

Elite Doting 1391

Chapter 1391: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Seventeen)

F*ck. He wasn't referring to the wine!

He saw the sly gleam in her eye and he knew that she was feigning ignorance. She was teasing him.

"Alright, little one. You're getting naughty." Ming Ansheng pushed her onto the bed and sat on her, pinning her down as a form of restraint.

He then placed the wine bottle to his mouth and continued chugging.

He drank almost half the bottle at once.

He was chugging too much that he couldn't swallow in time, so the red liquid leaked out of the corners of his mouth and dripped down his fair skin, flowing down his bobbing throat.

It was incredibly sexy.

Su Yue was in a daze. She didn't know what he was trying to do. She didn't believe that he was doing this just because she ordered him to finish the entire bottle.

"Uncle Ming, what are you doing?" she asked.

Ming Ansheng removed the bottle from his lips. It was almost empty and it stained his lips exceptionally red.

He smiled. "Just drinking to liven things up!"

He finished the remaining wine and threw the bottle aside, lying down to kiss her.

'Oh....'

Su Yue had grown accustomed to his ways in bed. She now knew him at the back of her hand.

She knew exactly when to protest or give in to his advances. Young Master Ming couldn't get enough of her.

As the saying went: *'When a woman is too beautiful, no man could ever resist her.'*

...

"President."

"President."

Ming Ansheng entered the company in a tuxedo. People started greeting him and he nodded back.

There was even a faint smile on his face.

The lifts were the busiest from eight-thirty to nine in the morning. Both lifts were filled.

Ming Ansheng tucked his hands into his pockets and walked over. Immediately, the crowd parted for him so that he could enter first.

“You guys can join me,” Ming Ansheng said plainly.

Usually, in such a circumstance, everyone would wait for the next lift, and the big boss would take the lift alone.

Ming Ansheng didn’t enjoy squeezing in the lift with a crowd, so he never objected.

But today, he actually invited them to take the same lift?!

Everyone was sizing him up carefully and they realized that he had become more refreshed after disappearing for a few days.

Although he had invited them, nobody was willing to take the same lift as him. They nodded and said that they would take the next lift.

Ming Ansheng let them be and closed the lift doors.

One side of the lift was a mirror and he turned towards it. He looked at his reflection and frowned.

Then he pursed his lips.

Was he usually that scary? Why didn’t they dare to take the same lift as him?

He frowned again and puffed up his cheeks, looking downwards... mimicking Su Yue.

The security guard in the surveillance room was drinking a glass of water. When he saw the big boss acting adorable in the lift, he spat the water onto the screens.

‘Did boss take the wrong medication today?’

...

After the trip to Country M, it had considerably lifted Ming Ansheng’s mood.

Before, when he saw the news that Su Yue and Jiao Chen had spent the night together in his dorm, he thought that she had already slept with him.

Although he felt terrible, he didn’t mind.

But that night, he had carefully sounded her out.

Chapter 1392: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Eighteen)

He said that her first time would be painful, and she replied that she was the least afraid of pain. It overjoyed him.

Yueyue was entirely his.

What exciting news!

It lifted his mood, and so his efficiency at work got boosted, too. He didn't feel stressed by the pile of work before him.

The morning passed smoothly and happily.

"President, it's lunchtime. What would you like to eat today?"

The secretary had knocked on the door and entered. He was now standing before him.

Ming Ansheng glanced up at him and replied, "Buy whatever you deem fit."

"Alright." His secretary nodded and left.

Ming Ansheng continued burying himself in work. He then heard the secretary's voice at the doorway.

"Chairman."

Ming Ansheng's face fell when he heard it and he looked at the door.

Ming Zhongsheng entered his office. He was in a black sweater and he adjusted his scarf as he walked in.

Ming Ansheng knew that he wouldn't be able to get any work done for the time being. He removed his hands from his laptop and picked up his mug, slowly leaning back in his seat.

He stared at the old man who was heading towards him while slowly drinking his tea.

"Where were you the past few days?" Ming Zhongsheng interrogated.

Ming Ansheng raised his eyebrow. He casually replied, "Didn't Secretary Li tell you?"

Ming Zhongsheng stated, "Third Yan and his wife, as well as that lass, were also in N City."

Ming Ansheng smiled. "Grandfather, you've done your research."

His tone was full of sarcasm.

Ming Zhongsheng turned stern. He asked in a cold tone, "Are you bent on going against me?"

"This seems to be the first time I'm going against you after all these years." Ming Ansheng put down his mug and stood up. He walked towards Ming Zhongsheng and said, "Grandfather, why are you so different from Grandfather Jiang and Grandfather Lu?"

At times, he really envied them.

Since they were young, they had a say in their choice of universities, courses, and partners.

Among the group, he was the only one who started learning management from a young age. He was tasked with assignments that were beyond his age.

Ming Zhongsheng was furious. "Are you saying that I'm incomparable to them?"

"This time, I won't listen to you no matter what," Ming Ansheng declared. Then his voice softened as he added, "I'm asking for your blessing, just this once."

He wanted Su Yue. Just this once, he wanted his grandfather's blessings. He wanted everyone's support and blessing.

His grandfather had never ever supported or agreed to any of his decisions.

He really wished for his blessings, just this once.

Although they were always quarreling, deep down, he still respected him as his grandfather.

After all, he was the one his grandmother was worried about, even on her deathbed.

Ming Zhongsheng snorted, adamant. "I will let you date anyone but that illegitimate daughter from the Yan family."

That was the furthest he could go.

Ming Ansheng was determined as well. "I don't want anyone else but her."

Ming Zhongsheng became frustrated. He frowned and glared at Ming Ansheng. "We have not settled the issue with the Tang family yet. Are you trying to send me to my grave?"

Ming Ansheng replied, "I will settle with the Tangs. I hope you will stop interfering with my personal life."

Chapter 1393: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Nineteen)

His words seemed to come with a room for negotiation, but it filled his tone with a warning.

Ming Zhongsheng snorted. "From the day I groomed you to be the next successor, you had no personal life."

"Grandfather, I can really do without Bright Vision." He looked at him with a face of seriousness.

Suddenly, his eyes turned slightly red. "I'm exhausted after all these years. If I could turn back time to 16 years ago, I wouldn't rebel. I would listen to you and accept any assignments you gave me. I won't slip away to skip studying. Then, grandmother wouldn't have died and I wouldn't need to carry so many burdens."

His grandmother's burdens.

However, Ming Zhongsheng didn't give in. He remained adamant. "Even so, I will not agree with your relationship with the illegitimate daughter of the Yan's."

"This time, I won't listen to your orders no matter what."

"I won't give up on Su Yue," he added with utmost determination.

Ming Zhongsheng clenched his fists behind his back. He gritted his teeth and he turned green.

But at that time, he held in his anger and chose not to yell at him.

He nodded in distaste and said, "Ming Ansheng, you're going to defy your grandfather because of an illegitimate daughter?"

He then turned away and stomped out of the room.

Ming Ansheng watched the slightly hunchbacked man leave, and he clenched his fists.

When Ming Zhongsheng left, Ming Ansheng looked up and took a shaky breath.

All these complicated emotions had tortured him.

But this time, he would not let go of Su Yue. He wouldn't give up no matter what.

...

Ming Ansheng's call had woken Su Yue, reminding her that she had an exam that day.

She hurriedly got out of bed and rushed straight to the exam venue in the nick of time.

The whole semester, she had basically been sleeping in class, and so the exam caught her off guard.

She only managed to do a few simple questions.

She couldn't figure out the answers for the other questions, so she chose an option at random for the multiple-choice questions.

She finished it early. She glanced over her answers one last time before handing it up.

She handed her results in before the top student. Everyone was shocked.

Even the teacher was shocked.

Su Yue ignored their gazes and turned it in, confidently leaving the venue.

Outside the venue, she rubbed her grumbling belly and quickened her pace, preparing to have a good meal.

She went down the stairs, turned around, and then froze.

"Jiaojiao?"

Jiao Chen was standing at the end of the right side of the staircase. He was wearing a white down jacket. He was leaning against the wall, his hands in his pockets, earphones plugged in.

He turned to look at her and flashed a faint smile. He then took his earphones off.

"You're waiting for someone?" Su Yue asked.

Jiao Chen nodded. "I was waiting for you."

It startled Su Yue.

He looked at Su Yue and plainly said, "I'm going home tomorrow. Let's have a meal."

Su Yue didn't hesitate. She smiled and nodded. "Sure."

Then she added, "You're going home tomorrow. To your mum's?"

"To that person's house." Jiao Chen lifted his head, continuing, "It's my grandmother's 90th birthday."

Chapter 1394: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty)

Su Yue looked at the side of his face, pressed her lips together, and said nothing.

It was the holidays and everyone was leaving the school. There were many people carrying boxes around.

It had been snowing in the capital city, but there were still a few wilted leaves remaining on the tree branches, tenaciously clinging on, but eventually falling to the ground.

Su Yue and Jiao Chen walked side by side. From their back views, they looked like a pair.

Su Yue followed his pace. When she lifted her head, she realized that they had already reached the food street outside the East entrance.

The place where she had her first meal with Jiao Chen.

Although many students had already left, the street was still bustling with activity.

"I want to eat that." Su Yue smiled and pointed at a place selling spicy hotpot.

Sticks were pierced through strings of food and cooked in a large pot of spicy soup.

Su Yue ran over, picked up a stick, and began eating. As she ate, she continued choosing other sticks of food and placing it on a plate that the stall owner passed to her.

Jiao Chen stood by her side, watching her. She was looking through the sticks of food in all seriousness to find the ones that she liked. A gentle smile unconsciously formed on his face.

"Boss, that's all. I'll have them on the go. How much do these cost?" Su Yue said, passing him the plate.

She then tried to reach her pocket and it suddenly hit her that she had forgotten to bring her wallet out.

"That would be 14 dollars," the stall owner replied.

Jiao Chen spoke up from beside her. "Here."

His slender fingers were holding a twenty-dollar note, and he passed it to the owner.

Su Yue took the bag of food from the owner, somewhat relieved. Immediately, she took another stick out and began eating.

After paying, they continued walking forward.

The street wasn't long but from the start until the end, they still attracted the attention of the crowd.

But they were calm. They were used to it.

On their way back, Su Yue's tummy was finally full. She held a cup of hot milk tea, drinking as she walked.

"Su Yue," Jiao Chen suddenly called.

She lifted her head and looked at him in confusion. "Yes?"

They didn't say a word the entire walk. She would eat whatever she liked and Jiao Chen would follow after her, settling the bill.

Jiao Chen didn't take the initiative to strike a conversation.

So when he suddenly called out to her, she was confused. Did he have something to tell her?

Jiao Chen smiled. "Happy new year."

Su Yue pressed her lips together and smiled. "It's still too early for that."

"I don't know what I should say," Jiao Chen admitted, looking downwards, a face of helplessness.

He really wanted to talk to her, to hear her voice, but he didn't know what to say.

Su Yue's heart skipped a beat. She looked at him and hesitated. "Then, you can wish me a happy new year."

Actually, she didn't know what to say either.

They knew each other so well, yet she felt like he was a stranger. Every time she saw him since they broke up, she wanted to talk to him, but she didn't know what to say.

She felt that they shouldn't be so distant.

Jiao Chen nodded. "Happy new year."

He then lowered his head and looked at Su Yue's small hand, which hung by her side. His fingers trembled in his pockets.

Even the longest roads had its ending.

Su Yue never imagined that during her next meeting with Jiao Chen, they would be so far apart...

...

She had finished her milk tea. Su Yue walked with her head bowed, out of habit.

Suddenly, a deep voice called out from in front of her. "Su Yue."

Su Yue looked over to see an old man, with a head full of white hair, waiting by the dormitory entrance. He was staring at her. Confused, she slowed her pace and scanned him from head to toe.

Chapter 1395: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty One)

The old man was wearing a black sweater and his hands behind his back. He was standing on the steps, his chest puffed out as he watched Su Yue.

Su Yue sized him up in confusion. She found him slightly familiar, but she definitely hadn't seen the man before.

"I'm Ming Ansheng's grandfather."

Ming Zhongsheng introduced himself, knowing that she was trying to figure out his identity.

He tilted his chin up slightly, looking at her with a condescending gaze.

It gave off neither close nor distant feel.

Shock flashed across her face. Uncle Ming's grandfather...?

Goodness, Uncle Ming's grandfather came to find her. She opened her mouth in shock, at a loss.

She bowed her head and remained silent.

Ming Zhongsheng sized her up before plainly saying, "I came to talk to you about your relationship with Ming Ansheng."

"Grandfather, I like Uncle Ming very much, and he likes me too." Su Yue didn't know where her sudden surge of bravery came from, but she lifted her head to talk to him.

When she saw his grave expression, she trembled and hurriedly bowed her head, her voice lowering in volume as she added, "Can you not object to our relationship?"

Although she had never seen him before, he was her greatest consideration.

She had been thinking of how to earn the approval of the old man.

So that he would agree to their relationship.

"Little lass, do you understand Ming Ansheng?" Ming Zhongsheng asked.

He then walked down the steps slowly.

Su Yue turned around and followed after him. She nodded gently and replied with an 'mm'.

Ming Zhongsheng turned to look at her with a mocking smile. "How well do you understand him?"

Her heart was written on her sleeves, and one could see right through her with just a glance. If put nicely, she was innocent and pure; but to be blunt, she was foolish.

How could she be good enough for Ming Ansheng? How was she fit to be the future mistress of the Ming family?

How well did she know him? Su Yue bowed her head and remained silent. She didn't know how well she understood him. But she knew that she definitely didn't know him well enough.

But this didn't affect their relationship. Weren't they very happy now?

She would understand him better in the time to come.

Seeing that Su Yue remained silent, Ming Zhongsheng continued, "Do you know his past?"

Su Yue knew that he was trying to broach a topic. And no matter what he said, it was definitely an attempt to break them apart.

Her head remained hung low and she didn't say a word.

Then Ming Zhongsheng continued, "Perhaps your third brother and third sister-in-law told you some stuff about him. But do you really know him well enough? There is an age gap of eight years between the two of you. He entered society when he was of a young age. Age isn't the only generation gap between both of you."

His words became sharper. "He is carrying a heavy burden and workload. How much can you help him?"

She looked at him and said with determination, "I will. I can learn. I will grow up too."

Her eyes glimmered with determination.

She would be as smart as her third sister-in-law for sure, by then she could share Uncle Ming's workload.

She could learn anything, just like cooking.

Ming Zhongsheng saw the innocence in her eyes and flashed a mocking smile.

Suddenly, he lifted his head and sighed. "Out of all the girls he had, Meiduo was still the best person for him."

Su Yue froze. "Wh-what?"

Chapter 1396: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty Two)

Uncle Ming's grandfather knew Meiduo?

She was beyond confused as she looked at the old man. He seemed to imply that Uncle Ming and Meiduo had a past.

Ming Zhongsheng feigned confusion. "You don't know Meiduo?"

Su Yue bowed her head. She whispered, "I do."

Although she could tell that Meiduo liked Uncle Ming, they only seemed to be good friends.

Did the two of them really have a relationship in the past?

Su Yue recalled Ming Ansheng and Meiduo interactions during the time he had brought her to Meiduo's house for the tattoo.

Although Meiduo kept bantering with Ming Ansheng, he never gave her weird glances or had any unusual actions.

Ming Zhongsheng had a smug look when he saw Su Yue's reaction. "Ansheng dated her when he was eighteen. They dated for a few years. Didn't you know?"

Su Yue's heart skipped a beat. Uncle Ming dated Meiduo when he was eighteen...

They had a shared past, yet she couldn't tell during their first meeting.

Su Yue's hands, which were in her pockets, were clenched into fists. She suppressed her whirl of complicated emotions and stared at Ming Zhongsheng. "Then... why did they break up?"

They dated for a few years, so why did they break up?

They were so harmonious, and they even joked with each other. Who would have known that they were ex-lovers?

'Are you sure you want the tattoo on your chest?'

'When you have a boyfriend in the future and he kisses you here, wouldn't you feel weird?'

But why? Why did Uncle Ming bring her to his ex-girlfriend to get a tattoo?

Was it because he hadn't fallen for her yet?

'Uncle Ming, why is her house empty?'

'She lives overseas and only comes back for two years during the summer.'

Su Yue recalled her first meeting with Meiduo. She had an enchanting smile and was always teasing her—not forgetting the many furtive glances she gave Ming Ansheng...

She couldn't imagine—didn't want to imagine—how intimate they might have been and how many beautiful memories they had forged together.

"I objected to their relationship. Meiduo wasn't born into a good family, so she was of no help to Ming Ansheng," Ming Zhongsheng explained before glancing at her. "But compared to you, she was at least strong and independent, with great capabilities."

In his eyes, Su Yue was worthless. She was born into a noble family, and furthermore, she was an illegitimate daughter.

In comparison, Meiduo had enough capabilities to support Ming Ansheng in his career.

Su Yue's heart clenched. "They broke up because of your objection?"

He gave Meiduo up because his grandfather didn't approve of their relationship?

When Su Yue heard about Ming Ansheng's past with Meiduo, the first thing that came to her mind was his attitude.

Since his grandfather disapproved of their relationship, he would also give up on her, eventually?

Just when she was pondering this question, Ming Zhongsheng continued, "Ansheng is an obedient and filial grandson. His grandmother passed away to save him when he was ten. On her deathbed, she instructed him to listen to me, and he has been very obedient since then."

Chapter 1397: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty Three)

He paused to take in her reaction, before continuing, "From breaking up with Meiduo, to what university he went to, and eventually his engagement with Tang Feiling, he went with my arrangements. Do you think he will go against me, for you?"

Su Yue suddenly became furious. "Why did you do that? How would you feel if someone made you do something against your own wishes?"

She glared at him, her fists clenched by her sides.

Before she had met this old man, she was still thinking of ways to get into his good books.

Now, she realized that she didn't like this old man at all.

He was extremely annoying.

Ming Zhongsheng ignored her attitude and replied, "That's why I said, you're too pure. You're not suitable for Ming Ansheng."

"But Ming Ansheng likes me now. He likes me," Su Yue said stubbornly.

She knew that the old man had come to find her today hoping to get her to break up with Uncle Ming.

Although finding out about Uncle Ming's past with Meiduo affected her greatly, she refused to show it to the old man. She wouldn't let him have his way.

This old man was incorrigible. How was Uncle Ming forced to do things since he was young?

She felt that he was more pitiful than her.

Ming Zhongsheng snorted. "He liked Meiduo very much in the past as well. He did many rebellious acts, from getting into fights to smoking and getting tattoos."

Getting tattoos...

'The blackthorn apple on your Uncle Ming's waist looks way better...'

Su Yue's fists were clenched in her pockets and she put on a cheeky smile. She said, "All relationships work like this. You'll willingly do countless things for the other party."

She then blinked at him. "Grandfather Ming, haven't you dated before? Didn't you do all this for Grandmother Ming?"

Ming Zhongsheng's expression changed from embarrassment to fury.

Before he could reply, Su Yue continued, her words as sharp as daggers. "Uncle Ming helped me wash my clothes, cooked for me and went on a holiday with me to Country M. He sat on a rollercoaster and the childish carousel with me. He even caught many stuffed toys from the claw machine for me. He was willing to do anything for me."

Helped her wash her clothes...

Ming Zhongsheng turned furious when he heard it.

His grandson, president of Bright Vision, washed clothes and cooked for a woman?!

His reaction delighted Su Yue.

She continued, "It's cold outside. Grandfather, you should go home early before you catch a cold. I'll make a move."

She then turned around and walked into the dormitory.

Her small figure disappeared before him, and he watched in fury.

He didn't believe that he couldn't tear them apart.

...

Su Yue rushed into the dormitory and walked towards her bed. She fell onto it and buried her face under the blanket.

Uncle Ming loved someone else before her. The blackthorn apple represented his love full of loneliness and despair.

Meiduo must've tattooed the thorn apple on his waist for him.

Did... Did she have the same tattoo on her body as well?

Maybe, Meiduo had a cat tattoo on her chest as well. Or perhaps, the same mouse as Uncle Ming's instead.

Chapter 1398: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty Four)

She was still so naïve to think that she should tattoo a cat on her chest. A cat that would eat the mouse.

'Little lass, are you sure you want a tattoo on your chest?'

She still remembered that Meiduo had asked her with an enigmatic smile on her face. She even recalled how Meiduo had stolen a glance at Ming Ansheng.

Meiduo must have been laughing at her for being a fool. Ming Ansheng's tattoo of a mouse matched hers, and yet Su Yue must have been a joke to them.

Su Yue's tears fell like a string of broken pearls, and her tears soaked her bedsheets in no time.

She pressed her palm against her chest and it seemed to hurt. She had no idea if the pain was psychological.

She had accepted Ming Ansheng's past of having many women in his life. But the thought of a woman he loved dearly, who also had a matching tattoo as him was heartbreaking.

She couldn't accept it.

Meiduo's enchanting and alluring face repeatedly appeared in her mind.

Even she couldn't help but like Meiduo. She was independent, yet elegant and graceful. She was alluring in a refined and subtle way.

If Meiduo wasn't forced to leave Uncle Ming years ago, they would have been married by now.

And Su Yue would never be in the picture.

Su Yue had no idea when she stopped crying since she fell asleep. When she woke up, it was already night.

She fluttered her eyelids. The silence in the room was suffocating her.

Bai Jing's bed was empty, and it was neat and tidy. It appeared that she didn't come back at all.

Su Yue could feel that her eyes were swollen, and she had difficulty seeing things.

She rubbed her eyes and sat up. She peered at herself and realized she was still wearing the clothes she wore when she went out earlier on.

She rummaged in her pockets for her phone and clicked on the screen.

There were five missed calls. Two from Wen Xuxu, three from Ming Ansheng.

She had switched it to silent mode during her exam. After that, she bumped into Jiao Chen and forgot to check her phone for the rest of the afternoon.

Ming Ansheng sent her texts as well, asking her whereabouts and why she didn't pick up.

Even though it was just words, she could sense his anxiety and concern.

'Yueyue, call me when you see this. Or send me a text, alright?'

That was the last text and Su Yue stared intently at it.

If he had said the words, his tone would be soft and gentle.

Su Yue's tears flowed once again. She didn't reply to his text, neither did she call him back.

She had ignored him for the time being.

Su Yue removed her coat and hugged her pillow. It made her reminisce Ming Ansheng's warm embrace.

Just last night, he had hugged her to sleep, and with that, she had such a good sleep until morning.

His strong shoulders and chest belonged to Meiduo once.

When he hugged Meiduo, what did he say to her? Did he address her as darling? Did he kiss her often, in the midst of a conversation?

Her heart was in pain and she couldn't breathe.

Su Yue had no idea how she fell asleep for the second time.

Her head felt heavy and she felt dizzy.

She flipped over and glanced at the empty bed. Bai Jing's bed was just like last night.

Did Bai Jing go back home?

Chapter 1399: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty Five)

Third sister-in-law had tried her best to help Bai Jing the last time. Although Third Brother didn't agree to work with Grand Prosperity Molds, he still helped them clinch a major deal.

Her brother Lei Yong wouldn't force her again, would he?

Although Uncle Ming said that guys like Lei Yong had an insatiable appetite for greed, at least for now, he should stop bothering Bai Jing.

Hopefully, Bai Jing could be firm and leave that family.

Su Yue heavily sighed and shut her eyes.

At the same time, the door opened.

It could only be Bai Jing since only both of them had the keys to their room. Su Yue glanced towards the door's direction.

Bai Jing was wearing a dark red thick coat, and she carried a black handbag. The wind had messed up her long hair and her cheeks were rosy.

But she seemed fine.

She casually raised her head and met Su Yue's eyes. It startled her for a moment.

She hastened her footsteps towards Su Yue. "Su Yue, are you okay?"

Bai Jing sat on Su Yue's bed and gazed at her. "Why are your eyes swollen? You cried?"

She was quite certain.

Su Yue's red and swollen eyes were like light bulbs, and she must have cried for a long time.

Su Yue pouted and fell silent.

Bai Jing frowned. "Why did you cry? You looked as though you cried the entire night?"

She intently eyed Su Yue as she probed.

Su Yue replied, "I'm feeling upset, so I cried."

She wasn't just upset. She was unhappy, heartbroken and utterly dejected.

Bai Jing asked, "Why are you upset? Tell me about it."

"I'm fine now." Su Yue didn't feel like talking about how Ming Zhongsheng came to look for her yesterday. She steered the topic and asked, "Did you go back home yesterday?"

Bai Jing sensed that Su Yue was reluctant to tell her, and a cold gleam flashed in her eyes. She maintained a stoic expression and said, "Yeah. I had a family gathering so I went back in the afternoon."

When she finished talking, she continued staring at Su Yue.

The only person who could Su Yue make cry so badly had to be Ming Ansheng.

The last time she cried so badly was because Ming Ansheng lectured her in public.

Bai Jing thought for a moment before asking, "Exams have ended, so why didn't you go back? Uncle Ming didn't make plans with you?"

She closely surveyed Su Yue's face, and just like her tone, she was trying to probe further.

Su Yue smiled and replied, "What plans would we have? We stayed in Country M for a week, and we had enough fun."

She didn't tell Bai Jing about Ming Ansheng, but it was not because she didn't believe her.

She merely felt that it was hard to open up regarding such issues.

She was being hard on herself and she knew that she was being unreasonable. Even if she told Bai Jing, what could she possibly do to help her?

No matter how another person consoled her, she needed to make sure she was ready to accept and get over it herself.

She wasn't in the picture years ago, so she shouldn't be harping on the past.

She understood but she just couldn't accept it.

Bai Jing curled her lips with an enigmatic smile. "Yeah, you're indeed blessed to have so many people around you."

There was a subtle trace of jealousy and sarcasm in her tone.

Bai Jing glanced at Su Yue and said, "Especially your beloved Uncle Ming who was with you."

Su Yue put on a helpless and bitter smile.

Chapter 1400: The Meaning of the Tattoo (Part Twenty Six)

When Su Yue thought of everything that Ming Ansheng had done for her, she would instinctively wonder if he had done the same for Meiduo.

And it was killing her inside.

Su Yue, you're bringing this upon yourself!

She shook her head to prevent her thoughts from running wild. She smiled at Bai Jing as she said, "When we go out next time, come along with us alright?"

"I don't want to." Bai Jing shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "I can't fit into your circle as you belong to the wealthy and influential."

"What are you talking about!" Su Yue lightly hit Bai Jing's arm before holding her hand. In a serious but earnest tone, she said, "We are good friends. No matter what happens in the future or troubles that you have, you have to tell me. I will try my best to help you."

"Thank you," Bai Jing softly said as she stood up. "Hurry up and go wash up. Your eyes are so swollen. I have an exam today, so I need to leave soon."

Su Yue nodded and looked at Bai Jing. She stretched her hand to rub her eyes.

She became crestfallen at the thought of Ming Ansheng once again. She decided to wash up and go home.

"Su Yue."

Su Yue had just entered the bathroom when Bai Jing called her.

She asked, "What's wrong?"

"Your phone is ringing." Bai Jing's voice sounded outside the bathroom.

The first thought that came to Su Yue's mind was Ming Ansheng. She replied, "Don't bother to answer."

Bai Jing said, "It's your third brother."

Third Brother? Su Yue fell silent for a moment and uttered 'oh' in response. She sounded a little disappointed as she spoke, "Answer it for me."

A smile crept up on Bai Jing's face and she bent to get Su Yue's phone on the bed. She hastily answered the call, afraid that Yan Rusheng might hang up.

"Third brother!"

She softly spoke with a hint of excitement in her voice.

Yan Rusheng realized that it wasn't Su Yue and he asked, "Where is Su Yue?"

His voice was still as pleasant and charming as ever, and Bai Jing's heart fluttered. She gripped the phone tightly and lowered her voice to conceal the excitement. "She just got up and she is in the bathroom. If this is urgent, I will pass the phone to her."

Yan Rusheng said, "It's fine. Just tell her that I will fetch her in the afternoon."

Bai Jing only registered one thing he said; he was coming in the afternoon.

She began to get excited and emotional as she replied, "Okay."

“That’s all,” replied Yan Rusheng lightly.

Bai Jing nodded. “Bye, Third Brother.”

He hung up and the line went dead.

The corners of Bai Jing’s mouth sank as she stared at the screen. She gazed at Yan Rusheng’s number for a long while.

She thought of something and turned towards the bathroom. It was quiet.

She clicked on Su Yue’s screen and searched for her photo albums.

She found the album titled ‘*Country M*’ and began browsing for Yan Rusheng’s photos.