. As she recalled, he barely ate anything this noon, it wouldn't be a surprise if he was hungry now.

Lady, you had better not touch on such a sensitive topic when you're talking to a man. I don't think you can bear the consequences." Duke said, staring right into her eyes with his lips curled into a sinister smile.

"Sensitive? But I was only asking whether you are hungry or not..." But soon enough, Belinda clapped her hands to her mouth and glared at him. From his grin, she realized that he might be referring to sex-starved. Stepping back, she quickly kept him at arm's distance. That gave her the impression that all men were sexual creatures that thought of nothing but making love. What a pervert!

"Seems that you need no explanation." Duke chuckled and looked at her blushing face gloatingly. He was now totally refreshed by the joke he made. It was so much fun teasing her. Those harmless jokes seemed to have helped deepen their relationship. It was moments like these that gave them more happiness in their simple and peaceful life.

"I thought you were different from Edward, but as I see it now, you two are both well-dressed leeches!" said Belinda flatly, rolling her eyes. Well, Edward would have never expected himself to be a collateral damage of their flirting.



"Thanks for your compliment." Duke wasn't angry or ashamed at all. On the contrary, he teased her even more by taking her words as a compliment. But his last word was followed by a knock on the door.

"Come in, please." Belinda cleared her throat before answering. She decided to seize the chance and drop the matter, for she was well aware that she would not win the argument whatsoever. She thought that Duke, unlike Edward, wasn't a hard nut to crack, but she was wrong. He was not to be underestimated.

The door opened and Simon Xu walked in slowly. He nodded as a greeting to Duke before walking to Belinda's desk and said, "Boss, I have scheduled an appointment with YD Group's CEO, but he said he would only give us half an hour to propose our plan."

"Really? I thought he would say no. I've prepared myself for his rejection, too. Now this is beyond my expectation. Did he say where shall we meet him?" Belinda was only trying her luck and wasn't expecting that the YD Group would agree to meet. It was quite a surprise for her to know that they were offered a chance. It was rumored that YD Group's CEO was a real piece of work. But now he didn't strike her as a difficult person. One shouldn't always take rumors seriously, she thought to herself. After all, she had learned a lesson from the man sitting on the sofa now. People all said that Duke was never a womanizer. But how would he explain his relationship with Rachel?

"At Tender Whispers, they will have their lunch there." It just so happened that the CEO's secretary was Simon's classmate back in school. It seemed that he had put in a good word for them. Otherwise, they would have never gotten the opportunity.

"What? Not that place again." The smile vanished from Belinda's face. She never wished to set foot in that restaurant ever again since she got drunk there the other night. The moment Simon mentioned its name, she quickly glanced at Duke to see how he would react to it. She let out a sigh of relief when she discovered that he was dozing off without paying any attention to them.

"What's the matter? Could you make it?" Simon looked at her tensely. It was an one-time chance for them, missed it and they might have to fight against other companies in the competition held by YD Group afterward, which could greatly reduce their success rate. He did have confidence in their own plan, but he also believed that there could be more capable companies.

"Nothing. I will go. You can go and make further arrangement now." Biting her lip, Belinda finally nodded in agreement. 'I just happened to be drunk and made a scene, which is nothing unusual in a restaurant.' she comforted herself, 'I bet nobody else has seen it. No one will recognize me anyway. There is nothing to worry about.'

"No problem. Now if you would excuse me, I will get back to my work," said Simon, who couldn't help but shoot Belinda a questioning glance before leaving. He sort of felt that

she had been acting strange the whole day. He couldn't tell, but he thought that she was not her usual self today.

Okay, please continue with your work then." With her elbows on the desk and her head resting on her palm, Belinda kept stroking her forehead, looking distressed.

"So you seek partnership with YD Group?" asked Duke with his eyes suddenly opened, staring at her curiously.