

Elite Doting 1941

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

Chapter 1941: Don't Even Consider, It's Unforgettable (Part Forty-Seven)

Jiang Zhuoheng turned around and glanced at Su Yan and the girl he was carrying on his back. After Su Yan found his car and turned on the lights, Jiang Zhuoheng sighed heavily to himself.

Sigh!

That's the difference between a girl that he liked and a girl that he didn't. It didn't matter who came first.

'I could move the heavens and Earth, but I can't touch you.'

Jiang Zhuoheng suddenly recalled the lyrics of a song, and he pressed his lips in bitterness.

Su Yan placed Mixiao in the back seat. The girl curled up immediately. She didn't move afterward and simply continued to mumble to herself.

It sounded as if she was still complaining about Su Yan.

Su Yan stood beside the car with his back bent. He peered and watched Mixiao with a gentle smile.

This was the feeling that he was looking for. He felt at ease and comfortable.

No matter how reluctant or resentful she was, she knew that it was part of her job. And she would do it.

She knew her priorities and commitment.

He took time to research her work progress at Flourish & Prosper for the past month. Basically, he didn't really have to, as the amount of effort was evident from her thick notebook and the pile of post-it-notes on her desk which she changed every day.

She was humble, hardworking, and modest.

He couldn't pinpoint his feelings right now and had no idea what he wanted. He thought that it was best to let nature take its own course.

Yeah, he should let nature take its own course.

As though he had just solved a complicated question, Su Yan's spirits soared. He moved away and shut the door. Then he opened the driver's seat door.

He got in, ignited the engine, and drove off.

The wind was bitter, but the heart was even more so.

Xin Yanting watched as the car sped out of sight and into the darkness. She stood outside the entrance, and her body trembled.

There seemed to be a void in her eyes, and she had no idea where she was looking at. He wasn't there anymore. He had left with another girl.

“Is he the guy you are in love with?”

Jesse, who stood behind Xin Yanting, finally shattered the silence after careful deliberation.

Xin Yanting pressed her lips, with her eyes still staring into the direction that Su Yan had driven off in.

“Yeah. I have always been in love with him. I can’t stop myself from loving him.”

She confessed her feelings in all honesty.

She really liked Su Yan. The man with an intense look in his eyes, his beautiful features, his slightly wavy black hair, thick and curly eyelashes...

He seemed to have bribed the sunlight to follow him wherever he went.

His charms were irresistible.

Jesse was hardly surprised at all when he heard Xin Yanting’s reply. “You can choose to move forward.”

“I tried. But I can’t see the light at the end of the tunnel. It’s dark and bleary.” Xin Yanting turned to Jesse with a sorrowful smile.

It had been five years. She had constantly reminded herself that Su Yan didn’t love her at all. Su Yan will never belong to her in this lifetime.

But her heart no longer belonged to her. She couldn’t control her own heart.

“Look again.” Jesse suddenly stretched his hands to grab Xin Yanting’s shoulders. He steered her to face forward once again.

At the same time, he stepped forward to stand before her. In doing so, he entered her line of vision.

“Huh?” Xin Yanting raised her head and was confused.

Jesse smiled at her. “Love is just like a journey in life. In the beginning, you might feel that the road you’ve chosen is too long, and you can’t see an end to it. But you can choose to take other roads, and the scenery wouldn’t be too shabby.”

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Chapter 1942: Don’t Even Consider, It’s Unforgettable (Part Forty-Eight)

His piercing blue eyes met Xin Yanting’s eyes, and he was filled with expectation.

Xin Yanting continued to gaze at him with her head raised. She was still mulling over what Jesse had advised her.

Jesse paused briefly before continuing. “Do you wish to waste your time and youth on that endless road?”

Endless road...

She knew clearly that the road had no end to it. She was aware.

Sigh!

Xin Yanting exhaled helplessly to herself. She muttered softly. "Let's go eat."

She turned around and walked ahead.

Jesse followed after her closely. "Ting, I really want you to be happy. Putting aside the question of you falling in love with me or not. Five years ago before you returned, you weren't like this."

"I've known you for nearly ten years. Before you came back to China, you were cheerful, optimistic, and lively. You were so confident. But now, I only see gloom and misery in you."

Xin Yanting continued to walk as she listened.

"He caused you unhappiness and he didn't make you more beautiful or a better version of yourself. So he doesn't deserve the love you've given him."

Jesse halted his footsteps, and Xin Yanting followed suit.

She paused and slowly raised her hands to feel her face.

He didn't make you more beautiful...

How was she like now? She didn't look in the mirror that often now. Even if she did, she wouldn't scrutinize her appearance like how she did before.

She didn't make the effort to dress herself up as well.

In the last five years, she finished her Masters, then her Ph.D. She worked while she studied at the same time.

She tried so hard to transform herself into someone knowledgeable, hardworking, and wise...

But that didn't make her into a better person.

Suddenly, she smiled at Jesse. "Let's go and have dinner. We can go to the hot spring later."

Jesse's eyes lit up. "Great!"

This place was famous for the delicacies.

Xin Yanting stuffed herself to the brim and she really enjoyed the dinner.

Jesse saw that she tried to use her fingers to wipe her mouth. So, he pulled some tissues and handed them to her. "Wipe your mouth."

Xin Yanting dabbed at her mouth and said, "The fish stew is even better than the one made by my mom."

Jiang Zhuoheng was relieved to see her in high spirits. "We can come again."

"Let's go to the hot spring." Xin Yanting threw the tissues away and picked up her bag.

She seemed eager and excited.

Jiang Zhuoheng replied, "You and Jesse can go ahead. I'll skip."

He rose as he spoke.

Xin Yanting pursed her lips and eyed Jiang Zhuoheng. "You're such a spoilsport."

She deliberately glared at him and stiffly marched away.

Jiang Zhuoheng helplessly stared at Xin Yanting, and he blinked in confusion.

Jesse strode past him with a grin, and Jiang Zhuoheng grinned too.

...

They didn't bring any swimsuits, so they had to buy. Xin Yanting chose a rather sexy one, yet it wasn't too revealing.

No matter how exhausted or haggard she looked, she maintained her voluptuous figure.

She wore a leopard-print swimsuit, and her long back hair casually tumbled around her shoulders and back. Her hair seemed to dance as she walked.

As she walked, she attracted the attention of the men and incurred the jealousy of the ladies.

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Chapter 1943: Don't Even Consider, It's Unforgettable (Part Forty-Nine)

"Hey." Jesse had changed and was waiting at the counter with a beer in his hand. He saw Xin Yanting and he beckoned to her.

Xin Yanting raised her eyebrows and asked, "How do I look in this swimsuit?"

Jesse lavished generous praises. "Very sexy and attractive."

Xin Yanting curled her lips in satisfaction before she glanced at the staff. "I want the herbal hot spring for nourishment."

There were public hot springs available here and private ones where the patrons specify the herbs they want.

The staff nodded. "Please hold on."

Xin Yanting quipped, "And two glasses of orange juice."

Jesse glanced at her and added, "I don't want..."

Xin Yanting glanced askew at him. "It's not for you. It's for me to replenish vitamin C."

"Haha..." Jesse laughed, amused.

But his eyes were swirling with complex emotions.

...

"Xuxu!"

Xuxu had just bid Qi Lei goodbye and she turned towards her car. Suddenly, someone called her name.

A pleasant and familiar voice.

She spun around in surprise when she saw the towering figure approaching her. "Ah Heng! Why are you here?"

Jiang Zhuoheng hastened his footsteps towards Xuxu. He beamed brightly. "I took a spin around the vicinity."

"Oh..." Xuxu pressed her lips. "It's so late."

When her grandfather was still around, she knew that he dropped by often. To think that her grandfather was no longer around, he would still come here often.

Perhaps it had become his habit.

"Yeah." Jiang Zhuoheng nodded, his smile unwavering. "Why are you here at this time?"

Xuxu raised her hand to show him a bag of medical ointment. She replied, "Yan Rusheng sprained his waist. So I came to get some ointment for him. Qi Lei just made dinner and I couldn't resist his cooking. So, I stayed for dinner."

Jiang Zhuoheng asked, looking concerned. "How did he sprain his waist? Is it serious?"

"Ahem." Xuxu dismissed his worries with her hands. "Nothing serious."

Fortunately, it was dark and the lights were dim. He couldn't see her blushing.

She glanced at Jiang Zhuoheng to steer the conversation away. "It's cold at night. Why didn't you wear something warmer?"

Jiang Zhuoheng bent to peer at his clothes and he shook his head. "I'm fine. I don't feel cold."

He only had a shirt on and left his coat in the car. When he caught a glimpse of Xuxu from a distance talking to Qi Lei, he got off too hastily to remember his coat.

They stood across from each other on the roadside. Both of them didn't have the intention of parting even if they met by coincidence.

After several quiet moments, Xuxu took out her phone to check the time. It was almost ten.

She contemplated for a moment before asking Jiang Zhuoheng. "Qi Lei's chess skills are on par with my grandfather. Do you want to play with him?"

"Sure." Jiang Zhuoheng nodded curtly. His heart, which he usually had a good rein over, began to pound.

He wore a gentle smile.

"Let's go then."

Xuxu turned around to walk ahead.

Jiang Zhuoheng trailed behind her after she stepped forward. He seemed nonchalant and casual, but deep down, he couldn't bear to walk so quickly.

He still treasured how he still had the chance to watch her from afar and to be near her.

...

"Why are you so late?"

After accompanying Jiang Zhuoheng and Qi Lei for two rounds of chess, Wen Xuxu reached home before midnight. She was afraid that Yan Rusheng would be asleep, so she treaded softly across the room.

But a pair of alert-looking eyes were staring at her. He questioned her when she entered.

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Chapter 1944: Don't Even Consider, It's Unforgettable (Part Fifty)

The rest of the family was asleep, and the house was quiet. Xuxu gently shut the door behind her before answering his question. "I met Ah Heng earlier on since he went to the clinic, too. Then I stayed as he played chess with Qi Lei."

It was late and she drove home, so she was exhausted. She sounded rather nonchalant as she replied.

As if it was no big deal.

Yan Rusheng's emotions stirred at the mention of Jiang Zhuoheng's name. He raised his eyebrows. "How could you bump into Jiang Zhuoheng when you go to the clinic? Did you plan to meet him?"

He sounded hostile and wary.

Xuxu heard him, and her exhaustion seemed to evaporate instantly. She marched to the bed and glared at Yan Rusheng. She hissed in an attempt to threaten him. "Yan Rusheng, do you still want the ointment? If you let your imagination run wild, I shall let you lie in bed forever."

"It's fine with me. I can lie down," answered Yan Rusheng, as he propped his head with his hands behind. He casually glanced at the lower part of his body and replied with a meaningful smirk. "As long as that one is working, you can do it."

Xuxu was speechless.

This fellow was really hopeless.

She ignored Yan Rusheng and cast the bag on top of the bedside drawer. She turned around towards the bathroom.

She took off her coat and yawned repeatedly.

"Wife."

Yan Rusheng called her and she halted her footsteps. She turned around lazily and drawled, "What?"

She stifled a yawn as she asked.

Yan Rusheng quipped, "I'm thirsty. Get me a glass of water."

Whenever he tried to ask her to do something, he would always act like a child getting the parent to do as he wishes.

He would always act coy when he requested her to do something. This had become his habit, or perhaps it had always been innate.

“Okay, later.” Wen Xuxu nodded in response.

She turned around and continued to remove her coat as she walked to the bathroom.

Yan Rusheng’s eyebrows were closely knitted when he saw her ignoring him. He raised his voice. “Wen Xuxu, I want water.”

He was upset and frustrated.

‘Didn’t this stupid woman hear that he was thirsty?’

“Why do you keep repeating yourself?” Xuxu glared at him and snarled. “Didn’t I ask you to wait? I want to shower first.”

Hey! This stupid woman was taking advantage of his sprained waist. Was she trying to give him a hard time on purpose?

Yan Rusheng became more annoyed, and then he raised his voice. “Are you trying to let me die of thirst?”

Xuxu rolled her eyes. “If you don’t want to wait, you can get it yourself.”

She didn’t intend to reply to him anymore and went to the bathroom.

She didn’t close the door, as he couldn’t really move.

She removed all her clothes and closed the glass door inside.

Yan Rusheng spoke again. “Wen Xuxu, I’m not even old yet right now. If I’m already old, you would definitely leave me to die. Then you can accompany that Jiang Zhuoheng to play chess every day. No one would be able to bother you.”

Xuxu roared with laughter when she heard Yan Rusheng’s sarcasm.

This guy was really... he had exasperated and amused Xuxu. She shook her head helplessly.

And she began to shower.

She remembered that Yan Rusheng was thirsty, so she took a quick one. After putting on her bathrobes, she went out.

She was barefooted as she walked to the bed. Yan Rusheng was lying on the bed with his back facing her.

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Chapter 1945: Don’t Even Consider, It’s Unforgettable (Part Fifty-One)

She grinned at him. “Young Master, are you asleep?”

The man didn’t even stir.

Of course, Xuxu knew that he wasn't asleep. She peered at him and asked, "I thought you were thirsty? Do you still want water?"

She asked as she bent to get closer to Yan Rusheng's face. Her scent and breath tickled Young Master Yan's skin and heart.

He waved his hand and snapped, "I don't want."

"Oh...." Xuxu yawned once more. "In that case, I won't get water for you. I'm going to sleep."

She was really tired after a long day, and all she wanted to do was to collapse on the bed.

She turned around to get her pajamas and then took off her bathrobe. She then strode back to the bed and pulled the blanket. She was about to slide underneath it.

Yan Rusheng suddenly turned to look at her. "Unless you feed me using your mouth."

Xuxu rolled her eyes. "It's fine if you don't want to drink. Besides, I'm too tired to get you water now."

He really loved to pester her and it annoyed her.

Yan Rusheng glanced at her and their eyes met.

Her heart melted a little as she thought to herself. *'If you whine a little more, I will... pour water for you.'*

But...

Young Master Yan's face fell and he pushed Xuxu. "Wen Xuxu, get going. I'm dying of thirst."

He had reverted to throwing tantrums as the pampered young master.

Xuxu was speechless.

'Persistence! Persist! Why can't you do it?'

'I shall not get water for him!'

Wen Xuxu sat down, disregarding his tantrum. She pulled the blanket over and flipped over.

Hey! Was this stupid woman really so heartless? Was she really not going to get water for him?

Yan Rusheng was glum and sullen. She even forgot to apply ointment for him.

He was enraged. He pinched Xuxu's waist and hissed menacingly. "Wen Xuxu! Are you deliberately trying to provoke me when I'm unwell?"

He increased his force along with the volume of his voice.

Xuxu was tickled and in pain at the same time. She shuffled away to avoid Yan Rusheng's hand.

She glanced at him and sounded smug as she said, "Yeah, I have to seize this rare opportunity."

She looked so conceited that Young Master Yan couldn't take it lying down. A man could be submissive at any time, except... in bed.

If not, he would end up like this! He was being mocked and ridiculed by this woman.

He clenched his teeth to suppress his pain. He turned and pounced on Xuxu.

It took less than a second.

Xuxu even heard him groaning in pain.

She chided him anxiously. “Yan Rusheng! Are you courting death?”

She rubbed his waist gently with her hands and massaged it softly. Her heart was aching for him.

However, Young Master Yan didn’t let the pain deter him. At that moment, all he wanted was to prove that he was a man, at all times, in all situations.

He bit and hissed into Xuxu’s ear. “Did you come home late because you played chess with him? Or did you eat supper with him?”

He raised his head and inhaled deeply, trying to catch if she smelled of food.

Xuxu was speechless.

She eyed Yan Rusheng wordlessly for some time before shoving him away. “Yan Rusheng, that’s enough!”

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Chapter 1946: Don’t Even Consider, It’s Unforgettable (Part Fifty-Two)

How petty could this man be? If she knew that this would happen, she wouldn’t have confessed.

He could accuse her of meeting Ah Heng at every opportunity. Did Ah Heng really affect him so much?

Other than the scent of her skincare product and toothpaste, he smelled nothing else. Yan Rusheng brushed against Xuxu’s lips with his.

He was enjoying himself.

“Get off me. I’ll go get water.” Xuxu frowned and carefully nudged Yan Rusheng.

She flung the blanket off.

She picked up Yan Rusheng’s cup and poured some water in it. She returned to the bed and passed it to him. “Yan Rusheng, your water. Drink it.”

Yan Rusheng was slumped comfortably on the bed as he sweetly replied, “My waist hurts. I can’t get up. You feed me.”

Xuxu pressed her palm to her forehead in deep exasperation. She took a deep breath.

Forget it. If she could satisfy his requests, then she could sleep earlier. She still needed to work the next day and there were some urgent matters to settle.

She bent her back and slid a hand behind Yan Rusheng’s neck. With all her strength, she pulled him up a little.

Actually, she knew that his injury wasn't that bad.

But if he insisted on pretending and forcing her to comply, she really had no choice but to abide.

Yan Rusheng smugly curled his lips. "Wife, you're indeed the best. Seems like I would be well-taken care off in my old age."

He opened his mouth slightly and Xuxu fed him using her mouth.

As she fed him, she dissed him. "Yeah. I had to wait upon you when you were a boy and when you grow old. I really owe you a debt in my previous lifetime."

Yan Rusheng frowned. "When did I get you to wait upon me when I was a boy?"

He peered at Xuxu, and he grumbled, "You were the one who bullied me."

He had his fair share of being bullied by her when he was young.

"You deny it?" Xuxu placed the cup down and narrowed her eyes.

She glanced at Yan Rusheng and reminisced. "There was one time you went to the skating rink to ice skate. But you sprained your leg. Afraid that Grandfather would lecture you, you hid your injury from everyone else. Didn't I take care of you every day? I had to carry you on my back to the classroom and buy food for you."

Yan Rusheng recalled it and he pressed his lips. "This was such an insignificant matter and you still remembered it."

"How dare you say it's insignificant!" Xuxu pointed to Yan Rusheng as she hissed maliciously.

Yan Rusheng nodded hastily. "Alright, alright! It's huge and significant. I remember that you even fed me."

Did she feed him? Xuxu frowned, looking confused. "Why can't I recall that?"

She hated him so much when he was a boy. He would always throw tantrums and acted like a spoiled young master. How could she possibly feed him? They were both really young at that time, and their love hadn't sprouted yet.

A devious gleam sparkled in Yan Rusheng's eyes. "You said that the braised meat was tasty, then I said I wanted to try. So you stuffed it inside my mouth with your chopsticks."

Xuxu finally recalled it and grinned. "Seems like you are better at recalling the details."

It really happened before. They always brought their lunch from home and ate in school. Their lunches were always packed with healthy food.

They didn't eat together in school but because he sprained his leg, he couldn't even move properly. So she sat beside him and fed him.

"Of course. Because I did it deliberately." Young Master Yan grinned triumphantly.

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Chapter 1947: Don't Even Consider, It's Unforgettable (Part Fifty-Three)

Xuxu furrowed her eyebrows in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Yan Rusheng raised his chin, looking immensely pleased. "I deliberately said that so you could feed me. I feel a sense of achievement when I could command you."

There was a long pause.

Xuxu rolled her eyes at Yan Rusheng and switched off the light. She plunged on the bed and buried herself with the blanket.

She was totally drained. Yan Rusheng rested too much in the day, so he was wide awake. He couldn't sleep, so his hands began to roam around Xuxu's body.

His fingers seemed to dance here and there.

He was restless and fidgety.

"Yan Rusheng, stop it." Xuxu couldn't restrain her anger anymore, so she shoved him hard.

She yawned once more and her eyelids started to feel so heavy.

Yan Rusheng blew into her ear. "If you and I don't move, what excitement do we have left?"

His movements and breaths tormented Xuxu, and she couldn't sleep in peace. She spun her head and hissed, "Your waist is injured. What excitement do you want?!"

She should have just tied him with ropes so that he could be still.

Yan Rusheng pouted. "Wife, I wish that you could ride me tonight."

There was a long pause.

Xuxu was already irritated and fuming right, so she barked a warning at Yan Rusheng. "If you dare to touch me again, you're dead meat."

Yan Rusheng grinned from ear to ear. "How should I die? Will you *'finish'* me off?"

He deliberately emphasized the word.

He allowed his hand to venture to Xuxu's chest and he fondled it tenderly.

Xuxu was getting helpless, so she flipped around. Putting her hands around his neck, she pleaded, "My dear hubby, my darling. Please stop moving. Su Yan has to go to the coastal county tomorrow afternoon. And you can't go to work. I'm the only one left to manage everything. Spare me alright?"

She gave him a peck on his lips as a reward.

This tactic usually worked on Young Master Yan, and it aroused his attention.

He frowned and asked, "He is going to the coastal county?"

"Yeah, of course he has to go." Xuxu nodded. "Can you go in this state?"

She recalled something and pressed on. "Oh. And he might bring his little secretary along."

Su Yan had frequently traveled for work in the past few years. Occasionally, he would bring his secretary along. But usually, he preferred to go alone, especially when it was a long trip.

He enjoyed taking photos as he worked, stopping wherever he liked. This was his way of relieving his stress.

So he didn't like company.

It puzzled Yan Rusheng. "His little secretary?"

He wasn't too worried about his marriage, so he wasn't too concerned about personal life.

He had heard of his secretary, Mixiao, but he didn't really remember her.

Xuxu expounded, "The female secretary he recruited."

Yan Rusheng recalled and he frowned. "I thought she was still under probation? He is bringing her on the work trip?"

"Yeah." Xuxu had a mysterious smile on her face as she said, "Young Master Su treats this little secretary of his differently. She is special."

Yan Rusheng scoffed coldly. "Trying to impersonate, but he is making a fool out of himself."

"What do you mean?" Xuxu was confused.

With a conceited look on his face, Young Master Yan explained, "He is mimicking my role as an overbearing President who has designs on his female secretary."

Xuxu was speechless.

She had no retorts left for this guy.

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Chapter 1948: Don't Even Consider, It's Unforgettable (Part Fifty-Four)

"Yan Rusheng, why are you so hateful!" She glanced at Yan Rusheng looking half-irked and half-amused at the same time.

Other than hateful, she couldn't think of a word to describe him right now.

Yan Rusheng didn't let it bother him. Instead, he looked pleased and conceited. "I'm indeed unparalleled when it comes to being hateful and despicable."

Xuxu bit back a laugh. "Exactly. Thank god you are aware."

She mused deeply for a moment before commenting, "At least Su Yan as an overbearing President is more romantic when he is trying to charm his secretary."

Yan Rusheng scoffed with contempt and disdain.

Other than Yan Rusheng, who could fully embody the term of an overbearing President?

"Alright, let's sleep now. Stop moving." Xuxu yawned widely and decided to stop responding. She flipped over, with her back against Yan Rusheng.

She was determined to sleep now and her eyelids felt like boulders weighing down.

However, Young Master Yan had other thoughts. He couldn't move his waist, so he stretched his neck to snuggle against Xuxu. "Wife, I want milk."

Xuxu was speechless.

She laid there fuming quietly for a while to restrain herself from exploding. She grabbed her pillow and moved to the further end of the bed.

She needed to be as far away from him as possible. If not, sleep wouldn't be possible judging from how energetic he looked at the moment.

Seriously, did she think that she would be safe from the monster's claws in this way?

Young Master Yan flashed a toothy grin as he shut his eyes. He propped a leg on Xuxu's chest and gently nudged her.

She couldn't take it any longer, and she will not!

Wen Xuxu suddenly sat up and lashed out furiously. "Yan Rusheng, do you want to die!? Or do you want to be confined to the bed for a month?"

"I really don't want to leave the bed." Yan Rusheng pulled the blanket to cover a part of his face. He feigned bashfulness.

How dare he pretend to be bashful right now?

Xuxu really yearned to kick him off the bed as she threw him a murderous look. The more she stared at his grin, the more she wanted to strangle him.

This man was so shameless, atrocious, and he appeared so nonchalant. She was really going nuts.

How she wished she could bite him.

After an intense struggle, Xuxu sighed sadly to herself. Her eyes were slightly bloodshot and she knew she wouldn't be able to sleep tonight.

She scanned the room, looking resigned, and accidentally caught sight of the ointment.

It struck her that she had forgotten to apply it for Yan Rusheng. She shuffled towards the bedside drawer and stood by the bed. Looking impatient, she quipped, "Sleep after I've applied the ointment for you."

Yan Rusheng smiled flirtatiously at her, and he winked with a mischievous gleam. "You can sleep on me anytime."

He sounded so inviting and beguiling.

Xuxu was speechless.

'God, can you subdue this evildoer? He is so hateful!'

She gritted her teeth and roughly flung the blanket away. She pressed Yan Rusheng and pushed him down.

"Ouch... Wife, be gentle." Yan Rusheng yelped out in pain.

He had sprained his waist and it was really hurting, although he did sound a little dramatic.

1 "I'll let you die of pain!"

Xuxu's heart thought otherwise and she tipped some ointment on her palm. Softly and gently, she rubbed Yan Rusheng's back.

She massaged him with his soft fingers.

He reckoned that this feeling would be better than being in heaven.

Yan Rusheng closed his eyes and smiled contentedly to himself.

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Chapter 1949: Don't Even Consider, It's Unforgettable (Part Fifty-Five)

"Wen Xuxu. If I knew you would end up as my wife, I would have slept with you a long time ago."

"Speak another word and I'm going to twist your waist!"

"I'm serious." Yan Rusheng spun his neck to look at Xuxu. "Haven't you thought of sleeping with me?"

He suddenly stretched his hand to pull Xuxu towards him. She collapsed next to him, and he propped his head with a hand. He gently stroked Xuxu's nose, and he had a tender expression in his eyes. "Haven't you thought of giving me your first kiss? Or peeking at me while I shower? Or perhaps, sneak in when I'm sleeping and admire me in silence?"

Xuxu snorted in disdain. "You think too highly of yourself."

But deep down, she really thought of doing all these before.

'How would his lips feel like?' How does it feel to kiss him?' She had a whim to sneak into his room on many occasions.

At that time, she felt that she would be contented to just watch him as he slept.

The reason being, they bickered and fought whenever their eyes met.

But it had never crossed her mind to peek at him while he was in the bathroom.

Xuxu thought of it and she scoffed haughtily. "I reckon you're the one who wants to peek at me."

Yan Rusheng snorted and quipped, "Do I still need to peek at you while you shower?"

It bewildered Xuxu. "What do you mean?"

"I chanced upon you showering on many occasions." Young Master Yan smirked with a victorious grin.

Xuxu frowned and pressed on doubtfully, “Many occasions? When did you see me?”

Did he really saw her showering? He didn’t seem like he was lying.

Yan Rusheng confessed honestly. “The first time I sneaked into your room to steal that damned love letter from Zhao Zheng. Subsequently, I went in to steal your exam papers and homework.”

Xuxu’s face fell and she furrowed her eyebrows sternly. “No wonder my homework vanished mysteriously so many times. You were the culprit!”

She had kept her stuff in her bag every night. But she wouldn’t be able to find it in school the next day.

Fortunately, she was a model student with excellent grades. So the teachers always believed her and overlooked her mistakes.

‘How many times did this guy try to get her into trouble?’

“Wen Xuxu, don’t you lock the bathroom door when you shower? Are you trying to seduce me?” Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows as he threw her a sharp question.

Xuxu threw him a long and contemptuous look. “Who wants to seduce you? I already locked the door to my room. You were the one who barged in without my consent. If you don’t enter, how could I possibly seduce you?”

Something illuminated in her mind and she asked, “Besides, how did you enter my room?”

Yan Rusheng smirked. “There are spare keys at home.”

“You’re really immoral.” Xuxu cast him a dirty look and asked, “Why did you try to steal my papers and homework. How unscrupulous of you!”

If she really wanted to settle scores with this horrible jerk, the list could go on.

Xuxu pouted indignantly and she looked so adorable. Yan Rusheng placed her hand around her and gazed into her eyes. “Don’t you know that I loved it when you get anxious and panicky?”

He bent to kiss her gently.

Xuxu protested. “Your heart doesn’t ache whenever you torment me?”

“Pretentious.” Yan Rusheng tightened his arm around Xuxu, and he wished he could bury her inside of him at that instance.

“Hmph!” Xuxu sneered and she was upset.

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

Chapter 1950: Don’t Even Consider, It’s Unforgettable (Part Fifty-Six)

Yan Rusheng smiled. In a gentle voice, he said, “Dumb woman, my heart was completely yours by then. Shouldn’t you be glad?”

Indeed, he didn’t understand what feeling it was back then. In reality, his heart was already hers.

During class, he purposely passed her notes and intentionally got caught by the teachers.

After class, he would always disturb her when she saw playing rubber band skipping or skipping rope with her friends.

When he saw that she was on duty after school and that she had just swept the floor, he would mess it up again.

When she locked herself up in the room without coming out for a long time, he threw rocks to break her window.

Of course, he would never tell her these things. Or rather, he wouldn't tell her all at once.

He wanted to share them with her slowly—share with her what he had done in the past.

"Sleep." Xuxu closed her eyes and pulled the blanket over her head.

Actually, her heart felt sweeter than honey.

"Xuxu." Yan Rusheng hugged her arm and rubbed her tummy.

Xuxu coldly said, "Sleep."

"Wife."

"Sleep."

"Ouch, ouch!"

Xuxu chuckled. The room was filled with bliss.

...

The coastal county holiday resort was very important to Xuxu and Yan Rusheng. Every year, they personally went over to arrange the entire event.

They had promised to go every year. They'd even retire there.

But this year, unfortunately, they couldn't. Su Yan and Mixiao stood beside each other, one towering over the other.

When she saw them, Xuxu felt that at least, there was a silver lining to this.

Xuxu followed them out of the office. Then she said to Mixiao, "Mixiao, don't be so formal. President Su is a gentleman, especially towards girls."

Mixiao pressed her lips. "Thank you, Sister Xuxu."

Xuxu smiled at her bashful figure and said, "When you go there, eat what you want and drink what you need. Don't be so courteous with President Su."

Mixiao chuckled. She didn't know how to reply.

She didn't find President Su very gentlemanly, anyway. Would a gentleman let a secretary—who has a low tolerance for alcohol—drink on his behalf?

Mixiao picked up her luggage. "Sister Xuxu, I'll go keep the luggages."

Xuxu nodded. "Mm. Go ahead."

After she walked away, Su Yan moved closer to Xuxu. "Weren't you a little too obvious?"

Xuxu looked at him contemptuously. "You're no match for your third brother in this aspect."

Su Yan knew which aspect she was referring to. But he still asked, "Which aspect?"

"Last night, he said that you were merely copying his methods." Xuxu betrayed her husband.

"Haha."

Young Master Su laughed—a rare sight. His laughter was as pleasant as the spring breeze.

He smiled and glanced at Mixiao, who was placing her luggage in the trunk.

His smile faded as he watched her.

When it came to women—a woman that he liked—he was unlike his third brother. After all, he wasn't him.

He wasn't him.

...

The first-class cabin was comfortable and spacious. It was quiet and peaceful as well.

After settling down, Su Yan said to Mixiao, "Pass me the event proposal."