

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 4: Unpleasant Feelings

“Yes, President Yan,” she answered as she walked towards Yan Rusheng and served him coffee with both hands.

She inspected him swiftly and came to a conclusion. Her boss was furious right now.

However, she was used to him pulling a long face in the morning.

“Are you stupid?”

Yan Rusheng sat on his luxurious chair and glared angrily at the woman standing opposite him. He had a look that clearly showed that he wanted to strangle her.

The drawer on his right wasn't closed properly as it was wedged with the newspapers he bought today before Wen Xuxu arrived.

Wen Xuxu bowed her head and mumbled under her breath, wondering what she'd done wrong again?

She felt the urge to retort that he was the one who was stupid and his whole family as well, but she stopped herself after remembering that he was her boss.

She had to swallow her pride.

Yan Rusheng noticed her head hanging down with her cheeks puffed up. Unable to contain his rage, he gulped down the cup of coffee instead.

Spat.

He spat out the mouthful of coffee almost immediately.

No... it had been forcefully expelled out.

The coffee splattered across the table and unfortunately, Wen Xuxu's face and white shirt were splattered with coffee too.

She frowned and pursed her lips, looking like she had just tasted poop.

Yan Rusheng angrily threw the cup to the floor and yelled, “Wen Xuxu, are you trying to scald me to death?!”

The coffee had been served immediately after being brewed. It was no doubt boiling hot.

Wen Xuxu was indignant at the accusation and was unable to bear it any longer. She raised her head and retorted, “The coffee was freshly brewed, how could it not be boiling hot? Why didn’t you let it cool before drinking it?”

Feeling worked up, Yan Rusheng exclaimed, “Hey! Wen Xuxu, how bold of you to talk back to me!”

“Unreasonable.” Wen Xuxu glared fiercely at him before haughtily turning to leave.

She had finally understood a certain principle, and that was—bosses cannot be spoiled. The more they were spoiled, the more of a jerk they became.

Yan Rusheng stared at Wen Xuxu’s back, resisting the urge to hurl the ashtray on the table at her.

“Come back.”

Wen Xuxu opened the door firmly as if she hadn’t heard a thing and walked out of the room.

After she left and closed the door, Yan Rusheng’s anger had dissolved instead. He pulled the chair behind him and sat down lazily.

He tugged at his collar and opened his drawer with the other hand to retrieve the newspapers. The headline was —*Qingqing returns due to filming, Third Master Yan welcomes her with flowers and a personal secretary to take care of her needs, making girls green with envy.*

Wen Xuxu was seen squatting and massaging Ouyang Qingqing’s leg in the photo, in a seemingly humiliating manner.

He would rather not have seen the photo if he were given the choice. After seeing the photo, he was overcome with rage and he crushed the newspapers with both hands and threw it into the trash can.

“She’s been competing with me since we were young, I’m already used to it!”

He dialed his secretary’s extension number.

There was a beep and Wen Xuxu’s voice answered, “Yes, President Yan.”

Yan Rusheng’s anger had not yet abated, and he grimly instructed, “Get me a glass of watermelon juice. I want it iced.”

He didn't wait for Wen Xuxu's reply and ended the call.

Wen Xuxu heard the beeping sound of the line being cut off. She frowned and rolled her eyes.

What's the meaning of this? Does it mean that he's still angry? she wondered.

He requested for iced watermelon juice.

It must have felt unpleasant being scalded by the hot coffee just now.

As she mulled over the earlier incident, she couldn't help but shake her head and smile. There was nothing she could do about it.

She rose and went into the President's office.