

## Elite Doting 321

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

#### Chapter 321: If I Knew This Would Happen, I Would've Gone With Him

Regardless of whether they were in love; if the husband was entangled with another woman... and that other woman was an old flame which he had loved deeply, it would be a great offense.

Fang Jiayin let go of Yan Rusheng and told Ming Ansheng, "Be careful, he's completely drunk."

Her tone was overwhelmed with concern and love.

Ming Ansheng gave a brief smile in response. Just like the rest of the friends, he was hostile towards Fang Jiayin because of what she did to Yan Rusheng.

So he didn't intend to talk to her.

He supported Yan Rusheng as they walked towards the roadside.

Fang Jiayin watched as Yan Rusheng left, and her sparkling black eyes began glistening with tears once more.

*'This nickname is exclusive to her, you're not allowed to call me that.'*

*'Ah Sheng, can I call you Ah Sheng like how Xuxu does?'*

*'Okay.'*

Till this day, she could still vividly remember the gentle smile he wore when he agreed to let her call him in the same way as Wen Xuxu.

He had gazed at her with overflowing affection and love.

She was well aware that he didn't belong to her, but she still harbored hope.

Fang Jiayin sighed helplessly as she stared at the night sky.

*Ah Sheng, I still can't let you go.*

...

Wen Xuxu was just finishing up her work when her phone rang. Ming Ansheng was on the other line.

Ming Ansheng informed her that Yan Rusheng had drunk too much, and he had sent him home in a taxi. He had already informed the taxi driver about his home address and wanted Xuxu to inform the butler to wait at the entrance.

Feeling exasperated, Xuxu replied, "I got it."

That guy! He insisted that she wait in the office for him, but in the end, he got drunk. If Ming Ansheng hadn't called, she would have waited for nothing.

She hurriedly called back home and informed the butler to wait for Yan Rusheng at the entrance.

*It's late at night, and he's dead drunk in a taxi. Isn't he afraid of being kidnapped since he's such a well-known billionaire?*

*Now I'm all worried because of him!*

Xuxu hurriedly packed her belongings and went downstairs. She met two of the security guards who were on the night shift.

The guards saw that she was about to leave and walked towards her. "Secretary Wen, the President informed us that he would be picking you up. So please wait for him."

Initially, everyone had addressed her as Lady Boss. But it sounded too awkward, so she requested that they continue to address her as Secretary Wen or Sister Xuxu.

Xuxu smiled. "He drank too much and went home first. Don't worry, I can go home by myself. Thank you for working so hard."

"Then let me wait with you at the roadside." The security guard refused to budge and followed her closely from behind.

Xuxu waved her hands and said, "No, it's alright. I'll be fine."

She saw the guard's uneasy expression and silently chided Yan Rusheng in her heart. *That guy really knows how to make a fuss.*

*Am I seriously that delicate?*

Due to Yan Rusheng's special instructions, the guard insisted on walking with her and left only after she got on the taxi.

Xuxu dialed Yan Rusheng's number, but no one answered.

She heard the busy tone and furrowed her brows anxiously.

From what Ming Ansheng said, it seemed that he was completely drunk tonight. She was worrying whether the taxi driver had managed to send him back home safely.

She couldn't get through to his phone and started to get anxious. Then she called the house once more, but the butler said that Yan Rusheng still wasn't home yet.

She held her phone and alternately dialed between Yan Rusheng's number and their house.

And soon, her phone battery was dying.

She paused and gazed outside once more. She sighed in frustration. "Sigh, if I knew that this would happen, I would've gone with him."

As she grumbled under her breath, her phone rang.

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**Chapter 322: The World Isn't Such A Bad Place**

She glanced at the screen anxiously, and the name 'Yan Rusheng' appeared. She answered immediately.

Without waiting for him to speak, she began lecturing him, “Yan Rusheng, where are you? Why did you take a taxi when you’re drunk? Do you know how dangerous it can be at night—”

She hadn’t finished talking when Yan Rusheng interrupted her, “Wife...”

The familiar—and drunk-sounding—deep voice softened her heart in an instant when she heard him addressing her as ‘wife’.

Xuxu couldn’t bear to continue berating him and spoke gently instead. “Have you... reached the house?”

There was a long pause...

The lack of response made Xuxu anxious. “Hello? Yan Rusheng... Hello...?”

After several attempts to get a reply from him, she stopped when she heard his deep breathing sounds.

She knitted her eyebrows and called out for him once more.

Just as she was about to hang up and call the house again, the butler’s voice sounded from the other line. “Miss, it’s me. Third Young Master has just arrived home, and he has already fallen asleep.”

“...” Xuxu heaved a sigh of relief. “I got it. Please carry him back to the bedroom.”

She hung up, and a wave of exhaustion seemed to envelop her in a rush. She propped her elbow against the window and began rubbing her forehead gently.

The taxi driver spoke up in front, “I heard rumors saying that Third Young Master and his wife are rather aloof and cold?”

He seemed to decide that they weren’t like the rumors had described.

Xuxu twitched her mouth silently...

She knew that she’d lost control of herself just now. She lowered her head awkwardly and gave a soft chuckle.

But she really didn’t think that she was aloof; in fact, she was very agreeable.

She had no idea how those rumors started.

Suddenly, the taxi driver interrupted the silence. “Actually, the world isn’t such a bad place. Usually, those articles report the taxi drivers as the victims.”

Xuxu was dumbfounded...

*This uncle is really quite petty!*

*She was only venting her frustration just now!*

...

By the time Xuxu got home, it was almost midnight, and she went up to the room promptly.

She recently moved her belongings back to Yan Rusheng’s bedroom. The stench of alcohol assailed her nose the moment she stepped in.

She frowned and used her hand to disperse the smell in front of her nose before stepping inside.

Yan Rusheng was sprawled on the bed and hugging a pillow. He hadn't removed his shirt, and he looked... charmingly innocent.

Xuxu was half-exasperated, half-amused by him, and she shook her head helplessly.

She walked over and stared at Yan Rusheng. With a sigh, she murmured, "You really made me worry."

She bent down and used all her strength to flip Yan Rusheng over.

Then she began unbuttoning his shirt, gradually revealing his muscular chest. His fair skin was slightly red due to the alcohol.

The sight was too alluring.

Xuxu watched as his chest moved with every breath he took, and her face turned red as well.

After unbuttoning his shirt, she removed his belt and started removing his pants.

This was her first time removing his clothes. She had no choice, but still, she felt rather bashful.

She covered him with the blanket.

As she prepared to get off the bed, she glanced casually at Yan Rusheng and her gaze landed on his lips; red and parched as a result of the alcohol.

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#### **Chapter 323: So Comfortable**

Her heart skipped a beat, and something seemed to possess her at that moment. She inched closer to the man who looked so seductive in his sleep.

She carefully kissed his mouth, and his parched lips weren't as moist as how they usually felt.

Incredibly, her mischievous side was revealed.

Even though Yan Rusheng was drunk, but he could still feel a moist sensation on his dry lips.

"Mm," he groaned softly with satisfaction.

Xuxu was shocked when he made a sudden movement. Her face backed away from his lips, and she straightened her back swiftly.

Feeling guilty, she jumped off the bed.

She stood by the bed and clutched her pounding chest with her eyes wide open.

*Oh my god! What did I just do? Did I just sneak a kiss from Yan Rusheng?*

After Xuxu abruptly backed away, Yan Rusheng realized something had disappeared. He waved his hands wildly in the air as if he was trying to grasp something. "Water..."

Hearing this, Xuxu hurriedly poured a glass for him.

But how was he supposed to drink while he was lying down?

“Yan Rusheng, sit up so you can drink the water.” After a moment of hesitation, she decided to try waking him up first.

“So thirsty...”

But without any surprise, trying to instruct a totally drunk man was like talking to a wall.

Xuxu put the glass down and bent to grab Yan Rusheng’s elbow in an attempt to lift him up.

Without warning, Yan Rusheng suddenly stretched out his other hand and grabbed her. He exerted enough strength to make her fall on him...

She fell onto his chest, and in the next moment, he turned his body around and collapsed on top of her.

And instinctively, his lips crushed hers without giving her the chance to catch her breath.

Within a few moments, she was intoxicated by his passion and his warm breath which smelled strongly of alcohol.

“You’re mine... We’ll be together forever... And you’re not allowed to talk to anyone.”

Yan Rusheng kissed her domineeringly as he gave her commands.

Hearing his words, Xuxu widened her eyes with a jolt. She stared transfixed at the man lying on top of her, and her eyes began to glimmer with tears.

She bit her lips, and her throat seemed to close up; she couldn’t utter a sound for a long time.

After what seemed like an eternity, she managed to whisper, “Can you... say my name?”

Apparently, Yan Rusheng had simply been mumbling to himself just now, and he wasn’t fully aware of his surroundings.

He wasn’t talking to her.

Xuxu gazed with disappointment and sorrow at the man who had just stirred up her heart.

Tears streamed down her cheeks and onto the bedsheets.

*Yan Rusheng, did you know that those were the exact words you said to me as you lay on top of me that night?*

*Will you forget all of this when you wake up tomorrow?*

After a series of whirlwind emotions, even Xuxu was drained of all her energy. She rested her head on Yan Rusheng’s chest as she listened to his calm, beating heart.

*It’s so comfortable!*

“I’m thirsty.” Yan Rusheng licked his lips and grumbled repeatedly.

Xuxu raised her head and gazed fondly at him. “I’ll get you water.”

She held the glass of water in her hands and turned to look at him. For a moment, she was stumped since she knew that she wouldn't be able to hoist Yan Rusheng up into a sitting position.

After some thought, she made up her mind and drank a mouthful and quickly moved her mouth to his to feed him the water.

The corners of her mouth curled into a tender smile. "Ah Sheng... I love you."

Yan Rusheng's eyelids fluttered, but no matter how he struggled, he couldn't open his eyes.

Xuxu wrapped Yan Rusheng's shirt around her and walked to the bathroom. Although there wasn't anybody else in the room, she didn't mind walking around naked.

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#### **Chapter 324: Crucial Piece Of Information**

Xuxu wrapped Yan Rusheng's shirt around her and walked to the bathroom. Although there wasn't anybody else in the room, she didn't mind walking around naked.

She picked up Yan Rusheng's pants which were lying on the floor.

She began checking through his pockets as she walked toward the laundry basket.

*What's this?*

She felt something in his pockets and frowned. She stretched her hand into the pocket and pulled it out.

As she realized what it was, the expression in her eyes flickered.

*'On October 11, there will be a charity musical performance at Capital City Musical Theater hosted by musician Fang Jiayin, who has just returned from abroad...'*

*'What's so good about a musical? If you like it, I can play the piano at home for you.'*

She loosened her grip and Yan Rusheng's pants fell to the floor.

*How ironic... she was fooled twice by him in the same exact way...*

*Behind his gentleness... lies a lethal weapon!*

...

Yan Rusheng slept until it was nearly noon, and he woke up with a throbbing headache. It took him a while before he managed to sit up.

The bed was empty, but apparently, someone had slept next to him last night.

He smiled and got off the bed. After a quick shower, he put on his bathrobe before drawing back the curtains.

He stood at the balcony and gazed outside as he dried his hair. Without realizing, the leaves on the trees had started to wither.

Was it because there was a loved one beside him, so he was too preoccupied with her to notice the transition of seasons?

He smiled at the obvious answer.

After drying his hair, he turned around to go back into the room. He accidentally caught sight of the drawer next to his bed.

*What's that?*

There were two pieces of paper on the drawer; he paused before he strode towards it.

The smile on his face froze when he saw the tickets.

*Why are there tickets to Fang Jiayin's concert?*

*Did that dumb woman really ask Fang Jiayin for the tickets?*

*No, it couldn't be... she's not interested in music.*

*Then did Fang Jiayin contact her and give them to her?*

At the thought of that possibility, his face fell.

But... if Fang Jiayin had given the tickets to Xuxu, why did she place them here? What was that supposed to mean?

He was certain that Xuxu had deliberately placed the tickets on the drawer, but he couldn't understand why.

He didn't want to waste time thinking about it and proceeded to change his clothes. He went downstairs where Aunt Zhang informed him that Xuxu had left.

Aunt Zhang also revealed something else; yesterday Xuxu went back to her own room to sleep.

*This is a crucial piece of information!*

Yan Rusheng called Xuxu as he drove.

It was still peak hour, and the roads were slightly congested. After putting on his Bluetooth speakers, it took a while before Xuxu answered, "Hello."

"Wen Xuxu, did Fang Jiayin look for you?" Yan Rusheng asked her without beating around the bush, his tone probing.

Wen Xuxu replied curtly, "No."

She sounded distant, so similar to how she used to speak to him a long time ago.

*She didn't?* Yan Rusheng frowned in confusion. "Then... how did you get the tickets?"

"It fell out from your pockets," Xuxu replied coldly, but now with a slight trace of doubt.

Yan Rusheng didn't catch that as he was baffled by her answer.

*It fell out from my pockets?* Yan Rusheng furrowed his eyebrows tightly, still no closer to understanding any of this.

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#### **Chapter 325: Luckily She Didn't Go**

Why would he have tickets to Fang Jiayin's concert in his pockets? It was Ming Ansheng's birthday yesterday. But he didn't recall meeting Fang Jiayin.

*Wait a minute...*

*'Guess who I bumped into outside?'*

*'But it's not mine. It's Third Yan's old flame.'*

Fang Jiayin was also at The First Wealth yesterday. Did he bump into her after he got drunk?

He hastily hung up Wen Xuxu's call and proceeded to dial Lu Yinan's number. It rang for a while, but no one picked up.

He tried calling Ming Ansheng.

He guessed that they had partied till dawn, so all of them must still be asleep. Either no one picked up, or their phones were still switched off.

"F\*ck!" When not a single call got through, Yan Rusheng threw his phone on the passenger seat in frustration.

He stepped on the accelerator and sped on the slightly congested road without a thought for other drivers or the traffic police.

...

Xuxu was filled with doubt just like Yan Rusheng.

Holding her phone, her eyebrows knitted tightly together. She gazed at the screen and soon she was lost in thought.

Judging from Yan Rusheng's tone, he didn't sound like he was feigning ignorance. And he didn't have any reason to.

But the tickets had indeed been in his pockets.

All she needed to do was ask if Fang Jiayin had been at Ming Ansheng's birthday celebration yesterday, and the truth would be out.

She began scrolling through the list of names for Jiang Zhuoheng's number.

*Ah Heng would definitely attend Ming Ansheng's birthday celebration* . She pressed the dial button.

But immediately, she ended the call.

This was something so trivial... she shouldn't bother Ah Heng over this.



She was about to call Ming Ansheng instead when her phone rang. The screen displayed an unsaved number which seemed distinctly familiar.

After staring at the screen for a few seconds, she picked up and put the phone to her ear. She said 'hello' politely.

The familiar voice belonged to a lady. "Xuxu, it's me."

A streak of surprise flashed past her eyes, but her voice and tone remained unruffled. "Hi, Jiayin."

"Last night Ah Sheng drank too much, so I'm afraid it slipped his mind. I gave him two tickets to my concert and invited both of you to attend. He agreed, but I wanted to let you know as well. Both of you have to attend, alright?"

Fang Jiayin sounded like she was talking to an old friend, and Xuxu couldn't detect any insincerity in her words.

*But if she didn't have any ulterior motives, why did she call me then?*

Xuxu tried to decipher what was on Fang Jiayin's mind, but she couldn't understand any of this.

Fang Jiayin was still waiting patiently for Xuxu's reply, so she put on a tiny smile. "If our schedules are free... then we'll be there."

She couldn't be bothered finding out the intentions behind the two tickets.

But she was sure of one thing; Fang Jiayin was there yesterday.

*Sigh, luckily I didn't go.*

*Otherwise, it would be awkward if I left or stayed behind the party.*

Fang Jiayin continued chatting casually, but Xuxu wasn't really listening anymore.

She hung up and stored her phone away. She looked at the pile of work waiting for her and decided that she had no time to think about other stuff.

*Didn't I promise to remain indifferent no matter what happens?*

Yan Rusheng rushed to the company and saw Xuxu the minute he stepped foot inside the office.

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**Chapter 326: Let Me Remind You**

Hastening his steps, he walked towards her. "I..."

He attempted to explain himself but couldn't find the words. He knew Xuxu wouldn't lie when she said that the two tickets fell out from his pockets.

The only logical explanation he could think of was that Fang Jiayin might have slipped the tickets into his pocket during his inebriated state last night.

But that explanation would only bring up more questions.

Meeting his ex when he was dead drunk...

Xuxu intended to ignore him, but he kept hovering around her. With his tall physique, his presence was too hard to ignore, and she couldn't work in peace.

Thus, she put down her pen and looked at him, pretending to be baffled. "President Yan, what do you want?"

At that instant, she realized that he'd buttoned up his shirt wrong. But since his shirt was tucked in, it wasn't immediately obvious.

Yan Rusheng had done up his buttons wrong. This was the first time she saw him be so sloppy in his dressing.

*He's probably suffering from a hangover and can't think straight.*

She pursed her lips tightly and tried to hold in her laughter.

She somehow took delight in his misfortune. It was fitting payback for having a good time with his ex.

Yan Rusheng had his mind set on proving his innocence to Xuxu and didn't give a damn about his appearance.

"I understand that you went back to your bedroom last night?" he asked while scrutinizing Xuxu at the same time.

He wondered if she went back to her room because she was upset over the two tickets.

Otherwise, what else could the reason be?

They were still fine before he left the office yesterday.

Xuxu knitted her eyebrows and retorted coldly, "The whole room reeked of alcohol. If I didn't leave, I'd probably drown in the fumes."

"Oh." There was a tinge of disappointment in Yan Rusheng's reply. "I had a drink too many last night, so I have no idea how the two tickets got into my pocket."

He explained calmly as he walked back to his office.

*So, it was just my wishful thinking. She's not at all upset or jealous.*

*If she were bothered by it, she would've torn up the tickets and flushed them down the toilet.*

Ahem, Young Master, not everyone is like you.

He heard Xuxu say from behind him, "Fang Jiayin called earlier. She wanted to remind you to go to her musical performance."

Yan Rusheng stopped in his steps upon hearing this. He tightened his fists and knitted his eyebrows somberly.

*What exactly is Fang Jiayin trying to do?*

When he was back in his office, he dialed Ming Ansheng's number, and someone answered.

"Hello, Third Yan."

Ming Ansheng answered drowsily. He was obviously still in bed.

"Did I bump into Fang Jiayin last night?" Yan Rusheng asked point-blank.

"No..." Ming Ansheng answered right away and then corrected himself. "I think yes. When I sent you out last night, you met her at the entrance. I went to flag a cab for you, and when I came back, I saw her supporting you. What's the matter?"

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#### **Chapter 327: New Problems Complicating An Issue**

*True enough... I met her while I was drunk and...* Yan Rusheng didn't answer Ming Ansheng's query and rudely hung up the call.

He swung his chair around to face the windows. With one arm on the armrest, he propped up his forehead with two fingers and looked ahead at the clear and boundless skies, frowning while deep in thoughts.

*Ah Sheng, it hurts...*

Suddenly, that pitiful voice sounded in his ears and gripped his heart. Images of someone lying beside him that fateful morning flashed across his mind... the woman covered with hickeys on her body.

His malicious eyes turned increasingly serene and distant.

*Fang Jiayin, three years ago, you left willfully without a word.*

*But now, you returned so conspicuously. Just what are you up to?*

He didn't believe that Fang Jiayin gave him those two tickets without any motives. Perhaps he was skeptical because he really treasured his current relationship with Wen Xuxu. The more he cared, the more he feared any new problems arising that could ruin their relationship.

*Fang Jiayin, we haven't met for more than three years. Is it time for us to sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk?*

...

The elegant teahouse was situated at a historic old alley in the city center. A lady dressed in a light orange blouse and harem pants sat at a window seat on the second floor. Her long and silky raven black hair fell neatly past her shoulders.

Her fair hands were cupping a blue and white porcelain teacup, and the hint of a peaceful smile could be seen from her flawlessly beautiful face.

A pair of vivid-looking eyes stared out of the window.

*Knock knock knock.*

Several knocks on the door interrupted her train of thoughts. She turned around and noticed that the door was already opened.

She smiled at the person. "Lu Yinan."

Among their group of friends, the word 'refined' had always been used to describe Lu Yinan, not because his style of clothing resembled that of a scholar, but because he owned a teahouse and was fond of performing tea ceremonies.

This teahouse was owned by him, and it was located in one of his family's most expensive courtyard houses in the capital city.

"You're here," Lu Yinan greeted Fang Jiayin with a smile. "Jiayin, Third Yan hasn't arrived?"

He received a call from Yan Rusheng while he was at the hospital, requesting for his help to invite Fang Jiayin out.

He acted swiftly on his request and didn't dare to dawdle.

Although he managed to ask her out, he was still worried and came over to take a look.

He closed the door gingerly and walked towards Fang Jiayin.

"Perhaps he's busy," Fang Jiayin replied quietly.

She brought the cup to her mouth and sipped her tea slowly.

Lu Yinan took a seat opposite her and deliberated for a moment before saying, "He and Wen Xuxu are getting along very well."

Fang Jiayin lifted her head and smiled. "Don't worry. It's not what you think."

"Sigh." She abruptly heaved a sigh, and her tone became somber. "I can tell that they're getting along very well with each other. Xuxu is the most compatible with him."

She looked out the window again. There was a gleam of melancholy in her eyes.

Lu Yinan fixated his eyes on her and hesitated for a while before asking, "Pardon me for asking. But why did you leave without saying goodbye back then? Don't you know how depressed Third Yan was back then?"

Fang Jiayin retracted her gaze from the window and looked at Lu Yinan, whose good-looking face was filled with doubts. She smiled at him and asked, "Young Master Lu, if your girlfriend always brought her childhood friend along on your dates... what would you do?"

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#### **Chapter 328: The Onlooker Sees More Of The Game**

She had already made it very obvious.

Without a second thought, Lu Yinan understood her meaning. "You're referring to... Xuxu?"

Besides Wen Xuxu, who else could be called Yan Rusheng's childhood friend?

*Was Fang Jiayin jealous of Xuxu? Is that why she left without a word?*

"His heart wasn't with me." Fang Jiayin lowered her head with a bitter smile. "Even though I'm surrounded by male friends every day, he didn't seem to care and never asked me about it. Yet he always poked his nose into Xuxu's affairs and quietly chased away all the guys at school who hung out with her."

As she talked about her relationship with Yan Rusheng, she finally broke her silence about the things that she had kept in her heart.

"Every time we went out for dinner, he wouldn't hesitate to drive for an hour to the restaurant near Xuxu's school, because Xuxu didn't like to travel too far for her meals.

"When we were together, the words that he mentioned the most were 'Wen Xuxu, that stupid woman'.

"It's no joke, really. The onlooker sees more of the game."

She shook her head and broke into a bitter smile. Tears could be seen welling up in her eyes.

Lu Yinan was stumped, and he stared blankly at Fang Jiayin. "So you mean..."

Fang Jiayin didn't continue further. To this day, everyone thought that Yan Rusheng and Wen Xuxu were opposing factions that constantly fought since they were kids.

They would never suspect that he carried a torch for her.

*So this means that Xuxu is Third Yan's actual love interest? And she's the one he loved right from the beginning?*

*Oh my god! This is a shocking discovery!*

Perhaps Third Yan wasn't even aware of this.

Fang Jiayin stole a glance at Lu Yinan who was obviously still in shock. Although there was still a smile on her face, her voice started to choke with emotion. "One day, I finally came to this realization. I'm an outstanding person, and I have my pride. So why do I still want to stay with a man whose heart is with another woman?"

"So, that's the reason." Lu Yinan nodded his head in understanding and looked at Fang Jiayin with concern. By then, her eyes were already wet with tears. Without delay, he passed two pieces of tissue paper to her. "We've misunderstood you this whole time."

These past three years, whenever someone mentioned Fang Jiayin, they would use the word 'heartless' to describe her.

But unknown to all, she had been shouldering all this pain by herself.

Yes, it was true. This was exactly Third Yan's behavior. Whenever Wen Xuxu was around, his eyes would be fixated on her, watching her attentively and correcting her mistakes.

When they gathered at a table for a meal, he would always remember how many bowls of rice Xuxu had eaten. If she consumed more than two bowls, he would keep tabs on the total number.

Besides Xuxu, those childhood friends that they grew up with were all careless and reckless men who had failed to realize that Third Yan was especially caring towards Xuxu.

...

“When we were together, the words that he mentioned the most were ‘Wen Xuxu, that stupid woman’.

“It’s no joke, really. The onlooker sees more of the game.”

Yan Rusheng withdrew his hand and turned around to lean against the wall. Fang Jiayin’s words kept ringing in his ears.

*Is that really true? Xuxu is the only one in my heart...*

But he did have feelings for her when they were together that night; it was an unforgettable night for him.

He’d loved her. He was even head over heels in love with her before.

Accompanying her for dinner and to the movies, holding hands together; they were the couple that everyone at school envied.

But what she said was true. Whenever Xuxu was with someone from the opposite sex, he would find a way to get rid of that person. Other than Jiang Zhuoheng and Ming Ansheng whom they grew up with, there were no other men in her life.

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#### **Chapter 329: He's Not As Good-Looking As Me**

But wasn’t it because he hated her and didn’t want her to enjoy being in a relationship like other people?

Indeed, each time they picked a restaurant near her school, it was because she was too lazy to travel too far for her meals.

It was also because Grandmother had always reminded him to bring her out for meals.

His mind was now in a whirl, and he could no longer differentiate what his motives were for interfering with Xuxu’s life all these years.

Did it really take him so many years to realize that the one he loved was Xuxu?

If so, then what about his feelings towards Fang Jiayin?

He went home feeling really baffled.

The moment he stepped into the house, the person that caught his eye was the woman who constantly made him worry.

He stood at the door and gazed intently at her.

Xuxu had just eaten her dinner. She was wearing her cartoon pajamas, and her freshly washed and blow-dried hair was as smooth as silk. Sitting cross-legged on the sofa, she was holding a book on the philosophic theory of encouragement. Her bright and clear eyes were glued to the television screen.

What's she watching that's making her look so fascinated?

Yan Rusheng's deep eyes were filled with tenderness. With a slight smile, his face resembled a blooming flower in spring, ever so bright and charming.

*Wen Xuxu, what should I do?*

*It seems like you've already been etched in my heart a long time ago.*

*When did that happen?*

He had stolen so many letters and destroyed stalks after stalks of flowers from her admirers simply because he didn't want to give room for other people to enter her life.

"Third Young Master, you're back."

Yan Rusheng was staring at Xuxu and lost in thought when Aunt Zhang interrupted him with her voice.

He snapped out of his daze and gave a dissatisfied glare at Aunt Zhang who was on the second floor. After which, he began walking towards the sofa.

As he moved towards Xuxu, he asked, "Which soap opera are you into this time?"

He stood right in front of Xuxu and blocked her view of the television screen.

It happened to be the climax of the television program, so Xuxu anxiously pushed Yan Rusheng aside and craned her neck to see the screen. "Move away and don't block my view."

Yan Rusheng turned back and glanced at the television. It was airing the latest melodrama about an immortal knight and had just reached the part where the male lead—in his billowing shirt—descended to save the female lead who had fallen in dire straits.

The male lead's makeup was skillfully done and made him look dashing. But without makeup, Yan Rusheng felt that the male lead's natural looks were a far cry from his.

He turned back and looked at Xuxu with a frown. "He's not as good-looking as me."

Nowadays, people watched melodramas because of the attractive male leads. But since she already had an extremely attractive man in her life, was there a need for her ogle those men on TV?

Young Master Yan was really too narcissistic.

Xuxu rolled her eyes at him and didn't respond.

Before their marriage, he was aloof and arrogant.

But now, he was just childish and shamelessly unreasonable.

And at times, an overbearing hypocrite with a malicious tongue. There wasn't a time where his behavior had been... normal.

Did this mean that he was now more amiable and approachable than before? Did she prefer the more aloof and arrogant him?

As Yan Rusheng mulled this over, he swiftly withdrew his smile and said in a cold low tone, "Wen Xuxu, you stupid woman. Hurry up and go back to the room and warm my bed."

### Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

#### **Chapter 330: Is This A Promise?**

Xuxu was speechless. "Yan Rusheng, where did you go tonight? Did you take the wrong medicine?"

While they were busy talking, the episode ended. As she listened to the closing song, Xuxu put down her books, raised her hands and stretched herself.

Nowadays, she was completely unreserved even in front of Yan Rusheng and was no longer concerned about her own image.

Yan Rusheng seized the opportunity and scooped her up effortlessly.

Then he turned and walked towards the staircase.

Aunt Zhang was just about to come downstairs when she met them at the middle landing. Xuxu's face turned crimson, and she hurled punches at Yan Rusheng with all her might, berating him softly. "Hey Yan Rusheng, you're such a pervert! Aunt Zhang is staring at us."

Aunt Zhang grinned and shook her head. "It's alright, Missy. My long-sightedness has gotten worse lately, so I can't see very clearly."

Wen Xuxu was speechless...

When they were back in their room, Yan Rusheng pinned Xuxu down on the bed and fixed his eyes on her face.

His gaze was too affectionate, causing Xuxu to blush.

She swallowed her saliva and turned her face away from him. "Where did you go after you left work? Did something provoke you?"

She sounded awkward, and her voice quivered uncontrollably.

Somehow, she felt that Yan Rusheng was not his usual self tonight, and his gaze was filled with an unfathomable heat.

It made her heart pound wildly.

"Stupid woman." Yan Rusheng low and gentle voice suddenly entered Xuxu's ears.

Feeling tickled by it, she let down her guard.

"If I'd known, I would've snatched you from him."

Upon hearing this, Xuxu opened her eyes abruptly, and her body jolted for a moment.

She stared at the man in front of her, shocked and baffled.



*What... did he say just now?*

Yan Rusheng leaned to the side and lay down next to her, his finger brushing gently against her face.

"Xuxu, should we have a child?"

With a child, she would hold a special place in his heart and their family would be complete.

Xuxu stared blankly at him. "Do you really want to have a child with me?"

*Or do you want it because it was Grandmother's last wish?*

"I want you more." Yan Rusheng laughed softly and started to caress her cheeks. "Let me think how many children we should have."

"How about one every year?"

"Never mind. After pregnancy, I'd need to be abstinent for ten months. We should have one every two years instead."

"Forget it. Just one boy and one girl will be enough. Having too many children will affect our couple time, and they might even fight over their inheritance when we grow old."

Yan Rusheng stared at the ceiling and mumbled to himself.

Xuxu continued to stare at him with blankly. When she heard the words 'when we grow old', there was a twinkle in her eyes. *Is he saying that we'll grow old together?*

*He's talking about our old age! Our old age!*

*Is... this a promise from him?*

"You're not drunk this time. You're being perfectly sober when you said that to me."

Xuxu turned around with her back facing Yan Rusheng and mumbled those words.

Thinking back, they had been getting along very well with each other when compared to the past.

They left the house together every day and no longer showed their cold faces to each other. He also hadn't yelled at her for a long time.