

Triplets secret 24

## Chapter 24

“Ah!” Just before she fell to the ground, Feng Beichen caught her right by her hips.

This little fox! Does she think she can seduce Mr. Feng just like this? If that is the case, he would've long fallen for the temptations from other women.

Zhang Junyan was obviously infuriated. She looked as if she had been beaten by someone. She held a pile of documents in her arms and walked toward Feng Beichen. “Mr. Feng, would you like to have a look at these documents now?” she asked after clearing her throat.

Her intention was to actually remind Zhong Zhen that they were in the office and it wasn't appropriate to be doing something like that.

Zhong Zhen pushed Feng Beichen away from her. Anyone could see her embarrassment on her face.

Feng Beichen, on the other hand, was extremely calm. “Place them on my table,” he said coldly.

While Zhang Junyan was irritated with Feng Beichen's attitude, she wasn't that dumb as to confront him. “Mr. Feng, these documents are quite urgent. It would be prudent to prioritize them first as we can't carry on without your signature,” she reminded with a stiffened voice, unhappy with what had transpired.

That was the truth. There were a lot of documents that required his signature as he was the director. Without it, things would be unable to proceed.

Feng Beichen nodded as he sat on his chair, accepting the documents that were handed to him.

So are you going to overlook her actions? How is that even fair? Although Zhang Junyan was fuming, she was actually a little happy at Feng Beichen's reaction to that little fox. He wasn't that apathetic to love after all. She saw a glimmer of hope.

“Send Xiang Ming in,” Feng Beichen commanded while perusing the documents.

Under normal circumstances, Xiang Ming was the one who was in charge of all the company's affairs. Zhang Junyan had come in on behalf of him as he was in a meeting just now.

“Yes, sir!” Zhong Zhen responded energetically before contacting Xiang Ming.

It wasn't long before Xiang Ming came and he got right into discussion with his boss. They were discussing the contents of the documents. Zhong Zhen could not comprehend what was being discussed at all.

The business terms they spoke of were too complicated for someone like her.

Feng Beichen looked at the time on his watch. It was approaching noon. He gave Xiang Ming his instructions and told him to make some amendments before distributing the documents. He also emphasized that it must be constantly monitored as they were on a tight schedule.

Xiang Ming noticed the peculiar drawing while he was picking up the documents. "Mr. Feng, when was this drawn?" asked Xiang Ming curiously.

Feng Beichen shifted his gaze to the drawing. He was certain that wasn't his work of art. The art seemed to be brimming with vigor.

"I didn't draw that. Ms. Zhong, is this yours?" asked Feng Beichen as he looked at Zhong Zhen.

No one dared to touch Feng Beichen's stuff without his permission. It was obvious the culprit wouldn't be anyone else except for her.

"I'm sorry. That will not happen again," Zhong Zhen apologized. She clenched her fist tightly as she repented her actions. What madness took over me that led me to scribble in the CEO's room?

There were even a lot of unfinished tasks.

Xiang Ming and Feng Beichen did not intend to condemn her. They merely wanted to ascertain her talent.

"Get over here!" Feng Beichen coldly commanded her.

Isn't he exaggerating the situation? Does he want to punch me before feeling satisfied? She wanted to escape badly, but with him right in front of her, there wasn't any other choice. There's no use crying over spilled milk. Time to face the music...Zhong Zhen thought to herself as she wobbled toward Mr. Feng and Xiang Ming.

"Mr. Feng."

"Did you draw this? So, you have some designing experience?" asked Feng Beichen as he deepened his gaze, evaluating the person before him.

"I did draw that, but I have no experience in designing. I only added a few strokes to the original, thinking that it would be more meaningful," confessed Zhong Zhen as she could no longer hide the truth.

"Oh," murmured Feng Beichen as if deep in thought before instructing Xiang Ming to get back to work. They were running out of time as they didn't want to be late for the afternoon banquet.

"Mr. Feng, is there anything wrong with the drawing?" Zhong Zhen mustered up all her courage and asked Feng Beichen who was taking a nap on the way to the banquet, "I'll promise not to mess with your things anymore."

Zhong Zhen's mother used to wear a piece of jewelry. Zhong Zhen took a liking to it and would draw the jewelry whenever she was free. The model of the jewelry was similar to what she had drawn on the paper.

"Call Zhang Junyan right now." Feng Beichen responded coldly.

What Zhong Zhen could feel her heart pounding. Did he want to lay her off right now?

"Mr. Feng, please give me another chance, I'll promise not to repeat the same mistake again," Zhong Zhen implored. Her words had a hint of sadness but she was determined to keep her job.

This woman isn't even aware of the situation. How did she come to her own conclusion?

Feng Beichen did not have the time nor energy to refute her. It would be faster for her to learn from experience. "Faster!" reminded Feng Beichen with a stern voice.

If that's the case then I'll go down with dignity! Zhong Zhen thought to herself as she dialed Zhang Junyan's number before passing the phone to Feng Beichen. She stood there nervously like a sheep in a wolf's den waiting to be slaughtered.

"What do you want?!" yelled Zhang Junyan on the phone. Feng Beichen frowned as he replied in an icy cold voice, "I want Ms. Zhong's desk moved to the corner of my office. Have the arrangement done by this afternoon."

Oh my god! Is that Mr. Feng? Why is he using her phone? What is going on? Do I have to treat that vixen politely from now on?

"Yes, sir," Zhang Junyan said politely as she immediately softened her tone.

No matter what generation you are born in, no matter how competent you are, you would still lose to a vixen's good looks. A woman can conquer the whole world just by seducing a competent man. How ironic is that? Why then do we still strive for gender equality? Why then do we still persevere? Wouldn't it have been better to allocate all our resources and attention on learning

how to seduce men?

Holding the disconnected phone in one hand, rage was building up inside of Zhang Junyan. She vented all her frustration on the office chair before her and sent it flying.

Zhong Zhen was exhilarated as Feng Beichen hung up the phone. That was a pleasant surprise. She had expected worse.

"Thank you, Mr. Feng. I will not disappoint you," said Zhong Zhen obediently. These words came from her heart. There was nothing more important than performing her job satisfactorily at that moment.