

## Elite Doting 1731

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

#### Chapter 1731: Even God is Helping (Part Seventeen)

Ming Ansheng was so overwhelmed with emotions that his hands hovered in midair. After some time, he grasped Su Yue's hands and wrapped them tightly with his.

"Isn't it the same if I come out to look for you?"

Su Yue's voice rang behind him, and Ming Ansheng took some time to comprehend what she meant.

His good-looking face seemed like a flower blossoming in spring.

"Ha ha ha..."

He grinned to himself before he burst out into laughter. His laughter reverberated and rang pleasantly around them.

It was as if he put everything behind him.

Su Yue tightened her arms around Ming Ansheng's waist, and she pressed her face to his back. She could hear his heart beating.

His heartbeat was erratic; he must be feeling overwhelmed and excited.

She deliberately teased him. "Su Xiaojiao said you're her little daddy."

Ming Ansheng furrowed his eyebrows and turned around. With a solemn voice, he corrected, "Tell her I'm her real father."

Su Yue pursed her lips and said, "Children are honest and innocent. I can't force her to change."

Currently... no one would be able to usurp Jiao Chen's position in Xiaojiao's heart.

After all, Jiao Chen was the one who taught her to say her first word. And he was the one who held her hand as she took her first step.

"Yueyue," said Ming Ansheng with an intense and steadfast gaze.

Su Yue raised her head and watched him intently.

"I won't lose to him," promised Ming Ansheng.

He tucked some strands of Su Yue's hair behind her ear.

Su Yue pressed her lips and nodded quietly.

Unconsciously, they held hands together.

"Mommy, Little Daddy. I want to eat. Then I want to go to Sister Yanyan's house."

Xiaojiao came bouncing out of the house.

She wore a set of thick and furry pajamas with a cat on her chest. She stood a distance away as she beckoned to Ming Ansheng and Su Yue.

Su Yue thought of something and glanced at Ming Ansheng. "I told Sister Hooligan that I would look for her later."

The sky was getting dark.

Ming Ansheng replied, "You don't have to."

"Why?" asked Su Yue. She looked puzzled.

Ming Ansheng smiled and said, "She should be somewhere in the China skies by now."

It startled Su Yue. "You mean she went back?"

Ming Ansheng nodded. "Yeah."

"She is really soft-hearted. Didn't she swear that she would never go back?" Su Yue mocked Zhou Shuang with a disapproving look. "She said she would rather die than go back. It has only been such a short period of time. She has disappointed me!"

They frequently met for tea or to bring the children out to play during this period.

They became very close.

Ming Ansheng chuckled when he saw that Su Yue was annoyed. He affectionately stroked her nose and said, "You little lass. Are you hoping that they will split up? How about the triplets?"

Su Yue rolled her eyes in response. "She would be better off without Lu Yinan since his attitude is horrible."

If it wasn't for the triplets, she would have advised Sister Hooligan to never talk to Lu Yinan again.

But without the triplets, what was left between Lu Yinan and Zhou Shuang?

'Sigh!' Everyone could tell that Sister Hooligan liked Lu Yinan.

Why couldn't Lu Yinan feel it?

Or perhaps he didn't like Sister Hooligan, that was why he tried to act as though he didn't know anything. Was he intending to make her stay by his side without marrying her? Then after the triplets grow up, he would kick her away?

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#### **Chapter 1732: Even God is Helping (Part Eighteen)**

"Lu Yinan isn't as horrible as you've pictured him to be. Both of them refuse to give in because they want to gain the upper hand in their relationship. This is why their relationship is so strained."

Ming Ansheng still defended Lu Yinan.

It was because he was sure of Lu Yinan's character. They played together when they were children and they were closer than real brothers. Certainly, he would know him very well.

Su Yue retorted, "But women cannot give in so easily!"

*Women cannot give in so easily...* Ming Ansheng helplessly grinned.

He shared the same sentiment as Su Yue. In a relationship or marriage, he believed that a woman sacrifices much more than a man.

Men could never be able to imagine.

He stretched his hand and gently patted Su Yue's shoulder. "Give Lu Yinan some time. I have faith in him."

Su Yue softly sneered. "Of course, you would help out your friend."

"All right. I will always be by your side and support your decisions." Ming Ansheng wound his arm around her waist before kissing the top of her head.

Su Yue raised her chin as she peered at Ming Ansheng. She pointed at him and quipped, "Not for me. But for Sister Hooligan."

Ming Ansheng solemnly nodded as though he was a warrior on the battlefield. "Alright, I will support Hooligan Zhou."

Fortunately, Yan Rusheng and Lu Yinan weren't around. If they were, they would certainly mock him.

"Uncle Ming, you're the best." Su Yue beamed at him, and her eyes twinkled.

She clung tightly to Ming Ansheng's arm and pressed her head against his muscular arm.

Women were really superficial at times. Even if she was aware that a man was just coaxing her, she would still be happy.

If a man lied just to coax a woman, provided that he didn't break his principles or commit a mistake, it would show that he loved that woman.

...

"Change your shoes."

Su Yue led Ming Ansheng into the house and opened the shoe cabinet. She hesitated before retrieving her slippers and placing it on the floor for him.

"Okay." Ming Ansheng nodded before he bent to peer at the slippers.

That small pair of furry white slippers had a cartoon design on it.

He was afraid that he could only stuff half his foot in. But he didn't hesitate and removed his shoes.

Just as he had expected, half of his feet were still exposed.

But the house was warm.

He followed Su Yue to the dining table.

Xiaojiao sat across Su Yue. There was a bowl of rice, a pair of chopsticks, and a wine glass.

It was as though... someone was sitting there.

"Have a seat." Su Yue pulled the chair for Ming Ansheng.

"Okay." Ming Ansheng nodded, and he withdrew his gaze from the empty seat next to Xiaojiao. He bent to sit beside Su Yue.

"I cooked everything. Try them." Su Yue put some food into Ming Ansheng's bowl.

She was enthusiastic.

As though she couldn't wait for Ming Ansheng to try her cooking.

Ming Ansheng frowned when he heard her. "Where is your helper?"

Su Yue smiled. "Since we are going back soon, this place..."

She paused and bowed her head. Something had stirred in her heart, and she whispered, "I asked her to go back for Chinese New Year."

Ming Ansheng nodded. "Alright."

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**Chapter 1733: Even God is Helping (Part Nineteen)**

In the depths of his eyes, there was a tiny spark of excitement swirling in the calmness.

The day had finally arrived.

"To Little Daddy."

Xiaojiao raised the glass and smiled at Ming Ansheng. Her voice was as sweet and as cute as her face.

Ming Ansheng raised his glass to give a toast to Xiaojiao. "Thank you, darling Xiaojiao. Happy Chinese New Year. May you grow prettier and lovelier with each passing day."

He placed the glass to his lips and took a sip.

He had placed the glass on the table when Xiaojiao interjected, "Little Daddy is more handsome now."

Ming Ansheng stretched his hand and lightly pinched Xiaojiao's chubby cheeks. "What a sweet girl."

"Xiaojiao will get prettier but you won't become more good-looking." Su Yue cut across, and she glanced at Ming Ansheng. "You will only become older with more wrinkles," said Su Yue unceremoniously.

She gently poked the corner of Ming Ansheng's eye.

"This is the charm of a man in his prime," proclaimed Ming Ansheng in dramatic fashion. He then raised his chin.

"Tch." Su Yue cast him a contemptuous look and continued to eat.

Ming Ansheng glanced at Su Yue and unconsciously, he stroked the corners of his eyes. *Wrinkles...*

Would he look old if he had many wrinkles?

Young Master Ming stole a glance at Su Yue's beautiful and youthful face. He began to doubt his attractiveness.

"Wrinkled old man." Su Yue suddenly turned and peered at him.

Ming Ansheng was taken aback, and he hastily stowed his hand away.

He casually picked up his chopsticks and popped vegetables into his mouth.

Su Yue chuckled quietly and ignored Ming Ansheng.

After they finished their meal, Xiaojiao went to play with her toys. Su Yue stood on her feet to clean up.

Ming Ansheng offered, "Let me help you."

He stacked all the plates and bowls with quick and nimble hands.

Su Yue nudged him. "It's alright. Go and accompany Xiaojiao."

Ming Ansheng continued to clear the dishes, so Su Yue had no choice but to stand aside.

Su Yue brought the dishes to the kitchen with Ming Ansheng trailing behind her.

Su Yue entered the kitchen and Ming Ansheng stopped and leaned against the door. He glanced at Su Yue and said, "Yueyue, let's go for a walk later. I'm too full."

Su Yue replied, "When you go back later, wouldn't you be able to take a stroll?"

"You and Xiaojiao need a walk, too. And she ate so much," said Ming Ansheng.

Su Yue glanced out of the windows. Taking a walk sounded like a good idea since the weather wasn't too cold tonight.

She nodded and said, "Alright."

"Great." Ming Ansheng punched his fists in the air.

Su Yue frowned and glanced at him. "Why are you so excited?"

"I promised Xiaojiao to build a snowman together with her." Ming Ansheng resumed his usual expression in a split second. He leaned against the door once more.

It was as though that person a second ago wasn't him.

"The snow is melting. How do you build a snowman?" Su Yue grinned as she continued to wash the dishes.

...

The family of three took a walk around the neighborhood for about an hour. She glanced at Ming Ansheng and said, "Uncle Ming, let's go back."

Ming Ansheng replied, "Just a while more."

"But I'm so tired." Su Yue shook her head reluctantly.

She was about to leave when Ming Ansheng grabbed her arm. "I want to play with Xiaojiao. Let's go to my place."

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#### **Chapter 1734: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty)**

Su Yue turned to Xiaojiao and waited for her to respond.

She wanted to know what Xiaojiao would say.

Ming Ansheng immediately lifted Xiaojiao and sweetly said, "Xiaojiao, Daddy bought lots of candies for you. Do you want them?"

He certainly knew the way to a glutton's heart.

Xiaojiao nodded without hesitation. "I want! Little Daddy is the best."

She wrapped her arms around Ming Ansheng's neck.

Ming Ansheng frowned and stiffly corrected, "It's not Little Daddy. It's Daddy."

It sounded as though he was her stepfather.

Xiaojiao pouted and looked a bit reluctant.

Ming Ansheng didn't want her to throw a tantrum so he didn't press on. He turned around and walked in the direction of his place.

He raised her up so that she could sit on his shoulders.

Su Yue hastened her footsteps and said, "She is already so big..."

And she was quite heavy too.

Su Yue stopped when she heard their tinkling laughter.

She pressed her lips together and retracted her hands.

Their shadows cast on the ground—long and narrow under the lamps.

Ming Ansheng walked in curves so their shadows seemed to dance.

Su Yue stowed her hands inside the pockets of her coat and trailed after them. A blissful smile drifted across her face as she watched them.

"Mommy, faster!"

Xiaojiao shouted ahead.

Su Yue nodded and hastened her footsteps.

She took out her hands from the pockets and strode quickly.

"Little Daddy, faster! Mommy is going to catch us!" urged Xiaojiao as she prodded Ming Ansheng's head.

Her expression had excitement mingled with anxiety as she waited for Su Yue to catch them.

Was this girl slapping his head now? Ming Ansheng frowned in amusement. Even if his daughter wanted to pluck all his hair, he would still allow her to do so.

With a tender expression in his eyes, he held Xiaojiao's legs tightly. "Hold on!"

Then he sprinted forward.

Xiaojiao held tightly to Ming Ansheng's head, and her laughter pierced through the wintery air. Ming Ansheng and Su Yue smiled when they heard her.

The joy and warmth shattered the cold and icy night.

...

They reached home and took out the key to unlock the door.

Ming Ansheng put Xiaojiao on the couch before presenting her with the snacks and candies. "All for Xiaojiao."

It had taken up most of the space in his huge suitcase. His clothes only occupied a small corner.

"So many!" Xiaojiao leaped off the couch and began to rummage through the food.

She loved all of them.

How she wished she could try all of them.

Su Yue stood at the front porch with a frown. "Why are you so excited? It's just junk food."

It sounded as though she was chiding Xiaojiao for being too easily satisfied.

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#### **Chapter 1735: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty One)**

But Ming Ansheng interpreted her words and bitter tone in a different light. He looked over at her and flashed a wicked smile. "You're jealous?"

Su Yue frowned and coldly smiled. "Why would I be?"

She blushed.

Ming Ansheng replied, "I only bought gifts for Xiaojiao. I didn't buy any for you, so you're jealous."

He sounded certain.

"Tch." Su Yue rolled her eyes at him. "I'm not a child. Who cares about gifts?"

Then she straightened up and walked to the sofa as though it didn't bother her.

"That's true." Ming Ansheng nodded and continued, "I knew that a regular gift wouldn't be able to satisfy you..."

"Hmph!"

Su Yue suddenly snorted, and it had interrupted him.

She sounded cold and arrogant.

She seemed to suggest: *'You're right.'*

Su Yue walked over and sat down beside him—she appeared calm.

Ming Ansheng flashed a gentle smile. “Seems like I was right. So, do you like this New Year’s gift?”

He raised his eyebrows at her.

Su Yue looked at him in confusion. “What gift?”

Where was it?

As she asked that, she looked around. There were only a few things in the huge box. She could see its entire contents with just one glance.

“It’s right beside you,” Ming Ansheng whispered in her ear.

His warm breath seductively fanned her ear.

*Huh?* Su Yue stared at him for quite a while before it dawned on her. But she wasn’t certain. “Is it... *you?*”

They stared into each other’s eyes, faces mere inches apart.

They could clearly feel each other’s breath.

Su Yue’s heart started beating wildly, and she blushed. She swallowed her saliva.

The man’s gaze was so heated that it seemed to ignite her entire body. She couldn’t take it any longer, and so she inched backward.

However, the man leaned in closer to her.

In a way, the distance between them remained the same.

“Uncle... Uncle Ming...” Su Yue finally tore herself away from his piercing gaze and evaded eye contact.

“Hmm?” Ming Ansheng’s voice sounded slightly nasal, and it was exceptionally charming.

He leaned in even closer and closed the gap between them even more.

The tips of their noses or their lips would come into contact if Su Yue made the slightest movement.

Her heart started beating even faster.

She clenched and released her fists repeatedly.

Her palms were sweaty, even her back was sweating. She bit her lip, and she was frustrated that she had forgotten to remove her outer coat when she entered earlier.

But it didn’t seem like a matter that would be solved had she taken her coat off...



Ming Ansheng stared at her and remained silent. He pressed his lips and smiled faintly. There was a wicked gleam in his eye.

“Ahh...” Su Yue’s elbow was getting numb, and she wanted to move it slightly.

But unfortunately, she fell back the moment she bent her elbow.

“Be careful,” Ming Ansheng reminded her gently as he caught her by the waist.

He caught her just before her back came into contact with the sofa.

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#### **Chapter 1736: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty Two)**

He leaned his body against hers.

Their bodies were tightly pressed against each others’ and were merely separated by a few layers of clothes. They could feel the intense heat between their bodies.

They could clearly feel each other’s heartbeat.

*Badump... Badump...*

“I should go. You can send Xiaojiao home later.” Su Yue pushed him away with force.

It had caught Ming Ansheng off-guard, so he fell backward.

Su Yue took this opportunity to escape.

She stood up and tidied her hair and clothes. She didn’t dare to look at him or even meet his heated gaze.

“Xiaojiao, Mommy is going home first. Afterward...” Su Yue glanced at Ming Ansheng, then looked at Xiaojiao and continued, “Afterwards, Uncle will send you home.”

Then she turned around and walked to the main door.

Suddenly, Ming Ansheng hugged her waist from behind. “Yueyue.”

He hugged her tightly and pulled her back, making her sit on his lap. He whispered in her ear, “Don’t go tonight.”

The sexual tension in the air had slowly engulfed her.

Su Yue clenched her fists and bit her lip. She dared not look at him. “I... I...”

She didn’t know if she wanted to take his offer. She stayed in his embrace and did not want to move. But she felt like she shouldn’t keep too still, as well.

“I won’t touch you,” Ming Ansheng’s voice became hoarse.

*‘I’ll just hug you and kiss you,’* he thought.

His hands wound around her waist and showed no signs of wanting to wander over her body.

As though he really wasn't going to touch her.

Su Yue hesitated but became at ease.

The atmosphere stilled. Ming Ansheng hugged her and buried his nose in her neck. He took in her unique scent.

He thought selfishly, *'I'm the only one who can treat her right.'*

Su Yue closed her eyes. Her heart was slowly being filled, and she craved such feeling.

"Yueyue."

Ming Ansheng suddenly called her and placed his hands around her waist. He slowly moved them up and down.

Su Yue opened her eyes, and the first person she saw was Xiaojiao. "Xiaojiao's asleep."

The little lass leaned her head on the coffee table, and there was a lollipop in her mouth.

Su Yu hurriedly removed Ming Ansheng's hands from her waist and went over to Xiaojiao, carefully retrieving the lollipop from her mouth.

She casually stuffed the remains of the lollipop into her mouth.

By then, it had become a habit for her.

Ming Ansheng walked over as well. "I'll carry her to the bed."

Then he carried her and carefully stood up.

Xiaojiao had followed them on their one-hour stroll. She played hard in the daytime as well, so she slept like a log.

She didn't flinch when she was being carried.

There was still some sticky sweet substance on her lips, and it made Su Yue frown. "She's dirty and hasn't taken her shower."

It was impossible to wake her up for a shower now. She took two pieces of tissue paper and wet them, and she used them to clean her mouth.

She mumbled, "What a dirty girl. Her teeth are going to decay soon."

Ming Ansheng softly replied, "It's alright, she can shower tomorrow. A few times is fine."

Su Yue looked at Ming Ansheng. "She'll become a spoiled brat if you continue spoiling her like that."

Ming Ansheng raised his eyebrows. "She's my daughter. Who else am I supposed to spoil?"

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**Chapter 1737: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty Three)**

Su Yue pressed her lips together.

“Don’t worry, I’ll spoil you even more,” Ming Ansheng suddenly added.

Su Yue peered up and met his mischievous gaze. She blushed.

She hurriedly looked downwards and murmured, “I didn’t ask you to.”

Ming Ansheng decided not to tease her any longer. “Do you want to shower?”

*Shower?* She couldn’t help but think of the phrase in a seductive way.

She kept her head bowed and said, “I’m going back. I’ll leave Xiaojiao here.”

Then she turned to leave.

Ming Ansheng hurriedly grabbed her arm. “Didn’t we agree on it?”

He frowned.

He tried so hard to persuade her. How could she change her mind so easily?

“Since when did I agree?” Su Yue pressed her lips in denial.

“Mommy... So noisy...”

Ming Ansheng was still carrying Xiaojiao with one arm. The little girl suddenly complained about the noise, though her eyes were still closed.

Her eyebrows knitted together, and she looked impatient.

“Stop talking,” Su Yue warned Ming Ansheng coupled with a glare. Then she moved closer to Xiaojiao and gently patted her chest.

Ming Ansheng playfully said, “Mm. I won’t talk and I’ll kiss you instead, alright?”

Su Yue didn’t know what to say...

She looked askew at the man, speechless.

This fellow was almost thirty but he was still so frivolous.

Afraid of disturbing Xiaojiao, Su Yue ignored Ming Ansheng and walked with him into the room.

The room was neat and tidy. Ming Ansheng was carrying Xiaojiao, and Su Yue went forward to lift the covers.

After Ming Ansheng placed Xiaojiao onto the bed, Su Yue sat down beside her. Then she laid down sideways, propping her head up with one arm and patting Xiaojiao with her other hand.

Putting her to sleep.

Her actions were gentle and affectionate, full of... motherly love.

At that moment, she was breathtakingly beautiful. She exuded a womanly charm from head to toe.

Ming Ansheng tucked his hands into his pockets and lazily stared at her—he had entered a reverie.

The corners of his lips subconsciously lifted.

Su Yue's actions became gentler and slower.

After ensuring that Xiaojiao was in a deep sleep, she stopped and retracted her arm, and she prepared to get off the bed. She turned around and met Ming Ansheng's gaze.

She was lost in his eyes.

Her heart skipped a beat in that split second.

Ming Ansheng loved seeing her blush.

After staring into each other's eyes for a while, he asked, "Do you want to shower?"

Before Su Yue could reply, Ming Ansheng said, "Don't mention anything about heading home anymore. Xiaojiao hasn't spent the night with me before. What if she wakes up in the middle of the night and asks for you? What should I do then?"

He made sense. Xiaojiao had never left her side before. She couldn't guarantee that Xiaojiao wouldn't make a fuss if she didn't see Su Yue when she woke up.

Su Yue thought for a moment and said, "I'll watch television in the living room."

Then she stood up and walked out of the room with soft steps.

Ming Ansheng followed after her. "I'll join you."

Su Yue lowered her head and didn't meet his gaze. "You should rest. You should be tired after your flight earlier today."

Ming Ansheng smiled and shook his head. "I'm not tired at all. I especially took a nap on the plane, so I'm rejuvenated..."

He purposely dragged out his last word, the corner of his lips had curled upwards.

She couldn't help but let her mind wander...

He intentionally ensured that he was energized... *Tsk tsk!*

What did he need all that energy for?

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#### **Chapter 1738: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty Four)**

Su Yue wasn't stupid. A blush crept onto her ears and neck. "I'm going outside."

She hurriedly walked to the sofa.

After she sat down, she picked up the remote and turned on the television.

The living room was instantly filled with the sounds from the television. Although she was in no mood to watch anything, it made things less awkward.

“Yueyue.” Ming Ansheng walked over and sat down beside her.

He looked at her from head to toe.

Then he smiled gently. “Why are you nervous?”

Su Yue pressed her lips and denied, “I’m not.”

“You don’t miss me?” Ming Ansheng inched closer to her.

“I do...” Su Yue casually replied before she came to her senses. She hurriedly shook her head and added, “... not.”

She was nervous and shy, and she looked too cute. He wanted to swallow her up.

Ming Ansheng stared at her, and it made his heart beat wildly. He grabbed her intertwined hands.

It startled Su Yue. She instinctively broke out of his grasp and asked, “Uncle Ming, what are you doing?”

Ming Ansheng didn’t mind her doing that. He scooted closer and said, “Yueyue, I just want to hug you. I won’t touch you.”

He stretched out his arms again and proceeded to hug her.

She was soft and smelled good. He missed her so much.

So many times he tossed and turned all night, wishing he could see her. It was worse than death.

Su Yue frowned. “Aren’t you touching me if we hug?”

What warped logic was that?

Ming Ansheng smiled foolishly. “Just one hug. I won’t touch you.”

Su Yue rolled her eyes at him. “I don’t believe you.”

This lie only worked on three-year-old girls.

Actually, it wouldn’t even work on Xiaojiao.

But she didn’t resist this time. She looked back at the television.

The corner of her lips curled upwards, and the skin around her eyes crinkled as she smiled. She pressed her lips to try to not make it too obvious.

“You bewitching woman.” Ming Ansheng saw the tinge of a smile on her face and tightened his hold on her. He dipped his head and bit her neck and forcefully sucked.

It was ticklish, so Su Yue retracted her neck.

She wanted to push him away, but her arms seemed numb, she didn’t have the strength to move them.

Ming Ansheng hugged her tightly and his kiss of punishment had turned into a passionate and intense one.

“Yueyue...”

His breathing became hurried and deeper.

Su Yue started breathing heavily as well, and she tilted her head upwards to hug him back.

She couldn't help it.

...

“Yueyue... I miss you so much. I really miss you.”

The man sincerely said as they lay on the soft sofa.

Su Yue was resting her head on his broad and muscular shoulders. She closed her eyes and she was smiling blissfully.

His words reached her ears, and she murmured a soft reply.

“I'll carry you to the shower.”

After resting for a while, Ming Ansheng draped his shirt over his shoulder and bent over to carry Su Yue.

Su Yue pushed him away and shook her head lethargically. “No, I'm dead beat.”

Ming Ansheng gloomily raised his eyebrow.

In the past, she wasn't satisfied although they did it until daybreak. She looked down on him a couple of times and it made him feel so inferior.

And he even went to drink the disgusting... soft-shelled turtle soup. It almost disgusted him to the brink of death.

That was only four years ago. She was only twenty-three now. Why did her stamina decrease so much?

The past four years did she and Jiao Chen...

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#### **Chapter 1739: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty Five)**

There was a blanket on Su Yue's body. Ming Ansheng looked her up and down.

*'It hurts...'*

He suddenly recalled Su Yue's reaction earlier.

Does it hurt? It wasn't her first time. Why would it hurt?

“I'm really tired.” Su Yue suddenly waved him off and rolled over, with her back-facing Ming Ansheng.

Ming Ansheng's train of thought was disrupted. He looked at her small frame before him. He finally had her again.

The bitterness in his heart disappeared instantly.

She loved him and she was his again. What more did he want?

He smiled, bent over, and whispered in her ear, "Big darling, I'll carry you over."

"Uncle Ming, I don't want to move." Su Yue shook her head and waved her hand.

She was really dead beat.

"You didn't move at all," Ming Ansheng couldn't help but complain.

He was the one doing all the work from start to end!

Su Yue blushed and turned to look at him. She pouted and asked, "So do you feel wronged?"

Ming Ansheng shook his head and denied, "No."

He wouldn't dare.

Su Yue initially felt sleepy, but after he had said that, she became energized again.

She scratched her head and looked at her phone on the coffee table. "Give Sister Hooligan a call. Ask if she's reached."

Ming Ansheng frowned. "At this time..."

How could she be thinking about that at such a time and situation?

Su Yue interrupted, "It's daytime in China."

"Aish." Ming Ansheng reluctantly picked up the phone and passed it to Su Yue.

Then he laid down beside her before wrapping his arms around her.

"Uncle Ming, don't make me wear you out until you can't get out of bed tomorrow."

Ming Ansheng was about to place his hand on her breast when Su Yue turned to look at him and barked a warning.

Ming Ansheng pouted, his hand hung in mid-air. He didn't know whether he should continue with his plan.

*F\*ck, f\*ck, f\*ck!*

Shouldn't the man be saying that instead?

He came to his senses and Young Master Ming felt like she had insulted his male dignity. He pinched her breast without hesitation.

Su Yue frowned in pain, but the call had gotten through. She gave him a look that said: *'You're dead meat.'*

Then she said into the phone with concern, "Sister Hooligan, are you at the capital city already?"

Zhou Shuang said, "I just alighted from the plane and got onto the car. How did you know that I returned to the capital city?"

Her voice was hoarse like she had just cried.

Su Yue's heart ached and she didn't expose her. She didn't question her and replied casually, "Ming Ansheng told me."

"Jiaojiao is sick. I left in a hurry so I didn't have the chance to tell you."

"What happened to Jiaojiao?"

"She's caught a flu and is running a fever. You don't have to worry."

"Oh. Then you should rush home quickly. A child will miss their Mommy when they're sick."

"Mm."

Zhou Shuang nodded, and after they said their goodbyes, she hung up.

The skies were barely clear during winter in the capital city. That day, the sky was covered in fog as usual.

Zhou Shuang rested her elbow on the side of the car window and stared beyond.

The two little fellows beside her were energetic during the plane ride but were now sleeping.

Classical music was playing in the car.

*'Deep in my heart sprouts a lonely flower, eager in bud to emit her fragrance. Day in and out, she's been yearning and pining for a willing heart to color her dreams... A single woman, drifting in the world of mortals; A lonely flower, wavering softly when the wind blows...'*

The song had ended but she was still immersed in it.

The chauffeur called out to her after he stopped the car. She broke out of her reverie and realized that her face was strewn with tears.

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

#### **Chapter 1740: Even God is Helping (Part Twenty Six)**

"Okay," Zhou Shuang replied. She turned her head and wiped away her tears haphazardly.

She was feeling a baffling sense of sorrow.

She looked at the mansion before her. New year scrolls were hung on every floor.

There were red remnants of lit firecrackers at the doorstep.

A chill hit her. She leaned against the car window, her eyes uncontrollably welled up with tears.

*'Zhou Shuang, even if you're not planning on returning, you'd better send First Lu and Third Lu back...'*

At the end of the day, she didn't have a place in his heart. He could do without her.

"Grandmother, Great Grandfather."



The little fellows eagerly got out of the car and ran happily to Lu Yinan's mother and Old Master Lu.

Their bright voices interrupted her thoughts. She broke out of her reverie and hurriedly dried her tears with a few pieces of tissue paper.

She took a deep breath and pressed her lips. She composed herself before she got off the car.

*'Slam!'*

She casually closed the door and walked into the house with eager steps as well.

Jiaojiao was still sick and she didn't know if her fever had subsided.

"My little darlings, I've missed you so."

Lu Yinan's mother squatted down to embrace her two grandchildren. She hadn't seen them in days, and she didn't know how else to express her affection for them. She kissed them on their forehead repeatedly.

Old Master Lu was holding onto a walking stick, only briefly looking at the two kids before his gaze landed on Zhou Shuang, who was walking over.

When he glanced at Lu Yinan's mother, he frowned momentarily, as though he was displeased with her actions.

"Xiaoshuang, you must be tired. Come on in." He looked benevolently at her as he took a few steps forward.

Zhou Shuang smiled. "Grandfather."

He nodded kindly and asked, "Have you eaten?"

"I ate some food on the plane," Zhou Shuang replied simply. Worried, she then asked, "How's Jiaojiao?"

She had already stepped into the house.

Old Master Lu turned around and followed after her with the aid of his walking stick. He said, "In the hospital. Her fever has subsided but she has pneumonia. She has to stay in the hospital for a few days."

Zhou Shuang halted in her tracks. She turned around and said, "I'll go to the hospital."

She immediately started walking back to the main door.

Old Master grabbed her hand. "There's no rush. Have some water and take a short rest before going over. Yinan has been taking care of Jiaojiao all day and night. Don't worry."

How could she not worry? The little lass' cries over the phone had left her heartbroken.

How she wished she could teleport over to see her precious daughter.

Zhou Shuang's eyes turned red, but with determination, she said, "I'm going to see Jiaojiao. I'll leave First Lu and Third Lu here."

Then she glanced at the children who were still in Lu Yinan's mother's embrace.

Then her gaze shifted onto Lu Yinan's mother.

She lifted her head to look at Zhou Shuang. "I just came back from the hospital. Jiaojiao's fever subsided in the morning and she was put on a drip. She was asleep when I was there. Her father is taking care of her. Don't worry."

Her tone was indifferent.

Her attitude towards Zhou Shuang was the same.

Both of them had different views on a child's upbringing, so they quarreled often.