

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 10: Yan Rusheng, You're a Jerk!

This reason sounded far-fetched and many found it hard to believe. However, Old Mrs. Yan's reason seemed legitimate indeed.

Ming Zhongsheng wanted to persuade them to stay but hesitated because of Wang Daqin. He looked at Wen Xuxu, she was indeed completely drunk.

"Alright, we shall drink again next time."

In his heart he added, *This girl shouldn't tag along the next time.*

She was a hindrance.

That glass of liquor Wen Xuxu drank tonight was the most she'd ever had ever since her high school farewell party years ago.

Yan Rusheng supported her with his hand and lectured her relentlessly at the same time.

"For someone who can't drink, you were too reckless to down the entire glass all at once."

Third Master Yan was rather gleeful when he saw her drunken appearance.

"Yan Rusheng, stop your sarcastic remarks." Wen Xuxu halted her footsteps and raised her head. She glared at him resentfully. "You... obviously know I can't drink and you still forced me to. You're a despicable person for using me every single time."

"Secretaries are supposed to help their bosses in such situations," Yan Rusheng said in a logical manner.

Wen Xuxu drew closer to Yan Rusheng and peered at him. She was just about to open her mouth when she burped.

He caught a whiff of alcohol in her breath.

Third Master Yan looked disgusted and grimaced. He waved his hands and tried to disperse the smell away. "Get away from me, Wen Xuxu. You don't behave like a lady at all."

"Of course. In your eyes, no one else but Fang Jiayin can make the cut as a woman."

Wen Xuxu stood in front of Yan Rusheng. She swayed to and fro, looking as if she was about to collapse at any moment.

Her eyes were still fixed on Yan Rusheng's gorgeous face. Her sparkling eyes were reflected by the hotel lobby's light and looked like twinkling stars in the night sky. She looked lovely and alluring.

Yan Rusheng heard Fang Jiayin's name and his expression turned grim and gloomy at once.

He glowered at her. "Wen Xuxu, you have crossed the line," he said coldly.

Furious, he walked away from her.

Wen Xuxu felt a gust of cold, piercing wind.

She turned around and stared at his snobbish-looking back. Her vision was blurry and she couldn't differentiate which was the real him among the numerous images she saw.

"Yan Rusheng, you're a jerk!"

She yelled and hollered recklessly at him.

Her ranting echoed in the luxurious and spacious lobby.

The hotel staff glanced at them inquisitively, wondering what had happened between them.

After she ranted, Wen Xuxu moved unsteadily towards the exit.

She left the lobby's revolving doors and a blast of cold wind welcomed her. Wen Xuxu crossed her arms and stared blankly at the traffic. She treaded carefully on the steps and struggled to flag a cab while she was still sober enough.

Suddenly, a tall figure dashed in front of her.

Wen Xuxu felt the temperature drop drastically. She slowly lifted her head to take a look at the man's face.

Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why?" Yan Rusheng stared at Wen Xuxu with a questionable look in his eyes. "Why do you have to mention my taboo every single time you get drunk? And why do you always look at me like that and call me a jerk?"

Both of them couldn't bear the sight of each other and bantered often when they were kids. He would constantly tease and pick on Wen Xuxu.

Making her drunk at social gatherings and seeing her drunken state was what he did frequently.