

## Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 581

Marry Me Quick Chapter 581-Ziyue couldn't help but smile.

She could look at a gentle Muchen for the whole day and wouldn't get sick of him.

"Smile," Muchen suddenly said. He reached out to touch her lips.

Ziyue was startled. Then, she understood. He was saying that she finally smiled.

She pulled her hand back and held his. "Let's eat, alright?"

Muchen didn't say anything, but he let go of her.

Ziyue climbed off him and put the food in front of him.

The two started eating.

Ziyue hadn't had a good appetite lately. She put down her utensils after eating a little.

Muchen's brows furrowed tightly. "Are you a cat?"

He felt that cats ate more than she did.

Ziyue pursed her lips. She felt like Thumbelina. Just a drop of water was more than enough.

Although that was what she was thinking of, instead, she said, "I ate at home, so I'm not very hungry. I came to keep you company while you eat."

Mm. Ziyue could lie too.

After hearing what she said, Muchen's expression improved a little.

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In any case, Ziyue felt that she had done the right thing by delivering lunch to Muchen.

As Xiyi had said, she had to make Muchen happy.

Many things had happened recently, and Muchen had become temperamental. His subordinates had suffered a lot as well.

At night, Ke secretly pulled Ziyue to one side. "Mrs. Qin, since you have nothing to do at home, why don't you deliver lunch to Mr. Qin every day?"

After Ziyue had delivered lunch to Muchen, he didn't lose his temper in the afternoon. Although he was still strict, it was enough for his subordinates.

"How nasty does he normally treat all of you?" Ziyue couldn't help but laugh. How frightening is Muchen to them?

How frightening?

Don't I also fear him at times?

"Mm. I'll deliver lunch to him daily if I'm free." Ziyue couldn't bear to turn Ke down when she saw how miserable Ke looked.

"I knew it. You're the best, Mrs. Qin. You're beautiful and kind..." Ke breathed a sigh of relief. If their boss was in a good mood, she might even be able to go on leave and look for Xiyi.

She was delighted just by the thought of it.

A thought occurred to Ziyue, and she said, "But..."

She spoke suddenly, and it made Ke gasp in fright.

Ziyue sighed. "Ke, you should know what I'm about to say. Can you help me? I just want to know if he's still alive."

Ke's expression was dark.

Ziyue was afraid of being turned down, so she continued. "I really have no other way. I beg you, Nan Ke. This should be easy for you. Just help me keep an eye out."

Ke saw Ziyue's pleading gaze and looked embarrassed.

After a moment, she gave in and nodded. "Alright."

"Thank you." Ziyue felt unusual gratitude in her heart.

If she was in Yunzhou City, she might have other ways of making inquiries. But this was Country J. Muchen forbid her from leaving, and she didn't have any other way.

There were only a few people around her who could help her.

Ke was a woman, and she was more compassionate.

Ziyue felt slightly apologetic that she had such a request. If Muchen learned that Ke was helping Ziyue verify Shichu's death, Ke would be in trouble.

But Ziyue didn't have any other way.

However, Ke's investigations couldn't confirm if Shichu was still alive.

She could only be sure that Shichu was still breathing when he was taken away.

Ke said solemnly, "Even if he was still breathing and didn't die at the spot, there aren't any good signs. Mr. Qin has great marksmanship."

However, Ziyue felt strangely happy when she heard it. "I understand. Thank you, Ke."

As long as Shichu's death wasn't confirmed, he might still be alive.

She had a strange premonition that Shichu wasn't dead.

Such thoughts were inexplicable. Deep in her heart, Ziyue believed her hunch would be true.

Because she grew more confident that Shichu hadn't died, her mood improved significantly in the next few days.

She made food for Muchen and delivered it to the office every day. She didn't make a fuss about going out, and she was obedient and compliant.

Even though Muchen went to the office daily, he kept an eye on Ziyue.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her getting better.

It was a strange feeling. Muchen clearly didn't think he did anything wrong but was constantly worried. He was afraid Ziyue would leave him because he killed Shichu.

That was why he made people guard over Ziyue and forbade her from going out.

He didn't think about whether his ways were reasonable. He only wanted to stop Ziyue from leaving. He followed his heart and did as such.

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The tension in Ziyue and Muchen's relationship was eased, but Muchen didn't remove the bodyguards.

Ziyue still didn't feel great.

No one would be willing to be stripped of their freedom, like a canary in a cage.

She knew that Muchen was emotionally unstable. She also knew that everything he did had something to do with the side effects of the K1LU73 antidote, but she was still suffering.

“What are you thinking of?”

Muchen’s voice came from behind.

Ziyue was slightly startled, and she turned to look at him. “Why are you off work so early today?”

She got up and took the coat in his hands.

To her surprise, Muchen hugged her and gave her a peck on the lips. He said, “Come with me to a banquet tonight.”

“What banquet?” Ziyue raised her head to look at him. Confusion filled her eyes.

Muchen was silent for a moment before he said, “It’ll be lively, and there’ll be many people. You haven’t been out in a long time. Let’s go and have fun.”

He rarely spoke so much these days. Ziyue was amazed.

But she didn’t really believe what he said.

Any banquet he had to attend wasn’t an ordinary banquet.

Therefore, Ziyue had to dress up intentionally.

She took quite a long time, and Muchen waited for her patiently.

When the two reached the hotel where the banquet was held, Ziyue discovered that it was hosted by Yuchuan.

Feasts organized by the Mogwin family were never ordinary.

Those in attendance were upper-class men and women. A luxurious air permeated the banquet.

Ziyue held onto Muchen as they entered and were welcomed by gazes from all around.

But these people were polite. They glanced at the two before looking away and nonchalantly continuing their actions.

After coming to Country J, she often attended banquets with Muchen. Still, she never thought that people would pay much attention to them.

The two went to meet Yuchuan first.

“Grandpa.”

Ziyue raised her eyes and looked at Yuchuan. She could feel that Yuchuan didn't have a great complexion lately with just a quick glance. He seemed to have lost a lot of weight.

Is he sick? Or does he have too much to do and tire himself out?

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 582**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 582-“He's coming.”

When Ziyue saw him, Yuchuan also looked over at her.

But something was strange. There was a smile on Yuchuan's face.

He seemed unwilling, but simultaneously, he had to smile and greet them.

Ziyue glanced at Muchen and noticed that his expression was as usual. It was as though he didn't realize anything wrong with Yuchuan.

“Grandpa.” Ziyue and Muchen greeted him.

Yuchuan nodded and said cordially, “Have a seat.”

The two sat beside him.

Muchen didn't let go of Ziyue's hand after he sat down.

Few noticed this action of his, and not Bessalyn, who had been keeping an eye on him.

Since Muchen and Ziyue walked in together, Bessalyn's gaze was fixed on them. She didn't even notice her friend speaking to her.

“Bessalyn? Are you listening to me?”

She only came to her senses when her friend nudged her, annoyed.

“I'm sorry. What did you say?” Bessalyn snapped out of it, and she had a blank expression.

Her friend was displeased at her response, but she thought of Bessalyn's family background, so she could only repeat what she had said.

“Do you see that man? He’s mixed-blood, and he’s tall and handsome. How amazing would it be if I could spend a night with him...,” her friend said, infatuated.

Bessalyn followed her friend’s gaze and saw a handsome man raising his glass to her as if proposing a toast.

The man had black hair and brown eyes. He looked mixed blood with one glance, but no one knew where he was from.

But she knew the man.

The son with the least power in the Mogwin family, Qin Jueyin.

The head of the Mogwin family was from Country Z, so his children spoke English.

In Country J, almost every woman wanted to marry into the Mogwin family. It would be an appropriate match even if the royal princess married into the Mogwin family.

In Country J, the Mogwin family was the symbol of wealth.

Bessalyn was enamored with the man named Muchen, so she secretly asked people to investigate the key players of the Mogwin family.

Jueyin was a playboy and had a bad reputation.

But because he was a Mogwin, many women wanted to fool around with him.

Bessalyn decided to warn her friend.

“Let me remind you that the man is a scum. He doesn’t have a great reputation in this circle, although he’s from the Mogwin family. If you insist on chasing after him, you’ll have to fend for yourself.”

It was a shame that Bessalyn’s warning didn’t scare her friend away.

Her friend looked as if she had fallen in love, and she looked at Bessalyn with flushed cheeks. “I’ve never seen such an attractive man. I won’t miss this opportunity. I feel like he’s the one.”

Bessalyn shrugged. “Alright. Good luck to you.”

Hopefully, her friend wouldn’t regret her decision today.

“Thank you, babe.”

Upon seeing her friend walk away, Bessalyn turned and looked in Muchen’s direction.

When Ziyue sat down, she felt a gaze following her closely.

No. To be exact, it was following Muchen.

She lifted her eyes and looked over, and she happened to make eye contact with Bessalyn.

Ziyue narrowed her eyes slightly. She thought about it and remembered that she had seen this woman once, on the first day she delivered lunch to Muchen.

Ke told her that the woman's name was Bessalyn.

Foreigners had such long names, but thankfully Ziyue remembered.

Bessalyn didn't feel embarrassed at being caught peeking. In fact, she raised her glass in Ziyue's direction openly. There was a flirtatious gaze in her pale blue eyes that were like Ke's.

One word immediately appeared in Ziyue's mind. Gorgeous.

Bessalyn was in a black halter evening gown and a hat. Her makeup was exquisite, and she was ravishing.

Ziyue couldn't help but look down at her outfit today.

She was in a simple, black, sleeveless, knee-high gown.

They were both in black evening gowns. Bessalyn looked beautiful, but Ziyue looked plain and simple.

Ziyue could only console herself that it must have been because of the different styles.

Women would always compare appearances and outfits. As Ziyue looked at her evening gown compared to Bessalyn's, Bessalyn also looked at Ziyue attentively.

Other women Bessalyn considered pretty were mostly celebrities. As for Mrs. Qin, she was prettier than them.

Besides her beauty, Ziyue must have had her own merits for Muchen to fancy her. Bessalyn couldn't underestimate Ziyue.

Even though Muchen had been listening to Yuchuan speak, he was distracted as he observed Ziyue.

When he saw her looking in the same direction, he followed her gaze and saw Bessalyn.

Something quickly flashed in his mind, and he said, "Why are you looking at Marni's daughter?"

"She's stunning." Ziyue pursed her lips and smiled before she turned her head to look at him.

Their gaze met briefly, and Muchen said, "She doesn't come close to you."

Ziyue could swear that she had been sincere when she said Bessalyn was stunning. But after Muchen spoke, it seemed like Ziyue was deliberately provoking Muchen.

But what he said sounded pleasant.

"What are you saying..." Even if it sounded pleasant, he exaggerated.

Bessalyn was prettier than her.

"Do you think I'm saying something against my will to win your favor?" Muchen raised his brows, and he looked at her like she was a fool.

Ziyue ignored his gaze and blinked.

"It's been a long time, Earl of Augsburg."

Before Ziyue could think of what to say, a female voice was heard.

She lifted her head. The woman before her was Bessalyn.

Bessalyn greeted Yuchuan calmly and gracefully.

When she felt Ziyue's gaze, she turned to look at Ziyue, and the smile on her face didn't change. "This must be Mrs. Qin. It's our first time meeting. Hello. I'm Bessalyn. I wonder if Mr. Qin has mentioned me before?"

She smiled and extended her arm to Ziyue. She had a charming smile, and every word she said was proper. She wasn't like the other women who were infatuated with Muchen. Everything they said was sarcastic and biting.

Ziyue intuitively knew that Bessalyn admired Muchen.

It was customary for outstanding women to like excellent men.

But this man was her husband. She wondered if Miss Bessalyn would still like Muchen if she knew how erratic Muchen's temper was.

**Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 583**



Marry Me Quick Chapter 583-Ziyue was about to stand up, but Muchen, who sat beside her, pulled her back silently.

With an outsider present, Ziyue couldn't say anything. She kept a smile on her face and said, "Hello."

Bessalyn clearly noticed the small gestures between them, and her expression stiffened slightly before it returned to normal.

After that, she smiled. "It seems like you have not mentioned me to your wife, Mr. Qin."

Muchen glanced at her and didn't say anything.

At this time, Yuchuan, who had been watching them, suddenly said, "If I remember correctly, Muchen has business dealings with your father."

A server brought a chair, and Bessalyn sat down.

She said, "Yes, Sir. My dad has worked with Mr. Qin for many years. They have a stable partnership."

She knew Muchen didn't intend to pay her any attention, so she didn't make a fool of herself. She didn't want to humiliate herself at the banquet, so she started chatting with Yuchuan.

She was tactful and didn't take up too much of Yuchuan's time. Yuchuan hosted the banquet, and he needed time to greet other guests. She didn't speak much to him, and she left shortly.

Ziyue saw everything. She couldn't help but admit that Bessalyn was an intelligent woman who knew when to come and go.

The difference between Bessalyn and Hanyan was that the former had a bigger heart and knew when to retreat. She also had a better family background than Hanyan.

As for Bessalyn and Hanyan's appearance, they were equally matched.

Ziyue realized she had grouped the women who liked her husband and compared them. She felt she might have been too bored, so she couldn't help but laugh.

Bessalyn left, and Yuchuan turned the conversation to them.

He looked at the two with concern. "Are you used to living out?"

"Mm," Muchen answered indifferently. He clearly didn't want to speak to Yuchuan much.

Yuchuan's expression changed, but he suppressed the anger in his heart.

Ziyue couldn't bear to leave things as such, so she said, "It's pretty good."

"I see. I thought you wouldn't be accustomed to living out. You can come back to Mogwin Castle if that's the case. I'm old, and I don't have anyone to talk to. Ah..."

Yuchuan shook his head.

Ziyue didn't know if she had the wrong idea, but she suspected Yuchuan was feigning pity.

She had previously seen Yuchuan's tricks. She couldn't help but think that Yuchuan might be scheming and up to something.

Ziyue thought about what to say when she heard Muchen say, "Alright."

She turned and looked at Muchen in surprise.

"We'll move back to Mogwin Castle in a few days," Muchen said as he gently squeezed Ziyue's hand.

Ziyue didn't know what purpose Yuchuan had and didn't understand what Muchen wanted to do. She stayed silent.

Other than meeting Bessalyn, nothing else interesting happened at the banquet.

The two went home after the banquet ended.

But on the way home, they met Bessalyn.

Bessalyn's car had broken down, and her driver was looking at the car's condition. She stood by the road and made a call. No one knew what the other party was saying, but she had a displeased expression.

But when she saw Ziyue and Muchen's car, her eyes lit up instantly. She walked over and stood in front of their vehicle.

Their driver had seen Bessalyn previously, and he knew her. He immediately stopped when he saw her in front of the car. He turned to look at Muchen, asking for instructions on what to do.

"Mr. Qin, it's Miss Bessalyn."

Muchen asked coldly, "Do you know her well?"

The driver coughed and didn't say anything.

Outside the car, Bessalyn seemed to have expected Muchen's reaction. She walked to Ziyue and tapped on her side of the window. She said anxiously, "Mrs. Qin..."

The car windows had excellent soundproofing, so Bessalyn's voice was soft.

Ziyue paused and lowered the car window with a doubtful expression. "Miss Bessalyn."

"Mrs. Qin, I'm sorry for disturbing you, but something happened to my car. I have an important appointment after this and don't want to be late. It would be too impolite. May I trouble you to give me a ride?"

Bessalyn's anxious and apologetic face seemed particularly sincere.

Ziyue's lips curved into a smile. "I'd be happy to."

"Thank you." Bessalyn smiled gratefully.

The driver heard their conversation and got out to open the door for her.

When the door opened, Muchen's cold voice was heard. "Sit in the front."

Ziyue was startled. Muchen wants Bessalyn to sit in front? It's the driver's seat.

In the upper-class society of Country J, there were clear distinctions between status and social ranking. How could they let Bessalyn sit up front?

"Don't listen to him. He's joking." Ziyue helped to smooth things over and made way. She indicated for Bessalyn to come in.

Bessalyn had a slightly unpleasant expression. Of course, she knew that Muchen wasn't joking.

Although she hadn't interacted much with Muchen, she knew about his temper.

He wasn't the type of person who liked to joke.

Muchen turned his head to the side coldly. As Ziyue spoke to Bessalyn, she slid her hand into his.

Muchen was displeased that she had let Bessalyn into the car. He got into a huff and moved his hands away.

Ziyue pulled his hand again unrelentingly.

The two fidgeted for a while before Muchen snorted. He held her hand and stopped moving.

Ziyue felt his actions and couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Bessalyn had been telling Ziyue about a funny incident when she was young. When she saw Ziyue laughing, she laughed along. "You find it funny, too, don't you?"

"Yes. You were so cute when you were young." Ziyue agreed at once.

Bessalyn glanced at Muchen silently and saw that he had an unconcerned expression. She felt slightly defeated.

She did have another appointment, but it wasn't very urgent.

But Muchen and Ziyue's car happened to pass by. She would be a fool not to get a ride with them.

Although it was her first time meeting Ziyue, she had some knowledge about Ziyue.

She couldn't find detailed information about Ziyue, but she found what everyone knew, such as Ziyue's rumored abortion.

Ziyue's family background was unlike hers.

It was clear that Muchen didn't care about outward appearances when he fell in love. He didn't care about anything else if he was in love.

Since Bessalyn was young, everyone liked her, from her male classmates to her work partners.

She believed she was charming, so she deliberately talked about herself after getting into the car.

She felt that Muchen would like her after getting to know her.

In the end, Muchen didn't look at her since she got into the car.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 584**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 584-Bessalyn couldn't help but size Ziyue up attentively.

What on earth does Muchen like about this woman?

She had to admit that Ziyue was prettier than many celebrities, but Ziyue had an ordinary family background. It seemed like Ziyue didn't have any outstanding talents, and her family was in a mess.

Bessalyn was baffled.

She felt defeated because Muchen hadn't looked at her since she had gotten into the car, so she came up with an excuse and got out of the vehicle at a random intersection.

When the car left, Ziyue glanced at Bessalyn through the rearview mirror.

She turned and looked at Muchen. "You didn't say a word to her since she got into the car. No matter what, she's the daughter of your future business partner."

To Ziyue, it was great that Muchen refused to get close to any woman.

But Muchen had wanted Bessalyn to sit in the front. It was unreasonable of him.

Being unreasonable would only hurt him and others. It was a flaw.

Muchen sneered. "I hate self-righteous women like her."

Previously, he had invited Marni to LK Group to discuss their partnership. He only found out at the last minute that Bessalyn was there instead of Marni.

At the time, he had wanted to get rid of Bessalyn.

If not for Marni's sake, he would have chased her away.

Ziyue quietened when she heard what he said.

In the past, Muchen would never directly express his likes and dislikes.

He was introverted and usually wouldn't say anything that revealed his feelings.

Lately, Ziyue could clearly feel that he had changed.

These changes were, by and large, the opposite of what he used to be.

Ziyue decided not to discuss Bessalyn with him anymore. She changed the topic. "Why did you agree to move back to Mogwin Castle?"

Muchen turned to glance at her, and his gaze dimmed. "It's safer there."

Enyang had found out about the villa that Muchen and Ziyue were living in. They had rushed in the other day, so it was unsafe.

Ziyue thought of the same thing when she heard what he said.

But she thought of Shichu again.

She hung her head and said, "Oh." She didn't say anything else.

Beside her, Muchen was silent for a long time.

But seconds later, he held Ziyue's hand and pulled her toward him, so she fell into his arms. He clasped her chin, and his voice was slightly dark. "What are you thinking about?"

Ziyue was startled but snapped out of it. She mumbled, "Nothing much..."

Muchen did baffling things like these now. He would suddenly pull her into his arms.

After she said it, she saw Muchen look at her suspiciously.

Every time she showed the slightest sign of displeasure or disinterest, he would doubt what she said.

He was very suspicious now.

"I'm serious. I'm not thinking about anything." Ziyue buried her head in his arms after that. She didn't look at him, and her voice was muffled. "I'm tired. I want to sleep for a while."

Upon seeing her lie in his arms and say she wanted to sleep for a while, he swallowed his words. He reached out to hug her firmly and turned to look out the window. His expression was hard to fathom.

...

Although Muchen had said he wanted to move back to Mogwin Castle, he didn't do anything after he returned.

Two days. Three days. And on the fourth day...

Zheng came.

Ziyue had been staying home and hadn't had much to do lately. She woke up as early as Muchen.

When she went downstairs, she saw Zheng standing before Muchen with his head hung as they spoke. A few bodyguards stood behind him.

When Zheng heard Ziyue coming down the stairs, he looked in her direction and greeted her with a smile. "Mrs. Qin."

Ziyue raised her brows. Did the sun rise in the west today?

Zheng had called her 'Mrs. Qin.'

Ziyue nodded and walked to sit beside Muchen. She smiled, "Why are you here, Mr. Qin?"

"The Earl wanted me to bring people to move your belongings. He often talks about you after you moved out."

Zheng was like a wolf in sheep's clothing. He said such hollow words so sincerely.

Ziyue smiled but didn't say anything.

Zheng wasn't embarrassed. He turned and looked at Muchen. "Master Muchen, should we help you pack your belongings now?"

"Sure," Muchen answered simply before he went for breakfast with Ziyue.

Ziyue turned to look at Zheng's figure before she looked at Muchen again.

Although his personality had changed slightly, he hadn't lost his craftiness as a businessman.

At the banquet, he had promised Yuchuan to move back, but he didn't do anything. He wanted to wait for Yuchuan to take the initiative and send people over to help them before he would return.

Yuchuan and Muchen were intriguing people. They wanted to force the other to be the first to yield.

But she didn't understand why Yuchuan was rushing them to return to the castle.

He didn't hesitate to give in so that they could return.

"Why does Grandpa want us to move back into the castle?" Previously, Yuchuan and Muchen would have worn each other down for quite some time.

Muchen looked down and ate his breakfast earnestly. He swallowed what was in his mouth before he said, "The next presidential election will be held next month."

Ziyue had almost forgotten about the presidential election.

After all, she wasn't a Country J native, so she didn't pay attention.

"What does this have to do with Grandpa?"

"We support different people," Muchen explained slowly, "it will be the pride of the Mogwin family regardless of which supported candidate wins the presidential election."

Ziyue was astonished. She hadn't thought about it at all.

She stopped what she was doing and pondered. She said, "I read online that Gricy would interfere in the presidential election, but I'm unsure if it's true."

But she felt that it was possible.

She had also previously read online that Gricy used living people for drug experiments. It was confirmed later on.

A vast international underworld organization could interfere in the presidential election.

Upon hearing it, Muchen raised his head and looked at her. "If that really happens, I'll look forward to it."

To them, Gricy was a hidden disaster.

The people around them were more or less involved in Gricy, but no one knew who was the leader of Gricy.

As far as they knew, Shichu, Enyang, Yannan...

These were influential people in Gricy.

Could the leader of Gricy also be somebody they knew?

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 585**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 585-Ziyue was frightened at such a thought.

Yannan, Enyang, and Shichu. All of these people were closer to them than the last.

If the leader of Gricy was really someone they knew, could it be someone close to them?

Ziyue started to feel worried. She reached out to pour milk but accidentally spilled it because she was nervous.



The warm milk spilled on the table and then onto her before she came to her senses. She grabbed napkins to clean it up at once.

Muchen had finished his breakfast. When he saw her like that, his brows furrowed. "What is there to fear with me around?"

Muchen got up and walked over to pull Ziyue up. He took a towel from a servant and helped Ziyue clean up. His actions were serious and meticulous.

Ziyue raised her eyes to look at him and said softly, "I spilled it on accident."

Muchen patted her dry before she went upstairs to change.

She didn't tell him what she was thinking about.

...

Since Yuchuan personally sent people over to help Muchen and Ziyue, they couldn't delay it any longer. They packed their belongings and returned to Mogwin Castle.

They stayed in the room they previously were in.

The room was clean, and it was just like it had been. It was as though Muchen and Ziyue had been out briefly rather than moved out for quite some time.

After the two returned to Mogwin Castle, Muchen received a call and had to go to the office.

Before he left, he reminded Ziyue. "Deliver food at noon."

"Alright." Ziyue was packing his clothes. She raised her head to glance at him before she continued what she was doing.

But Muchen wasn't very pleased with her response. He was already at the door, but he turned back on purpose. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her before leaving.

Ziyue glared at his figure. This stupid man...

When it was almost noon, Ziyue was cooking for Muchen. Zheng went to her.

"Mrs. Qin." Zheng greeted her respectfully at the kitchen entrance. He didn't walk into the kitchen and kept to his boundaries.

Ziyue turned to look at him. "Is something wrong, Mr. Qin?"

Upon hearing it, Zheng replied respectfully, "The Earl instructed me to invite you to lunch with him, Mrs. Qin."

"Grandpa wants me to eat lunch with him?" Is Yuchuan showing goodwill to me?

But if he was, he should show it to Muchen instead.

However...

She looked down at the food she was making. She had to deliver it to Muchen.

Nonetheless, they had just returned today and would live in the same place as Yuchuan. It wasn't good for her to turn him down.

"I'll head there soon. I'm afraid I have to trouble you to make this trip, Mr. Qin." Ziyue put down what she had in her hands and turned to nod at Zheng.

After Zheng left, Ziyue called Muchen.

...

Numerous people began to stir because of the imminent presidential election.

Many came to Muchen to get his opinions.

The royal family needed money. Whether it was for the army, discretionary expenses, or foreign affairs, they were all economically related. Of course, this included making contact with large companies.

Everything was linked in countless ways.

So, some large companies needed to fall in line at this time.

When Country J was viewed broadly, no corporation was more influential than LK Group. Therefore, LK Group's trends were like a weather vane.

One morning, Muchen's secretary turned down a few batches of people who came to make discreet inquiries on his behalf.

Additional work like that was a real headache.

At the time, the secretary's cell phone rang.

It was her personal cell phone.

When she looked at it, she realized it was an unknown number.

The secretary was doubtful for a moment before she answered the call. "Hello. May I ask who this is?"

After she said it, the other party on the phone was momentarily silent. A man's voice rang. "Are you the owner of this number? I received a call from this number one week ago."

One week ago?

The secretary never used her personal cell phone for work calls. Only her friends and family knew the number.

She suddenly recalled. One week ago, she had lent her phone to the president's wife.

That day, Mrs. Qin had come to deliver food to the president. She said she had forgotten her cell phone and asked to use the secretary's cell phone.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't the one who called you. My friend used my cell phone to dial the number."

The secretary was feeling slightly baffled. If Mrs. Qin had called her friend and her friend didn't pick up, she would have tried again at home, right?

So, why is this man calling her?

Mrs. Qin can't be... cheating, can she?

Once the secretary thought about it, she was instantly alarmed.

It was a terrifying thought. The secretary must have misjudged the situation.

"I understand. Thank you." The man on the other end of the phone said. It was as though he wasn't feeling very well. His voice was weak, but she could feel that he was gentle.

The secretary was about to hang up when she heard the person say, "Can I trouble you to inform your friend that all is well with me?"

The call ended after that.

The doubt in the secretary's heart grew.

She was a little preoccupied after that when she had to take minutes for a meeting.

When she thought about it, she felt Mrs. Qin wasn't indecisive and wouldn't cheat. Perhaps she forgot to call her friend at home.

Mrs. Qin had been delivering food to Mr. Qin every day recently. She should be coming today. I can just let her know later.

But when it was close to noon, she didn't see Mrs. Qin.

The secretary looked at the time. Doesn't Mrs. Qin usually come at this time?

When she delivered documents to Muchen, she asked, "Mr. Qin, is Mrs. Qin coming to deliver food today?"

Muchen didn't raise his head. "Mm."

She respected yet feared the president. She glanced at his expressionless face and didn't dare to ask anymore. She turned to leave.

She turned to depart after leaving the documents but bumped into a chair in front of the desk because she had something on her mind.

'Bang.' The piercing sound suddenly rang within the office.

Muchen suddenly lifted his head and looked at her. "What's up with you today? You've been absentminded. If you don't want to work, you can quit. You can write your resignation letter now, and I'll accept it immediately."

When the secretary heard what he said, she trembled and shook her head. "That's not the case. I want to work."

She suspected Ziyue might be cheating, so she didn't have the nerve to look at Muchen when she spoke.

Muchen's black eyes gazed at her sharply. "What are you hiding from me?"

The secretary had worked with him for a long time. He had long realized that she was hiding something from him!

But he didn't know what this careful and prudent secretary had the nerve to hide from him.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 586**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 586-The secretary's legs trembled from Muchen's remarks.

She thought the president had changed recently and was now more intimidating than ever.

She had worked as his secretary for many years and had once believed she could somewhat comprehend his irrational behavior. She was at a loss for words now.

She didn't want to lose her job, so she had to tell him what had happened truthfully.

Muchen remained silent for a while after he was done speaking. Even taking a breath was too risky for the secretary.

It was a pin-drop silence in the office.

Muchen talked calmly, yet his voice had an unexplainable sensation of pressure as he spoke slowly against the tense environment. He said, "When did my wife borrow your phone to make a call?"

"One week ago," said the secretary. "she brought you lunch on your first day, I believe."

'Crack!'

When the woman mentioned the date, Muchen snapped his pen in half.

The secretary, who had been watching him closely, was alarmed by this. Inadvertently, she touched her neck.

She summoned the courage and cautiously called out to him. The secretary said, "Sir?"

Without a word, Muchen picked up a stack of documents before him. He sternly ordered, "Get out!"

His tone gave off the impression that he wanted to rip someone apart.

The secretary didn't dare to leave. She knelt to gather the papers he'd flung swiftly, set them on his desk, and then bolted out like a rabbit.

Those documents were extremely important, and she couldn't afford to leave them behind. If the president were to investigate later, she would be done for.

Fortunately, she managed to leave unscathed. After closing the president's office door, she finally dared to take a deep breath.

Muchen was now enveloped in a foreboding cloud and poised to blow. His phone rang at that precise moment. He gave it a casual check and noticed that it included the landline number for Mogwin Castle. It was apparent who had called.

He clenched his fist as he frowned at the phone still ringing.

He didn't bother to pick it up.

Ziyue was perplexed.

Is he that busy right now?

But even if he were busy, he wouldn't ignore my calls.

He should be able to guess that it was me.

She was unable to bring him food today, though. If she didn't phone him ahead of time, he would become irate and lash out at her.

So, she had to give him another call.

The phone rang a few times before he picked it up. He remained silent.

Ziyue complained since she was aware of his temperament. She said, "Are you that busy today? You didn't answer my call just now."

Muchen replied with a hoarse voice, "It's fine. When are you coming over?" Ziyue couldn't determine his emotion at that moment.

Ziyue regretted her reaction after his question. She had to ask her driver to deliver the meals she had made to the business because she would be having dinner with Yuchuan later. Hearing Muchen's now-expectant tone, she started to feel a little guilty.

But she had to say it.

"I can't come over. I'll have the driver send the food to you. Grandpa asked me to come over and have dinner with him. I'll come to see you tomorrow."

Ziyue's tone conveyed a tinge of hesitation.

After she spoke, Ziyue sensed a change in Muchen's mood.

He didn't show his displeasure or have a screaming fit, as was to be expected.

Muchen responded with a nonchalant 'I know' before he hung up the phone.

Ziyue stared at the phone, unsure if he was still angry. She made the decision to wait till he returned before making amends with him.

Instead of dwelling on it, she put it behind her and got dressed. She arrived at Qin Yuchuan's house soon after.

Qin Yuchuan greeted her and talked to her as an ordinary elder would.

She knew his generosity was just intended to win over Muchen.

Ziyue returned to her room after eating lunch when a violent downpour unexpectedly caught her.

She was soaked to the skin from the rain when she reached her room.

She spotted Muchen standing there as she shut the door, equally wet as she was. He heard her yell his name.

She was initially startled. She confidently entered the room after determining who was present and asked, "Why are you back so early?"

How could he be back this fast?

The rain had just begun to fall, so he must have returned home. Ziyue was thoroughly soaked on her way back in minutes.

She reached home a little before Muchen. She spoke to him on the phone before going to Yuchuan's residence because LK Group wasn't close to Mogwin Castle. He ought to have hung up and gone home immediately.

Ziyue questioned, "Did you finish your work at the company?" She frowned at his soaked clothes and added, "You need a bath."

She left the room to start a bath for him.

Ziyue noticed that Muchen had been silent since she arrived. She turned the tap.

Was he still angry because I didn't deliver his lunch to him?

She wasn't sure if Muchen was acting childishly or out of irrationality, but she was powerless to stop it.

"Alright, come in and take your bath," instructed Ziyue. She had prepared the bathtub and walked outside to call Muchen.

She noticed that Muchen stood in the same spot as before.

Ziyue finally realized that something was off with Muchen.

She whispered, "What's wrong?" Ziyue walked over and took his hand.

His hands were frigid.

Ziyue was stunned and implored, "Why are your hands this cold? Come in and take a shower."

He remained standing despite her attempts to pull him into the bathroom.

Her patience ran out, and Ziyue grumpily shook off his hand.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 587**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 587-As Ziyue spent time with Muchen, she would often forget her temperamental nature.

She couldn't shake off Muchen's hand.

Muchen tightly held her while he stared at her with haunting eyes.

His gaze made Ziyue's heart tremble.

She could feel that his emotions were constantly at shift.

She suspected he was angry yet scrutinizing those emotions that brewed underneath.

The two stood in the room. The pair were locked in a dead-on stare.

The temperature dropped as the rain poured. The room's air conditioning was still on.

Their clothes were wet, and Ziyue quickly felt the chill.

If they kept this up, both of them would catch a cold.

In the end, Ziyue couldn't bear it. She softened her voice and said, "Let's go. We can talk about whatever it is after we finish showering."

Muchen eventually released her hand when he heard this. Ziyue turned around and sped directly to the bathroom. Ziyue wasn't feeling well, so perhaps the weather had something to do with it. She decided to set Xiyi's words aside for the time being.

How could two people who live together always completely obey one other?

Everyone has their own free will. Will I still be the same person in the future if I am willing now?

"Do you solely care about the life and death of Shichu?"

Muchen spoke up and interrupted her thoughts. Ziyue was quick to catch the name 'Shichu.'



She quickly turned to face Muchen and asked, "What did you say?"

Ziyue's eyes met with Muchen's somber ones. He replied coldly, "Even if he isn't dead, I still won't let him go!"

She staggered, "He... isn't dead?" Ziyue would be glad if she could confirm that Shichu wasn't dead, even if she was aware she couldn't discuss Shichu's life or death in front of Muchen.

Muchen confronted, "You seem so relieved, thrilled even, to learn that he is still alive. I can do nothing to change that. How much do you love him?" His expression grew threatening, and his eyes widened.

Ziyue interjected, "What are you referring to? You make it plain to me who loves whom!" Ziyue just noticed that the chill on her body was becoming worse. She tried to feel something as she pinched her finger.

"For him, you secretly took birth control pills and refused to have my child. You even contacted Enxue to rescue him. Even when you came to the company to bring me food, it was a chance to find out if he was alive. Ziyue, do you think I have so much patience to tolerate you repeatedly?" His words wounded her.

Ziyue felt dazed.

She couldn't make sense of what Muchen was saying.

She didn't refuse to become pregnant with his kid over Shichu or contact Enxue to save Shichu.

About the last one, even though she did use the justification of bringing him food to inquire as to whether Shichu was still alive, a significant portion of the motivation was still to please Muchen.

She was devastated to see him struggle with the 'K1LU73' antidote's adverse effects, but she couldn't take the slander and unfounded charges.

"You're making things up. I didn't do any of those things! I brought you food and inquired whether Shichu was still alive, but that wasn't my main goal. As for the other two things, I didn't do them. You cannot just blame me for them!"

Ziyue gazed up at Muchen, refusing to back down. She reflexively clinched her fists that were hanging by her side.

"Did you forget to take your birth control pill? You told me we would have another kid, but as soon as Shichu came, you started using birth control. Did you honestly believe I was unaware when Lynn phoned you the day she brought Shichu to be saved? When

Lynn phoned, would you have passed up the chance to save Shichu even though you've always wanted me to let him go?"

Muchen laughed as he said, "Do you think I'm stupid? Do you think I can tolerate you without holding you accountable?"

Ziyue was so angry that she laughed. Was she someone who didn't understand the gravity of her actions?

Did he believe she had told her something simply because Enxue had contacted her?

With a trace of mockery in her eyes, Ziyue scoffed. She said, "Have you been tolerating me? Your patience isolates me from the outside world, keeps me confined to this villa, and treats me like a pet. Are you tolerant of that?"

There was a brief period of stillness in the room as her remarks were said. Ziyue could hear her heartbeat since it was so silent.

She had been holding down her emotions for far too long. She had remorse as well as affection for Muchen.

She, therefore, put up with it after Xiyi said such things to her and persuaded herself that Muchen did not mean to say those things.

But she was a living person.

Unlike the plates, cutlery, and blankets they used, these things had no emotions. No matter how the owner treated them, they would not feel anything.

Muchen repeated, "Pet?"

It turned out that despite his fears that she might leave him, all she felt was his confinement. She believed he treated her like a pet.

He moved closer to her and took a step. "Do you know how many people yearn to live in this castle? This is the greatest honor bestowed on you!"

Muchen had a terrifying expression in his eyes. Ziyue didn't start to feel scared until that point.

"Muchen, listen to me. I think we may need to calm down..." What they said to each other was a little too brutal.

Muchen reached out and seized her by the nape of her neck. He drew her in his direction with a firm tug as he leaned down. "I am calm," he said.

Ziyue was overcome by fear despite his calm demeanor and soothing words.

She overlooked the current aberration of Muchen.

She couldn't provoke him.

Nonetheless, it was clear that it was too late. Muchen would not listen to whatever she said at this time.

To look more composed, she gulped.

Her neck was being clasped tightly by Muchen's sizable hand. His five fingers encircled her nape. "Naturally, you must act properly since you are a pet. Obey your master by remaining at home every day. Stay in the house and continue to be a pet since you love it so much. Stay here and nowhere else."

As he spoke, his grip grew tighter.

The back of the neck was already vulnerable, so Ziyue winced in pain. She paid no attention to what he had said. "Let go of me..."

Muchen appeared not to hear her. "A pet only needs one owner, and if you still think about other men, then I'll have to get rid of him," he threatened.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 588**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 588-Ziyue's neck was in excruciating pain, but Muchen did not attempt to relax his hold.

She listened to Muchen's statement but lacked the courage to challenge him. She knew he wouldn't trust a word she said.

Although Muchen's intensely dark eyes were locked on Ziyue, he had a depressed expression. The man almost appeared possessed and was ignorant that his actions harmed her.

The pain was making Ziyue's neck numb. She felt somewhat grateful that he did not immediately strangle her since, or she might not have survived.

She started to resist and slammed her fists into Muchen's torso.

When Muchen finally reacted, she scowled sternly and slapped her hand away. Ziyue struggled and lost her equilibrium. She fell backward and struck her head against the edge of a table. Blood immediately spilled out.

Ziyue experienced pain. A warm warmth went across her face after the ache. When she felt it and realized she was bleeding, she reached up to touch it.

It turned out that she had hit her head and had a wound.

She observed the blood on her palm. Ziyue turned to face Muchen, who stood there blankly. She stood up and moved for the door as if nothing had occurred.

When she passed Muchen, he reached out to stop her. "Where are you going?"

...

"To get the servant to call the doctor. I don't want to die from excessive blood loss," demanded Ziyue. She didn't bother to look at him. Her eyes were fixed elsewhere as if looking at him was unnecessary.

Muchen's grip on her loosened and then tightened again. "Without my command, you are not allowed to go anywhere!"

"Oh, so I can't even go to call the doctor?" Ziyue finally turned to look at him. She glared coldly at him.

Muchen's pupils somewhat shrank as he gazed at the blood gushing from her skull. He raised his lips, but he remained silent.

Suddenly, he let go of Ziyue's hand, turned around, and dialed a phone number.

"Get here immediately. We are at the Mogwin Castle."

Ziyue guessed that he had called Doctor Mo.

She believed that he didn't care whether she lived or died.

Ziyue cast a disapproving look and rejected his hand. She made her way to the bathroom.

She needed to shower first because she didn't know when Xiyi would arrive. She would be torturing herself if she let herself out in the cold with a wound.

She went directly into the bathroom and showered. Ziyue was careful to avoid her wound.

She hurriedly finished her shower and looked around, not knowing how long she had seen Muchen standing still at the door.

The uneasiness barely persisted for a few seconds.

She walked past him with a towel wrapped around her and was stopped by Muchen.

Ziyue questioned impatiently, "What do you want now?"

Muchen's eyes were red with rage as he tightly pursed his lips.

Perhaps due to her injury, all her resentment erupted simultaneously, and she lost tolerance for Muchen.

After much mental anguish, Muchen eventually located a piece of cloth and wrapped it over her head to momentarily stop the bleeding.

Ziyue was momentarily startled before changing into new garments.

...

When Xiyi arrived, it was already an hour later.

A doctor in Mogwin Castle might have reached it in ten or twenty minutes, but Muchen insisted on having Xiyi come and forced her to endure an entire hour.

Ziyue remained still as Xiyi dressed her wound. She was calm, with no other feelings present.

When Xiyi cleansed her wound, Muchen stayed by and observed. A little while later, he abruptly turned and walked away.

As soon as he was gone, Xiyi immediately asked her, "Madam, about this wound..."

"Muchen made a mistake. It wasn't intentional. He hasn't reached the point where he would intentionally harm me."

Ziyue responded emotionlessly. Xiyi had the nagging impression that the two must have been at odds for this to have occurred.

Mo Xiyi talked once her wound had been dressed, "Madam, you can't provoke Mr. Qin in his current state because it will go awry."

Ziyue sneered, "Do you think he still needs me to provoke him? He can already imagine me as a shameless woman who only cares about money and pleasure. His delusions are enough to provoke him!"

Mo Xiyi was surprised by her laments. But Ziyue continued, "What? Do you want me to keep suffering? Keep making him happy? Who thinks about me while you're all focused on him? He misinterprets me and is stubbornly unwilling to listen to anyone. He

confiscated my phone, locked me up, limited my freedom, and controlled everything I did. Do I have to lose myself now that I've lost my freedom?"

It had been too long since she had kept quiet.

They all had Muchen as their primary focus, whether Xiyi or the Nan siblings.

Xiyi's natural tendency was toward Muchen, although he seemed emotionless and frigid and had his entire heart set on pursuing a medical profession.

He just let her accompany Muchen without giving her any thought whatsoever following the adverse effects of her medicine.

Even though Nan Ke and Chuan were aware of Muchen's condition, they remained silent and feigned to be deaf and mute instead.

Everyone in her immediate vicinity was focused on Muchen.

Although they called her 'Madam,' it was a useless title. The one they were devoted to was always Muchen.

They were Muchen's subordinates and partners. Their loyalty to him was understandable. But what about her?

She was forced to watch Muchen kill Shichu, put up with his bizarre demeanor, and tolerate everything he did to her.

She offered no remorse.

However, she permitted Nan Ke to investigate the events surrounding Shichu. Out of worry for Nan Ke, Ziyue stopped allowing her to inquire more.

Yet, she had never been given any thought. She was helpless and isolated.

Xiyi appeared somewhat confused.

Moreover, he was aware of what Muchen had done.

He only knew Ziyue should follow Muchen, but he had no idea that Muchen would grow increasingly erratic.

He was erratic, unyielding, harsh, and autocratic. The aggressive feelings within Muchen became more and more evident.

Xiyi took a deep breath and said, "Sorry, I didn't expect the situation to become this out of hand."

Ziyue was stunned and looked up at Xiyi. She didn't expect him to apologize to her.

## Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 589

Marry Me Quick Chapter 589-She dipped her head and pursed her lips before looking elsewhere. "I'm sorry. I didn't intend to blame you," Ziyue said.

She touched the gauze around her head and added, "I appreciate you coming to bandage my wound, but you don't have to accompany me outside."

She looked up at him as if signaling him to leave.

Xiyi took up his first aid bag and left with a bitter smile.

...

As he walked down the stairs, Xiyi observed Muchen smoking in the corridor.

There were several cigarette butts in the ashtray in front of him.

Xiyi objected to this and approached him. He whispered, "Sir, you can't smoke."

Muchen didn't seem to hear him. He inquired while holding the cigarette in his palm, "How's her injury?"

Xiyi realized his attempts to persuade were futile. He arched his brow and replied, "It's not serious. The wound isn't deep, and it will heal soon."

He unexpectedly provoked Muchen with his statement.

Muchen violently flung his half-smoked cigarette at him and yelled, "Not serious? There was so much blood!"

Xiyi cocked his head slightly. Only a tiny amount of ash from the half-smoked cigarette was visible on his black suit.

He remained silent as Muchen yelled at him.

He wasn't angry but couldn't stop thinking about what Ziyue had said.

Ziyue had been allowed to accompany Muchen, but he had forgotten how bad Muchen's temper had been.

Even in the past, when he had a bad temper, Muchen did not regularly lose his cool with others around him. Yet, he wasn't remarkably expressive of his feelings when angry.

He could not tell the difference between being calm and being furious when agitated.

Although having a confused state of mind, he remarked, "It's just a skin injury."

This time, Muchen just gave him a frigid glare while maintaining his distrust in his gaze.

Xiyi pondered momentarily, then said, "If you're worried, I can come over every day."

Muchen raised an eyebrow and thought momentarily, "Hmm." He then nodded.

Once Xiyi left, Muchen lingered in the hallway before returning to the space.

Ziyue was hunched over the bed as he entered, deep in meditation.

Ziyue didn't give him a glance despite the commotion he made when he entered. Maybe she was pretending not to hear or was too preoccupied with her thoughts to listen.

Muchen approached with long strides and then looked down at her.

His eyes narrowed as he focused on the white gauze around her head. He gave it one glance and then stared at her face.

She had been rained on and was slightly pale due to the injury to her head.

The more Muchen looked at her, the more his face darkened.

Ziyue thought he would say something but remained silent for a long time. His intense stare made her skin crawl.

She threw the blanket over herself and hid under it because she couldn't take it anymore.

As a result, she felt her blanket pulled as soon as she rolled over.

Ziyue tried to resist and pulled the blanket back. She then heard Muchen say, "I'm hungry."

He spoke with the same lifeless and flat tone as always.

Why is he claiming to be hungry right now when she had explicitly ordered the driver to bring him food at noon? This has nothing to do with her.

Ziyue pretended not to hear him and went back to sleep.

As Muchen noticed that she wasn't moving, his tone went louder unintentionally, "Ziyue!"



Ziyue turned over and sat up. She sounded aggressive, "If you're that hungry, go to the kitchen and have the servants cook for you!"

He must not have eaten the meal she had the driver deliver since he rushed back to her in a rage. Muchen screamed countless cruel things during that time.

"You cook," he said. Muchen gave her a frigid glare while he maintained an expressionless gaze.

Ziyue's expression darkened as she spoke, "No, I won't!"

The audacity to demand I cook after he had injured my skull. Now he's acting as if nothing had happened. What nerves!

Does he see me as a dog? Throw a bone when I'm upset. Kick me when I'm overexcited?!

Because of this, her resolve was only firm for a split second before it was lost.

She was already being roughly hauled from the bed by Muchen.

Ziyue stared at him in shock since she didn't anticipate Muchen treating her this way.

She had always considered Muchen shameless, but at least he had a mannerly side. She was utterly stunned by his behavior.

Without uttering a word, he dragged Ziyue violently and then moved towards the entrance.

Ziyue was powerless to stop him and was forced to follow.

"Are you crazy? Let me go, you monster!" Ziyue felt like she was going crazy.

She would go insane if she continued to live with Muchen in this manner.

"Even if I drop dead, I won't cook for you. Don't even consider having me prepare food for you in the future!" Ziyue displayed a crass movement by vigorously stomping her feet on the ground.

Muchen found the behavior unthreatening.

In the end, Ziyue was dragged to the kitchen by Muchen.

"Cook," he demanded.

At the kitchen door, Muchen paused and continued to observe her.

Ziyue bit her lip and glared at him with bloodshot eyes. She said, "I won't do it!"

Muchen looked at her once, then turned around and left. He ignored her words.

"Muchen!"

Ziyue was fed up with him.

Muchen came back and brought a chair to guard the kitchen door.

This lunatic!

Ziyue became so enraged that she clutched her hair and started to circle the room. She ran outside and grabbed a steward, "Go out and buy me two packs of instant noodles. Now!"

The couple's confrontation terrified the servant so that they dared not speak. They went out to get instant noodles after they were informed of Ziyue's instructions.

Junk food was not available at the castle.

Ziyue stared at Muchen with hatred.

So, he wants me to cook? Fine! I'll cook!

He received a bowl of instant hot noodles from Ziyue, and the air was permeated with the aroma of stale pickled cabbage.

Muchen looked at the massive bowl of 'noodles' before him. He frowned.

He looked dissatisfiedly at Ziyue and spat, "Is this it?"

"I only know how to make this," leered Ziyue. She stood before him with her arms folded and a mischievous expression in her eyes.

A trace of humor flashed in Muchen's eyes as he studied her expressive face. It was too fast for anybody to notice.

Then, Ziyue grabbed the chopsticks and began to eat while still appearing to be watching the program.

Ziyue went silent.

## Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 590

Marry Me Quick Chapter 590-Muchen should have a nasty temper.

I made him some nutritionally lacking instant noodles. Shouldn't he be furious? But he just started eating them calmly.

Moreover...he seems to be in a good mood.

Ziyue scowled as she approached Muchen. She watched him effortlessly consume the bowl of noodles.

She looked at the ground, somewhat confused.

Muchen finished his dinner and walked away without glancing at Ziyue. It was as if he hadn't previously pushed her to prepare a meal in the kitchen.

Ziyue kept an eye on him as he made his way upstairs. The wound on her head began to hurt more and more.

...

The next day, Xiyi came to check Ziyue's wound as promised.

Although Muchen's request was unnecessary, Xiyi was meticulous and always kept his word.

Ziyue's wound wasn't severe enough to require daily checkups, but he took a serious look nonetheless.

After being tormented by Muchen yesterday, Ziyue couldn't help but ask Xiyi. She said, "When can you do a comprehensive checkup on Muchen?"

She understood that she could no longer follow Muchen's thoughts.

Despite their quarrel yesterday, he had her cook for him.

She purposefully cooked instant noodles for Muchen out of malice, but to her amazement, he ate them without saying a word.

She was finding it increasingly challenging to predict Muchen's behavior.

Xiyi was slightly stunned when he heard this, as if he had thought of something, and asked, "What's wrong?"

Ziyue then recounted yesterday's events to Xiyi.

Xiyi, who had spent his whole life dealing with drugs and research, had no idea how couples communicated. He just grimaced and was unable to make sense of what had happened.

Finally, he nodded and said, "Okay, I understand."

...

Midday, Muchen came back.

Ziyue was in the courtyard examining a flower. She felt it was lovely and wished to bring it back to her homeland so that it may grow.

A servant arrived just in time to inform her that Muchen was back.

Ziyue sneered and reprimanded, "Don't tell me when he returns in the future."

She found it uncomfortable to be alone with Muchen at this time. She required Xiyi to examine Muchen as quickly as possible.

She hoped that Muchen could recover quickly.

"Repeat it."

Behind her, Muchen's voice could be heard.

Ziyue was startled and turned to discover Muchen standing behind her. He wore all-black attire, including his pants and shirt, and a suit jacket slung over his arm. He appeared like a model from a fashion magazine and was quite animated. He did, however, have a tinge of hostility.

Ziyue tightly pursed her lips.

What just happened? Ask me to repeat it.

Who is terrified of who? I'll repeat it!

She tossed the shovel in Ziyue's direction. She said as she lifted her chin, "I said you don't need to tell me when you'll come back in the future!"

"Hah!"

Muchen sneered and strode over.

Ziyue's legs moved more quickly than her mind did. She retreated almost instinctively but could not keep up with Muchen's pace.

He approached her with long strides. Muchen then said, "You said you're a pet, right? Pets should have a sense of awareness."

'...'

I was using a metaphor.

What is this man trying to do? Bringing up 'pet' repeatedly?

Has he lost it?

Ziyue choked and asked, "What...awareness?"

Muchen instantly grinned. He spoke clearly, "Obeying your owner's commands."

F\*ck you, the owner!

Ziyue clenched her fists. She seethed with rage.

With the horror she displayed, Muchen appeared to be quite pleased. He took a small step back and continued to look at her. "Also, I won't ever allow Shichu the chance to escape my clutches again if we cross paths again. Don't even consider being with him," he threatened.

Ziyue felt powerless.

She was unsure how to express her affection for Shichu to Muchen.

Yet Shichu's survival had already been implied by Muchen's statements.

He was a crucial player in Grisly, and the group would undoubtedly look out for him.

She just hoped that she would never see Shichu again.

Because they will undoubtedly be adversaries the next time they cross paths.

No matter what role Shichu plays at the time, their relationship can only be hostile.

She will no longer beg for Shichu if he again falls into Muchen's hands. She won't get involved with Muchen and his relations.

Whatever the reason Shichu joined Grisly in the first place, his actions were unacceptable.

The poisoning of Muchen, using human subjects, and even her suspicion that Shichu was responsible for Li Yannan's demise...

Ziyue's eyes flickered with a hint of loss. The thought haunted her.

Muchen noticed her dismal expression. He immediately assumed she behaved this way because she and Shichu won't be together.

His voice grew cold, and his eyes became somber. He said, "What would a typical owner do with a pet who defies commands?"

Ziyue's remark caused her to ground back into reality.

Ziyue glanced at him and then averted her gaze.

Nonsense! I'm not talking to him about such a worthless subject because I'm not his supposed pet.

Regardless of how she responded, Muchen said to himself, "I once gave away a pet. So, you better behave."

Muchen stopped speaking, and he gave her a severe look. Then, he turned and walked away.

Ziyue stared at his back in shock.

She couldn't overlook how serious he was now.

Muchen treated me like a pet and threatened to give me away if I didn't act appropriately...

If that were real, Ziyue couldn't conceive if she would still have the fortitude to stand beside Muchen.

Can a person's heart change along with their personality?

Ziyue stood in a daze, and a servant walked over and whispered, "Madam, the master asked you to cook."

"I know."

This time, Ziyue didn't resist and quickly made a simple meal for Muchen.

When she delivered it to the table, she saw a satisfied expression on Muchen's face.

Ziyue wondered if he had anticipated that his threat would be effective.

Ziyue gritted her teeth as she considered this scenario.

Does Muchen intend to toy with me like a pet?

