

## Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

### Chapter 8: Bashful Miss Wen

Yan Rusheng raised his glass with both hands and clinked glasses with Ming Zhongsheng. He smiled and said, "Grandpa Ming, you are too courteous."

He took a sip.

The taste of the authentic northern liquor was extremely strong and spicy, and even more so when it flowed down the throat.

Yan Rusheng didn't have a liking for this particular liquor. However, Ming Zhongsheng loved it and he had to drink it with him.

The old man, Ming Zhongsheng, favored liquor like this. Drinking half a bottle had no effect on him at all.

He finished half a glass with a gulp and ate a mouthful of food while glancing at Wen Xinyi. He laughed and said, "Xinyi, propose a toast to Rusheng."

Wen Xinyi was slightly embarrassed.

Her cheeks flushed and they looked like two half-ripe apples.

She raised her glass and stretched her hand towards Yan Rusheng politely. "Mr. Yan, allow me to give you a toast."

Ming Zhongsheng frowned when he heard Wen Xinyi addressing Yan Rusheng as Mr. Yan. "Address him as Third Brother, just like Ansheng."

Wen Xinyi's face turned even redder and she didn't dare to look him in the eye.

The atmosphere turned awkward and Wen Xuxu was feeling vexed.

If she knew this was a matchmaking session, she wouldn't have accompanied her boss. She was stuck here and now she had no reason to excuse herself.

She lowered her head and concentrated on peeling her prawn instead.

Yan Rusheng's gaze moved towards her and saw that she was frowning. Her thoughts were as clear as day.

He smiled slightly and there was a mischievous look in his eyes. That look was brief yet intriguing.

Wen Xuxu had a habit when she was upset. She always frowned and destroyed anything that was in her hands.

Just like he'd predicted, the peeled prawn's flesh had been mutilated.

"Third Brother!"

At this moment, Wen Xinyi who sat across him finally opened her mouth and murmured softly.

Yan Rusheng looked at her holding a glass in his direction.

He smiled in response and took a sip.

He put the glass on the table and retracted his hand.

His actions were graceful and elegant and it encompassed his unique untamed temperament.

From the moment they entered until now, Ming Zhongsheng made sure that the conversation revolved around his granddaughter.

However, Yan Rusheng kept replying in a patronizing tone to reinforce his attitude.

Wen Xuxu had yawned countless times and couldn't wait to go back home to wash up and sleep.

Ming Zhongsheng tried to keep the conversation going, clearly determined to make this matchmaking session a success.

Yan Rusheng didn't reject him explicitly; at this rate, they might end up staying there the entire night.

Wen Xuxu yawned again, her long eyelashes were already damp with her tears.

She glanced at her watch and it was almost 10 p.m. She had missed her television series, not to mention she wouldn't be able to rest early.

"Secretary Wen."

Wen Xuxu was feeling vexed when Yan Rusheng called her name.

She looked up and her eyes lit up with anticipation. "President Yan."

*Was he going to tell her to leave?*

Yan Rusheng looked at her and murmured, "President Ming has given us a treat, shouldn't you propose a toast to him?"

Wen Xuxu's face darkened instantly.