

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 19: In a Bad Mood Right Now

A cold voice could be heard from within the room. "Enter."

Wen Xuxu pushed the door and peered inside first. Yan Rusheng sat on his posh chair, his elbow propped on the arm of the chair. His forehead was pressed against the back of his hand. The three buttons on the collar of his white shirt were unbuttoned.

He looked exhausted.

"President Yan." Wen Xuxu walked quietly across the room and took Yan Rusheng's cup away.

The cup which contained the black coffee from this morning was still unwashed.

She held the cup and gazed intensely at Yan Rusheng. However, she remained silent.

...

"Sister Xuxu, are you getting snacks for your afternoon tea?"

There was a bakery selling western pastries next to the company. Many of Flourish & Prosper's employees patronized the shop in the late afternoon to buy pastries to accompany their afternoon tea.

The moment she entered, Wen Xuxu met a colleague she knew and she greeted her warmly.

"Mm."

She nodded lightly in response and walked straight to the section displaying the pastries.

She scanned through the display of pastries and pointed at a triangular mousse. She said to the staff, "I'd like a slice of this and please remove the cream and jam from the surface."

"Miss, the cream and jam combination makes this particular mousse special. Are you sure you want to remove it?" The staff retrieved the cake from the display and asked Wen Xuxu uncertainly.

Wen Xuxu nodded in confirmation. "Yes, I don't want it. Thank you."

Just as she was about to pay, she glanced at the beverage section behind the cashier. She decided to get a carton of milk as well.

The elevator reached the highest level and Wen Xuxu stopped for a moment after stepping out. She looked at the stuff in her hands and couldn't help but press her lips together.

Usually, people are the sleepest around this time in the afternoon. Everyone was holding a cup of coffee in their hands to keep themselves awake while working. The atmosphere was solemn and hushed as usual.

Wen Xuxu walked to Yan Rusheng's office and stood at the entrance, ready to knock on the door.

"I was in Country F the past two days and I'm in a bad mood right now. Stop beating around the bush and get to the point."

From inside the room, Yan Rusheng's voice could be heard talking to someone, most likely on the phone.

Wen Xuxu's extended hand abruptly stopped in midair and trembled for a moment. Her fingers curled tightly and she bowed her head, her eyelids drooping.

She stared at the stuff in her hands and laughed at herself.

...

"Sister Xuxu, I can tell that the President's afternoon meal came with curry sauce again."

Wen Xuxu leaned against the long bar counter along the office pantry wall. She was holding the mousse that she'd bought earlier on. She devoured the mousse in big mouthfuls without a spoon.

Her colleague had come in to get water and lightheartedly made fun of her.

Wen Xuxu hated curry sauce. But Yan Rusheng loved to order food with curry sauce from time to time on purpose. There was an unspoken rule too—as his secretary, Xuxu had to also eat whatever he was having for lunch that day.

Whenever she had lunch with curry sauce, Xuxu wouldn't be full. She always had to sneak out and buy snacks to fill her stomach in the afternoon.

Hence when her colleague saw her eating in the office pantry in the afternoon, she assumed that the President's lunch today had come with curry sauce.

Wen Xuxu's mouth was stuffed and she smiled foolishly when she heard this.

It wasn't that she had lunch with curry sauce, she didn't even have a single morsel of food.

She polished off half of her cake and opened the carton of milk. She took a few gulps and was about to continue eating.

She glanced casually at the entrance and then immediately halted her actions.

A pair of sinister-looking eyes were looking at her coldly, leaving her unable to continue eating.

"President Yan." She froze for a few seconds before she recovered and hurriedly greeted Yan Rusheng.

Chapter 20: He Can Do Without a Woman Like This

When did he arrive? Why didn't she hear a single sound?

His movements were as silent as a ghost and had almost scared her to death.

"Wen Xuxu, I thought I forbade you to eat as punishment? Did my words roll off like water off a duck's back?" Yan Rusheng yelled in a deep voice. He marched forward with his long legs and walked towards Wen Xuxu.

An overwhelming gust of gloomy air approached her.

Wen Xuxu looked up with her tiny face and looked at the man standing before her, watching her from a higher position. Unknown courage possessed her and she stared at him in a defiant manner.

"You said I can't eat lunch, but you didn't mention desserts."

There was an indescribable fury buried in her heart which was clamoring to explode. She wanted to unleash her rage.

But she was a well-disciplined person and they were in the office right now. The man standing in front of her was her boss. She didn't want other people to think that she was given 'preferential treatment'.

She had an internal struggle and in the end, she quietly looked down.

"Sorry, I know I'm in the wrong."

After she apologized, she turned around and threw her cake and milk into the trash can.

She added, "I'll get back to work."

Wen Xuxu clenched her fists and walked away from Yan Rusheng with a cold expression.

Yan Rusheng watched her leave the office pantry with a frown. When she vanished from sight, he slowly moved his gaze away from her and looked at the trash can.

He stared at the half-eaten mousse Wen Xuxu had thrown away. He knitted his brows even tighter as he felt gloomier.

Her hot temper from being spoiled is getting worse.

He had merely admonished her briefly and she had simply thrown the food away.

As he looked at the glistening mousse, his stomach growled suddenly in response.

Tsk. His stomach was such a letdown.

...

After starving for an entire afternoon, Wen Xuxu's top priority after work was to grab dinner.

There was a stall near the entrance of the area and its business was extremely brisk during dinner time.

She sat in a corner while waiting for her food, scrolling through her phone to pass the time.

Her classmates' group chat came to mind. It'd been days since she last entered the group chat after she unblocked it.

She clicked on QQ and there were 99 unread messages in the group chat.

She rarely chatted online and even when she did, she preferred WeChat. She hardly ever used QQ.

She clicked into the group chat and the messages were still popping up.

I'm going to seek refuge with President Yan soon since times are hard.

Tch. Don't pretend.

In this group chat, we're the only ones chatting, Third Yan and the rest don't even show themselves.

He's the President of Flourish & Prosper right now and his schedule is packed every day. Why would he have time for unemployed bummers like us?

The participants in the group chat were all childhood friends of Yan Rusheng and Jiang Zhuoheng. They were second-generation children of wealthy businessmen and government officials and the rest were their girlfriends and wives.

They were merely joking when they said that they were having a hard time and had to seek other people for refuge. Wen Xuxu enjoyed reading their conversation but she didn't respond.

He's busy? What nonsense is that? Yesterday we flew back on the same flight from Country F.

This classmate didn't elaborate further but everyone already knew what that meant. Fang Jiayin left Yan Rusheng to further her studies in country F. She continued staying there to teach and this fact was known to their circle of friends.

If Yan Rusheng wasn't traveling for work, then Fang Jiayin must be the reason for his sudden trip to Country F.

Third Yan, as your old classmate I don't mean to nag at you, but if you really want her back, stay away from those casual flings. It's childish.

Someone had a loose tongue. He couldn't stand it any longer and stated the truth.

When this someone took the lead, the second one followed suit. *Return? What nonsense is that? You don't need that kind of woman.*

I agree. There's plenty of fish in the sea and women are just like clothes. The more you treat her like a precious gem, the more she'll treat you badly.

...

Everyone started enthusiastically lecturing Yan Rusheng regarding 'political affairs'.

