

Elite Doting 591

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

Chapter 591: Wen Xuxu's Foolishness Has Reached Greater Heights

Hu Yang answered, "President Jiang went for a meeting. He should be back soon."

"Yan Rusheng?"

Speak of the devil. Jiang Zhuoheng had just returned from his meeting.

His voice rang behind Yan Rusheng. Their eyes met when Yan Rusheng turned around to face him.

The atmosphere became abnormally tensed and strained all of a sudden. Nobody dared to openly ogle at the President of Flourish & Prosper, who had made such a surprise visit, anymore. All of them bent down and began to work.

Jiang Zhuoheng walked past Yan Rusheng with an apathetic expression. Yan Rusheng stiffly trailed after him.

Both of them entered Jiang Zhuoheng's office one after another.

Hu Yang followed closely behind and when they entered the room, he stood outside to shut the door.

Jiang Zhuoheng glanced at him. He then instructed, "Tea is not needed."

Hu Yang bowed and replied, "Yes."

Once the door was shut, Yan Rusheng impatiently spoke to Jiang Zhuoheng. "Did something happen to Xuxu that year?"

Jiang Zhuoheng froze before gradually turning around. He wasn't sure what Yan Rusheng was referring to. He coldly said, "Third Yan, make yourself clear."

"I've found out that Xuxu..." Yan Rusheng began to stammer since he knew that Xuxu had deliberately concealed the truth, and he knew Jiang Zhuoheng was also kept in the dark regarding this secret. "That year... Xuxu was pregnant when you just left for your studies abroad."

He had barely said his last word when Jiang Zhuoheng rushed towards him. The man bellowed, "Yan Rusheng!"

White-hot anger leaped inside of Jiang Zhouheng. A swift and heavy punch landed on Yan Rusheng's face after.

Jiang Zhuoheng used almost all of his strength with his punch. Yan Rusheng stumbled a few steps backward and almost lost consciousness.

Jiang Zhuoheng came up to him once more as he grabbed his collar. His face contorted with rage as he swooped down on him. "What you have owed Xuxu, you can never repay her in this or the next lifetime!"

His eyes flashed scarlet and incredibly, it was slightly glistening with tears as well.

His raging reaction baffled Yan Rusheng. “What... what do you mean?”

He knew that Jiang Zhuoheng must have known something; he definitely knew who the father of Xuxu’s child was.

Jiang Zhuoheng pushed Yan Rusheng to his desk as his tears began to well up. “Do you know how much she made others worry for her? I asked myself often, how can such a strong and determined person exist in this world?”

“She was such an outstanding girl. Why did she have to waste her youth on a jerk like you? Do you know how she felt every time you appeared together with Fang Jiayin before her?”

Jiang Zhuoheng raised his voice. “You don’t know, but I do! It’s just like how I’ve always stood beside her, but her eyes would always be looking at you.”

“My heart would ache every single time when I saw how heartbroken she was. She would brush it off lightly and said that she was fine. She always says that once you’re married, she would find a man who would love her very much, and that man would love her like how she loves you.”

“On the surface, it may seem that she argues with you often but in reality, she always let you have your way. Who would be so patient to painstakingly scrap off all the cream on top of the cake every single time? When you go out for meals, will your Fang Jiayin remember to instruct the waiters in private to not add scallions to all the dishes and not put potatoes in potato curry chicken?”

“Yan Rusheng, all these didn’t happen in just one or two years. It spanned for more than a decade!”

Jiang Zhuoheng blew up and had exploded this time around. His years of rage, regrets, and sorrow were all vented on Yan Rusheng.

“Wen Xuxu’s foolishness has reached greater heights.”

He relinquished his grip on Yan Rusheng’s collar. His voice had trembled so much because of his fury, and it only proved how much he had doted and loved Xuxu.

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Chapter 592: He Finally Felt It

Yan Rusheng stood there in a daze. It was as if every word that Jiang Zhuoheng had said, pierced his heart like how a needle would.

He came to realize that he had lived his life in vain for nearly 20 years.

He had been so muddle-headed and an absolute jerk. He even began to despise himself.

Jiang Zhuoheng’s voice sounded once more. “Someone saw Xuxu coming out from your room on the second morning of my farewell party.”

Yan Rusheng froze with his eyes wide open. He remained rooted on the spot.

...

‘Ah Sheng, I’m in pain...’

‘Ah Sheng, I like you.’

“Xuxu...” Yan Rusheng had a bottle of beer in his hands as he clumsily staggered into the house. He went straight into a woman’s embrace, and put his arms around her. “Xuxu... Xuxu.”

He bent and rested his head on the woman’s shoulder. He repeatedly mumbled Xuxu’s name.

It was the name etched on his heart.

It had been more than 10 days, and it was already New Year’s eve on the next day. Xuxu seemed to have vanished into thin air.

“You silly boy, finally you’re looking for Xuxu. Look carefully, I’m your mother,” reproved Mu Li as she pushed him away. But the next second, her hands supported him by holding onto his arms.

She had watched how her son had fallen into despair in the last days. She softly chided, “If you’ve known this would happen, why did you do something that would hurt her?”

She heavily sighed as she wondered to herself. Why did these two kids end up in this way?

Yan Rusheng pushed Mu Li away. He held on to the wall for support as he clumsily tried to remove his shoes. He walked into the living room with his socks on.

“Third Brother.” A tiny figure came towards him.

Yan Rusheng managed a tiny smile as he stretched his hand and affectionately stroked her head.

“Yueyue.”

Even this young lass knew how good Xuxu was even though she barely knew her for a month. She had tried her best to protect and defend Xuxu.

Yet, he had hurt her repeatedly.

Su Yue raised her head as she watched him with a pair of sparkling eyes. “Third Brother, don’t drink so much in the future. Third sister-in-law doesn’t like it when you drink.”

Yan Rusheng heard her soft reminder, and he broke into a wide smile. He nodded and said, “Okay.”

In the future, he would only do the things that Xuxu liked.

He tottered as he went towards the staircase. He clumsily swayed as he ascended the stairs.

He wrenched the door open and switched on the light.

Inside the bedroom, Xuxu’s stuff was still as they originally were. Her pajamas were on the couch and her diary on the table at the balcony. A book that she had recently been reading was on top of the bedside drawer. A bookmark peeked out of the book.

It was almost as if she was still staying in the room for the past few days.

But he couldn’t feel her presence at all nor did her smell linger.

Originally, he was supposed to have a complete Xuxu.

She had strived so hard to stay by his side for so many years.

'I have fallen in love with this one guy for many years. From the first awakening of love until now...'

Yan Rusheng hugged Xuxu's pillow, and he buried his head with it. There was a faint scent of her hair, but it felt almost surreal.

"Xuxu, Xuxu..."

The person who had accompanied him for the past 20 years had vanished without a trace.

What it felt like to be heartbroken; he finally felt it.

...

It was Chinese New Year's Eve. The sound of firecrackers filled the air early in the morning.

The whole capital city was bustling and everyone was in a festive mood. People were all rushing home to spend the night with their loved ones.

He was the only one aimlessly driving around.

"She didn't come back, but she called earlier this morning. You should go home."

"Third Yan, just let her be. She needs to recuperate and recharge."

The evening was getting dark. His cell phone continuously rang, but he didn't pick up. He continued to drive back home.

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Chapter 593: Happy Chinese New Year

There were two huge lanterns hanging at the entrance, both of which were lit.

There were rhyming couplets hanging on the gates. Since it was still Grandmother's mourning period, they had specifically selected the couplets.

There were two long strings of firecrackers in the courtyard as well.

Yan Rusheng drove his car into the courtyard and stopped. Aunt Zhang came out and saw him. She was rather excited as she yelled, "Second Madam! Third Young Master is back!"

Mu Li and Su Yue came running out of the house when they heard Aunt Zhang.

"Third Yan..."

"Third brother!"

It was Chinese New Year's Eve, and they had assumed that he wouldn't be coming home.

Yan Rusheng gave them a fleeting tiny smile and walked into the house.

Yan Weihong was already in the dining room. He was wearing a dark brown woolen shirt with a pair of gold spectacles. He merely threw a casual glance at Yan Rusheng.

Yan Rusheng addressed him. "Father."

Yan Weihong grunted in response before continuing in his deep voice. "Hurry and sit down. Your mother prepared all this for the entire afternoon."

Mu Li and Su Yue sat down as well.

Mu Li suddenly said, "Xuxu called earlier just now."

Yan Rusheng raised his head in anticipation.

The corners of Mu Li's mouth twitched. "She didn't say anything else other than wishing your father and me a Happy Chinese New Year."

Yan Rusheng softly mumbled 'oh'. It wasn't much of a surprise that Xuxu would call his mother.

She was someone who was able to differentiate between what was important and what was not. She had always tried her best not to let the elders worry.

It was New Year Eve and she would definitely call back since she was alone somewhere.

Because of Su Yue and Su Yan, Yan Weiye's family didn't come over for dinner.

Grandmother and Xuxu were absent as well.

Yan Weihong had to abstain from alcohol as he had just recovered from his surgery. So there were only soft drinks and water on the table.

The atmosphere was dull and solemn that night.

Usually, the butler and Aunt Zhang separately ate from them, except for reunion dinners.

But this year, they quickly ate and excused themselves.

Yan Rusheng, Mu Li, Su Yue, and Yan Weihong were the only ones left.

After dinner, Yan Rusheng took out a red packet and gave it to Su Yue who sat beside him. "Yueyue, you've grown a year older."

Su Yue happily received it. "Thank you, Third Brother."

Yan Rusheng gave her an affectionate smile, and a thought struck him. "Where is Su Yan?"

Su Yue answered, "My brother left yesterday. He said he wanted to make use of the holidays to tour the southern part of China."

Yan Rusheng gave a weak smile and didn't respond.

He glanced at Mu Li and Yan Weihong who was sitting across them. He was about to excuse himself.

They could hear Aunt Zhang's happy laughter. "Young Master Ming, Young Master Lu, both of you are early."

"Aunt Zhang, Happy Chinese New Year!"

“Happy Chinese New Year to you, too!”

Ming Ansheng and Lu Yinan entered the dining room amidst the chatter.

Both young masters were casually dressed in bright colors, and they seemed more vibrant and lively.

“Uncle Yan, Aunt Mu Li, Happy Chinese New Year!”

They entered and wished both Mu Li and Yan Weihong at the same time.

Yan Weihong nodded in response.

Mu Li beamed at them. “Young lads, have you both eaten your reunion dinner?”

Lu Yinan answered, “We had an early dinner.”

“Su Yue, you’ve grown a year older. Finally, an adult!” Ming Ansheng walked to Su Yue and gave her a red packet. He affectionately stroked her head at the same time.

Lu Yinan noticed it, and he wasn’t quite pleased. “Hey, Ming Ansheng. What kind of friend are you? Why didn’t you remind me to prepare a red packet as well?”

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Chapter 594: I’m Not Sure Either

Everyone broke into laughter, while Yan Rusheng was the only one looking void of expression.

They talked for a while more in the kitchen before adjourning to the living room.

“Come and have some fruits. I’ll go do my stuff and leave you young people to chat.”

Mu Li brought out a platter of fruits and placed it on the coffee table.

Mu Li sent the servants home for Chinese New Year; only Aunt Zhang was left to cook and to clean up.

Hence, Mu Li was busy the entire day.

“Third Yan, did Xuxu go overseas?”

“But she would need to take a plane. Even if she took a cruise, there would still be a record of her departure.”

“Will she be at her grandfather’s place?”

They sat down and discussed.

Yan Rusheng narrowed his eyes as he frowned. He firmly shook his head. “No, she won’t.”

Was it because he didn’t know or understand her well enough? Was that why he had no idea where she would be?

He was completely clueless and had no idea where to start.

Lu Yinan spoke after mulling over the possibilities. “Didn’t she call back? Are we able to track the location of her phone?”

Ming Ansheng's eyes instantly lit up. "Yeah!"

Yan Rusheng closed his eyes as he leaned backward on his chair, apparently not listening to them.

"Host X hasn't been home for years to be with his family. He had to host the Chinese New Year show. That's why tonight our production crew has specially invited his parents over to our show."

The TV channel was introducing a touching segment about the importance of family ties.

Parents!

Yan Rusheng abruptly widened his eyes and straightened his back.

His sudden action took Ming Ansheng and Lu Yinan by shock.

"What happened? You frightened us!"

"Did you guess the place Xuxu might be at right now?"

"I'm not sure either." Yan Rusheng rose and hurriedly dialed a number on his phone. "Qiao Jian, book the earliest flight to N city."

Both Ming Ansheng and Lu Yinan coincidentally glanced at each other.

How could they have left out that place?

N City—it was Xuxu's old house in the southern part of China.

Yan Rusheng hastily packed his belongings and changed into a white woolen shirt and jeans. He held a piece of small luggage in his hand while the other grabbed a coat. Just then his phone rang.

"The earliest flight is tomorrow afternoon?"

"How about trains? Any motor vehicles?"

"Hurry up."

...

A small town rested quietly in the southern part of China. Mountains surrounded it, and the weather was cold and wet.

The town had a quiet and traditional charm. There were roadside stalls selling all sorts of candies and firecrackers. The festive atmosphere was strong.

A gorgeous man wearing a black and white coat with a blue shirt underneath was walking through the town. He was carrying a huge backpack on his back with a camera hung around his neck.

He had followed this short-haired girl for two streets, but she didn't notice him at all. She was too engrossed with buying food and snacks from the roadside stalls.

The girl wore a white thick pullover and a pair of dark red leggings. She wore brown boots and slung a black bag on her shoulder. Her hands were filled with candies and snacks.

She stopped again at a stall as her eyes greedily stared at the food.

The man stopped in his tracks as well. He broke into a wide smile. His smile looked as bright as the sun.

He raised his camera and took a photo of the girl.

Finally, the girl sensed that someone was watching her. She turned around.

Her tiny and exquisite face finally appeared in the frame.

“Don’t move.”

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Chapter 595: Where Can I Find the Log Bridge?

The man pressed the shutter with his long slender finger. He had captured a shot of her charm and beauty as she turned back to look over her shoulder.

A beautiful smile tenderly bloomed at the corners of his mouth.

“Su Yan!” Wen Xuxu looked at the man behind the camera and her eyes widened in shock.

Her mouth was hung open, and there was a candied hawthorn fruit in her mouth.

Su Yan put down his camera and smiled as he waved at the woman opposite him. “Hey Xuxu, what a coincidence.”

Xuxu knitted her eyebrows. “What are you doing here?”

She couldn’t believe her eyes. China is so huge, yet they still ran into each other in such a remote and desolate place.

Su Yan beamed at her. “We have telepathy.”

As he was always full of nonsense, Xuxu decided to brush him off and continued walking ahead.

The stinky tofu seller immediately shouted for her. “Hey young lady, your stinky tofu.”

Xuxu suddenly remembered that she had bought a set of stinky tofu. She turned back and smiled at the peddler, slightly embarrassed. “Oh, I had forgotten.”

She rummaged through her bag for money as she spoke.

Before she could fish out her money, a fine-looking hand handed a 10 yuan note to the stall owner. “You can stop looking for it.”

Su Yan’s charming voice sounded.

Curling her lips, Xuxu zipped up her bag.

She asked, “It’s the New Year. Why are you here?”

Su Yan stretched out his hand to receive the stinky tofu from the stall owner. As Xuxu’s hands were full, he continued to hold it for her.

Both of them chatted as they walked. “I purposely came here, hoping to bump into you.”

"Nonsense." Xuxu shot him a condescending look before finishing the last candied hawthorn on the stick.

Su Yan looked at her. "Do you intend to remain in this place?"

As he still wasn't comfortable speaking in Mandarin, he broke into English again.

Xuxu rolled her eyes at him. "None of your business."

She had no idea how Su Yan managed to track her down.

Since this was her hometown, it wasn't surprising if he had thought of coming here to look for her.

Su Yan knitted his eyebrows. "I really want to be your friend and show concern to you. Can you not behave so defensively towards me all the time?"

Xuxu glared at him being so annoying. "Tch, who says I'm defensive?"

Su Yan smiled.

Both of them silently walked for a while before Su Yan spoke again. "Yueyue misses you."

An image of Su Yue's tiny face flashed across her mind. It made her heart ache when she thought of the words she said at the police station.

She said to Su Yan, "You have to take good care of her as she's not as cheerful as you."

Su Yan raised his head and looked at the cerulean sky. There was a gleam of melancholy in his deep-set eyes. "She stayed at the orphanage until she was 10 years old."

Xuxu pursed her lips and remained silent.

She already had a hunch that Su Yue went through a tough childhood.

Su Yan took a deep breath and retracted his melancholic thoughts. Looking at Xuxu, he broke into a smile again. "I heard that it's very special to watch the sunrise and sunset in Donghai during this season."

Xuxu nodded her head. "You're right. It's very special because your mucus will flow non-stop and you'll be frozen."

Su Yan broke into a burst of laughter, and his attractive dimples made an appearance. He raised his eyebrows at Xuxu. "Do you want to give it a try?"

"You hit the demon's path while I cross the log bridge." Xuxu strode forward in huge steps.

Su Yan trailed behind her and curiously asked, "Where can I find the log bridge? Is the demon's path a road? Where can I find this road?"

Xuxu covered her mouth and couldn't help but burst out laughing.

Although this fellow had problems conversing in Mandarin, he couldn't be so bad to that extent. He must be putting on a pretense.

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Chapter 596: A Beautiful Place

Xuxu continued walking forward while Su Yan followed behind, snapping away on his camera as he walked.

Snap. His camera snapped away non-stop.

After taking a number of photos of the streetscape and local culture, Su Yan aimed his camera at Xuxu again and zoomed in on her. He didn't press on the shutter and merely looked at her through the camera lens.

He said, "Let's go on a trip together. I'm serious about this. As I'm not familiar with this place, you can be my tour guide."

"I'm not familiar either because I've not been back for many years." Xuxu finished the food in her hands. She hung her bag over her wrist before shoving both hands into the pockets of her down-filled jacket. She then tilted her head up at the sky.

A deep blue sky on a clear day.

It was a sight hardly seen in the capital city. Her eyes brilliantly sparkled like the dazzling stars. She pursed her lips.

She seemed to be enjoying every moment in this place.

Su Yan momentarily paused before clicking away on the shutter. He captured a shot of Xuxu.

Xuxu continued to walk on while Su Yan quietly followed behind.

The two of them walked away from the bustling town and set foot onto a stone bridge. The first thing that greeted their eyes was an emerald green lake surrounded by the mountains.

Xuxu stood still. She gazed at the center of the lake with a look of dismal. She frowned.

Su Yan had no idea why she was laden with grief.

The front and back of the place were unblocked. The rustling cold wind ruffled her silky short hair. Her face and nose turned red.

Su Yan extended his hand. He wanted to smoothen out her frown and remove the heavy burden in her heart.

But his hand abruptly stopped in mid-air.

He thought to himself, some beautiful things are best just admired—capture the moment and bury it in the heart.

"Let's go to Donghai in the afternoon." All of a sudden, Xuxu turned her head. As she brushed off her messy hair from her eyes, she looked at Su Yan as if she had made an important decision.

Having a free photographer on the trip didn't seem like a bad deal after all.

Su Yan deliberated for a moment before nodding his head with a smile. "Okay."

He would definitely jump at the chance to capture captivating landscapes with his camera.

Xuxu didn't utter a word and continued walking forward by herself. When they got down the bridge, Su Yan caught up with her. "Why didn't you ask me about the purpose of my trip here?"

Xuxu asked in a calm and collected manner, "Why?"

Su Yan stood silent.

He said, "Xuxu, your life must be very dull."

Xuxu laughed. "Yes, you're right."

She didn't have any focus in her life and had no special interests. Come to think of it, her life was indeed dull.

They passed through a winding path on a mountain and climbed up the mountain.

Su Yan quipped, "Your hometown is beautiful."

Xuxu proudly nodded her head. "Yes, it's a beautiful place."

"You are even more beautiful." Again, Su Yan's camera zoomed in on Xuxu.

Xuxu rolled her eyes at him being annoying. The latter grinned before moving his camera away to another direction.

There was a big cemetery above with thousands of tombs. Each tombstone looked identical.

Su Yan put down his camera. His expression turned solemn and his heart felt heavy, befitting the scene.

Xuxu walked towards her parents' tombstones and kneeled down. She reached out to touch the rough tombstone. Only her parents' names were inscribed on it. There weren't any names of their children.

"Dad and Mom, I'm leaving. I'm not sure when I'll be back again to visit you."

From the bag on her wrist, she took out some snacks that she had bought earlier and placed them before the tombstone, item by item. "These are the popular snacks from our town. I've tried them and they're delicious."

"I'll definitely take good care of grandfather."

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Chapter 597: The Heavens Could Not Tolerate It Any Longer

She inched her body forward and planted a gentle kiss on the tombstone.

The scattering images of her parents flashed across her mind, and tears started to sting her eyes.

'If it weren't for that natural disaster, you would still be around and I would be by your side. How wonderful it would be.'

...

The flight was in the afternoon. By the time it reached N City, it was already past 2 p.m. Yan Rusheng hailed a cab to the county in Xuxu's hometown.

The town rested in a mountainous area, and the tallest building was only about 20 storeys high.

As it was the New Year, the local culture and customs flaunted the streets and everywhere else in the small town.

Yan Rusheng's towering figure maneuvered through the bustling streets swarmed with people. Roadside stalls and hawkers could be seen everywhere.

Just his handsome look and dignified aura were enough to catch people's interests, and with a piece of luggage in tow, one could definitely tell that he's from another part of the country.

Along the way, he repeatedly attracted the attention of the local girls.

"Xuxu."

Suddenly, he caught sight of a petite girl wearing a pink down-feather jacket. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail that extended to her waist.

He excitedly gave out a shout and abandoned his luggage before eagerly dashing forward. Wild with joy, he caught hold of the girl's arm and was about to haul her into his arms.

"Ahhh. what are you trying to do?"

With Yan Rusheng's grip, the girl screamed in fear.

The commotion attracted the attention of the people around them.

After seeing the girl's face, Yan Rusheng instantly released his grip and profusely apologized. "I'm sorry. I've got the wrong person."

He turned around and went back to retrieve his luggage.

"Crazy man," the girl yelled at him from behind.

He lowered his gaze, and his heart was tainted with bitterness.

'Xuxu, I've forgotten that you no longer have long hair.'

Facing a large cemetery full of identical tombstones, Yan Rusheng felt helpless.

He wasn't sure if Xuxu had returned to that place, wasn't even certain if Xuxu ever visited here. But since he's already there, he had to visit the place.

He dragged his luggage and combed through the tombstones one by one.

Yan Rusheng stopped in his steps and looked at the snacks that were left untouched in front of the tombstone. He bent down and opened up a bag of chestnut. He extended his hand into the bag; it was still warm to the touch. His heart excitedly started beating and seemed that it would jump out any minute. "Xuxu."

He straightened up and scanned the surroundings once more—around him were hills and mountains.

“Xuxu.”

He shouted at the top of his lungs. As long as she appeared before him, he would be willing to do whatever she wanted him to.

But the only response he got was the echo of his own voice.

“Father, Mother! I’m sorry.” Yan Rusheng turned around, dropped to his knees and kowtowed three times before Xuxu’s parents’ tombstone.

He’s felt sorry to have let Xuxu down for so many years, and he felt sorry to have broken her heart time and again.

He combed the entire town and every hotel. He had finally managed to track down some information, but alas, the person had already checked out more than an hour ago.

Xuxu had stayed in this hotel for more than 10 days.

In fact, she had been here all this while.

Such a highly probable place, yet it came to his mind only at the very last. Not only did he need to reflect on his own mistake, but he also deserved to be shot too.

The town was bustling with activities in the day and tranquil at night. The shops were all closed for business early.

Yan Rusheng still dragged his luggage and walked around aimlessly.

She had been staying in the town for more than 10 days and left just when he arrived.

Was it fated to happen that their paths would cross, and yet they’re not destined to be together?

It must be that the heavens could not tolerate it any longer—they didn’t want anyone to find her.

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Chapter 598: The Feeling Wasn't Particularly Fantastic

The hotel in the town was small but well kept.

Yan Rusheng dragged his luggage into the room. It was the hotel that Xuxu first stayed at and also the room that she had stayed before.

The hotel concierge said that a guest had already made an online booking and insisted on having the room when he arrived in the morning. The room had a balcony that overlooked the landscape of the town.

Yan Rusheng had compensated the customer ten times the cost before he agreed to forfeit the booking and transferred it to him.

There was a swing chair hanging at the balcony, and it faced the streets. A small wooden table rested on the side along with two porcelain coffee cups atop it.

Yan Rusheng put down his luggage and walked over to the balcony. As he stretched his hand out to lightly push the swing, a gentle and affectionate smile subconsciously spread across his face.

Images of Xuxu seated cross-legged on a swing chair appeared in his mind. In that scene, the sun rays shone onto her as she read her favorite book. She was all laid-back and peaceful.

As he pondered over this, he bent over to sit on it. Because of his towering figure, he awkwardly sat on it. Both of his hands cautiously gripped the sides of the swing chair, a bit fearful that the chain supporting it would snap.

It was his first time sitting on a swing chair, and it resembled closely to a pet's cozy den.

He thought, "This type of chair must be specially designed for women."

With his toes touching the floor, he gently tried swinging it. The feeling... wasn't particularly fantastic.

Slowly but surely, he was no longer fearful.

Under the bright streetlights, the town at night appeared shrouded with mist.

The lofty man leaned his head to the side of the swing chair and thought of the person that he was longing for. Gradually, he fell asleep.

...

It was barely dawn, but the town was already starting to bustle with noise and excitement.

Yan Rusheng opened his eyes and realized that he had slept through the night while seated on the swing chair. After so many days, this was the first time that he had slept through the night.

Perhaps it was because of it that he was able to sleep through the night while seated.

He got up and took two steps towards the window. He looked down as he raised his hands to stretch himself. There were countless men and women along the streets, half of which were tourists while the other half was made up of the local stall owners and hawkers.

"Ah-choo!"

Yan Rusheng suddenly sneezed without warning. He took a sniff and his nose was blocked.

He deduced that it must have been because he slept on the swing chair for the entire night without any blanket to cover himself with. The air-conditioner in the southern part could not be compared to the heaters in the northern. The temperature wasn't well-distributed, and the quality wasn't good either.

Yan Rusheng quickly washed up and changed into a new set of clothes. He prepared to leave and continue looking for Xuxu.

He thought that since she didn't go back on the eve of the New Year, she definitely wouldn't return to the capital city any time soon.

He didn't even use any of the things that he had brought along in his luggage as the hotel had prepared all the toiletries.

In the past, he rarely used them, even if it's from a 7-star hotel.

Again, Yan Rusheng dragged his luggage and walked along the busy street. Even though the place underwent rehabilitation after a natural disaster took place over 20 years ago, its unique cultural flavors remained.

There were fewer people at both ends of the street as compared to the middle part.

As he walked, he stole glances at the shops located on both sides of the street.

He wondered if Xuxu had changed hotels because she was tired of staying in the same one. She probably might be still in town, too.

There was an old photo studio that was crowded with people. Yan Rusheng stopped in his steps and raised his head to look at the name of the photo studio – 'Historic Photo Studio'.

There were endless streams of people walking in and out.

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Chapter 599: Quickly Share Them On Moments

As he was there to look for Xuxu, he didn't have any intentions to be a tourist. And so, he had no idea why such a photo studio could attract the attention of many.

"All these were old photographs taken 20 years ago."

"These were photographs of the rescue operations at the mudslide."

"This was the Prime Minister of our country back then."

Two people had come out of the photo studio. They looked around and discussed the photos they had taken.

Yan Rusheng was about to turn around to leave when he heard the discussion. He spun around and stepped into the photo studio, carrying his luggage.

The interior of the photo studio was much spacious and longer than expected. Warm lights shone on some photographs. Police cordons were also present, they surrounded some photos to prevent people from going near.

Yan Rusheng scanned through each photograph as he maneuvered through the crowd.

"These are the orphans that had lost both parents in the disaster."

"This boy who's being carried by the Prime Minister is now the top millionaire in our country. He started his business venture after dropping out of high school and when he became rich, he contributed greatly to our county. He built the bridge over there."

A tourist guide uttered a commentary.

Yan Rusheng followed behind the group of tourists, and his gaze moved according to the direction pointed by the tour guide.

Looking at the photo that the tour guide was currently pointing to, a streak of surprise flashed across his eyes.

"Excuse me." He let go of his luggage and pushed the crowd aside to move closer to the photograph.

In the photo, there was a little girl standing behind the boy and the Prime Minister. She had short hair and was wearing a dress. Her pair of crystal clear eyes were still so vivid and lifelike after so many years.

As Yan Rusheng suddenly charged in, everyone's attention fell on him.

When they saw his face, many were captivated by him and was in awe.

"Isn't he... isn't he..."

The people in the town hardly left their homes nor paid attention to the entertainment news. Most of the foreign tourists were from the city, and they were the ones who were always meddling with their cell phones. Hence, at one glance, they could recognize Yan Rusheng's face right away.

A few young girls covered their mouths and shrieked at the same time.

"Isn't he the Third Young Master of Flourish & Prosper?"

"Yes, it's him. Earlier, he appeared in the news together with that lady violinist."

"He was involved in many relationships with various celebrities and award-winning actress."

"He's more charming in person."

"He looks so dashing in his business suit."

Everyone started chatting about him absolutely unrestrained as if he didn't exist.

And taking photographs of him at the same time.

It was the first time Yan Rusheng had stood in a crowd. More so, he allowed strangers to take photographs of himself while they gossiped about his past love affairs. Some girls even went forward to take photos with him without even asking for his permission.

He pulled a straight face and made people feel he was extremely annoyed and offended by their disrespect.

"Quickly share them on Moments. It's simply awesome."

After they had finished taking the photographs, the young ladies immediately showed them off to their friends on Moments.

As Yan Rusheng appeared in various magazines and TV interviews, he was considered a public figure. Thus, taking photos of him wasn't an infringement of his personality rights.

Yan Rusheng didn't bother and only wanted to leave the place as soon as possible.

He looked at the photo again and without further hesitation, he stretched forth his hands to take the photo frame and pushed his way out of the crowd.

“Someone had snatched the photograph. Third Young Master snatched the photograph.”

Someone from the crowd shouted.

Upon seeing this dramatic scene, the fashionistas and gossipers started snapping away on their cell phones.

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 600: It Really Was Just a Couple Of Shots

Yan Rusheng walked towards the door with no obstruction when suddenly, a 60-year-old man stepped in from outside and blocked his path.

“Mister, these photos are the historic relics of our town. You are not allowed to take them away.”

The old man smiled and politely explained.

“You must count your blessings that I didn’t sue you for infringing on my personality rights,” Yan Rusheng responded coldly. He carried his luggage and prepared to leave.

The old man shifted his steps and continued to block his path. “Oh? What do you mean?”

Yan Rusheng pointed to the little girl in the photo. “The girl in the photo is my spouse.”

She’s my wife.

After saying those words, he came to a sudden realization. His heart started to palpitate. There was also a baffling sense of pride.

He used to address her as ‘my wife’, ‘my woman’.

These were the common ways that men would address their girlfriends when they were in a relationship.

However, the term ‘spouse’ was formal and official. It normally appears when one is filling up a form or used in formal introductions.

Xuxu was his spouse. Xuxu was his spouse.

Yan Rusheng was emotionally stirred up, and he mumbled to himself.

Hearing this, the old man laughed and spoke nonchalantly. “The girl in the photograph came a few days ago, and she didn’t have any objections. Furthermore, the photographs had been on display for so many years, and I’ve never heard anything about infringement of personality rights.”

He paused for a moment and switched the topic without giving Yan Rusheng a chance to speak. “Young man, you can have this photograph if you want. You don’t have to be so brash with your words.”

“Then can I have this photo please?” Yan Rusheng softened his tone without any hesitation.

He wanted the photo. He didn’t want his Xuxu to be displayed like an exhibit for everyone to see.

Especially when it was such a precious photo of her when she was young.

“Alright.” The old man agreed right away.

But Yan Rusheng knew that there must be a condition attached. So he pursed his lips and remained silent, waiting for the old man to spell out his terms.

“I have a condition.”

As expected, Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows and smiled.

The old man smiled and continued, “Be the spokesperson of our shop.”

Yan Rusheng’s expression turned cold and aloof. “I’m sorry, but I don’t sell my face.”

With that, he raised his feet and decided to barge his way out.

The old man managed to stop him. “Then you can’t take this photo away.”

Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows coldly. “What if I insist?”

Face to face with this President’s overbearing and strong aura, the old man was calm and collected. “I’ve already told you the condition. You just need to upload some of your photographs onto our website to help us garner more publicity.”

Yan Rusheng twitched his eyebrows and his expression turned even colder.

All the tourists in the shop stopped looking at the photographs and fixed their attention on him as pressed his lips together.

Everyone felt anxious for the old man.

After all, the Third Young Master was capable of wrecking this small shop anytime. There’s nothing that money couldn’t do.

“Alright.”

However, everyone’s jaw dropped when Young Master Yan nodded in agreement. A trace of annoyance flashed past his eyes and his face remained aloof-looking. “I’ll only give you half an hour.”

...

It was really just a couple of shots.

This was the first time that Yan Rusheng donned a shoddy suit. Although the quality of the material was rough, and it had made him uncomfortable, it didn’t affect the effect of the photos.

He still looked all poised and elegant.

However, the gel on his hair was the most unbearable that it made him feel like puking.