

Elite Doting 141

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

Chapter 141: There's Really Nothing Wrong With You Psychologically

Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows and gave her a frosty look. "Do I need to report to you when I come to work early?"

"Nope." Xuxu shook her head and got up hurriedly to receive the cup from Yan Rusheng. Then she proceeded to the office pantry.

Black coffee without sugar—the young master wasn't in a good mood today.

The thick black coffee looked bitter just by the smell of it.

Xuxu knocked on Yan Rusheng's office door.

He was sitting on the couch with his laptop, his attention focused on the screen.

"President Yan, your coffee is ready," Wen Xuxu announced softly, walking towards him with the coffee.

Yan Rusheng looked up the second he heard her voice. He promptly closed his laptop.

He looked nervous.

What's going on this with this guy today?

Xuxu sized up Yan Rusheng's expression. He didn't look very good, was he feeling sick?

Yan Rusheng noticed her staring at his face and he frowned. "What are you looking at, Wen Xuxu?"

"Nothing much." Wen Xuxu stopped her train of thought and put down the coffee. She said, "President Yan, if there's nothing else, I'll head back to work."

Yan Rusheng gave a stony "Mm" and didn't even look at her. He sipped the coffee and the bitter taste lingered around his mouth.

He disliked this taste but the bitterness was able to numb his senses, thus helping him to forget his woes.

After Xuxu closed the door behind her, Yan Rusheng opened his laptop once more.

He'd been browsing a psychological clinic's website and was currently chatting with an expert from the clinic.

To be specific, he was consulting him regarding psychological issues.

The expert said: *You've fallen in love with the woman who's been with you for years. This further proves that psychologically, you are normal. If you didn't fall for her, it would seem more abnormal by comparison.*

'Xuxu rusheng' asked: *If I'm normal, why do I get a reaction when I see that stupid woman? Why do I feel frustrated when she kisses another guy?*

The expert answered: *According to what you've described, your love has progressed to a stage where you'll suffer from agony and grief if you see her with another guy.*

'Xuxu rusheng' retorted: *Bullshit, you're a quack who can't even diagnose a simple problem. How dare you call yourself an expert?*

The expert said: *Sir, please don't resort to personal attacks. There really is nothing wrong with you psychologically.*

The expert typed: *Sir, are you there? Heed my advice and acknowledge your own feelings. Be brave and face them. Love isn't shameful.*

The expert continued: *Mister, there's really nothing wrong with you psychologically. But if you continue to suppress your feelings for her, psychologically you will develop a problem.*

When Young Master Yan read the expert's last message, he spat out the coffee in his mouth at the screen.

He put down his cup and his long fingers typed nimbly: *Get lost!*

After aggressively replying to the expert, he promptly exited the website and closed his laptop.

He drank the remaining coffee in one gulp.

Yan Rusheng didn't look for her for the whole morning. When it was time for lunch, Xuxu got ready to head to his office.

At that moment, she heard his voice behind her. "Wen Xuxu."

"President Yan, I was just about to ask what you wanted to eat for lunch." Xuxu stood up and walked towards him with a smile.

She wore a white shirt and had tucked it into a black body-hugging skirt. It enhanced the curves of her body perfectly.

When she walked closer to him, Yan Rusheng stole a glance at the top of her head as he recalled what the female employees were gushing about yesterday.

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 142: That Must Be It

The huge difference in height is adorable.

If that statement was true, then if they stood together then their proportions would look adorable as well, right?

"President Yan, is there anything on top of my head?" As Xuxu asked him, she brushed her hair uncertainly.

If not, why was he staring at the top of her head?

"Nothing." Yan Rusheng snapped back to his senses and shook his head.

A flush was creeping up his handsome face.

Oh my god! How could he have visualized himself with that stupid woman? It's the fault of that quack and 'Big Sister From The Ends Of The World'.

They had brainwashed him. That must be it.

Xuxu was certain that Young Master Yan was feeling troubled today but she also knew that he would never confide in her.

To avoid his wrath, she had better behave herself properly today.

And so she decided to turn a blind eye and instead, gently asked, "President Yan, what would you like to eat?"

"Let's go out for lunch together." Yan Rusheng straightened his back as he replied back in a slightly awkward tone.

"Huh?" Xuxu was a little taken aback. She stared at Yan Rusheng with her mouth hanging open. She asked uncertainly, "President Yan, did you just say you wanted to head out for lunch?"

She had worked at Flourish & Prosper for over a year. Other than heading out for lunch for work purposes, he had never dined out during lunchtime before.

Yan Rusheng furrowed his eyebrows and glanced at her coldly. "Yes, is there a problem?"

"Let's head out then." Xuxu instantly held her tongue.

She thought to herself, *It's getting harder to figure out what he's thinking these days.*

Both of them entered the elevator and exited side by side. As they were leaving through the main doors of the building, Yan Rusheng suddenly recalled how Jiang Zhuoheng held Wen Xuxu's hand yesterday when they left through these doors together.

They were holding hands as they walked towards the setting sun...

Right now, Xuxu was standing at a lower step and she was facing the bright sun. She was lovelier than a flower...

He was startled by his thoughts and immediately put a stop to it. His long legs began to hastily stride forward as he walked ahead of Xuxu.

This whole district was crowded with office buildings and naturally, there were a variety of restaurants downstairs which ranged from Western to Chinese cuisines.

Yan Rusheng shot forward like an arrow and it seemed as though he had found his target. Thus she didn't ask and simply trailed behind him.

"Wen Xuxu, any recommendations?" Young Master Yan suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned around to face Xuxu.

She was flabbergasted! So he didn't know where he wanted to go this whole time.

Xuxu's legs were sore so she was feeling a little grumpy. She'd trusted him, yet he was asking her to recommend a restaurant instead.

She could only chide him in her heart and didn't dare to display her discontent. "President Yan, what do you feel like eating?"

Yan Rusheng didn't answer and he raised his head. He saw a Chinese restaurant right in front of their eyes and without hesitation, he walked in.

It was lunchtime and the whole restaurant was crowded.

At that moment, he began to regret his decision to head out for lunch.

Wen Xuxu followed him and entered. "President Yan, let's find a table before we order."

As she said this, her eyes were darting around looking for an empty table.

"Over there." She saw an empty table and pointed at it happily. "Let's go."

It was a tiny space.

She rushed forward in the direction of the table and Yan Rusheng stared at her back with a brooding expression.

He thought, *If Fang Jiayin were here, she would tell him softly, 'Ah Sheng, it's too crowded here, let's go somewhere else'.*

Yes, they were both similar as they disliked crowded and noisy places. She would never raise her voice at him even if they had an argument. All she did was look at him with watery eyes and perhaps cry while saying that he'd bullied her

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

Chapter 143: He Felt Like Chopping Off His Hands

This happened often; whenever he looked at Wen Xuxu, he would be reminded of Fang Jiayin.

They were clearly as different as day and night but inadvertently, he could always see Jiayin's shadow in her.

It was obviously an illusion, but he had no idea why he felt this way.

"President Yan, please order."

They sat down facing each other, and Wen Xuxu handed the menu to Yan Rusheng.

Yan Rusheng lowered his head and concentrated on the menu. His thick eyelashes covered his beautiful eyes.

Xuxu looked at him, seeming to have fallen into a trance.

Thinking back, this would be the first time they had dined out with just the two of them.

When they were in B City, Fang Jiayin would always join them if they met up for meals on weekends. Or there would always be someone else.

In the capital city, they rarely had the chance. Other than social engagements, they wouldn't appear at the same table together.

"Get the waiter to take our order." Yan Rusheng raised his head.

"Oh, okay," Xuxu responded, coming back to reality. She waved in the direction of the cashier. "Waiter, we would like to order."

The waiter came over, and Yan Rusheng ordered everything that caught his eye.

He had an excellent memory, and he could remember anything after he'd seen it once. After he read the menu seriously, he closed it and rattled off the seven dishes in one breath.

Seven dishes for the two of them. What an extravagant waste!

Xuxu thought in her heart. However, the young master was unexpectedly kind enough not to order any dishes with curry. In fact, she liked most of the dishes.

The waiter left the order note on the edge of the table and left.

Wen Xuxu began to disinfect the cutlery and cups.

Her expression was serious every time she performed her duties. She would repeat the process at least three times.

Yan Rusheng supported his chin with both hands as he looked at her. Her round and bright forehead was perspiring, probably due to how far they'd walked earlier on.

He involuntarily pulled out tissues from the box.

"President Yan, do you want some tea?" Xuxu raised her head and asked him softly.

Just like how she'd watched him earlier, his head suddenly jerked back. Yan Rusheng looked slightly guilty, and he used the tissues in his hands to wipe his own forehead.

"Yeah."

He replied back in his usual nonchalant manner and then stole a glance at Xuxu's forehead, feeling upset with himself.

Oh my god! Earlier on, he had actually felt like wiping away the stupid woman's sweat. He felt like chopping off his hands!

Wen Xuxu poured a cup of tea and put it in front of him. "Be careful, it's a little hot."

She reminded him gently and removed her slender, fair hands from the cup.

"Wen Xuxu!" Yan Rusheng stared at Wen Xuxu intensely, and his voice gave away how unbelievably surprised he was.

Xuxu's hand quivered at his yell, and she stared at him in confusion. "What's the matter?"

Why was he so flustered? It gave her quite the fright.

“Nothing.” Yan Rusheng shook his head.

She had merely given him a reminder in a tone that was gentler than usual. He was strangely overwhelmed by her tender affection and had almost grabbed her tiny hand.

He wanted to ask if she did the same things when she was with Jiang Zhuoheng—disinfecting the cutlery or cautioning him in a gentle tone.

Yan Rusheng, your illness is getting serious.

...

Xuxu enjoyed her lunch eating the dishes she liked. She finished her rice and began eating the rest.

Yan Rusheng saw that her bowl was empty and questioned her, “Aren’t you eating anymore?”

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

Chapter 144: I Was Afraid That You’d Mind

“I was afraid that you’d mind,” Xuxu replied casually and continued eating without batting an eyelid.

Yan Rusheng felt a rush of indescribable emotions when he heard her. He gave a sideways glance at Xuxu’s tiny face as he tried to probe further. “Why are you afraid that I’d mind?”

His sparkling eyes held a subtle trace of expectation.

“Didn’t you mind ever since we were kids?” Xuxu raised her head to look at the man opposite her as she blinked her shining black eyes. Her mouth was full of food, and her cheeks were bulging. She looked adorable.

Young Master Yan’s heart softened, and he couldn’t help but curl his lips. He softly replied, “Just eat.”

She couldn’t believe her eyes.

That guy had just smiled at her?

That smile was like a blooming flower in spring, and it tugged at her heartstrings.

Throughout the entire meal, the two of them faced each other and were secretly surprised by one another.

They were used to treating each other with animosity. They both felt awkward when their interactions became pleasant.

On their way back, Wen Xuxu walked in front of him and kept a one-meter gap in between her and Yan Rusheng.

He stared at her back as he recalled what ‘Big Sister From The Ends Of The World’ and the expert had said. His gaze became brooding as a result.

‘You have fallen for her...’

‘You have fallen for her...’

These words were etched firmly in his mind like a curse. He thought of the strange emotions and reactions he had developed for her during this period, and he too began to suspect...

But this wasn't logical at all. He clearly loathed her, and furthermore, he liked girls who were gentle and delicate like Jiayin.

Had he really fallen for her after all these years?

If that were true, that would be too embarrassing and terrible to hear.

He had to destroy this budding thought as soon as possible before it gets too obvious or someone else gets wind of it.

...

His black Mercedes S600 reached the mansion, turned into the courtyard and stopped.

He opened the door, got off the car and slammed the door shut.

With heavy footsteps, he walked into the house.

"Wang Daqin, don't try to send me away with all this superficial talk! I've already notified you in advance. The moment you agreed to let Xinyi enter Flourish & Prosper, the marriage between the two families was more or less confirmed. Why is Yan Rusheng acting in that way? Are you doing this on purpose to make things difficult for Xinyi?!"

Once Yan Rusheng reached the entrance, he could hear an old man shouting inside the house.

He hurried towards the door and glanced in the direction of the sofa. He frowned in annoyance and the expression in his eyes revealed impatience and dislike.

Old Grandpa Ming was facing the old lady with an unhappy expression.

Beside him was Wen Xinyi, and Yan Rusheng's look of impatience and dislike was directed at her as well.

He thought he had expressed his intentions clearly and assumed that she'd understood the message when she hadn't turned up for work these past few days.

This young lady really isn't likable at all.

"I'll talk to him when he comes back, and of course, I'll make him answer to Xinyi." Wang Daqin knew they were in the wrong and so her usual shrewdness had vanished as she talked to Ming Zhongsheng.

In her heart, she was actually overwhelmed with delight and excitement.

Wen Xinyi said that Third Yan had been kissing Xuxu half-naked in the hotel.

She had no idea that the two kids had already progressed to this stage. And this old lady had been completely in the dark.

"Grandpa Ming." Yan Rusheng changed his shoes and put on a smiling expression as he walked towards the sofa.

Wen Xinyi raised her head after hearing his voice, her eyes sparkling. She could hardly contain her excitement in that instant.

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

Chapter 145: Returned To Her Youthful Days

As Wen Xinyi watched the towering figure walking closer, her eyes showed a mixture of complex emotions.

How could she not have fallen for such an outstanding man?

Ever since she understood grandfather's intention, she had been praying fervently that she could be with him soon.

She shared the same assumption her grandfather did—once she entered Flourish & Prosper, it meant that Yan Rusheng had accepted her.

She had overlooked the fact that he'd had countless scandals before, but... but he had actually kissed his ex-secretary in a hotel room while she was with him.

She knew that it was because the woman was too scheming. That woman had deliberately lured her away so that she could seduce Yan Rusheng.

But she wouldn't let Xuxu get her way. Just like her grandfather had said, she had taken this step, and she couldn't back down so easily.

That woman was just a girl whom Grandmother Yan had pitied and had adopted her when she was young. She wouldn't lose to Xuxu in either qualifications or appearance.

Furthermore, she far surpassed Xuxu in terms of family background.

Yan Rusheng walked towards Wang Daqin and sat down beside her. On the surface, he wore a faint superficial smile. Beneath that smile, his feelings were cold and aloof.

He had no qualms about dropping the smile on his face as he looked at Wen Xinyi. His tone sounded almost condescending. "Miss Wen received an excellent education from a young age. Didn't you know that you need to apply for leave if you're going to be absent from work? Or officially tender your resignation before leaving?"

He straightened his back, his expression deadpan.

"I haven't settled the score with you yet, how dare you play the blame game with such audacity and confidence!" Ming Zhongsheng pointed at Yan Rusheng, and his face was ashen.

"Grandfather Ming, you're getting on in years. You shouldn't get agitated so easily." He faced Ming Zhongsheng and resumed his usual indolent attitude. Putting his arm around Wang Daqin's shoulders, he continued casually, "Look at our Old Madam Yan, her vigor and complexion have returned to her youthful days."

Wang Daqin elbowed him after hearing this. She scolded him even though she didn't really mean it, "This child can never be serious."

But she was thinking smugly in her heart, *'Indeed, her ideal granddaughter-in-law would soon be marrying into their family, and naturally, a great-grandson would be on the way too.'* It caused her to smile in her sleep so of course her complexion would be radiant, and she'd be filled with energy.

'Bang!' Ming Zhongsheng slammed the coffee table forcefully. "The reason I lost my temper was because this wretched fellow has infuriated me. In what way is my Xinyi lacking? And you had to humiliate her in that way?"

He recalled how Xinyi had come home looking so aggrieved and told him what had happened at the hotel, and he could barely stop himself from smashing Yan Rusheng with a cup.

If it were Lu Yinan or Xu Ming or any other person, he would definitely have done so.

But towards Yan Rusheng, he did have his reservations.

He knew Yan Rusheng too well. Even though he always had a smile on his face, he was, in fact, the most arrogant and ruthless among those kids.

So if he wanted to take advantage of his seniority, he had to make sure he grasped and handled the matter well. If he didn't, he might not be able to back down gracefully.

"Grandfather Ming, could you please explain?" Yan Rusheng replaced his smile with an innocent expression as he faced Ming Zhongsheng.

Ming Zhongsheng interrogated him. "What's happening between you and your ex-secretary?"

Yan Rusheng's expression changed subtly, and his superficial smile was now tinged with mockery. "Grandfather Ming, why are you suddenly interested in my private affairs?"

"Third Yan, don't you try to play tricks and feign ignorance in front of me. Your grandmother and I have come to an agreement. We confirmed the arranged marriage between the two families the minute you agreed to let Xinyi enter Flourish & Prosper. I'll overlook your previous 'glorious achievements', but from now on, you need to be faithful to Xinyi. This concerns the reputations of both families."

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

Chapter 146: Don't Push Your Limits

Feeling impatient with Yan Rusheng's antics, Ming Zhongsheng bluntly stated what was on his mind.

He knew clearly that each new generation would surpass the previous one. He would be overestimating his own capabilities if he chose to play a game of wit or tried to exchange words with the young generation.

Especially with the third grandson of the Yan family.

"Arranged marriage?" Yan Rusheng pretended to be shocked. "What arranged marriage? Why wasn't I informed?"

He turned to look at Wang Daqin.

Wang Daqin was shrewd, and she knew how to act in tandem with her grandson to help him get out of this fix.

She decided to push all the blame onto herself. "Third Yan, this is all my fault since I didn't tell you beforehand. At your age, you should be getting ready to settle down. Xinyi is a nice girl, so I've discussed with Grandfather Ming about the arranged marriage in private."

After she finished speaking, she paused. Then she reproachfully hit Yan Rusheng the head. "Why are you dating Xuxu in secret? If you told me earlier that you two were in a relationship, why would I bother to look for a girlfriend for you?"

Both her tone and actions were brimming with affection for her grandson.

Naturally, Wen Xinyi didn't understand her.

However, Ming Zhongsheng wasn't a fool. He understood Wang Daqin's words and her intentions. His face fell as he questioned her, "Wang Daqin, what do you mean?"

Wen Xinyi was getting anxious too.

Wan Daqin was obviously trying to renege on her promise.

Wang Daqin chuckled in response. "Old Ming, what could I possibly mean? Our efforts would go to waste if the two kids can't get along. It's not as if the marriage is for us, don't you agree?"

At her words, Ming Zhongsheng's wrinkled face flushed a crimson red.

He straightened his back and glared at Wang Daqin. He spoke sternly, "Wang Daqin, you aren't getting any younger. Shouldn't you know how to discern the severity of the matter?"

Wang Daqin cackled. "Sigh, what age are we living in now? Don't be so uptight and old-fashioned. I'm merely stating an example, and you've gone red."

She's proved herself to be the Wang Daqin of the Yan family. Despite her age, her craftiness remains unchanged.

Yan Rusheng stifled his laughter as he thought to himself.

After being mocked in his advanced age, Old Grandfather Ming's pitch became higher as he tried to cover his awkwardness and embarrassment, "The matter between the two kids has been settled. Old Lu and the rest were already informed, and we can't change this."

Wang Daqin deliberated for a minute before she suggested, "Old Ming, how about this? Let Xinyi continue to work at Flourish & Prosper for a period of time so that the two kids can try spending time together. At the same time, Xinyi can use this opportunity to learn and improve. If there are still no sparks between them, I'll announce Third Yan as the one with a problem, and Xinyi rejected him as a result. What do you think?"

It would be best if all the women in the world know that Third Yan is 'handicapped' in that area. Then they could all leave him alone, and Xuxu wouldn't have to worry about him being seduced away.

Ming Zhongsheng hesitated for a long time after he heard her suggestion. He finally gave a grudging nod. "Sounds alright."

But he continued to state another condition, “But you have to make Wen Xuxu leave Flourish & Prosper.”

The moment he finished talking, the Yan grandparent and grandchild answered differently.

“Okay.”

“No.”

Yan Rusheng’s voice was louder than Wang Daqin’s, and his tone was unyielding.

Without any hesitation, he had answered decisively.

“Hmph!” Ming Zhongsheng looked at Yan Rusheng as he scoffed coldly, “Third Yan, don’t push your limits.”

Yan Rusheng said deliberately, “Miss Wen is a dignified young mistress, so it’s beneath her status to be my secretary to run errands and make me coffee. If she wants to take the opportunity to learn, I can pull some strings and arrange for a position that isn’t too taxing for her at Flourish & Prosper.”

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

Chapter 147: The Effects Were Worrying

This should be enough to uphold the Ming family’s reputation.

The atmosphere began to freeze, and Wang Daqin was delighted yet worried.

She was delighted that Third Yan had taken Xuxu’s side, yet worried that he might really fall out with Ming Zhongsheng. After all, he was still his elder, and they had been family friends for generations. Furthermore, they had business dealings with each other.

There were too many connections to take into consideration. If they really clashed because of this, neither family would benefit from it.

She decided to interrupt to ease the tension. “This sounds feasible too. Our Third Yan is very picky—being his secretary isn’t an easy job.”

She pondered and continued. “How about we send Xinyi to the PR department? The position of the deputy director is still vacant.”

She looked at Yan Rusheng; it wouldn’t work if he disagreed.

Yan Rusheng remained silent, his expression cold.

That meant he agreed. The old lady smiled and turned to Wen Xinyi. “Xinyi, the PR department represents our company’s image. And there will be plenty of opportunities to interact with the President. Is this alright with you?”

If she were a smart girl, she would react tactfully in this situation by agreeing.

Wen Xinyi wasn’t very willing, but she wasn’t that dumb either. She nodded her head gently.

Her hands which were placed on her knees were clenched tightly into fists as she tried to suppress her grievances.

The deputy director of the PR department—it sounded somewhat fair to his granddaughter. Most importantly, she had already agreed, and so Ming Zhongsheng fell silent.

“Then that’s settled. Third Yan, you’d better take care of Xinyi at work in the future.” After Ming Zhongsheng had instructed him coldly, he stood up and told Wen Xinyi, “Xinyi, let’s go.”

Wang Daqin rose instantly and grabbed Ming Zhongsheng by his arm. “Old Ming, let’s have dinner together before you leave. The kitchen is preparing it right now.”

Ming Zhongsheng sneered coldly and flung her hand away. “No, it’s alright. I can’t afford to eat your precious rice.”

He knew clearly in his heart that her suggestion of finding a suitable position and letting the two kids interact was made out of consideration of their relationship. That way, he would have a way to retreat without losing face.

But this wasn’t what he’d come for today. His main motive was to confirm the arranged marriage in one way or another.

But no matter how relentless and fierce Ming Zhongsheng tried to appear, he was counterattacked effortlessly the minute this young kid came back.

If they had dinner together, he couldn’t guarantee that he wouldn’t flip the table if he didn’t manage to swallow this insult.

Wang Daqin’s mouth twitched before she smiled once again. “Old Ming, what are you talking about? It’s rare for you to drop by and dinner is almost ready. How could you leave without eating?”

Ming Zhongsheng snorted. “Wang Daqin, you’ve been using your brain your entire life, shouldn’t you take a break? Isn’t it tiring to keep using it?”

Did she really think that he was a fool?

Wang Daqin was deflated. “Alright, alright. Go ahead and leave then.”

After walking Ming Zhongsheng and his granddaughter out of the house, Wang Daqin returned in high spirits. Yan Rusheng was about to head upstairs.

She stopped him hurriedly. “Third Yan.”

Yan Rusheng paused, turning around to look at her puzzledly.

“Call Xuxu to come over for dinner.” Wang Daqin spoke as she walked.

Yan Rusheng frowned. “Why are you asking her to come when it’s so late?”

This silly boy. If it’s late, then she can stay over for the night.

She wanted to know if the soft-shelled turtle soup was really working since he'd been drinking it for days. But Xuxu hadn't popped by to stay for the night, and he hadn't stayed out either. The effects were worrying indeed.

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

Chapter 148: If You Can't Finish, You're Not Allowed To Sleep

"I miss her. Give her a call!" Wang Daqin commanded him.

What are these two kids trying to do?

The moment they got off the bed, they seemed to turn into enemies at the mere mention of the other's name.

A tinge of bitter sorrow surfaced in the old lady's eyes. If this carried on, when will she be able to have her great-grandchild?

"Alright," Yan Rusheng answered half-heartedly and went up the stairs.

Wang Daqin stared intensely at her grandson's aloof and cold-looking back and then sighed heavily.

Looks like she needed to do something drastic!

Yan Rusheng finally made it to his room after a long and exhausting day. After showering, he changed into a set of comfy loungewear and lay on his bed.

He accidentally caught sight of the photo frame by the head of his bed, and his gaze lingered on the photo.

In the photo, a gentle girl with shoulder-length hair was smiling at him.

She stood on the university campus field wearing a bright red t-shirt which made her beautiful face even more alluring.

He reached out slowly to take the photo frame. As he stared at the girl in the photo, his eyebrows furrowed depressingly.

"Yan Rusheng, you have no guts."

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

The image of Wen Xuxu's fierce face suddenly materialized, and his heart jolted as a result.

Why was he reacting this way?

How could he think of that stupid woman while looking at Jiayin's photo?

He raised his hand to touch his forehead. Was he gravely sick?

At that moment, his cellphone rang from the drawer.

The familiar ringtone broke up his anxious thoughts, and he slid out of his bed to get his cellphone. He casually tossed the photo frame into the drawer.

Then he closed it.

He took out his phone and saw the name 'Stupid Woman' on the screen. To his surprise, he was a little excited and couldn't wait to pick up her call right away.

But he resumed his usual nonchalant and cold tone when he answered. "Why did you call?"

Wen Xuxu responded over the phone, "Grandmother said you were looking for me?"

Indeed, that old lady never stops until she reaches her goal.

Young Master Yan thought to himself helplessly, and his tone unconsciously softened, "Nothing much, we'll talk tomorrow in the office."

By this time, he had already walked to the window as he admired the beautiful night scenery. He was unexpectedly worried that his attitude might make her angry, and she wouldn't be able to sleep well tonight.

Young Master Yan's expression turned grave as he thought. *'It's over, I've been poisoned by this stupid woman.'*

How could Miss Wen, who was on the other line, have any idea how complicated this young master's feelings were right now?

She lightly replied, "Alright then."

It was clear from her tone that she was about to hang up.

A sudden impulse coursed through him, and Yan Rusheng asked nervously, "Are you going to sleep now?"

She didn't notice his nervousness as she grudgingly complained, "Young Master, your secretary left me with so much work to follow up. I've been working overtime at home for a week. How can I sleep early?"

"Then hurry and complete them. If you can't finish, you're not allowed to sleep." Young Master Yan continued being haughty and hung up without another word.

During dinner, he kept staring at the dishes, seemingly preoccupied with his thoughts.

Concerned, Wang Daqin asked, "Third Yan, are you alright?"

Yan Rusheng recovered himself and shook his head guiltily. "Nothing."

"Sigh, I thought Xuxu would be here. I prepared her favorite spicy pickled fish. In the end, that girl didn't turn up."

The old lady looked at the spicy pickled fish in disappointment.

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

Chapter 149: This Action Was Too Insane

"Hmph!" Yan Rusheng grunted in contempt. "I'll feed Huang Bao instead!"

Ignoring Wang Daqin's exclamations, he stood up and grabbed the spicy pickled fish. He left the dining room and went upstairs.

He went around looking for Huang Bao, but it was nowhere in sight.

Thus he went back to his room and left the fish on the coffee table...

Young Master Yan was really ill, seriously ill. He closed his eyes as he lay in bed, but even after tossing and turning, he still couldn't fall asleep. It was just like yesterday.

The smell of the spicy pickled fish pervaded the air.

He opened his eyes and sat up. After switching on the light, he stared at the fish.

'I've been working overtime at home for a week. How can I sleep early...'

Wen Xuxu's complaints echoed in his ear, and he instantly turned his head to glance at the clock. It was barely 11 p.m.

He suddenly made an important decision in his heart. He stumbled out of bed and went downstairs, casually getting a huge black plastic bag before going back to his room. He stuffed the spicy pickled fish inside.

He carried the bag downstairs.

The servants were all asleep, and only the living room was dimly lit.

Yan Rusheng crept towards the main door.

"Third Young Master, did you enter the kitchen just now?"

Aunt Zhang's voice sounded behind him, and Young Master Yan was startled. He almost flung the bag away out of nervousness.

He turned around and said in denial, "It wasn't me."

"Young Master, where are you going at this time of night?" Aunt Zhang walked towards him, and she eyed the bag he was holding with suspicion. "What's that in your hand?"

"Trash." Yan Rusheng gripped it tightly and retreated, his expression looked guilty. "I couldn't sleep so I wanted to take a stroll and throw the trash while I'm at it."

Aunt Zhang understood and nodded. "Sigh. Nowadays young people like you are under massive pressure, so it's easy to have insomnia. Don't take too long, it can be quite chilly outdoors."

"Yeah, I got it. Go ahead and sleep first." Young Master Yan was getting impatient and waved his hand at Aunt Zhang. He left the house with the bag and walked in the direction of the garage.

Wasn't he going for a stroll? Why is he heading for the garage?

Aunt Zhang was wondering to herself when the familiar Mercedes S600 swooshed past before her eyes.

Why did he lie that he was taking a stroll when he was clearly going for a spin?

...

The black Mercedes S600 stopped outside Xuxu's apartment. The handsome guy sat in the car and raised his head to peer at the apartment on the seventh floor. The lights were still on.

He was feeling vexed and started to question himself. *'Why did he come here with a plate of damned spicy pickled fish?'*

This decision was too insane.

But he was already here, so wouldn't it seem crazier if he didn't go up?

He deliberated for a while before he grit his teeth and got down from his car. He went to the front passenger seat to grab the fish.

After locking the car doors, he strode towards the lift.

He pressed Xuxu's apartment number on the video screen. When his face appeared on the screen, Wen Xuxu thought she saw a ghost and shrieked. *"Are you Yan Rusheng?!"*

If he isn't Yan Rusheng, who else can it be?

Did she think that it would be Jiang Zhuoheng?

At the thought of it, Young Master Yan was utterly perturbed. "It's only been a few hours since you last saw me and you can't recognize me? Hurry and open the door."

The electronic door opened and he went in. One hand was holding the bag with the fish, and the other was clenched into a fist.

Wen Xuxu stood at the door and opened it immediately when she heard him knock.

The towering figure appeared before her, along with an intense aura that surrounded him. And... the smell of spicy pickled fish.

She stared at his good-looking face which was looking rather gloomy. He seemed to be in a bad mood, and so she hesitantly asked, "President Yan, why are you here?"

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

Chapter 150: The Car Ran Out Of Fuel

She was wearing pink cartoon pajamas, and her hair was tied in a bun. Her bright-looking eyes were slightly red and watery probably due to sleepiness.

She looked adorable yet a little pitiful at the same time.

As Yan Rusheng looked at her, he had an overwhelming urge to give her a hug and protect her.

But he regained his rationality almost immediately. "Fish. The old lady asked me to bring it."

With his eyebrows slightly knitted, he passed her the huge plastic bag. He looked extremely impatient and unwilling.

Fish?

Xuxu peered at the plastic bag and realized that it was a huge trash bag.

“What fish is this?” She took the plastic bag and mumbled in confusion to herself as she opened it.

After she realized what was inside, she raised her head in shock. “Spicy pickled fish?”

Why did the old madam ask him to bring the fish in a trash bag?

“You’ve already seen it, so why are you still asking so much?” Young Master Yan retorted impatiently and entered the house. Without removing his shoes, he went towards the sofa.

After Xuxu closed the door, she held the fish in her hands and walked to the sofa too. She left the plastic bag on the coffee table and took the fish out.

The spicy pickled fish looked good, but...

She stole a glance at the big trash bag, and she felt rather depressed.

Why didn’t she put it in a proper container instead of using a trash bag? Was the old madam trying to test her appetite?

Yan Rusheng saw her staring at the fish with her eyebrows furrowed, looking as if she despised it.

He abruptly flared up, “Aren’t you eating?”

He had specially made a trip in the middle of the night—how could she despise the fish?

“Yeah,” Xuxu said. “I’ll get a pair of chopsticks.”

She rose and went to the kitchen, but she was swearing at him in her heart. *It’s just some fish, why is he losing his temper again?*

Even though the fish in the trash bag looked unappetizing, but she had to admit that it tasted great since it was cooked by Aunt Zhang.

Xuxu heartily enjoyed the fish. Aunt Zhang had added plenty of chilies as she liked it spicy.

She couldn’t stop herself from eating even though she protested that it was too spicy. Beads of perspiration began rolling down her sharp nose.

Her plump face was already crimson red due to the spiciness.

Yan Rusheng lay sprawled on the sofa with a hand supporting his head. He lazily watched her as she ate, and a smile of satisfaction and contentment appeared on his face.

His mood was exceptionally good at the moment. He wasn’t feeling frustrated, and neither was he agitated.

There was a wonderful feeling inside of him, and he even thought that it would be perfect if time could stop at this moment.

He lifted his hand slowly and placed it on his chest where his heart is.

What should he do... It seems like he’d really fallen in love with this stupid woman.

This bothersome and alluring woman.

“President Yan, aren’t you heading back soon?” Xuxu was almost done eating when she suddenly thought of Yan Rusheng. She turned her head towards him and asked uncertainly.

She was slightly startled. “President Yan, what are you doing?”

Was his heart feeling unwell? Why does he have an ‘I’m dead’ expression while clutching at his heart?

Yan Rusheng immediately put down his hands and snapped out of it. He answered casually, “The car ran out of fuel.”

He didn’t give it much thought when he blurted that out.

He had no idea why he’d spun such a lie. But by the time he realized it, the deed was already done.

It was quite impossible for Young Master Yan to drive a car that was low on fuel. Even though Xuxu didn’t quite believe it, she didn’t have any reason to doubt him as well. If not, why would he lie saying that the car was out of fuel?

She concluded that he was telling the truth; his car had indeed run out of fuel.

“Then what are you going to do?” she asked.