

## Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 591

Marry Me Quick Chapter 591-The next day was Saturday.

Ziyue woke up early in the morning and noticed the man had gone to the bathroom. She peeked toward the bathroom and went back under her covers to sleep.

She planned to only get out of bed when Muchen left.

It was because she did not know how to get along with him any longer.

With so many things on his plate, there is no doubt that he will be heading out.

She was correct. Muchen was going to head out.

The presidential election was coming up. Shichu was still alive. There were a lot of things he needed to handle.

But she did not know that he would bring her along.

Bored, Ziyue hid under her blanket and waited for him to leave the bathroom.

Muchen stepped out of the bathroom shortly after.

He stood before the mirror and took his time buttoning up his shirt. "Enough with the act. Get up on your own."

Ziyue, hiding under her covers, was displeased when she heard his order.

She stood her ground for a few seconds before crawling out reluctantly.

Wearily, she leaned against the headboard as her eyes fell on his upright figure.

He was done with the buttons and was adjusting the cufflinks. Even his back seemed to have an air of unreasonableness.

She sat unmoving on the bed. Muchen finished adjusting the cufflinks and turned around, looking at her blankly. "I'll give you ten minutes."

He strode out.

Ziyue watched the door shut and ran her hand through her hair with annoyance. She finally got out of bed.

How am I supposed to wash up, put on makeup, and change my clothes in ten minutes?

Unreasonable scum!

Ziyue grumbled silently but still cleaned up as quickly as she could.

When she went downstairs, Muchen was waiting for her in the lobby.

He heard her coming down and spoke up without even lifting his head. "You're five minutes late."

Ziyue hurled her purse at the sofa beside him and said in a displeased tone, "Right. I'm five minutes late. What will you do?"

When he heard her reply, his expression changed slightly. His dark eyes narrowed as the displeasure on his face became evident.

"I told you what would happen if you didn't listen."

She scoffed. "Muchen, what do you think I am? Do you really believe I'm just an object you can bring wherever you go and do with me as you please? You think you can give me away if you want to and make fun of me if you're in the mood?"

As she spoke, she moved nearer to him and poked him in his chest fiercely. Her alluring eyes were narrowed as she said firmly, "I am a living human. I am a person of my own, not your possession. You have no right to punish me! Do you hear me?!"

She had been too obedient toward him lately. He was like a spoiled child who did anything he liked without any care.

Before this, he would never say such things, even if angry.

Ziyue glared at him and marched to the sofa. She sat down and crossed her legs.

She fixed her eyes on him and leaned back, acting leisurely.

The next moment, she changed her posture and stretched out her legs.

It was because her legs were trembling.

It was not that she had never spoken that way in front of Muchen. But ever since he changed, she had always listened to him. This was the first time she had talked back to him.

It was impossible to say that she did not feel guilty.

Even so, she felt that she was being reasonable.

Why should I feel guilty? He's the one in the wrong!

Muchen turned and looked her up and down. He said indifferently, "Tell me again when your legs won't tremble after saying such things to me."

She was stunned. Before she could react, he took a few steps toward the entrance but stopped again. "Come," he said without turning back.

Subconsciously, she stood up and went after him.

When they reached the car, she could not help but hit her head. Why should I follow his orders?

"Argh..."

She cried out in pain and touched her head. She had hit her injury, of all places.

A bodyguard opened the car door. "Please enter, Mrs. Qin."

With a hand covering her head, she entered the car reluctantly and sat at the furthest seat away from Muchen.

He was taking a phone call. When she entered, he only glanced at her and continued speaking on his phone.

Ziyue leaned against the car door as she held her head with a hand.

"What happened?"

It was unclear when Muchen had ended his call. He asked as he noticed her holding her head.

She mumbled, "Nothing."

She ignored him, resting against the backrest.

But he would not let things go even if she ignored him.

He pulled her over with a frown. "I asked, what happened!"

A trace of anger could be heard in his voice.

Ziyue pressed her lips together. When she realized struggling away from him was in vain, she answered, "I woke up too early, and my head hurts. Are you satisfied?"

She tried several times but still could not get away from him.

Why does he keep grabbing people like this? Does he have too much energy and nowhere to use it?

His expression turned sullen. When she noticed it, she felt alarmed. She swallowed and said, "It's just that the wound is painful. I knocked into it when I was entering the car."

He finally released his grip and checked her head carefully.

In truth, her head wound was healing quickly. It would not hurt if no one touched it. Ziyue also did not feel any sensations usually as the injury was not deep.

Muchen could not see anything unusual as the wound was covered with a bandage.

"Go to Mo Xiyi's place." He ordered the driver as he released his grip on her.

Ziyue peeked at him as her heart jolted. She called out cautiously, "Muchen."

He turned to her and signaled for her to talk with his eyes.

She asked tentatively, "It looks like you're a little worried for me..."

She felt that it was not just her imagination.

As harsh as he could be toward her, he had never hurt her and seemed to care for her.

"Oh? Do you think so?" Muchen tilted his head slightly and looked at her amusingly as if he had heard some entertaining news.

Ziyue felt unnerved by his expression.

She scooted back without a word.

Muchen raised an eyebrow and said, with a hint of teasing in his voice. "I treat Beef well too. I care for it a lot, but I'll still send him away if he misbehaves."

"Is... that so?" Ziyue frowned as she could not believe he would say such a thing.

He took a look at her without another word.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 592**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 592-The silence in the car was deafening, and the tension palpable.

Ziyue finally said quietly, "We don't have to go to Dr. Mo. I'm fine; my wound is healing pretty quickly."

Muchen pretended not to have heard her.

Ziyue addressed the driver, "Let's go to your original destination. We don't have to go to Dr. Mo."

Muchen finally spoke up. "No," he coldly spat.

"I said we don't have to go to Mo Xiyi." Ziyue expressed her displeasure by addressing Xiyi by his full name and not by his title. She raised her chin stubbornly at Muchen and looked at him challengingly. She wasn't going to go just because he said they had to.

Muchen glanced at her and then slowly closed his eyes to rest.

"You..." Ziyue did not dare to speak her mind. She snorted and turned her head away.

The driver brought them to Xiyi.

Ziyue knew that the earthen pot must keep clear of the brass kettle. She did not argue with Muchen anymore and got out of the car.

Xiyi had been up the whole night experimenting and had just gotten up. Ziyue walked in on him, looking through some documents while munching on a piece of bread.

"Dr. Mo." Ziyue sat opposite him and crossed her arms. She looked at him fixedly.

Xiyi was too engrossed in the papers and was upset when the sound distracted him. The tension between his brows relaxed when he realized it was Ziyue.

"Mrs. Qin, what are you doing here?" he asked as he poured her a cup of water.

Ziyue looked at him curiously. It's weird he's pouring me water. What changed recently?

She found it interesting. So, when Xiyi passed the cup to her, she giggled and thanked him.

"I didn't want to bother you, but Muchen forced me to come. You know how he is. No one can stop him, not even me, when he has his mind set on something. You can use this opportunity to examine him."

Xiyi's gaze became heavy at the mention of Muchen. He was about to say something, but Muchen appeared through the door. Xiyi gave Ziyue a look and greeted Muchen, "Sir."

Muchen walked closer and, after glancing at Ziyue, said seriously, "Her wound is hurting. Have a look at it."

Ziyue rolled her eyes at Xiyi. She was sitting down, so Muchen couldn't see her attitude from where he stood.

Xiyi started to examine Ziyue indifferently. Even though he knew her wound was fine, he gave her a thorough look-through.

Muchen's phone suddenly rang. He looked at Ziyue and realized she was playing with her fingernails, determined not to pay him any attention. He raised one eyebrow in displeasure and left to take the call.

"Your wound is healing fine," Ziyi said as he dressed her injury.

"Yeah, I think it's healing fine, too. Sorry for bothering you; Muchen was adamant about coming." Ziyue said apologetically.

Xiyi cleaned her wound mechanically. His movements were so controlled, Ziyue did not feel a thing.

As expected from a doctor whom Muchen had spent so much money to acquire. He definitely outshines other doctors.

"Don't worry about it. I've been holed up doing experiments and haven't seen a patient in a while. I'll just take it as practice," Xiyi nonchalantly said as though he wasn't bothered.

Ziyue paused. She did not know what to say.

"Mr. Qin cares for you a lot," Xiyi suddenly said.

Ziyue burst out laughing, "He also cares for beef!"

A trace of astonishment appeared in Xiyi's always calm eyes.

Ziyue continued to express her displeasure. "He compares me to beef! Recently, he's been picking fights with me every day!"

Xiyi had finished dressing Ziyue's wound. The hand arranging her bandages paused before indicating her to sit. He sat opposite her once she was seated and told her, after glancing at the door, "Give me the gist of the situation."

Ziyue's heart clenched when she saw the seriousness in his gaze. "Muchen is..."

Xiyi gave her a reassuring look. "Yes?"

"There's been no change. His behavior is still sporadic, and I can't understand his temper. It feels like he is a different person every day..." Ziyue thought about the

situation these past two days as she retold it to Xiyi. Ziyue spoke softly and quickly as Muchen was outside the room.

Xiyi fell into deep thought once he heard her explanations. However, Muchen came in before he could say anything.

Muchen knew the examination was over when he saw them seated facing each other. He came over, sat beside her, and finished her half-empty cup of water.

“How is she healing?” He asked.

There was no change on Xiyi’s face when he replied. “It’s healing good. She should be able to remove the bandages after two days.”

Xiyi behaved as if nothing was out of the ordinary. Yet, when she saw him, Ziyue felt sorry for talking about Muchen behind his back. She lowered her head and said nothing while fiddling with her fingers.

Muchen pulled Ziyue up to leave once Xiyi was done talking.

Xiyi hurriedly stood up and stopped him. “Mr. Qin, I think it’s been a while since you last had a check-up.”

Muchen looked at him questioningly. “If I remember correctly, we did one just last month.”

Xiyi cleared his throat awkwardly and said, “I thought I should give you a check since you don’t look so good. Mrs. Qin wants you to do it.”

Ziyue lifted her head at the mention of her and saw Muchen looking at her.

“Uhm...” She didn’t know how to react; nothing came out of her mouth.

Xiyi continued, “Mrs. Qin, didn’t you say Mr. Qin has been busy at work, so you wanted me to give him a check-up because you worry about his health?”

Ziyue gaped at Xiyi.

When did I say that?

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 593**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 593-Although Ziyue thought that way, it was true that her sole motive for coming today was to have Xiyi give Muchen a check-up. So, she nodded along to what Xiyi said. “Yeah, you’ve been so busy recently. We might as well do a body check since we’re here already. It wouldn’t take too much time.”

Muchen stood expressionlessly. Ziyue and Xiyi exchanged a look; they were both uncertain. At last, Muchen decided to be polite and agreed to the check-up.

Ziyue heaved a silent sigh of relief.

It would take a while for the results to come out, and Muchen wasn't willing to wait. He walked straight out with Ziyue.

After leaving Xiyi's place, Muchen brought Ziyue to a restaurant.

"Didn't you have something to do? What are we doing here?" Ziyue asked. Even though she was hungry, she dared not interrupt Muchen's schedules.

Surely, Muchen did not invite someone to a restaurant so early in the morning.

All Ziyue got in response was Muchen walking in resolutely. She could only follow him.

Once inside, Muchen ordered a whole table of dishes without consulting her.

Country J did not have a vast breakfast option as they did back home. The food that filled the table was all they had for breakfast.

Whatever. I'm not going to be anxious if he isn't worried. Let's just eat. It's more important to satiate my hunger.

Muchen did not eat much; most of the food went into Ziyue's mouth.

At one point, she looked up unintentionally and noticed Muchen looking at her with interest. She awkwardly swallowed the food in her mouth to say something but did not know what to say.

Muchen chose this time to push the plate in front of him closer to her. "Have more."

Ziyue choked and lowered her head to continue eating.

...

Muchen was invited to an exclusive clubhouse. It was the most luxurious one in the city, and it had both leisure and entertainment. It was members only, and only the rich and influential could enter.

Ziyue had come with Muchen once before, but it still fascinated her.

Lumiere Jade House was on par with exclusivity, but this place had a different atmosphere.



They entered a private room, and Ziyue realized that some government officials had invited Muchen. She was slightly familiar with one of them. She had met him during the Royal Ascot but couldn't remember his position or name.

Muchen calmly swept a glance at the group gathered in the room before saying, "I apologize for coming late."

Although they were apologetic words, his attitude did not show an ounce of being sorry.

He led Ziyue to sit down, and Ziyue smiled apologetically to the group before sitting.

The officials started conversing with Muchen and praising Ziyue. They were all middle-aged men dressed comfortably. The way they carried themselves with gentle smiles made others think they were approachable. However, Ziyue did not think that way. She had seen and learned a lot from being with Muchen.

They were drinking coffee and chit-chatting. They all held high positions, so their conversation was tactful and amusing. Ziyue would occasionally giggle while listening to their conversations. She and Muchen stayed for half a day. They left after finishing with afternoon tea.

"Did they invite you just for afternoon tea and chit-chat?" Ziyue asked the moment they stepped out. The curiosity was killing her.

Muchen looked at her with slanted eyes. She would have to be blind not to be able to see the slight disdain in his eyes. Ziyue was taken aback by it. "Why... are you looking at me like that?"

Muchen considered her empty-headed gaze and kindly explained, "They've already said what they wanted to. It's up to me to agree to collaborate with them or not."

"When... did they say they wanted to collaborate with you?" Ziyue thought about their conversation but couldn't recall anything about a collaboration or the presidential election.

Muchen looked at her with mirth. He raised a finger and pointed to his head.

Ziyue could not recall any mentions of collaboration but understood what Muchen's action meant. He meant she couldn't hear it because she was too stupid.

"You..." Ziyue pursed her lips but swallowed the words dying to come out as she did not dare to scold him.

Muchen satisfactorily smirked as though he could tell her thoughts. He placed his hands in his pockets and walked toward the parking lot.

Ziyue jogged to keep up with him. She thought about his words as she stared at his broad back.

Someone that looked like a bodyguard stopped them before they could enter the parking lot. Ziyue hurried to Muchen in surprise. Muchen stared fixedly at him, but his hand grabbed Ziyue's and silently pulled her behind him. Ziyue was stunned by his movement. She felt a surge of warmth when she saw their tightly clasped hands. She gave him a gentle squeeze and could feel him stiffen. Ziyue covered her mouth and giggled behind his back. It was a very natural action she and Muchen did before that showed others they were in unison; therefore, she felt a little weird when she and Muchen did it now. "Who's behind this?" Muchen coldly asked the security guard.

Muchen's gaze scared the man, but he said something quietly and quickly as though he did not want Ziyue to hear.

If that was his motive, he succeeded because Ziyue did not hear anything as he spoke too fast.

Muchen pondered for a minute after hearing what the security guard had to say. He turned to Ziyue and said, "Get into the car."

Ziyue blinked twice but did not move.

"Go," Muchen muttered and let go of her hand.

Ziyue could only heed his words and turned to enter the parking lot. They were near the parking lot, and she could see the driver waiting for her. The driver opened the door for her when she got there. Before she entered the car, she turned back and saw Muchen walking away with the man. She was slightly taken aback.

Did he wait for me to get to the car before walking away?

Muchen did not turn back. His tall and broad silhouette seemed arrogant and hard to approach. It was cold yet aristocratic.

Ziyue watched him until she was staring at nothing.

"Mrs. Qin?" The driver called her.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 594**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 594-"Oh, umm... let's go." Ziyue came back to her senses. She looked in the direction Muchen went to once more before getting into the car.

Since Muchen had taken her phone and kept it from her, she had not gone to buy a new one. There was nothing she could do while in the car as she didn't have a phone.

The driver passed her two magazines when he saw she was bored, but they were both about finance as this was Muchen's car. She could not understand a lot of it, so she put it aside after a while. She turned her head and looked out the window and unintentionally met eyes with someone staring at her. It was a Country J woman in a white dress. She was tall but looked average. She was staring at Ziyue as though she wanted to garner her attention.

There was a slight hesitation in Ziyue as she contemplated getting out of the car.

The bodyguards Muchen had assigned to her were all very alert. They could tell something was happening with one glance at the woman. They turned to ask Ziyue, "Mrs. Qin, we can invite the woman over. It seems she has something important to ask of you."

Ziyue understood that though they said they were inviting her, it was more of dragging her here for an interrogation. She did not support this method, but it was undeniably the most effective. The woman was suspicious.

"Okay," Ziyue nodded.

Once the bodyguards got her consent, they stepped out of the car and brought the woman in white over.

The woman was struggling against their hold and saying, "Why are you grabbing me? It's very rude! I can sue you..."

"Mrs. Qin, I've brought her over." The bodyguard ignored the woman and brought her to Ziyue. The bodyguards were able to act so recklessly because they had Muchen to protect them. No one dared to go against Muchen, and they weren't scared to go against anyone.

Ziyue watched as the two bodyguards had one arm hooked around the woman.

This doesn't look too good. What if she was just looking and didn't mean anything?

"You can release her," Ziyue said gently.

The woman rushed to Ziyue once she was released and smiled at her. "You're too kind, madam."

Ziyue was still seated in the car, but the window was down. She could see the scenery clearly, and people outside could see her too. She would still have the upper hand if the woman made any funny moves because she was behind the car door. Ziyue examined the woman scanned the details of her outfit, jewelry, watch, and hair clip, and concluded that she was from an average family.

“Do you know me?” Ziyue chose not to ask why she was staring at her.

A flash of surprise streaked through the woman’s eyes as she had not expected Ziyue to ask that question.

“Madam, do you not remember me? I had an opportunity to attend a banquet and met you there. I know you are Mr. Qin’s wife. You’re beautiful...” As she spoke, the woman became more excited and stretched her hand into the car through the window, wanting to grab Ziyue’s hand.

Ziyue frowned slightly as she leaned back so the woman wouldn’t touch her.

When the woman retracted her hand, she saw a ball of paper fall from her palm. Ziyue looked at the ball of paper and at the woman. She dared not make any movements.

The woman’s unexpected actions alerted the bodyguards. They immediately pulled her away from the window and did not let go again.

There was a flash of clarity in the woman’s eyes before the look she had returned. “I’ll be honest. I was just curious about how someone like Mr. Qin landed such a wife. My curiosity got the better of me, and I took a few more looks. I don’t mean to do anything bad. Could you please let me go?” She spoke precisely, and it was easy for people to understand. She did not seem like she was pretending.

The bodyguards did not move; they looked at Ziyue.

“Let the lady go and apologize to her. That was too unreasonable. How could you randomly grab someone?” Ziyue accused ostentatiously and rolled up the window, cutting off their sight of her. She leaned back on the car seat and closed her eyes.

“I’m a bit tired. Don’t bother my rest,” she muttered to the driver, and he pulled the divider down.

Ziyue quickly opened her eyes and looked out the window. The bodyguards had released the woman and were assessing the situation.

She made sure they wouldn’t knock on the window, and that Muchen wasn’t back before picking up the ball of paper the woman dropped. She did not open it straight away but hid it in her bag. However, after a few seconds, she decided she should have a look first. She hurriedly opened the ball of paper and saw an unfamiliar address and number written in familiar handwriting. ‘LU’ was written in the bottom right corner.

Ziyue received a shock. This is Shichu’s handwriting!

Ziyue’s head snapped up, and she lowered the window. She looked in the direction the woman was but realized she was gone.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Qin?" A bodyguard asked.

The corners of Ziyue's mouth twitched, and she tried to control her expression.

"Nothing. I just wanted to ask if your boss was back."

"Mr. Qin is still talking. It might take a while," the bodyguard replied without hesitation.

Ziyue nodded her head with a smile. She rewound the window up and released the breath she was holding. All this sneaking around was making her nervous.

She looked through the note a few more times. She memorized the contents of the note before tearing it into pieces. She poured water into her palm and disintegrated the paper before throwing it into the bin. However, once she did all that, she began to feel restless. She was sure Shichu had sent that woman. Only he would think of such a move not to gain suspicion while passing the note to her. It showed how careful he was in the things he did.

Should I meet him? In fairness, I should. The least I can do is make things clear... that we will be enemies the next time we meet. Since the situation has come to this, and we can't change the past, we shouldn't ignore it. Muchen and Shichu will never agree to put their hostility behind them and become friends.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 595**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 595-Half an hour had passed by the time Muchen arrived home.

Meanwhile, Ziyue was lost in thought. She only realized that Muchen had returned when she heard the car door opening.

To conceal her guilty conscience, Ziyue asked, "What took you so long?"

But Muchen seemed engrossed in his thoughts and unaware of her.

Ziyue quietly observed him at one side.

With lips pursed, Muchen sat down and remained spaced out. Ziyue had a lot on her mind as well. Seeing that he was deep in thought, she refrained from interrupting him.

The two of them returned to Mogwin Castle in silence.

However, as soon as they arrived, Yuchuan sent someone to call Muchen over.

But, Muchen frowned and refused outright, "I won't go."

He turned around and handed a box to Ziyue, warning her, "If you dare to call him, you and he will both be dead!"

Then, he strode to the study room upstairs.

Ziyue watched him disappear and then looked at the box in her hands.

She was taken aback and guessed it could be a phone inside the box.

True enough, it was the latest model of a famous phone brand. It came with complete functions. The design of the phone was elegant and delicate, perfect for women.

Why did Muchen gift her a phone?

He gifted her a new one. Then, what about the existing one?

No, she should focus on why Muchen took her out again and gave her a new phone...

He had previously said the phone was meant to be a toy for his pet.

Ziyue was shocked by her own thoughts. She must have gone crazy! How could she have such an absurd idea?!

She hesitated for a while before taking the phone and heading upstairs.

Standing outside the study, Ziyue wanted to knock on the door but changed her mind. She turned around, went back downstairs, made a glass of fresh juice, and went upstairs again.

Ziyue knocked on the door of the study. She directly entered the room without Muchen's approval because she knew he wouldn't respond anyway.

"I got you a glass of juice." Ziyue placed the juice before him and stood there staring at him.

Muchen was reading a document. He glanced at her and the glass of juice before him when he heard her words.

To his surprise, she brought him a glass of plum juice. He was choked by the sour and sweet aroma of the plum juice.

Muchen glowered, pointed at the glass, and said disdainfully, "Take it away now!"

"Why don't you take a sip first? It tastes pretty good. These sour plums were all flown in. We don't have them here." Ziyue said with a smile. She walked up to him, picked up the sour plum juice, and kept offering it to him.

She wouldn't stop pushing it to him no matter how Muchen dodged her relentless attempt.

Muchen called out with a long face, "Ziyue!"

Ziyue acted as if she hadn't heard but still held the cup to his lips, "Just take a sip. I specially made it for you."

She did it on purpose. She knew most men had a deep-seated aversion to sweet and sour food.

Muchen probably saw through her intention. He turned his head away with a cold snort, looking revulsed.

Ziyue rolled her eyes at him, lowered her head, took a sip from the glass, straightened Muchen's face with her hands, and kissed him.

Muchen was caught off-guard by her action. He froze as he didn't expect she would kiss him.

His shocking reaction was precisely what Ziyue wanted to see.

All this while, she had been tortured by Muchen.

Of course, it was mainly in the form of mental and psychological torment. Now, seeing Muchen's shocking reaction made her happy, as she had outdone him this time.

Taking the opportunity that Muchen was stunned, she quickly pried open his lips and transferred the sour plum juice into his mouth. His disadvantaged position caused him to tilt his head back and drink it all down.

With her objective achieved, Ziyue tried to pull away. But there was no turning back once the flame was ignited.

A strange emotion flickered in Muchen's eyes. He reached out and forced her down on his lap.

Seeing the cryptic emotions in his eyes, Ziyue became a little scared. She writhed and whispered, "I...I need to go to the bathroom!"

Muchen mounted his eyes on her, with flames seemingly burning in the depths of his eyes, but his voice was unusually calm, "Is it urgent?"

As he spoke, he gently stroked her hair like petting an animal.

Ziyue nodded frantically, "Yes, very urgently!"

Muchen listened to her and smiled inscrutably.

Ziyue hoped he would let her go, but Muchen chuckled and uttered, "Hold it in."

"Hold it in?"

She had over-esteemed him. She was sorely wrong about Muchen because he was just... despicable!

Muchen blithely looked at her awkward, apprehensive reaction. He wrapped her waist with one arm and stroked her back with the other. Then, he lowered his head and kissed the corner of her lips.

Ziyue was still shorter than him even though she was sitting on Muchen's lap. And Muchen was so aggressive and dominant to force Ziyue to tilt her head and accept his kiss.

Ziyue tried to struggle and escape, but she realized that Muchen had restrained her.

She remembered he would always do this every time they kissed. It was as if Muchen feared that she would leave him, hence the dominance.

Muchen's kiss was domineering yet lingering. He only stopped when he noticed Ziyue was getting out of breath.

Ziyue was panting. She looked away, blushing like the crimson sun.

In fact, she just wanted to test if Muchen still cared and wanted her...

After all, Muchen hadn't initiated intimacy with her for some time already.

Ziyue had always been reserved in this kind of matter. Earlier, when she kissed him, she did it with a retaliatory mindset. Now that Muchen had kissed her back, she couldn't help but feel embarrassed.

Just then, Muchen fixed his gaze on Ziyue as his eyes lingered from her captivating eyes to her pouty lips. Her awkwardness, the look on her face as she dodged his gaze, lulled him to savor her inside out.

Neither of them spoke, and the room was still and quiet.

Ziyue felt uneasy, not knowing whether to continue sitting on his lap or to get up and leave. But she couldn't escape either way.

Suddenly, Muchen stood up while holding onto her. The next moment, he swept everything off the desk and placed her on it. Ziyue's heartbeat raced, frantically



anticipating what Muchen would do to her. It wasn't because she fancied the titillating idea, but mainly because Muchen was someone who...

## Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 596

Marry Me Quick Chapter 596-As expected, as soon as Ziyue sat down, Muchen reached out and tugged her clothes.

He had little patience. With just a few tugs, her thin summer clothes came off and scattered on the floor.

"You..." Ziyue hugged herself and bit her lip vulnerably. She just wanted to test Muchen and didn't expect to end up doing this with him here.

There was a flicker in Muchen's eyes as his gaze fell on her chest. He effortlessly lifted her arms from behind and clasped them together. Then, he leaned over and kissed her neck.

The skin on her neck was smooth and sensitive.

Ziyue bit her lip, trying not to make any sounds and restraining her gasping to prevent Muchen from noticing her reaction. Meanwhile, Muchen's hands slid along her curves, then leaned over her ear and whispered, "Are you still able to hold it in?"

This double entendre sounded like he was intentionally exposing her lie about needing to use the bathroom while also referring to her current plight.

His voice sounded exceptionally sensual and caused her heartbeat to quicken.

Muchen kissed her ear and repeated the same tactic. He whispered, "You don't have to hold it in. I won't make fun of you..."

He said he wouldn't make fun of her, but his tone already hinted at a joke.

Ziyue didn't know where her inexplicable self-confidence came from.

Ziyue couldn't be more annoyed and bit his neck. Realizing she might have bitten him too hard, she quickly loosened her jaw.

It seemed like no matter what, she could never outsmart Muchen.

So, she could only take advantage of moments like this to bite him and vent her frustration.

He wouldn't bite back anyway.

Or, at least, she knew he wouldn't hurt her.

Ziyue was baffled by her own inexplicable confidence.

Muchen winced in pain. He took a sharp breath and hissed. Suddenly, he sat up and leveled his predatory gaze against Ziyue.

Seeing Muchen's ravening looks, Ziyue was alarmed.

The way he stared at her was as if a beast had trapped its prey within its grasp just before the feast.

At this point, Ziyue was terrified. As if trying to beg for his mercy, she draped her arms around his shoulders and gently showered him with kisses.

Ziyue knew Muchen well enough to know he was susceptible to tenderness but coercion.

However, she didn't know he was aroused and couldn't hold it any longer.

Ziyue's tender overtures worked exceptionally well on Muchen but also tested his self-control.

His body stiffened, and hands descended from her waist to her buttocks, exerting a little force...

"Um..."

Ziyue groaned, frantically resisting him by pushing him away.

Muchen was rowdy. The more Ziyue tried to get rid of him, the more he refused to let go of her.

At last, Ziyue learned what it meant to dig one's grave.

She faltered and let Muchen carry her back to the room.

After coming out of the study room, she was afraid of bumping into the servants, so she buried her head in Muchen's arms along the way to the bedroom.

But the journey back to the room seemed like an eternity for Ziyue as Muchen took his sweet time and ambled to the room.

Eventually, they arrived in their room. Ziyue quickly got down from Muchen's embrace, rushed into the bathroom, and slammed the door shut.

Once inside, she quickly locked the door. Ziyue leaned against the door and breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, she started to run the bathwater after ensuring no sound outside the bathroom.

What had just happened back in the study room was beyond her expectation.

Muchen had been acting cold lately. She thought he had lost interest in her body.

But she had just been proven otherwise. He lusted for her body more than before.

Meanwhile, Muchen stood in the middle of the room, hands on his waist, frowning with his eyes mounted on the bathroom door.

Well, well. This woman hasn't learned at all.

She would feign submissive to plead for her mercy when she had done something wrong. But after she was granted a pardon, she locked him out of the bathroom.

Ziyue wasn't afraid of him at all! On the contrary, she was audacious! The more Muchen thought about it, the angrier he became.

He found a small hairpin in the drawer of Ziyue's dressing table. Then, he walked over to the bathroom and unlocked the door after two clicks.

Ziyue stared dumbfounded as she watched the man invade her space. How could she have forgotten that Muchen was clever and shameless, who knew all sorts of trickery!

"You want to take a shower too?" Ziyue faked a smile and glanced at her bath towel. She stealthily gauged if she could sneak past him and grab the towel without getting caught.

Muchen saw through her intention.

He closed the bathroom door with one hand while heading for the bathtub, unbuttoning his shirt with the other hand.

Before Ziyue could get out of the bathtub, he casually uttered, "Go ahead if you wish to stay in bed until tomorrow."

Of course, she bowed out of her plan after receiving his threat!

Ziyue had to swallow her pride and share a bathtub with him. As one could expect, Muchen exploited her during the bath.

The shower took quite a while. By the time they came out, it was already time for dinner.

They went downstairs and saw Zheng standing in the living hall, probably waiting for Muchen.

“Master Muchen, Mrs. Qin, the Earl has asked me to invite you to dinner together.” Zheng bowed respectfully.

Ziyue had unwittingly become a popular topic in the Mogwin Castle ever since Zheng started addressing her as Mrs. Qin.

She didn’t usually go out in the common area, but she knew all the women were discussing her.

When Zheng said that Yuchuan invited them over for dinner, she instinctively turned to look at Muchen.

Muchen was nonchalant. He didn’t respond as if contemplating.

He then said, “My wife is feeling unwell. Please tell Grandpa I will see him tomorrow.”

With that, he led Ziyue to the dining hall.

Ziyue followed Muchen, thinking he was more composed when talking to other people than when he was with her.

At least he wouldn’t hesitate to use her as an excuse to decline Yuchuan’s invitation.

Obviously, Zheng couldn’t say anything more. And Yuchuan would naturally understand the meaning behind his words.

As for Muchen, he knew he could do and say whatever he wanted without any scruples with Zi Yue.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 597**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 597-Even though Ziyue looked in the pink, Zheng, being the servant, naturally couldn’t question Muchen. He could only steel up, return, and get an earful from his master.

After Zheng left, Ziyue asked, “Why did you decline your grandpa’s dinner invitation?”

Muchen replied succinctly, “Don’t feel like it.”

Ziyue rolled her eyes. Fine then. There was nothing that she could do if he didn’t feel like going.

Suddenly, she was reminded of the new phone he had given her. She put it on the dining table in front of him. She asked, "Where is my phone?"

Muchen gifted her a new phone and even thoughtfully installed a new SIM card.

But all the contacts and account information in her old phone had been lost. That meant she had to go through the process to register again.

Muchen looked at her indifferently, "I've thrown it away."

"You..." How dare he throw her phone without her consent!

Ziyue slammed the table and shouted, "Where did you throw it?"

"In the villa's swimming pool." Muchen continued, "If you're thinking of getting it back, my advice is don't bother since the pool water has been changed several times already."

How could he be so brazen and unapologetic after throwing her phone in the pool?!

He sounded remorseless, as if he didn't think he had not done anything wrong.

Ziyue tried to calm herself not to be offended, but as expected, her attempt was futile.

She felt wronged but could only suppress her fury.

She took a deep breath and said, "Then I'll go and get a new number tomorrow."

"Nope." Muchen disapproved firmly, leaving no room for negotiation.

"Why not?" Ziyue was fazed.

"You want Shichu to contact you again, is it?" Muchen sneered and chided, "Not a chance!"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Ziyue was a little guilty at first. Although she hadn't considered getting in touch with Shichu, she did consider meeting him again.

Plus, she had received a note today.

The next moment, her fury sprang to life. Ziyue jumped at Muchen.

"What's wrong with you? Why can't you be sensible with Shichu? Can you tell me what's going on in your head and not make assumptions on your own?" Ziyue asked, with a hint of powerlessness in her tone towards the end.

She felt powerless, with Muchen being so stubborn and inconsiderate.

Muchen narrowed his eyes and furrowed. The veins on his temple bulged, showing how angry he was now.

Ziyue thought he would throw a fit, but he said coldly, "I am very sensible, and I know very well what's going on between you and Shichu."

He knows very well what's going on between Shichu and me?

Did he mean the kind of relationship he had mentioned before, where Shichu was the reason that she refused to have his child?

She was baffled by his ridiculous idea.

Ziyue paused, wanting to explain to him again.

But before she could speak, Muchen said coldly, "You should keep quiet now. Otherwise, I'm not sure what I'll do."

He looked cold and grave. It was impossible for Ziyue to discern his emotions. And his tone was serious and self-restrained.

He looked as if Ziyue spoke again, and he would eat her alive.

Ziyue's heart skipped a beat. She instinctively curled her fingers. Feeling nervous, she reached out and grabbed the water glass in front of her, then only she felt calmer.

Ziyue was terrified seeing Muchen like this.

She didn't dare to provoke him any further.

She often felt conflicted. She couldn't bring herself to offend Muchen even though she knew he wouldn't hurt her even if she did something against his wishes.

It wasn't because she didn't dare, but rather that she didn't want to upset him.

Initially, Ziyue was pesky after being tormented by him in bed all afternoon. But now, she had lost her appetite.

She ate a little bit to fill her stomach. When she was about to leave, Muchen suddenly called out to her.

"Your body isn't yours alone. You didn't eat enough and starved yourself. Do you think you can bear the consequences?"

Who wouldn't get angry hearing such mockery?

Ziyue gritted her teeth and sat down. She didn't want to argue with him anymore. She reluctantly sat back down and ate some more.

Muchen grimaced at the sight of Ziyue stuffing her face, so he chuckled away his cutlery and left the scene.

The fact that he threw the cutlery away seemed to have acted out of rash.

Ziyue was puzzled. Why was Muchen still looking upset after she obeyed his wishes?

Funnily, Ziyue's appetite recovered after Muchen left.

Muchen couldn't help but get upset when he saw that Ziyue had resumed and enjoyed eating, as if their earlier banter didn't concern her at all.

He remembered yesterday he overheard a maid mention that Jueyin had recently started keeping a few hamsters to impress girls.

His eyes lit up at the thought of something amusing.

He summoned a servant and said, "Mrs. Qin wants to look at Jueyin's hamsters. Faster, go and get them. You have five minutes, or you'll pack up and leave tonight."

The servant looked hesitant but dealing with the enigmatic and demanding Master Muchen; he dared not say no.

The servant decided to ride his bike over to retrieve the hamsters. He secretly hoped that the castle's owners were all eating dinner and not outside, or else he would seem rude.

As for Master Jueyin, he didn't care about the hamsters because he only kept the hamsters to impress girls. He didn't care about the hamsters and gave them to the servant, so it should be no problem for him to fetch them for Master Muchen.

After the servant left, Muchen waited while counting down to time in the hall. The servant took a minute longer than the designated time to fetch the hamsters. Muchen couldn't care less about the one-minute delay and ordered, "Bring them over and release them on the dining table."

He counted the hamsters and said, "All of them."

Ziyue was terrified of mice. But she wasn't particularly fond of hamsters either.

Muchen plotted to spoil Ziyue's mood and ruin her appetite!

The servant thought he had misconstrued the meaning, but Muchen didn't seem like he was joking at all.

He brought the cage to the dining hall.

Muchen sat in the hall. Within a minute, Ziyue's scream echoed across the villa.

He frowned at her scream. Her voice sounded broken from shrieking. Was she really that scared?

Looks like the servant had failed at his task. He is fired.

The servant felt an impending doom after releasing the hamsters. He was worried that he would lose his job because even though Master Muchen had claimed Mrs. Qin liked hamsters, she didn't seem like she adored the hamsters at all.

Also, he didn't understand why the hamsters had to be thrown onto the dining table. He assumed it was just Ziyue's quirk, but now he had a bad feeling that he had screwed up.

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 598**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 598-In the dining hall, Ziyue gawked at the bustling hamster on the table. It took her a while to recover from the shock.

After she had calmed down, she turned to the servant who threw the hamster at her and exclaimed, "Why did you do that?!"

At this point, the servant realized Muchen had bluffed him. Mrs. Qin despised hamsters. The servant could only stomach his grievances as he had no ground to comment on anything.

Ziyue didn't say anything else. Probably she had worked out the causality. She turned around and went to the hall.

She stormed out of the dining hall and headed towards the stairs to confront Muchen. But unexpectedly, he was sitting in the living hall, leisurely flipping through a magazine.

Ziyue walked over, snatched the magazine from his hands, and scolded, "You can't be serious!"

Muchen glanced at her and then got up to go upstairs.

Ziyue blocked his way, "Go and work if you're bored. What's the point of harassing me? Do you think you're very clever for pranking me?"

Muchen was no longer rushing to leave since Ziyue came in his way.



Ziyue told him off in an anxious tone. Her cheeks were tinted with angry blush, making her look even more attractive and adorable.

Muchen calmly said, "You're right. It's not clever. But it's fun!"

Then, Muchen provocatively raised an eyebrow at her.

Ziyue was left speechless and watched him go upstairs.

She plopped down on the sofa and muttered, "Shameless!"

Just then, a servant cautiously approached her and said, "Mrs. Qin..."

"If it's urgent, then just tell me. If not, don't bother me. I'm in a bad mood now." She couldn't guarantee that she wouldn't blow up at them. After all, it wasn't easy to restrain one's temper.

The servant bowed and said, "Master Jueyin is here..."

Ziyue said impatiently, "So?" Jueyin was probably here for Muchen, so it was none of her business.

Before she could finish speaking, Jueyin's voice could be heard from a distance, "How sad? It's been so long since we've seen each other. Ziyue doesn't even miss me and hurt my feelings with such heartless words..."

"Muchen is in the study room." Ziyue hoped Jueyin would leave her alone as she had no mood to entertain him now.

Jueyin gleaned from her expression and knew she was upset, so he didn't provoke her further.

Ziyue looked tetchy, and if he offended her, it wouldn't look good for him.

There were only a few in the Mogwin Castle who he wouldn't dare to tread on toes, and Ziyue was one of them.

Jueyin used to be a gangster. He was a violent and ruthless addict with many tricks up his sleeve, which made him despised by other members of the Mogwin family.

But, somehow, Yuchuan was fond of Jueyin.

Jueyin had seen and been through a lot growing up as a common folk. Pleasing others came naturally to him. Besides, even though he was an illegitimate son, he was still Yuchuan's youngest child. And Yuchuan being a traditional Z-country folk, naturally doted on the youngest child more.

Jueyin had a profound reverence for Muchen. Everyone knew how much Muchen cared for Ziyue. He didn't want to make an enemy out of Muchen, so naturally, he wouldn't want to offend her as well.

"Ah, I see. I'll go..." Jueyin said and glanced at the floor behind Ziyue, and he froze, "How did my hamsters end up here?"

"Yours?" Ziyue hadn't expected that the hamster belonged to Jueyin.

Jueyin nodded. Ziyue beckoned, "Then, quickly take them away!"

Ziyue thought the hamsters were cute. But earlier the servant suddenly threw them at her hence she got scared.

But she hated mice to the core and couldn't bring herself to like hamsters, no matter how cute they looked.

Jueyin instructed the servants to catch the hamsters, put them back in the cage, and then went upstairs to find Muchen.

Muchen was reading a document when Jueyin entered the study room. But the former was looking evidently distracted.

Muchen heard the door opening and saw Jueyin. Immediately, he furrowed, "Why are you here?"

Muchen's displeased tone manifested his contempt for Jueyin's abrupt visitation.

"I haven't been able to visit you guys after moving to Mogwin Castle. After all, we are friends and family. It's only right for me to check on you." Jueyin said while sitting down opposite of him as if they were buddies.

Muchen stared at him indifferently. Then, he sneered, "Grandpa sent you here."

It was a statement, not a question. Muchen was cognizant of Jueyin's intention to visit him at this hour.

Jueyin was startled but quickly came around. He chuckled awkwardly, "What are you talking about? There's no way I only came here because Dad told me to. I haven't seen you in a long time and wanted to..."

Muchen stared frigidly at Jueyin, causing him to falter and trail off toward the end.

Muchen snorted coldly, "Go back and tell Grandpa to take care of himself and not to worry too much. I'll see him tomorrow."

"Heh, you're right. I think so too. Although Dad looks strong and healthy, he's not getting any younger. He should slow down." Jueyin wiped the sweat from his forehead and continued to babble on to cover up his unease.

Muchen was getting annoyed by Jueyin's gibberish and was about to chase him out. At this time, Ziyue entered the room.

She was holding a tray with two cups on it. She brewed the tea for them with the tea leaves gifted by Jingshu.

As soon as she entered, Muchen and Jueyin turned their attention to her.

Ziyue beamed as she walked over and placed a teacup before Jueyin, "This cup of tea is for you, Uncle Jueyin."

"Huh?" Jueyin was stunned by Ziyue calling him uncle.

What uncle?

Muchen had never called him uncle, and he almost forgot that he was Muchen's elder. However, Jueyin had always yearned for Muchen to call him uncle because he wanted to have a taste of being his elder. But it was just Jueyin's wishful thinking. He never dared to bring it up with Muchen.

And now Ziyue called him Uncle Jueyin. Although she was right, he dared not respond to her greeting! He awkwardly glanced at Muchen and saw him frown. Muchen was tapping his fingers against the table, which produced a soft thumping sound. Yet, to Jueyin, it sounded like roaring thunder.

Jueyin was too scared to even drink the tea. He hurried off with a lousy excuse, "I just remembered that I haven't taken a shower yet."

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 599**

Marry Me Quick Chapter 599-Jueyin was too anxious. When he stood up, he accidentally hit the corner of the table. The dull thud of the impact made Ziyue squirm.

She just wanted to tease Muchen and didn't mean to scare Jueyin. She didn't expect Jueyin would get terrified by her meager prank.

Jueyin fled in terror. Ziyue was baffled by his reaction. She then served Muchen the other cup of tea, "Here, have some tea."

Muchen gave her a cold look, and Ziyue stared back at him.

Suddenly, Muchen picked up the teacup and threw it on the floor. He also threw out Jueyin's share.

'Crack!'

'Praak!'

Two crisp sounds echoed in the room, and the two teacups were shattered.

Ziyue was startled by his abrupt tantrum. Immediately, she took two steps back and exclaimed, "What's wrong with you?!"

Muchen was behaving like a woman, slamming and throwing things in a fit of anger.

She never acted so impulsively in her rage!

Wait a minute. To state the obvious, Ziyue's temperament was naught compared to Muchen's.

Muchen pointed to the door and uttered coldly, "Get out!"

"You..."

He was suddenly throwing a tantrum, smashing cups, and chasing her away from his office. Who could stand such absurd behavior?

Muchen was the one who started it all.

Ziyue was also enraged. She slammed the tray before him and stormed out of the room.

After exiting Muchen's office, Jueyin pulled up by the roadside and lit a cigarette; only then did he feel recharged.

He had never seen anyone more terrifying than Muchen.

Even Yuchuan had never seemed as terrifying as him.

At first, Jueyin didn't intend to return to Mogwin Castle that night. His friend had organized a rave party, and he was intrigued to join. But his plan was interrupted by Yuchuan's call.

Usually, Yuchuan wouldn't bother him. He had always been lenient with Jueyin and let him do whatever he pleased with the condition of not going overboard.

But when he did call Jueyin, it was never auspicious. Even if it was up to no good, Jueyin had to oblige.

Previously, Yuchuan asked Jueyin to frame Ziyue in a sex scandal, but in the end, he failed.

This time, he was supposed to find out what Muchen was up to.

Despite Jueyin's lackadaisical attitude, he knew that the presidential election was approaching and things were about to get exciting. And, Yuchuan had also been unusually active in politics recently.

Jueyin had no interest in joining politics and was going through the motions.

After he finished smoking, he headed for Yuchuan.

Standing outside of Yuchuan's room, Jueyin felt like a subordinate reporting to his superior after completing a task.

"Is it you, Jueyin? Come on in." Yuchuan said. Jueyin smoothed out his clothes and staidly entered the room.

Yuchuan stopped his work and went and sat on the sofa, beckoning Jueyin to sit with him.

A hint of disdain flashed across Jueyin's eyes. What's with the beckoning? Am I a dog to him??

But on the outside, he wore a disingenuous smile, "Dad." He called out to Yuchuan before sitting opposite him.

As soon as he sat down, Yuchuan queried, "What did he say?"

"Muchen said he will come and see you tomorrow. Dad, you should relax a bit. No matter his decision, he is still a Mogwin and bears the Mogwin's name. Plus, don't you already know his abilities?"

Jueyin said neither, indicating that he knew Yuchuan was looking for Muchen because of the presidential election, nor did he play dumb. But the truth went unsaid.

And Yuchuan liked this about Jueyin; he didn't pretend to be ignorant, nor did he poke his nose into things that he shouldn't be involved in.

Yuchuan's other sons, who were born to his lawful wife and grew up in the Mogwin Castle, inevitably became proud and self-righteous from a young age. He was disappointed with them for being bog-standard.

As for his other illegitimate children, they stubbed on his major pet peeve for being impractical and good-for-nothing, always coveting material and power. Upon reflection, only Jueyin was closest to his heart.

Yuchuan nodded, "Muchen did convey his meaning through Zheng earlier. He said he would see me tomorrow, but I'm worried what if..."

Although the presidential election seemed like a matter only concerning the royal family, there were too many factors involved behind the scenes, and Yuchuan couldn't afford to be careless.

Jueyin reassured him, "Don't worry, Muchen isn't dumb. He would know what to do."

"Alright, you should go back and rest now. Don't party too hard. Life ahead may get perilous and rocky." Yuchuan spared a tender glance at Jueyin.

Jueyin was stunned. He then nodded, "I understand."

After Jueyin left, Yuchuan sat idle and lost in thought. After some time, he summoned a subordinate and gave some instructions before calling it a day.

...

Ziyue came out of Muchen's study room, feeling hot and embarrassed. She knew she had to do something.

As she was going downstairs, she saw a servant carrying a cage and heading outside.

Ziyue stopped her and asked, "Do these hamsters belong to Uncle Jueyin?"

It was inappropriate for her to address Jueyin by name with the servant.

The servant pulled up, "Yes, Master Jueyin forgot to take it with him just now."

"Are you going to send this to him? It's okay. You can give it to me instead." Ziyue received the cage from the servant.

She brought the cage back to her bedroom. She crouched down to observe the hamsters and thought they looked pretty cute. But not until she was reminded of rodents and linked the hamsters to the pesky creature.

Since Muchen like hamsters so much, I shall let him sleep with the hamsters!

Ziyue put the cage on the bed and covered it with a blanket. Then, she sneaked out to the opposite room.

Muchen came back and didn't see Ziyue in the room.

He checked the time on his watch and realized it was almost eleven o'clock in the evening. Where did she go?

Frowning, he randomly picked a servant downstairs, "Where is my wife?"

"Just now, Mrs. Qin went upstairs and hasn't come down since." The servant said nervously.

Muchen let go of the servant and went back upstairs.

Ziyue wasn't in their room. Muchen paced in the corridor, and his gaze landed on the opposite room.

He knocked on the door, "Get out now, Ziyue."

Ziyue was busy installing apps on her new phone. She heard Muchen's calling but ignored him and continued with her task.

There was no response at all. He repeated, "I know you're in there. Come out now."

He sounded cold. Ziyue was determined to ignore him lest she gets burned by his mood swing.

However...

She suddenly remembered that Muchen knew how to pick locks!

## **Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 600**

### **Marry Me Quick Chapter 600-No Punishment For Now**

She heard the door open while still deep in thought.

She was tongue-tied when she saw Muchen standing in the doorway, glaring daggers at her.

She would have opened the door if she had known he was coming.

"I was going to open the door for you." Ziyue plopped down onto the bed. She beamed at him, feigning innocence.

Muchen narrowed his eyes at her. "Come here."

Not daring to refuse him, Ziyue stood up. Without bothering with shoes, she pocketed her phone and ran towards him.

Muchen frowned at her bare feet and picked her up.

Ziyue was quietly surprised.

Muchen carried her back to their room, placed her on the bed, and disappeared into the ensuite.

Ziyue suddenly remembered the hamster cage that was hidden under the quilt. Goosebumps covered her arms. She did not want to share a bed with a rodent.

She glanced at the bathroom, making sure that Muchen was still preoccupied with the shower. She picked up the hamster cage and hurried towards the door. As she approached the door, she heard Muchen's voice from behind, "You should sleep with them if you love them so much."

Ziyue froze and slowly turned around. There was Muchen, standing in the doorway to the ensuite.

Without even thinking about it, she hid the cage behind her back. "Didn't... Didn't you say you were going to take a shower?" She stammered.

"I didn't feel like it after all."

Muchen strode towards her. Before she could fully process what he had said, he had passed her and was out the door.

Slam!

Ziyue came to her senses at the sound.

Was Muchen planning on letting her go? She pondered.

There was no chance of that.

Ziyue gripped the doorknob and pushed.

She turned it, but it did not move.

What was going on?

She placed the hamster cage on the floor and twisted the knob with both hands. It did not budge.



She remembered what Muchen had said before about her sleeping with them.

Ziyue thought he was going to sleep in a separate room. She thought too kindly of him.

There was no way he was that kind.

How could her husband be so horrible to her?

He knew she hated mice, and yet he had the maids borrow Qin Jueyin's hamsters and toss them onto the dining table to scare her. Maybe she should be grateful that he hadn't found actual mice.

It was also possible that he had used the hamsters because he didn't have enough time to get mice.

Ziyue stomped the ground with anger.

Muchen had locked her in the room. She was not going to sleep on the bed where the hamsters were.

She burrowed into the couch and fiddled with her phone.

Maybe she was a closet masochist. It would explain how she could still calmly play with her phone and not get angry.

Bored out of her mind, she texted Xia: 'I don't think Muchen loves me anymore.'

How could he do this to her if he loved her?

Xia replied quickly.

The Adorable Miss An: 'Go see a psychiatrist if you're really that upset about it. Stop being so petty.'

Petty? How was she petty? Muchen was the petty one here!

Ziyue felt she was being unfair. She sent Xia a list of offenses that Muchen had committed against her recently.

It took Xia a long time to respond to her. Maybe she was busy.

The Adorable Miss An: '[Crying laughter] Is the water in Country J okay? You're getting paranoid. Even if Mr. Qin did all those things, he still loves you. I've been crazy out of mind busy lately. I'll call you when I'm free. We can talk a little more about it then.'

Ziyue laughed bitterly at her response.

She also felt a little emotional.

She knew better than anyone of her feelings for Muchen. She had faith in him. Even though they were times she doubted him, she would try her best to think of previous events that would solidify her feelings for him once more.

Forget about it. Just forgive him. He was like a child. Throwing tantrums at the drop of a hat. His temper had been out of control lately. Any little thing could trigger it.

It wasn't like he was doing this on purpose.

Surely not...

Ziyue comforted herself. It didn't take her long to drift off.

After a while, the door opened, and Muchen's large frame appeared in the doorway.

He had not changed. Some time had passed, and yet he had not showered and gotten ready for bed.

He stepped closer. His eyes fell on Ziyue's form.

She was wearing loose cotton pajamas that looked soft to the touch. She was curled up on the couch with a small cushion in her arms. Her hair fell across her face, covering her features. She did not look comfortable at all. Her phone slipped out of her hands and fell to his feet.

Muchen glanced at her before picking her phone up.

She had an unread message that just came in.

The Adorable Miss An?

That had to be Xia.

It was daytime where she was. Xia was probably still at work. She had sent the text after Ziyue had fallen asleep. 'Don't ask me why I'm not going to call you. International calls are too expensive. I'm just a girl who is on the grind. You married rich!'

Girl?

Could someone over the age of twenty be considered a girl still?

Muchen arched an eyebrow. He did not understand what these women were thinking.

He swiped into their chat history.

His face darkened when he saw Ziyue say that she didn't think Muchen loved her anymore.

He didn't love her?

Hah! She was the one who did not love him anymore.

If Ziyue knew what he was thinking about, she would bash his head open to pick at his brain.

Reading Xia's reply, he could see that she had a good head on her shoulders.

After reading, he placed the phone back onto the couch. He stared at her for a while before deciding to ignore her.

That's what she gets for making things up!

That thought disappeared the moment he walked out the door.

He couldn't help but turn back to look at her. He couldn't bear the thought of her waking up tomorrow with a sore neck after sleeping in that position all night.

Muchen frowned. He walked back into the room. After changing the sheets, he carried her back onto the bed.

Ziyue was deep asleep. She did not stir when he picked her up nor when he put her down.

She stretched when he placed her on the bed before turning over to her side.

Muchen was tempted to put a hamster on her while she slept. She would probably scream in fright when she woke up tomorrow.

It was just a thought. They were even now. He wasn't going to punish her anymore for the time being, at least.