

Triplet's Secret Chapter 7

Chapter 7

As instructed, Zhong Zhen came out to the front gate of her house to wait for the driver. A

minute later, Feng Beichen's Bentley had arrived in front of her house.

She was quickly escorted

to Chenxing Group's headquarters. The driver called Feng Beichen upon arriving, "Mr. Feng, Ms.

Zhong has arrived." "The usual," Feng Beichen instructed. The driver hung up the phone, then

escorted Zhong Zhen out of the car. Zhang Junyan was there to greet her. She eyed the dress

Zhong Zhen was wearing and said scornfully, "Why are you dressed like that? You are attending

a formal event!" Feng Beichen had never said anything about a formal event, let alone

instructing Zhong Zhen on what to do. She had simply put on the best dress she could find. So

she explained, "Mr. Feng never mentioned about a formal event, so I..."

"That doesn't mean you

can just wear whatever garbage you want to meet him!" Zhang Junyan glared intensely at Zhong

Zhen. *Hmph, what tricks did this woman play that had caused Feng Beichen to forgive her for*

hurting him and even hire her to be his personal assistant!? Zhong Zhen knew that something

was wrong with the way Zhang Junyan was glaring at her. Her intuition told her that this woman

was full of jealousy and hatred toward her. *Ha! Zhang Junyan must have a crush on Feng*

Beichen! However, Zhong Zhen had to keep what she knew to herself.

Now was not the time to

cause any trouble. No matter how frustrated she felt, Zhang Junyan could not do anything to

Zhong Zhen. Instead, she snapped at her like a drill sergeant, "Follow me!" as she turned around and walked toward the elevator. Zhong Zhen took small, cautious steps behind her. The two ladies reached an office on the top floor and then entered a room. Zhang Junyan opened a wardrobe full of clothes, took out a dress and tossed it at Zhong Zhen. "Wear this. You have five minutes to get changed!" she said with a cold tone. Zhong Zhen's mind was full of questions, but she knew that Zhang Junyan would not answer any of them. Without saying anything, she hurried into the bathroom to change her dress. Then, she adjusted the new dress and brushed through her long hair quickly. *Knock knock!* Zhang Junyan knocked on the door with her voice raised, "Time's up!" Zhong Zhen had no choice but to grab her imitation handbag and leave the room. Zhang Junyan's cold, menacing eyes greeted her as she came out of the changing room. "Let's go!" Zhang Junyan walked out without waiting for Zhong Zhen. Zhong Zhen silently followed her from behind. All the office rooms were locked because it was already after office hours. Zhang Junyan stopped at the door to Feng Beichen's CEO office. She suddenly turned around and looked angrily into Zhong Zhen's eyes. Turning back, she gently knocked the door and with a soft, respectful voice greeted, "Mr. Feng, Ms. Zhong is here!" "OK, let her in," Feng Beichen replied. His eyes were glued to his computer. Without moving his head, he continued, "Ms. Zhang, please email me the contents of today's meeting." Zhang Junyan replied affirmatively before brushing past Zhong Zhen, her eyes glaring at the latter hatefully before

leaving. *How can a woman like this win Feng Beichen's attention?* Zhong Zhen pretended not to notice it. She took a deep breath and gently closed the door after her. Walking toward Mr. Feng, she stood still and greeted, "Mr. Feng." Feng Beichen finally looked at her in the eyes, "I need you to accompany me to go somewhere. You will do as I say, keep a smile up at all times and try not to say anything." His clear, crisp and gentle voice sounded like jazz music to the ears. Zhong Zhen took two seconds to process what he had said and hastily replied, "Understood." Feng Beichen turn his attention back to his computer and clicked on a save icon, "Bring that bag over here and pack up my laptop!" Zhong Zhen saw the laptop bag next to her and proceeded to follow his instructions. Feng Beichen stood up to get his coat from a hanger and made his way to the door, "Hurry up and follow me." Zhong Zhen packed the bag as fast as she could and quickly followed Feng Beichen to the elevator. "You will be meeting people from high society, including actresses and supermodels. Do not be surprise or afraid. I need you to keep your cool and keep smiling at everyone," Feng Beichen told her in advance. "Oh, alright!" Zhong Zhen responded while nodding her head in assurance, "I will definitely remember that!" She had never gotten into any fandoms and had never pursued any idols. To be in a fandom, one would need to spend copious amounts of money. Since her family's company went bust, she had fallen into poverty and had to work like a horse in order to make ends meet. "Fix my attire," Feng Beichen instructed suddenly. "Huh?" Zhong Zhen was caught off guard. *That came out of nowhere.* She

could not keep up with him at all. Feng Beichen looked at her sternly, then asked emphatically, “Do you not understand?” “I-I do. I hear you loud and clear!” Zhong Zhen nodded her head quickly, then edged closer to take a good look at his attire. The knot in his tie was loose and his suit was slightly untidy. She tried to fix them as best as she could. Out of nowhere, the elevator suddenly stopped moving and the lights went out. “Ah!” Zhong Zhen shrieked as she cowered in fear. Ever since the traumatic death of her father, the incident had scarred her for life. She would have panic attacks if she found herself in a strange and dark place. Feng Beichen’s strong arm reached out to hug her shoulder from behind. “Don’t be scared!” he said gently to her. Then, he reached out and speed-dialed a number from his phone to call for help. Zhong Zhen kept trembling in fear and clung on to the warm arm around her. Initially, Feng Beichen only held her with one arm. But as he felt her fear increasing, he slowly took her into his arms and hugged her gently. Being held in a gentle warm embrace paired with Feng Beichen’s strong, manly scent, Zhong Zhen calmed down as she finally felt safe. “Mr. Feng, are you alright?” There was a voice coming out from behind the elevator doors. “I’m fine. Now hurry up and find a way to get us out,” Feng Beichen ordered. “Yes, sir! Mr. Feng, you can use the flashlight feature on your smartphone!” said the technician. A brightly lit place would surely take the fear out of anyone. Feng Beichen held on to Zhong Zhen with one arm and turned on the flashlight on his smartphone with the other. A light glowered within the small, confined space of the elevator.

Zhong Zhen finally found the courage in herself to snap out of it. It took her a second to realize that she was clinging on to Feng Beichen's coat and snuggling in his arms! Zhong Zhen quickly released her grasp on him and created some distance between her employer and herself. Her heart was pounding. Blood flowed to her cheeks as she blushed out of embarrassment. The power came back just in time and the elevator continued travelling down the building. Zhong Zhen took a peek at where she had clutched on Feng Beichen's suit. She meekly spoke up, "Mr. Feng, your clothes..."

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