

Elite Doting 971

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 971: Bai Jing's Mother!

"Get lost." Xuxu shoved Yan Rusheng's face away. However, she suddenly realized something and looked at Yan Rusheng puzzledly. "How do you know that I'm expecting one boy and one girl?"

'They could also be two girls or two boys, right?'

'Why is he so sure?'

Yan Rusheng laughed. "Did you really think Madam Mu Li could really keep mum?"

Xuxu was speechless.

'It's against the rule to divulge the sex of the babies in advance, okay?!'

A wise lady like her had to consciously go against the rules.

No wonder there wasn't a trace of hesitation in her whenever she bought clothes for the babies. She would always buy a set of boy and girl's clothes each.

She must have found out about the babies' sex right from the start.

Indeed, a boy and a girl—it was just the right combination. Xuxu looked down at her protruding belly and broke into a blissful smile.

"I fear of falling deeply in love with you, my heart skipped a beat when I see you, a slight smile from you is enough to mesmerize everyone. Let me be the one to fall into your embrace. I need to be resuscitated. Your eyes resemble the crescent moon."

The man beside her suddenly hummed a song. He moved his fingers along the steering wheel as if he were playing the piano.

In every verse he sang, he would turn and spare a glance at Xuxu—obviously telling her he was singing about her.

Xuxu blushed and mumbled softly. This chap was in a pretty mood lately, always humming a tune for no reason.

It was dinnertime, and visitors crowded the hospital. Even the elevator was packed to the brim.

Yan Rusheng shielded Xuxu like a mother hen protecting her chick. His *'strangers prohibited'* chilly aura was enough to send jitters down people's spine. From time to time, he even threw cold looks at people.

When they stepped out of the elevator, Xuxu overheard people expressing their displeasures.

Xuxu eyed Yan Rusheng with a look of displeasure. "Being seen with you is a disgrace."

Yan Rusheng tapped her gently on her head. "Stupid woman, stop saying empty words."

Then, he stretched out his hand and hugged her waist as he led her to Bai Lisong's ward.

"Go away."

"Xiaojing, Mommy is here to visit your Father."

"Father doesn't welcome you. Go away. Get lost."

"Xiaojing, your father won't be able to take care of you now. Come home with Mommy."

From afar, they could hear arguments coming from Bai Lisong's ward.

'Bai Jing's mother?'

Xuxu quickened her footsteps and walked to the door of the ward. Bai Jing was shoving a fashionably-dressed middle-aged lady out of the door.

"I'll call the police if you don't get lost."

Bai Jing's eyes turned red as she issued a stern warning to the lady.

The middle-aged lady was holding on to Bai Jing's arm. She almost lost her footing when Bai Jing had shoved her away. She was still trying to persuade the girl as she moved towards the door. "Mommy is concerned for you. Come with Mommy, and I'll send you for overseas studies immediately."

Bai Jing turned back to take a second look at her father, who was lying on the bed. She felt sorry for him. She turned around and yelled at the lady, "I don't want to. You go. Get lost!"

Her gut-wrenching sobs shook the entire hospital.

Xuxu's eyes widened in shock. How much agony was buried in the heart of this scrawny and shy little girl?

Bai Jing's screams had taken the middle-aged lady in surprise it made her utterly dumbfounded. Her well-maintained and flawless face turned pale. She had stared blankly at Bai Jing for quite sometime before uttering softly, "Xiao... Xiaojing, I'm your Mother."

"I don't have a Mother. Since I was young, I only have a father." Finally, tears raced down Bai Jing's cheeks. She rubbed her eyes and was choking with emotions.

Su Yue stood beside her, and she had her dewy, sparkling eyes locked on Bai Jing's mother. On her eyes, a cold and gloomy expression could be seen.

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Chapter 972: No Wonder Bai Jing Refused to Acknowledge Her

Her hands, which hung loosely by her thighs, clenched tightly into fists. It also trembled a little.

Xuxu sensed it and scurried over. "Yueyue."

She placed her hand on Su Yue's shoulders and gently patted it. "Yueyue."

When Su Yue saw Xuxu, the expression in her eyes gradually calmed down. She faintly called out, "Third sister-in-law." Xuxu smiled at her before averting her gaze to Bai Jing and her mother.

"Madam, this is the hospital ward and the patient is resting. Don't you have some basic courtesy?"

As she noticed that Bai Jing didn't want to acknowledge her, she didn't take it upon herself to call her as Bai Jing's mother. Rather, she addressed her as '*Madam*' instead.

Her sharp words were unpleasant to the middle-aged woman's ears. "Yes, who are you?"

She shifted her gaze towards Xuxu as she asked. The way she looked at people was insufferably arrogant. When her eyes landed on Xuxu's face, she was astonished. "You're... the young Madam of Flourish & Prosper?"

Xuxu nodded her head. "I'm Wen Xuxu."

Her tone and attitude were unfathomably cold and aloof.

In an instant, a fawning smile appeared on the middle-aged lady's face. "Hello, Third Madam Yan. I'm Bai Jing's mother, Zhang Lihong."

She eagerly introduced herself to Xuxu.

But Xuxu remained silent and shifted her gaze away and looked at Bai Jing instead. Her expression turned soft. "Bai Jing, what happened?"

She had no rights nor was she in the position to ask about any grudge between the lady and Bai Jing's father. She had no intention to probe either.

But from the way she spoke earlier, she already found the woman repulsive.

Her first impression of her was exactly how she'd imagined—snobbish, mean, materialistic, and self-centered.

Now that Bai Jing's father was lying on the hospital bed—regardless of whatever feud happened between them—instead of offering words of wisdom, she came to lure her daughter away.

She was indirectly telling her daughter to abandon her crippled father to lead a far better and comfortable life with her.

It was no wonder why Bai Jing refused to acknowledge a mother like her.

Her favorable impression of Bai Jing intensified.

"I don't know who she is." Bai Jing coldly turned her body away and sauntered towards the bed. She sat down beside Bai Lisong. She pulled two tissues to wipe away the beads of perspiration on his forehead. Tenderness filled her every action.

Witnessing this sight, Xuxu couldn't help but feel sorry for her. She casually glanced at Zhang Lihong, Bai Jing's mother.

"Madam Zhang, please go. Don't disturb the patient's rest."

She averted her gaze from her and walked towards Bai Jing with Su Yue trailing behind her.

As she was turning around, her eyes swept across Zhang Lihong's face. She had put on a menacing gaze and it had Zhang Lihong shuddering in fear.

“Xiaojing, if you run into any difficulties, you must call and let mommy know, okay?” With Xuxu around, Zhang Lihong didn’t dare to pester Bai Jing any further. But she still cautiously and carefully moved towards her as she spoke.

Bai Jing ignored her.

Zhang Lihong looked at Bai Lisong before taking a last look at Bai Jing. She turned back to leave helplessly.

All these while, Yan Rusheng was standing at the door watching how Xuxu handled the tussle between Bai Jing and her mother. He felt that her aura was impressive.

So impressive that he almost felt his presence was redundant.

He raised his feet and stepped in as Zhang Lihong was walked out. When Zhang Lihong saw him, her expression changed.

Zhang Lihong wanted to greet Yan Rusheng, but he didn’t even bother to look at her.

He walked over to the bed and stood next to Xuxu. Bai Jing on the other hand rubbed her eyes, afterward she kept wiping Bai Lisong’s sweat away.

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Chapter 973: Forget it, Zhao Zheng!

Xuxu’s heart ached as she looked at the skinny little girl. She turned and asked Su Yue, “Has Bai Jing taken her lunch?”

Su Yue nodded. “She ate the chicken wings that Qi Lei made and also drank some porridge.”

Xuxu felt more relieved after hearing this, and she turned towards Bai Jing to comfort her. “Bai Jing, you got to eat more so that your father won’t get worried for you, and he’ll be able to recover faster.

After that, she averted her gaze to Bai Lisong.

Bai Lisong immediately nodded in agreement. “Precisely, Xiaojing. Third Madam Yan is right. Daddy hopes to see you become more cheerful. So eat more and put on more weight.”

Immense fatherly love filled his weak voice.

It was not just Bai Jing, but even Xuxu felt a sting in her eyes when she heard his words.

She placed her hand on Bai Jing’s shoulders and patted it in reassurance.

Then, with a gentle voice, she began to discuss with her. “Bai Jing, come with us to eat something. We’ll go for a spin, too. There’ll be people here to take care of him. Okay?”

Bai Jing shook her head. “I don’t feel like going out or go for a spin.”

Even though she sounded soft, her attitude was determined and obstinate.

Xuxu didn’t insist because if she was in her shoes, given her father’s condition, she also won’t be able to set her mind at ease.

"Call me anytime if you need to," Yan Rusheng spoke all of a sudden.

He looked at Bai Jing with a deep gaze.

His masculine yet gentle voice gave Bai Jing a sense of security. She lifted her face to look at Yan Rusheng. The gaze she had for him was completely filled with trust. She nodded and answered with an 'Mm'.

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After they left the hospital, Xuxu's heart felt heavy throughout the journey. The environment she was in earlier had affected her state.

She and Su Yue sat at the back passenger seat. Xuxu propped her arm on the wounded down car window. The words Bai Jing's father had spoken that morning kept replaying in her mind.

Indeed, a father's love is deep and worthy of the greatest admiration. She did not have the pleasure to experience it, but she finally witnessed it from Bai Jing's father.

The cool summer evening breeze in the capital city brushed across her face, but it didn't take away her sorrows.

Each time Yan Rusheng turned back to look at Xuxu, she was in the same state.

He knew that Bai Jing and her father had worried her.

"Wife, overflowing with sympathy again? Are you following in the footsteps of Mother Mary?" He laughed as he asked.

Even though his words sounded sarcastic, there wasn't a hint of sarcasm in it.

Xuxu didn't pay attention to Yan Rusheng's words. Instead, she looked at him and sighed. "Ah Sheng, can you send someone to dig in deeper about Bai Jing's father's stomach cancer? Find out more about his condition and whether his prognosis is indeed bleak."

Yan Rusheng nodded his head. "Mm."

Even if she mentioned nothing, he already had the intention to look into it.

He had the same thinking as the rest. Regardless of what selfish thoughts went through Bai Lisong's mind, he saved his life—there was no doubt about it.

The car was completely silent for quite a while until Xuxu's cellphone suddenly rang. It was a call from an unfamiliar number.

She knitted her eyebrows in bewilderment and put her cellphone to her ear. "Hello."

"Xuxu, I've already reserved a VIP room. Have you arrived?"

The call was from Zhao Zheng. Xuxu was already irritated with the man, to begin with, and now that she felt lousy, she said to Zhao Zheng in an annoyed tone, "Forget it, Zhao Zheng. I'm too tired today and I don't feel like going anymore."

After that, she hung up.

She abruptly ended the call with the four-eyed frog?

Yan Rusheng turned back and was about to give a thumbs up to Xuxu when her phone rang again. It was Zhao Zheng.

Yan Rusheng also saw the caller ID display on Xuxu's phone. Xuxu grew impatient and wanted to cancel the call when Yan Rusheng extended his hand and snatched the phone over before placing it to his ears. "Hello Zhao Zheng, are you really sincere about giving a treat tonight?"

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Chapter 974: Unable to Suppress

Since this wretched chap was so persistent even when his wife had let him off the hook this time, he shall fulfill his wish then.

Zhao Zheng became furious. "I know that you must have forbidden Xuxu to come. But you were also the one who suggested Jiangnan River Delta, and I've already booked a VIP room. So are you taking me for a ride when you changed your mind about coming?"

'I forbade Xuxu to go?'

'Ha, this chap was so good at consoling himself.' Yan Rusheng gave a dry laugh. "All right, we'll be there right away."

After pausing for a while, he continued, "By the way, Ming Ansheng and Lu Yinan called me earlier. I told them you're giving a treat, so they asked to come along. I hope you don't mind including another two more people."

Zhao Zheng magnanimously answered, "Of course, I wouldn't mind. We're old classmates."

"Good." Yan Rusheng nodded and a sinister smile flashed across his face.

He concluded the call and hung up.

Then, he turned around and threw the phone back to Xuxu.

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When they reached, Ming Ansheng had recently arrived, too. Both cars met at the entrance of the Jiangnan River Delta carpark.

Coincidentally, both cars parked side by side.

"So flamboyant today." Yan Rusheng's answer had diminished. With one hand propped on the car window, he stuck his head out and looked intently at the black Ferrari sports car parked next to his.

He knew that Ming Ansheng had purchased this car on his 25th birthday last year. But after just driving once, he didn't see him driving this car again.

So he was pleasantly surprised to see him driving it today.

Ming Ansheng curled his lips. "I occasionally need to change my style."

He opened the car door and got off the car as he spoke.

Yan Rusheng also alighted from his car and surveyed Ming Ansheng from head to toe. A meaningful smile appeared at the corners of his lips. "Young Master Ming is dressed to flirt today, too."

Ming Ansheng looked down at his own dressing. If Yan Rusheng hadn't mentioned, he wouldn't have even realized it. After a second look, he received shocked—the way he dressed seemed like he was ready to... flirt.

He was wearing a white T-shirt and faded blue jeans.

He hadn't worn jeans for many years. He was either in sweatpants or business pants.

Come to think of it, as of late, when he was not at work he would dress casually. Otherwise, in the past, he'd always be in business suits when he was out of the house.

As he looked at himself in the mirror, he got lost in his thoughts and had a brief passing of guilt. He then lifted his head to look at Yan Rusheng.

He knew that this subtle change in him most probably had to do with Su Yue.

"Let's go." Yan Rusheng detected nothing amiss with Ming Ansheng and urged him to make a move. With one hand stuffed into the pocket of his pants, he turned around to hold Xuxu with his other hand. They strode towards the main entrance of Jiangnan River Delta.

Su Yue followed behind.

Her small frame resembled a tiny tail as she trailed behind them.

Ming Ansheng's heart turned soft as he looked at that petite little figure of hers.

His footsteps were unhurried and he had maintained a distance of only a meter away from Su Yue.

"Uncle Ming." Just before she stepped into the turnstile, Su Yue suddenly stopped in her steps and turned to look at Ming Ansheng.

The hotel's entrance lightings reflected her dewy eyes—they looked like bright twinkling stars in the night sky.

Ming Ansheng's heart pounded again. He halted his steps and his expression looked immeasurably soft. "Yes?"

Now, whenever he looked at her porcelain-dolled face, he had the urge to embrace her.

The more he tried to suppress it, the more intense it felt.

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Chapter 975: Will You Become Pregnant If You Stopped Being Pretentious?!

But he could only restrain himself.

"You don't look like an uncle in that attire," Su Yue commented plainly after she looked Ming Ansheng up and down for a while.

Suddenly, a seemingly cheeky smile formed on her face.

Her faint smile made Ming Ansheng's heart erupt like a volcano. Subconsciously, he extended his hand.

He didn't know what to do.

At that moment, a gust of wind blew and he regained his senses. His hand was already about to touch Su Yue's waist.

When he snapped out of his daze, he shuddered.

Su Yue frowned, her eyes filled with innocence and confusion. "Uncle Ming, what are you trying to do?"

Ming Ansheng shook his head in guilt. "No... Nothing."

His gaze immediately shifted to Su Yue's forehead. He awkwardly smiled. "Your hair is messy. I was afraid that it would cover your eyes."

He then quickly moved his hands to her forehead, helping her to sweep away the random strands that the wind had blown over.

Su Yue replied with an 'oh'.

She then hugged Ming Ansheng's elbow, smiling as she looked up at him cheerfully. "Your car looks so good, can you bring me for a spin later?"

There was silence.

Ming Ansheng instantly understood that her previous comment on his looks was leading on to this.

"Sure, as long as your Third sister-in-law agrees," Ming Ansheng replied without thinking through it. He nodded.

He knew that he shouldn't. He shouldn't have romantic feelings for such a child. But whenever she stood before him, his line of defense was on the brink of collapse.

Su Yue happily replied, "My third sister-in-law will agree for sure."

She then released his elbow and happily entered the rotating door. She went up the stairs and caught up with Yan Rusheng and Wen Xuxu.

"Third sister-in-law, third sister-in-law." to

"What's up?" Her sudden shift in mood confused Xuxu.

Su Yue replied, "Can I go for a ride in Uncle Ming's car after dinner? His car is so cool."

Xuxu looked back towards Ming Ansheng as he approached them. She then frowned and answered, "It's late already. You shouldn't be an inconvenience to Young Master Ming."

Ming Ansheng walked over and replied plainly, "It's no problem at all."

Ming Ansheng had always doted on Su Yue. Xuxu didn't think into it because Su Yue was Yan Rusheng's younger sister. So given their brotherhood, it was only natural that Ming Ansheng would treat Su Yue as his own sister.

She only considered that Ming Ansheng was probably like Yan Rusheng—having to work every night—so she didn't want to bother him. She smiled at Su Yue and said, "When we get back home later, why don't you just ask your Third Brother to drive you around?"

Su Yue frowned. "Third Brother's car is not as cool."

'Was the feeling of sitting in an open-topped sports car the same as that in a closed car?'

'Definitely not.'

Yan Rusheng frowned when he heard their exchange. He piped up. "We have a few of those lousy cars at home."

Xuxu was speechless.

Would he become pregnant if he stopped being pretentious? Ridiculous—it was as though he was afraid that they didn't know he was filthy rich.

Ming Ansheng's lip quivered. He had nothing to say about the proud Young Master Yan.

Xuxu ignored the unhappy man beside her and nodded at Su Yue. "Okay, but don't bother Young Master Ming for too long. One round is enough."

"Okay," Su Yue agreed happily.

Hearing Xuxu's reply, Ming Ansheng's lips curled. He realized that his feelings were showing so he hurriedly looked downwards.

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Chapter 976: Am I Right, Darling?

Zhao Zheng had gotten a private room, and it was just enough for four to five people.

Zhao Zheng entered the room with a smile on his face. He looked at everyone, but his gaze lingered on Su Yue. His gaze softened immediately. "Little Lass."

Su Yue sized him up with a cold gaze, feeling a little confused.

Xuxu thought Su Yue didn't remember Zhao Zheng, so she introduced him with a smile. "Yueyue, this is Professor Zhao. You've met him before."

"Oh, Professor Zhao," Su Yue called plainly and lazily before she found a seat and sat down. She then suddenly lifted her head to look at Zhao Zheng. "Professor Zhao, Bai Jing wants to attend your school."

"Oh!" Zhao Zheng froze. "Who's Bai Jing?"

She had chimed up so suddenly and without any context.

Not just Zhao Zheng, even Xuxu and Yan Rusheng were caught in shock.

It took a while for Xuxu to regain her senses. It shocked her that Bai Jing wanted to attend A University. She sat down beside Su Yue and asked her, "Bai Jing wants to go to A University?"

Su Yue nodded and then pulled a sigh. "But with her father's condition, she doesn't want to anymore."

Xuxu looked at Yan Rusheng and they had a silent conversation.

Yan Rusheng was expressionless. They initially thought Bai Jing would want to give up her education.

"Xuxu, who's Bai Jing? Is she your relative?" Zhao Zheng eagerly asked her.

Xuxu replied plainly, "She's a good friend of Su Yue's."

Zhao Zheng nodded in understanding. "Then you should pass me her information, and I'll look through it. I'll try to reserve a slot for her."

After a brief pause, he continued, "But it still depends on her grades."

"That was of no help at all," Yan Rusheng commented, rolling his eyes at Zhao Zheng and not giving him any face.

He stretched his arm and gracefully poured himself some plain water. Pride was written all over his face.

Xuxu didn't know what to say.

Under the table, she stretched her arm and pinched Yan Rusheng's thigh.

'This fellow. Could he be more subtle?'

Yan Rusheng smiled unwaveringly.

Xuxu ignored Yan Rusheng and faced Zhao Zheng. "Aren't we here for dinner? Have you ordered?"

She wanted to get this dinner over and done with. She had planned on refraining future meetings with Zhao Zheng ever again.

They had no reason to meet again, anyway.

"I haven't ordered. I was waiting for you because I didn't know what you like," Zhao Zheng replied with a shake of his head. He passed the menu to Xuxu.

'I was waiting for you.'

Yan Rusheng felt uncomfortable when he heard those words. He swiftly extended his arm and grabbed the menu before Xuxu did.

He then crossed his legs gracefully and flipped through the menu. He casually commented, "Of course, outsiders wouldn't know my wife's taste."

He then turned to Xuxu and winked. "Am I right, darling?"

"Pfft!" Ming Ansheng was drinking a mouthful of water but spat it out when he heard Yan Rusheng said the word 'darling'. He almost choked.

He gave Yan Rusheng a look of contempt before hurriedly wiping his mouth.

'This fellow is being utterly shameless!'

He disgusted others while enjoying himself. Two words: *selfish!*

Zhao Zheng's expression was dark. He felt indignant every time he saw Yan Rusheng and Xuxu being affectionate.

He felt that Yan Rusheng wasn't good enough for Xuxu. She was so gentle, intellectual, and kind. She deserved to be with someone worthy like himself—someone who wouldn't put her favorable qualities to waste.

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Chapter 977: Don't be Shy, This Meal is On Zhao Zheng

"Good that you know. Order quickly." Xuxu threw Yan Rusheng a dirty look before taking a sip of water. She refrained from looking at him again.

Yan Rusheng picked up the electronic menu and ordered many dishes. Xuxu could feel Zhao Zheng's heart bleeding profusely.

"I'm done."

Finally, Young Master Yan lifted his head and announced that he had finished ordering. He then passed the menu to Ming Ansheng. "Ming Ansheng, I only ordered a few dishes that my wife and I like. You can order whatever you like. This meal is on Zhao Zheng, so don't be shy."

He then raised his chin towards Zhao Zheng. "Am I right, Zhao Zheng?"

Zhao Zheng's face was as dark as coal, but he maintained a smile, saying, "That's right."

Ming Ansheng had no feud with Zhao Zheng, so he didn't make things difficult for him unlike Yan Rusheng. Just as he had said, they were old classmates.

He waved his hand, holding in a smile as he said, "I'll eat whatever you order. I'm not particular about food."

Yan Rusheng gave him a look of discontent and then passed the menu to Su Yue. "Yueyue, what do you want to eat?"

"Chicken wings," Su Yue replied without hesitation. "The ones we ordered the previous time we were here. The slightly sweet chicken wings."

Xuxu didn't know what to say.

Ming Ansheng was speechless.

Yan Rusheng was dumbfounded.

The three had a look of bewilderment etched on their face. Did chickens offend this little lass in her previous life? Why did she seem to have a bone to pick with them? She ordered chicken wings all the time. How was she not sick of them by now?

When she saw that the three of them had put on the same facial expression at the same time, she pursed her lips. Confusion filled her innocent orbs.

“Let me look.” Ming Ansheng smiled, taking the menu from Yan Rusheng. He scrolled through it and when he found the chicken wings that seemed similar to what Su Yue had described, he asked, “Is it this one?”

Su Yue looked over and nodded her head like a chick pecking at food. “Yes, that’s the one. It’s really delicious.”

That greedy look.

Young Master Ming let out a low growl inwardly. *‘Damn it, why is she so cute?’*

His gaze considerably softened. He nodded with an ‘okay’ and ordered the chicken wings.

He then casually scrolled through the ordered dishes. His eyebrows furrowed deeper the further he scrolled. “Third Yan, why did you order so much red wine?”

“And this, can we even finish so many dishes?” He continued as he scrolled further. “You ordered three different flavors of pork ribs.”

“You don’t have to eat them if you don’t want to.” Yan Rusheng snatched the menu from Ming Ansheng, glaring at him as he did. Then he shouted at the waiter. “We’re done with our order.”

“Sure,” the waiter replied, taking the menu from him.

Then, one by one, she confirmed the orders with Yan Rusheng.

The waiter was breathless by the time he finished reading them all.

Yan Rusheng nodded his head lightly and casually replied with an ‘Mm’.

Zhao Zheng’s heart bled profusely.

“Xuxu, about your sister’s classmate, one day—” Zhao Zheng spoke to Xuxu.

Suddenly, Yan Rusheng interrupted him. “Zhao Zheng, let’s get completely drunk tonight. There were too many people before that we weren’t able to drink enough.”

Hatred flashed through Zhao Zheng’s eyes when he heard his words. He knew that Yan Rusheng was picking on him on purpose, but how could he appear petty in front of Xuxu?

He had no choice but to nod his head and act calm. “Sure, let’s have a good drink. I’m just afraid that you’ll affect Xuxu if you’re drunk.”

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Chapter 978: One Shot, Three Children

Yan Rusheng expression immediately darkened. Did he dare to show concern for his wife right in front of him? He shouldn’t have let him off so easily by just spending one year worth of his salary!

"It's fine. We have over ten servants at home. I can get a chauffeur whenever I want." He then continued, "I can even get my chauffeur to send you home when you get drunk later."

Xuxu was speechless.

'Could this fellow stop bragging so openly?'

Just as Yan Rusheng had expected, Zhao Zheng's face turned red then blue.

Just then, the room suddenly opened. Lu Yinan had arrived, he was clad in his casual attire—a black T-shirt and faint gray track pants.

He had gotten it bad from his family yesterday that two swollen marks under his sleeves were clear as day.

He entered and smiled with a nod. "Sorry I'm late, everyone."

"Young Master Lu is here," Ming Ansheng announced with a smile, but his smile had a hidden meaning behind it.

Yan Rusheng did the same, and an undecipherable smile framed his face.

Lu Yinan glanced over those two faces and caught their smiles.

Angrily, he called them 'bad influences' under his breath.

"Zhao Zheng." Lu Yinan greeted with a nod. He then sat down beside Ming Ansheng.

Ming Ansheng turned his head towards him and smiled. "Young Master Lu, we were all calling out for you in the group chat. Why didn't you speak at all?"

Without waiting for Lu Yinan to speak, Yan Rusheng smiled as he replied, "He was naming his children. He's having three, after all. He had to take this seriously and think early."

Lu Yinan was speechless as he clenched his fists. He then flashed a cold smile at Yan Rusheng. "That's right. After all, not everyone can produce three children with one shot. I'm proud of myself, so shouldn't I take this seriously?"

His words hit Yan Rusheng's raw spot and he immediately went quiet.

Young Master Ming, who was sitting in between the two, was suddenly unhappy, too.

The men beside him; One of them produced twins, the other, triplets—how much pressure would he face in the future?

Zhao Zheng kept quiet throughout their entire exchange. When they had finally hushed down, he asked, "Lu Yinan, you have kids?"

Lu Yinan looked at him and replied with a laugh before keeping mum.

Could they stop mentioning the children? He seemed to lose his appetite every time they were mentioned.

He felt that his life had been turned upside down overnight.

The price of the red wine that Yan Rusheng ordered was at least five digits. He hadn't had wine in days and he was going all out to get Zhao Zheng drunk today.

Glass after glass, they drank.

After three rounds, Zhao Zheng no longer cared about his money. He continued drinking with Yan Rusheng, with the goal of getting him hammered.

On the other hand, Lu Yinan was drowning alone in his sorrows in the corner as he fretted over his three children.

He had wanted Ming Ansheng to drink with him, but the latter refused.

Because he would bring his beloved little Yueyue for a spin later. He wouldn't drink even if the president wanted him to.

Zhao Zheng was completely drunk and senseless by the time he had to pay for the meal. When he swiped his credit card, he couldn't be bothered by how many digits the meal cost. He keyed in the password immediately and Ming Ansheng sent him onto a cab.

Xuxu had predicted this outcome earlier, so she had already called for a chauffeur.

Yan Rusheng had almost passed out, so he lay on Xuxu's thighs. In his drunken stupor, he talked to her belly, but he was speaking from the heart.

"You... two... It's been hard on your mother, so if you don't behave well when you come out, I'll punch the both of you."

He patted her belly lightly as he spoke.

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Chapter 979: Sorry For Not Giving You a Wedding Ceremony

Xuxu was afraid that he would go overboard so she quickly grabbed his wrists and stopped him. "Yan Rusheng, you better sit up quickly."

Yan Rusheng indeed obediently sat up.

But... He hugged Xuxu's neck and snuggled his face in her neck, rubbing against her gently. "Darling, I want you."

"Could you let me in tonight to say hi to my son?" he sputtered as he hugged her.

Xuxu blushed a bright shade of red. She looked forward at the chauffeur and quickly covered his mouth. "Yan Rusheng, if you dare continue, I'll throw you off the car."

There was no man more lecherous than this fellow.

Yan Rusheng had become seemingly senseless. He opened his mouth and bit Xuxu's finger. He looked at her, smiling as he said, "Darling, I want to drink milk."

Then he lay against her front and rubbed his face against her chest.

These words were, of course, necessary during their bedroom adventures.

Xuxu's face was so red that blood threatened to spill out. She pushed Yan Rusheng away with too much force. Yan Rusheng flew backward and knocked his head on the car door.

There was a loud thud.

He furrowed his eyebrows and gritted his teeth in pain.

Xuxu's heart ached at the sight and she immediately helped him up.

After that, she whispered in his ear, "Yan Rusheng, we're in the car now. Don't spout nonsense."

She then sneaked a glance at the chauffeur, but it was too dark that she couldn't make out his expression.

In any case, he was definitely marveling about how Third Master and Third Madam Yan were so open with each other in private.

"I'm sorry, Xuxu," Yan Rusheng said as he leaned on Xuxu's shoulder. "I haven't given you a wedding ceremony until now."

His drunken apology hit Xuxu in the heart. Tears brimmed on her eyelids, and she turned her head to look at the man's handsome face. She slightly tilted her head and placed a kiss on the corner of his mouth. "You fool."

She then rubbed the back of his head and asked dotingly, "Does your head still hurt?"

The knock was so loud that the car shook.

Yan Rusheng shook his head and laughed. "Not anymore. Darling, your breasts are so soft."

Xuxu's soft expression immediately hardened. She looked downwards to see the man burying his face in her chest, a lopsided grin on his face.

The next moment, her expression turned black as coal.

The car came to a stop in the courtyard. Xuxu pushed open the car door and trudged her way into the house, completely ignoring Yan Rusheng.

Yan Rusheng crawled out of the car and shouted at her retreating figure, "Wen Xuxu, you heartless and stupid woman."

No matter how much he yelled, Xuxu didn't care.

Mu Li was sitting on the sofa watching television. When she saw Xuxu enter, she glanced behind her and curiously asked, "Xuxu, why are you alone? Where is Third Yan?"

Before Xuxu could reply, Mu Li heard shouts coming from outside. She frowned. "Who's shouting outside?"

She asked as she rose from the sofa.

"Your son," Xuxu replied with a roll of her eyes. She was speechless.

She couldn't even recognize her own son's voice.

Just as the words left her mouth, the chauffeur carried Yan Rusheng into the house. When Mu Li saw it, she walked up to him. "This little brat, how did he get so drunk?"

Yan Weihong heard the commotion from upstairs. The moment he caught sight of Yan Rusheng, who couldn't even stand properly, he flew into a fit of rage.

Elite Doting Marriage: Crafty Husband, Aloof Cute Wife

Chapter 980: All of Them Can Step Aside

He yelled, "Xuxu's pregnant and you let her go with you. It's already bad enough you didn't take care of her, but even worse, you got drunk and required her to take care of you instead? What if something happened?"

Third Young Master was not in the least embarrassed by the scolding. He waved at Yan Weihong and laughed. "Dad... You don't know. The Zhou hooligan's three kids were brought into existence because Lu Yinan shot when he was drunk. You... Just wait, wait to carry another three grandchildren..."

It dumbfounded Xuxu.

She wanted to go to the kitchen to find tofu, noodles, or just somewhere to bury herself in.

The fellow was ridiculously drunk.

She hastened her pace as she made her way upstairs. She lowered her head to the maximum when she walked past Yan Weihong.

Yan Rusheng's words made Yan Weihong embarrassed. His words got stuck in his throat and it almost choked him to death.

"Hmph! Like mother, like son!" Yan Weihong exclaimed, turning around to return to his room. He felt that talking to his sloshed son was like talking to a wall.

Mu Li's eyes widened. She thought it was absurd. Why... was she dragged into this?

"Xuxu, Xuxu."

Yan Rusheng kept calling after her.

Mu Li frowned. "You still have the nerve to call after Xuxu? You're so drunk, I would have left you at the restaurant if I were her."

Yan Rusheng laughed and replied, "That's why Xuxu is my wife."

"Pfft!" Mu Li laughed. She patted him on the shoulder and chided him lovingly. "Don't you look pleased with yourself?"

Her son was all grown up, but it was her first time seeing him look so childish.

Suddenly, Yan Rusheng pushed Mu Li, who was holding him up, away.

Unsteadily, he walked towards the big clock in the living room.

He walked to the front of Wang Daqin's portrait and picked it up.

Mu Li quickly rushed forward to stop him. "You rascal, what are you trying to do?"

"Shh!" Yan Rusheng shushed as he turned around, placing his index finger to his lips. Then he smiled and said, "Let me say a few words to my grandmother. Just a few."

Mu Li stopped in her tracks and watched him. She was dumbfounded.

"Grandmother, you've seen it, right? I've taken care of Xuxu, she will bear you grandchildren." Yan Rusheng said to the portrait, "Two of them too, I didn't let you down right?"

"Summer next year," he said as he nodded with a confirmation. "Yes, in summer next year, I will give her a huge wedding ceremony. I'll tell the entire world she is mine. Who cares about whatever Zhao Zheng or Jiang Zheng, all of them can step aside."

"Flourish & Prosper... Flourish & Prosper..." His eyes turned red at the mention of the company. "I definitely won't let you down. Flourish & Prosper belongs to the Yan family, give me... give me some time, okay?"

He then lifted the portrait, lowered his head, and kissed his grandmother's forehead.

He then gently returned the portrait to its rightful place.

On the second floor, Xuxu leaned against the railings, covering her mouth as she sobbed in silence.

How heavy the burden on his shoulders was!

...

In A University's classroom apartment.

The man got off the taxi and his drunken steps made the passersby worry for him.

But he found his apartment with no help.

'Thud, thud, thud.' His incessant knocking annoyed the neighbors. A woman's voice sounded from within the apartment. "I'm coming. I'm coming. Stop knocking."

The door opened.

A thin and beautiful woman looked at the drunken man before her and frowned. "Zhao Zheng, who did you drink with this time?"