

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 2 Chapter 221 / Chapter 501: Stubbornness Runs in the Family

When Ning Chu's grandmother led Ning Chu and Wen Yang out of the room where the alcohol was stored, Ning Chu's grandfather happened to come downstairs with Ning Juan.

Ning Chu's grandfather still looked the same as always—lean, with graying hair at his temples. Seeing Ning Chu and Wen Yang carrying and holding a bunch of things, he immediately blew his beard and glared:

“Did bandits just break into my house or what? What did you take from me?!”

Ning Chu glanced at her grandfather, who looked even more energetic than a young man, then thoughtfully lowered her head to look at the bottle in her hand.

Seems like the effect is pretty good~ Maybe I should let Wen Yang drink more...

“Anyway, you don’t need it. Might as well give it to the younger generation.”

Ning Chu's grandmother smiled kindly, patted Ning Chu on the head, and reminded her in a low voice, “Let Wen Yang drink less, or he’ll get a nosebleed.”

“Mm...”

Even without the reminder, Ning Chu didn’t dare let Wen Yang drink too much.

The first time she gave herself to him, Wen Yang had been in a drug-induced, overheated state. But back then he was still inexperienced—no matter how good his “hardware” was, he couldn’t fully perform.

Now, however, she has become much more sensitive. Even in a normal state, Wen Yang could make her feel like she was on the verge of passing out. Any little “surprise” was enough to completely overwhelm her—sometimes even to the point of her “CPU overloading” and blacking out.

If he drank medicinal wine on top of that, would she even be able to get out of bed the next day?

The group arrived at the first-floor living room. Ning Chu's grandfather's feigned anger quickly disappeared, replaced with a cheerful smile as he asked:

“What brings you here to visit this old man today? You didn’t even dare come during the New Year.”

“When are you planning to leave? You’re not going to skip lunch, are you?”

“This afternoon. We’ll leave after lunch,” Ning Juan replied as she sat down and turned on the TV.

As soon as Ning Chu's grandmother heard that, she headed toward her electric scooter:

“Then I’ll go buy groceries. I’ll cook you all a good meal today!”

“Ning Chu likes hamburgers. Remember to buy her two,” Ning Chu's grandfather called out, then asked, “Where’s Ning Xin? Why didn’t she come?”

“It’s Monday. Ning Xin still has tutoring classes. She’ll start school in September,” Ning Juan replied.

Listening to this, Ning Chu noticed that her grandfather seemed especially fond of Black Bean. Last time they visited, he had also kept teasing her.

“Right, it’s Monday—why did these two come? Aren’t they supposed to be in class?” Ning Chu's grandfather asked.

“Well, that person came back, didn’t he? Ning Chu was worried about me,” Ning Juan said helplessly. “So they’ll head back this afternoon to attend classes.”

Ning Chu's grandfather gave a simple acknowledgment, then bent down to pull out a bottle of liquor from under the coffee table and looked up at Wen Yang.

Ning Juan frowned: “Dad, they still have to take a bus back to school this afternoon...”

“I know.”

“Then why are you still making Wen Yang drink with you?”

Ning Chu's grandfather had already poured two small cups of liquor and looked up in surprise:

“When did I say I wanted Wen Yang to drink with me?”

He sighed and shook his head:

“I’m just an old man... you people never come visit. I can’t even find someone to have a drink with...”

Hearing this, Wen Yang immediately picked up his cup:

“Grandpa, I’ll drink with you.”

“Look at how sensible he is! You, on the other hand—you’ve got nothing to do at home, yet you never bring Ning Xin to visit me. It’s not even far! All you do is spend time with that boyfriend of yours.”

“.....”

At the mention of that “uncle,” Ning Chu scooted closer to her mother and whispered:

“Mom, when are you going to marry him?”

“That’s adult business. Stay out of it.”

She got flicked on the forehead, hissing in pain.

Her grandfather somehow produced some vinegar-soaked shrimp, peanuts, and boneless chicken feet as drinking snacks, and continued drinking cup after cup with Wen Yang.

Ning Chu was worried that if they drank too much and got carried away, they might end up becoming sworn brothers—making her drop a generation in seniority relative to Wen Yang.

Wouldn’t that be even more... stimulating?

After all, she already called him “Daddy” quite often...

“All you do is drink,” Ning Juan said, shaking her head in frustration.

“Getting drunk in broad daylight and going out to embarrass yourselves.”

“A little drink lifts the spirit. What do you, a kid, know?” Ning Chu's grandfather shot her a glance, then cheerfully clinked cups with Wen Yang again. “Come, drink!”

“.....”

Seeing that even her mother was being called a “kid” by her grandfather, Ning Chu let out a gleeful laugh. Ning Juan glanced at the bottles of alcohol and the packed-up tonics beside her, then lowered her voice.

“By the way, how much stuff did you take from your grandpa?”

“I took one bottle of each of those random liquors...”

“Just take half.”

Ning Chu froze, a question mark practically appearing over her head as she looked at her mother.

“Wen Yang is young and in good shape. Why do you need to take so much?”

Oh wow~ so this is what you were getting at!

That uncle is built like a bear—did he get worn out?

As expected of a woman in her forties—fierce as a tiger~ plus that “succubus physique” bonus~

She quickly realized the problem her mother was currently facing. The corners of her lips lifted slightly, forming a mischievous teasing smile as she leaned closer.

“Mom~ is uncle maybe...”

“Want to get hit?”

Ning Juan raised her hand angrily as if to smack her. Ning Chu shrank her head and quickly slipped over to sit beside Wen Yang.

So unfair! Mom can tease her all she wants, but the moment she teases back, she gets threatened with a beating!

Aren't they both succubi? What's there to be shy about~

Ning Chu scoffed inwardly and looked up at Wen Yang's already flushed face.

“Drink less.”

Wen Yang's alcohol tolerance wasn't great, and he was drinking strong liquor—it made her a bit worried.

“I want to...” Wen Yang's face looked miserable. “I'm not used to baijiu.”

The only person who could control Ning Chu's grandfather had gone out to buy groceries. To Ning Chu's grandfather, everyone else present was just a clueless kid.

Ning Chu had no choice but to offer a suggestion:

“Don’t be so honest, do you really have to down a full cup every time? Just secretly pour some out...”

“Alright, I’ll try.”

He agreed verbally, but Wen Yang didn’t dare to pull tricks in front of Ning Chu's grandfather, afraid it might lower his impression of him.

In less than an hour, before Ning Chu's grandmother even returned from grocery shopping, Wen Yang was already drunk and about to collapse.

“Not great,” Ning Chu's grandfather commented, still not satisfied. “Such a big guy, and he can only drink this much?”

“Grandpa...”

“If grandma sees this, she’s definitely going to scold you.”

“Like she dares?!” Ning Chu's grandfather raised his voice and shot back confidently, then—very honestly—waved at Ning Chu. “Quick, help him up to the third-floor bedroom to lie down. Just tell your grandma he didn’t sleep well last night.”

Ning Chu finally realized—this stubborn pride clearly ran in the family; there had to be a source.

From her grandfather to her mom to herself, every single one of them was stubborn to the core. Even that great-grandfather she’d never met was probably the same.

She looked at Wen Yang with concern. “Can you still walk?”

“Yeah... just dizzy.”

As long as he could walk, it was fine—there was no way she could carry such a big, unconscious guy up to the third floor.

Ning Chu struggled to support Wen Yang as the two of them wobbled to their feet and carefully made their way up the stairs.

She hated the smell of alcohol, but on Wen Yang it was mixed with a unique hormonal scent, which made it oddly tolerable for her.

After finally reaching the third-floor bedroom, just as they got to the bed, Wen Yang’s legs suddenly gave out, and he collapsed forward onto it.

Caught off guard, Ning Chu couldn’t dodge in time—half her body was pinned underneath him, and she cried out in pain.

“Are you crazy or what?!”

“Hey! Don’t touch me randomly!”

“Taking advantage of being drunk to act like a pervert, huh?!”

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1IxOucqi87ss3bmqfO9zI2gYiM1Gy8Hz2>