

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 2 Chapter 222 / Chapter 502: Ning Chu's grandmother When She Was Young

Usually, it was Ning Chu's grandfather who did the cooking, but in reality, Ning Chu's grandmother was the better cook.

Today, since Ning Chu had brought her boyfriend over for a visit, Ning Chu's grandmother hurried out to buy groceries. As soon as she got home, she went straight into the kitchen.

"Where are Ning Chu and Wen Yang?"

While busy cooking, Ning Chu's grandmother turned her head and asked her younger daughter beside her.

Ning Juan, helping out at the side, replied with a teasing smile, "Upstairs. Wen Yang hasn't slept well these past few days, so he's catching up on some sleep."

"Then Ning Chu went with him... oh~"

Before she could finish, Ning Chu's grandmother wore the same knowing smile as her daughter.

The two "succubi" exchanged a look and sighed, "Ah, youth is wonderful~"

Just as Ning Chu came downstairs, planning to head into the kitchen to find her mother, she overheard their comment. She froze for a moment, then hurried in anxiously to defend her reputation:

“What nonsense are you talking about! I just took him upstairs, that’s all!”

Ning Chu’s grandmother and her mother both looked at her. Their gazes swept from her still-flushed, rosy face downward, landing on her white shirt—buttoned incorrectly in her haste.

Her disheveled appearance made her denial especially unconvincing.

Following their gaze, Ning Chu looked down, then hurriedly fixed her buttons in embarrassment, mumbling guiltily, “Really, nothing happened...”

Nothing really happened!

They’d only been upstairs for half an hour—how could Wen Yang possibly manage anything in such a short time?

Besides, he was drunk out of his mind, completely incapable of “loading the gun.” She only realized this after her silver markings started heating up, leaving her stuck in an awkward, unsatisfied state.

Trying to act cheeky before going to sleep! Now she’s being misunderstood—she’s definitely keeping this grudge!

Tonight, when they get back, she’ll deliberately tease Wen Yang... and then go straight to sleep!

“Alright, alright.” Ning Chu’s grandmother chuckled and turned back to cooking, chatting with her daughter. “Young people are just shy, say a couple of things and their faces turn completely red~”

“Exactly~” Ning Juan nodded with a smile. “And half an hour isn’t enough anyway.”

“Wen Yang looks pretty sturdy, he should take some supplements.”

“ ... ”

With nothing but succubi in the room, the two women spoke without any restraint.

Ning Chu’s grandmother talked about such matters as calmly as if discussing everyday life, while Ning Chu’s mother wore a delighted expression, clearly enjoying teasing her.

Only Ning Chu stood there, flushed red, too embarrassed to lift her head. Left with no choice, she exposed her grandpa:

“Wen Yang is drunk, okay?!”

Ning Chu’s grandmother paused. “Your grandpa made him drink?”

“He kept forcing drinks on him! That’s why I ended up like this—I was taking care of him!”

Her expression darkened as she huffed angrily, “Drinking in broad daylight? He’s going to drink himself into the hospital sooner or later!”

“Exactly!”

“Ning Chu, want to try some? Fried ribbonfish—your favorite when you were little.”

Having “cleared the grievance,” Ning Chu’s grandmother dropped the risqué topic.

“Yes!”

“It’s just been fried—careful, it’s hot.”

Ning Chu’s grandmother took a small bowl, placed two golden, freshly fried pieces of ribbonfish into it, and handed it to Ning Chu. She sighed, “Last time I saw you, you were still like a little boy. And now you’re bringing a boyfriend home.”

Do you really have to bring that up?!

This hit Ning Chu right in her weak spot—her hand trembled, almost dropping the bowl.

“When I first heard about it, I was worried you wouldn’t be able to accept it. That’s why I rushed your grandpa to go see you.”

Ning Chu’s grandmother kept reminding her just how fast her transformation had been, making even the crispy, tender fried fish in her mouth taste slightly bitter.

“I wonder when I’ll get to see a great-grandchild~”

“Mom, Ning Chu just started her first year of college.”

“True. These next few years will be perfect to observe Wen Yang—make sure he’s not all show and no substance.”

Ning Chu, utterly drained, carried the bowl and walked out of the kitchen.

In the living room, her grandfather was lounging in a reclining chair, watching a local dialect program while casually cracking sunflower seeds, showing no sign of having drunk so much earlier.

It was said that in his younger days, her grandfather did business and had lots of social engagements, so his high alcohol tolerance was nothing unusual.

“Grandpa, want some?”

Ning Chu picked up a piece of untouched ribbonfish from her small bowl.

Ning Chu’s grandfather shook his head, then beckoned her over with a hand. “Come here, sit next to me.”

“What is it?”

She trotted over and pulled up a small stool to sit beside him.

Like he was doing something sneaky, Ning Chu’s grandfather glanced toward the kitchen, then pulled out a bulging wallet from his pocket. He counted out a few large bills and, without another word, stuffed them into Ning Chu’s coat pocket.

“This...”

Ning Chu awkwardly touched the money in her pocket.

She had experienced this many times since childhood. Back then, her mother raised the two siblings alone and refused to ask her grandfather for money even when times were tough. So every time they visited, her grandfather would secretly slip them some cash.

“Take it. Look how thin you are—eat more when you’re out.”

“I’m not that thin, am I?”

“It’s better to be a little chubbier—it looks prettier. Just look at your grandmother when she was young, how beautiful she was.”

Ning Chu’s interest was immediately piqued. “Do you have a photo?”

At the mention of photos, Ning Chu’s grandfather happily pulled out his phone and brought up a picture buried deep in his album—one that was even password-protected.

He proudly pointed at the screen. “Look—back then, your grandmother was famous for her beauty in all the nearby villages. When she married me, I don’t know how many men hated my guts for it.”

It was a photo of an old photograph, so it looked a bit blurry and faded.

Ning Chu leaned in for a look and exaggerated her reaction, “Wow~”

In truth, her grandmother in the photo wasn’t necessarily more beautiful than she was now. Without makeup, she was probably about as pretty as Lily—but her slightly plump, curvy figure was genuinely striking.

Even her bust was noticeably larger than Ning Chu’s current one.

Ning Chu’s frame was quite slim around the ribcage, so even with a C cup, it didn’t look that prominent visually.

Seeing her reaction, Ning Chu’s grandfather was very pleased. “Right? Eat more—you’re all skin and bones. I don’t know what girls nowadays are thinking.”

Ning Chu nodded repeatedly. “Yeah, yeah.”

Though deep down, she still thought being slimmer looked better.

Besides, she wasn't actually "all skin and bones" like her grandfather said—the little bit of belly fat and the softness on her thighs had bothered her for quite a while.

Curious, Ning Chu asked gossipingly, "Grandma was so pretty, how did you manage to win her over?"

"Take a good look at me, what do you think?"

"Uh..." She sized him up, hesitating, unsure what to say.

"Good looks, of course! Your grandmother chased after me, you know?"

But just then, Ning Chu's grandmother walked over to the dining table carrying two dishes. Hearing that, she immediately exposed him, "Don't listen to his nonsense."

"Hm?" Ning Chu turned her head at once, eyes full of anticipation.

Could there be a dramatic love story?

She was already mentally preparing a whole romantic novel.

"He had money back then." Ning Chu's grandmother rolled her eyes. "We got married within a month of a blind date."

Ning Chu froze in shock, and all her imagined love stories instantly turned to dust.

Though, it did fit that era, when marriages were largely arranged by parents.

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Link for character illustration:

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