

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 17: Watching Silently as Everyone Else Snatches

This is fate. We've been asking Young Master Jiang to send a red packet for ages but to no avail. How ironic is it that Xuxu, who finally appears in the group chat after three years, would end up being the one to snatch the red packet instantly? If this isn't fate, what could it be?

If this is truly Young Master Jiang's and Xuxu's fate, we will accept it.

I agree, Young Master Jiang can simply just send us a bigger one as compensation.

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Everyone was excitedly replying at the same time and it made Wen Xuxu's face turn hotter.

On the other hand, Boss Yan was holding his cell phone in his hand without replying at all. He saw how everybody was raising a ruckus in the group chat and his expression was darker than the bottom of a saucepan.

Bullshit fate.

Ahh, she'd been inactive in the group chat for three years. The minute she heard that Jiang Zhuoheng was coming back, she started responding again.

As expected, she still missed him.

Boss Yan felt unusually furious and almost smashed his cell phone.

Wen Xuxu replied to everyone: *Haha, it's a coincidence. It's purely a coincidence.*

A leopard never changes its spots. Same goes for this damned Jiang Zhuoheng who remains the same after so many years. He made a fool out of her in front of their classmates and now everyone has the wrong idea about her.

She'll make him pay when she sees him!

Xuxu is doing well with Third Master Yan these past three years and forgot about us.

Everyone replied excitedly when Wen Xuxu responded.

Wen Xuxu: *I didn't, you've all been just as busy too.*

Her classmates chimed in: *When Ah Heng is back, we need to have a gathering to catch up with all the old classmates.*

Wen Xuxu replied: *Sure thing.*

After she sent her message, someone suddenly sent a red packet. She had fallen into Jiang Zhuoheng's trap earlier on by clicking on the red packet he sent. That created a misunderstanding, and so Wen Xuxu didn't dare to snatch the red packet again.

She watched silently as everyone else snatched it.

The red packets with random amounts of money were quickly snapped up by everyone.

Everyone who responded had tried snatching it, even Jiang Zhuoheng got one. Wen Xuxu was the only one who didn't.

The person who sent the red packet furiously threw his phone on the table. He picked up an exquisite cigarette case and took out a cigarette. After lighting it in his mouth, he started smoking gloomily.

The balcony was dimly lit. His gorgeous face was enveloped by the smoke and there was an indescribable somberness.

This scene reflected his current feelings.

He finished smoking about half of the cigarette and then stubbed the burning end of it. He picked up the cell phone again and scanned through the group chat messages. Wen Xuxu was still chatting with the rest.

When she appeared, the frequency of Jiang Zhuoheng's responses increased too.

Yan Rusheng exited the QQ app and dialed a number. "Book a flight ticket for tomorrow to Country F, L City."

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Wen Xuxu had a quiet day on Monday. She wasn't as busy as usual since the big boss was away.

For two days, she didn't see Yan Rusheng at all.

On Wednesday, the moment Wen Xuxu stepped into the President's office, she could feel a gust of chilly wind coming towards her.

Those who arrived early were working quietly at their workstations.

Wen Xuxu could feel that something was wrong with the atmosphere. She glanced in the direction of Yan Rusheng's office entrance.

As she'd expected, his office door was ajar.

This fellow had vanished for two days and he was back so early in the morning.

Wen Xuxu had an uneasy feeling in her heart as she stepped closer and closer towards Yan Rusheng's office.

She extended her hand and knocked on the door.

Yan Rusheng sat on his luxurious swivel chair with his head bowed. He held a pen in his hand and it looked like he was signing documents.

He wore a white shirt and sat there like an icy figure. He looked like a snow lotus from the sky mountains that seemed beyond one's reach.

Yan Rusheng didn't raise his head when he heard someone knocking. A cold voice sounded from inside. "Come in."

Wen Xuxu didn't enter. Instead, she stood outside and asked him, "President Yan, what would you like to drink?"