

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 2 Chapter 162 / Chapter 443: The Steering Wheel

It wasn't until after seven in the evening that Ning Chu finally wrapped up her busy day.

A whole table of dishes, plus a pot of pork bone soup and a bowl of longevity noodles—this was the result of her hard work from morning to night.

Yet she still couldn't sit still. Without pausing, she began tidying up the area around the induction cooker, cleaning up the mess scattered around the folding table after cooking.

Wen Yang sighed helplessly, stepped forward, caught hold of the little succubus's tail, and led her toward the coffee table.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"Eat first. I'll clean up after we're done."

"Then don't grab my tail!"

Ning Chu didn't dare resist at all. Once her tail was caught, she had no strength to fight back, and she was dragged backward until Wen Yang pressed her down onto the sofa.

Ning Chu cheeks were flushed red. She secretly lifted her eyes to glance at Wen Yang, mentally preparing herself to become part of the dinner as well.

As expected of a hentai protagonist, his head must be full of lewd thoughts!

A scene from one of those trashy hentai doujin popped into her mind: the female heroine wearing nothing but an apron, cooking while the protagonist thoroughly “enjoyed” her.

It was clearly his birthday! She’d even made a whole table of food!

But Wen Yang sat down beside her instead. Just like usual, he handed her a pair of chopsticks, his expression gentler than normal as he said, “Take off your apron. Try your own cooking.”

“Oh~”

Ning Chu removed the apron she was wearing, folded it neatly, and placed it under the coffee table, muttering softly, “I’ve already tasted everything. It’s okay, just a bit worse than my mom’s.”

Her cooking skills were only at an entry-level at best, but during winter break she’d helped her mother in the kitchen, and her knife work was at least passable.

She glanced at Wen Yang again, only to see that he had already picked up the longevity noodles and started eating.

Weren’t you supposed to eat *me* first?

“The noodles might be a bit overcooked,” Ning Chu said, suppressing the lingering agitation from having her tail tugged as she leaned over to look.

“They’ve been sitting too long, and they’re thin noodles.”

“They taste pretty good.”

“Really? Whenever my mom made longevity noodles for me, I always thought they tasted awful. I don’t like that kind of noodle, they are soft and limp.”

Wen Yang smiled and nodded. “They’re very good.”

“Then maybe my mom was just half-hearted when she made them for me...”

Ning Chu had already eaten until she was half full while cooking, so she barely touched her chopsticks, her little mouth chattering nonstop.

“I was really worried my cooking would be terrible. I messed up a few times before, it’s so bad I made myself nauseous.”

“Luckily Lily helped me out. Whenever I didn’t know something, I could just call her.”

“Oh, right! I also bought rings!”

“Rings?” Wen Yang only then noticed that there was an extra silver ring on Ning Chu’s right index finger, the one he’d given her for her birthday before.

Back then, although Ning Chu had already become a girl, not many people knew yet. On top of that, the little succubus wasn’t used to wearing accessories, so she’d put the ring away.

Running over to the bedside table to retrieve the ring box, Ning Chu eagerly scooted back over. “It cost me a lot of money! It’s basically a matching couple ring with mine!”

“Was it expensive?”

“It cost dozens of yuan, try it on.”

Without waiting for Wen Yang to react, she eagerly slipped the ring onto his finger.

“It won’t go on...”

Wen Yang’s fingers were long and slender, easily able to grip a basketball, but they were also sharply jointed. The ring got stuck at the second knuckle.

Those fingers—ones Ning Chu both loved and hated—had become an obstacle today.

First the cake turned into a mess, and now the carefully chosen ring wouldn’t fit. Ning Chu mood sank visibly. She lowered her head, fiddling with the ring, and muttered softly, “Even giving you a birthday ends up being full of annoying problems...”

Looking at that dejected little head, Wen Yang’s smile only grew warmer. “Then we’ll just get a bigger size.”

“I just wanted to give you a really nice birthday...”

“It’s already very good. It’s my birthday, be happy too,” Wen Yang said.

“That’s true.”

Ning Chu looked up and smiled at him, quickly regaining her lively energy. “Hey! Try the pork bone, there’s marrow inside, and there’s lots of meat too!”

“And this sweet-and-sour pork...” she continued, “I was lazy and just used sweet-and-sour fish sauce~”

She had originally wanted to give Wen Yang a birthday filled with surprises.

But recalling the faint envy Wen Yang had shown whenever he ate at her home during winter break, perhaps a warm, cozy birthday was what he needed most.

Putting herself in the role of a competent wife, bringing Wen Yang a sense of home-like warmth~

It was hard to deny that Ning Chu always felt a sense of guilt toward Wen Yang’s family situation, so much so that she’d practically put herself on the line now.

Seeing the smile that never left Wen Yang’s face, Ning Chu felt she’d done pretty well, even if there had been this or that mishap.

Unfortunately, she couldn’t read minds, and had no idea what Wen Yang was thinking at that moment.

“From now on, when you go work part-time on weekends, I’ll stay home and cook, waiting for you to come back~ I’ll take care of all the logistics for you!” Ning Chu declared proudly.

“I doubt you’ll last until next week.”

“No way! I don’t do anything on weekends anyway. It’s just grocery shopping and cooking!”

“Then I’ll be in charge of washing the dishes and pots?”

She nodded vigorously. “Mm! I hate washing dishes the most!”

When she was little, her family followed the rule that whoever finished eating last had to wash the dishes and scrub the pots. As a result, Ning Chu had spent years washing cookware, to the point that it nearly left her with psychological trauma.

She propped her chin up with both hands, elbows resting on her thighs, watching eagerly as Wen Yang devoured the food she had made.

Seeing him take big bites of the dishes she’d worked so hard on filled her with a strong sense of accomplishment. If she had to make a comparison, it was like playing a healer in a game—one heal saving a teammate who was supposed to die~

All the fatigue in her body dissipated completely.

“Eat slower. Don’t choke.”

Ning Chu even suspected Wen Yang was putting on a performance for her. The food was decent, sure, but it wasn’t so delicious that it warranted wolfing it down like this, was it?

Normally, Wen Yang ate a lot, but his table manners were much better than Yan Xinya’s.

“What time is it?”

“Seven thirty. You have something to do tonight?”

“There’s still an activity later.”

“What game are you playing?” she asked.

Wen Yang swallowed the food in his mouth and turned to look at Ning Chu. For a moment, his gaze was so intense that the little succubus shyly lowered her head.

“Feels like I can speedrun you tonight,” he said jokingly.

Ning Chu’s competitive spirit flared up immediately. “How is that possible?!”

Even if she couldn’t completely drain this hentai protagonist dry, she could at least endure a few rounds of assault!

“I haven’t even used the steering wheel before.”

She froze. In her mind, an image naturally surfaced—her bent over the edge of the bed, Wen Yang standing behind her, gripping her horns, her hips and tail raised.

Her face grew even hotter, and her legs reflexively pressed together.

“Pervert! You still have cake to eat!”

“I prefer your cake.”

“I—I’ll go take a shower first.”

Ning Chu jumped up from the sofa. It was Wen Yang’s birthday tonight—there was no escaping it anyway. What she needed to consider now was whether she should put on something like a sexy maid outfit that would boost Wen Yang’s attack speed and damage, and maybe call him “Master” a few times.

Hmm... calling him “Daddy” would probably make Wen Yang even more excited.

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1IxOucqi87ss3bmqrO9zI2gYiM1Gy8Hz2>