

## Elite Doting 131

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

#### Chapter 131: He Wasn't Out Of His Mind

He wasn't out of his mind.

"What nonsense are you talking about, you audacious boy?" Wang Daqin raised her hand in a fit of anger and slapped Young Master Yan on his shoulders forcefully. "You're the one with the problem and Xuxu didn't even mind. How dare you act all high and mighty now?"

*You were done in less than half an hour and you still dare to put on airs in front of Xuxu.*

When she thought of this, worry engulfed the old lady once more. She yelled towards the kitchen. "Aunt Zhang, have you re-heated the soup? Third Yan is back, serve the soup now."

Yan Rusheng was really curious about this special soup.

The old lady had specifically called him in the afternoon and told him to come home for the soup. And she had called a few more times to remind him repeatedly in the evening.

"Yes, it's ready." Aunt Zhang walked out of the kitchen with a bowl of steaming soup in her hands. She smiled happily as she served it to Yan Rusheng. "Third Young Master, the soup is ready to be drunk."

There were scallions and ginger in the soup and he could smell it from afar.

Yan Rusheng remained motionless and merely peeked at the bowl. Other than the scallions and some slices of ginger in the whitish soup, there weren't any other ingredients. It resembled a fish soup.

But his instinct told him that this wasn't an ordinary fish soup. If it was, the old lady wouldn't have made such a big fuss over it.

"What is this soup?" he asked.

Wang Daqin took the bowl instead and pushed it towards Yan Rusheng's mouth. "I spent this entire afternoon preparing this soup. Drink more since it's beneficial to your health. You've been overexerting yourself at work recently and you've lost weight. It makes my heart ache."

Yan Rusheng moved his head back and squinted at the soup with dislike.

He tried to retreat, but Wang Daqin extended her hands towards him. "Drink it."

It was an order.

"Alright." Yan Rusheng knew that if he didn't drink the soup tonight, she wouldn't leave him alone. He received the bowl and drank down the soup in one gulp.

Other than a slightly pungent smell, the taste was relatively good.

In the end, he had to drink that exact soup every night when he got home.

When he questioned her about the soup, her lips remained tightly sealed. All the servants remained secretive about it as well.

After almost a week, Wen Xuxu couldn't stand it any longer after seeing that the seat next to her was still vacant. She went to Yan Rusheng's office.

"President Yan, do you want to check on Secretary Wen? She's been absent from work for days."

Without beating around the bush, she brought up the issue the moment she entered.

She was back to teach and guide Miss Wen as requested by Grandmother. But why did it feel like she'd been reinstated instead?

If she didn't bring up this matter and Miss Wen didn't return, did it mean that she had to continue being his secretary?

Yan Rusheng raised his head and stared at her impassively. He said in an unquestionable manner, "She's not reporting to work because of you. So before she comes back, you have to fulfill her duties properly as my secretary."

*Young Master, do you think it's a good idea for you to be so overbearing?*

"You're the one who..." Xuxu wanted to shoot back but she couldn't verbalize the word 'kiss'. So she began to stammer, "Y-you just had to provoke her with that method! I tried to advise you but you didn't care about the consequences."

She wasn't bound by a contract so she could leave any time she wants.

But of course... Wang Daqin was the main reason why she couldn't be so irresponsible and simply leave.

Just like before, unless Yan Rusheng chased her away.

Young Master Yan slammed the table and hollered at Wen Xuxu with a stony expression, "Wen Xuxu, how dare you shout at me in my office?!"

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

#### **Chapter 132: Third Master Has a Nosebleed**

She had never raised her voice at him in the past.

*Young Master, a real man doesn't boast about his past achievements. Why bother bringing it up?*

"President Yan, you... you have a nosebleed!" Wen Xuxu suddenly screamed, her eyes wide with shock. She pointed at Yan Rusheng's nose and again said, "You have a nosebleed!"

As she screamed, she headed towards Yan Rusheng.

He got a nosebleed? Yan Rusheng furrowed his eyebrows in disbelief. Why would he suddenly get a nosebleed?

He touched his nose gently and saw the blood on his fingers.

Feeling just as startled, Young Master Yan leaped to his feet.

Oh my god! What was happening to him?

Instinctively, he glanced at Wen Xuxu's chest. She was dressed so conservatively, and furthermore, he had seen her naked before so that couldn't be the reason. Her figure wasn't attractive enough to result in a nosebleed.

It was the first time in his life that he had a nosebleed.

What could be the reason?

Yan Rusheng's nose started to steadily drip with blood.

Seeing this, Wen Xuxu hurriedly pulled some tissues and placed it near his nose. "Raise your head upwards."

Young Master Yan obeyed and raised his head. And just like a statue, he stood there and allowed Wen Xuxu to help him stop the bleeding.

The disparity in their height was too vast and Xuxu had to tiptoe so that her eye level could reach his nose. But this posture was too exhausting to maintain for long.

"Sit down, I can't really reach your nose." She grabbed Yan Rusheng's arms and pushed him down.

Yan Rusheng sat down and instantly Wen Xuxu felt more comfortable. "Look at yourself. You got a nosebleed because of excessive internal heat. Stop throwing tantrums so frequently."

As she wiped away the blood, she chided him gently with a faint smile.

Yan Rusheng looked at her eyes as he listened to her. To his surprise, he felt an indescribable peace within himself and a part of his heart began to soften somewhere...

He leaned back so that he was almost lying flat on his back. Xuxu had to bend forward and her slender fingers inadvertently brushed against his skin several times.

His heart started pounding uncontrollably.

Why was he reacting like this? It shouldn't have happened.

The blood kept dripping endlessly and Xuxu couldn't stop the flow.

Yan Rusheng's neck grew stiff and uncomfortable from maintaining the same position. He was about to change into another position to stretch himself.

A slight movement from him and instantly Wen Xuxu spoke in a commanding tone, "Don't move."

It was accompanied by her fierce stare.

Young Master Yan's mouth sunk and he obediently... fell silent.

His head fell back once again.

F\*ck. As the saying goes, a man who loses his position and influence may be subjected to many indignities. It was merely a nosebleed and not some incurable illness. Why did he have to listen to her commands?

"Wen Xuxu, you..."

It took him awhile to realize it and he was annoyed. He opened his mouth with the intention to yell at her. At the same time, Xuxu suddenly berated him softly again. "Summer is almost here and your body will accumulate heat more easily. You have to control your temper, look at how much blood you've lost."

After she said her piece, she showed him the tissues which were stained with blood.

Yan Rusheng's eyes merely skimmed over the tissues before his gaze landed on Wen Xuxu. He looked intently at her bright eyes, her beautifully curled, red lips and slightly raised eyebrows.

For no reason, he could feel his body getting hotter.

Damn it, he was reacting to this stupid woman again.

He quickly averted his gaze elsewhere but Xuxu had bent her back at a sharper angle at the same time. His gaze landed on the depths beyond her slightly open collar.

"Why is the blood flow getting thicker now?" She had almost succeeded at stopping the nosebleed. But strangely, the blood was suddenly spurting out like a flood once again and Xuxu was at a loss.

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

#### **Chapter 133: Unable To Tell Good From Bad**

Young Master Yan averted his gaze once more and he could feel his body burning. He shifted uncomfortably.

"Didn't I told you not to move?" Wen Xuxu frowned and stared at him. She continued to chide him, "If you move again, you'll need a blood transfusion at the hospital."

She had used nearly half a box of tissues and the blood still hadn't stopped dripping. What exactly was wrong with him?

She began to get worried. "Should we go to the hospital?"

Yan Rusheng shook his head and rejected her suggestion instantly. "No."

After a curt reply, he randomly grabbed a folder and crossed one leg over the other. He placed the folder on his thighs to cover a certain part of his body.

"Your nose is still bleeding, can't you stop thinking about work for a moment?" Wen Xuxu continued to lecture him in a low voice and there was a tinge of gentleness in her tone.

As she said this, she attempted to take away the folder that was resting on Yan Rusheng's thighs.

Yan Rusheng sensed her movements and he held on tightly to the folder. Raising his head, he shouted, "Wen Xuxu, what are you trying to do?!"

He was extremely vexed.

A part of him was already erect.

Oh... This was so embarrassing.

He could never, ever let that stupid woman find out, if not she would mistakenly assume that she'd caused this reaction.

Even though he had no idea why his body was so sensitive today, but he was sure that it wasn't because of that stupid woman.

Xuxu was worried about his health and refused to indulge him any longer. She looked at him solemnly. "Your nosebleed is getting worse and you still want to work? Are you tired of living?"

After she finished lecturing him, she attempted to snatch the folder from him again.

Yan Rusheng instinctively avoided her and jerked forward. Unfortunately, his head bumped right into Xuxu's chest.

The contact made him feel like saying one word— *F\*ck!*

"Wen Xuxu, get back to work now." Both hands gripped the folder tightly as he covered that crucial part of his body. He stared at Wen Xuxu with fury in his eyes.

If she didn't leave soon, he was afraid that it wouldn't be just a nosebleed anymore.

Damn it. No matter what, he would find out the cause behind his nosebleed and that uncontrollable desire. He had been together with this woman for years and nothing like this had ever happened before.

"Yan Rusheng, you can't tell good from bad!" Wen Xuxu pouted her mouth in exasperation and angrily shoved the tissues at his chest. She turned to leave in a huff.

When she finally disappeared from his sight, Yan Rusheng heaved a sigh of relief.

He flung the folder on the desk and looked at his erect body part. He cursed violently in his heart.

His hands pressed against the arms of the chair and he rose, heading straight for his room.

Standing under the showerhead, Yan Rusheng allowed the icy water to cool his burning body.

If he didn't vent it out right now, he was afraid he might end up 'crippled' in the future.

He shut his eyes and raised his head.

*Ah Sheng... Ah Sheng... I like you...*

He reminisced about an old dream and his ears rang with the voice that still tugged at his heartstrings even now. He tried to visualize the scene in the dream to help him vent his desires.

*Look at yourself. You got a nosebleed because of excessive internal heat. Stop throwing tantrums so frequently.*

*Yan Rusheng, you can't tell good from bad!*

Tch, what was this situation?

Startled, Young Master Yan opened his eyes. Feeling vexed, he clenched his fists and punched the wall.

Unexpectedly, he had fantasized about Wen Xuxu, that stupid woman.

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

### **Chapter 134: Do You Have To Expose Your Friend Like This?**

The last image in his mind that popped up was Wen Xuxu's flushed face, and right now...

He slowly lowered his head and looked down at his body which was boiling with desire. He flipped out.

No... this isn't real. There must be something wrong with his body. He needed to do a checkup at the hospital.

Young Master Yan came out of the bathroom and changed into a set of clean clothes.

When he exited his office, his gaze unconsciously moved towards Xuxu. She was staring at the computer screen and her slender fingers were busily typing away.

When he thought of that embarrassing incident in the bathroom, he quickly averted his gaze, his expression guilty. "Wen Xuxu, I'm heading out."

He informed her in an impassive manner.

By the time Xuxu looked in his direction, the towering figure had walked a distance away.

"What was that all about?" she uttered perplexedly to herself with a pout and helplessly shook her head.

She decided that it would be wiser not to ask too many questions, otherwise she'd end up suffering his wrath once more.

In the hospital...

"Hahahahaha..." Lu Yinan was wearing a white gown and sitting on a swivel chair. His hands were pressed against his belly and his handsome face was twisted with laughter.

The man sitting opposite him looked somber and gloomy, just like the sky before a terrible storm.

"Are you done laughing?" He gritted his teeth and glared harshly at Young Master Lu who was laughing hysterically.

If it weren't for the fact that he still needed Lu Yinan, he would have demolished his decent-looking office.

"Yan Rusheng, you said you got a nosebleed when you looked at a woman today? And you... you..." Lu Yinan was having a hard time catching his breath in the midst of his laughter and he could barely string enough words to form a sentence. "And you relieved yourself in the bathroom, hahaha..."

The entire incident was too hilarious and if he had the choice he would have updated his friends in the group chat right away. He needed to warn them how harmful it could be to abstain from sexual relations...

Third Yan was the perfect example. He had remained chaste for Fang Jiayin and his seemingly robust body had deteriorated to a stage where he could fantasize about a random woman and start having nosebleeds.

But he obviously didn't have the courage to do that in real life. He was satisfied with just the thought of it.

"If you continue laughing, I'm going to demolish your hospital," Yan Rusheng warned him in a deadly tone.

Hearing this, Lu Yinan came to a stop with a grunt. He straightened his back and cleared his throat in an austere manner. "Hmmm, from my years of experience as a doctor, this condition of yours..."

He had yet to finish his sentence when Yan Rusheng abruptly interrupted, "You've only just graduated and obtained your medical license!"

Lu Yinan was speechless...

*Tsk, do you have to expose your friend like this?*

Young Master Lu cursed silently in his heart before he began to examine the patient properly.

He looked at Yan Rusheng and asked, "Have you been staying up late recently?"

Yan Rusheng shook his head. "No."

His schedule had been rather disciplined as of late, especially since Wen Xinyi was gone.

Lu Yinan continued, "Before you had a nosebleed, did you watch any erotic movies or novels?"

As he asked, he began to record some notes on the patient's file.

Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows and threw the question back at him. "Do you think I would watch that senseless stuff?"

His gorgeous face was overcast with gloom by then.

Lu Yinan thought that it was idiotic of him to ask him this question as well. Why would Yan Rusheng touch that vulgar stuff?

He pondered for a moment before asking, "Have you been eating anything nourishing recently?"

Yan Rusheng was about to shake his head when he suddenly thought of something. He narrowed his eyes and there was a gleam of suspicion.

He answered hesitantly, "The old lady has been forcing me to drink this whitish soup every night. The smell is a little pungent though. She said it's supposed to nourish my body since I've been working too hard recently."

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

#### **Chapter 135: Can You Guess What Will Happen?**

"Whitish soup? Pungent? To nourish your body?" Lu Yinan repeated the traits Yan Rusheng had mentioned. He instantly had his answer. "Soft-shelled turtle soup!"

He raised his head and his eyes blazed with excitement. "The old madam gave you soft-shelled turtle soup."

As he said this, he burst into laughter again.

Of course, he wasn't going to tell him that there would definitely be other tonics included in the soup.

"Soft-shelled turtle soup?" Yan Rusheng frowned and wondered what that was.

He recalled the soup that Wang Daqin had been feeding him these past few days. So it was soft-shelled turtle soup?

*"Cough... cough."* Lu Yinan covered his mouth and stifled his laughter. He spoke in a low voice, "That soup is meant to treat kidney deficiencies and to boost a man's sex drive... It's commonly known as a treatment for impotence."

*Oh my god!*

Young Master Yan heard Young Master Lu's words and his hands grabbed his head. He looked at the ceiling in exasperation.

*Why are you done so quickly?*

*You're the one with the problem and Xuxu didn't even mind. How dare you act all high and mighty now...*

This old lady got the wrong idea about him and that stupid woman!

And she even... even suspected that her grandson was impotent.

Luckily he went to consult Lu Yinan today. If he had continued drinking that soup, he would have died from blood loss.

"Third Yan, I'm curious about the woman you fantasized about in the bathroom. Can you tell me who she is?"

He was really curious and dying to know.

Yan Rusheng leaned back lazily and rested his elbows on the arms of the chair. He supported his forehead with a finger and narrowed his peach blossom-shaped eyes maliciously at the bespectacled and elegant-looking Young Master Lu in his white gown.

Lu Yinan gripped his pen tightly when he caught his eye. Although he was fearful of that malicious and sinister glint in his eyes. He was really... really dying to know.

"Was it that young model who was with you at the club a few days ago?" he persisted bravely.

He would persevere until he reached his goal.

"If the whole country knows that Young Master Lu is a quack..." Yan Rusheng curled his lips coolly and emphasized every word. "Can you guess... what will happen?"

He delivered his threat and grabbed an exquisite vase from the desk, raising it high up in the air.

"Third Yan..."

Lu Yinan opened his mouth but before he could utter another word, he heard the sound of something shattering. The vase had been sacrificed.



The lily in the vase lay quietly on the floor.

Glass shards were scattered everywhere.

“I got it! I’ll keep quiet about the fact that you fantasized about a random woman! Get lost, now!”

The elegant Young Master Lu had lost his temper too. He yelled at Yan Rusheng and pointed at the door.

If he didn’t scam, this whole office would be in danger.

“You should have said so earlier, then I wouldn’t have dropped your vase accidentally.” As he spoke, he stood up to leave.

He glanced at the glass shards on the floor and shook his head in pity.

Lu Yinan was speechless...

If he didn’t leave soon, he’d end up vomiting blood at any minute.

...

When Yan Rusheng got home that night, Wang Daqin intercepted him at the foot of the staircase with the soup in her hands as usual.

When he saw the soup, he was reminded of that morning’s embarrassing incident and he almost smashed the bowl.

He would definitely not drink the soup anymore but at the same time, he didn’t want to listen to the old lady’s nagging. He took the bowl and brought it upstairs and lied to her, saying that he would drink if after changing his clothes.

After knowing that the reason for his nosebleed was due to the soup, he heaved a sigh of relief.

And luckily... luckily he hadn’t developed an unwanted obsession with Wen Xuxu, that stupid woman.

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

#### **Chapter 136: The Huge Difference In Height Is Adorable**

For the next few days, he would take the soup upstairs to ‘drink’ it.

“This afternoon, Mrs. Liu from next door complained that our Huang Bao was harassing her Xiao Ke again.”

“Nonsense. My Huang Bao is a purebred, why would it like a scrawny dog?”

“I was perplexed as well. Huang Bao usually plays in the courtyard but it’s been running out in the afternoon these past few days.”

Yan Rusheng came home from work and went upstairs to change. On his way down to the dining room to get some iced water, he could hear Wang Daqin and Aunt Zhang talking about their pet dog ‘Huang Bao’ before he reached the entrance.

He overheard their conversation and halted his footsteps. He held his breath and went upstairs again as quietly as he could.

He had just stepped onto the second floor when a huge, shaggy brown dog came out of his room.

When the dog saw him, it raised its tail immediately and wagged happily. At the same time, the dog raced towards Yan Rusheng.

When it came to him, the dog wagged its tail even more vigorously.

Yan Rusheng looked at the dog with a faint apologetic smile.

“It’s been tough on you.”

Otherwise, he would be the one bleeding from his nose every day whenever he sees that damned woman.

...

After work, her colleagues bade Wen Xuxu goodbye one after another. She finished packing her bag and rose to leave the office.

Jiang Zhuoheng had gathered their ex-classmates for dinner tonight, including her and Zhou Shuang.

The elevator door opened when it reached the first floor.

There was a towering figure at the entrance and her mouth opened slightly in surprise. “Ah Heng, why did you come here?”

“I’m here to pick you up,” Jiang Zhuoheng replied softly with a faint smile at the corners of his lips.

He wore a light pink shirt paired with gray and white checkered retro pants which ended at his ankles. His outfit was casual yet it exuded maturity.

He strode forward and naturally extended his hand towards Xuxu. “Let’s go.”

Xuxu glanced at her hand which Jiang Zhuoheng was holding and she pressed her lips together. After deliberating for a split second, she tightened her grip around his hand and nodded slightly.

Grandfather did say that Ah Heng was a good man and Xuxu could be entrusted to him for the rest of her life.

*Ah Heng, if you’re willing, please give me more time!*

They walked out of Flourish & Prosper hand in hand.

A man wearing a white shirt stood on the steps behind them. As he watched the couple leave, he sneered in contempt, “She’s so short, they don’t look compatible at all.”

“Eh? Isn’t that Secretary Wen?”

“Oh, so it is. Who’s that man beside her? He looks so handsome.”

“President Yan.” The female employees were watching and talking about Wen Xuxu and Jiang Zhuoheng. They greeted Yan Rusheng politely as they walked past him and continued talking about the couple.

“The huge difference in height is so adorable.”

“Look, that handsome guy drives a Bentley.”

The two female employees walked further away and Young Master Yan’s eyebrows furrowed tighter.

The huge difference in height is adorable...?

It was the first time he’d heard of this. One was so tall and the other was so petite, in what way did they look adorable?

It didn’t look coordinated at all.

*Why are the women behaving like this nowadays? What was so great about driving a Bentley? I have several sports cars in my garage.*

Young Master Yan thought haughtily to himself.

His phone rang suddenly and he fished it out. He glanced at the screen and it displayed Ming Ansheng’s name.

He answered the call, “What’s up?”

Ming Ansheng replied, “Third Yan, join us for a gathering tonight.”

Yan Rusheng rejected him without hesitation, “Not going.”

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

**Chapter 137: How Disappointing And Anguishing It Was!**

“Ah Heng’s been back for some time and it wasn’t easy to get everyone together tonight. Are you going to fumble the ball?”

“Do you mean Jiang Zhuoheng will be there?” Yan Rusheng narrowed his eyes as he looked afar. The white Bentley had driven out of the parking lot and was speeding away as Yan Rusheng looked at it.

Ming Ansheng answered him with a yes and his tone carried a hint of disapproval. “So you’ll be letting us down if you don’t come.”

“Alright, I’ll go,” Young Master Yan agreed reluctantly.

The places that they frequented were usually the capital city’s expensive and luxurious bars or clubs.

It would only take a glance across the vast car park to see that it was occupied with cars that were worth millions.

Young Master Yan was usually the most important guest at a party and he was always the last to arrive.

It was no exception this time around. He ate his dinner and showered before heading out. By the time he reached the bar, it was well past eight.

Closing his car door, he strode elegantly towards the entrance of The First Wealth.

Two pretty ushers were overwhelmed with excitement when they saw him and forgot to open the door.

Tonight, The First Wealth was really honored by the presence of some of the most famous and wealthy bachelors in the capital city.

And each was more charming than the one before.

Yan Rusheng ignored the ushers' infatuated expressions and stretched his hand to open the door himself.

"Hey, Third Young Master."

The moment he entered, he heard someone calling him.

He turned his head in the direction of the voice. A tall lady dressed in a body-hugging black and white striped dress was heading towards him.

She was wearing high stilettos and as she sauntered forward, her slender waist swayed seductively.

Yan Rusheng watched as the beautiful and voluptuous lady tried to pander to him. But his peach-blossom-shaped eyes displayed a deadpan expression.

When the lady came up to him, he calmly straightened his body. His lips remained tightly pressed with no intention of speaking to the lady.

The beautiful lady stopped about a footstep away from him and her hand which was holding her handbag wound around her own waist lazily. The light eyeshadow enhanced her seductive eyes and she surveyed him in an alluring manner.

"Third Young Master is really heartless. You really meant it when you said you wouldn't contact me again."

It sounded like they were close friends teasing each other when they met.

Yan Rusheng curled his lips. "Miss Wu, the entertainment industry is dangerous. Don't venture on the same path as Ouyang Qingqing."

The faint smile on his lips turned frosty.

What he hated the most was strangers pretending to be chummy with him, especially women. And specifically, women who doused themselves with strong perfumes.

The beautiful lady turned stiff when she heard him. Her expression had frozen at his coldness.

Before she could react, the towering figure had already left a distance away.

The same path as Ouyang Qingqing... it was a dreaded nightmare for all the celebrities who had 'dated' Third Master Yan.

Yan Rusheng, you've used so many women and dumped them the minute you were done, all for Fang Jiayin.

How disappointing and anguishing it was!

Xuxu clutched her cellphone and hid in a dark corner until Yan Rusheng was gone. Then she began to walk in the same direction.

Almost everyone had come today and the number of people had exceeded those who attended Jiang Zhuoheng's farewell party years ago.

All of them were close friends who had played together since they were young. All of them were the young masters and mistresses of wealthy and prestigious families.

Xuxu sat beside Jiang Zhuoheng the entire time. Since she couldn't drink, Jiang Zhuoheng had been drinking on her behalf for the toasts.

"Xuxu, this can't go on. We've barely started and Ah Heng is already tipsy. How can we continue with the party?"

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

#### **Chapter 138: He Was Unexpectedly Snubbed**

A few of them began to raise a ruckus in order to force Xuxu to drink.

Even though Wen Xuxu was witty and smart, she was still considered green when compared to these crafty and shrewd young masters.

She saw that Jiang Zhuoheng was already tipsy. If he continued drinking, he would soon collapse.

She pressed her lips tightly as she hesitated.

Jiang Zhuoheng suddenly stretched out a hand and grabbed her waist. "I'm alright. If I really get drunk, just make sure you send me home."

The music was really deafening in the private room and he had to inch closer to Xuxu's ear and raise his voice.

The people who were close to them all heard him.

Someone immediately joined the ruckus and added, "Then you two should get drunk together and we can send the both of you home together. Look how perfect it is."

He gave his suggestion and everyone burst into laughter.

"Yes, yes, yes. Anyway, it's the same if we send either one or two. You should both get drunk and we'll just send the two of you home together. It's perfect."

"Yes, yes. It's perfect."

Everyone started to chime in.

She was, after all, still a girl and this atmosphere was making her feel awkward. She lowered her head as her cheeks flushed.

Jiang Zhuoheng knew that she was feeling uncomfortable so he raised his head to glare fiercely at Ming Ansheng who had the loudest voice. "Ming Ansheng, you're already engaged, shouldn't you go home earlier to sleep instead of talking nonsense here?"

"I'm here because of you, my good friend. I'm concerned that you can't sleep without a partner so I'm trying to help you." Ming Ansheng raised his eyebrows meaningfully at Jiang Zhuoheng with an ambiguous smile.

Jiang Zhuoheng aimed a kick at him. "Go away."

Ming Ansheng was agile and avoided his kick.

Then he turned to look at Wen Xuxu. "Xuxu, if you really don't want to drink, you have another option."

Naturally, Xuxu asked him what this 'option' was.

Even though she was sure that these guys weren't going to let her off so easily, she still wanted to know what the alternative to drinking would be.

She felt that any option would be better than letting her drink.

It was because every time she got drunk, both her heart and body would end up hurt!

Ming Ansheng glanced at Xuxu with a sly smile. "If you kiss Ah Heng once, he can be excused from one glass. Since all of us haven't met in ages, we have to go one round to propose a toast to him. So please count the number of people who are present tonight and that's the number of kisses you have to give to Ah Heng."

He had barely finished talking when someone emerged from the crowd and started clapping in support. "I absolutely agree with this idea."

That voice was sharp, clear and loud.

Xuxu frowned in disapproval and gave a stare to 'hush' the owner of the voice.

Yan Rusheng was sitting on the couch at a corner. He supported his forehead with a hand and the other held an exquisite wine glass. Needless to say, he was in a bad mood.

This was the first time he'd felt like he was being snubbed at such a gathering.

But reflecting back on it, it felt like it was always this way at previous gatherings. He would choose a seat and watch the rest of them.

After they had their fun or grew tired, they would then come to him for a drink or two.

But this time, he wasn't content to just sit at a corner. Unfortunately, no one among that group of rascals managed to take note of his presence tonight.

Especially that female hooligan who had such a loud voice, his eardrums were bursting because of her.

He couldn't understand why she came back to force her presence on them when the foreign environment was more favorable.

Due to Zhou Shuang's statement earlier, Young Master Yan's hatred for her had rocketed and was now off the charts. He could barely control his urge to throw his wine glass at her heavily powdered face.

He'd settle this old debt with her someday.

Feeling frustrated, he gulped down his wine in one go.

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

**Chapter 139: Look For Baidu If You Have a Problem**

"Oh... that's great. Continue!"

Suddenly, the sounds of laughter and cheers erupted from the other side of the room.

Yan Rusheng stole a glance in that direction, catching a scene that froze both his actions and the expression on his handsome face.

His fingers unconsciously loosened its grip. The wine glass slipped from his fingers and fell with a loud crash on the floor.

He snapped out of his reverie and glanced at the floor. The dim lighting shone on the glass shards and as they reflected the light, the shards flickered.

To his surprise, he found it extremely annoying.

The shattering sounds of the wine glass had caught everyone's attention.

Someone quipped jokingly, "Third Yan, why did you smash your glass?"

"F\*ck. Which of your eyes saw me smash it?" Yan Rusheng stood up furiously and swore.

His rage frightened everyone and even the music stopped.

What just happened?

Young Master Yan snapped out of his anger and realized that he was going a little overboard.

He cleared his throat. "The old lady kept calling and said that something's come up at home. I'll make a move first."

And without a moment's hesitation, he immediately marched out of the room.

His footsteps seemed hasty.

Wen Xuxu frowned as she watched him leave. She thought to herself, *Why was he throwing a tantrum again?*

*The old lady said something came up? He was obviously angry.*

After Yan Rusheng had been gone for some time, only then did everybody gradually get over his rage.

"Did that guy learn from Xuxu and drink too much by himself?"

Ming Ansheng pointed at the closed door and shook his head in amusement.

Xuxu rolled her eyes silently in her heart. She thought, *That young master lost his temper and she still ended up being targeted.*

Yan Rusheng headed straight for the washroom and stared at his reflection in the mirror.

The image of Wen Xuxu kissing Jiang Zhuoheng's cheeks kept replaying in his mind.

She had bashfully closed her eyes.

He couldn't get rid of the image in his head—it felt like a curse.

It was tormenting him to the point of frustration. He turned on the tap and bent down to splash his face with water.

He must have drunk too much. It had to be.

The moment he stepped out of the washroom, he had the sudden strong urge to drag Wen Xuxu from the private room and send her straight home.

Of course, logic eventually defeated this urge.

Once he got home, he showered and went to bed. That kissing image still haunted him like a curse and he couldn't sleep.

It should be the most comfortable season of the year but he was sweating from frustration.

The more he forced himself not to think about it, the more he did.

"This is crazy!" Yan Rusheng yelled and swore in frustration. He sat up vexedly and switched on the lights.

He got down and walked towards the sofa. After switching on the laptop which was on the coffee table, he opened a browser.

He recalled Wen Xuxu had said to "Look for Baidu if you have a problem".

His fine-looking fingers began flying across the keyboard.

*'If you see a woman that you hate kissing another guy and you feel extremely frustrated, what could be the reason?'*

His long fingers finished typing and he pressed enter. Answers came tumbling out instantly and it was from a variety of websites.

He chose one randomly and it was from a website called 'Gossip From The Corners Of The World'.

The person's description wasn't identical but he had garnered plenty of replies which had different solutions to his problem.

Young Master Yan deliberated for a second before he decided to write a post too.

The first step was to register an account and he needed a nickname. He casually typed 'Xuxu' and the system generated the idiom 'xuxu rusheng'.



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

### Chapter 140: She'd Boarded a Pirate Ship and It Was Too Late to Get Out

When he saw the idiom for his nickname, he cursed in his heart.

F\*ck. Why did he type that stupid woman's name?

His brain didn't seem to belong to him tonight, he had no control over it at all.

In the end, he still used 'xuxu rusheng' as his nickname. The excuse he gave himself was that he didn't want to waste his brain cells thinking of a new one.

*'If you see a woman that you hate kissing another guy and you feel extremely frustrated, what could be the reason?'*

He sent the post and sat cross-legged on the sofa. He was waiting for the night owls from all over the world to answer his query.

A short while later, he received a notification.

Young Master Yan excitedly refreshed the page and there was indeed a message.

The first one was from 'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World': *Hi Brother, are you an alien?*

*What was that supposed to mean?* Yan Rusheng read the message and he frowned in puzzlement.

He furrowed his eyebrows and replied: *What do you mean?*

'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World' typed: *Obviously, you've fallen for her. Don't TV dramas often have a similar plot involving childhood sweethearts? When they were young, they were at each other's throats like enemies. But in fact, they had fallen for each other.*

"Impossible!" Young Master Yan read the reply from 'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World' and he shouted in disbelief.

How could he have fallen in love with that damned woman? It was absolutely impossible.

He typed agitatedly and replied to 'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World': *It's impossible. That woman is stupid and fierce. In terms of taste and character, I'm way out of her league, alright?*

Furthermore, he still had Jiayin in his heart. With regards to her leaving without a goodbye, he was indeed still furious with her. But this had nothing to do with his love for her.

The angrier he was, the more he cared for her, right?

'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World' typed: *Young man, I know it's hard for you to accept the truth right now. I do pity your predicament but... the truth is, you love her. Of course.... I am against you being a third party and breaking up a loving couple.*

*Bullshit. This is irrelevant.* Young Master Yan was livid as he replied to her. Then he closed the laptop with a slam.

He stood up and walked in a huff towards the bathroom.

*Third party and loving couple? What kind of nonsense was that?*

It made no sense whatsoever and it was impossible for him to have fallen in love with that stupid woman, Wen Xuxu. Not in this lifetime.

...

The next morning, Xuxu reported to work early. She glanced at Wen Xinyi's empty seat and sighed helplessly.

She was still absent.

She was depressed at the thought of Wen Xinyi being absent for a week. Yan Rusheng didn't even bother and furthermore, Wang Daqin wasn't looking for a replacement.

It didn't seem right for her to keep staying on indefinitely as a replacement.

Xuxu cursed silently as she walked towards her seat.

She sat down, stored her bag away and switched on the computer.

While she waited for the computer to power up, she played with the furry doll that she'd chucked away at a corner. She pouted and chided herself, "I shouldn't have promised Grandmother, now I've boarded a pirate ship and it's too late to get out."

*Pirate ship?*

*Did that mean my Flourish & Prosper is a pirate ship?*

Yan Rusheng couldn't sleep at all last night after what 'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World' had said. So he came to work early that morning.

He was about to brew some coffee for himself. The moment he opened the door, he heard Wen Xuxu complaining to the doll.

His gorgeous face immediately fell and he glared furiously at the furry doll.

"Wen Xuxu, black coffee with no sugar."

Behind her, Xuxu heard Yan Rusheng's cold voice and got a shock. She spun around. "President Yan, why are you here so early?"