

Elite Doting 211

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Chapter 211: Did She Plan on Holding Her Bladder?

Yan Rusheng turned around and lay down on the bed.

He shut his eyes, and it looked like he wasn't planning to say another word.

Xuxu's eyes trailed over his good-looking face, and after struggling internally for a while, she tiptoed cautiously to the other end of the bed. She gingerly lifted the blanket and laid herself down as carefully as she could.

She lay sideways with her back facing Yan Rusheng. She moved closer to the edge, and any movement she made could cause her to fall off the bed.

It was the first time someone had lain next to him on his bed.

Never in Yan Rusheng's wildest dreams did he see himself sharing a bed with Wen Xuxu one day. And as husband and wife, no less.

'You're like a tigress. No one will marry you when you grow up.'

'Yan Rusheng, I dare you to repeat yourself!'

He glanced askance at the tiny woman who was sleeping so cautiously at the edge of the bed. His expression was filled with tenderness.

He was worried that Xuxu might not be able to sleep at night. So Yan Rusheng consulted a Chinese physician to prescribe some medicine to calm her nerves and to nourish her body. She would take it with milk before she slept.

For Xuxu, even though the person lying next to her was someone she loved and feared, she couldn't suppress the drowsiness that washed over her. She quickly fell asleep despite being on tenterhooks.

Yan Rusheng observed her how her body undulated as she breathed. He knew she was fast asleep when her breathing became regular and steady.

He moved... and inched slowly towards her.

He didn't want to wake her up and merely wanted to move closer so that he could smell the fragrance in her hair.

He took a lock of her hair and twirled it between his fingers. He could hardly contain himself just by breathing in her delicate scent.

Unexpectedly, he gradually felt calm and peaceful as he listened to her steady breathing.

Wen Xuxu, you promised that you'll never leave me.

...

Drinking a glass of milk did help her to fall asleep, but the drawback was that she needed to relieve herself at night.

Xuxu opened her eyes drowsily as she fumbled for the light switch.

Suddenly she felt that something had wrapped around her waist—Yan Rusheng!

She jolted awake instantly and moved her hand under the blanket towards her waist. She felt his buff arm and her heart pounded fiercely.

Biting her lips, she carefully withdrew her outstretched hand. She endured it until Yan Rusheng woke up and left the bed, then she scrambled out from the covers and dashed into the toilet.

But she was unaware that the bedroom door wasn't completely closed. A pair of eyes watched her affectionately as she bolted for the toilet. "Stupid woman."

If he didn't wake up, was she planning on holding her bladder forever?

The toilet lights switched on, and Yan Rusheng closed the door, feeling at ease.

After a while, she came out of the toilet and went back to bed. It was barely 5 a.m. in the morning.

He was up so early.

She glanced at the door and mumbled under her breath.

She lifted the blanket, and the entire bed showed traces of them rolling around. She couldn't help but move towards the area which Yan Rusheng had slept on last night.

The pillow still smelled faintly of him—a light fragrant scent.

When she woke up hours later, she realized that she was hugging Yan Rusheng's pillow. And she embraced it tightly.

She released the pillow guiltily and scanned the room. After making sure that the room was empty, she heaved a sigh of relief.

It was almost time for lunch when she woke up. She washed up and left the room.

"Be careful and don't damage the cupboard."

After she exited the bedroom, she saw two men transporting Grandmother's bed out from her bedroom. The butler stood nearby, monitoring and instructing them.

She rushed forward to stop them. "Where are you taking Grandmother's bed?"

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Chapter 212: It Was Instructed by Third Young Master

She peered inside the room after questioning the butler. Not just the bed, the rest of the furniture had also been taken out.

As she looked at the bare room, her nose pricked with a stinging sensation and her eyes started to glisten.

Why did they have to remove Grandmother's stuff?

The butler replied, "Miss, I was instructed by the Young Master to convert Old Madam's bedroom into a playroom. And he asked me to start today."

Xuxu couldn't understand. "Why? There are so many rooms in the house."

As she said this, her tears started rolling down.

The butler saw Xuxu tearing up and he rubbed his eyes to stop his tears from falling as well. He consoled Xuxu and said, "Miss, don't be too upset. When Old Madam was alive, she has always yearned for Third Young Master to get married and give her great-grandchildren. By converting her bedroom to a playroom, I'm sure Old Madam would be very happy."

Xuxu looked back at the room once again when she heard the butler's explanation.

In that moment, her watery eyes lit up with a smile. "You're right. Grandmother would be happy to know."

Her heart still ached as she thought, *If only Grandmother was around to witness this.*

But how could that happen?

Grandmother had used her life in exchange for her marriage with Yan Rusheng.

After lunch, Xuxu received a call from Zhou Shuang inviting her to go to the orphanage to do volunteer work. This time around, she finally accepted.

She changed into casual clothes in neutral tones and went down to find Zhou Shuang waiting for her.

Zhou Shuang sat on the couch, and she was browsing a financial magazine that Yan Rusheng would always read.

"Zhou Shuang," Xuxu called out as she stood behind her.

Zhou Shuang put the magazine away and looked disapprovingly at Xuxu. "It's so hard to ask you out. I even have to pick you up personally."

During this period, she'd frequently tried to make plans with her to cheer her up. Today was the first time she succeeded.

Zhou Shuang began to scrutinize Xuxu's outfit from top to toe. Her eyebrows were furrowed. "We're going to the orphanage to do volunteer work, so we'll be with a bunch of kids. Can't you wear something more vibrant instead?"

Xuxu peered down at her own outfit when she heard her feedback. "Isn't this okay?"

"Of course not! Hurry and change into something more colorful." Zhou Shuang stood up and gave Xuxu a nudge.

Xuxu couldn't change her mind, and she nodded. "Alright then, if you don't mind waiting. I'll head upstairs to change."

She turned around to go upstairs and entered her old room.

Most of her clothes were still in her own apartment. Her old bedroom only had some clothes that she'd worn previously. She had bought them together with Grandmother.

The colors of these clothes would definitely win Zhou Shuang's approval.

It had been some time since she'd stayed in her old room, and even though the servants often opened the windows for air circulation, it still gave off a hollow and uninhabited feeling.

She walked to the wardrobe and opened it.

Her bright and clear eyes widened in surprise.

What happened? Where were all her old clothes?

The wardrobe was filled with a variety of colorful clothes, and they were all brand new. Her old clothes were all gone.

"Aunt Zhang."

She decided to look for Aunt Zhang.

Aunt Zhang heard her calling and responded, "Miss, are you looking for me?"

Xuxu stood at the stairs and pointed in the direction of her room. She asked Aunt Zhang, "Where are all my old clothes?"

"Third Young Master asked me to donate all your old clothes." Aunt Zhang continued to elaborate calmly, "The clothes were all donated this morning. The current clothes in the wardrobe were all prepared by Young Master. He informed me that everything is washed and you can wear them straight away."

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Chapter 213: Kindhearted Person

Donated? Xuxu raised her voice slightly. "Why did he do that?"

She had merely worn the clothes once or twice; why did he donate everything without asking for her permission?

Aunt Zhang shrugged. "I'm not sure as well."

How could she read Young Master's mind?

Xuxu gave a helpless sigh and returned to her room. She was lost in thought as she stared at her clothes.

Was he trying to remind her to detach herself from the past?

Yan Rusheng, years have gone by. Did I hide it too well or could it be that in your eyes, it's impossible to see another person?

Finally, after much deliberation, she chose a fuchsia-colored sleeveless dress with a modest V neck. The dress was made of a soft silky material, and it fell down beyond her knees.

She hadn't donned such a bright color in a while, and it captivated everyone.

Aunt Zhang immediately showered her with compliments. "Young Master has excellent taste, this dress looks fabulous on you."

Zhou Shuang who was sitting on the couch added cheekily, "The young madam of the Yan family is so pretty, even if she doesn't wear anything, she'll still look eye-catching."

Aunt Zhang nodded without fully absorbing her words. "Yes, yes, yes..."

Then she snapped to after realizing what she meant, but it was already too late.

She smiled awkwardly at Xuxu.

Xuxu frowned and shot Zhou Shuang a disapproving glare. *Wretched girl, how dare you tease an old lady.*

"Let's go, pretty lady." Zhou Shuang grabbed her arm and sized her up. "I really couldn't tell that arrogant man Yan Rusheng would have such good taste when it comes to selecting clothes for ladies."

She shook her head and clicked her tongue. "Indeed, he has plenty of experience with the ladies."

No wonder Young Master Yan was always worried about Xuxu hanging out with Zhou Shuang. He knew that she would speak ill about him behind his back.

Xuxu smiled and brought up a new topic. "Why did you think of volunteering at the orphanage?"

When she received her call inviting her to be a volunteer, she was slightly taken aback.

Zhou Shuang did have her kind and loving side, but she wasn't very patient. The young kids at the orphanage might be a handful—would Zhou Shuang be able to cope?

"You sound as if..." Miss Zhou questioned Xuxu indignantly. "Isn't it normal for someone as kindhearted as me to volunteer at an orphanage?"

Xuxu saw that Zhou Shuang was about to turn defensive and she wisely backed down. Concealing her doubt, she smiled, "Kindhearted person, let's hurry up. If not, the day will be over by the time your kindness reaches the orphanage."

Zhou Shuang drove a black Land Rover SUV which suited her 'macho' personality.

The traffic conditions were smooth in the afternoon, and the car soon entered the suburbs in no time. The vehicle entered a loop and continued traveling on a broad tar road which was lined with tall white poplar trees. There weren't many buildings, and the white poplar trees made one feel more relaxed.

It was her first time seeing an orphanage in real life, and it was the same as what she saw on TV. The steel doors were all rusty and old.

The old-looking, two-floor building was painted with a light yellow color and decorated with a few cartoon characters.

It could be due to the warm weather, but the vast cemented area was empty. All they could see was a few basic facilities for children to play in.

If she hadn't entered the Yan family years ago, what kind of a life would she and her grandfather be living in?

Xuxu stood under the blazing sun and surveyed the orphanage. She was lost in her thoughts and forgot all about the heat.

"Xuxu, come and help me."

Zhou Shuang spoke up and interrupted her thoughts.

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Chapter 214: She's An Aunty, I'm The Sister

"I'm coming," Xuxu answered Zhou Shuang and turned around to see her pulling out bags of stuff from the car trunk.

They'd bought snacks for the kids along the way, and Zhou Shuang had prepared clothes for them beforehand.

She rushed over and carried two bags which were stuffed with clothes, then walked to the orphanage's entrance.

The guard was a benevolent-looking elderly man who seemed like he was in his sixties. Zhou Shuang announced her name, and he opened the gates immediately. He even volunteered to help Xuxu carry in one of the bags.

When they entered, the kids had just woken up, and they were all either using the toilet or washing up.

The innocent kids were all excited when they heard that someone had brought them new clothes and snacks.

Zhou Shuang and Xuxu distributed the candies. The happy atmosphere infected them as well as they smiled happily with the children.

Zhou Shuang couldn't resist popping one into her mouth when she saw the variety of colorful sweets.

All the children were well-behaved, and they queued up without creating a commotion and simply took one each.

As they distributed the sweets, the matron who seemed to be in her fifties took pictures from a corner.

They would record heartwarming moments like these so that they can teach and remind the children about gratitude.

Xuxu sat on one of the wooden stools that the kids made and studied the youngest girl in the crowd. She was probably about three years old, and she wore a pink dress that someone had donated. Her curly locks were in a mess, looking as if they were struck by a bolt of lightning.

Her face was chubby and fair, and her eyes were especially bright and round. Her eyes sparkled as if they could talk.

The little girl was focused on savoring her candy and didn't notice that she was being watched. She licked her candy, and her face and chin were covered with saliva. Xuxu managed a tiny smile when she saw her contented and blissful face.

Finally, after she had almost finished her candy, the little girl lifted her head and looked around.

She saw Xuxu who was smiling kindly at her.

Without any shyness, her tiny legs strode over to Xuxu. She held the candy which was almost gone and put it near Xuxu's mouth. "Sister, please eat."

Her voice was sweet and adorable, and it melted Xuxu's heart. She carried her and settled her on her lap.

She brushed her messy hair and responded, "It's alright, you can eat it."

She had barely finished when Zhou Shuang spoke in slight disdain. "You're already married, how can you be a sister? Don't you feel ashamed pretending to be young?"

She moved towards Xuxu and knelt in front of the little girl. She pinched her chubby cheeks and corrected her. "She's an aunty, I'm the sister. I'm the prettiest and youngest sister, alright?"

The little girl didn't answer her as she pointed at Xuxu. "Sister, do you call her Aunty as well?"

What she meant was, I called you Sister and yet I called her Aunty. Should you call her Aunty as well?

This complicated relationship...

"Haha...!" Xuxu burst out into laughter.

Zhou Shuang's face fell.

She thought to herself, how are kids so smart these days? She could even come up with such a complex piece of logic.

"Huanhuan, you can't be rude." The matron walked over and gently lectured the little girl. She bent down and scooped the girl up from Xuxu.

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Chapter 215: Are You Thinking Of Killing Someone?

Xuxu shook her head and smiled. "It's alright. Actually, she's very sensible."

While she was talking, the little girl had gone back to join the rest of the children. Xuxu's eyes began to look wistful.

"I really couldn't tell that you liked children so much."

She smiled when she heard Zhou Shuang, but didn't say a word.

Then Zhou Shuang continued, "Since you like kids, then you should hurry up and have a child with Yan Rusheng. Even though his personality isn't great, but he does have superior genes. Yan Rusheng and your child will naturally possess both looks and intelligence."

“Of course, the prerequisite is that he shouldn’t be as pretentious as his dad.”

She rattled on without noticing that Xuxu was looking at the little girl among the children. Her tiny figure seemed so adorable yet so pitiful in their midst.

The child she would have with him would naturally possess both looks and intelligence...

She mulled over Zhou Shuang’s words and sighed despondently.

...

Flourish & Prosper.

Yan Rusheng stared at the computer screen which was playing a video from a surveillance camera. His expression was hostile, and his malicious-looking eyes shone with a murderous gleam.

The video ended and he retrieved his cigarette case from his drawer and lighted a cigarette.

Another hand was resting on a pile of phone records and bank transaction statements. His hands were balled into fists, and every tendon seemed to pop up.

Wisps of white smoke resembling white frost seemed to freeze the atmosphere in the room.

There was a man in a black t-shirt who sat facing Yan Rusheng. His handsome face contained a fearful expression. “Third Yan, are you thinking of killing someone?”

But his tone didn’t betray his fear.

“Why would I kill someone?” Yan Rusheng lifted his eyebrows coldly and glanced at him. He paused for a second before continuing, “Commander Mu, you should oversee this matter to the end.”

“What?” Mu Qingteng twitched his lips. “Third Yan, your demands are becoming more unreasonable.”

Yan Rusheng pressed his lips together, tightly knitting his thick eyebrows. He had a ruthless and savage-looking expression.

Mu Qingteng yielded and waved his hands. “Forget it, I’ll help you watch over this matter until the end. I got this.”

If he really let Yan Rusheng have his way, he would definitely make the culprit pay with his life.

He pressed against the arms of the chair and stood up. As an army commander, he exuded an aura of unyielding resolution and grace, and he had a dignified and upright personality.

He turned to leave, and something came to his mind. He looked at Yan Rusheng. “I won’t get involved with Ansheng’s side. Don’t throw me under the bus when the time comes.”

Yan Rusheng stayed silent, but Mu Qingteng didn’t expect him to reply.

After he said his piece, he marched out of Yan Rusheng’s office.

...

The black S600 made a turn in the courtyard, and Yan Rusheng switched off the engine.

He came out from the driver's seat and walked hurriedly towards the house.

"Third Young Master is back."

He entered the living room to see Aunt Zhang walking out from the dining room.

He responded with a curt 'mm' and asked, "Has she eaten?"

Usually, he came home straight from work, but today it was already past dinner time.

Aunt Zhang knew the 'she' that he was referring to. "I was about to contact her. She went out with Miss Zhou this afternoon, and she hasn't returned."

He furrowed his eyebrows with displeasure. "They were out the entire afternoon?"

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Chapter 216: He Doesn't Want This

As he spoke, he sat down on the couch and starting dialing Xuxu's number.

At that moment, the butler announced.

"Missy is back."

Yan Rusheng locked his cellphone screen and put it down, then rose to walk to the door.

The second he caught sight of that petite figure, he was slightly startled. To his surprise, she was wearing the dress he'd bought for her.

She was smiling and seemed cheerful. And she did look more energetic and fresh.

The corners of his mouth curled up subconsciously when he saw her in the dress, feeling satisfied with his taste in clothes.

'She went out with Miss Zhou this afternoon, and she hasn't returned.'

Aunt Zhang's words rung once more, and his face fell immediately.

Xuxu noticed the abrupt change in his facial expression and her heart lurched as a result. She slowed down instinctively.

Yan Rusheng towered over her as she stood below the steps, peering down at her from a lofty position. He snapped coldly, "Where did you go this entire afternoon?"

Xuxu answered timidly, "I went to the orphanage in the Chengdong district with Zhou Shuang. The children insisted on having dinner with us."

So they went to the orphanage.

Yan Rusheng's bubbling jealousy evaporated instantly, and his tone softened. "In the future, call home to inform the servants if you're not coming back for dinner."

He turned around after speaking.

"Mm," Xuxu mumbled as she watched his back.

She felt that this fellow was getting more unpredictable.

Yan Rusheng stopped at the entrance of the dining room and said, "Come over and eat."

"I've already eaten at the orphanage." Xuxu rubbed her full belly.

Seeing how satisfied and contented she looked, Yan Rusheng was struck with a flash of jealousy as he thought of a bunch of kids eating with her at the orphanage.

"Even so, come over and drink some soup." He was frowning impatiently, and he sounded as if there wasn't any room for discussion.

Xuxu feared that he would flare up and nodded. "Okay."

Everything had changed between the two of them. One of them would have to give in so that they could maintain this marriage based on 'Grandmother's final wish'.

Not to mention, she was indeed the culprit behind Grandmother's death and made them lose the core of their family. She no longer had the right to raise her head up high before another Yan family member.

Especially Yan Rusheng.

She would bury the hidden feelings she had for him deep in her heart forever. That way, she will could preserve the last remaining shred of her dignity.

She constantly reminded herself that their marriage was just to fulfill Grandmother's final wish.

No matter how gentle or thoughtful he was to her, she shouldn't harbor any unnecessary hope.

She watched Yan Rusheng as he placed a bowl of soup in front of her and said lightly, "Thank you."

Then she held the bowl and drank a big mouthful.

Yan Rusheng looked at her and asked coldly, "Can't you take note of your image as a woman?"

"Oh." Xuxu obeyed and placed the bowl down. She picked up a spoon and slowly drank her soup in a demure manner.

Slam!

Yan Rusheng slammed his chopsticks on the table and without waiting for Xuxu's response, he angrily left the dining room.

He didn't want this; he wanted the original her. Not someone submissive and docile without a temper.

Xuxu watched him furiously walk away, and she frowned gloomily.

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Chapter 217: What Happened?

What was wrong with this fellow now? Was he experiencing menopause?

She pouted and cast her spoon aside. She held the bowl and drank the soup directly from it.

She finished and smacked her lips in satisfaction before wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

She had fun with the children in the afternoon, and she hadn't felt so cheered up in ages.

She decided not to hold a grudge against him regarding his terrible attitude for fear it would affect her current mood.

She finished the meal and helped Aunt Zhang clear the dishes away.

Aunt Zhang declined her help, but Xuxu insisted. She put on a floral apron and a pair of gloves to scrub the dishes.

And she scrutinized each piece of cutlery under the light before disinfecting them.

After washing the dishes, she saw Aunt Zhang kneading dough at another corner. "Aunt Zhang, why are you kneading dough this late at night?"

She went over and peered curiously at Aunt Zhang as she kneaded it skillfully.

Not only was she an excellent cook, Aunt Zhang was also skilled at making food from flour. She would always make the skins for the dumplings herself.

She could make buns and steamed rolls too; nothing was too daunting for her.

Aunt Zhang spoke cheerfully as she kneaded. "Third Young Master didn't eat much during dinner earlier on. I'm afraid he might be hungry later, so I'm making him some handmade noodles for supper."

She remembered that when she had just entered the Yan family, Aunt Zhang was young and plump. Years flew by, and her skin had become sunken and wrinkly.

She and Yan Rusheng both loved eating her handmade noodles, which tasted delectable.

Xuxu stared at Aunt Zhang's wrinkled hands, and a sudden whim hit her. She snatched the dough from her and grinned. "Let me help you."

Aunt Zhang didn't stop her, and instead guided her step by step.

Except for controlling the heat, Xuxu effortlessly mastered the technique and cooked the noodles to perfection.

Under Aunt Zhang's guidance, she managed to make a bowl of handmade noodles from scratch.

Xuxu garnished it with some scallion, and she burst with pride when she saw her masterpiece.

"Aunt Zhang, what do you think of this?" She pointed at the noodles with satisfaction as she tried to fish for compliments from Aunt Zhang.

Aunt Zhang gave her a thumbs-up. "Miss, you are indeed capable, be it at the workplace or in the kitchen."

Her mission complete, Xuxu felt pleased. She passed the bowl to Aunt Zhang. "Hurry and bring it upstairs, I'll do the dishes."

Aunt Zhang, however, didn't take it. "Let the servant wash them. You should send this personally to Third Young Master."

Both of them finally had some 'development' after so long. Aunt Zhang needed to create more opportunities for them to get closer to each other.

A wonderful and timely opportunity such as sending supper to her husband would be wasted if someone else were to do it.

Most importantly, that bowl of noodles had been prepared by Xuxu; it was extra thoughtful.

"Hmmm..." Xuxu glanced at the bowl and hesitated. She nodded as though she was forced to. "Alright then."

She couldn't guarantee he would eat it if she were the one to send it up.

As expected, Yan Rusheng was in the study. After she got his permission, she entered the room.

Sitting at his work desk, he stared at the computer screen while moving the mouse. He held a cigarette in the other hand as his peach blossom-shaped eyes squinted at the screen with a frown.

He seemed to be troubled.

The smell of tobacco pervaded the air in the room. Xuxu slowly strolled towards him as she tried to decipher what was on his mind.

He'd been acting strangely and looked troubled ever since dinner yesterday.

What had happened?

Her footsteps became louder, and Yan Rusheng moved his vision away from the screen towards Xuxu who stood in front of him.

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Chapter 218: What Does This Have To Do With Having Children?

He was taken aback to see Xuxu holding a bowl in her hands.

"You didn't eat much during dinner, so Aunt Zhang made you some handmade noodles."

Xuxu gave a light explanation as she placed the bowl in front of him.

From the bowl, the fragrance of sesame oil and scallions entered his nostrils. It was a familiar smell that he could recognize even with his eyes closed.

He glanced at the noodles and waved his hand impatiently. "Take it away and don't bother me."

This fellow...

Xuxu wasn't sure how she managed to muster her courage to raise her voice at him. "Don't you want to have a child?"

She instantly turned crimson.

Young Master Yan looked at her in confusion.

"I shouldn't be the only one taking care of my health, and..." Xuxu swallowed before she lashed out again. "And, as you know, our child might inherit your bad temper."

She chided him in one breath and stomped away immediately before Yan Rusheng could respond.

She suddenly agreed with Zhou Shuang's reasoning. If they really had a child, he or she mustn't inherit his bad temper—it was just as bad as a woman going through menopause.

Yan Rusheng stared after her fleeing figure. He recalled the words she'd used and his face turned glum.

Our child might inherit your bad temper...

Was she implying that he had a bad temper?

But their child... who will the child take after?

Hmmm, the child should look like him indeed. And his or her personality too. That stupid woman doesn't have any strengths so she should just be responsible for giving birth to their child.

He was feeling gloomy, but as he visualized their future child, his mood lightened up considerably.

'Ssss'

Immersed in his daydream, the cigarette he was holding soon burned his finger. He threw it away in a hurry.

Knock knock knock.

Someone knocked again, and he glanced at the door, thinking to himself, '*Stupid woman how dare you come again.*'

He straightened his back and sat up, prim and proper. Then he answered, "Come in."

The door swung open, but it was Aunt Zhang instead.

Aunt Zhang asked, "Third Young Master, have you eaten the noodles? I'll wash the bowl if you're done."

His eyes glinted with a flash of disappointment, and he became frustrated. "I'm not eating, bring it away."

"Oh." Aunt Zhang's mouth drooped with disappointment as she saw the bowl of noodles which hadn't been touched at all. She mumbled as she stretched out her hands. "Miss's fingers were accidentally clamped a few times while making the noodles. Such a pity to dump the whole bowl."

Even if you're not eating, I'm obliged to let you know how much effort Miss had put in.

Hmph!

What? Wen Xuxu made the noodles?

A flash of surprise streaked past Young Master Yan's eyes. Without hesitation, he snatched the bowl of noodles from Aunt Zhang. "Since it's a pity to throw away, I'll try a few mouthfuls later."

He dismissed her. "You may leave first. I'll bring the bowl downstairs after I'm done."

Aunt Zhang was bewildered by his actions. Earlier on, he didn't want to try the noodles, and now without warning, he'd snatched the bowl back like a bandit.

Why was it so hard to understand the mindset of youngsters these days?

...

At the Ming's house.

After dinner, the Ming family was having dessert together. Being the core of the family, Ming Zhongsheng sat at the center of the couch. Everyone was huddled around him harmoniously as they chatted and ate.

His eldest grandson, Ming Anyong, played chess with him. Wen Xinyi was the only girl among his grandchildren, and he doted on her immensely.

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Chapter 219: I'm Not Afraid

Wen Xinyi had always occupied the seat next to her grandfather for all occasions.

Even at a casual family gathering like this, she sat beside Ming Zhongsheng as she held a fruit platter.

When her grandfather made the occasional wrong move, she would caution him on time.

"Grandfather, you can't make this move."

After analyzing the opponent's strategy, Wen Xinyi hurriedly stopped Ming Zhongsheng just as he was about to place his chess piece.

Ming Zhongsheng was saved by her timely warning. "Yes, Xinyi is such a smart girl."

He withdrew his piece.

"Old Sir, there are many police officers outside the house! They're here to investigate a case!"

The butler rushed into the room, gasping for breath as he broke the news.

Everyone was shocked and startled.

They stared at each other in confusion, not knowing what was going on.

Even though he might have used some unscrupulous methods while handling his business, it wasn't serious enough for the police to come knocking late at night.

Clatter!

Wen Xinyi dropped the fruit platter on the floor, and it fell with a loud clatter.

Everyone turned towards her.

Her face was drained of color, and Ming Anyong asked her out of concern, "Xinyi, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." Wen Xinyi smiled and shook her head. "I'm just wondering why the police would come here."

As she said this, she brushed her hair subconsciously, and her eyes darted elsewhere. The smile on her face was rigid and unnatural.

Everyone's attention was focused on the police officers, and thus they didn't notice Wen Xinyi's abnormal reaction.

"To investigate a case?" Ming Zhongsheng's face fell, and his tone was somber and cold.

He rose and walked out of the room with a stony expression.

Everyone scuttled after him closely.

Ming Zhongsheng walked to the door and was enraged to see the police in the courtyard.

He had stayed in this mansion for over twenty years, and it was the first time the police had paid him a visit.

"Let them in," he instructed the butler and returned to the sofa.

He wanted to know why the police had come knocking so late at night.

Everyone had followed the old man while Wen Xinyi quietly sneaked upstairs.

But Ming Ansheng appeared from a corner and blocked her way.

She gasped, and her face turned pallid. "Brother Sheng! You almost scared me to death, jumping out of nowhere."

She patted her chest as she admonished him.

Without waiting for Ming Ansheng to speak, she was about to head back to her room once again.

Ming Ansheng grabbed her slender arm and turned to question her, "Xinyi, what are you afraid of?"

That shrewd pair of eyes blazed at her, but Wen Xinyi tried to avoid him. She lowered her head and stammered, "I-I'm not afraid."

"No?" Ming Ansheng refused to believe her.

"Really! Brother Sheng, what's wrong with you?" Wen Xinyi pouted indignantly.

But she still avoided his shrewd-looking eyes.

Whether it was looks or capability, Ming Ansheng was the most outstanding one among all the grandchildren in the Ming family.

Even among the countless famous and wealthy bachelors in the capital city, he was one of the finest.

Earlier on, he stood on the stairs and observed Wen Xinyi's every movement and expression. She was obviously hiding something.

"Chairman Ming, we suspect that your granddaughter Wen Xinyi is involved with the manipulation of a car accident. We would like her to head back with us for investigation."

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 220: How Could You Be So Audaciously Reckless?

They could hear the arrival of several police officers from the first floor.

Wen Xinyi's legs turned wobbly, and her face was now ashen. Her whole body was trembling.

"Manipulated a car accident?" Ming Ansheng's deep and slender eyes narrowed with a sinister gleam. He gritted his teeth and glared at Wen Xinyi. "Did you have anything to do with Yan Rusheng's grandmother's car accident?"

His tone was measured and unyielding.

No wonder Third Yan had called earlier to say something cryptic and baffling.

'Ming Ansheng, when there is a start, there is always an end.'

"Ahhh... no! It wasn't me!" Wen Xinyi shook her head fervently, but her expression had betrayed her guilt. She said again, "It wasn't me! I didn't!"

Wen Xinyi's reaction had reaffirmed Ming Ansheng's suspicions. He couldn't control his emotions any longer. "Wen Xinyi, how could you be so audaciously reckless?!"

He lashed at her to unleash his fury and released his grip on her arm. He didn't flinch when she collapsed on the floor.

Turning his head away, he walked past her and strode to his study.

Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that Grandmother Yan's death would be related to his family.

Yan Rusheng aside, even Ming Ansheng had wanted to strangle Wen Xinyi just now, and he was her cousin.

"Bullshit. Our Xinyi is such a kindhearted person who couldn't even bear to step on an ant. How could she be involved in fabricating a car accident..."

Ming Zhongsheng was defending Wen Xinyi with all his might.

It was then that Ming Ansheng's yell resonated and reached the first floor, his voice covering the old man's words.

Everyone looked up simultaneously.

"Chairman Ming, we are here based on our investigations protocol as we've recently received a report. Please cooperate."

The police officer remained firm.

He looked poised and ready to head upstairs. If the Ming family continued to resist, the police officers would have to resort to force.

Ming Zhongsheng was affected by Ming Ansheng's yell and lost a fair bit of his confidence. However, he was still adamant that his granddaughter was a demure and delicate girl who wouldn't commit a crime.

He turned to Ming Anyong. "Go get Xinyi."

"Okay." Ming Anyong swiftly ascended the stairs and came back down.

Wen Xinyi trailed behind him with her head lowered. She seemed to have diminished in size.

The instant Ming Zhongsheng saw her, he had the answer in his heart.

Wen Xinyi reached the first floor and looked at the officers. Each of her steps took much effort as she slowly walked forward. Finally, she stopped and didn't dare to move forward.

The police officers swarmed around her in the next second. "Wen Xinyi, you're suspected of being involved with the manipulation of a car accident. Please follow us to the police station."

Wen Xinyi stumbled backward in fear and looked at Ming Zhongsheng. "Grandfather, I...I didn't do it. I really didn't."

Anyone who wasn't a fool had the answer in their heart the minute they saw her.

Just a while ago, the whole family was still spending time together happily. But now, everyone remained dumbfounded, and no one stepped forward to defend her.

How could someone so fragile and delicate like Xinyi have committed such a crime? Everyone was also curious to know the identity of the car accident's victim.

Just as everyone was speculating, Ming Zhongsheng spoke up. "Which car accident?"

But he seemed to already know the answer.

The police replied, "Flourish & Prosper's Chairman Wang Daqin's fatal car accident."

Everyone at the scene, including Ming Zhongsheng, turned as pale as a sheet as their hearts pounded violently.

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Young Master Yan, who initially had no appetite at all, finished the entire bowl in no time. He smacked his lips, and incredibly, he felt that it wasn't enough.

He glanced at the bowl, and it dawned on him that it had been a while since he last drank the coffee she brewed.