

FLASH MARRIAGE: HE IS A WIFE-PAMPERING ADDICT

12 012 Searching for people

Mo Jingteng's face was dark and terrifying. He couldn't believe that Wen Ran, a girl who just underwent a family catastrophe, dared to talk to him this way. And what's worse, everything she said made sense, leaving him, for once, unable to argue back.

That night, his son Zixuan had slept with another woman!

His face changed colors several times before he finally said resentfully, "Remember what you said today. If you dare to waver between my two sons, I will not spare you or your father's company!"

In other words, if he decides he doesn't want the Wen Family to survive, even if Mo Xiuchen sides with her, it would be of no use.

Mo Xiuchen walked over, ignoring the blood-boiling anger of Mo Jingteng. He took Wen Ran's hand and started walking towards the dining room, calling out to Nanny Zhang in the kitchen with a loud voice, "Nanny Zhang, bring out breakfast!"

"Alright, Young Master!"

Nanny Zhang's voice came from the kitchen. Wen Ran looked in the direction of the kitchen, struggling to pull her hand away, "I'll go help Nanny Zhang."

“You don’t need to do that!”

Mo Xiuchen’s tone was firm and unquestionable. He pulled her into the dining room, seated her in a chair, and then sat down next to her himself. Throughout all this, he didn’t spare a single glance at Mo Jingteng, who was still standing in the living room.

In the living room, a storm seemed to be brewing in Mo Jingteng’s eyes. He couldn’t believe that Mo Xiuchen was holding Wen Ran’s hand.

What surprised him most was the absence of any disgust or aversion on Mo Xiuchen’s face, as if holding Wen Ran’s hand was the most natural thing in the world. This was a phenomenon that had never occurred in the eighteen years since he was kidnapped and brought back.

Nanny Zhang quickly brought out breakfast. Even though she saw Mo Jingteng standing in the living room, she did not greet him, serving breakfast just for Mo Xiuchen and Wen Ran.

Although Wen Ran didn’t look back, she knew Mo Jingteng was still in the living room.

She looked at Xiuchen, wanting to ask him to invite his father to join them for breakfast. But seeing his unhappy expression, she dismissed the idea.

Just as Mo Xiuchen was about to start eating, his phone rang. He took out his phone and answered with a ‘hello’. A respectful voice from the other end of the line came through, “Young Master Mo, we’ve found the girl with the mole on her chin that you asked us to locate.”

Hearing this, Mo Xiuchen's eyes flashed with a peculiar emotion, "Where is she now?"

"She's employed at a hotel owned by MS Group. Do you want to meet her now?"

"Yes, I'm going there now."

After hanging up, Mo Xiuchen stood up from his chair and said reservedly, "Have breakfast. Let Liu drive you to work."

Concerned, Wen Ran asked, "Don't you want to have some breakfast before you leave?"

"No need, I have other things to attend to!"

As soon as his words came out, his massive figure had already exited the dining room.

"..."

Watching his rapidly disappearing figure, Wen Ran's eyebrows twitched slightly.

Every Tuesday, there is a routine meeting.

No sooner had Wen Ran arrived at her office than Secretary Sister Li came in with a pile of leave applications. She excitedly said, “Ranran, these people are too much! They knew about the meeting today, yet they took leave collectively!”

“Who all have applied for leave?”

A look of surprise flashed in Wen Ran’s eyes as she asked softly.

Sister Li handed the leaves applications to her while angrily reporting, “The supervisor and three group leaders from the production department’s first workshop, the deputy supervisor in the quality assurance department and two quality officers, the procurement head, and sales department ...”

These individuals had all been bought off by Zhou Mingfu. Even though Miss Wen solved the factory’s financial problems yesterday, these veterans of the company still have no respect for Miss Wen.

Back when President Wen and Mrs. Wen were around, they were so generous to each of them...