

Triplets secret 17

Chapter 17

She could do nothing but to let it go.

“Noted.” With a cold response, she got up and headed outside. She remained respectful when speaking to Feng Beichen, albeit with a slight hint of bitterness, “Mr. Feng, I’ve handed over all the relevant tasks. If there’s nothing else from you, I’ll excuse myself.”

Having worked here for so long, she was certainly sad to be replaced by a newbie!

Of course, Feng Beichen understood how she felt but it was only because he knew of her feelings that he had to hire Zhong Zhen.

“All right.” Feng Beichen responded flatly with his eyes still glued to the computer. While doing so, he was scribbling god-knows-what on a piece of paper. He didn’t even look up.

All Zhang Junyan felt was sorrow. She stood there gazing at him.

Sensing something unusual about her, he calmly looked up and asked, “Is there something else?”

How could she say anything to her boss? Zhang Junyan could only swallow everything down and respond emotionlessly, “No, sir. I’ll be off now!” She turned to leave.

Feng Beichen’s mouth twitched slightly as he gazed at her back. He shook his head and carried on with his work.

Meanwhile, Zhong Zhen was cleaning up the bedroom. Many of the shirts and suits in there weren’t worn out, but they looked rather dull. Why would a young man like him wear such mature-looking clothes? She couldn’t help but crinkle her nose and shake her head lightly.

She couldn’t understand his taste. Zhong Zhen might have been a secretary major, but she was also a modern young woman. Since she used to study vocal arts, she had done a considerable amount of research on fashion! Moreover, she really liked such things and was especially gifted at drawing

Well, didn’t he say he’d leave all personal affairs to her? There was no way she could let him wear such old-fashioned clothing, even it meant having less sets clothes to wear.

Throughout the search, she had actually nearly cleared out his entire closet. Considering how extreme that was, she forced herself to put a few sets back. But she looked at them again and just couldn’t see him wearing them, so she put them back into the pile that was to be thrown out.

She was finally done tidying up. Feng Beichen was shocked to see her carrying boxes and boxes of clothes out of the bedroom.

His eyes left his work for a moment as he asked coldly, “What are you doing?”

He had just told her to rearrange his closet and change a few sets of clothing out. Why did it feel like she was clearing everything out?

Panting, Zhong Zhen placed a box at the door and stood up straight. She spoke breathlessly. "Mr. Feng, how long have you had these clothes? Why do they look so ancient? This won't do. I'll

change your image and make you look more youthful and stylish, otherwise that perfect physique of yours would just go to waste!"

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She immediately regretted what she just said. That is my big boss, for goodness' sake! That man who decides who stays and goes. Am I tired of working already? What am I thinking!

But what was said could not be unsaid.

Zhong Zhen regretted silently. She kept her head low, clutching her fists and not daring to look at his face.

But unexpectedly, Feng Beichen coolly replied, "It's true that the closet hasn't been cleared for quite some time. Sort it out accordingly as you see fit, but later on you'll have to help me get new clothes for different events."

Hooray! Was it her lucky day? A cold, handsome man like him actually spoke to her so nicely?

Zhong Zhen couldn't hide her joy. She happily answered, "Yes, sir!"

Shopping for outfits and matching them were things she could handle very well. Plus, she was going to spend someone else's money anyway!

Zhong Zhen finally placed all the cleared items on the corridor outside the room. Heaving a long sigh, she realized how tiring her work actually was.

Who would do such an intense job? Now she had to have a good rest, otherwise how would she have the energy to deal with that brat Zhong Tianyou later tonight?

But Feng Beichen suddenly asked her, "What kind of jewelry do you like?"

What did he mean? Did he want to give her jewelry? Zhong Zhen's heart skipped a beat. Had she unknowingly run into some god of fortune? No, I can't be too greedy. I'd run out of luck sooner or later if I have fortunes falling on me like this.

"I... I don't need any jewelry. My accessories are usually just handicrafts," Zhong Zhen answered shyly as her face turned slightly red.

She couldn't accept jewelry! She was already paid for by the company.

Amused, Feng Beichen snorted, "I'm not giving you any jewelry. The company has a jewelry line, so I want to hear your views on that."

So that's what he meant! How embarrassing! Zhong Zhen wanted to dig a hole for herself. But why didn't he say so earlier? Did he deliberately try to make her look bad?

"Oh, umm..." Zhong Zhen was tongue-tied. She was so upset already, what more could she say?

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Having had little hope in her to begin with, Feng Beichen sneered at the woman's dumbfounded face. This is a woman who has suffered all these years. She had been focusing on taking care of her mother and repaying debts so how could she know anything about aesthetics?

* Carry on with your work and don't make a sound." Feng Beichen's tone turned cold again, albeit being deep as usual. His domineering presence caused tension in the air.

Naturally, Zhong Zhen dared not go against anything he said. "Yes, sir," she replied. She tried her best to soften her footsteps as she walked back into that bedroom.

The closet had been sorted out and the entire area was tidied up once more. Zhong Zhen walked to the window, gazing at the view outside as she rested for a moment.

It would be quite some work to accompany her boss to shop for outfits, so reserving some energy was a must. Then, thinking about how she may not return home on time, she hurriedly sent a text to Wen He, [Help me pick up the little one tonight. I may not be able to get back on time.]

Wen He replied quickly: [Don't fret, your Highness. I'll be off work on time for the entire week, so feel free to focus on your job. Leave the little boy to me!]

Thank goodness for Wen He. Zhong Zhen didn't know how she'd get by without her.

No words could express her gratitude. However, it would actually be awkward if they ever said thank you to each other.

[You're a great partner!] Zhong Zhen smiled as she replied.

Deep down, she had long considered Wen He as part of her family of four.

Looking at the time, she treaded outside lightly. Closing the door, she then walked to the couch, sat down, and went through the documents Zhang Junyan gave her. <