

Destined To Be His wife by L.T. Marshall Chapter 14

YuZhi sat behind his huge, real walnut wood desk, alone in his spacious, modern, top floor office, which overlooked the curve of the Huangpu River, and was a spectacular sight when the sun set every evening. The oriental Pearl tower in his line of vision and acted as a sundial for times of the day as shadows moved around it against the skyscrapers beside it. He chose this particular side of their foreboding spike tower in the sky to savor this every day and remind him of how small humans were in comparison to the city around him with its ever-changing energy.

He often worked late and felt it was the most comforting sight, when red sky kissed Lujiazui in such a fiery way and made all the buildings around somehow glow with an ethereal kind of magical light. He loved his city, loved the contrast of old and new, and the history contained within the fiber of this bustling place. It made him feel his most content when stood up here overseeing it all.

It was at this hour, this setting of the day, and moving to night, that YuZhi often found he did his best thinking. When his mind was clear of the day's hustle and bustle and he could unwind to a slower pace to finish off what he needed to do, and other thoughts were allowed to invade his mind.

Most of the Leng group employees had left for the day and only some of the higher ups, like YuZhi, still hung on to oversee the smallest details of the empire. He may not yet be the CEO, but his grandfather had been filtering the responsibilities his way for the past three years in readiness for the final take over, and he felt he was more than ready and willing. He just needed to cross this last hurdle, to meet his grandfathers end of life wishes and then YuZhi could have the life he had finally planned. Two more years, then his vows would be lifted.

"Hey, you busy?" ZhengLi's voice pulled him out of his daydreaming as he stared at the contract in his hand and realized he hadn't taken in the last few paragraphs he had been reading for the last minutes. He sighed, throwing them down in disinterest and looked at his personal assistant's smiling face, always warmed by his best friend's presence. One of the highlights of his life, was having his lifelong friend always by his side and carrying the burdens of the day.

"Yes, but I need a break. Want a drink?" He nodded to the bar in the corner and ZhengLi moved without answering to pour them both a well-deserved scotch, knowing fine well today had been a long and hard shift for them both. So much was happening this week in terms of the Leng group, and it didn't help that YuZhi had to take a whole day off to attend to his personal commitments. They were in the middle of a takeover and so many details were up in the air that time off was nearly impossible.

ZhengLi was only too aware of YuZhi's recent life changes and his resistance to his forced marriage, and where he was yesterday. ZhengLi felt sorry for his friend, but knew that some traditions were hard to refuse, especially when it came to old Grandfather

Leng. He was just glad his own family held no such power over his future choice of a bride and when the inclination took him, it would be someone he loved. He was form wealth too but as the youngest son of five he wasn't required to uphold his family business or birth line and had chosen to work with YuZhi instead of joining Yutian Corp with his brothers.

"Thanks. What's up anyway?" YuZhi took the decanter of thick glass from ZhengLi, swishing the dark liquid inside, and placed it to his lips as he tugged his tie loose to give him a more relaxed look. He was uptight today, carrying tension in his upper body and had been on edge since that damned wedding paper was signed. He didn't want to think about it as every time he did, he got that awful knot in his stomach, and he couldn't shift it away.

"I have the full PR schedule ready for the public announcements and your wife's assistant brought over the medical notes you asked for. Are you really going to plan out your nights of intimacy to the letter? Kill the passion and make it a sterile union?" ZhengLi chuckled, a little amused by the cold approach YuZhi was taking to this arrangement and then stopped smiling when met with that dark scowl on his friend. ZhengLi was his closest ally, but he even knew when YuZhi's mood turned dark, he should shut up. His bestie had a bad temper sometimes, a brewing sort of sinister, and with his three years of voluntary military service behind him in his younger years, capabilities of beating ZhengLi up. YuZhi wasn't laid back and fun loving as ZhengLi, and he had a line you shouldn't cross.

"It's an unavoidable act in terms of pregnancy but doesn't mean I have to do it, there are other methods. Rhea is barely able to stomach the fact I have to do it at all, and I don't want to harm my future with her. I found a clinic that can inseminate." YuZhi scowled; mentioning Rhea's name always brought out the worst kind of mood in the man when this was the topic. ZhengLi had heard two months' worth of his fuming and venting over his grandfather's request to marry from the Lei family, and nothing had swayed his mind. Rhea's tears only added to YuZhi's mindset on this and ZhengLi knew it was a sensitive topic.

"Inseminate? Are you serio...." His chuckle of disbelief and question was met with a blank look of seriousness, and he shook his head, backing down in disbelief. He never thought YuZhi could still shock him after all these years and yet it seemed he was wrong.

For some reason, old man had it in his head that a grandchild must come from two of the wealthiest families in Shanghai if the future of Leng was to be secured, and as YuZhi was a doting grandson who worried over the old man's health, he didn't disobey. ZhengLi knew it was nonsense, as this company was soaring to new heights as time passed by and he had faith that YuZhi would be an even more impressive master at the helm. In just three years with him as acting second in command, they had already broken so many records and achieved a profit rise of sixty three percent from last financial year. Grandfather was Set in his ways, and maybe a little broken from the loss

of so many from the family these past years, and it had colored his requests when YuZhi came of marrying age.

“You’re not exactly giving the girl a fighting chance.” ZhengLi sympathized for TangShi, having seen her briefly when Xiaosu, the little cute house girl, jumped out of the car to hand over papers at noon. ZhengLi smiled at the memory of that tiny, curvy, little bundle of joy, and often thought if she wasn’t one of YuZhi’s house servants, he would have had some fun with her. He was a hot-blooded male after all.

“And?” YuZhi snorted, cradling his drink and went back to staring idly at his paperwork without really taking it in. He wasn’t in the mood to work anymore, yet he had no will to go home either. He didn’t want to go spend time in his space where she now invaded. And Rhea wouldn’t be coming over anymore as she did, now they had to play a certain way for the public.

“She’s pretty, seems quiet, and ...”