

# My Villainous Wife

## Chapter 24 - Attack of the Frying Pan

Yan Xiaoran sat obediently on the couch like a mischievous little girl caught by her parents and ready for an earful.

After coming inside, Alexander let her sit on the couch as he went somewhere else and it has been 5 minutes since he left.

Even though she tried to tell him to let her go earlier, he was adamant about not letting her go and even lead her to the living room.

She took the time to look around the spacious living room and when she got tired of looking, she decided it was time for her to see where the man had gone to.

With her bare feet touching the cold tiled floor, Yan Xiaoran followed the path Alexander took. However, because the mansion was huge, she had a hard time looking for him until she heard a noise coming from her left.

She could hear metal clanging and clinking like someone was having a fierce battle somewhere and when she followed the noise, she found the kitchen and saw the man she was looking for.

Inside the kitchen, Alexander was holding a spatula on his left hand and a pot lid with his right hand. His distance from the stove where a frying pan was on top of it was considerably far.

'What is he doing?' she thought in disbelief.

Yan Xiaoran could see drops of sweat sliding down his temple as he glared down at the frying pan like it was his worst nemesis.

Feeling weird at the scene in front of her, Yan Xiaoran hesitated to disturb him from his concentration and just stood by the door to watch what he was doing.

With his sleeves rolled up and hair disheveled, Yan Xiaoran won't deny that she was captivated by his beauty. Although she was considered beautiful, Alexander was suited

to have the title of a human weapon that could K.O anyone who looked at him.

The scene where Alexander swiftly avoided the attacks of the frying pan like an expert continues for a whole minute. His face didn't change one bit from his cold expression and didn't look like he was having a hard time either.

With a fixed gaze, Yan Xiaoran became determined to end the man's suffering and entered the kitchen after knocking on the door twice.

Alexander looked at the sound of knockings and saw Yan Xiaoran coming inside the door. He was startled at her presence but he didn't show it on his face as he silently let go of his weapon and shield on the countertop.

If he was embarrassed, he had done a great job of not showing it in his face.

Wiping his hands with a clean towel, he said, "What are you doing here?"

"I was looking for you," Yan Xiaoran responded, "You were gone for five minutes."

"That long?" He sounded as if a minute only passed by after he left her in the living room.

Yan Xiaoran nodded her head and said further, "I was wondering where you went to and heard noises coming from and followed it, and found you here."

"What are you cooking?"

"Oh, it's fried rice--"

His words haven't fully landed yet when Yan Xiaoran almost doubled over when she saw what he was cooking.

Walking closer to him, she leaned forward to see what he was trying to cook and saw a brown unidentified thing lying in the frying pan.

Fried rice?!

Yan Xiaoran choked and almost laughed out loud. She pursed her lips with great difficulty and tried to remain indifferent to the thing lying in the frying pan.

She couldn't see a resemblance of fried rice from the 'thing' he was trying to cook. It was dark brown in color and there was even a whole unpeeled onion and garlic mixed in it.

Is he really trying to cook for me? Or was he trying to make a deadly weapon?

She tried hard to keep her comments to herself and remain silent, however, she was unsuccessful as a black smoke started to rise from the frying pan and Yan Xiaoran had to rely on her quick hands to turn off the fire, or else, the entire mansion would have already burned down along with them in it.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Yan Xiaoran relaxed her tensed body and put her palms against the countertop.

On her side, Alexander didn't look one bit rushed or worried, instead, he looked like he had no clue of what was happening and why Yan Xiaoran turned the stove off.

"You... Have you ever cooked before?" Yan Xiaoran asked him, her frustration could be heard from her voice.

Shaking his head vigorously, he innocently replied, "No."

"Then, why are you cooking?"

"I wanted to make you something since you didn't get to eat earlier, " Alexander said with a gentle smile on his face and looked straight in her eyes like an innocent boy.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaoran's desire to scold him dissipated into thin air as heat crept up her cheeks.

She looked away from his black obsidian eyes and tried to calm her erratic breathing.

Anyone could never stay angry at a person with a beautiful face and a gentle smile on his face, and because of that, Yan Xiaoran felt her heart being tickled after hearing him say those words.

Although Alexander never cooked before, he still tried to do his best albeit failing horribly just to make her something to eat.

Not wanting to waste his effort, Yan Xiaoran turned to him and asked, "Can I use the kitchen?"

Tilting his head, Alexander slowly said, "Yes... But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to continue your work."

"You're going to blow the kitchen up?"

"What?" Yan Xiaoran incredulously stared at him with wide eyes and gaped mouth.

Alexander blinked and replied, "Nothing."