

Destined Wife: The Apple of My Eye

Chapter 9 Call Me Brother or Ruoxian

Along the corridor are luxurious European wall lamps. The man approaches with flickering face, who seems to be walking through the ancient palace.

Yan Hua opens her eyes suddenly. His style is so like the man who tried to take her away.

“Aren’t you hungry?” The handsome face is exposed in the light, with his eyes inquiring about something.

In an instant, Yan Hua thinks her eyes have made a mistake.

“Yan Hua?” Lang Ruoxian, finding her dumb-founded, sees the fridge behind her, “I will tell them to prepare more food for the pregnant. Please do without it tonight.”

The food in the fridge is not suitable for Yan Hua now. And she does not know how to cook meals.

“That’s all right,” Yan Hua shakes her head, believing he is demanding her not to have the food.

Nevertheless, Lang Ruoxian just passes her and takes the ingredients while fastening the apron around his waist, “I will cook a bowl of noodles for you.”

Yan Hua is surprised. But when she returns to normal state, the man starts to cut onions, whose cutting skills reveal he often cooks in the kitchen.

“Is there anything you don’t want to eat?” Lang Ruoxian, with his back to her, says something ambiguous in the sound of the boiling water.

“No.”

There is nothing she doesn't eat. However, she is quite critical about the food taste. In the eyes of Yan Hua, the house maid in He Family doesn't cook delicious food. But she never says it to anyone.

After all, she is not positioned to assess the cooking skill of other people because she doesn't cook at all.

"You are scared?" Lang Ruoxian turns to her and Yan Hua can see his exquisite face...as pretty as her face.

"I am not accustomed," Yan Hua is honest.

The eyes of Lang Ruoxian flicker, who makes one step forward suddenly, "You are not accustomed to the position of Young Mistress, or to living alone?"

The man is less than one arm away from her. His eyes become darker and cold atmosphere comes to her. Yan Hua feels shivering.

"You..."

"The noodle is ready."

The dark shadow disappears and it becomes warm and bright. The bowl of noodle cooked in chicken soup is placed on the table, with a few pieces of beef and vegetable.

"Thank you..." Yan Hua returns to the normal and eats the noodle, "Delicious..." Really?

Lang Ruoxian raises his eyebrow, "I will believe you if your expression also tells the same thing."

"At least, your cooking is better than mine," Yan Hua smiles, "I even don't know how to make it ripe."

She feels her answer is flawless, but who knows...

"Well, you don't have to eat it," the slender hands show up in front of her.

Yan Hua is totally surprised, she sees the man throwing the noodles into the trash bin.

“Uncle Lee,” the man makes an internal call. A few minutes later, Uncle Lee brings a house maid in a hurry.

“Sorry, Madam Hua. It is my fault. From tomorrow on, we will prepare night snack for you,” Uncle Lee apologizes and asks the house maid to cook something for Yan Hua.

Yan Hua grips her fist. On her first night in the home, she asks them to cook for her in the midnight. What would they think of her?

“Childe Ruoxian,” Uncle Lee, seeing Lang Ruoxian is also there, thinks he is also hungry.

Lang Ruoxian turns to look at Yan Hua, “Well, please go to bed after you get full. I heard insufficient sleep is not good for the baby.”

His eyes just float away from her belly, producing again the cold atmosphere. Yan Hua bites her lips and watches the man straightly.

“Thanks, I will pay attention to that.”

She says these words in a way neither humble nor pushy, even with some sense of challenge.

Lang Ruoxian laughs and leaves the kitchen in big steps.

The house maid in Lang Family does cook very well, at least to the taste of Yan Hua. She eats a bowl of wonton with three fresh ingredients in the contents.

When going back to the bedroom, she passes the sitting room and is surprised to find Lang Ruoxian is still there, seeming to be talking with someone on the phone.

“Are you full?” Seeing her coming, the man hangs the phone and asks in a polite and smiling way.

Yan Hua shows the weird expression, feeling this guy changes his attitude so much.

She nods and makes no reply, ready to go upstairs and return to her room.

After walking a few steps, she hears the steps and knows Lang Ruoxian is following her. They just climb to the stairs one after another.

“Mr. Lang. I am now your sister-in-law. Is it OK for you to go to my bedroom in such a late hour?” Yan Hua turns suddenly and asks him on the second floor.

Lang Ruoxian looks at this cold-look woman, raising his mouth corner, “You misunderstand me. I am going back to my own room.”

Then he walks to the room beside the bedroom of Yan Hua, pushing open the door.

“By the way, since you said you are my sister-in-law, it is much too strange to call me Mr. Lang,” Lang Ruoxian smiles in the attractive way when Yan Hua shows her embarrassed expression.

“Call me Brother, or Ruoxian if you are willing to do so.”

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