

Elite Doting 361

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 361: It's A Pretense

Due to Yan Rusheng's presence, the person-in-charge and the theater staff were all very cooperative and did their best to prepare for Fang Jiayin's performance.

He sat at the first row along with a few famous violinists from abroad.

Fang Jiayin was already up on the stage donned in her long, red gown. The lights shone on her, illuminating her very presence on the stage. She closed her eyes, completely immersed in her craft.

Even the audience was immersed in her performance as well.

Only the sound of her enchanting music echoed throughout the theater hall.

'Ah Sheng, did I improve as compared to the previous time?'

'Yes.'

'Ah Sheng, did I play well?'

'Yes.'

As these flashbacks popped into the front of his mind, he didn't seem to have seriously listened or admired the way she played the violin.

He only assumed that he should love everything that *she* loves. So it was only appropriate for him to be interested in her music as well.

He started comparing the differences between accompanying Fang Jiayin, while she played the violin, with accompanying Wen Xuxu, as she watched her boring and childish dramas. Even though he had no interest in both, the feelings he had while doing both were different.

If it's a pretense when he feigned interest in her music, then what about... his love for her?

They were so intimate when they were still together, and her confession always had his heart racing wild. On top of that, they had given each other their very firsts.

How should he explain this?

And yet, he was so certain of his feelings for Xuxu—she was irreplaceable. If that was the case, then he shouldn't have some more lingering feelings for Fang Jiayin.

But he still couldn't forget the first night they shared together.

Was this the magic of the unforgettable first time?

"Thank you, everyone."

Fang Jiayin finished her performance and bowed to the audience.

The entire hall and the stage became brightly lit.

Yan Rusheng snapped out of his reverie and glanced at his watch—it was almost 9 in the evening. He then whipped out his phone in a hasty manner.

The disappointment was evident on his face when there wasn't any texts or missed calls.

He inwardly berated Wen Xuxu. Stupid woman, can't she give him a call if she didn't see him? He quickly sent a text.

'Xuxu, it's getting late. Go home first.'

"I was just informed by the staff that they have invited the children from the school that I've volunteered at previously. I'm really overjoyed to hear this."

Fang Jiayin choked with emotion on stage.

Yan Rusheng glanced at the stage as a knot of children, who were dressed in a rather shabby attires, walked to the platform from the backstage. They were also accompanied by a lady.

He glanced at the children who were all tanned and were of different ages. Pairs of bright black eyes stared at the audience timidly.

It made one's heart ache.

The children rushed towards Fang Jiayin when they saw her.

"Teacher Fang."

Fang Jiayin knelt down and embraced them with joy.

When Yan Rusheng saw that scene unfold in front of him, he smiled as it reminded him of Xuxu and how she had treated the children at the orphanage.

Although Xuxu's care for the children seemed more sincere and genuine, it was undeniable that Fang Jiayin was too. But if one was to look closer, Xuxu had a strong motherly instinct when it comes to the kids.

As he thought of Wen Xuxu again, he took a glimpse of his cell phone. There was still no reply from her.

She must be having a good time with that little lass, and with that he became restless.

The children on stage were singing a song to thank Fang Jiayin.

Fang Jiayin's couldn't help it, her eyes were starting to glisten with tears.

After the performance ended, Yan Rusheng went to the backstage to bid Fang Jiayin goodbye.

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Chapter 362: Help Me Answer The Call

He stood at the door and watched as the children surround Fang Jiayin. She embraced each one of them, stroked their hair and helped them to adjust their clothes.

Even though she wasn't like Xuxu who had exhibited motherly love, it was clear to anyone that she loves children.

He reckoned that *most* women like children.

“Ah Sheng.” Fang Jiayin saw Yan Rusheng, she extricated herself from the children and smiled at him.

Yan Rusheng said from a distance. “I’m leaving now.”

“Okay.” Fang Jiayin nodded. She beamed, “Thank you so much for your help today.”

Yan Rusheng pressed his lips and remained quiet.

He glanced at the children once more before turning around to leave. He strode away with grace and poise and without any hint of hesitation.

Fang Jiayin’s eyes sparkled with overflowing emotion as she watched him leave.

...

Yan Rusheng got into the car and dialed up Wen Xuxu. After ringing her phone for some time, she finally answered.

“Hello,” Xuxu answered in a whisper, “Huanhuan is still asleep.”

Yan Rusheng unconsciously lowered his volume too. “Xuxu, where are you now? I’ll head over to where you are.”

“We are almost home. See you at home.”

Yan Rusheng responded with an ‘uh’ and she promptly ended the call.

He stared at the screen gloomily.

The little lass had stayed at their house for only a week, and yet here he was, altogether neglected by Xuxu. If they have kids in the future, wouldn’t he surely be invisible in Xuxu’s eyes?

The scion began to fret about his place in his wife’s heart.

The car drove out of the underground car park and to the main road, which, earlier that afternoon was heavily congested. Suddenly, the sight reminded him of something important.

He needed to explain to Xuxu about what had happened earlier today.

Everything that happened today, he reckoned that the next morning...

No, he might not need to wait until tomorrow. It might already be on the headlines tonight.

Hence, the first thing to do is to explain and clarify every little bit to the *stupid* woman. Otherwise, she might be mistaken again, and he would be left alone during lunch at work... again.

He immediately went online to search for news about him. Without any surprise, the entertainment news was filled with the events that had occurred at the Capital City Musical Theater today. His name was highlighted.

He had already guessed how the media had spun ridiculous stories with hearsays.

Once the car entered the courtyard, he immediately stepped out and dashed into the house. He slipped off his shoes and hurried upstairs.

He bumped into a servant and asked, "Is Madam back?"

The servant nodded. "Yes, she is in the room."

Yan Rusheng continued to ascend the stairs and went to Xuxu's room. When he found out that it was empty, he heaved an inaudible sigh of relief.

That would mean that she should be in their bedroom, proving that she wasn't mad at him.

He turned around and entered the bedroom. The bathroom was locked and the sound of water splashing could be heard.

"I love to shower and my skin is clean. Oh, oh, oh..."

Xuxu and Huanhuan were singing.

Yan Rusheng grinned when he heard them. His worries were vain as she seemed to be in good spirits.

But he couldn't rule out the possibility that she might not have the time to browse the news yet since she was busy with the little lass the entire day.

As he pondered about the possibilities, Xuxu's phone rang. He looked around the room for her phone.

Her phone was in her bag sitting atop the sofa.

"Wen Xuxu, your call," yelled Yan Rusheng towards the bathroom.

Xuxu replied loudly, "Help me answer the call."

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Chapter 363: You Don't Like Children?

"Okay." Yan Rusheng walked over and rummaged for her phone inside the bag. The phone had stopped ringing.

It was Jiang Zhuoheng.

His face fell when he saw his name—hostility and jealousy were evident in his eyes.

Why did this fellow call her so late at night?

He was still in the midst of analyzing Jiang Zhuoheng's intentions when a text came in.

"Today I was too busy and couldn't leave early. Tell Huanhuan that I'll see her tomorrow. Sleep early."

Did that mean that Wen Xuxu had called him today?

Yan Rusheng stared at the text as fury blazed in his eyes.

She didn't call him the entire day to ask if he was busy, or even to ask if he was done with work.

The sound of the flowing water stopped. Yan Rusheng placed the phone back in Xuxu's bag, and it seemed heavy so he took a look at the contents inside.

He accidentally caught a glimpse of a hidden unzipped compartment.

Was this stupid woman feeling unwell again? What medicine was she taking?

He stretched his hand to retrieve the medicine and he read the words printed on it.

His expression froze and his heart felt like it was being yanked from all sides.

Xuxu's bag slid out of his hands and fell to the floor with a loud thud.

"Who called?" Xuxu was carrying Huanhuan out of the bathroom when she saw Yan Rusheng holding her medicine. Her body gave an involuntary violent shudder.

Yan Rusheng's face was contorted with rage and his eyes resembled shattered black icicles. Even though they stood a distance apart, Xuxu could still feel an intense chill emanating from him and the silence was stifling. It frightened her.

He watched her intensely as he held the medicine in his hands. He was unusually calm when he spoke as though he was suppressing his emotions. "Wen Xuxu, explain to me. What is this?"

"I... Ah Sheng, I..." Xuxu released Huanhuan from her arms.

She turned around, slightly trembling as she walked to the door. She opened it and said softly to Huanhuan. "Huanhuan, go outside and play."

Huanhuan nodded her head. "Okay."

She closed the door after Huanhuan left. Before she could turn around, Yan Rusheng had already stomped towards her and pressed the medicine forcefully on her chest.

"Wen Xuxu!"

His roar seemed to rattle the entire house.

Xuxu instinctively took a step backward, startled and terrified by his outburst. Luckily the door was behind her, if not she would have lost her footing.

She leaned against the door for support as Yan Rusheng advanced on her. His menacing and ice-cold aura seemed to envelop her entirely, leaving her feeling suffocated.

She lifted her head and shook her head in submission. She opened her mouth but she didn't know what to say.

Should she say that she didn't want to see him getting back together with Fang Jiayin?

Or say that she was afraid of being dumped by him after having children?

Hence, she had made the mistake by impulse?

But Yan Rusheng didn't give her any time to hesitate.

He grabbed and lifted her chin with force.

He glared at her, his sinister-looking eyes seemed to be overflowing with wrath. He gritted his teeth and mocked, "So your love for children was just a pretense."

There wasn't any trace of warmth or gentleness in his eyes or voice. And Xuxu's heart felt like it was being repeatedly lashed by his callous words.

Her fair face was turning purplish from his tight grip and her voice seemed to be choked inside her throat.

Yan Rusheng paused before continuing, "Or perhaps you like all children except for mine and yours? That's why you didn't want to have children."

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Chapter 364: How Could He Do That To You?

"Err...." Xuxu couldn't speak at all and all she could do was to shake her head profusely. Her eyes brimmed with tears.

"Wen Xuxu, I doubt you will cherish my heart even if I give it to you." There was an abnormal calmness in Yan Rusheng's voice.

As his words washed over her, Xuxu's tears began rolling down from her eyes. She felt helpless as she looked at Yan Rusheng's face.

She realized that she could see... sorrow and sadness in his eyes?

She stared blankly at him in disbelief. Was it another illusion?

Yan Rusheng relinquished his grip on her face. He grabbed her arm and shoved her aside.

"Since you don't want kids, I won't touch you anymore."

After he had spoken what he had to say, he wrenched the door open and left in a huff.

"Ah Sheng, I didn't say I don't want our children." Xuxu bawled as she leaned against the wall and slumped to the floor slowly.

"Ah Sheng, I really wanted to have children with you. And I've really tried so hard."

She covered her face with her hands and wept loudly.

Since you don't want kids, I won't touch you anymore...

No, please don't.

Yan Rusheng's words echoed once more and Xuxu shook her head in despair. She rose and left the room.

She opened the study's room, but there wasn't any sight of him.

She quickened her steps towards the stairs.

Aunt Zhang saw her and asked, "Miss, are you alright?"

"Where is Ah Sheng?" Xuxu stopped and asked her in a hurry.

Aunt Zhang knew that she used to address Yan Rusheng as 'Ah Sheng' but she hasn't done so in recent years. Aunt Zhang paused for a moment before answering her. "You mean Third Young Master? He just left."

She noticed Xuxu's face which was filled with tears and asked. "Did the both of you quarrel again?"

"No wonder Third Young Master had left with such an angry expression." She thought to herself.

"Ah Sheng." Xuxu didn't reply Aunt Zhang as she scurried down the stairs and dashed out of the door.

But Yan Rusheng had already driven off.

She didn't hesitate and bolted back to the bedroom to get her phone. She tried calling Yan Rusheng though she didn't expect him to pick up. And indeed, he didn't.

There were two missed calls; it was from Jiang Zhuoheng and Zhou Shuang. And there was a text from Jiang Zhuoheng.

It was the text that Yan Rusheng had read earlier on. But she didn't have the mood to read the text now...

She texted Yan Rusheng with her trembling hands.

'Ah Sheng, please come back will you?'

She doesn't care about her pride anymore.

After her text was sent, her phone rang. Xuxu glanced eagerly at the screen. But it was Zhou Shuang.

Disappointed, she picked up the call and answered with a choked voice. "Shuang, I'm a little busy now. Can we talk next time?"

"I knew you would definitely be affected." Zhou Shuang quipped angrily even though she wasn't aware of the situation. "Yan Rusheng is a jerk! How could he do that to you?"

Xuxu was rather startled as she questioned her. "You knew?"

She had just fought with Yan Rusheng, why would Zhou Shuang be aware?

Even if Yan Rusheng had gone to Lu Yinan, the news wouldn't have spread so fast to reach Zhou Shuang.

Zhou Shuang said, "Their news is everywhere online. How could I not know?"

Xuxu was puzzled. "Online? They?"

What was that supposed to mean?

Zhou Shuang was baffled when she realized that Xuxu had no inkling of what had happened. "What? Didn't you cry because you saw the news of Yan Rusheng and Fang Jiayin? I called and asked Lu Yinan. He said that the woman was Yan Rusheng's girlfriend back in university right?"

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Chapter 365: Hurry Up And Go Home

Fang Jiayin! News?

“Shuang, I need to hang up now.”

She said goodbye to Zhou Shuang in a haste and hung up. Xuxu clicked on an online website and a news article about a collision that happened outside the Capital City Musical Theater was on the front page.

‘With Third Master as her backer, musician triumphs reigning goddess.’

She took a deep breath to prepare herself mentally when she saw the headlines. She clicked to read the contents of the article.

The gist of the article depicted how Fang Jiayin’s car had collided with Chen Yuxi’s car outside the Capital City Musical Theater’s carpark. The traffic police and the theater’s person-in-charge had initially sided with Chen Yuxi, but Third Young Master came out of nowhere to support the musician who came back from overseas and gloriously defeated the reigning goddess and the rest.

Then Yan Rusheng attended Fang Jiayin’s musical and left only after it had ended.

So he went to Fang Jiayin’s musical. That was why he didn’t manage to meet her and Huanhuan.

So this was the real reason...

She had waited at Kentucky’s for him and didn’t dare to call him as she thought that he might still be busy.

She should have guessed that he would never go to such places.

Nonetheless, she was still hoping that he would really appear and kept waiting for him.

Her phone slipped from her hands and fell to the ground. She ignored it and her knees gave way as she collapsed next to the sofa.

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

‘I really didn’t know why there were the tickets in my pocket...’

“Ah Sheng, in that case, why did you try to change our relationship?” she pondered.

“Didn’t we get along fine previously?”

He didn’t need to lie to her if he didn’t intend to change. To sustain this marriage, she would continue to stay by him just like how she did before.

Then she wouldn’t harbor any expectations or hope!

Xuxu clutched her chest and it felt painful to just to breathe. It was as if thousands of arrows had just pierced through her heart.

...

Two gorgeous men sat in the middle of a noisy bar and naturally they stood out amongst the crowd.

Countless ladies kept trying to strike a conversation with them but they immediately retreated when they realized who they were.

These two men were simply out of their league and way too dangerous.

Lu Yinan didn't really enjoy such public places where people could openly gawk at him.

"What's wrong with you?" He snatched the glass from Yan Rusheng as he furrowed his eyebrows. He chided him softly, "Yan Rusheng, you have gone overboard this time. Look at the news of you and Fang Jiayin. Quoting Yishan's words, the scene is exactly what would have happened in those idol dramas or romance novels. And it usually happens to the main male and female leads."

Furthermore, shouldn't he be at home trying to coax his wife instead of drinking at a pub?

It seemed like he was the one who was feeling aggrieved instead.

"Shut up." Yan Rusheng motioned at Lu Yinan to stop his lecture and warned him coldly. Then he began drinking once more.

Lu Yinan was about to snatch the glass away but Yan Rusheng had gulped the entire glass in seconds.

"I can shut up but can you stop drinking? Hurry up and go home." Young Master Lu slid down from his seat as he grabbed Yan Rusheng's arms and pulled him from his seat.

"Get lost." Yan Rusheng shoved him away as he slumped back on his seat once more.

Lu Yinan felt helpless.

This guy had simply asked him out for a drink but refused to divulge anything at all.

Looking at the state that he was in, he must have quarreled with Wen Xuxu.

"Did you fight with Wen Xuxu?"

At the mention of Wen Xuxu's name, Yan Rusheng's heart tugged painfully. He remained mum and merely took another huge gulp.

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Chapter 366: She Won't Be Coming Home Tonight

Lu Yinan had the answer when he saw his expression.

He sighed heavily. "You've indeed quarreled with her."

Once Yan Rusheng had made up his mind, no one among his circle of friends are to stop him.

So, the only thing Lu Yinan could do was to watch him helplessly.

Yan Rusheng began stacking the empty glasses like a pyramid—velvety remnant of the liquor was still visible in the transparent glasses.

They shimmered and flickered under the light.

It felt like a dream!

Just like how the time they had spent together these months...

At the thought of it, an icy gleam streaked across his eyes, while his finger—which was then tapping the table lightly—lunged forward and flicked the glass sitting on the middle of the pyramid with brute force.

The pyramid of glasses came crashing down with a deafening smash, some were shattered, some just rolled away.

The bartenders and waiters around the periphery of the bar were all startled by the sound of glasses breaking.

Everyone turned towards the source of the noise.

“Let’s go.” Yan Rusheng ignored everyone else as he stumbled to his feet.

He turned around, and on his drunken stupor, he staggered towards the exit.

Lu Yinan followed him, and with no time to waste, he assisted his drunken friend. “Where do you want to go?”

“To the office.” Yan Rusheng pushed Lu Yinan away and fumbled for his keys in his pocket. He dragged his feet to his car and opened the door.

“Are you still planning to drive in this state?” Lu Yinan grabbed his wrist and shoved him in the back seat instead.

Lu Yinan took over the front seat and started the engine.

At that moment, Yan Rusheng changed his mind abruptly and mumbled, “Home.”

Lu Yinan glanced at him through the rearview mirror and sneered, “Looks like the famous Yan Rusheng does fear a certain someone.”

It seemed like he wasn’t completely drunk.

Even if he didn’t say anything, he would have sent him home anyway.

If he didn’t, how would Wen Xuxu feel?

...

The splendid-looking mansion was illuminated with lights.

But he didn’t feel any warmth when he stepped into the house.

Only God knew how hard he had yearned for a child with her so that it would bind them tightly together in this marriage.

Hmph!

He smiled bitterly to himself. To think that she... didn’t even care.

He didn’t even switch on the lights in his bedroom.

But just as he had expected, the bed was empty and the bedroom was cold and silent.

He sauntered across the room and sat on his bed, after which he laid on it, burying his head with the pillow and trying to shut his eyes.

For the first time in his life, he didn't feel like showering. He simply plopped on his bed and fell asleep.

...

The next morning, Xuxu sent Huanhuan back to the orphanage.

And she didn't go home the entire day.

The sun had set but still, she was nowhere in sight.

Yan Rusheng stood by the windows in the study. He looked past his windows and beyond the courtyard till past midnight.

Only then did he turned away.

He knew that she won't be coming home tonight.

He returned to his bedroom and took his wallet from the drawer—he retrieved the old plastic ring that he had hidden.

He put the ring on the tip of his finger and raised his hand. The ring shimmered as the light shone on it.

This ring seemed to have the power to transcend time as it brought him back to his childhood, for he started fondly reminiscing about the times he had played together with Wen Xuxu.

He always wanted to beat her at everything and to surpass her. It was the main reason why he had worked so hard and constantly challenged himself to exceed expectations.

Although he knew that his achievements were largely due to Grandmother's efforts.

But if Wen Xuxu hasn't appeared in his life, he might not have had the motivation and determination to work so hard.

He could be like some of his friends, simply squandering their family fortune away.

This woman had affected and influenced him for more than two decades and possibly his entire life. Yet, he didn't notice it at all throughout these years.

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Chapter 367: Memories

Yan Rusheng removed the ring and clenched it tightly.

"Wen Xuxu, what should I do with you?"

...

She hadn't come back to her old apartment in months.

Xuxu sat cross-legged on the chair of the balcony. The vicinity was dim and she watched as the lights in the last few shops went out.

She slowly diverted her gaze and turned her head towards a red wooden box. The lock on the box seemed to be wrenched open with the lock hanging.

She took a plastic ring from the box and wore it on her finger. She stared at it for a while, and after some time, she removed it and placed it back inside the wooden box.

After which, she shut the lid of the box firmly, leaving the box in its original locked state.

She placed the box back on the table and sighed heavily.

Sigh!

Memories. Seemed like some things are meant to be part of her memories.

...

The next day dawned. The atmosphere around Flourish & Prosper seemed suffocating.

It was because Yan Rusheng, the overbearing President, had recently saved a damsel in distress. The news about it spread like wildfire.

And the President and the lady boss came to work separately.

To makes matters worse, they didn't interact at all!

Both seemed to have transformed into workaholics all of a sudden. Separated by a wall, they buried themselves with work.

And coincidentally, both of them had chosen to ignore each other and thus started a silent war.

They maintained this state for more than half a month and everyone in the company, especially the employees in the President's office, were all walking on broken glass—everyone was that tensed.

Xuxu always was always the first to clock out and leave. She'd drive the Audi Q7, which was given by Wang Daqin under the company's name.

December rolled around the corner, and the trees were almost bare with just a few withered leaves hanging on for their dear lives against the bitter wind.

Sidewalks were filled with a thin layer of autumn frost.

But, it always melt away whenever the sun claims the high sky every morning.

The roads were always crazily congested in the morning, especially on Mondays.

Xuxu left the carpark of her apartment and stopped at a red light. She was coming to a halt behind another vehicle when her phone rang.

She glanced at the screen and it was from work. She put on her Bluetooth speakers to answer the call.

"Hello. Alright, let me check."

Xuxu reached out to her side and took her bag that was lying on the empty passenger seat. She took out a document, and once she had found the contact number she was looking for she made a quick call.

“Please make sure that everything is arranged by today so that we can be in time for the Christmas event.”

“I’m driving now. I’ll call you back once I’m in the office.”

She then ended the call.

The traffic light had already turned green.

Oh dear, the car owner behind her must be swearing at her right now.

She was about to check her rearview mirror before advancing forward.

Bang!

She barely had time to check the mirror when her car jerked violently forward—it made a loud bang.

He collided with the steering wheel as her car advanced with force. She was fortunate enough that she didn’t get flustered and stepped on the accelerator, instead she stepped on the breaks making her car stop.

She opened the door and got off the car.

“I will bang you to death, b*tch! The light has already turned green and you didn’t move off.”

Xuxu hadn’t even managed to straighten her back when she got down the car when a woman started yelling at her.

Initially, she was prepared to apologize to the car owner, but, the moment she heard the woman cussing at her she herself was overwhelmed with anger. She slammed the drivers’ seat door shut and stomped towards the woman.

The woman had already gotten off her car.

She was wearing a sapphire-blue shirt and looked like she was in her forties. She strained her eyes on Xuxu as she marched towards her.

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Chapter 368: In Two Hours' Time

The rear of the car was dented and the exhaust pipe was damaged beyond repair.

The other party was a spacious BMW X series and the extent of the damage was also serious.

After assessing the condition of both vehicles, Xuxu looked at the owner of the BMW. “So did you crash into my car on purpose?”

Her tone was calm and devoid of emotion.

“Yes, a female driver with poor and reckless driving skills deserved to be hit,” ranted the owner of the BMW. “It’s the morning rush. Aren’t you asking for trouble when you decided to obstruct the road?”

The woman continued spewing out words, and she almost sounded like a man.

"I'm sorry. I was answering a call earlier," Xuxu explained in a gentle tone, and offered a smile. She then swiftly changed the topic. "But you hit my car on purpose and because you were acting in a fit of pique, you'll have to bear the responsibility."

There was still a smile on her face but her tone was no longer gentle, and it carried a piercing chilliness.

As they were obstructing the main road, the traffic situation came to gridlock and the drivers behind them honked incessantly.

Without waiting for the arrogant BMW owner to speak, Xuxu added nonchalantly, "How about this, let us first each take some photos and then we shift our vehicles to the side of the road while waiting for the traffic police to arrive."

Having said that, she returned to her car and swiftly took out her cell phone and took photographs of the current positions and the extent of the collision between the two cars.

After that, she walked towards the vehicles that were held up at the back and politely gestured an apology to them.

Without taking a second look at the BMW owner, Xuxu walked back to her car and moved her vehicle to the side of the road.

The owner of the BMW stood rooted on the same spot, fuming mad. She pointed to Xuxu's car and hollered at it. But the drivers at the back stuck their head out and scolded her.

She had no choice but to move her car away.

Xuxu had just stopped her car by the road shoulder when the traffic police came. The BMW also drove to the side of the road slowly.

Once out of the car, the owner caught hold of the traffic police and defended herself in a fit.

Xuxu stood on the side. Without uttering a word, she waited patiently for the traffic police to interrogate her.

The traffic police examined both cars and requested for the collision photos from Xuxu.

"Alright, both of you please follow me to the traffic police department to settle this matter."

After a brief interrogation, the traffic police instructed Xuxu and the BMW owner while keeping the recorded notes.

"My apologies officers, I have an important company meeting to attend." Xuxu glanced at her watch. "I'll go over there in two hours' time."

Hearing this, the BMW owner exclaimed in a sharp and mean tone, "That won't do. I have the time now but two hours' later, I'll be busy."

Ah, at the time of the accident, she ranted that she's in a rush, yet now, she flipped her words.

She was obviously getting confrontational. Xuxu cast a sideward glance at her and retorted with a chilling tone, "You have no choice."

After that, she nodded politely at the traffic police officer and without taking a second look at the BMW owner, she headed towards a bus stop.

And it wasn't an ideal place to flag a cab.

"Third Young Master, isn't that the Madam?" The chauffeur caught sight of Wen Xuxu who was attempting to flag for a cab by the road.

Yan Rusheng looked in the same direction as the driver. Indeed, Wen Xuxu was attempting to flag a cab.

She must have felt cold in her mid-length woolen jacket. She even wore the hoodie on.

There were a few people trying to flag a cab at the same place, but he spotted her with ease for Xuxu stood out the most—her dress was eye-catching.

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Chapter 369: How Could She Not Feel It?

He frowned in bewilderment for a moment and instructed his chauffeur, "Drive over and take a look."

"Ok," replied his chauffeur. He then switched lanes slowly, driving the car to the side of the road and stopping in front of Xuxu.

Xuxu was startled when she saw Yan Rusheng's car.

The passenger seat window rolled down slowly and a man peered out.

"Get into the car."

With a commanding tone, he ordered her to get into his car without even asking any more questions such as where her vehicle was, or why she was flagging for a cab.

It was a real challenge to flag down a cab early in the morning and if she continued to waste her time here, she would definitely be late.

Without any objections, Xuxu took a step towards the car, opened the door and got in.

The heat mode of the air condition was turned on. Xuxu's face and hand, which had then turned ice cold from the chilly wind, slowly began feeling warm again.

Due to a sudden change of temperature, her face turned redder than before. She removed the hood and unbuttoned her jacket.

"Young Madam, didn't you drive in the morning?" the chauffeur asked in bewilderment.

Yan Rusheng busied himself with the newspaper, but obviously, he wasn't concentrating on reading it at all.

After hearing what the chauffeur had to ask, he couldn't help but twitch his eyelids and listen on to what Xuxu had to say.

“Yes, I did drive, but the car got into some problem half-way to work,” Xuxu answered without lifting her head.

The chauffeur turned around and glanced at her with concerned eyes. “Are you alright?”

Xuxu shook her head and smiled. “I’m fine.”

She took off her jacket and drew out a set of documents from her bag and began to go over it.

The chauffeur didn’t probe further and focused on driving the car.

Yan Rusheng tilted his head upwards and looked through the rear mirror, but he could only see a part of Xuxu’s shoulder.

Both of them had not taken the same car to the office for the last odd twenty days. Every day, she would leave the house earlier than him.

Now that they were both in the same car, she was so quiet, as if her existence wasn’t there to begin with.

She could even do her work as if nothing had happened between them.

He, on the other hand, couldn’t even concentrate on reading a single word from the newspapers.

Was this the difference between loving and not loving someone?

...

Throughout the journey to the office, neither of them sparked a conversation. They both got off the car at the main entrance of the office.

The moment she alighted from the car, Xuxu’s cell phone rang. She answered the call while going up a flight of steps at the entrance.

“Mm. President Yan and I had already arrived.”

“After the meeting, I have to head out again. Please reschedule my morning tasks to the afternoon.”

“That’ll be all.”

After she ended the call, she hastened her steps and went through the turnstile.

Seeing her figure moving further and further away from him, how he wished he could grab hold of her.

However, his hands felt like they have been banded together, and he was unable to extend them.

Even Fang Jiayin could tell that his heart was with her. Yet, how could she not feel it?

The could only be one reason. She did not care.

After a span of twenty days, the boss and the lady boss took the same car to the office for the first time. Everyone guessed that they have met in the middle, and have dispelled any enmity between them.

The moment Xuxu reached the office, she dashed towards the bathroom. She had felt a stabbing pain on her forehead earlier after knocking it against the steering wheel. When she looked into the mirror she saw a red, swollen bruise on her head.

She went to the fridge and took a bottle of cold beverage. She wrapped it with her scarf and placed it on her forehead.

"Miss Xuxu, what happened to you?" asked a colleague from the President's office, she sounded worried. She had just walked at the moment Xuxu placed the beverage on her head.

Xuxu pressed her lips together and shook her head. "It's nothing serious. I knocked my forehead accidentally."

After saying this, she removed the cold beverage and looked into the mirror once more. The swelling was still visible but the redness had subsided a little.

The colleague took a glimpse of it and exclaimed, "Hey, it's swollen."

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

Chapter 370: Change

"I'm alright." Xuxu smiled calmly and placed the cold beverage back on her forehead.

After applying it for about ten minutes, the swelling subsided but there was still a tinge of redness. One look and you could tell that it had knocked against something.

She raised her hand and glanced at the watch on her wrist. It was already past 9 a.m.

She sighed. "Don't bother about it anymore."

She mumbled to herself, turned on the tap and washed her hands. After which, she drew a piece of tissue to wipe her hands with.

She raised her head and saw from the mirror that someone was standing behind her.

It was a towering figure with a dark and gloomy expression. She was taken aback.

When did this person come in? Why didn't she hear a single sound?

He almost frightened her to death!

Moments later, she regained her composure and her racing heart calmed down. She lowered her head and crushed the tissue paper into a ball and threw it into the trash can.

She turned around and walked past the man whose hand was stretched out before her.

"Wen Xuxu." Yan Rusheng grabbed her wrist all of a sudden.

Xuxu froze and halted her steps. She turned her head and stared at the Yan Rusheng's sharp eyes. Her palm-sized face left him vexed yet composed.

Looking at his gloomy face, Xuxu frowned in bewilderment. "Are you alright. President Yan?"

Yan Rusheng glared at the red patch on her forehead and asked coldly, "What happened to your forehead?"

Was he showing concern for her? Xuxu curled her lips. One couldn't tell if she was mocking at him or laughing to herself.

"I knocked my head by accident but it's nothing serious."

Her voice was distinctively cold and distant.

Yan Rusheng raised his other hand which was hanging loosely by his thighs and pinched her lower jaw. He lifted up her jaw and she had no choice but to look at him in the eyes.

A chilly breath covered her face. She knitted her eyebrows and glared at him, she did this all without uttering a single word.

To her surprise, Yan Rusheng also didn't say a word and released her suddenly.

He turned around as if with no care and left with heavy steps.

But he hated himself for not being able to regard her as invisible, just like how she did.

Since they were young, they were hardly seen without the other. Yet, why is it that he was always the one who chased after her footsteps, and also the one who lost his heart to her, too?

He hated her nonchalant look and it's almost driving him insane.

Seeing his figure disappeared, Xuxu spun around and turned on the tap, she started splashing water onto her face repeatedly.

It was not until she ran out of breath... and the energy to cry, did she stop. She pressed her hands on the basin table top and lowered her head, allowing the water to trickle down her face.

Her mouth was wide opened, gasping and panting.

...

At the conference room.

After all the departments had discussed their matters, the PR department handed over their meeting documents to Xuxu.

Xuxu passed them over to Yan Rusheng. "President Yan, please take a look at this finalized proposal for the Christmas event."

Yan Rusheng took the documents and after flipping through two pages, his expression darkened. "Chen Yuxi?"

He noticed Chen Yuxi's name printed on the VIP list of the Christmas event.

Images of the commotion outside the Capital City Musical Theatre, that caused a massive traffic standstill, flashed through his mind.

He didn't have a favorable impression of her.

Seeing his reaction towards 'Chen Yuxi', she subconsciously gripped her pen tightly in her hands.

She nodded her head lightly, "Yes."

"Change." Yan Rusheng closed the documents and flung it back to Xuxu.

Xuxu's heart skipped a bit. She held back her emotions and looked at him calmly. "Why?"

Just because Chen Yuxi had offended Fang Jiayin before?