

Elite Doting 61

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Chapter 61: What's With That Expression in Your Eyes?

When did he say that he didn't mind this stupid woman?

Alright, he admitted that if Wen Xuxu hadn't said that she spat rice on the dishes and if Madam Mu Li hadn't said that sentence, indeed he didn't think that he would mind.

Whenever she went out, Wen Xuxu always liked to put a water bottle in her bag. If he was thirsty halfway on the road, he would save himself the trouble by drinking from her bottle.

He'd never once thought that he 'minded'. Like he'd said to Wang Daqin, that stupid woman didn't have any infectious diseases and neither did she have feces in her mouth. There was no reason for him to mind what she touched.

But this exception only applied to this stupid woman. The women he met outside would try to offer him food with their chopsticks, and he'd never taken a single bite.

He'd never thought of the reason why. It could be from when they were kids... and too innocent to know anything and thus, the habit was formed.

They often shared popsicles, drank from the same glass, and had even bathed together.

Even though his memory of them bathing together was fuzzy, but they did bathe together.

What he did mind was her low intelligence quotient, her poor emotional intelligence, and her character which was as tough as a man. Other than that, the rest was acceptable and she could even be considered as outstanding.

Madam Mu Li had said it in that way, so even if he could eat, he decided not to.

Young Master Yan pondered this in irritation. He put down his chopsticks with a dark expression.

Wen Xuxu watched his actions and turned to Mu Li, her lips twitching. She seemed to say, *'Look at him, how could this fussy fellow not be looking down on her?'*

She insisted on taking the dishes and throwing them away. Then she went to the kitchen, fiddled with the ingredients and was prepared to cook something new.

"Xuxu, don't bother yourself with this. Let me do it." Mu Li entered the kitchen and saw Wen Xuxu holding some tomatoes, cucumbers, and beef. She had placed them on the chopping board and was about to slice them up when Mu Li hurriedly pulled her away.

Wen Xuxu refused to put the knife down and turned around with a smile. "Aunt Mu Li, go out and take a rest. Let me display my cooking skills too."

She finished her sentence and pushed Mu Li out of the kitchen. She was really serious.

Mu Li tried to convince her but in the end, she couldn't make her change her mind. And so, she let Xuxu have her way.

“Then be careful when you cut the vegetables.”

She turned around to leave and closed the kitchen door gently.

Yan Rusheng was still sitting serenely at his original position, looking as if he didn't have the slightest intention to leave at all.

When she saw him, Mu Li started fuming again. “You rascal, you have no idea how many times the both of you have tasted each other's saliva since you were kids. Now that you've grown up, you want to start being fussy about it?”

She was still angry and she poked the back of his head forcefully.

This was indeed his real mother. Otherwise, who else would dare to touch Third Master Yan's head like they were kneading dough to make pastries, hitting and patting his head whenever she felt like it?

Yan Rusheng let her have her way, constantly keeping in mind what his father had instructed him to do.

“Xiaosheng, Dad is begging you. Please make Mu Li happy so that Dad can have a chance to explain. Remember to coax her until she's in a good mood. Once she's happy, it will help settle everything more easily.”

Tsk. He felt furious at recalling how his dad had spoken in a meek and submissive tone!

Can't he behave like a real man? His blood runs in him too. It's enough that his dad had to be so submissive, but now he was being dragged into this too.

Young Master Yan eyed the beautiful lady beside him with a look of displeasure.

“Rascal, what's with that expression in your eyes?” Mu Li interrogated Yan Rusheng with knitted eyebrows.

She merely told him off and he started glaring at her with resentment in his eyes.

“Can't you tell this expression is filled with love?” Young Master Yan smiled instantly.

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Chapter 62: I'm Being Wronged!

He hid his resentment and bitterness and smiled innocently.

“Don't try to pacify me with your glib tongue, all you know is how to annoy me. And you're still claiming that it's love.”

There wasn't a mother who wouldn't like having their child sweet talk her, especially from a good-looking son. Madam Mu Li was just like any other mother.

She had scolded her son, but actually, she didn't mean it. The smile in her eyes couldn't be hidden.

In the kitchen, sizzling sounds could be heard.

The ingredients were in the wok!

Mu Li glanced in the direction of the kitchen, and through the frosted glass door, she could see the tiny figure bustling inside. Her heart was filled with an indescribable fondness.

She pulled out the chair next to Yan Rusheng and sat down. She inched closer to him and asked softly, "Son, you're already 25, when are you going to give me a grandchild?"

He didn't even have a wife and now they were discussing about grandchildren. Wasn't this too early?

To an ordinary family, it would indeed be too early when marriage wasn't even on the cards and there was no sight of a potential daughter-in-law.

But to the Yan family—to Mu Li and Wang Daqin—the matter had already been delayed for too long.

So this time, it was a make-or-break matchmaking attempt!

"You wish for a grandchild?"

Usually, when they talked about this topic, Yan Rusheng's expression would definitely turn cold. This time around, his expression wasn't cold. Instead, he was smiling and it seemed that there was room for discussion.

He effortlessly lured in Mu Li to bite the bait.

She nodded furiously like a hen pecking at its food. "Uh huh, of course."

After a short pause, she eagerly said, "Mom has already enjoyed what I should have enjoyed in this lifetime. I've also experienced what a person should have experienced. The last part is to watch you get married so that I can take care of my grandchild."

Sigh, this was a sorrowful topic—a sorrowful topic of conversation for both her and Wang Daqin.

"I thought you wanted to find your happiness again?" Yan Rusheng raised his eyebrows as he tried to conceal his smile. "Having a grandchild will only hinder you on your search for happiness. How can I do something so unfilial?"

He leaned back lazily, his arm resting on the back of Mu Li's chair. He looked at her with a refreshing smile.

Had she fallen into her own trap?

Mu Li frowned secretly and her eyes shifted around.

She then smiled, seeming to have found an excellent explanation. "If I have a grandchild, I won't be thinking of looking for my happiness. A grandchild would be more important."

What nonsensical happiness would she look for anyway? The man she'd shared a bed with for decades had turned into an old man and even he couldn't be trusted. How could she count on a younger man who would be more likely to succumb to temptation?

She wasn't that naive.

Yan Rusheng withdrew his arm and said in a considerate manner. "I think it's better not to. Since you loathe Yan Shanghong so much, then since he's the child's grandfather, to a certain degree the child is

going to look like him. It would be asking too much for you to take care of a child who looks like someone you hate.”

He looked fixedly at Mu Li, pausing for a while before he continued with his eyebrows raised, “Don’t you agree?”

“Third Yan!” Mu Li clenched her fists and punched the table. She looked at her son and gnashed her teeth in anger. “You’re doing this on purpose, right? You’re still trying to put in a good word for the old man.”

The conversation had led to this and she finally realized that this rascal was helping his dad using another tactic.

“I’m being wronged!” Yan Rusheng’s blinked his peach blossom-shaped eyes pitifully and he had an innocent expression on his face. “What I’ve said is the truth, which sentence doesn’t make sense?”

His expression seemed to ask, “Do you dare to say you don’t hate the old man right now? Are you certain that your future grandchild won’t resemble his grandfather even a little?”

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Chapter 63: Gentle and Doting

Mu Li’s mouth twitched and she thought about it. Indeed, it did seem to make sense.

She knitted her eyebrows and her hand supported her cheek. The expression in her eyes was filled with an internal struggle and conflict.

Yan Rusheng could see right through her thoughts and he displayed a sorrowful expression again. “My parents’ marriage is a mess, as a son I’ll be traumatized.”

In order to not let his father down, he was going all out.

Bah!

Be traumatized? What nonsense is that? He was no longer a child who would be affected by his parents’ separation.

He was already 25 years old and mature in all aspects. He was fully capable of being in charge, and he had the audacity to mention having a psychological trauma.

He’d traveled such a long distance because his father had sent him here for a negotiation. He was afraid that a divorce at such an old age would affect his reputation.

Alright, for the sake of her daughter-in-law and grandchild, she had to make a sacrifice.

After her internal struggle, Madam Mu Li said, “There’s no need for you to continue. I’m willing to give him a chance to explain to me in person. And he needs to provide evidence.”

Without waiting for Yan Rusheng’s response, she continued, “However...”

She glanced quickly at the kitchen and there was a sly gleam in her eyes. “You need to stay for a few more days to fulfill your duty as a son. I’ve raised you for so many years but now we’ve grown apart.”

At this moment, the kitchen door opened.

As Xuxu carried out two dishes from the kitchen, she overheard Mu Li's request.

She interrupted them, not having any bad intentions. "Aunt Mu Li, President Yan and I have been away for several days. As it was an impromptu decision, there are work-related matters that were left unfinished and some of the matters are more difficult to handle."

All of the company matters that require Yan Rusheng's attention went through her first.

She remembered clearly which were the ones that had been put on hold. Some of them were really quite difficult to handle.

Previously when he said that he was coming to S City, she assumed that he was coming to look for Fang Jiayin, so she remained silent.

If she knew that he was coming to look for Aunt Mu Li, she would have suggested that they return to the company first to settle the difficult tasks before coming over.

She reached the dining table as she finished her sentence, bending down to place the dishes on the table.

Then she turned around and went back to the kitchen.

"Wen Xuxu, the truth is you can't wait to go back to meet Jiang Zhuoheng and you're just using company matters as an excuse."

She heard Yan Rusheng's sarcastic words from behind her.

Wen Xuxu's hands, which were hanging loosely by her thighs, clenched tightly into fists. She took advantage of the fact that her back was facing Yan Rusheng and she gnashed her teeth in anger with a resentful glare.

She couldn't understand why he was so concerned and bothered whenever she met Ah Heng. Was it because he really couldn't bear to see her being so happy?

Just because Fang Jiayin had jilted him, he had decided to devote himself to her for the rest of his life. Did that mean that everyone else needed to be single their entire life as well?

This guy was being more unreasonable than usual.

At the mention of Jiang Zhuoheng's name, there was a fleeting look of surprise in Mu Li's eyes.

Then she shot a glance at Yan Rusheng again.

Yan Rusheng had turned his back, his chin raised upward, and he was staring coldly at Wen Xuxu. He had a solemn look of disdain.

A meaningful smile appeared on Mu Li's face. "Oh, Ah Heng is back?"

Her gaze traveled to Wen Xuxu once again.

“Yup.” Wen Xuxu turning around to smile at Mu Li. “He came back two days ago. But I was on a work trip so I haven’t had a chance to treat him to welcome him back.”

Mu Li was very understanding and she nodded. “Then you should hurry back. Ah Heng is a good kid. He’s so gentle and doting. I’ve always thought that the both of you would have a bright future.”

This sentence wasn’t entirely fake or spoken against her conscience.

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Chapter 64: If You’re Not Getting Married, He’s Not Allowed to Marry

If the old madam and Mu Li didn’t have such selfish motives, they would definitely entrust Xuxu to Ah Heng. He would be the perfect person to take care of Xuxu for the rest of her life.

Yan sneered coldly and ridiculed her, “Suitable to be treated as a replacement.”

Compatible? He couldn’t see how they were compatible at all.

Mu Li looked at Yan Rusheng reproachfully. “Third Yan, don’t you know how to talk at all?”

“I’m full, so I’m going to sleep now.” Yan Rusheng suddenly got up, causing a chilly gust of wind when the tall figure straightened himself.

His eyes swept past Wen Xuxu with a frosty glance and he marched out of the dining room.

Young Master Yan had an indescribable feeling of anxiety and restlessness—he felt miserable.

Once upstairs, he slammed the door with a loud *‘bang!’* . Even Wen Xuxu and Mu Li who were on the first floor could hear it.

“I really have no idea what this guy is trying to do.” Mu Li rolled her eyes at the ceiling.

Logically, her son shouldn’t be so dumb to the extent that he didn’t realize he’d fallen in love with someone?

Because if he didn’t like her, why did he even lose his temper?

“Aunt Mu Li, don’t mind him. He can’t bear the thought of me being happy.” She wasn’t angry even though Yan Rusheng had mocked her. On the contrary, she even calmly consoled Mu Li. “He’s just seeking revenge for all the times I bullied him when we were kids. Ever since he’s had the upper hand, he couldn’t bear to see anyone else being friends with me. I’m used to it.”

During the third year of middle school, a male classmate who excelled academically liked to study and revise with her.

When Yan Rusheng found out, he threatened the classmate that if he continued to hang out with her, he’d inform the teacher that they were in a relationship.

At that time, Yan Rusheng held an influential status in the eyes of the teachers as he was wealthy, intelligent, and handsome. The male classmate didn’t dare to defy him so he distanced himself from her.

Yan Rusheng was the most selfish person she had ever met. He was already with Fang Jiayin at that time but old habits die hard. Even when Ah Heng was wooing her back then, he would still try to interfere.

He told them right to their faces that Jiang Zhuoheng had bad taste for liking a masculine girl who only knew how to study.

Not to mention the other guys who were interested in her. He'd intercepted countless love letters.

She really was used to it after so many years. She thought she would have to wait until he got married and settled down. Then he wouldn't have time for her anymore.

"Xuxu, it's been hard on you." Mu Li patted her shoulders and said bitterly, "This wretched son, I'll definitely make him take responsibility for you."

He didn't want it himself, but he wouldn't let others have it too. What kind of person is that?

"Hmph!"

Mu Li's words had startled Wen Xuxu and she unconsciously averted her gaze.

"Take responsibility? Take... take responsibility for what?" Xuxu lowered her head and stammered.

She didn't know where to put her hands so she decided to hold a pair of chopsticks. She put the food inside her mouth and chewed absentmindedly.

Mu Li grabbed one of her hands and held it earnestly. She said tenderly, "He ruined your friendships and he constantly interrupted your relationship. He needs to be responsible for you."

Immediately, she spat out another threat, "If you're not getting married, then he's not allowed to marry anyone too!"

Her tone was unyielding.

"Ah..." Wen Xuxu raised her head to look at Mu Li and she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "If he's not getting married, then I won't be able to get married for the rest of my life. I think if he marries someone, then he won't have the time and energy to bother about the feud we've had since we were kids."

Her gaze fell dejectedly, her eyes like a clear spring with despondent ripples stirring within.

Her long eyelashes covered her eyes and Mu Li couldn't read her expression.

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Chapter 65: One More Day Won't Make Much of a Difference

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it." She assumed that Xuxu had lowered her head dejectedly from the thought of Third Yan bullying her since they were kids. Feeling sympathetic, she consoled her.

"Grandmother and I dote on you the most and we will always support you."

As the saying goes, familiarity breeds fondness. Having been together for more than a decade, why hadn't they fallen in love with each other yet? Instead, they seemed to equally loathe the other.

Or could it be that love begets hate?

It couldn't go on like this—she had to use this opportunity to test the two of them. If they didn't have any feelings for each other, then she would persuade the old madam to give up on the hope they've held on to for so many years.

Not having met for more than a year, they naturally had a lot to catch up on. Nonetheless, she considered that Xuxu would be exhausted after the long flight, so she sent her upstairs to rest.

Xuxu was feeling very weary indeed. Traveling by plane, car, boat, and on foot these past two days had drained her.

Once she returned to her room, Wen Xuxu collapsed on the comfortable bed and didn't feel like getting up.

But she hadn't showered and she'd been in an enclosed space with loads of people on the flight for such a long period. It would be too filthy if she didn't shower.

And so she dragged her tired body and entered the bathroom.

...

Yan Rusheng finished his shower, wearing a white bathrobe as he lay on a rattan chair on the balcony. He crossed his arms in front of his chest and looked at the sky, which was littered with stars. A faint trace of sorrow could be seen in the furrows of his eyebrows.

On the round table next to him, there was a slip of rectangular paper under a glass of milk. An address in S City was written with the street number and building unit number. The four corners of the paper were fluttering as the breeze entered through the windows.

He turned his head and stretched his hand towards the glass of milk. He saw the slip of paper beneath the glass and he froze momentarily.

His hand with its clearly defined knuckles hovered in midair.

What was so good about this place? What attracted you to it?

You made up your mind to abandon me just so that you could come here.

Anger flickered in his eyes. He picked up the glass of milk resolutely and the paper was blown away by the breeze.

"Xiaosheng, aren't you sleeping yet?"

He heard Mu Li's voice behind him. It sounded gentle, unlike her usual tone towards him.

Yan Rusheng turned his head. Mu Li pushed the door to enter and closed it gently.

She moved towards him.

Even though Mu Li didn't knock before entering, Yan Rusheng was nonchalant about it.

"Getting ready to sleep," he answered her, putting down his glass of milk and standing up.

He closed the windows and drew the curtains.

Mu Li stood behind him and her gaze accidentally landed on the slip of paper on the floor. She could easily read the illegible words written on it.

There was a sharp pain in her heart—what kind of girl was she to be able to make her son so devoted to her?

Suddenly, she felt that she and the old madam had been too selfish with their intentions all these years. It was too unfair to Xuxu.

After he drew his curtains, Yan Rusheng turned around and saw Mu Li looking troubled.

He raised his eyebrows. “It’s so late now, I’m sure you’re not here just to check that I’m asleep?”

He finished his sentence, walked past her towards the bathroom and grabbed his toothbrush and toothpaste.

He left the door unlocked and Mu Li followed him. She leaned on the door frame and watched him. “If you’re busy with work, then go back with Xuxu tomorrow. Anyway, I’ll be heading back soon.”

“One more day won’t make much of a difference,” Yan Rusheng casually replied, shooting a glance at Mu Li.

He was wondering if Wen Xuxu had said anything to make Mu Li persuade him so that she could hurry back and reunite with Jiang Zhuoheng.

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Chapter 66: How Is This Any of Your Business?

But he wasn’t going to let her succeed.

“It’s meaningless to stay for just one more day. When you have more time in future then you can accompany me for a longer period.” Mu Li frowned and she spoke in a serious and earnest tone. “You’ve just taken over Flourish & Prosper not too long ago. This transition phase isn’t easy, don’t let your grandmother worry too much.”

There was a tinge of guilt in her tone too.

Ever since Xiaosheng was a kid, the old madam had trained and educated him to be the successor of the company. When he grew up, he specialized in business management and had to juggle his studies with his training.

Both Mu Li and his dad had completely washed their hands of him so that they could set off to pursue their childhood dreams and their ideal lifestyle.

This was what they owed him, and furthermore, the Yan family wasn’t an ordinary family.

Yan Rusheng was brushing his teeth when he paused. She had rarely revealed her real feelings in front of him.

“I got it.” He nodded and mumbled incoherently with a mouth full of toothpaste foam.

Mu Li curved her lips and she smiled with relief. “I’m going back to my room, rest early.”

She turned and left.

She had opened the door when she recalled something. She turned towards the bathroom. “Do you know why Xuxu gave up the opportunity to further her studies at Country Y a few years ago?”

At her question, Yan Rusheng turned to look at Mu Li with an amused expression. It seemed like he’d heard something hilarious.

“She gave up the opportunity to study in Country Y?”

Wasn’t that her dream since she was a child?

Gave up? Did she admit it herself?

That stupid lass didn’t look like someone who liked to boast.

Mu Li could tell from Yan Rusheng’s response that he was clueless about this matter too.

She was even more puzzled. “Last month in Country Y, I met Xuxu’s university teacher, Professor Zhou at an educational exchange at J University. He mentioned it to me and I was stunned. I didn’t know that you had no idea as well.”

They had grown up together as kids. Even though they were like enemies they paid close attention to each other at all times. That’s why they understood each other very well.

How could he be unaware of why Xuxu had given up the opportunity to study abroad? It was such an important matter.

It required the school’s recommendation for admission and there were only three names.

“She never mentioned it before.” Yan Rusheng shook his head. He was surprised and yet also felt curious and puzzled.

He knew Professor Zhou as well; he was Wen Xuxu’s university teacher. It was quite unlikely that he was lying.

However, Wen Xuxu giving up the opportunity to study overseas was such a major matter. How could he be completely clueless?

“Oh dear, what a pity.”

Mu Li saw Yan Rusheng’s baffled expression—he really didn’t know anything about it. She didn’t continue asking.

She sighed with pity and left.

Yan Rusheng quickly scooped some water into his mouth and gargled. After wiping the sides of his face with a towel, he left the bathroom and walked to the sofa.

Sitting down, he grabbed his phone and switched on his laptop.

He made a phone call while simultaneously typing out his laptop password.

“It’s me, Yan Rusheng.” After dialing a number, someone picked up. He immediately asked, “Do you know why Wen Xuxu gave up the opportunity to study in Country Y back then?”

“Tsk. Would I ask you if I knew?”

The person was still talking when Young Master Yan swore and hung up.

Next, he continued to dial another number and asked the same question.

Yan Rusheng tried calling a few of his close friends to ask them. But everyone said they didn’t know anything about it.

“Get lost, you are full of nonsense.”

This was the last phone call. After making several calls, no one had been spared from his sharp tongue.

After being scolded, the young master on the other line was sullen. “No, but Third Yan, so what if Wen Xuxu gave up the opportunity to study overseas? How is this any of your business? Why are you so agitated?”

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Chapter 67: She Didn’t Understand

“And how is this any of *your* business?” Young Master Yan retaliated with annoyance and he pressed the end call button with his thumb.

This night ended up being a restless one.

Young Master Yan contacted everyone he knew including those he hadn’t contacted in years, just to find out why Wen Xuxu had given up on the opportunity.

As for Wen Xuxu, she couldn’t sleep due to the jet lag.

They finally fell asleep at dawn, but Mu Li woke them up at around 10 a.m.

They both woke up with dark circles under their eyes.

Wen Xuxu felt a throbbing pain in her temples. It must be due to the lack of a good night’s sleep and being in a new environment.

As she ate her breakfast, she kept rubbing her temples.

Yan Rusheng kept glancing at her occasionally. He’d spent an entire night trying to solve the mystery but to no avail.

Why did this stupid woman give up the opportunity to study abroad?

Once they finished their breakfast, Mu Li sent them off.

Yan Rusheng’s eyebrows were closely knitted throughout the entire journey and he seemed to be conflicted about something.

Wen Xuxu decided not to provoke him. She slept once she was in the car and did the same during the flight.

She read for a while, ate her meal and slept. The air turbulence during the flight didn't affect her sleep at all.

She slept the entire way until they reached the capital.

It was nearing dusk in the capital. The western sky was full of red and rosy clouds and the view was charmingly serene.

Wen Xuxu pushed the luggage trolley and left the arrival hall, with Yan Rusheng walking ahead of her.

The chauffeur picking them up welcomed them with a smile. He walked past Yan Rusheng and bowed. "President Yan."

Yan Rusheng replied with an 'mm', his expression deadpan, and without halting, he walked straight to the car.

Wen Xuxu followed him to the car and sat behind him as usual.

The chauffeur was putting their luggage into the trunk while the two of them sat in silence inside the car.

Both of them had always been like this. Except for work-related issues, Wen Xuxu never took the initiative to start a conversation.

When the chauffeur was in the car, she opened her mouth and said, "Zhao Song, drop me off when you reach Pingyang Road."

"Alright," the chauffeur replied and started the engine.

"Are you going home?" Yan Rusheng asked, suddenly turning to look at Wen Xuxu. There was a tinge of agitation surrounding his tone that he was unaware of.

Xuxu's grandfather had opened a traditional Chinese medicine clinic at Pingyang Road. Her own apartment was in that area too.

Wen Xuxu looked warily at Yan Rusheng. "It's so late now, are you expecting me to go back to the company?"

She would definitely decline. These past few days had drained her completely.

Yan Rusheng nodded and replied, "Oh." He turned back, propping his elbow on the window to support his head. He seemed to be in deep thought.

He thought they would see Jiang Zhuoheng once they landed.

To his surprise, he didn't come to fetch the stupid woman. That was strange.

Wen Xuxu felt that Yan Rusheng had been acting weird throughout the entire journey. He looked perturbed and seemed bothered by something.

Was he still troubled about Fang Jiayin?

Sometimes she felt that she knew him very well, and there were times she felt she didn't understand him at all.

If he was crazily in love with a person or item, he wouldn't have cared about the method he used to get what he wanted. That was his character and style.

It had been three years; Fang Jiayin's photo was still on his bedside cabinet in his room. This proved that he still loved her very much.

However, he already knew Fang Jiayin's whereabouts yet didn't take any action. This had baffled her.

The car moved steadily and the sky was dark when they reached the urban district.

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Chapter 68: Other People Supervise Their Husbands

They returned to the crowded and bustling city that was full of the pressure of striving to succeed.

Wen Xuxu dragged her luggage into 'Old Wen Traditional Chinese Massage Clinic'. She could smell the familiar scent of traditional Chinese medicine when she entered.

The shop front was about 50 square meters and the required materials and equipment for traditional Chinese massage were all neatly arranged.

The floor was clean and gleaming.

The lights were switched on but there was no one in sight.

"Grandfather!" Wen Xuxu raised her head and yelled at the second floor. She put her luggage down and was about to head upstairs.

"Xuxu, you're back."

A voice responded from the second floor and a young man of around 20 appeared by the stairs. He was a scrawny boy with tanned skin and beautiful features.

When he saw Wen Xuxu, the young man's face lit up with a bashful smile.

Wen Xuxu smiled and waved at him. "Qi Lei, where's my grandfather?"

"Master has just finished work, he's having dinner now." Qi Lei pointed to the back and smiled in response.

He was Old Wen's disciple. He came from the village and had been here for two years. He was younger than Xuxu by three years.

He and Old Wen both stayed in the clinic.

The young fellow came from a village, he was sensible and could cook well. Whenever Xuxu finished work on time, she would join them for dinner.

"Which bad lass has arrived?"

An old man's voice suddenly called out from upstairs and it didn't sound too friendly.

“Hmph.” Wen Xuxu stomped up the stairs.

She stomped heavily on the wooden steps, the thudding sounds of *‘deng deng deng’* signaling her presence.

When she arrived upstairs, she could smell the stench of alcohol. She frowned and hastened her footsteps.

“You old fellow, drinking secretly whenever I’m not around.” Xuxu pointed at the elderly man sitting at the dining table. She showered him with vicious scoldings. “With your advanced age, aren’t you afraid of the dreaded three illnesses?”

She walked up to him and without a word, she snatched away the wine bottle and glass right in front of him.

The upstairs area was the same size as downstairs. There was originally only the ground floor, but after renovating the place, it was divided into two floors.

The suite room was partitioned into two rooms and a hall. Everything was kept clean and neatly arranged.

Xuxu had stayed here at first. However, when Qi Lei arrived, Old Wen got an apartment for Xuxu and ‘cast’ her away to the new place.

“You bad lass, constantly cursing me to get the dreaded three illnesses. Does it benefit you if I get them?”

Old Wen may be nearly 80 years old with a head of white hair, but he was still full of energy.

Especially when he quarreled with Xuxu; his voice and imposing manner always triumphed over hers.

Wen Xuxu loudly replied, “If you do get the three illnesses, I’ll wreck every brewery in the country.”

“Braggart.” Old Wen rolled his eyes, giving her a scornful look.

“I’m not bickering with an unreasonable old man with no principles.” Wen Xuxu playfully stuck out her tongue. “I’m famished, I’ll eat first.”

After declaring this, she sat across Old Wen and carelessly put aside the wine glass and bottle.

“You’re such a freeloader, only coming here for free meals.” Old Wen held his chopsticks once again. He discreetly peeked at Wen Xuxu and his hand was like a crab crawling sideways towards the wine glass.

Wen Xuxu sensed it and looked down at Old Wen’s aged and wrinkled hand. She raised the tip of her eyebrows. “Hmm?”

Old Wen quickly pulled back his hand.

He was annoyed. “You’re such a bad girl, you should be looking for a boyfriend instead. Unlike other people who supervise their husbands, you supervise an old man like me every day.”

He put down his chopsticks and looked despondent.

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 69: Nothing to Nitpick About

Wen Xuxu said firmly, "Even if I supervise my husband in the future, I won't leave you alone."

"Xuxu, let's talk about your husband then." Old Wen stretched his neck and looked at Xuxu with enthusiasm. His cloudy eyes were shining. "When will I get to carry my great-grandchild?"

This was the topic he was most interested in.

Wen Xuxu was speechless. "..."

Why was everyone around her so concerned about her lifelong happiness lately?

Was she really getting too old?

Why did she feel that her middle school, high school, and university days happened not too long ago?

But as she pondered, she realized it had been more than a year since she'd completed her postgraduate studies.

In a few more days, she would be 25 years old. Indeed, the time had arrived... to discuss about marriage. No wonder grandfather and the rest were so concerned about her.

Xuxu held her rice bowl and grew melancholic.

"Xuxu, do you have someone in your heart?" Old Wen ditched his usual mischievous demeanor and asked Xuxu seriously.

Unconsciously, there was a subtle probing tone mingled in with his seriousness.

"Huh?" Wen Xuxu raised her head and stared blankly at Old Wen. Grandmother Yan had just asked her the same question not too long ago. The words they used were exactly the same and their tone was almost identical.

Why were they wondering whether she had someone in her heart? There were countless people who were 25 years old and most of them hadn't found the right person. Wasn't that the reason for being single?

Or... was the person in her heart too obvious?

Old Wen used to be an army scout when he was younger. Even though decades had passed, his observational skills were still very sharp.

He caught the guilty expression in her eyes and in his heart, he had his answer.

"If you really have someone you like, you don't need to tell me who he is. I won't ask any further." He laughed and continued, "I've always trusted your taste."

Old Wen's words made Xuxu blush, a red flush creeping up her face. She had a mouthful of rice and pursed her lips to rebuke him, "Grandfather, discussing a topic like this will affect digestion."

She knew that grandfather had understood her thoughts and he had the answer to his question.

“Eh!” Old Wen sighed and spoke in an earnest tone, “Ever since your parents and uncles passed away, you’re my only worry left in this world. Now that I’m already 80 years old, I might depart this world at any day. If you don’t have someone to rely on, how can I go in peace?”

Even though these words sounded quite somber, there was a smile on her grandfather’s face.

Perhaps there was a time when he wouldn’t be able to handle the unexpected. But now that he’d reached this old age, it was normal to let nature take its course.

Wen Xuxu’s eyes began to feel warm as she looked at this old man with white hair. Her eyes began to well up with tears.

She frowned. “What nonsense are you talking about? You haven’t seen your great-grandchild yet so you can’t die. Grandmother will scold you if you do.”

After she spoke, she bent her head and continued eating broodingly.

Old Wen saw that her bowl was empty and he added more food into her bowl. “Ah Heng came by this afternoon with a huge box for you. He said that it was a present he bought overseas.”

He spoke in a gleeful tone which didn’t conceal his fondness for Jiang Zhuoheng. “He even brought two bottles of wine for me and we drank together this afternoon. This guy is perfect, there is nothing to nitpick about him.”

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Chapter 70: Might This Be Good Karma?

Jiang Zhuoheng had always been known as an obedient child. Being born from a family that had been wealthy for numerous generations didn’t affect his conduct, and in any case, he had a clean record.

He would stay at school from morning to night, and he was always at top of his class.

Although it only lasted for a mere two months, when they both started dating in City B, many people were updated with the news.

Jiang Zhuoheng’s family were open-minded and had no problems with their relationship. They had been supportive throughout.

The only person who didn’t approve of them being together was Yan Rusheng.

“Oh,” Wen Xuxu grunted, keeping her head bowed low.

She understood, her grandfather was trying to test her relationship with Jiang Zhuoheng.

Since her twenty-fifth birthday was just around the corner, her grandfather was feeling quite eager, so much so that he couldn’t sit still.

...

It was close to nine when dinner ended, Wen Xuxu dragged a box in one hand and used the other to carry the big box from Jiang Zhuoheng back to her apartment.

She pushed open the door and turned on the lights. The familiarity of home hit her immediately, warming up her heart as she stepped into her humble abode.

She placed Jiang's box on the floor, shut the door and kicked off her flats. She skipped happily into the shower.

After a few minutes, she wrapped herself in her bathrobe and stepped out of the shower, her hair still wet from the luxurious bath she just took. She carried her hairdryer to the sofa and dried her hair while catching up on some television shows.

Home was definitely the most comfortable place on earth.

After blow-drying her hair, she lay on the sofa, letting out a sigh of relief.

Beep!

Her phone vibrated from an incoming message.

Xuxu picked up her phone—Jiang Zhuoheng had sent her a message.

Xuxu, have you reached home?

Something came up tonight, so I won't be able to pick you up from the airport. Sleep early and rest well. Goodnight.

Although it was only a short message, it gave her a lot of comfort.

Xuxu felt a rush of heat to her face. Jiang Zhuoheng's voice rang out in her head. *It's been three years, how are you?*

Wen Xuxu, are you okay?

She wasn't sure how to answer. Back then she was desperate, thinking that she was still young and had time to wait.

Now she was 25 and couldn't afford to wait any longer. Was she going to keep being stubborn?

She put down her phone and slipped into her slippers. She took the pink box from Jiang Zhuoheng and untied the butterfly knot to unveil the contents inside.

She lifted the cover, and her eyes brightened.

Inside was a snugly wrapped white dress with puffy sleeves, a lace trim at the neckline, and cufflinks.

Xuxu put down the lid, took out the paper protector and lifted the dress. It was the perfect length.

Her eyes were brimming with tears.

What's there to be jealous about? It's just Snow White.

When you grow up, I'll get you a dress way nicer than hers and you'll look great in it.

Xuxu, if I return after three years and you're still single, be my princess again, okay?

How much good had she done in her past life to let her meet Jiang Zhuoheng in this life?

Even if it was a small assurance, he was sure to go through with it.

That night, Xuxu thought of a lot of things...

After returning to the office post business trip, Yan Rusheng and Wen Xuxu were too busy to even have meals.

One fine day, the office seemed calm, as per usual.

It was time to get off work, everyone had left. Wen Xuxu was packing up her things and was about to leave the office.

She turned back and saw the President, fast asleep on his desk.

She contemplated for a while and decided to wake him up personally.