

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 601

Marry Me Quick Chapter 601-The next morning.

It was rare for her to wake up so early in the morning. Sitting up, she scratched her hair. Realizing that Muchen wasn't next to her, she looked around to find him.

"Muchen?"

There was no response. Ziyue climbed out of bed. Glancing at the couch, she remembered what had transpired last night.

"Aaargh!"

She screamed. Looking back at the bed, she saw that the sheets had been changed.

She almost jumped out of her skin. She thought that she had climbed into bed half asleep.

The sheets were changed, and she was lying in bed. This had Muchen written all over it.

She felt conflicted.

Muchen was always like this. He always did things without telling her. It was a surefire way for her anger to melt away.

She had been furious with him. But her anger disappeared whenever he was so thoughtful towards her.

Where could he have gone so early in the morning?

Ziyue washed up and got dressed. She went downstairs. The maids were already busy cleaning the house.

"Where did Muchen go?" She asked.

They shook their heads.

Was there an emergency? Why had he gone out so early?

After hesitating, Ziyue decided to call him.

She wasn't going to be stubborn after his peace offering last night.

That's right. Ziyue saw his gesture as a peace offering.

Her call went through, but Muchen did not pick up.

Forget it. What could happen in Mogwin Castle? There weren't many people who would dare to hurt him in Country J.

Even Gricy did not dare go head-to-head with Muchen. Instead, they had tried to get to him through her.

As for Lu Shichu infesting him with the K1LU73 virus, it wasn't Gricy's command. He had done it of his own will.

There wasn't much reason for her to worry then.

Muchen returned before breakfast.

He was wearing a tracksuit with a towel around his neck. The sweat on his forehead was starting to dry. He had obviously gone for a run.

He opened the door to see Ziyue sitting in the living room. He gave her a brief nod before heading upstairs.

Ziyue pressed both hands into the couch. She tapped her foot against the floor restlessly. She suddenly shot to her feet and ran upstairs.

She arrived at their bedroom and heard the sound of water splashing against tiles.

It was the weekend, and she wasn't sure if Muchen was planning on going out. Ziyue laid out two sets of clothing for him

One was a suit, and the other was loungewear.

She laid them out on the bed before leaving the room. It would be hard for Muchen to miss when he got out of the shower.

Muchen emerged from the bathroom and immediately saw the clothes on the bed.

He walked over. Looking at them both, his hand reached for the suit before he changed his mind and landed on the loungewear set.

Weekends were meant to be spent resting at home. Why did he have to go to work?

Comfortable with his decision, Muchen changed into loungewear and went down for breakfast.

Ziyue couldn't help but smile when she saw what he wore. He wasn't planning on going out today then.

A maid came up to announce breakfast, but Ziyue beat her to it. "Breakfast is ready." She said uncomfortably.

"Sure."

Muchen replied coolly. He walked into the dining room without sparing her a glance.

The little flame of hope she had inside was doused with the cold water of his indifference. Ziyue shuffled her feet after him.

Sitting down, she realized that Muchen had not started eating yet. It looked like he had been waiting for her.

She hung onto every single thing Muchen did or said. It was like he had a hold on her.

Ziyue gripped her knife and fork, starting to eat when Muchen said, "I'd like it if you stayed at home these few days."

"Why?" Ziyue shot back.

"I'll spend time at home with you if I can." Muchen ignored her question.

That meant that while she wasn't allowed out, she must be satisfied with knowing that he'll come home to her whenever he could.

Ziyue's lips tightened. "You went out to exercise this morning?" She changed the subject.

"I went for a run with my grandfather." Muchen was finally honest with her about something.

Afraid she would pry, he quickly added, "Let's eat."

It sounded like he was trying to shut her up.

What about what he tried to pull by throwing the hamsters onto the dining table?

He's such a child. There was no way she could beat him.

Chuan arrived at the castle in the afternoon.

It was rare for Ziyue and Muchen to get along. They were watching TV.

Occasionally, she would sneak glances only to see him paying full attention to the screen.

She found his attentiveness attractive.

Chuan just so happened to arrive at that time.

He had a briefcase in one hand, in the other, a paper bag. He hurried in as if he had something of importance to tell Muchen.

“Sir.”

Chuan froze when he saw them watching TV. He slowly approached them.

“Yes?” Muchen answered him calmly.

Chuan choked. One of the maids offered him a glass of water. He took a big gulp and was about to speak when Muchen interjected, “I’m trying to watch TV. Be quiet.”

Ziyue smirked.

If he wasn’t her husband, she would have thought him incredibly rude.

Chuan stared at Ziyue pleadingly.

Ziyue stared back helplessly. She empathized with him.

She did not feel like watching TV at all.

She had told Mo Xiyi about his short fuse. It was no exaggeration when she said it didn’t take much to set him off. He would do crazy things that she had no explanation for.

Ziyue tapped Muchen on the shoulder and pouted, “I... I don’t feel like watching TV anymore...”

“What would you like to do then?” Muchen furrowed his brows. As if not watching TV was a difficult task.

Ziyue remembered Muchen had told her not to go out and that he would spend more time with her. Was that why he was insisting on watching TV?

Ziyue was speechless.

“I’d like to take a nap. Chuan must have something important to say. Come look for me once you’re done.” Afraid that he would disagree, Ziyue smiled winningly at him.

Muchen looked calm as ever, but somehow Ziyue could tell he wasn’t happy with her.

She clenched her jaw. She pulled him into a hug, kissed him, and ran off.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 602-Ziyue kissed him and ran like a bat out of hell.

Muchen was stunned by the sudden show of affection. He stared at her with his mouth agape.

It took Chuan calling his name for him to regain his senses.

“Sir.”

Muchen turned towards him. He gave him a sweeping glance and said coolly, “We’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

He promised Ziyue to spend time with her.

Chuan had been Muchen’s assistant for a long time. While he couldn’t claim that he understood Muchen completely, he was nothing if not sure that Muchen’s world revolved around Ziyue.

“Mrs. Qin said to come to find her once you’re done.” Chuan bowed respectfully.

Muchen couldn’t see it, but Chuan’s eyes gleamed.

After a few seconds had passed, he glanced up at Muchen.

“Follow me.” Said Muchen.

...

In the office, Chuan gave him a brief report on the daily business of the company.

After that, there was a long pause. He clutched at the paper bag in his hands. He looked conflicted, as if he wasn’t sure if he should say it.

“Anything else?” Muchen asked impatiently.

He wanted to quickly finish what he had to do and go to Ziyue. Work had become nothing more than a chore to him.

If Chuan knew what he was thinking, he would be scared to death.

“This is the latest news on Lu Shichu. Please have a look...” Chuan handed him the paper bag. He waited for Muchen to make a decision.

The name 'Lu Shichu' was extremely triggering for Muchen. His expression instantly became cold.

The air in the room became heavy. Chuan could cut the tension with a knife.

Chuan's hand stiffened around the bag.

After a long bout of silence, Muchen barked coldly.

"Do you really need to tell me this?"

Muchen paused before adding. "The next time you mention him, you had better bring his dead body with you." His voice descended into a growl.

As if to drill in the Chuan how serious he was about taking Lu Shichu's life, he added, "Do you understand me? I want him dead!"

Chuan trembled. He calmed himself down before replying, "Yes, sir! Understood, sir!"

Muchen waved to dismiss him.

Chuan darted out immediately.

He wiped his forehead once he was out of the office. His hands were covered in cold sweat.

If he were to die, it wouldn't be because of work-induced stress. It would be because Muchen had scared him to death.

After so many years working under Muchen, he was used to Muchen's temper. But lately... It seemed as if Muchen's temper had gone up a notch.

His temper might have worsened.

But anyone could also tell that Muchen had also become even more ruthless than before.

Chuan loosened his tie and headed downstairs.

Someone called his name just as he reached the entrance.

"Chuan!"

He turned to see Ziyue standing by some bushes and trees.

She hid behind the tree suspiciously.

Following suit, he looked around before approaching her.

Before he could say anything, Ziyue asked him, "Was Muchen giving you trouble? His temper has been worse than usual. I had a big fight with him last night. I hope you won't hold it against him."

She smiled widely at him.

Ziyue was a beautiful woman. Her gentle, empathetic smile made her seem so approachable and warm.

No man could resist a woman like her.

Even though Chuan had no other feelings for her, he couldn't deny her blinding beauty. Men were more visual after all. It took him a while to regain his thoughts, "It's nothing. He's always been like that. I know better than anyone."

Chuan did not need to pry to know something was going on between Muchen and Ziyue. The three of them had lived together after all.

It was apparent that they were having issues. Lu Shichu was just fuel on fire, making their relationship even tenser.

It wasn't his place to ask for details.

One thing he knew for sure was Muchen was acting out of the ordinary.

If it weren't so, Ziyue would not have approached him in this manner. It was out of character for her.

Mr. Qin's temper had been so bad that people in the company have been complaining about it.

While his temper had always been bad, he never used to get angry at them unless they did something wrong. He never used to put his emotions on a show before.

Now, it had gone up a notch. He heard some of the employees discussing among themselves, wondering if Muchen had fallen ill...

He didn't have the time to reassure them and so had feigned ignorance.

Ziyue felt relieved. "You're right. I'm just overthinking things."

Chuan and Muchen had gone through so much together. Their bond wasn't easily broken. She was worrying over nothing.

Chuan deliberated before asking, “Mr. Qin... Is he okay?”

Ziyue decided that there was no need to hide the truth from Chuan. He was one of Muchen’s closest aides.

“It’s a side effect to the antidote for K1LU73. There was a chance it’ll affect the nervous system and their temperament... I’m not sure I understand it myself. Mo Xiyi is looking into it. He ran a few tests on Muchen yesterday. I’ll check with him tomorrow. Hopefully, he’ll have a way to get Muchen better.” She told him the truth.

Chuan’s jaw dropped. “Side effect to the antidote for K1LU73? Mo Xiyi didn’t say anything about side effects!”

“He said that he wasn’t sure about the side effects.” Ziyue smiled wanly. “This is all my fault.”

It was her fault. She was the culprit. Muchen was living his best life. But he suffered so much because of her. His current situation was all her fault.

He could still go about normally, even in his current situation. But at the bottom of it... He could no longer call himself a normal person.

A normal person wouldn’t be filled with rage every day. His temper shouldn’t be quite so hair-triggering.

If it weren’t for her, he wouldn’t be suffering like this. He wouldn’t have become like this.

She felt so much guilt towards Muchen. But there was no one she could talk to, nor did she want to tell anyone.

“Don’t be like this, Mrs. Qin. I’m sure he doesn’t feel that way. Nan Ke and I don’t think so too.” Chuan furrowed his brows and sighed.

“Thank you. You should go. I’ll be out in a bit. Muchen is probably looking for me.” He would probably get angry again if he couldn’t find her.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 603-Chuan nodded and turned to leave.

However, upon recalling his conversation with Muchen, he hesitated before saying, “Madam.”

“Yes?” Ziyue was about to return to her room, but she turned around when she heard his voice.

He still looked uncertain, without uttering anything.

Ziyue walked back to him. "What's wrong?"

"Shichu is a part of Gricy. No matter the reason behind it, he's not innocent. He started the K7 team doing live experiments, aiding Gricy to hurt more people. It is a known fact."

In fact, Muchen had instructed that he wanted to see Shichu's body the next time they met. Hence, it was highly unlikely Shichu could survive any longer.

He didn't want Ziyue to quarrel with Muchen again because of Shichu.

No matter what Muchen's temperament had become, Ziyue was still very important to Muchen.

Ziyue was taken aback by Chuan's sudden mention of Shichu. Her smile froze, and disappointment clouded her eyes.

In a dejected voice, she said, "I know."

Knowing was one thing, but accepting it was another.

Chuan didn't elaborate any further. With a nod, he left.

Since their return last night, Muchen had not given her any free time, so she had no time to think about Shichu.

Now that Chuan had brought it up, she couldn't help thinking about it.

She still remembered the address and the number.

Should I look for him?

"Where are you going?"

A familiar voice rang in front of her. As Ziyue raised her head, she saw Muchen standing not far from her.

Though he was wearing casual clothes, the expression on his face was not relaxed at all. He stared at her gloomily as though his gaze could penetrate her.

Ziyue calmed herself before walking to him. "I wanted to take a walk. It's quite boring to stay in the room all day."

As soon as she finished speaking, he grabbed her hand and walked outside.

“Are we going to the river?” She looked at the sky above her; it was hot outside.

Muchen understood her concerns and paused briefly before continuing walking again.

The gym facilities in Mogwin Castle were quite complete. There was even a row of bicycles in front of the hall that could be used for working out.

If the weather were cool enough, people would ride it out to explore the surroundings.

Muchen grabbed one of the bicycles and motioned to Ziyue to get on.

Her eyes widened in surprise. “A Bicycle?”

The president of a huge corporation is fetching me on a bike for a stroll by the river? It’s like a scene from a romance novel.

With her heart thumping wildly, she looked at him brightly before getting on the backseat of the bicycle.

“Sit tight.” His soothing voice rang. Before she could reply, he started cycling out of the castle.

As he was quite tall and strong, he rode quickly.

Ziyue yelped and quickly hugged his waist. “It’s too fast! Slow down!”

She felt as if she was going to be thrown off the bicycle.

Muchen didn’t seem to hear her and continued the current speed.

Ziyue quickly held her skirt down as she scooted closer to speak into his ears. “My skirt...”

Screech!

The bicycle came to an immediate halt with a loud screech.

“Go slower. I’m wearing a skirt.”

The speed of the bicycle made her skirt fly around.

Without another word, Muchen started riding back to the castle.

“Hey, aren’t we going to the river?” Ziyue was unhappy about his decision. What happened to our stroll by the river? I felt like I’m in a romance novel, yet he’s returning now!

“Change out of your skirt,” Muchen replied impassively.

Upon hearing that, Ziyue said firmly, “No!”

I don’t want to change! I look good wearing a skirt on the backseat of the bicycle with my long hair.

Nevertheless, Muchen did not understand her feelings and forced her to change into a pair of trousers.

Unhappy with the outcome, she moved around in the backseat until he couldn’t stand it anymore and stopped.

As soon as the bicycle stopped, Ziyue stopped messing around with him.

Muchen had one foot on the ground and the other on the pedal. The cold expression on his handsome face and his hair slightly messy formed a rather impactful image.

Ziyue acted subconsciously – she took out her phone and took a picture.

The new phone bought by Muchen had great functions. The picture was taken with a wide aperture with the background blurred, making him look more real and dimensional, as if he were a model for the bicycle.

Ziyue looked at the picture in satisfaction. Just when she clicked save, Muchen scooped her up and placed her in the basket before the bicycle.

As she was focused on her phone, she lost her footing and circled her arm around his neck.

“Don’t let go.”

With that, he started cycling again.

Ziyue had her arm circled around his neck while the other hand was holding her phone.

She dared not budge as she was in front of his chest.

I made the wrong move – shouldn’t have done all that in front of him. He always has a way of making me settle down.

The basket was quite narrow, so it wasn’t comfortable.

She felt as though she was hugging him, and she dared not move for fear of falling.

“I-I want to sit at the back...” she stuttered.

As both of them were good-looking, they elicited many looks from passersby. On top of that, they were in an intimate pose.

Some roller-skating youngsters even whistled at them, but Muchen ignored them.

Ziyue fervently hoped there weren't any reporters around to take pictures. She was positive they would appear in the headlines the next day if that happened.

I don't have any plans to 'show off' our relationship.

It took half an hour to arrive at the river from Mogwin Castle, just in time to watch the sun set behind the cityscape. The crimson skies reflected on the shimmering river.

Muchen placed one foot on the ground, stopping the bike.

Having sat stiffly for the entire journey, Ziyue immediately leaped from the bicycle the moment he stopped.

She moved her body about and sat on the bench. "It's so tiring..."

After parking the bicycle, Muchen sat beside her and massaged her waist.

She turned around and looked at him.

The expression on his lowered face as he rubbed her waist made her fall for him all over again.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 604-She looked at him intently as he massaged her waist.

After a while, when he thought it was enough, he retracted his hand and met her gaze.

"Still feeling sore?" He arched his eyebrows.

She returned to her senses and stuttered, "N-No."

He stopped speaking and turned back to look at the river, leaning against the bench.

His eyes were half-narrowed, and he looked contemplative.

The glow of the sun seemed to light him up. Enconced in the rays, he looked rather ethereal.

Ziyue suddenly said, "Muchen."

He slowly turned around before holding her in his embrace.

Though surprised, she leaned on his chest docilely.

It had been a while since they had been at peace with each other.

...

On Monday, Muchen went to work early in the morning.

Before leaving, Ziyue helped him with his necktie. The loving atmosphere between them had sustained since returning from the river.

After sending him off, she planned to visit Xiyi.

There was a sense of camaraderie between them after frequent interactions. They would only speak about Muchen privately without letting him know.

It was difficult for him to notice the change in his temperament. Even if he felt it himself, Ziyue couldn't bring herself to point it out.

"How's it going with Muchen's report?"

Before leaving, she called him to give him a heads-up. Hence, he was already expecting her.

"No problems with his health." Xiyi led her into the room as he explained Muchen's condition.

It was great news that he was healthy.

"What about the rest?" Ziyue asked.

"We couldn't find out much about the rest. Based on his recent behavior, I can only deduce what's going on with his mental state."

As they chatted, they reached his lab.

"Please take a seat." He pulled the chair for her and poured a glass of water.

She noticed a few new additions on his work desk – psychology books.

He noticed her preoccupation and tidied the books, putting them aside before sitting opposite her.

“I noticed a pattern – he’s more prone to losing his temper in front of the people he’s close with.” After a pause, he continued, “I visited a few employees from LK Group yesterday to understand his behavior in the company. Though he’s mostly short-tempered, it’s not that bad.”

“You’re saying that... he only does that to me?” Ziyue shook her head and corrected herself. “No, I mean – does he only do that to people he’s close with?”

“Yes,” he continued. “Everyone has the instinct to avoid risks, including Mr. Qin. He is a careful and prudent person. I guess you are the only one he is the most comfortable with, so he has no reservations about how he behaves around you.”

There was a moment of relief for Ziyue, but things didn’t seem that good considering how he restricted her freedom.

“He thinks I love Shichu and even suspects that I don’t want to have his kids because of Shichu,” she said in amusement. “He doesn’t believe me no matter how much I try to explain.”

After hearing her explanation, Xiyi sank into deep thoughts. Then, he repeated, “He won’t believe you.”

“Why? I notice he has become quite suspicious and irate lately. His temper is also very unpredictable. But...” Ziyue couldn’t think of a better adjective and swept her hair behind her ears. “Sometimes, he is very gentle and loving.”

Giving me massages and hugging me in bed – those are quite affectionate of him.

As soon as she finished speaking, she blushed. I don’t mean to flaunt anything.

Fortunately, there weren’t any changes in Xiyi’s reaction.

“Even a mentally unstable patient would calm down after being administered tranquilizer. I guess you probably did something that pleased him. When his emotional needs are satisfied, he will calm down and become less upset.”

Xiyi’s eyes drooped with worry as soon as he finished speaking.

If it were some physical problems, I could detect them with machines and look into treatments that might help. But this is related to psychological and mental issues. The patient is reluctant to cooperate, so I can only gauge the situation from others. It’s too risky.

Deep in his thoughts, he didn’t notice Ziyue’s expression. “What do you mean by ‘mentally unstable’? He is not a mentally unstable patient!”

With that, she stood up angrily.

It was out of Xiyi's expectations that Ziyue would have such a huge reaction. After all, he was one to speak his mind without any restrictions and without taking the context into account.

His face darkened as he explained solemnly, "His brain activities are in disarray. He can't think straight and loses control of himself occasionally – these are signs of mental disease. But when we checked him, we found nothing wrong with his nervous system. It is a symptom of a mental illness, considering how long he has been acting weird."

Ziyue tensed up and clenched her fists. "He's just short-tempered. Everyone has their moments of losing their tempers. It is not a big deal at all!"

"Madam, please stay calm. I'm just telling the truth. I suspect his outbursts are not related to the side effects of the K1LU73 antidote. The drug would affect his nerves, which we would clearly see if it were the case. Yet, I couldn't find any changes in his nervous system."

Ziyue pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "What do you mean?"

"After eliminating the central nervous system and his injuries, we can consider external factors. However, Mr. Qin has a strong mental fortitude that is hardly swayed by external stress. I suspect he might have a hereditary disease."

His cold and piercing eyes locked on Ziyue as he was explaining.

She staggered backward, with blood leaving her face. "Wasn't it just the side effects from the K1LU73 antidote?"

Xiyi rubbed his temples before explaining patiently, "That was my initial suspicion, but after several checks, I found no damage in his nervous system. While doing the experiments on lab rats, I confirmed that the drug would affect their nervous system. The only reason Mr. Qin wasn't affected was because of his hereditary disease."

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 605-Ziyue's mouth fell agape, but she didn't utter a word.

She fell back on the chair and brushed her hair aside. For a long time, it was difficult for her to speak.

The change in temperament, the outbursts and paranoia, and the weird behaviors were the changes in Muchen.

No matter how much she was in denial, she could no longer deceive herself when the facts were right before her.

Muchen... has a hereditary mental illness.

Ziyue's thoughts were in disarray. Her gaze was fixed in a direction as she remained still.

Xiyi didn't interrupt her, knowing it would take her some time to accept this.

Ziyue got up and fetched herself a glass of water. After gulping it down, she sat opposite Xiyi and heaved a huge sigh before speaking, "I didn't know his family has such a history."

His parents had passed. The only remaining blood relatives were Yuchuan and Gong Zeyang, his half-brother of a different mother.

In the recent generations of the Gong family, there was no news of anyone with mental illnesses.

Gong Zeyang's grandfather passed away in his seventies due to a disease, while Gong Shuze died in jail in his forties. Gong Zeyang was still quite healthy, so it was unlikely that the Gong family had such a hereditary disease.

Hence, the remaining suspects were from the Mogwin family.

Li is dead, so it can't be her; Yuchuan is quite healthy, so he can be ruled out as well.

Who can it be?

The Mogwin family was a prestigious family with many branch families. The only person who was closely related to Muchen was Yuchuan. There was no news about mental illnesses in Li's generation.

After eliminating all the possibilities, Ziyue suddenly recalled Yuchuan's wife, the Countess of Augsburg, who was the most beloved daughter of Mogwin Castle's previous owner.

It had been a long time since she had passed. Her father, the previous leader of the Mogwin family, was quite old when she died. Since finding someone with the caliber to take on the huge responsibility was difficult, he took the objections head-on and appointed Yuchuan.

Fortunately, Yuchuan didn't let him down.

Under his leadership, the Mogwin family didn't suffer any declines. Instead, they became more prosperous.

Before going to Country J, Ziyue looked up the background of the Mogwin family. The death of Yuchuan's wife could be easily found online – it was due to the final stage of lung cancer.

It was sad to see a person pass from such a disease.

Because of her mother's young death, Li became rebellious. Both of them were quite headstrong. They had a fight, and no one was willing to take a step back. That was why Li went to Country Z.

The only suspect was Yuchuan's wife, who was also Muchen's grandmother.

He couldn't remember much of his grandmother, so she was rarely mentioned.

Just when Xiyi wanted to say something, he saw her deep in her thoughts and stopped speaking.

She mentally sorted out the relationships between the various people. After that, she asked hesitantly, "How well do you know the Mogwin family, especially Muchen's grandmother?"

Xiyi felt the significance of her question and mulled it over before replying, "It's rumored that she passed from lung cancer."

"Could it be possible that the reason might be something else? It's not a glorious thing to die from a mental illness. The Mogwin family might have covered it up since it would affect the family's reputation. Could that be possible?"

Xiyi was thinking along the same lines. "If that can be confirmed, I can start looking into the treatment for Mr. Qin."

"Dr. Mo," Ziyue called his name and stood up with a dire expression she had never once shown. "Please keep this a secret. You know this is serious."

With that, she bowed deeply before him.

Xiyi remained silent – it was a tacit agreement.

A feeling of gratitude washed over Ziyue.

If Xiyi revealed this to Muchen's competitors, Muchen would be in huge trouble.

Though people claimed they would be understanding and open about sick people, society still harbored prejudice against the mentally unwell.

From another perspective, it was because of the uncertainty of the mental patients who might hurt others.

If Muchen's condition came to light, he might need to stay in a health facility or mental hospital.

It was difficult for Ziyue to imagine that.

I won't let that day come. I'll make sure he's cured before that happens.

...

Ziyue had no idea how she exited Mo Xiyue's lab. She had been there for several hours; it was noon when she left.

"Mrs. Qin."

After greeting her, the driver opened the door and waited for her to enter the car.

She was still in a daze after entering, looking out of the windows sullenly without saying anything.

As the car slowly moved, the driver asked, "Where are we heading next, Mrs. Qin?"

He noticed she was looking outside absent-mindedly without hearing his question.

At that moment, his phone rang. It was his work phone, and the caller was none other than Muchen.

"Yes, sir," he respectfully replied as he slowed down.

"Did Mrs. Qin go out?" His unique voice rang coldly.

The driver's expression immediately changed upon hearing that.

Muchen had once forbidden them to let Ziyue leave the house. However, a few days ago, he mentioned that it was fine.

From his current tone, the driver knew he was in trouble, but he didn't dare to tell the truth.

A slender hand took his phone away as he was about to reply through gritted teeth.

Turning around dumbfoundedly, he saw Ziyue putting her index finger on her lips, signaling him to keep quiet.

He quickly nodded and did as he was told.

Ziyue placed the phone by her ears and heard Muchen's enraged bellows.

"Are you deaf? I asked you a question! Give me a reply! Where did she go?"

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 606-Ziyue laughed out loud. Muchen was really annoyed.

She ignored his temper and explained warmly, "I wasn't feeling well in the morning, so I asked to be sent to Dr. Mo."

When he heard her familiar and gentle voice, Muchen's initial reply was stuck in his throat.

He knocked on his table several times in irritation. "Ziyue, I told you not to go out simply yesterday. Are you deaf?" he asked in a reprimanding tone.

Yet, Ziyue was not annoyed at all.

When Yuchuan's wife died, she hadn't even reached her forties, and Muchen is almost thirty now. If it's really a hereditary disease, he might pass away at a young age, like his grandmother.

Ziyue took a deep breath to calm herself down so Muchen wouldn't catch that something was wrong.

"Of course not. I wasn't feeling well, that's all. Can't I see Dr. Mo for that?" she asked seriously, as though she was prepared to apologize if Muchen forbade it.

Initially, he felt a ball of fury raging within him, making him berserk with rage. Unable to calm down, he sought an outlet to unleash his wrath.

However, Ziyue's soft and gentle voice slowly calmed him down.

He frowned at the table for several seconds before remembering Ziyue couldn't see his expression.

"Come here in twenty – no, in ten minutes. I want to see you ten minutes later."

With that, he hung up the call.

Hearing the beeping sound of the line, Ziyue was momentarily stunned before handing the phone back to the driver.

“Madam, where are we heading?” While asking, the driver observed her expression tentatively.

Seeing how calm she was, he assumed it wasn't a big deal.

Unfortunately, her words destroyed his hopeful thinking.

“He wants to see me in ten minutes,” she replied with a wide smile as she looked at his surprise with satisfaction.

“H-H-How is it... possible? Ten minutes...” he stammered.

He knew it was impossible to make it to LK Group within ten minutes. It was an hour-long journey. If the traffic was good, they might be able to make it sooner.

Nonetheless, LK Group was located in the heart of the city; it was impossible for traffic to be light.

The smile on Ziyue's face slowly faded. “Don't worry about it. We'll go there now, but there's no need to hurry. It's better to be safe than sorry.”

Her words did not calm the driver down. Fear still lingered within him as he drove along, not daring to heave a heavy breath.

Sitting in the backseat, she could feel his tension and nervousness.

How does Muchen appear to his servants? A demon who throws tantrums anytime? That's probably the case. Yet, this demon is my beloved man. No matter how much he changes, I will never give up on him.

...

An hour and a half later, they finally arrived at LK Group.

Along the way, Ziyue received countless calls from Muchen but didn't pick up all of them.

She only accepted his calls every ten minutes.

He's so childish! Luckily he calls me, not the driver. Otherwise, the driver might be suspicious.

Ziyue didn't treat Muchen's order seriously. After all, it was impossible to arrive in one hour, yet he requested them to arrive in ten minutes.

I don't know how to teleport. Of course, I can't get there so quickly.

Though she didn't mind, the driver dared not completely ignore his boss' orders.

"We're here, madam."

He opened the car door for her. When she got out, she noticed the sweat on his forehead.

There was air conditioning in the car, so it wasn't due to the temperature; instead, it was because of the stress given by Muchen.

Ziyue realized that Muchen was the decision-maker in his company. He had to give countless instructions over the day, with thousands of people awaiting his decisions. Any instructions said carelessly might increase the stress level of others, making them feel worried.

Though she didn't mind his tantrums and unreasonable demands, others might not be as accepting as she.

He didn't mean to do it, but undeniably he had increased the uneasiness and burdens of other people.

With that thought in mind, Ziyue felt a heavy weight on her shoulders.

Even when she arrived in his office, the heaviness didn't ease.

Muchen's desk had heaps of documents, but he wasn't looking at any of them. He paced back and forth in the room and glanced at the time regularly as if he was waiting for someone.

Ziyue knew that someone was herself.

As soon as he heard the door opening, he walked to her in huge strides and pulled her to him. "What took so long? Didn't I say to see you in ten minutes?"

"But it's simply impossible to arrive in ten minutes. Your office is very far from Dr. Mo's place," she replied calmly and tried to smile at him naturally.

However, her smile looked stiff as she was still in a bad mood.

Muchen was over-suspicious at the moment. He narrowed his eyes upon seeing her smile and turned around to close the door. Then, he appraised her from head to toe before asking, "What were you doing there?"

"Getting a health check," she replied earnestly.

It was evident that he didn't believe her.

He looked at her apprehensively and said, "We were just there on Saturday."

"That was for checking the injury on my head. Today I was there to get your health report. After you left in the morning, I suddenly felt dizzy..."

When Muchen heard that, his suspicions turned to worry, but his tone remained cold.

"What about now? How do you feel now?"

"Much better. Perhaps the air-conditioning was too cold last night, giving me a headache."

While speaking, she paid close attention to Muchen's expression.

He looked at her with a familiar expression of attentiveness.

However, he wasn't mentally healthy. Ziyue didn't mind what he would become, but the president of LK Group could not be someone who was mentally unhealthy.

He was one of the pillars of the European economy, the descendent of the Mogwin family, and Princess Aika's business partner.

All those labels did not allow him to be someone with mental issues.

If only he were an ordinary person. He won't have to care about other people's perceptions of him, and we won't have to worry about the consequences of such news being exposed. Everything can be resolved.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 607

Marry Me Quick Chapter 607-Muchen looked at her in uncertainty, but ultimately, he believed her.

With a slight frown, he said, "You can go back and rest now."

She was silent upon hearing that. He asked me to rush here. But before I could even take a seat, he asked me to go home to rest. How thoughtful! He's really at ease with doing whatever he wants. Ziyue thought sarcastically

Nevertheless, Ziyue remembered her reason for being there – to ask about Yuchuan's late wife.

Though she died young, she was Muchen's grandmother. He probably knew more information than her.

"There's no rush. I came all the way for you, yet you're chasing me away without even offering a glass of water..." she complained and pouted, looking at him with wide eyes to pay attention to his reaction.

He lifted his head to look at her. She lifted her chin slightly with a look of displeasure, looking like she wanted to elaborate further but was embarrassed to do so – she was teasing him.

Muchen had some psychological issues, but he was not dumb. He could easily tell her teasing tone. Thinking that she was adorable, he pinched her cheeks.

She turned her face the other way around. "Say something if you want, but why pinch my cheeks?"

He frowned but didn't look angry. A few seconds later, he asked, "Are you avoiding going home?"

Ziyue remained silent. That was not the case; she wanted to learn more about his grandmother.

"Since you want to stay with me, I'll grant you this opportunity." He had decided before hearing her reply.

She couldn't help smiling upon hearing that. He's becoming more and more narcissistic.

Even though that was the case, she was willing to spend more time with him.

She was pretty free in Country J and worried about his current condition.

She took a step forward and grabbed his hand with a smile. "Do you want to chat with me, then?"

Her gaze fell on the documents on his desk. "Just for a while. You can continue with work later; I won't be a disturbance."

Looking at the docile smile on her face, Muchen slightly loosened up. His frown eased, and his agitation slowly died down.

He pulled her to his desk and motioned for her to sit opposite him.

Though surprised, she did as she was told.

When she was seated, he walked behind his desk and took a seat before reading the documents.

Ziyue looked at him, baffled. What does he mean?

She fidgeted with her fingers, but he raised his head from the document just as she was about to say something. "Didn't you want to chat? Why are you so quiet?"

He's reading through the documents. How am I supposed to chat with him? Is he expecting me to talk to myself?

"If you have something to say, just shoot." He looked at her indifferently and lowered his head to sign on the final page of the document. Then, he picked up another file.

After a while, Ziyue finally realized that he was multitasking. He planned to work and chat at the same time.

Does this work?

She was the one who selected his suit and did his necktie before he went out in the morning.

Though most of his clothes were similar, she took quite some time in the wardrobe to choose the best for him.

His facial features looked the same as before – reserved and profound. He sat straight when he was pouring over the documents. Even without speaking, he looked intimidating.

Ziyue froze briefly before asking tentatively, "Can you tell me more about your grandma?"

As soon as she finished speaking, his head jerked up to look at her.

His gaze was deep and penetrating, with pupils as dark as ink. The depth of his eyes gave people a sense of intimidation.

Ziyue was quietly shocked by his reaction. Thinking she might incite his suspicions by the sudden mention of his grandmother, she stammered, flustered, "I'm just curious. If you don't like to speak about it, I..."

His gaze lingered on her for quite some time until he returned to read the documents. Yet, he replied to her question, "My grandmother and my mother were beautiful women."

They were both independent and strong-willed,” he said conversationally, as though he was open to talking about them.

Nevertheless, Ziyue noticed that he had some reservations about his grandmother.

In a few sentences, the conversation about his grandmother was over, and the information Ziyue had gotten matched the results she found online.

Her heart sank immediately. He must know some things about her. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so reserved. Why is he being so careful? There must be something he can't tell me. We've been together for so long, yet I've never heard him mention her.

Before this, she didn't think deeply about it. At this moment, she finally found it suspicious.

Someone who makes him cautious and vigilant... I think I have an answer.

Since he didn't want to elaborate on the topic, Ziyue didn't force it and continued chatting about something else.

After that, he didn't pay a lot of attention to her. He merely replied briefly, sometimes lifting his head to look at her.

Though he seemed cavalier, she knew he was listening attentively. It wasn't difficult for him to multitask.

Finally, she stopped speaking and paid attention to him as he worked.

The way he focused at work was quite attractive.

His thin lips were slightly pressed together, but his face was impassive. The occasional arch of his eyebrow revealed some of his emotions.

Muchen mustn't lose LK Group. His mental illness mustn't be revealed to the public. This company is the culmination of all the years of hard work.

She made a split-second decision.

“I heard your secretary is going on maternity leave soon.” She learned this in one of her casual conversations with Nan Ke.

“Yeah,” he replied coolly without lifting his head to look at her.

“Has the human resource department found a new secretary for you?” she asked, not minding his preoccupation.

Upon hearing her interest in the topic, he paused and looked at her. "You want to work here?"

There was a brief pause before she spoke her mind seriously. "I want to be your secretary."

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 608

Marry Me Quick Chapter 608-After hearing her statement, Muchen placed his documents on the table. His face darkened as he replied, "Impossible."

Though he had a team of secretaries, the chief secretary had a heavy workload. It would be a taxing job.

Even though they could be together for the entire day if they worked together, he couldn't bear making her exhausted from all the work.

"Why not? Don't you want to see me the entire day? Bring me along on your business trips?" Ziyue started flashing out her reasoning.

Though Muchen had become quite paranoid, his affection for her remained unchanged.

"On top of that, if I'm with you the entire time, you don't have to worry about me getting into trouble or going anywhere alone."

Without a doubt, her explanation was quite tempting.

The thought of being together with her the entire day made his resolve waver.

However, Ziyue panicked slightly when Muchen disagreed with her request.

He didn't even allow me to leave the house, worried I might run away. Now that I request to be with him all day, he disagrees immediately. What's wrong?

In fact, Muchen was already persuaded by her.

Regardless, she stated another indisputable fact to solidify her position. "If we work together, you can have your eye on me the entire time. I wouldn't have any opportunities to look for Shichu."

Muchen immediately caught the point that he was the most sensitive to. "You still want to see him?"

A hostile look flared in his eyes as if he would tear her apart if her reply was positive.

Ziyue was startled by his reaction. She didn't understand why he was so triggered by Shichu, but she knew she shouldn't agitate him any further.

If he lost his temper, he might reject all her suggestions.

"I'm just quoting an example. If I can see you every moment of the day, I won't have the time to think about other men." She blushed after saying that.

Even though she was long past her teenage days, she still felt awkward saying it.

Muchen's expression changed several times before he let out a cold snort. "If you dare to see him, I'll kill him first and break your legs before locking you up."

Ziyue shuddered, shocked by the ruthlessness in his words.

"So, do you agree for me to be your secretary?" Ziyue widened her eyes at him expectantly.

Muchen met her bright gaze and nodded impassively.

As if worried that he might change his mind, she quickly asked, "Dear Mr. President, when can I start work?"

Muchen shot a glance at her.

"How about today?" she quickly asked.

In fact, he was delighted by her enthusiasm.

She doesn't want to part with me, even for a second. Since she can't bear to leave me, I'll grant her request.

...

Hence, Ziyue started working at LK Group as his secretary.

After hearing that, Xiyi gave her a call.

"It's a great idea. With you around, no matter how furious he is, he will still listen to you. You are his calming pill right now. With you around, his condition will improve greatly," he explained from a medical perspective, but she felt awkward after hearing that.

When she unabashedly requested to be his secretary, she was slightly embarrassed about how thick-skinned she behaved, but it affected him.

However, when others pointed it out loud, she felt shy and embarrassed.

"I know. By the way, I asked about his grandmother, but he brushed it off in a few words. It looks like he doesn't want to discuss it and avoids the topic."

Xiyi didn't immediately reply to her. After a moment, he said, "Alright. I'll arrange a treatment plan for Mr. Qin."

Wondering if it was an illusion, Ziyue felt that Xiyi's tone was slightly off.

After hanging up, she didn't go back to her office. Instead, she leaned against the wall and stared into the distance sullenly.

"Where are the documents I asked you to photocopy?"

Muchen's voice suddenly rang behind her. She jumped before turning around to look at him.

"W-Why are you here?"

"I'm waiting for the documents." He looked as handsome as ever with a cold expression, standing just two steps from her.

From his tone, it seemed like she was lazing off.

She blushed and replied, "I'll do it immediately."

With that, she quickly headed to the photocopy room.

Muchen's mask of indifference remained intact as she scurried away, as though nothing would change his icy demeanor.

Just when he was about to head back, he received a call.

Before he could reply, the caller reported, "Sir, I've just emailed you Mrs. Qin's call history."

Muchen hung up after that.

...

He returned to his office, but his gaze remained on a separate workspace in the corner.

He set it up for Ziyue, satisfying her wish to be with him the entire time.

He stood rooted to the ground for several seconds. The entire room was quite empty since she hadn't returned.

He went to his desk and opened his private email. He had received a document regarding Ziyue's latest call history.

He was satisfied with how frequently his number showed up, but he noticed that she called Xiyi more than three times over the past few days.

He had an uncanny feeling that Ziyue's behavior was slightly peculiar, yet he liked how she was behaving around him.

The peculiar feeling settled within him for quite some time, but he didn't do anything about it.

At the same time, he noticed that she would speak up whenever he lost his temper.

Looking at Xiyi's phone, he thought, Very good, Xiyi.

...

After work, Ziyue flopped on her desk, wanting to nap right there.

Forget it. I'll just rest while waiting for Muchen to go home together.

After some time, she straightened up and realized that he was not in the office.

The three-hour-long meeting had just ended, and she returned to the office immediately. It's about time that he's back. Did something happen?

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 609

Marry Me Quick Chapter 609-At that moment, someone opened the door.

Ziyue turned around and noticed that it wasn't Muchen but another colleague from the secretarial department.

Well, now anyone in the company is considered my colleague.

"Mrs. Qin."

She glanced around the room when she entered. When she finally spotted Ziyue, her eyes lit up, and she walked over.

"I'm also a part of LK Group now, and my position is not any higher than you, so you can just call me by my name," Ziyue said weakly, leaning backward and cocking her head sideways.

It had been a tiring few days indeed.

The colleague smiled shyly. "Mr. Qin asked me to inform you that he has a business dinner. The driver is waiting for you downstairs. Just go down when you are ready to go home."

"Business dinner?" Ziyue asked in a high-pitch, alarmed voice as she straightened her back.

The colleague froze momentarily, taken aback by her reaction. With a nod, she replied, "Yeah."

"Got it. Thanks."

Ziyue got up and made her way out of the room without any hesitation.

Muchen usually hates business dinners. Why did he suddenly agree to attend? On top of that, he didn't even tell me personally. When I went through his schedule just now, I saw nothing of that sort. Someone capable of making him accept the invite must be pretty influential. Still, he hates these occasions the most.

The doubts in her mind expanded when she saw Chuan in the lobby.

"Why are you here, Chuan? Didn't you go with Muchen?" she asked, walking straight to him.

As soon as Chuan turned around and saw that it was Ziyue, a look of respect appeared on his face.

"Where to?" he asked blankly.

"Someone from the secretarial department told me Muchen had a business dinner," Ziyue told him what she had just heard.

Since Chuan understood Muchen's character, he couldn't hide his shock, just like her moments ago.

Considering how much Muchen hated socializing, it was even more impossible that he left Ziyue in the company alone while he went out. Even if such news was told by Ziyue herself, it was difficult for Chuan to believe it.

After some quick thinking, he made a decision. "I'll check with them again and ask the driver to send you home first."

'They' referred to Muchen's bodyguards, who were always with him.

"Okay."

I should still go home first. With Chuan handling the situation, we will soon know where Muchen is. What if he has gone home? He'll likely leave halfway if he goes to a business dinner.

...

On the other hand, Muchen was driving on a highway without Chuan or any of his bodyguards.

The road did not lead to any high-end clubs in the city or Mogwin Castle.

As soon as he parked in front of a familiar mansion, he quickly headed inside, meeting Xiyi as the latter prepared to go out.

Xiyi was thinking, If Muchen's grandmother passed away from mental illness, there's bound to be leaks no matter how much the Mogwin family tried to hush things down. Based on my current status in the medical field, I think I can get some information from the psychiatric department. Even if they reject me, I can figure it out myself.

However, as soon as he walked out of his lab, he was met with a domineering Muchen.

After a moment of pause, he nudged the glasses on the bridge of his nose before saying, "What brings you here, Mr. Qin?"

Muchen shot him a cold glance before ignoring him and walking directly into his lab.

Xiyi understood that something was up, so he quickly followed suit.

By the time he entered the room, Muchen was standing in front of his work desk, playing around with a pair of forceps.

Xiyi observed him carefully and realized that Muchen was using it to distract his rising temper.

"Mr. Qin, what's up?" Xiyi cut to the chase after walking over.

Muchen's first sentence left him silent. "Recently, Ziyue has been calling you quite frequently."

Knowing how paranoid Xiyi Muchen was, he gave the most acceptable answer he could think of. "There's nothing between us."

"Of course, nothing in you could attract her." With that, he looked at Xiyi contemptuously as though he was the worst person in the world.

No matter how calm Xiyi tried to remain, he was still terrified by Muchen's words.

Without waiting for his reply, Muchen asked, "What were you guys discussing?"

Before Xiyi even opened his mouth, he continued, "It's related to me."

Xiyi jerked his head at Muchen, but he couldn't decipher the expression in the latter's eyes.

"Yeah," he replied finitely.

Silence fell upon the lab except for the sound made by the forceps Muchen was fumbling with.

Xiyi's gaze lingered momentarily on the forceps before he looked away with a frown.

Half a minute later, Muchen suddenly threw the forceps aside.

He looked at Xiyi sullenly as he said, "What have you discovered, and what have you told her?"

The frown on Xiyi's face deepened. After a moment of silence, he replied arduously, "I told her everything I discovered."

Muchen sprinted to Xiyi and grabbed his collar. "You have been working for me for ten years. Don't you know who decides your fate? How dare you speak to her about me without my permission?"

Though Xiyi was prepared for Muchen's outburst, he was still nervous when he inevitably encountered it.

Any doctor would have a dilemma divulging the truth to their patients. If I were to be honest, how could I tell him he's mentally ill?

Xiyi was slightly shorter than Muchen. Hence, it was not comfortable to be lifted by the collar. Even so, he didn't struggle. He just found it difficult to speak.

Muchen's hands tightened around his neck until his face turned purple. Then, he shoved Xiyi aside harshly.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 610

Marry Me Quick Chapter 610-After shoving him aside, Muchen placed both hands on the desk and slightly crouched as he looked away darkly.

There was a lot of stuff in the lab. Xiyi landed on some of the apparatus, injuring his waist.

He slowly sat on the ground and heaved a sigh, raising his head to the ceiling as he endured the waves of pain. After the pain had passed, he stood from the ground slowly.

This time around, he sat in a spot further from Muchen. My body can't withstand another blow.

He nudged his glasses again before looking at Muchen, who remained in the same position without moving.

After a while, Muchen said raspily, "Our partnership stops here."

"What?" Mo Ziyi froze, unable to accept the sudden declaration.

Muchen turned around to look at him frostily. "I think you understand what I mean. I don't want to repeat myself."

That was true – Xiyi understood his meaning.

Even though they had a contract regarding their partnership, they had been working with each other for years. It wasn't something that could be forsaken in just a few words.

On top of that, Muchen's condition didn't look good.

"Mr. Qin, you have to start your treatment." Enduring the pain, he stood up and looked at Muchen firmly.

However, the latter glared at him and said indifferently, "It's none of your business. You're different now – based on your current popularity, the national research center will accept you."

Xiyi could feel the resolution in Muchen's words.

He clenched his fists. After a moment of silence, he seemed to have made his resolve.

"In the first few years, you let me research what I'm interested in. When I succeeded and won a prize, I applied for a patent. Then, you hinted for me to do some research in psychiatry, and I did that. However, since it's not something I'm passionate about, I didn't spend all my effort on it."

Muchen seemed to calm down. His dark pupils narrowed slightly as he acted nonchalantly, but Xiyi knew he was listening attentively.

Then, he made a bold speculation. "It's because of your family history of mental illnesses that you hinted for me to research that topic. Since it's top secret, you couldn't tell me directly."

Xiyi only remembered this incident a few days ago.

He speculated that Muchen agreed to sponsor his lab and treated his work seriously because of the family's history of mental illness.

Otherwise, as a businessman not interested in the medical field, why would he spend so much money on my research?

It was just a speculation, but with a strong basis.

“Among your close relatives, your grandmother suffered the same thing. Every few generations, a few members of the Mogwin family will die because of that. Each time, it would be disguised as another disease so the news doesn't spread.”

Xiyi only dared to look at Muchen after he finished speaking, but there was no change in expression.

Amidst his gaze, Muchen slowly straightened his body.

“No wonder you're the new star in the medical field. Your analysis and logical thinking are pretty good.”

His words confirmed Xiyi's speculation.

Though Xiyi was prepared for this, he felt lost when he got confirmation from Muchen.

This is probably one of the few moments Muchen is entirely sane.

“By talking about this right before me, are you prepared to die?” It was not just Muchen's secret – it was the secret of the entire Mogwin family.

The fact that there was a hereditary mental illness among the Mogwin family that had been prosperous for centuries was very impactful.

Xiyi was right – Muchen's grandmother died of this mental illness. She jumped from one of the buildings in Mogwin Castle.

The building was still closed. No one was allowed to enter.

A chill crept down Xiyi's spine, but he remained calm. “I'll think of ways to treat you.”

“By that, are you planning on treating me by speaking to Ziyue?” Muchen's face darkened as a threatening glow streaked past his eyes.

Xiyi finally understood the main reason for Muchen's worry – that Ziyue would find out.

“She is the closest person to you, and I’m your doctor. It makes sense that I talk to her.”

It was a very normal thing to do; the doctor should speak to the patient’s family members.

“Shut up! What do you know? She’ll go to Shichu!”

I am not a normal person; I have mental issues. She will definitely leave me for Shichu.

Upon hearing that, Xiyi was momentarily stunned before returning to his senses.

“That’s because you are being too paranoid lately. You keep doubting her feelings for you. In my opinion, she truly loves you, and she won’t leave you.”

Nevertheless, Xiyi’s explanation didn’t reach Muchen.

At that moment, Muchen’s mind was filled with how Ziyue would leave him because of his mental illness. She will go to Shichu and be with someone who’s physically and mentally healthy.

Having a hereditary disease meant more than him getting ill; it meant their children might also suffer the same fate at a young age and pass away just like how his grandmother did.

They might commit suicide before they even turn forty. Risk aversion is a normal thing to do. No woman would want to suffer through the probability of her husband and children falling ill with such diseases.

“What do you know?” he howled irately, his eyes turning red.

Xiyi narrowed his eyes, observing Muchen’s changes as he locked his gaze on a tranquilizer nearby.

Without replying, he slowly inched his way toward the tranquilizer with the plan of injecting it into Muchen if he lost control.

At that moment, a phone’s ringtone pierced through the silence.

Xiyi paused and took out his phone.

Coincidentally, it was from Ziyue.

He looked at Muchen and muttered, “It’s from Mrs. Qin.”

The violence in Muchen’s eyes slightly faded as he looked at the phone, the tension in his face easing.

“Ziyue?”