

Elite Doting 311

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Chapter 311: The Handsome Third Young Master Who Didn't Have Any Friends

Xuxu snapped at him, “You’re the trashy one, including your whole family!”

Her tone of voice and expressions were child-like, and it prompted Yan Rusheng to look at her with affection as he removed his seatbelt. “Hm, my entire family, including your beloved Aunt Mu Li, Madam Jiang Qinglian, and... yourself.”

After that, he cracked a self-congratulatory grin.

Without giving Xuxu a chance to retort, he opened the car door and walked towards the fried vermicelli stall.

Knowing that the stall would be full of students, Xuxu felt uncomfortable about going in. But after seeing the self-centered and finicky scion walk towards the stall in a calm and collected manner, she decided to shoo off her awkward feelings.

She got off the car, and nonchalantly followed behind Yan Rusheng.

“Come in, there are still seats inside,” the stall owner said without paying them any attention. She was busy clearing away empty plates while greeting her customers at the same time.

It was just as she predicted; the moment she and Yan Rusheng walked in, kids in uniforms shifted their attention towards them.

Yan Rusheng stopped in his steps and waited for Xuxu to catch up. After that, he grabbed her hand and led her towards an empty table.

“Prince Charming is so handsome!” one of the female students spoke in a hushed tone.

“Isn’t your Prince Charming XXX?”

“I don’t like him anymore. There are too many negative rumors about him lately.”

As they maneuvered through the rows of tables, the girls around them stared at the scion’s scowling face and were completely smitten by him.

Noticing this, Xuxu sneaked a glance at Rusheng and silently reprimanded him for stirring up a commotion.

Yan Rusheng—with his hands still wrapped around Xuxu’s—walked towards a table on the last row. He flashed Xuxu a knowing grin as they took a seat and said, “Do you feel especially honored to be seen together with me?”

Xuxu was completely dumbfounded.

You’re so narcissistic!

She didn’t bat an eyelid, and instead called out to the busy stall owner, “I want to order a bowl of fried beef vermicelli with extra garlic.”

“Alright, just one bowl?” the stall owner responded without even looking at her. But when she finally lifted her head up and saw Xuxu’s face, there was a fleeting look of surprise in her eyes. “Oh, aren’t you Xuxu?”

The stall owner started to walk towards the couple seated on the last row.

“Yes.” Xuxu was surprised. “You can still recognize me after all this time?”

After she graduated from high school, it had been more than ten years since she last set foot in this place. Although the stall owner had seen numerous batches of students come and go, Xuxu was surprised that she still knew her by her face.

Especially how the stall owner addressed her, it gave Xuxu a sense of familiarity and affection.

For many years, she had avoided coming back to this place, afraid that bad memories would resurface and open new scars. Because in the six years that she spent studying in Yizhong, this was the place where she first fell in love and first had her heart broken by someone who didn’t love her back.

It was definitely a place where she had invested a lot of her emotions in, making it more than just nostalgic—it was unforgettable.

Xuxu thought: *I don’t know what came over me today, but I just wanted to go over and take a look.*

“Of course, I remember,” the stall owner replied. She offered Xuxu a smile before shifting her gaze towards Yan Rusheng. “And he is”—she stopped and pondered for a bit— “Third Young Master?” she said with a bit of uncertainty in her voice.

Young Master Yan was thoroughly displeased that the stall owner took her time in recognizing him. His good-looking face was already enough to stir people at their seats; isn’t he more worthy of recognition than anyone else?

Even so, he acknowledged the stall owner by flashing her a faint smile, after which he resumed his aloof attitude.

What a rude guy. Xuxu glared at him and asked, “Do you want to eat?”

Yan Rusheng replied, “Not eating.”

“Then I’ll just have one bowl.” Xuxu looked up and smiled at the stall owner.

“He’s the handsome Third Young Master who doesn’t have any friends. You should quickly update your Weibo account!”

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Chapter 312: Our Stands Are The Same

“Oh gosh! He actually came to our school for fried vermicelli! He’s so down-to-earth.”

There was a long pause.

Everyone started making a commotion as they talked about them in excited voices. Yan Rusheng and Wen Xuxu ignored them. They were used to this kind of attention and were naturally unconcerned.

At the age of thirteen or fourteen years old, these kids were already such busybodies.

The fried-beef vermicelli was served, and the savory smell alone was enough to whet one's appetite. Xuxu couldn't wait to tuck in. She sank her chopsticks into a piece of beef and shoved it into her mouth, chewing with satisfaction.

Look how attractive she is.

Young Master Yan rolled his eyes at her. "What a chowhound."

Having said that, he picked up the biggest piece of beef on the plate with his chopsticks and put it right into his mouth.

Xuxu glared at him. "Hey, Yan Rusheng, I thought you weren't eating?"

"Okay then, I'll give it back to you." He removed a small piece of beef from his mouth and grinned devilishly at Xuxu.

Xuxu was dumbfounded. Not only did he eat her beef, but he also went ahead and devoured her vermicelli!

They ate and bickered at the same time. It was as if they had traveled back in time, back to those... lovely years.

Those busybodies around them looked on, green with envy.

...

As Xuxu had predicted, the board of directors started inquiring about the contract with Country Y.

At the board meeting, those old men whom Young Master Yan hated immediately got to the heart of the matter. They requested to know why they failed to sign the contract when discussions had been going so smoothly.

Yan Rusheng merely replied, "Flourish & Prosper does not lack funds."

They were stunned. Who in their right mind would refuse more money?

Furthermore, this was Flourish & Prosper's first major international venture. No one would simply accept that they had lost the deal.

Thus, those old directors, who had always been fearful of Yan Rusheng, came to a common agreement: they would spare no effort to accuse him of misconduct.

There was a look of annoyance on Yan Rusheng's face as he leaned back lazily on his chair. Knitting his eyebrows, he listened to those old fellows berating him one after another.

He suddenly felt an urge to flip the table.

However, he chose not to do it. Not because he was restraining himself, but because it was impossible to flip up the conjoined table.

Sitting beside him, Xuxu could sense his aura getting colder, and his patience was running out.

She deliberated for a moment and then stepped forward to explain. "Uncles, there is still some leeway for this matter. Let me discuss it with President Yan again, and then we'll give a satisfactory answer to everyone."

"Xuxu, it's not that we don't trust you, but this is no small issue, and it concerns everyone's interests," a board director replied to her, and then added, "President Yan must give us a satisfactory explanation today."

"Yes, I agree," another one piped up. "We are aware of the situation. This problem was a result of President Yan's personal interest."

There was a long pause...

Xuxu waited for everyone to calm down before opening her mouth to speak. "Regardless of where the problem lies, we still need to find a solution. Even if President Yan gives you an explanation, would you be able to recover the incurred damages?"

She smiled reassuringly, looking at everyone's faces.

They were still not satisfied. "President Yan needs to present his stance."

Having said all that, they just wanted Yan Rusheng to make things clear to them.

"My stance is..." All of a sudden, Yan Rusheng spoke in an unhurried manner. This made Xuxu apprehensive; she pinched his thigh in secret and shot him a warning look.

She smiled at everyone again and said, "President Yan's stance is the same as mine."

Hearing this, everyone nodded reluctantly. "If that's the case, then we look forward to your good news."

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Chapter 313: Do You Care About Me That Much?

They knew that Yan Rusheng wouldn't give them a favorable response.

But they couldn't take it lying down just because he was such an autocrat.

Xuxu stood up and bowed respectfully to them. "Thank you, Uncles, for your trust."

When the Board of Directors meeting had ended, most of the old fellows left in twos and threes, except for a handful, who took their time to leave. These were the ones who possessed a relatively larger portion of the company shares and had a cordial relationship with Wang Daqin before her passing.

Acting out of her own initiative, Xuxu wanted to explain the matter to the directors, and this led Yan Rusheng to be filled with rage, but he refrained himself from displaying it.

At the end of the meeting, he left in a fit of pique.

Xuxu stayed behind to tidy up. Those few old directors who were still in the conference room walked over and spoke to her earnestly in their capacity as elders. "Xuxu, you and Third Yan have been married for some time now. Any plans to have a child?"

"Yes. Perhaps having a child will help to tame that arrogant and stuffy guy."

At the mention of this subject, Xuxu's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Haha... let nature take its course."

Given his temperament, would a child be able to subdue him?

Will there be anyone in this world who can really subdue him? she thought to herself.

After sending off those esteemed directors, Xuxu returned to the president's office and saw that the door to Yan Rusheng's office was shut tight. She knew that he was blaming her for taking matters into her own hands.

"Sigh." Xuxu couldn't help but groan as she walked over to knock on his door.

Yan Rusheng responded coldly, "Come in."

Xuxu gingerly pushed the door open and saw Yan Rusheng sitting on his luxurious chair, facing a pile of documents.

He knew that it was Xuxu. But he didn't raise his head to look at her because he was still fuming at her.

"Do you want a drink?" Xuxu walked over and asked softly.

This fellow could be so childlike at times. So if she took the soft approach with him, he might be easier to talk to.

"I don't need it." Yan Rusheng stopped what he was doing and raised his head. He furrowed his eyebrows, and his infuriated stare darted straight at her. "Wen Xuxu, I'd like to hear how you intend to explain to those old fellows."

In reality, he didn't have to owe anyone an explanation.

Those old fellows were minor shareholders, and the sum of their shares was only a third of the Yan family's shareholdings. If he ever decided to take over their shares, he could just do it effortlessly.

But the old lady valued their comradeship. On account of their past contribution to the company, she entitled them to receive dividend payouts from Flourish & Prosper without having to lift a finger for the company.

Yet, they had the audacity to reproach him and demand an explanation from him.

Hmph. They're just forcing me to unify the company under my sole rulership.

"Grandmother's last wish was for me to assist you in the company. I can't possibly go against her wish and let you continue with your wilful ways." She looked at Yan Rusheng seriously; her words were earnest and determined. "I just can't do it."

She wasn't being pretentious. Since the day she married him, she took on the duty of shouldering the success or failure of Flourish & Prosper with him.

She hoped that Grandmother would be able to look down from heaven and witness Flourish & Prosper's glorious splendor.

“Wen Xuxu...” Yan Rusheng gritted his teeth and replied, “That damned Charles. How dare he covet my woman and blatantly disregard me?”

At the mention of Charles, his malicious-looking eyes turned chillingly cold.

It seemed like there was some deep-set blood feud between them.

Xuxu blinked her eyes and responded in a playful tone, “Do you care about me that much?”

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Chapter 314: Don't Let Emotions Rule Your Head

In reality, she couldn't differentiate what was genuine or fake anymore.

Lately, they had been spending time together like a couple passionately in love, and she could no longer decipher his thoughts and motives.

Perhaps his acting skills were improving.

Hearing Xuxu's query, Young Master Yan gritted his teeth even harder and glowered at her. “You're a stupid woman who doesn't know what's good for you.”

He wouldn't be bothered about her if he didn't care for her in the first place. He wouldn't have spent his time on childish activities or put in an effort to romance her.

Silly woman!

“Hmph!” He was using the same words to insult her again.

It was either ‘stupid woman’ or ‘silly woman’. Couldn't he call me something else?

But each time he chided her as a stupid woman, she found it... very endearing.

She broke into a smile. “Are you being foolish? Even if you did make me go to him, I wouldn't allow you to do that. I'm not your commodity, so you can't just throw me away to any random person you choose.”

“Hmph!” Yan Rusheng snorted with contempt. “He won't even get the slightest chance.”

Otherwise, even if it were a contract to save the world, he would still go ahead and destroy it.

Xuxu was dumbfounded.

This guy! He's as stubborn as a mule.

“Alright, I'll give a call to Country Y tomorrow and see if we can mitigate this matter. Since there are mutual gains to this cooperation, I believe they will also reconsider.” Having said that, she walked over and took his empty cup. “Do you want to drink water or something else?”

Yan Rusheng held on to her wrist and glared at her sternly. “Wen Xuxu, let me warn you. If you dare to get in touch with that caucasian in private, I'll skin you alive.”

Wen Xuxu knitted her eyebrows, “Can you not let your emotions rule your head?”

"You slept too early last night." All of a sudden, Yan Rusheng brought up a new topic. He grasped her hand forcefully, and she fell onto his lap.

His breath drew closer, and his soft lips and nose brushed against her cheek as if he was taking in the scent of his prey. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment.

Xuxu's face felt tickled. She pulled back and resisted.

"Yan Rusheng, it's working hours right now, and we're still in the office. Please behave yourself."

Her voice sounded so soft as if she was protesting playfully.

"Then let's go into the room." Yan Rusheng's deep voice seemed to have bewitched her senses.

She didn't even have the strength to admonish him.

Yan Rusheng wrapped Xuxu's legs around his waist and strode towards the room.

Oh my goodness. He means it!

Xuxu widened her eyes in horror. She pounded on his back with all her might. "Hey Yan Rusheng, don't fool around! We have so much work waiting for us to finish."

Yan Rusheng lowered her head and looked at her firmly. "I don't think there's anything else more important than making a baby."

Having said that, he flung Xuxu onto the huge bed.

Then he pressed his body against hers.

Xuxu let out a shout, "Yan Rusheng! Can't you be more reasonable and not do this in broad daylight?!"

Yan Rusheng smiled devilishly. "I wanted to experience doing it in the day."

Xuxu shot him a look of disdain. No one would believe that he'd never done this during the day before.

"Yan Rusheng, stop fooling around. The curtains aren't even closed." She looked out the window and caught sight of some birds flying in the clear and boundless sky.

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Chapter 315: What A Pity

"Wen Xuxu, you don't have to be shy," Yan Rusheng remarked. "If you want me to draw the curtains, you could've just told me."

Xuxu couldn't bear it any longer, "Get lost!"

Yan Rusheng only laughed warmly. "Be patient."

He got up and walked towards the window.

Xuxu was speechless. Why was this guy always feigning ignorance and twisting her words?

Initially, she hated doing such a thing in the office under broad daylight. But taking into consideration the contract with Country Y, she resigned herself and went all out.

She hoped that she could coax this Young Master and keep him in high spirits so that he'd listen to her.

The consequence of doing such a thing during the day was... to work overtime.

Everyone in the office had already left, and Yan Rusheng instructed Xuxu to bring her work to his office.

As usual, one sat at the work desk while the other sat on the sofa. Both of them buried their heads in their work without disrupting each other.

All of a sudden, Yan Rusheng's cell phone rang.

He shifted his gaze from the documents to his cell phone. Lu Yinan was on the other line.

For him to be calling him at this hour; this quack must want to have fun.

He put down his pen and reached for his cell phone. Massaging his temples, he waited for Lu Yinan to speak.

"Third Yan, let's meet tonight at The First Wealth. See you there!"

Just as he predicted.

He rejected him without a second thought. "I'm not going."

After his relationship with Xuxu had improved, he'd been going home right after work, snuggling up with her at their house. He even enjoyed watching boring and childish soap operas with her.

"Don't be such a bore," Lu Yinan said, "Today's Ansheng's birthday, and he felt too awkward to call you personally."

Ming Ansheng's birthday? Yan Rusheng thought about it for a moment. "You go ahead first."

The crime committed by Wen Xinyi had nothing to do with Ming Ansheng.

He had a great deal of trust in their friendship of twenty years.

But Ming Ansheng had been blaming himself and didn't have the courage to face him. Furthermore, Yan Rusheng was someone who wouldn't take the initiative to keep in touch with his friends.

So if he didn't show up tonight, Ming Ansheng would get over-sensitive again.

He gazed at Xuxu after he hung up.

She was sitting cross-legged on a floor mat in front of the coffee table. Holding a pen in her hand, she appeared to be seriously engrossed in something.

"My wife, let's go."

This title came naturally to him now, and he would even address her like this during business engagements.

"Wait a minute. I still have something to finish," Xuxu replied without raising her head.

"Ming Ansheng is celebrating his birthday today." Yan Rusheng waited for Xuxu to respond after he said this.

He assumed that women tended to be more narrow-minded and she would fear that he might take it out on Ming Ansheng because of Wen Xinyi.

Hearing this, Xuxu stopped her writing and replied coldly, "I'm not going."

Just as he'd predicted!

He didn't want to force her since she wasn't eager to go.

After mulling it over, Yan Rusheng said, "Then I won't go too."

"You can go ahead." Xuxu raised her head and looked at him. "Ming Ansheng is a nice guy. It will be a pity if your friendship of twenty years is ruined because of this."

Even though she knew clearly in her heart that this matter had nothing to do with Ming Ansheng, she didn't want to go because the sight of him would remind her of Wen Xinyi.

Furthermore, she was also exhausted and wasn't in the mood for such an occasion.

Yan Rusheng felt comforted. She understood him the most and knew his deepest thoughts.

"Then let me send you home first." He stood up and walked over to Xuxu.

Xuxu shook her head, "I haven't finished my work yet. You leave first, and I'll make my way home later."

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Chapter 316: You'll Have Your Chance To Drink Later

"Go home. You can finish it tomorrow." Yan Rusheng walked over and wanted to pull her up from her chair.

Xuxu pushed him away and said, "These have to be handed in tomorrow, so I have to finish it by tonight. Just go on ahead."

Unless there was an emergency, she didn't have the habit of leaving her unfinished work until the next day. Tomorrows were infinite, and it would just be a vicious cycle.

Yan Rusheng knew he couldn't persuade her to leave once she set her mind on finishing her work tonight.

But he was worried about her going home alone so late at night. "How about this? You wait for me here, and I'll come back and pick you up later."

Xuxu considered his suggestion and agreed. "Alright then."

Anyway, she had a feeling that she would be staying until after midnight which was when their gatherings usually ended as well.

"Alright, I'm leaving now." Yan Rusheng straightened his back and gave her another reminder. "Don't go home alone; it's not safe to flag a cab here at night. Wait for me."

Xuxu frowned as she waved her hands, pretending to be impatient. "I got it, don't be so naggy."

After Yan Rusheng left, she was the only one left in the vast, spacious office.

She glanced wistfully at Yan Rusheng's desk and stared at his swivel chair. She couldn't help wearing a gentle and fond smile as she gazed at it.

If she didn't have to think about tomorrow at all, everything would be perfect.

...

They often had gatherings at The First Wealth. It was common to bump into celebrities there, and everything from the decor to the furnishings was aligned with the word 'first'.

Everyone was present, and as usual, Yan Rusheng arrived late.

Some of the playful and noisy friends began clamoring for his punishment and began stuffing drinks into his hands.

They dragged him forward and made him sit beside Ming Ansheng.

After he sat down, he glanced at the birthday boy. As usual, they could interact with just an expression.

And as expected, both of them nodded at each other simultaneously.

With the drinks in Yan Rusheng's hands, a voice said, "Third Yan, take the initiative and drink these three glasses."

His friends circled around him and goaded him persistently. Yan Rusheng bent to look at the glasses and gave a slight smile before saying calmly, "My chauffeur isn't here today. I... can't drink too much."

He put the glass to his lips and took a tiny sip.

Obviously, his friends wouldn't let him off the hook so easily.

"Bah! You won't drink because your chauffeur isn't here? This is so unlike you, Third Yan."

"That's right! Are you afraid that you can't go home tonight?"

"Yeah, just drink up. If you refuse, you're breaking our rules, and we won't accept that!"

"Three glasses." Ming Ansheng suddenly spoke up, "I'll drink two on his behalf."

He raised the glasses and gulped them down instantly.

"Ming Ansheng, did you want to drink that bad?"

"Sure, but don't be so impatient. Tonight's your birthday so you'll have your chance to drink later."

Everyone began closing in on Ming Ansheng.

Yan Rusheng furrowed his eyebrows. "Alright, it's just a few glasses. I'll drink."

He gulped down the entire glass as well.

They always drank hard liquor at their gatherings.

If they gulped three glasses of these drinks one after another, their first reaction would be a burning sensation in their throats.

He placed the wine glass back on the table and looked at his friends. "How was it? Satisfied?"

Then he speared a piece of fruit with a fork and began chewing it slowly.

At this time, the door opened, and a person walked in.

"Ah Heng is here."

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Chapter 317: Third Yan's Old Flame

Yan Rusheng turned his head towards the door, and his expression darkened.

Jiang Zhuoheng wore an ash-gray shirt with a tie. His smile had a hint of exhaustion, and it looked like he'd had a long day at work.

A few people swarmed around him the minute he stepped in, similar to how they had flocked around Yan Rusheng earlier on.

"You're even later than Third Yan! We just punished him with three glasses, so you know what to do!"

In this group of friends, not everyone was as busy as Yan Rusheng and Jiang Zhuoheng. Most of them were wealthy bums leading lavish and carefree lifestyles.

Some of them were the second generations of wealthy families whose ancestors had battled in wars and fought valiantly.

Jiang Zhuoheng looked at the guys surrounding him, and he smiled in resignation. "I can't decide, so you guys do it for me."

"For the sake of fairness, double it," someone quipped.

A few others yelled in agreement, "Yes, make it double!"

Jiang Zhuoheng smiled helplessly at the thought of six glasses. "There's no way I can escape, right?"

The group of friends smiled wickedly and then patted his shoulders. "Ah Heng is the most understanding."

"Alright." Jiang Zhuoheng nodded and sat down.

Mimicking their earlier treatment of Yan Rusheng, they began pouring drinks and prepared the six glasses for him just like servants serving their master.

He gulped the six glasses down one after another and didn't stop at all.

He gulped down the last glass, and the room erupted with raucous applause and cheers.

This guy is just showing off!

Everyone else was raising a ruckus while Young Master Yan sat quietly at a corner. He glanced contemptuously at Jiang Zhuoheng who had just drunk six glasses.

He's only showing off. If we were really competing, my drinking capacity would far surpass Jiang Zhuoheng's.

I'm better than Jiang Zhuoheng at everything, so I just don't understand why that stupid woman fell in love with that guy and not me? She remained faithful and devoted to that wretched feminine guy all these years.

And she even gave up the opportunity to study abroad for him and pined for his return for the three whole years.

He snorted with disdain at the thought of it, then raised the wine bottle and poured himself a drink. He gulped it down in one go.

Rather than bitter, the alcohol tasted sour in his mouth as it flowed down his throat.

Ming Ansheng who was sitting next to him seemed to read his mind, and he inched closer. Amused, he remarked, "Eh, so is Xuxu not here tonight because you were afraid that the cowherd would meet the weaving maid? [2. The cowherd and the weaving maid are a pair of lovers being separated by the milky way who can only meet once a year]"

Cowherd and the weaving maid?

Yan Rusheng's face darkened instantly, and he glanced menacingly at Ming Ansheng. "Ming Ansheng, are you seeking death?"

How dare he say my wife and that feminine fellow are separated lovers?!

Even if that stupid woman is the weaving maid, I should be the cowherd instead! Never in a lifetime would that feminine fellow be the cowherd!

But Ming Ansheng's guess was right; tonight he didn't want Xuxu to come because he knew that Jiang Zhuoheng would definitely be here, He didn't want them to meet.

So when he asked her earlier, he was actually afraid that she might agree.

"Hey, hey! Guess who I bumped into outside."

Lu Yinan went out to make a phone call, and when he returned, he seemed eager to make everyone notice his presence once more. He raised his voice excitedly to attract everyone's attention.

Someone interjected, "Who? Your old flame?"

"It's an old flame indeed." Lu Yinan smiled maliciously and without his usual gracefulness.

He paused, and then looked at Yan Rusheng as he continued. "But it's not mine. It's Third Yan's old flame."

A fool would know who this person was.

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Chapter 318: You're Finally Acting Like A Man

"I bumped into her recently when I was having dinner a few days ago. She seemed prettier and appeared to be very graceful too."

"After a few years overseas, indeed she became more attractive."

"Hmph, so what if she did? That ruthless and callous woman is a curse to any man."

When Fang Jiayin left three years ago, Yan Rusheng drowned his sorrows with alcohol every night. He also picked up the habit of smoking during that period too.

They all grew up together, and it was the first time they had seen him so dejected and depressed.

So everyone started unanimously detesting Fang Jiayin to show their friendship.

Previously, everyone regarded her as their goddess.

"Are we here to celebrate Ming Ansheng's birthday or to gossip about women?"

The usually reticent Jiang Zhuoheng had spoken up, and he sounded rather cold and annoyed.

Everyone had some basic understanding of Yan Rusheng and Wen Xuxu's unexpected marriage.

They all thought that Xuxu and Jiang Zhuoheng were the perfect couple. But alas, Grandmother Yan's last wishes had split them up.

Wen Xuxu was already married to Yan Rusheng, but they kept harping on Yan Rusheng's old flame. No wonder Ah Heng had flared up; he was usually very protective of Xuxu. He must have felt that talking about Fang Jiayin was unfair to her.

Immediately, everyone changed to another topic. "Ming Ansheng, it's your birthday today. Shouldn't you give a toast to each person here?"

Ming Ansheng smiled, "Naturally, I will."

He was already prepared to get totally drunk tonight.

It was rare for everyone to meet up at a gathering. And not just him; it seemed like no one else would be spared from drinking tonight.

Ming Ansheng started toasting everyone and created a commotion as a result.

Jiang Zhuoheng sat at a corner with a glass in his hand, gazing at Yan Rusheng who was sitting a short distance away.

Yan Rusheng could sense Jiang Zhuoheng's stare. As he turned his head, their eyes met. Both of their expressions seemed to freeze as they eyed each other coldly.

In Yan Rusheng's heart, Jiang Zhuoheng was also one of the culprits behind Wang Daqin's death.

If he hadn't planned a birthday celebration for Xuxu, Grandmother wouldn't have left the house.

Even though he knew that there was no way of escaping that accident or foreseeing it... it was either Grandmother or Xuxu...

Both of them were lost in their own thoughts, and their loud surroundings seemed to have no effect on them.

After a while, Jiang Zhuoheng curled his lips and raised his glass towards Yan Rusheng. "Third Yan, it's been a long time since we had a drink together."

He didn't raise his voice, but Yan Rusheng could still hear his every word despite the chaos and noise.

He pressed the wine glass to his lips and took a sip.

The corners of Yan Rusheng's lips curled into a cursory smile. "No matter how hard you train, you can never beat me at drinking."

He grabbed the nearest wine bottle and began pouring the wine directly into his mouth.

His competitor was Wen Xuxu's first love, the man who made her experience her first awakening of love. She had loved him for years, and he couldn't rest easy at the thought of it.

I have to prove that I'm stronger and better than him!

Jiang Zhuoheng was a mild-tempered person with little desire to compete. He didn't even raise his voice when he lost his temper.

But when he heard Yan Rusheng's taunts, something exploded inside of him, and he couldn't take it anymore. He started pouring alcohol down his throat too.

The strong liquor burned his throat, but his heart burned even more.

The alcohol spilled down their chins and down their chests as they competed against each other.

Everyone quickly fell silent, and all eyes were staring at them in disbelief.

These two love rivals were finally at war!

Yan Rusheng had started drinking earlier, and he finished first too. He put down the bottle and watched Jiang Zhuoheng as he finished his as well. He smirked with contempt. "Ha. Jiang Zhuoheng, you're finally acting like a man."

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Chapter 319: The Beginning Of A Catfight

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

Jiang Zhuoheng sneered coldly, "I just didn't want to be as pretentious and overbearing as you."

Was this the beginning of a catfight between these two men?

Ming Ansheng was worried that they might come to blows after they finished competing with each other. He quickly settled himself between them and smiled to ease the tension. "It's my birthday today, why are the two of you holding the wine bottles and drinking everything?"

As he spoke, he gave Lu Yinan a meaningful glance; he wanted him to help distract one of them.

Lu Yinan understood his intention and sat down immediately. He wrapped an arm around Jiang Zhuoheng's neck. "I heard that you have a younger cousin who just came back from overseas. I hear she's really pretty, so you should bring her along to meet us next time."

Jiang Zhuoheng rolled his eyes at him. "You really live up to your reputation of being 'refined scum'."

He came here on an empty stomach and drank six glasses in one go. And then he chugged down an entire bottle as well. Without warning, he was suddenly hit by the effects of the alcohol.

His head felt like it was about to explode, and he slumped dazedly against the couch. He raised his head towards the ceiling as he massaged his temples. His throat and stomach seemed to be on fire, and it was evaporating every drop of moisture in his body.

Yan Rusheng drank slightly less than he did, plus he had a higher tolerance for alcohol compared to Jiang Zhuoheng. But his condition wasn't any better; his world seemed to be spinning too.

But he remembered that he had to head back to the office to pick up Wen Xuxu.

And besides, I can't lose to Jiang Zhuoheng in front of everyone.

With this thought and determination, he pressed against the table and got up slowly. He staggered to his feet and after a while, managed to straighten his back and regain his footing.

Then he glanced arrogantly at Jiang Zhuoheng.

"My wife is waiting for me at the office. I need to leave now." He waved his hand as he informed them.

Ignoring everyone else, he lifted his feet and walked clumsily towards the door.

Everyone was worried about him leaving alone since he'd drunk so much.

"Third Yan, ask your chauffeur to pick you up instead," Ming Ansheng suggested as he stood up.

Yan Rusheng waved his hand at him. "It's alright."

He was really fine, just that his head was spinning right now...

He stretched out his hand to open the door, but the second he walked out of the room, he had to hold the wall for support. The other hand was pressed against his forehead—he couldn't walk any further.

Oh no... I feel really tipsy.

"Ah Heng was right. You're so pretentious." Ming Ansheng had followed him closely from behind and saw that he could hardly support himself. He sighed heavily, "I'll help you get a taxi."

He held Yan Rusheng's elbow and supported him as they walked.

In the main hall, there was a tall lady singing on stage. She had short cropped hair and wore a casual outfit.

Yan Rusheng stopped in his tracks as he gazed at the singer. Xuxu had also performed a song on this stage. He closed his eyes to remember the song that she sang at the time.

She sang that song with so much emotion!

Her voice was so naturally lovely, and it left everyone intoxicated.

Damn it, why did she let so many people hear her voice?

Ming Ansheng saw how drunk he was and took the opportunity to tease him, “What happened? Do you like that girl singing on stage now?”

“Get lost!” Yan Rusheng opened his eyes and glared fiercely at Ming Ansheng. He strode toward the main entrance.

He swayed dangerously to and fro and couldn’t seem to stop wobbling.

He refused to let Ming Ansheng touch him. Ming Ansheng walked behind him anxiously, afraid that he might slip and fall.

Third Young Master drank too much and fell down in a bar.

If this piece of news were to come out tomorrow, how would the cold, arrogant, and prideful Third Young Master be able to raise his head up high? How would he be able to face people?

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

Chapter 320: This Nickname Is Exclusive To Her

The alcohol effect hadn’t kicked in completely, and Yan Rusheng felt his footsteps getting more surreal by the minute. He felt like he was treading on clouds and this made him anxious.

“Wait for me here; I’ll go get a taxi.” Ming Ansheng walked with him through the doors and let him rest by a tree outside the bar. He left to flag a taxi by the roadside.

Ming Ansheng drank quite a bit earlier, and his footsteps weren’t that steady either.

I’m drunk. Really drunk.

Yan Rusheng stuffed both hands into his pants and rested his weight entirely against the tree. He lifted his head and shut his eyes.

“Ah Sheng!”

A gentle voice called out from behind him, and the way the lady addressed him melted him instantly.

A tall and slender figure appeared in front of him, but he could only see her long hair. He caught a whiff of the light fragrance emitting from her body.

It was barely noticeable.

He curled his lips in satisfaction. “Stupid woman. Jiang Zhuoheng is in a worse state than me.”

He lurched forward and embraced the woman in front of him, mumbling under his breath.

Fang Jiayin held him instinctively. “Ah Sheng, you drank too much.”

Even though she was 1.7 meters tall, she still struggled to support Yan Rusheng who was nearly 1.9 meters tall and also huge and muscular.

And her heels were quite high, so she kept stumbling.

Yan Rusheng stretched out his hand and grabbed her waist. "Wen Xuxu, say 'Ah Sheng, I love you'."

He wanted to hear it again...

He hasn't been this drunk in a long time, and his consciousness was ebbing away.

Fang Jiayin's pretty face fell as she gazed at Yan Rusheng who was resting against her. Her eyes began brimming with tears.

She spoke in a slightly trembling voice, "Ah Sheng, I'm not Xuxu."

"You're not Wen Xuxu..." Yan Rusheng held Fang Jiayin as he slowly straightened his back. He raised his head sluggishly and stared at her. He said with a trace of annoyance, "This nickname is exclusive to her, you're not allowed to call me that."

He pushed her away forcefully and kept muttering, "This nickname is hers... she's mine."

He leaned back against the tree, but his head kept swaying due to giddiness.

"I..." Fang Jiayin bit her lips, her eyes filled with tears. "I'm no longer allowed to use your nickname anymore?"

"Third Yan, the car's here."

Ming Ansheng found a taxi and waved at him from the roadside.

Fang Jiayin quickly wiped away her tears and retrieved two tickets from her bag. She stuffed it inside Yan Rusheng's pocket. "Ah Sheng, these are tickets to my concert. Will you come together with Xuxu?"

This nickname 'Ah Sheng' could always soften Yan Rusheng's heart.

He smiled and nodded lightly. "Okay."

"Thank you, Ah Sheng." Fang Jiayin turned her tears into a smile as she supported Yan Rusheng. "You're drunk, let me help you into the car."

He had barely taken a few steps when Ming Ansheng caught up to them.

"Fang Jiayin?" Ming Ansheng was slightly startled to see Fang Jiayin, and his gaze landed on Yan Rusheng's elbow that she was holding up. He hurriedly pulled Yan Rusheng towards him. "Let me help him instead."

Even though Yan Rusheng and Wen Xuxu got married to fulfill Grandmother Yan's final wishes, but nevertheless, they were a married couple now.

Paparazzi always lurked around in this area, and they might be photographed.

Who knows what kind of a misunderstanding it would cause.