

Triplet's Secret Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Zhong Zhen gave all the office furniture a good wipe. On a shelf behind Feng Beichen's desk, there were two beautiful Ming dynasty blue and white porcelain vases. They were very elegantly shaped, and the colors were especially bright. The most unique thing about them were their artistic patterns. "How beautiful!" Zhong Zhen couldn't help but stand in front of the vases and give them a gentle wipe. Just then, the door opened, and a tall figure walked in and startled Zhong Zhen. "What are you doing?" Feng Beichen's cold tone was heard. "I-I'm cleaning up the place!" Zhong Zhen felt unusually nervous. Her hand slipped and knocked the beautiful blue and white porcelain vase over. "Ahh!" She and Feng Beichen both shouted at the same time! The porcelain vase was obviously priceless. If it broke, how could she pay for it? She couldn't have her pay deducted as she needed the money. So, she screamed as she leaned over to the side to grab the falling vase. She caught it at first but then her hands trembled and somehow caused it to fly out of her hands again! Feng Beichen rushed forward and managed to catch the vase. But Zhong Zhen had pounced forward and was about to fall over the chair! She instinctively shut her eyes and waited for the bad landing. But instead of a crash followed by pain, she landed in a pair of warm, sturdy arms. Still, she dared not open her eyes, instead only feeling a manly breath near her. This feeling gave her a sense of security. "You can open your eyes already!" Feng Beichen

spoke calmly as he gazed at her closed eyes. Her beautiful lashes fluttering lightly were quite charming. *Wait, what's wrong with me? Why am I thinking about this woman that way?* Zhong Zhen opened her eyes. Seeing Feng Beichen's face right in front of her at close proximity, she jumped in shock. Her face then turned crimson. "Thank you, Mr. Feng!" Zhong Zhen quickly turned to step away but stumbled on her feet and was about to fall once again. Feng Beichen reached out and lightly held her by the waist, allowing her to stand firm. Right at that moment, Zhang Junyan was in front of the open door. She watched the entire spectacle in horror. *How could this be? Are women so shameless these days? Do they pounce on wealthy bachelors whenever they get the chance?* She kept the fire within her contained as she knocked on the door and said clearly, "Mr. Feng, these are the documents you've asked for!" "Come in!" Feng Beichen answered coldly. He then let go of Zhong Zhen's waist and blankly reminded her, "Be careful!" Zhong Zhen's face was red as an apple. She was frustrated but at the same time she secretly felt gleeful. That didn't feel too bad! She hadn't felt that sense of security for a long time! "Yes, Mr. Feng!" Zhong Zhen retreated to the side and heaved a long sigh. Meanwhile, Feng Beichen calmly put the blue and white porcelain vase back where it belonged. *My god, that vase is a piece of treasure that no one is allowed to touch. And yet this woman tries to take it down the moment she starts working here?* Zhang Junyan could only say those words in her heart. She couldn't say anything in front of Feng Beichen. She was well aware of who the boss was. "These are for you."

Zhang Junyan stood in front of Feng Beichen and politely placed the documents in front of him. She then asked gently, "Mr. Feng, what do you feel like having for lunch today? Would it be Western or Chinese cuisine?" "Chinese. Crab roe fried rice." As Feng Beichen answered, he suddenly changed the topic. "Ms. Zhong should be handling these matters. Why didn't you teach her?" He seemed slightly displeased with her work. This wasn't a good sign! Zhang Junyan worked so hard all this while to get on Feng Beichen's good side. No matter what, she refused to let him have a single negative opinion about her. "I'm sorry, Mr. Feng. I figured that I'd do the job today while she learns from the side," she hurriedly explained. The truth was that she had her own intentions. But it was also for his sake. She feared that Zhong Zhen would screw up and made him angry. "Leave all private affairs to Ms. Zhong. Hand over the job completely in three days!" Feng Beichen ordered coolly. "Yes, sir." No matter how reluctant Zhang Junyan was, she had no choice but to accept the man's orders. At this time, she clearly realized that Zhong Zhen could really be her nemesis. With this new employee around, her feelings for Feng Beichen would have nowhere to be soothed. That thought caused her heart to fill with hatred toward Zhong Zhen. Having calmed down, Zhong Zhen observed from aside. She knew deep down that her bad blood with Zhang Junyan would only grow stronger. But there was no way for her to explain! Besides, how could she explain such a matter? People would only believe what they saw! It felt like explaining would only make things worse. Seeing the clock on the wall, Zhang Junyan

said in a calm, emotionless manner, “Ms. Zhong, come with me. There are things I need to teach you.” But Feng Beichen suddenly said, “Just tell her about the meal reservations. I’ll handle the rest!” His intention was to let her learn by doing. Besides, there were no tasks that required much physical strength, surely, she could manage just fine! No matter how dumb she was, she could do it for sure. Zhang Junyan felt like her heart had just become empty. *All that love with nowhere to go to!* But she couldn’t show how she truly felt. She could only say softly, “Yes, sir.”

No matter who it is, if you love someone to a certain extent, you’ll start to feel inferior. The more you love, the more insecure you’ll feel. Even if you’ve been reduced to a speck of dust, you’d still dream of blossoming into the purest flower! Zhong Zhen felt awkward looking at the two. How could Feng Beichen not understand how Zhang Junyan was feeling? Was it going to be like last Friday night? Did he intend to use Zhong Zhen as a shield? She didn’t want to admit it, but she was well aware now, this was why she had been hired as the man’s personal assistant! But work was work and it shouldn’t become personal. She hurriedly walked over to Zhang Junyan’s side and said, “Ms. Zhang, I’m coming with you.” One couldn’t get mad at someone who behaved politely. For the sake of work, Zhang Junyan couldn’t be too rebellious. No matter how much she picked on Zhong Zhen, there was a limit to it. At least she still had to be perceived as professional, right?

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