

I Want a Lifetime with You

Chapter 58

Fu Chengyan sneered. "You should know how I do things around here, Uncle Jiang." He put his glass down and looked at Fu Chengyan condescendingly.

"I don't want to make things too ugly, so I want to see your letter of resignation tomorrow morning. As for the company's shares, well, you can still take the annual dividends." This was as much as he could tolerate.

Fu Renjiang was livid, then he stood up fiercely. "Who do you think you are, Fu Chengyan? Do you think I am scared of you? You're not the boss of Shengyuan. Even your father has to respect me, so how dare you tell me what to do?" The more he thought about it, the angrier he was. I poured my heart and soul into the company.

This brat hasn't even been here for that long, but he's already acting like he's the boss around here. "Do you think I don't know what you're planning? Yeah, we are from the same family, but your family has never treated mine as equals. I'm warning you now. If you do anything to me, then I'll do the same thing to you."

"Well then, I can't wait, Uncle Jiang." Fu Chengyan looked at him coldly. If he wants to do it the hard way, then he can't say I didn't warn him. "I would love to hear your good news tomorrow, or I might have to send something your way." He tossed the document away. "Do you think this is the only thing I have?"

"What do you mean?" Fu Renjiang's expression changed again. "What are you planning, Fu Chengyan? Even if I agree to resign, the board of directors won't."

"I've given you a chance." Fu Chengyan flung his hand and left, not giving Fu Renjiang any chance to take back his decision.

Shi Nuan was discussing something with Pei when Song Rongrong called her. She paused for a moment when she saw the familiar number, signaling Pei to stop the meeting for a while. "Hello."

"Hello my foot! Come here and pick me up, Shi Nuan," Song Rongrong said melodiously, obviously in a good mood.

Shi Nuan squinted, then her eyes gleamed. "Pick you up? You're back?"

"Damn right I am. Cut the crap and pick me up right now!"

"Where are you?" Shi Nuan was happy too, since it had been years since she last met Song Rongrong. She felt touched hearing Song Rongrong's voice. When she left the last time, Shi Nuan thought they would never meet again. "Why did you come back though?"

"Let's leave that for another time. I'm at Wenhua Street now. Just my luck, my car decided to die on me."

"Alright, I'll pick you up right away." She then kept her phone. "I need to go out for a bit, Pei. There's something I must settle, so meeting adjourned. Well, tell any guests who are here for me that I'm out."

Shi Nuan quickly tidied up, but then she remembered something, so she came back. "Oh right, just take the investment details of that project to Mr. Fu. Tell him I went on a field trip."

"Oh." Pei nodded. "What if the general manager comes though?"

"Ignore him." Shi Nuan's expression darkened. "And don't tell him where I went."

Shi Nuan quickly went down and drove the Ferrari Fu Chengyan gave her to Wenhua Street. Song Rongrong only gave an approximate location, so it took Shi Nuan some time to locate her. At the time Shi Nuan saw her, her friend was

sucking on a popsicle, and she was holding two boxes of popsicles at the same time. She waved at Shi Nuan when she saw her. "Right here."

Shi Nuan went to take a look at her. "You got thinner, and darker." Shi Nuan said, then she looked at Song Rongrong's unbelievably short hair. The once fair, lovely, and cute girl was gone, replaced by a tomboy. "Why did you cut your hair?" Shi Nuan touched Song Rongrong's hair, feeling sad. "What a pity."

"Pity my foot!" Song Rongrong didn't mind. "Africa is uninhabitable! I didn't want to groom my hair, so I cut it. It's better being fresh." Song Rongrong looked at Shi Nuan. "It's been years, but you're still the same old you."

Shi Nuan pursed her lips. "I am a constant. Right, I thought you just came back, so what happened?" Shi Nuan felt sad when Song Rongrong went to Africa despite her family's protests back then. She even said that she would never come back. Song Rongrong was a reporter, and she volunteered to go to Africa. The woman had just gone through a breakup back then, so nobody could dissuade her.

Song Rongrong lifted her eyebrow. "I'm already back for a while now. Just got a job earlier, so what you see now is the result of me coming back from an out-of-town interview." Song Rongrong cracked her neck. "I don't really know anyone aside from you here, so I could only call you."

Shi Nuan lifted her eyebrow. "So you wouldn't have called me if you weren't in trouble." Shi Nuan was annoyed. "Are we even friends?"

"Of course we are. I was just thinking that I should settle down before going to see you." Song Rongrong wrapped her arm around Shi Nuan's shoulder. "Right, how's it going on between you and Fu Xicheng? You guys married?"

Shi Nuan stood there, her expression freezing up, then she stayed quiet. Song Rongrong noticed she wasn't looking like herself, so she asked, "Oh no, did you guys break up?"

“Yeah.” Shi Nuan nodded. “I don’t want to talk about this for now. Let’s get to my car.” Shi Nuan took her friend to her car, for she didn’t want to talk about this.

Song Rongrong stood before the Ferrari and observed it. Then she steeped her fingers under her chin as she looked at it quizzically. Shi Nuan quickly pulled her in. “Let’s go. I’ll tell you everything you want to know. Where do you want to go right now? A restaurant or an eatery for lunch?”

“Nope. Hey, I noticed that you’re rich now though, Shi Nuan. Man, you’re awesome.”

“I am not rich. I’m just an employee.” Shi Nuan paused. “If you’re referring to the car, it belongs to my husband.”

“Husband?” Song Rongrong gasped. She widened her already big eyes. “What happened? You’re giving me lots of surprises. I thought you said you didn’t marry Fu Xicheng!”

“I didn’t. I married someone else. It’s a long story.” Shi Nuan thought about it and told Song Rongrong about the situation in a rough outline. After she was done listening, Song Rongrong almost felt like she heard the date of Jesus’ second coming. “So you married someone you barely knew for a month?”

Shi Nuan nodded, then she gave Song Rongrong a piece of meat. “Don’t look at me like that. I had no choice.”

“No, I mean, you’re really awesome, Shi Nuan. When did you become so open? And daring too? Do you even know who he is and what his job is? You married him without finding out all of this.” Song Rongrong couldn’t believe everything that had happened in the few years of her absence. “What was Fu Xicheng thinking? He was dating you, but he got engaged to your sister? What’s his plan now?”

“Their plan? Their plan is to have me go back to the Shi residence and ask me to beg grandpa to let them marry.” Shi Nuan’s gaze darkened. Even though it had been a while now, she still couldn’t accept it when she thought about it.

“Holy sh*t, Fu Xicheng’s a b*stard. I didn’t know he could do this. And Shi Wei’s a b*tch! She has been backstabbing you all the time since you guys were kids, and now she took your boyfriend away?” Song Rongrong was livid. “Oh hell no, did you whoop their a**es? Damn, the more I think of it, the angrier I get. How can they live on so well, while you have to suffer?”

Song Rongrong was about to get up, but Shi Nuan held her hand. “Alright, enough... Hold on, I need to take this.”

When Shi Nuan looked down and saw the caller ID being ‘hubby,’ she was shocked. Song Rongrong saw it too, so she raised her eyebrow. “Oh ho, so you do have a husband, huh?”

Shi Nuan glared at her, then she took the call. “Hello.”

“It’s me,” Fu Chengyan said. “When are you getting off work today?”

Shi Nuan was surprised. “I, um, well, you might have to settle dinner by yourself today.”

“Hmm?” Fu Chengyan’s gaze turned stern, displeasure radiating from it. “What do you mean? Do you have an appointment?”

“Yes. I’m with a friend. We’re outside.” Shi Nuan glanced at Song Rongrong, then the latter came over and mouthed, Tell your husband to come over! Shi Nuan glanced at her. “Don’t mess around!”

“Hmm?” Fu Chengyan replied nasally. “A friend?” he questioned. “Is it a man or a woman?”

“Hey, get your husband here, Shi Nuan.” Song Rongrong said in displeasure. “I thought you said you’re married. I’m your best friend, so you have to at least let me see him. Kick his a** off if he’s ugly, and I’ll get you a better one. He’s going to be loads better than that f**kboy, Fu Xicheng!”

“All you care about is looks, huh? Can you just shut up?” Shi Nuan resigned. “My hubby is hot! There, happy?”

Fu Chengyan said nothing, though he might feel happy that his wife called him hot. A smile twinkled in his eyes, and it reached his lips, taking them in a tango.

Shi Nuan realized that Fu Chengyan was still on the phone after she was done roaring at her friend. Wait, so he heard everything? Her face turned scarlet. “Um, my friend’s a bit mad, so just ignore her.”

“Yeah,” Fu Chengyan said happily. “Since she’s your best friend, then spend some time with her. Oh and, Nuan.”

“Huh?” Shi Nuan was taken aback. “What do you need?”

“Nothing. Come home earlier.”

Shi Nuan felt something brush against her, and she blushed. “I won’t take long. What do you want for dinner? I’ll take it back for you.”

“Sure,” Fu Chengyan smiled. “I’ll be waiting then.”

When Shi Nuan hung up, she saw Song Rongrong looking at her mischievously, as if hinting her about something. “Oh, your husband’s hot, huh?”