

## Elite Doting 1381

### Chapter 1381: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Seven)

'Two days ago, he called me. He said that you've promised to marry him...'

It really surprised Xuxu when she heard what Yan Weihong said. It touched her heart as well.

It had never crossed her mind that he would be so excited and delighted regarding the proposal. He even had to call just to inform his father of the good news.

And he made a call to Yan Weihong even if they rarely seemed to talk or have much interaction with each other.

The bond between a father and a son runs deep indeed.

"Yan Weihong, when did that fellow call you? Why wasn't I informed?" Mu Li replied with a frown. She then eyed Yan Weihong.

She couldn't accept this fact.

She was much closer to their son and they usually talked more as well...

His proposal to Xuxu was a success, but why wasn't she the first person to be informed?

Yan Weihong smirked as he glanced at Mu Li. He could barely conceal the triumph in his tone as he said, "You think too highly of yourself."

Mu Li was speechless...

Yan Weihong didn't give Mu Li any chance to rebut and he softly spoke, "When it's Chinese New Year, invite your grandfather over to celebrate together. We can discuss the wedding, too."

Xuxu felt a little shy and her face was crimson red. She put on a smile and said, "We already have children. Let's... just have a simple wedding."

She really didn't have the intention to plan a grand or elaborate wedding. All she wanted was to stand beside him in a wedding gown.

She wanted to experience how it was to be a bride and to walk down the aisle with her loved one.

"It's decided then." Yan Weihong ignored Xuxu with a firm conclusion.

Xuxu nodded with an 'Mm'.

It delighted Su Yue. "Third sister-in-law, I want to be your bridesmaid at your wedding with Third Brother."

"Sounds good." Mu Li nodded in approval at Su Yue's suggestion. "Jiao Chen can be the best man, and both of you would look so compatible and perfect."

Su Yue bent her head and whispered, "Second Aunt, I broke up with him."

It startled Mu Li. "You broke up with Jiao Chen?"

“Yeah,” said Su Yue in a hushed tone.

Mu Li furrowed her eyebrows and pressed on. “Why did you break up?”

Without waiting for Su Yue to answer, in a deep voice, Yan Weihong said, “Isn’t it normal for young people these days to break up? Don’t make a fuss over it. Finish your food.”

Mu Li was an observant woman. Judging from Su Yue’s expression, she knew she wouldn’t get any answer from her. Hence she didn’t retort.

After breakfast, Su Yue left the house with two bulging bags of stuff. Xuxu gazed at her quietly—the words she was trying to say was stuck in her mouth.

The chauffeur was already waiting for her in the car. Su Yue turned around and waved goodbye to Xuxu. “Third sister-in-law, I’m leaving.”

After that, she raised her feet and walked towards the car.

“Yueyue!” Xuxu abruptly called out for her.

Su Yue stopped and warily asked, “Third sister-in-law, what’s wrong?”

Xuxu hesitated and pondered for a moment. “Ming Ansheng and you...”

Su Yue casually interjected, “Third sister-in-law, I’m dating Uncle Ming now.”

She may seem confident on the surface, but she was actually really anxious and nervous.

Xuxu wasn’t in the least surprised by her announcement. She merely put on a helpless and a faint smile.

“Got it.” She nodded and waved back. “Go to school.”

### **Chapter 1382: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Eight)**

Su Yue warily observed her. “Third sister-in-law, are you angry?”

“Silly girl.” Xuxu smiled, patting her head. “Both of you are single. Why should I be angry?”

She was just worried that their relationship wouldn’t sail smoothly. She was worried that she’d suffer grievances.

It wasn’t because she didn’t believe in Ming Ansheng. But it would not be easy to gain the approval of his grandfather.

Besides, because of the Wen Xinyi incident, it had strained the ties between the two families. Ming Ansheng only had contact with them in secret.

They treated Su Yue like a treasure in their family, but Ming Ansheng’s grandfather was a prideful man who emphasized heavily on family status.

Would he agree to their relationship?

She didn’t want to see her pampered Su Yue suffer grievances elsewhere.

But all this wasn’t under anyone’s control.

Let nature take its course.

Su Yue heaved a sigh of relief. She was standing a step lower than Xuxu, so she peered up at her, her eyes glistening. "So... will you support us?"

Was she going too far?

She should thank her lucky stars that her third sister-in-law wasn't angry and she didn't scold her. Yet she still wanted her support?

Xuxu smiled. "I will support you as long as you think it's right and you're happy."

Su Yue was ecstatic. She hugged her tightly. "Thank you, third sister-in-law."

Xuxu patted her back and said, "You should go. I'll fetch you after your exam ends."

"Okay." Su Yue nodded and turned around, walking over to the car and hopping on.

Xuxu watched the black car leave the courtyard, and it vanished from her sight.

After some time, she retracted her gaze and sighed helplessly.

"What's wrong?"

Yan Rusheng asked from behind her.

Xuxu turned around to see him emerging from the house. He must've been too exhausted from last night. His eyes were still red.

And he looked lethargic and was trudging lazily.

Xuxu walked over to him, staring at his face. She was hesitant. She didn't know how to breach the topic.

But she felt that Yan Rusheng had to know about Su Yue and Ming Ansheng.

He would find out eventually, anyway.

"What happened? That little lass has left?" Yan Rusheng frowned, looking at her in confusion.

He felt like she had something to say to him, but she didn't know how to start.

He continued, "Are you going to give me a thumbs up because you forgot about it yesterday?"

Xuxu became annoyed. "Yan Rusheng, it's only morning and you're already spewing inappropriate things out of your mouth."

Yan Rusheng hugged her neck, sealing her lips with a kiss. He had just washed up, so the toothpaste scent was still lingering on him.

It made her feel refreshed. She pounded his chest with her fist and said, "I have something serious to tell you."

"Go ahead." Yan Rusheng nodded; his expression became more solemn.

Xuxu looked at him and hesitated again before saying, "Su Yue is dating Ming Ansheng."

Yan Rusheng's expression changed. He clenched his fists and cursed. "F\*ck. Does Ming Ansheng have any dignity?"

His concerns were the same as Xuxu. He knew deep down that Ming Ansheng's grandfather would not approve of it. And he knew that Ming Ansheng had always been under immense pressure all because of him.

Unlike Xuxu, Yan Rusheng objected to their relationship.

### **Chapter 1383: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Nine)**

The biggest reason for his objection was the fear that Su Yue might suffer.

Whenever Yan Rusheng is agitated, he raises his voice. Xuxu hurriedly looked back at the house and persuaded him softly, "Don't do this. Su Yue likes him too. Don't spread this matter, for Dad would definitely not be happy about it."

Everyone knew how Wen Xinyi had caused the death of his grandmother.

Yan Weihong didn't make them cut off all ties with Ming Ansheng, but that didn't mean that he will let Su Yue marry into the Ming family.

He definitely wouldn't give in easily.

It frustrated Yan Rusheng. "I didn't expect that fellow to harbor such ill intentions. He won her over without us knowing."

"That's right." Xuxu sighed. "We didn't think into it when he treated Yueyue so well. We thought that he treated her as a younger sister, but alas..."

She became frustrated too, and she sighed.

"Just he wait," Yan Rusheng promised in a menacing way.

It worried Xuxu that he would do something violent to Ming Ansheng. In her anxiousness, she asked, "What are you going to do?"

Yan Rusheng replied, "I'll make him kneel before me and call me\* 'Third Brother'.\*"

Xuxu was speechless. "..."

False alarm. To think that it worried her that he would beat Ming Ansheng up...

If he were to really teach Ming Ansheng a good lesson, at the end of the day, it was Su Yue who would get heartbroken the most.

Everyone has a right to love. They had no right to interfere.

All they could do was try their best to prevent Yueyue from getting hurt.

...

Su Yue alighted at the South entrance of A University. She jogged into school, excited to give Bai Jing her souvenir.

She knew that Bai Jing would love it.

When she reached her dorm room, she reached for her keys. "Bai Jing."

She shouted as she pushed open the door.

She darted her eyes to Bai Jing's bed only to see her still covered under the blanket, sleeping.

Her shout had woken her up.

Bai Jing peered out from under the covers and looked at Su Yue. She slowly sat up, rubbing her tired eyes. "You're back so early?"

"I missed you. I brought you a present," Su Yue said as she walked towards her.

She placed the bag of things on the floor and started taking stuff out piece by piece.

First, she took out a white scarf with pale pink edges. It was of a well-known brand.

Su Yue unfolded it and said to Bai Jing, "My third sister-in-law chose this for you. Isn't it beautiful?"

Then she wound it around a few times before placing it beside Bai Jing's neck as a measurement. She was about to nod and say that it looks good when Bai Jing suddenly pushed her hand away and frowned at the scarf. "It's fine. I think the colors are childish."

Su Yue's smile froze.

Bai Jing observed her change in expression and immediately explained with a smile, "You know me, I prefer more mature colors. I think this scarf suits you more."

She took the scarf from her and placed it around Su Yue's neck. She smiled and said, "It complements your skin color more."

"How does it not suit you?" Su Yue asked, pouting. "We're the same age. My third sister-in-law chose it, and even my third brother said it's beautiful."

#### **Chapter 1384: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Ten)**

In reality, whatever her third sister-in-law chose, Third Brother would say that it's beautiful.

Bai Jing's eyes brightened when she heard it. "Really?" she asked in excitement.

Then she realized that her reaction was too obvious, and so she hurriedly tried to cover it up. "Why do all of you think that it's beautiful? Is there a problem with my taste?"

She then took the scarf from her and hung it around her neck.

She looked down at the scarf. It had a lingering smell, and so she took a deep whiff as she closed her eyes. She looked up and nonchalantly asked, "Do you think it looks good on me?"

Su Yue nodded. "Yes. I think you look good."

She said as she adjusted it for her.

“Thank you then. And help me thank your third sister-in-law.” Bai Jing took it off and folded it delicately. She looked at her hands as they ran down the silky material.

Yan Rusheng’s slender fingers appeared in her mind. Did he touch this scarf?

Su Yue took out another gift and she told her about it. But Bai Jing was too lost in her own thoughts.

After a while, she lifted her head to ask Su Yue, “Did you guys spend a lot of time shopping in N City? Your third brother doesn’t look like a patient person, yet he was willing to accompany you and your third sister-in-law on a shopping spree?”

Deep down, she was extremely envious, even slightly jealous.

If only she could also have a guy who would pamper her and love her.

Su Yue smiled. “We shopped for a day. We spent the rest of the days touring.”

Bai Jing pursed her lips. “Was it fun in N City?”

“Yes! Let me tell you a secret,” Su Yue suddenly whispered in her ear. “Uncle Ming followed us on the sly.”

It confused Bai Jing. “On the sly? Your third brother didn’t know?”

She forgot about Xuxu. Her mind was fixed on one person.

Su Yue nodded. “Yes. No one knew, even my third sister-in-law.”

Then she said happily, “But I’ve already told my third sister-in-law this morning that I’m dating Uncle Ming. She wasn’t angry and she said that she’d support me.”

Bai Jing froze.

Looking at the ecstatic smile on Su Yue’s face, Bai Jing was deeply envious and jealous.

After a while, she asked, “Does your Uncle Ming’s family know?”

Su Yue replied, “His mother does, but not his grandfather.”

At the mention of his grandfather, Su Yue turned melancholic.

A strange expression flashed across Bai Jing’s eyes. “That’s good.”

Su Yue looked at the time and said, “I have to go. I’m going to Uncle Ming’s house so I’ll be back late. Let’s have a meal together tomorrow.”

Bai Jing nodded. “Sure. You should bring your Uncle Ming along so that he could give us a treat.”

“No problem.” Su Yue made an ‘ok’ sign with her hand before standing up, picking up her bag and walking out the door.

Bai Jing watched her leave, her expression dark and cold.

The door closed and she retracted her gaze. She stared at the gifts Su Yue had brought back for her. There were skincare products and small figurines.

She looked at them a while longer before scooping everything up and dumping them into the bag that Su Yue brought them in.

### **Chapter 1385: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Eleven)**

The winds were strong in the capital city for the past two days, and the haze as well.

From experience, hailing a ride at the South entrance was difficult. So Su Yue headed straight towards the main entrance.

She tucked her hands into her pink woolen jacket. She retracted her neck and pulled her clothes tighter around herself, bowing her head as she strode forward.

As she walked, she was thinking about what to give Ming Ansheng as a surprise.

Just for this, she never contacted him since she got back.

Ming Ansheng should be at work. So she would have the entire day to prepare.

That was sufficient.

But what should she prepare?

The only thing she could come up with was a candlelit dinner. Although it seemed old-fashioned, it would pleasantly surprise Uncle Ming if she prepared everything herself. He would love it.

So, it was settled then.

Su Yue imagined his face of shock when he came home from work to see the candlelit dinner she had prepared. She smiled sweetly.

A cold gust of wind blew and she lifted her head.

Her smile stiffened when she saw a couple walking towards her. The handsome and cheery boy was smiling warmly.

Like the warm sun shining through the haze.

The girl beside him was wearing a deep blue woolen sweater, with a champagne red scarf around her neck. Her hair reached her waist and she was carrying a few books, exuding an air of elegance that of a gentlewoman.

Graceful and demure.

A mixture of emotions filled Su Yue as she watched them.

She halted in her steps before continuing her walk.

“Let’s go together the day after tomorrow.”

The girl lifted her head to look at the boy beside her but he stared forward, giving no reaction. She frowned in confusion. "Jiao Chen...?"

She then followed his gaze.

Shock filled her face when she saw Su Yue. Her bright eyes lost some initial sparkle.

They were walking towards each other and they finally came face to face.

Jiao Chen loved the color white. He was wearing a white down coat and had his hands tucked into the pockets of his black jersey shorts.

He plainly stared at Su Yue, his lips pressed together and not saying a word.

Su Yue looked at him. "Jiaojiao."

Her gaze fell on the girl standing beside him. She remembered addressing him as Jiaojiao earlier, and she hurriedly opened her mouth to explain herself.

Jiao Chen suddenly spoke. "Why are you wearing so little?"

He frowned and stared at her clothes, unable to hide the concern in his voice.

"Is it little?" Su Yue asked. The tip of her nose and her face had already turned red from the cold. She sniffed and rubbed her nose, mucus flowing. She flashed an embarrassed smile. "I'm fine. It's not cold."

She didn't expect it to be so cold when she left the house earlier that day.

All she could think about was dressing up for Uncle Ming.

When she alighted from the car earlier, she still felt fine. But now, it seemed exceptionally cold.

Jiao Chen laughed, revealing his perfect white teeth. His voice was affectionate as he teased, "Do you have enough fats to withstand this weather that's below zero degrees?"

The warmest temperature that day was below zero degrees.

"I'm less susceptible to cold," Su Yue smiled and said. She then added, "You're heading back to the dormitory?"

Jiao Chen nodded. "I came from the counselor's."

### **Chapter 1386: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twelve)**

"Oh." Su Yue nodded, her gaze once again falling on the girl beside him. She stood quietly on the side.

Su Yue felt that they were very compatible. She didn't know why.

"You should go ahead since you're busy. I'll make a move." She waved at Jiao Chen.

She then walked past him.



She had taken two steps when Jiao Chen called out to her. "Su Yue."

"Hmm?" Su Yue stopped and turned around. It confused her.

He frowned, his eyes melancholic. He stared at her face, falling into a reverie for a split second before a warm smile framed his face. "Goodbye."

Su Yue pressed her lips together and nodded. "Goodbye."

Jiao Chen smiled and turned around, listening to what the girl was saying to him.

Su Yue saw his side-view and she felt that he was smiling.

*'I'm the only one who can call you Jiaojiao...'*

She was lost in thought before she retracted her gaze. She took a deep breath and pressed her lips together, turning around.

Jiao Chen, we'll both find happiness.

...

Su Yue went to the supermarket to buy the ingredients needed for the candlelit dinner. She then hailed a cab and headed for his apartment.

The huge grocery bags did not tally with her small figure.

She carried them with great effort, trudging into his block. When she finally reached his house, she opened the door with the electric card.

She had been there a few times since they got together. Even Ming Ansheng personally cooked for her.

Ming Ansheng gave her a set of keys so that she could come whenever she wanted.

She opened the door and placed everything on the floor, panting.

The bags were heavy because there were two bottles of wine and lots of fruits.

The room wasn't well lit because of the haze. But it was neat and tidy.

Su Yue felt comforted. She felt this way whenever she came over.

Uncle Ming was much cleaner than her.

Su Yue swept her gaze across the living room and removed her outer jacket. She opened the shoe cabinet and changed into her slippers.

After which, she carried the bags into the kitchen.

She started preparing for her surprise.

She had never cooked before, so she relied completely on the web.

After she had completed all her preparations, she sat on the sofa and watched some television. She then set an alarm and took a short nap before proceeding with her plan.

She had to look at her phone after every step, and she was clumsy.

After the water in the pot had boiled, she opened the cover and poured the raw fish slices into it.

She coated the fish slices with cornstarch so the whole clump slid into the pot, causing the water to splash out. It scalded her hand and she quickly withdrew her arm.

She hissed as she accidentally grazed the side of the pot. The scorching metal burned her and she jumped.

Her burnt area immediately turned red.

She hurriedly washed it under cold water. The water in the pot continued boiling and steam emitted.

Su Yue hurriedly looked at her phone, ignoring the pain in her arm. She continued following the procedure.

She was wearing Ming Ansheng's apron and it fell below her knees.

By the time the meal was ready, Su Yue's fair and dainty hands were scalded everywhere: first with water, followed by oil.

Next, she started setting up the table. She arranged two candles, two wine glasses, and the cutlery neatly.

### **Chapter 1387: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Thirteen)**

She turned off the lights and looked at the table, smiling in satisfaction. She murmured to herself, "Yes, this is the vibe I'm looking for."

She then turned the lights on again and walked to the sofa before sitting down.

She looked at the clock. It was already seven.

The sun had set but Ming Ansheng still wasn't home. Su Yue frowned in worry.

Uncle Ming used to come here once in a blue moon, but since they had gotten together, he had been staying here every day. Could he be staying somewhere else tonight?

She suddenly thought of this possibility and hurriedly picked up her phone to call him.

But his phone was turned off.

Why was his phone turned off? Su Yue looked at her phone screen, apparently confused.

After which, she sent him a message. "Uncle Ming, what are you doing? Why is your phone turned off?"

His phone was never turned off.

Or at least, this was the first time she had called him when his phone was powered off.

After she sent the message, she took off her slippers and walked to the coffee table. She anxiously waited for a reply.

But time ticked by and there were notifications from the phone in her hand.

Su Yue started to worry. She called him again but his phone was still turned off.

She sent another message: *'Uncle Ming, is your phone flat? I'm at your apartment. I prepared a big surprise for you. When are you coming back?'*

She sent message after message but there was no reply.

Su Yue curled up on the sofa, yawning again and again.

The chandelier above the dining table was still on and it was bright. Su Yue looked over and when she saw everything that she had so thoughtfully prepared, she felt empty.

She was slightly angry. She walked over and took a photo, sending it to him.

She sat on the sofa and flung her phone aside before turning the television on.

She wasn't in the mood to watch anything so she just browsed through the channels.

Not long after, she fell into a slumber...

...

Past midnight, a flight from N City landed in the capital city airport.

The handsome man in the business class took out his phone, turning it on with his slender fingers. The phone screen lit up.

A string of messages made his lips curl up in a smile.

Because it was from a certain someone.

He eagerly opened the messages.

His expression stiffened.

*'Uncle Ming, is your phone flat? I'm at your apartment. I prepared a big surprise for you. When are you coming back?'*

When he saw the picture she sent him, he seemed to forget that he was still on the plane. He stood up, only to realize that he hadn't unbuckled his seatbelt yet.

He unbuckled it quickly.

When the air stewardess saw this, she warily reminded him, "Sir, please sit down and buckle your seatbelt."

The plane was already slowing down, so Ming Ansheng ignored her words. He walked over to the exit, waiting by it.

When they touched down, he exited through the VIP lane and ran to the exit.

His car was waiting at the exit. The chauffeur smiled and greeted, "President."

"Take my luggage for me, then call a cab back," Ming Ansheng commanded. He gave him his flight number and opened the door, getting into the car.

Within seconds after he got onto the car, it vanished from the chauffeur's sight.

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Ming Ansheng opened his door. The house was bright since all the lights were on. His gaze swept through the entire living room, but he didn't see Su Yue.

### **Chapter 1388: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Fourteen)**

His gaze lingered on the dining table for a few seconds. Frustration and self-accusation filled him up.

Without changing out of his shoes, he entered the front porch and looked towards the sofa.

The small girl was curled up in a corner of the sofa. If he didn't look closely, he might have missed her.

"Yueyue," Ming Ansheng called out as he rushed over to her. He bent over and scooped her up.

It woke her up.

Su Yue sleepily opened her eyes. She pouted when she saw the familiar, handsome face. "Uncle Ming, why did you turn off your phone?"

It was as if she was sleep-talking. She closed her eyes and had no further movement.

Ming Ansheng's heart ached. He couldn't hold in his longing for her. His... love for her.

He hugged her tightly in his arms, and he kissed her smooth face with his soft lips. "Yueyue, will you wake up to have a candlelit dinner with me?"

Su Yue was already in a peaceful sleep, and she found Ming Ansheng annoying. She pushed him away and said, "No. I want to sleep, don't disturb me."

"Yueyue, eat with me. Or else I won't let you sleep." He placed her down and crushed his huge body on hers.

She wouldn't be able to sleep under his weight no matter how tired she was.

Su Yue opened her eyes and frowned at the man who was crushing her.

"*Hmph.* You're back so late, the food has turned cold. Everything has turned cold. My heart has turned cold."

She then pouted and looked away from him in anger.

Ming Ansheng held her face in her hands and smiled. "It's my fault. I'm sorry. I'll punish myself with three shots, alright?"

Su Yue refuted angrily. "Three shots aren't enough. You have to drink one bottle."

Three shots were too lenient a punishment. She had spent the entire day preparing for this. Her initially adrenaline-pumping heart was now cold.

And the wounds on her hand were still hurting.

Ming Ansheng frowned. He looked at her unsurely. "Are you sure you want me to drink one bottle?"

He had a sly expression.

Su Yue couldn't tell what he was thinking. She remained adamant. "It has to be one bottle. You're not allowed to negotiate, or else you must drink two bottles."

"Alright." Ming Ansheng nodded. He patted her head lightly. "Little one, don't regret later."

Su Yue snorted. " *Hmph* , why would I regret?"

Ming Ansheng grinned slyly and didn't reply to her. He leaned downwards and kissed her on the lips.

He bent over and carried her, carrying her to the dining table. "You have to eat with me."

To get the effect of a candlelit dinner, Su Yue only arranged two chairs at the ends of the table and placed the remaining chairs elsewhere.

Ming Ansheng pulled out a chair and placed her down on it.

He then kissed her forehead. "Darling, I'll go wash my hands."

He stood straight and walked over to the washroom.

Su Yue watched him leave and froze. What did Uncle Ming call her just now?

*'Darling?'*

She blushed and got goosebumps.

Ming Ansheng emerged from the washroom. He saw her staring in his direction with a blush on her face, but he didn't know what had made her so shy.

### **Chapter 1389: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Fifteen)**

He raised his eyebrow. His interest at a peak, he asked, "What were you thinking about that it made you so shy?"

Su Yue blushed even harder. She mumbled, "Uncle Ming, you're so annoying."

Ming Ansheng frowned in confusion. "How am I annoying?"

"You actually called me *'darling'* ," Su Yue explained in a soft voice that is almost a whisper.

“So that’s why.” Ming Ansheng smiled. He stood opposite her and asked, “Do you like me calling you that?”

Under the lighting, his smile looked wicked and flirtatious.

Su Yue nodded unabashedly and lifted her head to look at him. She warned, “But you can’t call me that in front of others.”

Ming Ansheng nodded and agreed. “It’s not meant to be heard by others.”

Su Yue blinked.

Ming Ansheng said, “Let’s eat.”

Su Yue picked up her fork and knife and started to cut the steak. But she hadn’t realized that she couldn’t slice through it at all.

She recalled her painstaking preparation efforts and angrily put down her cutlery. “It’s cold. It can’t slice through it.”

“I’ll heat it up.” Ming Ansheng stood up and picked up his plate hers as well.

He then entered the kitchen.

Su Yue followed after him and stopped at the entrance.

The kitchen was in a mess and it took him a while to find a place to put the plates down.

He picked up the microwavable containers and placed the steak in the microwave.

After which, he put on his apron and placed the dirty bowls into the sink.

Su Yue leaned against the door frame and watched the man busy himself. Seeing his beautiful hands holding the cloth made her feel warm inside.

“Uncle Ming, did you cook for all the women you slept with before?” Su Yue suddenly asked.

Ming Ansheng was speechless.

This little lass. Why did she mention this in the middle of the night?

She sounded nonchalant, but his answer had to be well-thought and satisfactory.

Or else, she would definitely lock herself in the bedroom tonight.

He put on a calm smile. “Of course not. I don’t have such women.”

“Don’t lie. Lu Yanan said that you slept with someone when you were seventeen.” Su Yue glared at him. “It almost slipped my mind. *Hmph!*”

She then stomped and walked towards the sofa.

Ming Ansheng chased after her. “Yueyue, how could you believe what Lu Yanan said?”

Su Yue looked at him and asked, “You mean that you didn’t lose your virginity at seventeen?”

Ming Ansheng frowned. "Can't we let the past stay in the past?"

"Why should we?" Su Yue pouted. "You're feeling guilty, right?"

Ming Ansheng was indeed feeling guilty. But he knew that he couldn't show it in front of Su Yue.

He walked over and sat down beside her. He hugged her waist and cajoled, "I've never cooked for anyone before. You'll be the first and last person I'll ever cook for."

This tactic worked on girls like her. Su Yue smiled, but she still looked angry. She coolly said, "Don't talk to me until you've finished one bottle of wine."

Ming Ansheng nodded. "Alright, I'll drink it now."

### **Chapter 1390: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Sixteen)**

He then stood up and took a bottle of wine from the dining table. He stood before Su Yue and chugged.

Su Yue watched his throat bob up and down, and she was worried that he would choke. So she tried to talk to him so that he could take a break. "You haven't told me why your phone was turned off the entire night."

Ming Ansheng's throat stopped moving for a few seconds. He then put the glass down and answered seriously, "I was on a plane."

Su Yue was shocked. "You were on a plane?"

Didn't he leave before them yesterday? Why was he on a plane?

Could he have flown somewhere else after?

"Yes." Ming Ansheng nodded. "I didn't have the chance to tell you. Something cropped up in Country M two days ago, so I had to postpone my flight by a day. I only saw your message when the plane landed."

"What cropped up?" Su Yue asked without thinking. "Is it regarding your work with that Dasmond?"

Ming Ansheng shook his head. "No. It's my friend. He's sick and I happened to be around so I went to visit him."

"Oh." Su Yue nodded to express her understanding.

She didn't bother asking who his friend was. She trusted him wholeheartedly.

"Did you skip dinner?" Ming Ansheng changed the topic. He then continued chugging the wine.

Su Yue patted her belly. "I ate as I cooked. I was full a long time ago."

Ming Ansheng's gaze fell on her hand, which was rubbing her tummy. There were a few red spots at the back of her arm, some were even blisters.

He quickly placed the wine bottle down and grabbed her hand, pulling it closer to him. He carefully observed it and his heart felt like it was breaking into two. "Silly girl, don't enter the kitchen anymore."

Having someone's heart ache for you was bliss. Su Yue enjoyed the feeling and she couldn't help but show him her childish side. "Don't you wish for me to be more domesticated?"

Ming Ansheng shook his head. "I don't need you to be. I don't need you to do anything."

Su Yue's eyes glimmered. "Really?"

Ming Ansheng nodded confidently.

"Alright then, I'm going to sleep in the small room. Sleep after you've finished the bottle." She pulled her hand out of his grasp and walked towards the room that she had slept in earlier on.

Ming Ansheng was speechless.

He stared after her for a while before he came to his senses.

Hey! This little lass learned how to set traps, and he had fallen into it unknowingly.

He grabbed the bottle of wine and stood up, sprinting over to her and sliding into the room before she could close the door.

"Yueyue." Ming Ansheng wound his arm around her waist, the wine bottle in his other hand.

He closed the door with his foot and took a swig. He then kissed her lips.

A mouthful of wine was delivered into her mouth.

"Yueyue, give it to me." Ming Ansheng kissed her as he pushed her towards the bed.

Su Yue nodded before delivering the wine back into his mouth.

Ming Ansheng was speechless.