

Triplets secret 20

Chapter 20

"I've memorized it. Maybe I could give it a try?" Zhong Zhen asked seriously. She had to make sure she could open the door. Just imagine how embarrassing it'd be if she showed up tomorrow and couldn't get it to open! Nobody wanted such mishaps to happen.

Feng Beichen nodded in agreement.

Thus, Zhong Zhen closed the door and entered the passcode she had memorized. The door opened again with a sound.

Not bad. From the looks of it, she's pretty sharp. Hopefully she can do this job well. I wouldn't even mind paying her a little more. She's the mother to the twins after all.

Feng Beichen drowned those thoughts the moment they surfaced. What am I thinking!? What was that about? There is no way the twins would meet her. It can only be a secret.

"Do your job seriously and meticulously! I have OCD, so I can't stand seeing anything look sloppy." Feng Beichen turned after he spoke.

Zhong Zhen froze for a moment, then quickly returned to her senses. It was already time to get off work. She had to act fast so she could get home sooner.

DOCI

Seeing so many clothes and such a huge changing room, she walked toward it and began to make some sweeping changes.

The cloakroom had many clothes, but it looked very tidy. She began to pick out the clothes one by one, tossing aside any outfit that looked too old or out of style. She then quickly sorted out what clothes could be matched or suited her aesthetics. Anything that didn't fit was thrown out.

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Within two rounds, almost the entire cloakroom was cleared out. Of course, many new outfits were waiting to fill up the now empty space.

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She speedily hung up the new clothes. Beads of sweat began to trickle down her forehead, but she lighly wiped them off with her hand and continued working.

Only after hanging up all the new clothes as well as all the ties and bowties did Zhong Zhen finally lift her head and breathe a long sigh.

She glanced back at the pile of old clothes and continued to eliminate the ones that just didn't seem good enough,

Looking at the neat and glamorous wardrobe, Zhong Zhen felt a great sense of satisfaction. She began to carry the eliminated clothes out the door. There were really quite a lot of them, so it felt rather uring doing everything on her own.

Feng Beichen happened to be in the study room in the opposite direction. Hearing the commotion, he walked out and said coldly. "You can get the housekeeper to do these menial jobs! Learn to work smart!" Saying that, he turned to head back into the study room. But when he reached the door, he spoke solemnly once again, "Pick a room you like. You'll be living here!"

"Huh?" Zhong Zhen froze like a rock. How could she do that? She had to look after her son,

Zhong Tianyou!

"Is there a problem?" Hearing her reaction, Feng Beichen impatiently turned around and gazed at her in an imposing manner.

How could she say there was a problem? "No, no. There's no problem. It's just that my mom isn't in good health, so I have to see her during weekends." Zhong Zhen thought on her feet. She had to find a reasonable excuse for that 'huh' she made in response to her boss's instructions.

"You're free during weekends. But if anything urgent comes up, consider it overtime and you'll get double pay." Feng Beichen was well aware of her mother's situation. She only needed to drop by and see the old woman.

"OK, Mr. Feng. It's just that I still have some arrangements to make at home. Could you make an exception for me just for the next few days?" Zhong Zhen asked cautiously.

She really wanted this job. She was willing to work overtime. How could she have a better life without paying a price? She believed that there would be more solutions to problems, and that all challenges could surely be overcome.

"No problem. I'll give you a week!" Feng Beichen turned and left.

No, she had to be completely sure. So she daringly asked, "Mr. Feng, is it OK if I head home tonight? I'll be here on time tomorrow at 7."

"That's fine." With a quick answer, Feng Beichen entered his room and close the door behind him.

Zhong Zhen immediately went downstairs to ask the housekeeper for help with moving. Of course, all the cleanings would be her own job.

Being drenched in sweat made her feel so uncomfortable. Thinking of all those high-end clothes, she couldn't help but grab one and hold it in front of her.

Being vain was a woman's nature! Besides, she was at her prime, how could she not be vain? With a quick shower and change of clothes, she looked forward to seeing Wen He and the little boy Zhong Tianyou at home.

She thought she might as well change her clothes, since she looked like she had worked like a dog the entire day.

No matter how tired she was, she still wanted to present herself nicely in front of her family.

It would only take over 10 minutes anyway, so she grabbed a fresh pair of clothes and began to take a shower.

"So this is how the wealthy live!" Zhong Zhen sighed under the shower. The water from high end shower head hitting on her body fell extremely soothing.

She quickly finished up, put on her clothes and used a bag to carry the clothes she changed out of. Wiping her hair as she walked out of the bathroom, she nearly ran into someone. "Mr. Feng!" she hurriedly greeted.

On the other hand, Feng Beichen looked extremely grouchy. He said with a menacing tone, "Who said you could use my bathroom and towel?"

What a petty guy. If he doesn't like people using his stuff, then just say so. Why does he need to get so worked

up?

But he was the boss, so Zhong Zhen could only reply immediately, "I'm sorry. I'll take note next time!" Indeed, using other people's things without their permission was rude.

"My belongings are meant only for me. You're in charge of cleaning this place, but you have no right to use anything here. Do you understand?" Feng Beichen sounded strict, as if he was saying something of utmost importance.

And his presence was extremely intimidating.

"I understand. This won't happen again." Zhong Zhen had learned her lesson, and for now she had to be docile.

Zhong Zhen began to walk past him. As she reached his side, she suddenly stopped and said softly, "Mr. Feng, I'll be heading home now. I've already cleaned up the place. See you tomorrow."

"OK." Suddenly, Feng Beichen lowered his head. As his breath landed on the top of Zhong Zhen's head, he was greeted by a fragrant scent coming from the woman's wet hair.

Strange. He'd been using that shampoo all this while, but it never smelled this good. Why did it smell so pleasant now?

"Get the driver to take you home. It's not convenient to hail a cab here at night." Feng Beichen sounded cold, but Zhong Zhen could somehow sense a hint of warmth in his words. Her boss was a caring one. Looks could be deceiving!

