

## Elite Doting 121

### [Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife](#)

#### Chapter 121: Miss Wen's Fragile Heart

He pondered over the reason for his gloominess. He finally concluded that it was because Wen Xuxu had rejected his deal.

No... she had rejected his compromise.

He opened his drawer and took out an exquisite cigarette case. He put a cigarette in his mouth.

He lighted it and began to smoke gloomily.

Actually, he didn't enjoy smoking and only smoked occasionally when he was in a bad mood.

Wen Xuxu was buried in work the whole afternoon.

She glanced at the pile of documents and thought of what Yan Rusheng had wanted her to do earlier on. Then she thought of Wen Xinyi's attitude towards her today. Suddenly it dawned on her that the reason why Wang Daqin had made her come back wasn't merely just to guide Wen Xinyi and get her familiarized with the job scope.

Xuxu held her cup as she pondered, her eyebrows knitted.

Suddenly, Wen Xinyi's feeble voice sounded in her ear, "Secretary Wen, President Yan has two dinner engagements to attend tonight but their timings have clashed. What should I do?"

She was holding Yan Rusheng's weekly schedule and was looking at Wen Xuxu with anxiety and misery.

Xuxu ceased her thoughts and turned to look at her. "You should have asked President Yan for instructions regarding such matters first to determine which is the more important one to attend."

She spoke in her usual tone, but to princesses like Wen Xinyi who were soft-spoken with fragile hearts, indeed she had seemed fierce by comparison.

Wen Xinyi looked down and replied softly with an "Oh". Since she was feeling aggrieved, she elaborated, "President Yan did instruct me that if the two parties called, I had to accept right away."

Wen Xuxu felt quite helpless. Even though she didn't say much, it looked as though she had bullied her.

Therefore she adopted a gentler tone, "Then you should consult President Yan to cancel one of the engagements."

Wang Daqin, you've pushed me into a pit of fire.

"Alright." Wen Xinyi bit her lips and nodded, still looking as if she'd been wronged.

Wen Xuxu curled her lips.

Still, she should get herself out of this as soon as possible. She wouldn't be able to handle this messy situation.

Wen Xinyi clutched the schedule in her hands and entered Yan Rusheng's office.

When she came out, her eyes were brimming with tears. Her lips were pursed and anyone could tell that Yan Rusheng had lectured her.

Whenever Yan Rusheng used to flare up in the past, she could hear everything from her desk. However, she hadn't heard anything just now. He'd probably admonished her lightly with a few harsh words.

Sigh, her fragile heart was too delicate.

In her heart, Wen Xuxu shook her head. She pretended that she hadn't seen the other secretary and continued working.

Wen Xinyi approached Wen Xuxu. "Secretary Wen, President Yan said that both dinner engagements are important. Since we have agreed to them, we can't reschedule."

Wen Xuxu frowned. "Let me take a look."

She received the schedule from Wen Xinyi and analyzed the two dinner engagements.

The corners of her mouth twitched silently a few times. Both appointments would be really hard to postpone. One was with the mayor and if her guess was right, it must be related to the state land in Chengdong district. The company had begun to bid for the development rights a year ago when she just joined.

Could it be canceled?

Regardless of how prominent Flourish & Prosper was, the mayor wasn't someone who had the time to wait for Flourish & Prosper to reschedule an appointment.

The other client was a princess from Country Y who had mentioned last year that she would be making a trip here sometime this year. She was the founder of an electronics brand in Country Y.

Even though she seemed to be here as a guest but actually the purpose of the visit was to discuss a collaboration. She had finally made time to make the trip so they couldn't possibly invite her to come again next month.

Wen Xinyi should have delayed the appointment with the mayor when the two appointments had clashed. But it had already been accepted and it was almost the end of the day. If they called to cancel now, the mayor might be offended.

"Is it really very troublesome?" Wen Xinyi noticed Xuxu had fallen silent. She choked on her words and large pearl-like teardrops began rolling down her cheeks.

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**Chapter 122: It Was The First Time He'd Tried To Clarify**

Wen Xuxu was lost for words as she looked at her. "Why are you crying? President Yan didn't blame you either, so let me discuss this with President Yan first."

Wen Xinyi's fragile heart was really too delicate. If she continued like this, it would save Yan Rusheng the effort of thinking of ways to send her away. It was only a matter of time before she'd leave willingly.

Wen Xinyi rubbed her eyes dismally. "Did I... did I cause a lot of trouble?"

"It's a little tricky but it doesn't mean that we can't solve it," Wen Xuxu consoled her. Next, she took the schedule and proceeded to Yan Rusheng's office.

"Come in."

Yan Rusheng answered in his usual cold tone. Xuxu pushed the door to enter. "President Yan."

When he heard her voice, Yan Rusheng raised his head from the pile of documents and eyed her frostily.

"President Yan, do you have any plans regarding the two dinner engagements tonight?" Wen Xuxu asked as she walked towards him.

Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows and questioned her instead, "Shouldn't you be proposing a solution since you're here?"

"Alright." Wen Xuxu continued, "The dinner with Country Y's princess is 40 minutes after the mayor's appointment. I will head over there and stall for time."

She spoke without beating around the bush.

"Oh." Yan Rusheng nodded in approval.

Usually, he had no objections when it came to work-related matters proposed by Wen Xuxu. Furthermore, the proposals she had suggested were basically aligned with what he had in mind.

The bottom line was, the two of them did think alike.

"Then I'll make the preparations now." Wen Xuxu turned around to leave.

Yan Rusheng called her suddenly, "Wen Xuxu."

"Yes?" Wen Xuxu responded and looked at him. "President Yan, do you have any further instructions?"

Yan Rusheng stared at her blankly for quite a while. Oh, wait... Why did he call her?

Earlier, when she was about to leave, he'd called her on impulse.

He deliberated for a moment before he responded, "Make sure you handle it well."

"If I do, is there a reward?" Wen Xuxu asked casually. She blinked her apricot-like eyes and the corners of her eyes gleamed with a mischievous smile.

"There is." Yan Rusheng looked at her and he couldn't help but soften his expression and tone by a notch. "I... am not such a demanding boss."

This was the first time Young Master Yan had tried to clarify something about himself in front of Miss Wen.

Once the words were out of his mouth, his entire body quivered and a wave of goosebumps appeared.

*Tch.* He had actually tried to explain to this stupid woman. Why was he trying to clarify what kind of a person he was to her?

Miss Wen secretly rolled her eyes in her heart. She really couldn't see how he wasn't demanding.

Yan Rusheng read the expression in her eyes and deciphered her inner thoughts. He felt appalled at his 'clarification' earlier on.

"Shouldn't you get back to work?" He raised his volume but the cover-up only made matters worse.

Wen Xuxu replied "Oh" and left resentfully.

In the evening, Yan Rusheng left with Wen Xinyi to meet the mayor first. The appointment with Country Y's princess was scheduled 40 minutes after the first appointment so she would set off slightly later.

Xuxu didn't feel like heading home and decided to use the extra time to finish her work.

She frowned at seeing the huge pile of work on her desk and sighed heavily. She wondered if Wang Daqin had purposely sent her back to handle all the unfinished work.

Some were completed but were then rejected by Yan Rusheng.

Since Wen Xinyi wasn't up to the task, why couldn't they hire a new replacement?

Her cellphone suddenly rang, startling her. She glanced at the screen and it displayed Yan Rusheng's name.

She picked up immediately. "Hello, President Yan."

Yan Rusheng asked, "Are you in the office?"

Wen Xuxu could tell from his tone that he was in a rage right now. She had a hunch that he must have come across something that had pissed him off.

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#### **Chapter 123: A Lifetime**

She answered softly, "Yeah, I'm in the office."

Yan Rusheng continued, "Someone accidentally bumped into me at the restaurant so now my shirt is stained. Go to my closet and get me a new shirt."

As expected...

Xuxu glanced at the time; it was currently an hour before from the scheduled appointment with the princess. She calculated the traveling duration needed to commute between these two places before she agreed. "Alright."

An hour was sufficient and it wouldn't be too rushed.

After she hung up, she went to Yan Rusheng's office and entered his bedroom.

As she entered, she was greeted by a familiar whiff of an indistinct and fragrant scent. It was Yan Rusheng's perfume and it made her heart pound instantly.

The table and chairs were all spotlessly clean and the white bedsheets and quilt were arranged neatly.

She unconsciously looked towards the head of the bed and as usual, saw a silver necklace hanging there. The pendant had the words 'A lifetime' inscribed on it.

The corners of her mouth slowly sank and she looked down forlornly. She spun around and walked to his closet.

She opened the closet door and held her breath but to no avail. Her heart still trembled.

All of his shirts were white with the only difference being in the buttons and design. They were all arranged neatly from the first to the last.

He loved the color white—it was the color of his furniture, bedsheets, quilt, and even his underwear.

When they attended school during the summertime, he always wore a white t-shirt with light blue jeans and a pair of white track shoes. Then he would lie in wait at the school entrance, his bag slung over one of his shoulders. He liked to find trouble with her using all sorts of excuses.

Regardless of whether it was a sunrise brimming with vitality or a poignant sunset, he shone brilliantly like the blazing sun. Every time he saw her, the corners of his mouth would twitch lightly and wickedness would instantly creep up his gorgeous face. It was both elegant and playful.

During winter, his white down coat was even whiter than snow. He would frown and yell at her, *“Wen Xuxu, what took you so long?! Can’t you see that I’m freezing?”*

Then she would stare at him fiercely and retort, *“Did I ask you to wait for me, Young Master?”*

Xuxu’s slender and fair hand gently caressed each of his white shirts. It was as if she was stroking his face. He could be an occasional jerk but whenever she turned back and saw him frowning and commanding her as though it was his right to do that, she couldn’t help but cave in to his demands.

*I must have owed him a debt in a past lifetime*, she thought to herself.

She snapped out of her memories and sighed helplessly. She knew it... she should never have come back.

She chose his favorite shirt with sky blue crystal buttons and folded it neatly. She put it in a bag and closed the closet.

She had used too much force when she pulled the door and accidentally opened another as a result.

The other compartment was filled with Yan Rusheng’s suits and trousers. She was about to close the door when her eyes accidentally swept past something. Her expression turned blank and surprise streaked past her bright eyes.

At the same time, it felt as if warm currents were silently flowing from her heart.

*You stupid woman. If you can’t drink then don’t. Look at how you’ve puked on yourself, so sloppy and filthy.*

*I’m warning you, remember to take your filthy clothes away tomorrow. It’s disgusting.*

It might be an ability she had acquired over the years, but regardless of how drunk she was, she would always be half-awake.

So every time she was drunk, she would store in her brain what she or others had said to her.

Especially him...

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#### **Chapter 124: Not of Her Own Volition**

She had never imagined that she would one day see her clothes together with his in the same closet.

A white blazer and skirt were hanging from a clothes hanger and nestled among his other suits.

Wang Daqin had bought her that outfit from an expensive brand when she first entered the company.

He didn't mention a thing after the incident and she assumed that he had thrown it away. Hence she didn't ask him about it.

Xuxu's arms were propped up against the car window. She looked out and felt the cool night breeze against her face.

She'd never realized that this bustling city had such a beautiful night view.

To be secretly in love with someone meant that even if he accidentally glanced at you from a crowd, you would feel overwhelmed with joy.

"Third Master, I'm truly sorry."

"Don't keep standing here, get lost."

Wen Xuxu held the bag with Yan Rusheng's shirt and found the specific room he had mentioned earlier.

The moment she opened the door, she could hear Yan Rusheng's angry voice.

A staff wearing the hotel uniform opened the door; there was a tag on his chest with the title 'General Manager'.

A young man in his thirties had probably been lectured by Yan Rusheng earlier on as his face was as red as a pig's liver.

Xuxu greeted him with a brief nod and walked past him.

Once she entered, she spotted Yan Rusheng whose upper body was naked. He was sitting on the couch facing the door and she could see a huge red patch on his back.

Wen Xinyi stood behind him and was applying something on the red patch.

Xuxu became anxious when she saw this and hurried forward. "President Yan, what happened to you?"

Didn't he say that someone bumped into him? But why was he hurt?

She scrutinized the red patch on Yan Rusheng's back. It looked like something had scalded him.

Without waiting for Yan Rusheng to reply, Wen Xinyi pouted her mouth and grumbled to her, "We met a mistress fighting with a man's wife. The mistress accidentally bumped into President Yan with the cup of hot water she was holding."

Her watery eyes were glistening and she looked like a child.

As she spoke, her hand accidentally trembled. Yan Rusheng twitched his eyebrows in pain. "Ouch..."

He turned to look at Wen Xinyi. "Give the medicine to Wen Xuxu. Go to the restaurant now and call me once the mayor arrives."

After hearing this, Wen Xinyi was rather unwilling to obey his instructions. Her mouth pouted in resentment.

She looked down at the ointment and then stole a glance at Wen Xuxu. The glance was filled with a staggering amount of hatred.

Xuxu pressed her lips tightly with a wide-eyed expression on her face. Did she assume that she was willing to apply ointment for this young master?

This was definitely a job that would invite nothing but trouble.

She saw Wen Xinyi's expression and feared that she might start crying again.

After some deliberation, she looked at Yan Rusheng. "President Yan, I'm running out of time so I need to leave now."

She got ready to leave.

Yan Rusheng frowned and shouted coldly, "Since time is running short then hurry up! What are you waiting for?"

"Uh..." Xuxu's mouth sank down and she looked helplessly at Wen Xinyi.

*Miss, please understand. I'm not doing this of my own volition.*

But she noticed how fearful and careful Wen Xinyi had been when she was applying the ointment just now. She thought that if she left, who knows how he would reprimand her.

This young girl had a fragile heart. It would look bad if she decided to run away from the dinner engagement after being reprimanded.

Xuxu pondered for a moment before she reached out to take the ointment from Xinyi's hand. "Secretary Wen, let me do it, since President Yan has trusted you to receive the mayor alone. Keep it up."

Wen Xinyi's eyes lit up brightly with excitement and it seemed as if she'd found a way out of an impossible situation.

Wen Xuxu smiled and blinked her eyes. "Go ahead. I've been with President Yan for more than a year and I've never received a guest by myself."

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#### **Chapter 125: Did I Say I Would Consider?**

"Then I'll leave everything here to you then." Wen Xinyi cheerfully passed the cotton swab to Wen Xuxu.

Xuxu smiled briefly. "Don't worry and go ahead."

She turned to look at Wen Xinyi as she left in a lighthearted manner. In her heart, she finally heaved a sigh of relief. Indeed, a fragile heart does need a little cajoling.

“Wen Xuxu, you didn’t seem like someone who knows how to cajole a person.”

Suddenly, Yan Rusheng’s cold voice spoke up from behind her. Mockery was evident in his tone.

She ignored his mocking words as she walked to take a look at his back. The scalded part was red and blisters had started to appear on the wound.

She screamed at him, “You’ve been badly scalded! Why didn’t you go to the hospital?”

Earlier, she hadn’t realized how serious his wound really was due to the distance and dim lighting.

Yan Rusheng grunted coldly, “I won’t die.”

It sounded like he had answered in a fit of pique.

Xuxu frowned. “This will leave a scar.”

As she replied, she used the cotton swab to dab on some ointment and started to apply it on his wound.

Although she was very gentle and careful as well, it was different from the docile Wen Xinyi who had trembled.

Her actions were filled with a tenderness that stemmed genuinely from her heart. Even her tone became gentler.

Yan Rusheng was stunned by her carefulness, thinking that it was an illusion.

Did this stupid woman drink before she came? Or was she treating him as Jiang Zhuoheng again?

His thoughts traveled back to the previous night and a feeling of annoyance erupted once more. He retorted snappily, “Even if it leaves a scar, you won’t be able to see it.”

Wen Xuxu took into account his injury and the fact that she was in a relatively good mood at the moment.

And thus she chose not to bicker with him.

She smiled. “It’s true I won’t see it. But Fang Jiayin is so delicate, I’m afraid she might feel frightened if she sees your scar. Then it would be harder for her to get back together with you.”

Yan Rusheng exploded, “Wen Xuxu, will you die if you can’t provoke me for a moment?!”

He stretched out his hand and clenched a pillow, ready to aim and hurl it at Wen Xuxu’s head.

The second he raised his arm, he saw Wen Xuxu looking at him with an innocent expression and he instantly paused.

He released the pillow and spoke in his usual tone. “Wen Xuxu, delicate women are more lovable. You’re as tough as a man, so who would choose to love you?”



Hearing this, Xuxu burst out laughing. She replied in the midst of her laughter, "Thank you for your guidance, President Yan."

"Why are you laughing?" Yan Rusheng turned to glare at Xuxu. "Just carry on applying the ointment."

His good-looking face couldn't help but blush red. Then he turned his back towards her and mumbled under his breath, "I've never seen you so chatty before."

It was true that between them, she was the more passive one and wouldn't initiate a conversation.

As Wen Xuxu mulled over the reason, she thought that she had talked more because she was in a rather good mood today.

"Wen Xuxu."

Both of them had fallen silent for a while before Yan Rusheng spoke again.

Xuxu responded with a "Mm".

This situation rarely happened between them. It was ordinary, peaceful and to a certain extent... harmonious.

He called her name nonchalantly and she replied to him casually too. It was unlike how she'd always responded to him: formally with a *"President Yan, is there anything you would like to instruct me to do?"*

He asked, "Regarding the matter I mentioned to you this afternoon, have you considered it?"

The matter he'd mentioned that afternoon? Xuxu raised her eyebrows in puzzlement as she tried to recall. Finally, she did and then replied, "Did I say I would consider it?"

Was there something wrong with her memory or was he having trouble comprehending?

Didn't she reject him outright regarding that deal which didn't benefit her in any way?

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**Chapter 126: It's Pointless Talking to You Nicely**

"President Yan..."

"Wen Xuxu, you..." Yan Rusheng turned his head to glare at Wen Xuxu. He was about to yell at her when he heard Wen Xinyi's voice outside the room. His eyes gleamed shrewdly for a moment as his mouth curled into a devious smile.

His long arm went around Wen Xuxu's waist and pulled her towards him. As he'd expected, Wen Xuxu fell and landed on his lap.

Wen Xuxu widened her eyes in shock. She opened her mouth but then couldn't utter a single word. Yan Rusheng had instantly pressed his lips against hers, sealing them.

Oh...

Wen Xinyi opened the door with the room card.

"President Yan..."

She entered just in time to witness the scene of Yan Rusheng embracing and kissing Wen Xuxu. Her footsteps and voice ceased spontaneously.

Within a few seconds, her eyes were brimming with tears.

Both of Wen Xuxu's hands were tightly restrained by Yan Rusheng and her lips sealed. She could only move her legs.

When she saw that Wen Xinyi was about to cry, she stomped her feet impatiently and made 'ooh ooh' sounds signaling her violent protests.

This flirtatious womanizer had developed an addiction to kissing her forcibly and had been doing it frequently ever since.

Wen Xinyi was rooted to the spot for some time, yet Yan Rusheng didn't seem to have any intention of letting Wen Xuxu go anytime soon. Instead, he increased the intensity of the kiss.

"Waah..." At last, Wen Xinyi stomped her feet and ran away in tears.

"Yan Rusheng, you pervert!" Wen Xuxu was overwhelmed with anger and distress as she used all her might to shove Yan Rusheng away. She leaped to her feet and wiped her mouth furiously as she hollered at him, "You're crazy, why do you keep kissing me?!"

Yan Rusheng spread his hands and his face had an expression that said 'What I do is how it should be'. "It's pointless to talk to you nicely so I had to resort to force."

"Every time you do something for yourself, can't you take other people's feelings into consideration?" Wen Xuxu's eyes were stinging with bitterness.

If he kept this up, she would only sink further and cling to him!

After yelling at him, she grabbed her bag and stomped heavily towards the entrance in a huff.

The second she left the room, she glanced to the left and right but there was no sign of Wen Xinyi anywhere.

Anyway, it was none of her business, so she strode towards the elevator.

Nonetheless, she still had to receive the princess from Country Y's since it was a part of her job. She needed to separate her private matters from her work so that it wouldn't affect her professionalism.

She left the hotel and took a deep breath as the cool breeze blew against her. After calming herself down, she set off for the restaurant.

It was rare to see Young Master Yan being yelled at. Not only was he not offended, he was even smiling with satisfaction.

He'd finally managed to provoke Wen Xuxu once again.

There was a slight aftertaste of the kiss in his mouth and he couldn't help but lick his lips. To his surprise, he was feeling somewhat dissatisfied and longed for more.

He knew that the mayor had arrived when Wen Xinyi came looking for him.

He bent down to reach for the bag Wen Xuxu had brought over. He took out the shirt and unfolded it.

His mood lightened once more when he saw the buttons on his favorite shirt.

He couldn't deny that the person who knew him best in the entire world was without a doubt Wen Xuxu.

There wasn't time for him to delve further into his thoughts as he hastily put on his shirt to meet the mayor.

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Wen Xuxu reached the restaurant where she was supposed to meet the princess from Country Y. She glanced at the time; there were a few minutes to spare.

When she was in the car, she had requested the chauffeur to switch on the lights so that she could apply some simple makeup. Earlier, she had borrowed cosmetics from a colleague before she ended work.

After applying some color to her lips, she untied her hair. Then she re-styled her hair into a bun for a more refined and elegant look.

She didn't usually put on makeup but her skills were on par with a makeup professional.

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**Chapter 127: There's an Idiom Which Means 'Vivid And Lifelike'**

She would put on makeup if her work required it.

Like Yan Rusheng had said, she was a woman who could do everything by herself. Her partner would only feel that his presence was redundant.

After completing her hairstyle, Xuxu smiled in satisfaction at her reflection.

According to the time she'd planned out, she was sitting in the private room five minutes before the scheduled appointment.

Four minutes later, someone knocked on the door.

She rose immediately and wore a smile as she opened the door.

A middle-aged woman with golden locks and blue eyes appeared in front of her.

"Princess Lu Fei, welcome," Xuxu fluently greeted her in English. She extended her hand for a handshake and introduced herself. "I'm President Yan's secretary. My name is Wen Xuxu."

She had done some research on the princess before the visit, and that included finding out how she looked like. Therefore, she could instantly recognize the woman as Princess Lu Fei, the guest Yan Rusheng was supposed to meet tonight.

Princess Lu Fei extended her hand gracefully and shook Wen Xuxu's hand. "Thank you."

"Please enter." Xuxu bowed and gestured towards the interior.

She stole a glance from the corner of her eyes towards the area outside of the door. She was surprised that the princess had traveled such a long way from her country alone.

Just as she wondered at it, two other men appeared. One looked like he was about the same age as Princess Lu Fei. He was an Asian with black hair and black eyes.

The other guy seemed to be in his twenties with golden hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a turquoise-blue striped shirt paired with beige pants. He exuded a dignified and aristocratic charm.

“Welcome.” Wen Xuxu greeted the men and introduced herself once again.

“Wen Xuxu?” The golden-haired man used his height to his advantage as he towered over her, surveying her with interest.

He seemed to be intrigued by her name.

Wen Xuxu raised her head to look at him and nodded with neither inferiority nor superiority. “Yes, I’m Wen Xuxu.”

“Yan Rusheng.” The golden-haired man suddenly muttered Yan Rusheng’s name and his smile grew wider with lingering interest.

After mulling something over for a while, he smiled and asked, “I remember that there is a Chinese idiom: ‘vivid and lifelike’. What is your relationship with Yan Rusheng?”

This wasn’t the first time someone had asked her about this. Xuxu was already used to it. She shook her head and smiled politely in response. “It’s a coincidence. Our relationship is merely that of a superior and subordinate.”

Compared to the question he’d raised, she was more surprised that the golden-haired foreigner knew of their idioms.

“You’re very pretty.”

Foreigners were always very generous when it came to compliments—especially towards ladies.

Wen Xuxu smiled gracefully. “Thank you. Please, come in.”

After they sat down, Princess Lu Fei introduced her entourage. The middle-aged man was her secretary and the golden-haired man was her son, Charles.

Wen Xuxu explained to them regarding Yan Rusheng’s tardiness and used his injury as the reason.

Before she arrived, she had researched online about Princess Lu Fei’s interests and knew that she loved cats.

Once they sat down, she steered the topic towards cats. Earlier on, she had done some last-minute cramming with cat information she found online, all so that she could chat about her interest with her.

When there is a common topic to talk about, time can quickly fly by.

It was true that foreign men were extremely gentlemanly. When Xuxu and Princess Lu Fei were chatting, the two men sat in silence and listened earnestly.

When they talked about something interesting, they would laugh along to match the atmosphere.

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#### **Chapter 128: You're Lovelier Than a Cat**

As they chatted, Xuxu would furtively glance at her watch from time to time.

It had almost been an hour—why wasn't Yan Rusheng here yet?

She had no idea that after she sat down, a pair of eyes were looking at her and sizing her up from across her seat.

That pair of eyes stayed fixated on her at all times to capture every subtle expression and movement.

As time passed by, the anxious expression on her face became more obvious. The owner of that pair of eyes seemed to have found an opportune moment as he smiled and interjected.

"Secretary Wen, other than cats my mom enjoys playing the piano and dancing too."

Charles's deep voice sounded from opposite of her.

Perhaps it was because he had kept silent the whole time, but when he finally spoke, Xuxu turned towards him in surprise.

His lips curled slightly and he nodded at her in a gentlemanly manner.

Next, his gaze landed on Princess Lu Fei. "Mom, I'd like to invite Secretary Wen for a dance. Can you play a song for us?"

*Dance...?*

This sudden change of topic was unexpected. Just moments ago, they were still talking about cats.

Xuxu felt that she couldn't keep up.

"Of course," Princess Lu Fei answered graciously and she stood up. She walked towards the white piano by the window.

"Secretary Wen, may I invite you to dance with me?"

Xuxu barely had time to react before Charles came to her, gracefully extending his hand towards her.

She thought to herself, *His mom has already gone up to play the piano, how can I reject?*

Tonight's dinner engagement was extremely important. If she didn't handle it properly and offended these distinguished guests, Yan Rusheng would most likely swallow her alive.

Anyway, dancing wasn't too much of a big deal.

"It's my pleasure." Xuxu placed her hand in his as she rose elegantly. She walked with him to an empty space in the private room.

Princess Lu Fei began playing the piano and chose a graceful waltz tune.

After she entered the third grade in elementary school, she took singing and dancing classes. She didn't really excel at dancing but she wasn't too bad.

Her long white skirt seemed especially fitting for this dance. Every spin made her look like a blooming white lotus.

Her soft body coupled with her agility had pleasantly surprised her dance partner Charles.

He lowered his head to look at her tiny face. Smiling gently, he said, "If I'd known you were a great dancer, I would have invited you earlier. Then you wouldn't have had to accompany our dear Princess Lu Fei by talking about such a boring topic."

Hearing what he said, Xuxu raised her head in shock. Her eyes met Charles's blue eyes, his lips held a faint smile.

It felt as though he'd seen through her thoughts. She smiled guiltily. "Haha, actually cats are quite adorable."

It had indeed been boring as she wasn't interested in pets. It was already tough enough to take care of herself, let alone a pet.

When she chatted with Princess Lu Fei earlier on, it had all been a purely high-sounding speech.

Charles slightly raised his eyebrows. "Don't you think that you're lovelier than a cat?"

Wen Xuxu could tell that he was flattering her.

She was slightly embarrassed. "Mr. Charles, you're good at cracking jokes."

Her fair cheeks blushed with a tinge of red and they resembled a budding flower; beautiful and alluring.

This bashfulness was exclusive to Asian ladies and astonishment flashed past Charles's eyes as he stared at her. He was momentarily entranced, and thus forgot to move his feet, causing Wen Xuxu to step on him.

He didn't feel any pain but Xuxu was startled. "I'm sorry for stepping on you."

She instinctively bowed her head to look at Charles's feet and he followed suit. "It's alright since it's my fault."

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#### **Chapter 129: Of Course You Can't**

His hands were holding Xuxu's slender waist tightly. Like a docile woman, she lowered her head. It looked as though she was deliberately trying to bury her head in his embrace.

The door opened at that moment and a suave and handsome man entered. He saw the situation in the room and his expression froze instantly.

His thick eyebrows knitted tightly together in an instant.

Argh, this damn stupid woman. He'd merely asked her to stall for time, not to be a dance hostess and prance around with men.

That golden-haired man was wearing such a lewd expression—and which part of her was he staring at?

Young Master Yan moved at lightning speed and raced to the couple who were dancing to the tune of a romantic waltz. Without thinking about it, he stretched his hand to grab Wen Xuxu's slender arm and forcefully pulled her into his embrace.

Then he proceeded to the next logical step by putting his hand around her waist. He looked at the golden-haired guy with a superficial smile. "Mr. Charles, it's been a while since I last saw you."

Xuxu was caught by surprise and didn't even have time to react as she fell into another man's embrace. Moments later, she heard a familiar voice above her.

She secretly heaved a small sigh of relief but still, she was very uncomfortable being embraced by him in this way.

She wanted to free herself but in light of the circumstances, she resorted to making subtle movements to remind this young master to let go of her.

Stupid woman, didn't she enjoy being embraced by another man just now? Now that he was the one embracing her, she started acting all coy.

Hmph. He wasn't going to let her have her way!

Not only did Yan Rusheng not loosen his grip, his arms tightened around her as he maintained his superficial smile.

Charles stole a glance at Wen Xuxu's waist which Yan Rusheng was tightly holding onto, and a faint and mysterious smile appeared on his face. He responded casually, "President Yan, your secretary is very lovely and pretty."

He didn't conceal his admiration for Xuxu and he couldn't keep his eyes off her.

This greatly annoyed Young Master Yan and his arm tightened its grip as a result. "Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Charles. Sorry, I'm late."

He diverted the topic and directed his attention towards Princess Lu Fei who was walking towards them. He nodded politely towards her. "Princess Lu Fei, welcome."

Princess Lu Fei came up to him with both arms outstretched.

He understood how foreigners greeted each other. And so he had to let Wen Xuxu go and hug Princess Lu Fei as a formality.

"I'm terribly sorry for making you wait so long." With his apology, the matter was brushed aside and he continued, "Did Secretary Wen manage to give you a proper welcome?"

He walked with Princess Lu Fei towards the dining table as he spoke.

Xuxu walked behind him and she unconsciously glanced at the area on his back with the burn. Her eyes were filled with worry.

She wondered if the blisters had burst and thought how painful it must have been to put on his shirt.

"Xuxu..."

Charles suddenly called her name and she snapped out of her thoughts. She moved her eyes away from Yan Rusheng's back and towards Charles. "Yes, Mr. Charles?"

"Don't be so nervous," Charles reassured her with a smile. "I was just wondering if I can address you as Xuxu?"

*Of course, you can't!*

Young Master Yan clenched his hands into fists which were stuffed in his pockets. He frowned once again.

"Of course."

Argh, this stupid woman was constantly making him worry.

She was always friendly to everyone. From the way this guy had hugged and embraced her, he could tell that this golden-haired guy harbored ill intentions towards her. And in just a few hours, he had successfully gotten close enough to address her directly as Xuxu.

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#### **Chapter 130: Why Do I Need To Coax Her?**

She wasn't in the least bit demure or coy.

Everyone sat down and naturally Wen Xuxu sat next to Yan Rusheng. As usual, she helped him to disinfect his cutlery and cup with boiling water.

Charles sat opposite; his attention was focused on her as he watched her every movement.

Her slender arms were as fair as porcelain and every movement she made seemed so graceful and natural in his eyes.

Young Master Yan had nearly flown off the handle, almost flipping over the table during dinner.

"Wen Xuxu, as a woman don't you know how to be coy and demure?"

Once they were in the car, Young Master Yan began to chide Wen Xuxu out of frustration.

Xuxu had barely sat down when he abruptly started reprimanding her. She was unable to make heads or tails of it, so she snapped, "Did I do anything wrong?"

How was she not coy and demure? What did she do?

He was really ridiculous.

"You danced with Charles..." Yan Rusheng stopped midway through his accusation. He paused for a bit before he adjusted his tone. He interrogated her with a seemingly strong air of condemnation, "Did you inform Jiang Zhuoheng before you danced with Charles?"

He thought, *You're already attached and you're still flirting with other guys.*

Wen Xuxu was speechless. "..."



The dance itself was actually a pure and beautiful thing. Why had his words transformed it into something that was offensive and shameful?

She retorted in a surly tone. "He isn't so petty."

Young Master Yan frowned in displeasure.

Does that mean that he was petty?

He was riled up by her words. "Wen Xuxu, the minute Jiang Zhuoheng came back, your words started growing bolder."

Before Jiang Zhuoheng came back, she wouldn't retaliate at all when he lectured her. But now she would argue with him and talk back to him at the slightest thing.

She was like a pet puppy—doing whatever she wanted with her owner backing her up.

"Yes, you're right. Ah Heng is back so I now have someone to support me. What can you do about it?" Since he insisted on thinking this way, she couldn't be bothered to correct him. With arms akimbo, she stared fiercely at him with widened eyes. "Young Master, what do you want exactly? Are you looking for trouble?"

Yan Rusheng turned to look at her and he couldn't help but recall the incident where she had mercilessly walloped him.

She looked exactly like she did back then and had on the same identical expression.

Every time he recalled that incident, he felt humiliated and ashamed. How he wished he could strangle her to death.

History had repeated itself today but he realized that he wasn't as angry as he'd expected. In fact, he felt that she was quite... adorable!

*Cough* . It must be an illusion. This stupid woman possessed nothing else but stupidity and clumsiness. She wasn't in the least bit adorable.

He couldn't understand what Charles saw in her that made him compliment her for being lovely and pretty. He seriously doubted his aesthetic sense.

"Grandmother asked you to drop by for soup."

It was rare for Young Master Yan not to be as overbearing as usual. She had assumed that he would yell at her.

The change in topic was really...

Xuxu refused. "I won't be going, it's too late."

Yan Rusheng glanced askance at her and scoffed. He thought in his heart, *It doesn't matter if you go or not, who cares?*

...

“Third Yan, why are you alone? Where’s Xuxu?”

The moment Yan Rusheng came home, Wang Daqin rushed to welcome him. She was wearing floral pajamas and had an ecstatic expression on her face.

“She went home,” Yan Rusheng replied coolly and changed into his slippers. Then he stomped towards the stairs.

“I thought I asked you to invite her over to drink some soup? Why did she go home?” Wang Daqin followed him and nagged him incessantly. “You must have angered her again, didn’t you? I’ve already told you that girls need to be coaxed. Don’t you dare treat Xuxu the same way you treat your ex-girlfriends. If not, I’ll definitely beat you to death.”

Yan Rusheng halted his footsteps, turning around to frown at this old lady. “Why do I need to coax her?”