

## Princess is Glamorous in Modern Day

### Chapter 20: Put To Bed

However, no one cared about Xia Yu's resistance.

"Jun Yin will come back with me tonight, he still has school tomorrow." Jun Shiling looked unhappily at Xiao Bao, who was clinging onto Xia Wanyuan.

Knowing that she would be leaving very early tomorrow, Xia Wanyuan nodded in agreement.

"But I want to sleep with Mommy." Upon knowing that he was going to be separated from Xia Wanyuan, tears slowly welled up in Xiao Bao's eyes. He couldn't bear to part with Mommy. A few anguished sobs burst out of his trembling lips.

Xia Yu looked at Xiao Bao's crying face and gloated inwardly. *'That little devil is going to be punished by his father.'*

"Stop fooling around. You have school tomorrow. Let's go."

Jun Shiling walked up and held Xiao Bao's hand. Just as he was about to leave, he stopped and looked at Xia Yu expressionlessly. "You too."

"..."

Xia Yu's gloating expression changed immediately. "I... Can't I go tomorrow?"

Jun Shiling glanced at Xia Wanyuan's exposed legs, which were as fair as an exquisite piece of jade, and felt an inexplicable surge of anger.

3

"Either you leave now or you don't go at all."

Xia Wanyuan didn't know why Jun Shiling was angry, but she still tried to ease the atmosphere by persuading Xia Yu.

"It's alright, go with him and help take care of Xiao Bao. I have to go out very early tomorrow."

Whatever struggles he had were futile. In the end, Jun Shiling held Xiao Bao's hand and left the apartment with Xia Yu, whose face was as wrinkled as a bun.

The boisterous house suddenly quieted down. Xia Wanyuan sat on the carpet, holding a cup of tea as she looked out the window. The modern city was unlike the ancient times where everywhere would be closed once night fell. At night, the modern city lit up with countless neon lights, giving it a unique charm.

As she looked out the window at the myriad of lights outside, Xia Wanyuan began to miss the little dumpling that had always clung to her. She wondered if they had arrived safely.

At this moment, the phone vibrated, and the screen showed a flashing black profile picture with a few stars on it.

The caller ID displayed one word, "Jun".

Before Xiao Bao left, he was especially reluctant to part with Xia Wanyuan, so she had promised him a video call to coax him to sleep. It seemed that they had reached home safely.

Xia Wanyuan smiled, put down the cup in her hand, and pressed the answer button.

"Mommy!"

A white and cuddly dumpling squeezed into the screen.

"Good boy. Have you showered?" Xia Wanyuan gently responded.

"Yes, Mommy. The auntie at home helped me take a bath. I smell so good now. Smell me!"

With that, Xiao Bao put his arm in front of the phone.

"Yes, you smell good." Xia Wanyuan's lips curled up at the child's adorable actions.

Beside Xiao Bao sat Jun Shiling, who was reading the documents on his computer seriously. However, although Xiao Bao had been chatting with Xia Wanyuan for almost fifteen minutes, he was still on the first page.

2

"Alright, it's time to sleep. You have to wake up early for school tomorrow."

A low and attractive male voice could be heard. Xia Wanyuan, who had wanted to talk to Xiao Bao for a while more, realized that it was already very late.

“Daddy, can I sleep with you? I’m afraid of the little monsters.”

Xia Wanyuan had been watching Ultraman with Xiao Bao those few days, and Xiao Bao needed Xia Wanyuan to accompany him to sleep at night as he was afraid that the little monsters would catch him and take him away while he was asleep.

2

Jun Shiling, who had never been close to anyone, wanted to reprimand him, but when he looked down and saw the pair of wet eyes that resembled his own, he finally allowed it.

“Mommy, the song you sang yesterday was really nice. I want to hear it today too.”

After being thrown onto the bed and stuffed under the blanket by Jun Shiling, Xiao Bao still held on to his phone to speak with Xia Wanyuan.

“Okay, then lie down and put your phone aside. Mommy will sing. Be good and sleep.”

Xia Wanyuan had enjoyed listening to popular songs recently. The melody was easy to remember and the lyrics were catchy. Therefore, when she coaxed Jun Yin to sleep, she often hummed songs that she had just learned.

“Mmm!” Xiao Bao obediently placed his phone by his pillow and closed his eyes.

Jun Shiling glared at him silently. He was so uncooperative when he was showering just now, unlike now. It was a pity that Xiao Bao’s eyes were closed and he did not notice Jun Shiling’s gaze.

Xia Wanyuan’s clear singing voice came through the phone. Her voice was like a clear pool of water striking a spring as if it was the only sound that could seep into the depths of one’s heart in this quiet night.

Slowly, Xiao Bao’s breathing became calmer, and the singing on the phone became softer gradually. Xia Wanyuan had slowly fallen asleep too.

Jun Shiling, who had been sitting quietly by the bed for a long time, gently took the phone from the pillow when he heard no sound from the phone anymore.

All that was left in the image was a clean and exquisite side profile. Her hair was scattered messily on the pillow. Xia Wanyuan’s long eyelashes were like a small arc fan, casting a shadow on her lower eyelids.

Jun Shiling was dazzled. He looked at her quietly for a while, then reached out to the phone and hung up the call.

The little dumpling curled up on the bed unconsciously, as though he was looking for someone to lean on. Jun Shiling, who was about to continue working overtime, lifted the blanket and fell asleep beside Xiao Bao.

Sensing a source of warmth, Xiao Bao's arms and legs wrapped around him.

It took him by surprise. Jun Shiling, who had never been so close to anyone before, froze for a moment. After a while, he reached out and hugged the soft little dumpling who was not even half his height.

The man's heart swelled with warmth as he took in the warm, milky scent emanating from the little dumpling's body. That was the natural bond that came with being related by blood.

The night finally quieted down.

...

They were supposed to meet at the airport at half-past eight in the morning. However, considering Xia Wanyuan's usual lazy habits, she probably wouldn't come until nine o'clock. Hence, Chen Yun ate leisurely before arriving at the airport.

Unexpectedly, the moment he entered the VIP room, he saw Xia Wanyuan sitting quietly on a chair with sunglasses on, drinking tea.

She was wearing a white floral print shirt and a pair of white tight-fitting pants that made her legs look as slender as a pair of bamboo chopsticks. She also wore a pink windbreaker with long flower petals sleeves and a long belt around her waist, which made her look like a budding flower.

"..."

He knew that Xia Wanyuan was beautiful and she had always liked bold colors and a flamboyant style. After a long time, he had already gotten used to her style.

However, the current Xia Wanyuan, although dressed in such a relatively monotonous color, was as delicate and moving as a lotus in the rain, leaving one with an endless aftertaste.

"Hey, um, you're here so early?" He felt a bit guilty. In addition, he was surprised by Xia Wanyuan's sudden change in style. Chen Yun approached her with some degree of embarrassment.

"Didn't we agree to meet at half-past eight?"

"..." He didn't know what to say.

“It’s about time, let’s go and check-in.”

Until they had boarded the plane, Xia Wanyuan was actually confused. After all, that was her first time going through ticket inspection and security checks. Fortunately, because the original owner of the body was lazy in the past, Chen Yun had to handle many things for her. Hence, no flaws were seen.

The plane gradually rose into the sky. Xia Wanyuan recovered from her dizziness and looked outside, only to find that she was already in the clouds.

Large clouds were piled outside the window like cotton candy. When she was still a little princess, she often asked her mother what was above the clouds. Her mother told her that it was a place for immortals to live.

Looking at the clouds outside the window now, Xia Wanyuan felt an inexplicable bitterness in her heart.