

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 611

Marry Me Quick Chapter 611-Lost Control for The Second Time

Xiyi nodded, "Yes."

Muchen lifted his chin and raised his eyebrows. He said coldly, "Answer it."

Xiyi answered the call and put it on hands-free mode.

Ziyue's voice was heard from the other end of the phone as soon as the call connected. She sounded anxious. "Dr. Mo, Muchen has gone missing!"

Ziyue had returned to Mogwin Castle and had searched the whole castle. But she did not see Muchen.

She had also asked the servants, and they were sure that Muchen had not returned yet.

Chuan had also called and told her he could not find Muchen.

As time passed, she felt even more anxious.

She was worried that something had happened to Muchen.

But she had forgotten that although Muchen was mentally unwell now, he could still handle matters.

She called Xiyi out of anxiety.

"Where do you think he would go? He told others that he was going on a business trip, but he did not bring Chuan with him. Moreover, he does not like to go on business trips..."

Ziyue was not very close with Xiyi. She wouldn't have talked to him if it wasn't for Muchen, especially now, as she was anxious about Muchen.

Xiyi raised his head calmly to look at Muchen as he listened to Xiyi.

Muchen was right beside him, and he looked deep in thought. He was obviously listening to their conversation.

"Hello? Dr. Mo? Are you listening?" Ziyue called out more anxiously when Xiyi did not respond to her.

Xiyi did not reply to Ziyue immediately. He glanced at Muchen quietly.

He was waiting for Muchen's orders.

Muchen raised his eyebrows and gave Xiyi a stern look.

Xiyi immediately knew what he should do. He comforted Ziyue, "Don't worry. Perhaps Mr. Qin didn't bring anyone because he didn't want to trouble them."

"But I'm worried about him now. What if others find out about his condition? I have to find him." Although Xiyi had managed to calm her a little, she still felt anxious.

Xiyi raised his head and glanced at Muchen once again.

Muchen glared at him quietly. He reached his hand into his pocket and took out his phone.

He pressed the power button of his phone. The screen lit up immediately. When he unlocked his phone, he saw a few missed call notifications.

The corner of his eyes twitched a bit as he slid his thumb against the screen. The missed calls were all from one person—Ziyue.

He had saved her number as 'My wife'.

Muchen called her back.

Xiyi stood beside Muchen. He could see Muchen's actions.

Xiyi was once entrusted to watch a dementia patient in the past.

The patient loved her granddaughter the most. Whenever Xiyi visited her, the patient would talk about her granddaughter. In the evening, she would head to the kitchen and murmur, saying that she had to prepare dinner as her granddaughter was returning from school.

But the truth was that her granddaughter had finished her studies, was already married, and had her own children.

Muchen was emotionally unstable and strangled him a few minutes before. But now, he was calling Ziyue when he heard her anxious voice.

"Ah!"

When Muchen called Ziyue, her squeal was heard from Xiyi's phone. "Muchen is calling me!"

Xiyi's call was cut off right after Ziyue's squeal was heard.

He raised his eyebrows and glanced at Muchen. Muchen spoke into his phone, "The food here is distasteful. I want fish glazed with onion oil for dinner."

Muchen's expression gradually relaxed when he listened to Ziyue. He looked like he was going to smile.

Xiyi was amazed by the power of their love. He quietly stepped aside to tidy the things Muchen, and he had knocked over just now when they were wrestling with each other.

Soon, Muchen ended the call.

Muchen turned around and saw Xiyi tidying the place. His eyes darkened, "Leave this place."

Xiyi paused. He continued picking up the things on the floor quietly.

Muchen added, "Explain clearly before you leave. And do not contact her anymore after this."

He did not want Ziyue to worry about him constantly.

She should be happy with him.

This was what he wanted. But he couldn't do it.

Because many things were not under his control.

Mental illness ran in the Mogwin Family, and he was unlucky enough to contract it.

Sometimes, he was sober and knew what he was doing. Sometimes, he could not control himself at all.

He had always thought that one could not do anything in life if he could not control himself.

So he had always controlled himself well.

He had only lost control of himself twice in his life.

Once was because of Ziyue, and another was because of his hereditary psychological disorder.

Soon, Xiyi understood what Muchen was thinking. The expression on his face instantly changed as he exclaimed, "That's impossible!"

But Muchen had already turned around to leave. When he heard Xiyi's words, he replied calmly without returning to look at Xiyi. "This is an order from your boss."

Xiyi was not good at persuading people. He could only call out, "Mr. Qin!"

"This is my business. I will handle it myself. There is nothing else you can do to help me anymore now. You should leave as soon as you finish tidying."

Muchen left as soon as he finished speaking. He did not give Xiyi any chance to talk anymore.

...

When he returned to Mogwin Castle, Ziyue made onion-glazed fish in the kitchen.

She looked distracted while cutting the onions. She did not realize that Muchen was walking into the kitchen.

Muchen walked up to her from behind quietly. He lowered his head and saw her slightly blushed cheeks. Her red lips were tightly pursed together. She grabbed the knife with her slender fingers and cut the onions one by one. Her mind was obviously far away.

"I do not wish to eat human fingers."

When Ziyue heard the man's cold voice, she was startled. The knife slipped out of her grasp, and she almost cut her finger. Luckily, Muchen caught her hand in time and took the knife away.

"I think you did not do any work in the company these few days." Muchen lowered his eyes at her and mocked Ziyue.

He meant that she was obviously not fit to work since she could not even do a simple job like cutting onions.

Ziyue turned around immediately. She looked pleasantly surprised. "You're back!"

Then, she realized that he was mocking her. "What do you mean? If you did not appear out of nowhere and startled me, I wouldn't have my finger cut!"

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 612-His Dejectedness

Muchen raised an eyebrow in lieu of answering. He led her to a sink with his hand on her back and started washing her hands after placing the kitchen knife down. Ziyue was dumbfounded by his actions and was completely at his mercy.

“What are you doing?” Did he want to have ceviche? Why is he washing my hands? But it’s been so long since he has done something so sweet for me.

Muchen wordlessly washed her hands and wiped them clean like he was caring for a child.

Ziyue’s face was glowing red. She snatched her hands back the moment Muchen was done wiping them. Muchen did not react to her actions. He washed his hands, grabbed the knife, and stood before her with both arms raised.

Ziyue balked momentarily and realized that Muchen wanted her to put the apron on him.

Is he going to cook?

Ziyue took off her apron and tied it around Muchen.

Muchen lowered his gaze and looked at her as he stood still.

Ziyue wrapped her arms around his waist to tie a knot behind him. She did not retract her hands immediately but raised her head to look at Muchen. He was looking down at her deeply, and his gaze was captivating. Ziyue was shocked by his gaze; she quickly pulled her hands back as an indescribable feeling invaded her heart.

“What’s wrong with you?” Ziyue asked after some hesitation.

Muchen’s temper had been erratic recently. He would only be slightly better and gentler when she did something that pleased him. He had called her to tell her he wanted to have ceviche, but now he was going to cook. It had been a long time since she had last eaten his cooking and even longer since she had seen him cook. The image of him cooking was more entrancing than when he was working. More importantly, she was the only one who had ever seen him cook.

Muchen glanced at her and turned around to continue what she was doing; cutting onions.

Ziyue stayed in the kitchen and watched him prepare the ingredients. She placed both hands on the counter and tilted her head to look at his knife skills and, occasionally, his face.

When Muchen finished cutting the onions, he looked at her with a frown. “Don’t be in the way.”

A flash of annoyance went through Ziyue’s eyes. She harrumphed and left the kitchen.

Muchen was stunned. Did she really leave?

Not long later, Ziyue returned with a chair. Sensing Muchen's eyes on her, she sweetly smiled at him and said, "I'll sit at the back and stay out of your way. Isn't it boring to cook by yourself? I'll keep you company..."

Her sweet smile and shining fair face dazzled Muchen's vision. He shifted his eyes away and continued with the dinner preparations.

Xiyi had said that Muchen had a mental disorder, yet he could remember the things and flavors Ziyue liked.

Ziyue thought Muchen was acting weirdly. Although he had not been paying her attention since he returned, she couldn't feel his anger. Instead, it was like he was lost.

It's like he is dejected. But why? Wasn't he out socializing?

Muchen had called to ask her to make ceviche when he was halfway through his social engagement. He took over when he returned and saw that she wasn't done. How he behaved made Ziyue reminisce about their time together in Yunzhou City.

Ziyue looked at his broad back as she sat behind him. "Did you not eat at the restaurant?" She was trying to make conversation.

"Yeah." Muchen finally responded to her. Although it was a simple reply, Ziyue was over the moon.

Muchen could feel her happiness even without turning around. A dark cloud shrouded his eyes as his eyebrows came together in a frown, and his hands slowed.

Ziyue did not know if she was overthinking. Still, it seemed like Muchen was deliberately preparing the food slower, as though he was dilly-dallying. Ziyue had suspicions but knew she wouldn't get any answers even if asked, so she did not bother.

His actions are out of the ordinary anyway.

Ziyue let her thoughts run rampant as she watched him but didn't forget to send Xiyi and Chuan a message informing them Muchen was back.

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The following day, Ziyue received a call from Xiyi when she and Muchen arrived at the office.

Xiyi did not bother with pleasantries and got straight to the point. "I might have wrongly diagnosed Mr. Qin."

Ziyue was alert the moment she had it was something regarding Muchen. Her hands arranging a pile of documents stopped, and she asked, "What do you mean?"

She looked through the glass door at Muchen's table. He had gone to the toilets and wasn't back yet. After ensuring Muchen wouldn't be back for a while, she sat down and listened to Xiyi.

"It was my mistake. There isn't a history of this mental disorder in the Mogwin family." Xiyi's voice was calm. There wasn't a trace of an oddity.

"What?" Ziyue should have felt excited at this news, but instead, her suspicions intensified. She knew Muchen better than anyone else and was also aware of Xiyi's person. He was a person that lived by the book. So, he would only tell her Muchen's disorder was hereditary if he was eighty percent sure.

Why did he go back on his words after one night?

"Let's talk about this face to face." Ziyue wanted to meet him to resolve the bundle of doubt within her.

"Sure, I need to talk to Mr. Qin too. I'll be there in the afternoon," Xiyi agreed and hung up.

There wasn't anything off with Xiyi's attitude throughout the call, but Ziyue couldn't help feeling like something was going on.

'Knock, knock!'

A knuckle tapped twice on her desk and broke Ziyue out of her reverie. She lifted her head and saw Muchen before her.

"You're... you're back." Ziyue hurried to her feet.

She always felt as though Muchen could read her mind. So, she couldn't help but feel wary about her phone call with Xiyi even though Muchen did not say anything.

Muchen coldly glanced at her and pointed a long finger at a document. "I need that document immediately. Prepare and pass it to me as soon as possible."

"I'll do it right away." Ziyue quickly nodded her head in compliance.

Muchen turned to leave but suddenly turned back again, but Ziyue was focused on the document and did not see him. He stood stationary for a few seconds; his emotions were like turbulent waves in his irises.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 613-Making Final Arrangements

Xiyi had informed in their phone conversation that he would come over at noon, but Ziyue did not tell Muchen about it.

It was because Xiyi mentioned he had something to discuss with Muchen. It was not her place to get involved.

Despite saying he would only show up at noon, he showed up way earlier before it was even ten.

He probably started driving to LK Group right after ending their call.

Ziyue bumped into Xiyi when she left her office to look for documents.

She was reading the document in her hand and did not notice Xiyi approaching her from behind.

“Mrs. Qin.”

Xiyi called out to her first.

“Doctor Mo, why are you here so soon?” Ziyue turned around and was surprised to see him.

“I don’t have many matters these days, so I thought I might as well come here earlier. I will disturb your lunch break again if I come over at noon.”

Xiyi was not usually this considerate, so Ziyue could not help but chuckle upon hearing him.

“You have something to discuss with Muchen, right? Then, you should head in first. We can talk about our matters later. I need to deal with this document first.” Ziyue paused before adding, “By the way, he’s in his office.”

Xiyi nodded and knocked on the door before entering Muchen’s office.

Muchen was dealing with documents and looked cold and unapproachable. He had an innate sense of nobility and authority surrounding him.

In other words, he did not seem any different from how he was before.

Xiyi stood before Muchen’s desk and greeted, “Mr. Qin.”

Muchen looked up indifferently from his document. “What are you doing here? Didn’t I tell you to leave?”

"I'll be leaving tonight. I've contacted my ex-classmate and have decided to join MSF." Xiyi's tone was unusually calm. He showed no hint of sadness even as Muchen tried to make him leave.

Hearing him, Muchen finally looked up and met his gaze. "You're not a charitable person."

MSF was also known as Doctors Without Borders. It was a private charitable organization that provided humanitarian medical care.

Xiyi was obsessed with medical research but also knew how to treat patients. However, he was more interested in medical knowledge. To him, treating patients was only his duty as a doctor.

"The purpose of medical research is not merely to fulfill one's ambitions. It was also to serve the public. I'm all alone in this world and have few attachments to it. I've finally thought things through and wanted to do something meaningful. As a doctor, I have a duty to this profession for the rest of my life."

I should do good deeds while I still have time. It will be good.

Like Muchen, he did not expect his family's hereditary disease to manifest in him.

This disease had a possibility of cure with proper treatment. Otherwise, he could end up like his grandmother, who lost her mind and jumped off a building.

He was grateful to Muchen and wanted to cure him. However, Muchen did not need him.

Xiyi's tone was unusually solemn. Thus, Muchen regarded him for a long time and did not look away.

Finally, he nodded and said with a hint of emotion, "Stay safe."

Joining the MSF meant Xiyi would have to travel into war zones and other turbulent places. That was why Muchen wished for him to stay safe.

Xiyi was briefly surprised and replied, "Thank you."

Then, he pulled out a few boxes of medicine from his briefcase and placed them before Muchen before instructing, "Take one pill each time when needed. Once you have finished them, email me, and I will post more medicine. I developed it by myself, so you won't be able to buy them anywhere else."

Muchen knew what the medicine was without asking.

They were sedatives for when he had difficulty controlling himself during the recurrence of his condition.

His expression changed slightly, but he did not say anything.

Xiyi reminded him, "Mrs. Qin will be back soon."

Muchen's expression finally showed some emotions at the mention of Ziyue. He quickly put the medicine away.

Ziyue entered the office right after he finished hiding the medicine.

She was puzzled by the scene in the office.

Muchen remained still in his armchair after putting the medicine away. On the other hand, Xiyi stood before his desk calmly.

However, Ziyue sensed a strange atmosphere in the room.

She greeted them and asked, "Doctor Mo, would you like something to drink?"

"Ms. Su, have you finished arranging the documents I wanted?" Muchen suddenly asked sternly and frightened Ziyue.

She sensed he was in a bad mood from his tone.

What did he and Xiyi discuss that soured his mood?

However, she could only ponder the question and did not have the chance to ask him.

She quickly arranged the documents and placed them before Muchen. Then, she came up with an excuse to leave the office with Xiyi.

Strangely, Muchen only glanced at her coldly but did not stop her.

After all, he would usually get angry whenever she was slightly close to another man.

Ziyue did not think much about it and left with Xiyi. She found a café to discuss some matters with him.

Xiyi repeated the things he had said on the phone.

"Does it mean his mood swings are due to the side effects of the K1LU73 antidote?" Ziyue linked her fingers and looked worried.

“Yes, but don’t worry. His condition is also likely due to his personality. He became like this because of you. So, you will have to help him. I’m afraid it will require considerable effort on your part...”

Xiyi rarely ever said this much to her.

She could not help but frown after hearing him. “Doctor Mo, why does your tone sound like you’re making final arrangements?”

Xiyi suddenly laughed at her response. “I suppose it’s a little like that. I’m preparing to join MSF.”

“What?”

Ziyue widened her eyes in shock, but she soon calmed down. “Why do you suddenly decide to join Doctors Without Borders? Muchen still needs you!”

“Mr. Qin needs you more than he needs me.” Xiyi’s smile faded slightly. His eyes showed a touch of compassion beneath his coldly gleaming glasses.

“You...” Ziyue looked at Xiyi and did not know what to say.

“Mr. Qin’s condition is quite all right. As long as you remain patient, he will recover eventually.” Xiyi was willing to stay to treat Muchen, but Muchen did not want it. However, his condition would not worsen as long as Ziyue remained by his side.

Ziyue raised the cooled coffee to her mouth and gulped it down.

She suddenly recalled something and looked at Xiyi. “What about Nan Ke?”

Her voice was barely more than a whisper.

As soon as she said that, she noticed the usually cautious Xiyi suddenly shake and spill coffee from his cup.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 614-My Wife’s Sole Responsibility

With head bowed, Xiyi remained silent for a long while before speaking. “She’s fine now.”

Never had he imagined the meek little girl who suffered through so much would grow into such a beautiful and elegant young woman. Fate certainly did not have her back. But she seized it anyway to build a path for herself. An ascended path that led to her glory.

Ziyue parted her lips slightly to speak but stopped herself before she could.

Who said Xiyi was ignorant about the ways of the world? He was indifferent at best. But he knew exactly what Ke was thinking. And judging by his tone, she could tell he didn't hate Ke. Being a woman that Xiyi doesn't hate... She must've held a special place in his heart. The fact alone was enough to render Ziyue speechless.

"I'll head back first. I have a trip to pack for, and there are still things that need to be taken off." Xiyi stood up and inclined his head. His expression was impassive as usual, and he moved with a gait that was polished but not conceited. Just like the first time they met.

Ziyue rose to her feet as she watched Xiyi's figure disappear through the exit of the coffee shop. Her mind reeled back to what Xiyi had said about Muchen. Is his situation really not as bad as they thought? Something about it felt off, but she couldn't place it past Xiyi's cool demeanor.

Though, she would rather believe him.

Sure enough, Ziyue returned to LK Group to find that Muchen was not in his office. She rushed to his secretary's office.

"Reception room? To meet who?" If she remembered correctly, Muchen didn't have any appointments scheduled for the day.

Wary glances were exchanged across the room, but no one dared to speak. Finally, a man started slowly. His voice was low and cautious. "Miss Bessalyn."

Miss Bessalyn... Had no one else brought up the name, it would've been permanently erased from Ziyue's memory. Willingly.

A brief look of disdain flashed across Ziyue's face. That woman's interest in Muchen was plain to see. But God forbid she'd ever let them end up together.

"Did she come alone?" Ziyue's tone was as stiff as the rest of her body.

"She brought an assistant," the man replied. "We were just about to send these coffees over."

"Let me handle that." She picked up the tray of cups from one of the secretaries and waved at them dismissively. "Feel free to go back to whatever you were doing."

With a tray in one hand and knuckles hovering over the door to the reception room, Ziyue was ready to knock like the courteous woman she was. However, it quickly flew out the window as soon as a woman's laugh sounded from behind the door. And she barged in without a moment's hesitation.

Her sudden appearance seemed to have startled Bessalyn because she gaped at Ziyue in shock. Meanwhile, Muchen only spared her a light glance before looking away.

What they were talking about before she came in, Ziyue didn't know. But Bessalyn's shocked expression soon turned into a puzzled frown, which Ziyue casually ignored.

"Miss Bessalyn, I have brought you coffee." Ziyue gently placed the two cups of coffee before them.

"Mrs. Qin, long time no see." Bessalyn nodded, taking a small sip from the cup. "The coffee is good, thank you."

"Of course. We serve the best quality of coffee beans only to our distinguished guests." Ziyue offered a pursed smile and sat comfortably next to Muchen, to which he responded by slinging his arm around the back of the couch behind her, looking more relaxed.

"When I came earlier, I saw you and a man chatting in the car. I was afraid I might intrude, so I didn't say hello. My apologies for that." Bessalyn returned Ziyue's smile with a sickly sweet one of her own.

So sweet that it made her want to barf. More importantly, Bessalyn saw that?!

Ziyue's face stiffened as she subconsciously turned to look at Muchen. Her little rendezvous with Xiyi wasn't anything of a secret, but she wasn't sure how Muchen would react.

Until she felt a strong, firm squeeze on her thigh.

Lightly clearing her throat, she started, "Oh, what a timely coincidence! I was just asking the doctor about my situation. Who would've thought you'd bump into me then?" She let out a sheepish laugh that was meant more for the man beside her.

"You're right." Bessalyn pursed her lips and shifted her gaze to Muchen, only to find that he was staring directly at Ziyue.

Because of the couple's height difference and the angle of his downcast eyes, Bessalyn couldn't gauge his emotions, but it was enough to indicate the intensity of them all.

"Seeing as you both get along so well, I'll leave my wife full responsibility for this matter. She is now my personal secretary." His fiery eyes finally shifted away from Ziyue, now directed at Bessalyn. "You may contact her should you need further assistance. Do carry on. If you'll excuse me, I have other business to attend to."

Stunned, both women could only watch as he rose from his seat. His expression was unreadable as he gave Ziyue a light pat on her shoulder before taking his leave.

Bessalyn bit back a scowl, and her hands balled tightly into fists on her thighs.

Do they get along well? What ludicrousness. She scoffed mentally. Thanks to Ziyue, she couldn't even have Muchen to herself for more than ten minutes.

Drowning her rage, she turned to the woman across her with feigned surprise. "I didn't expect Mrs. Qin to be here at work today! I thought you'd much prefer to be a full-time housewife."

Ziyue heaved a sigh of relief when her husband was completely out of sight. She shot Bessalyn a subtle glare. "Oh, I love work. But my husband hates seeing me tired."

The laugh that came out of Bessalyn was full of disdain. The audacity of a mere housewife holding herself in such high regard despite knowing absolutely nothing amused her. More than that, how the simple words of someone like Ziyue could prick her like a thorn.

Still, Bessalyn kept her composure. "You and Mr. Qin have a good relationship."

A blatant lie. But a necessary one if it meant maintaining the peace of her father's partnership with the LK Group.

Partnership... If it could even be called that. Years of working with Muchen had not made her father fear him any less. And she'd be damned if she jeopardized what little foundation her father had spent years building.

Pride aside, she was not an idiot. She knew how to keep her private affairs aside. If looks weren't enough to get Muchen looking her way, then her ability to work would.

Across her, Ziyue sat with unease as if reading all of Bessalyn's thoughts in real-time. She held her hand up to her chest as if to guard herself. Something told her that Bessalyn would not be an easy foe to deal with.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 615-Among the Hidden Dangers

Seemingly finished with her internal monologue, Bessalyn slid the documents over to Ziyue. "Well then, let's discuss this project."

Love rival or not, Bessalyn wasn't just a pretty face. She was intelligent and had proven to have excellent work capabilities. That much Ziyue was willing to admit.

At the same time, Bessalyn was equally surprised about Ziyue's stature. She had pegged Ziyue for a trophy wife. And like most trophy wives, she had expected Ziyue to stay home or shop all day with no other care in the world but herself.

Now, the two women sat there with a newfound appreciation for each other.

“Alright, that’s all the time that we have. Let’s call it a day here.” Ziyue stood up and extended a hand. Her businesslike tone no longer contained any traces of personal emotions.

Bessalyn followed suit and grasped Ziyue’s hand in a firm handshake. “Pleasure doing business with you. Let’s set an appointment for the next date.”

Ziyue genuinely smiled this time. “Yes, let’s.”

After parting ways, Bessalyn went straight back to her office. She was sensible enough not to bring Muchen up during their meeting, lest it turned their relationship sour again. Bessalyn never meant any harm. She only engaged with Muchen at any opportunity she got on the pretext of work. But to deliberately reach out to him, even outside of it, would stick in Ziyue’s throat.

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Muchen sat at his desk, neck-deep in paperwork, when Ziyue walked over and plopped the completed document onto the ever-growing pile. With an arched brow, Muchen looked up before picking up the stack of papers she handed him.

“I think the plan is good,” Ziyue remarked and took a seat next to him.

His other brow raised, astonishment clear on his face. “You’re praising her?”

Ziyue almost rolled her eyes. “She’s efficient and good at what she does...” The next sentence came out a little more begrudgingly. “But I’m sure you knew that already.”

Muchen closed the document and took a sip out of his coffee. “She’s good. But not as good as you.”

He said it so matter-of-factly that Ziyue was taken aback for a moment. Then, her eyes lit up, and she laughed.

Satisfied with her reaction, Muchen brought the cup to the small smirk that formed his lips. But before he could drink from it, Ziyue snatched the cup away.

“No more coffee.” Ziyue chided in a stern voice, like a mother disciplining her child, to which he obediently withdrew his hand. “I’ll make you a cup of tea.” She smiled and clicked her heels out of the office.

As she made the tea, a realization hit her. Something about Muchen’s behavior was not quite right. He was acting... normal. A little too normal, given his circumstances.

Perhaps his condition has been improving, as Xiyi said?

Her thoughts wandered until she was back to the office, where she placed the freshly brewed cup of tea in front of him. "Here, have some."

She didn't miss the slight tick in his jaw as he lifted the cup and swirled it gently. But before she could process what it meant, Muchen said, "So, Xiyi left already?"

"Huh?"

Crap. She was hoping he had forgotten about that. "He's left."

A hum left his lips as he brought the cup up to meet them. His expression remained stoic, making her heart skip a beat.

She pondered a while about what to say. After a long pause, she broke the awkward silence. "Doctor Mo said he would join the MSF."

"Is that so?"

She watched as his lithe fingers now flipped through pages of documents, paying her no mind. Seeing his nonchalance only made her bolder. She took a deep breath and continued, "When he does, he's going to be traveling a lot, which means it'll be harder to get ahold of him. Not to mention, those places can be tough..."

Ziyue didn't understand why Xiyi suddenly wanted to leave and join the MSF. He had claimed it to be an impromptu decision, but Ziyue found that hard to believe. Big transitions like this usually required more thought, and for someone like Xiyi to breeze through it was more than unusual.

Bringing this up to Muchen, she had hoped he would somehow convince Xiyi to stay.

But...

"That's his choice." Muchen's voice came out blunt and cold, causing Ziyue to bite her lip in defeat. She wanted to say more, but he had already brought his attention back to the pile of documents on his desk. An indication that he wanted to hear nothing more.

Dejected, she could only swallow her unspoken words and headed back to her office.

After she walked away, Muchen finally raised his head. Obsidian eyes watched with deep thought as her figure disappeared around the corner. He had told her before that Xiyi wasn't a good person. And although joining the MSF was a matter of goodwill and contribution, that wasn't enough reason for Xiyi to do it in such haste.

No. The reason he was joining was because of Gricy. Xiyi was an expert in medicine with extensive medical knowledge, something which the K7 team of Gricy had been gunning for. He would most likely be their prime target should Muchen ever let go of him.

Xiyi knew this. Whether or not they wanted him for his own expertise or information on Muchen, he'd be an asset either way. So, Xiyi did the only thing he knew to do – run away. He left the company, and far enough so that he wouldn't end up giving himself away.

Muchen frowned as he pulled open a drawer, causing the pill bottles in it to rattle along with the motion. He picked one up and chucked it into his suit pocket, making sure to lock the drawer after he was done. It was best that Ziyue didn't find out about this.

Still, this drug that Xiyi gave him was very effective. Just one pill was able to soothe his irritability in seconds, calming him down significantly before returning to the office. The next step was to dispel any remaining doubts Ziyue might still have about his condition.

Muchen hadn't forgotten about his plan to send Ziyue back to her home country. Staying by his side had only ever put her at risk of hidden dangers, among which he was slowly becoming.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 616

Marry Me Quick Chapter 616-Something Doesn't Feel Right

After work, Ziyue took the chance to call Ke without Muchen knowing. If Xiyi were to join the MSF, she wouldn't know when she'd see him again. Ke had to know about this.

The line got through, but no one picked up. Ziyue tried again and again to reach her but to no avail. In the end, she frantically approached the nearest staff in the office.

"She had just left on a business trip this afternoon."

"I see, thank you." The dejection in Ziyue's voice was apparent as she exited the office building. She thought about what Xiyi had said before. As much as he had tried to deny it, there was no mistaking the feelings he had for Ke. Which meant he would've told her, right?

"Slowpoke."

A cool and pleasant male voice snapped her back to her senses as a pair of black leather shoes came into view. Slowly, her eyes trailed up to find Muchen pinning her with a dissatisfied frown. Impatience was written all over his face, but the hint of concern in his eyes told her that no matter how long it took for her to come out, he would wait for her.

"Are you done staring at me?" His frown deepened as he glanced at his watch.

Ziyue quickly hooked an arm around his, nudging him forward. "Let's go back."

"What were you up to?" Muchen asked as soon as they got into the car.

"Huh? Up to what?"

"Just now. What were you doing in there?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I had something to ask Ke, but she wasn't around." Ziyue sighed.

Muchen grunted knowingly. Unbeknownst to Ziyue, he had known all along about her little endeavor. It was he who arranged for Ke's trip on Xiyi's behalf.

Xiyi had made that request over text. He didn't dare to do it in person for fear that Muchen would see through his disappointment. Ke was a beautiful girl with a personality so warm it would thaw even the coldest of hearts, and his was no exception.

The only issue was that Xiyi thought more with his head than his heart. He was a careful and rational man who preferred solving problems with reason and logic rather than emotions. As such, love was an odd concept to him. It had no specific beginning or end and couldn't be measured or controlled. It was unpredictable, and that scared him.

In his mind, Muchen was a prime example, acting crazy ever since Ziyue came into the picture. Xiyi couldn't do that. He was a doctor, and doctors must stay level-headed at all times.

Muchen turned his head to glance out the window, the corners of his mouth curling up slightly into a small smirk. If Xiyi really didn't care, he would've openly told Ke about him leaving and joining the MSF, never to return.

But he didn't. He didn't dare.

That much Muchen knew for certain because he was once in the same position.

...

Back at Mogwin Castle, Ziyue prepared dinner as usual. Muchen may seem in a better mood today, but she wasn't going to test it, nor did she want to ruin it. So, she busied herself with the usual routine, not noticing when Muchen leaned against the door frame, watching her every move with folded arms.

He walked over and stood there for a while, hoping to be noticed. But loud sizzling sounds from the pan and the whirring of the exhaust drowned out any signs of his

presence. He glanced down at his blue pajamas that matched that on Ziyue's body and frowned. He never understood why women fancy couple outfits and why they'd always obliged their partners to wear them. But the sight of her swaying hips as she hummed to a rhythm in her mind reminded him of why he gave in to her request in the first place.

When Ziyue turned around, Muchen was already halfway out the door. She ran after him when she caught a glimpse of his passing blue shirt but stopped abruptly around the corner, watching his back in puzzlement.

Muchen was acting strange; she could feel it. Was it because of Mo Xiyi? She had previously urged Muchen to dissuade Xiyi from leaving, which he had flatly refused multiple times. But Ziyue knew deep down how devastated he must've been because Xiyi was among the few, if not the only person, he'd ever trusted.

'Burple...'

The sound of boiling water broke Ziyue out of her thoughts, and she quickly turned around to switch off the stove. At the same time, her phone rang from her apron pocket. Drying her hands on a nearby kitchen towel, she fished her phone out to find Ke's name flashing bright across the screen. She paused in hesitation before answering the call.

"Hi, Mrs. Qin. Did you call? Is something wrong?" Ke's voice came out muffled, as if her mouth was stuffed.

"Are you eating?" Ziyue asked, which she regretted seconds later because a barrage of complaints began to flow out from the end of the line like a tidal wave.

"I'm so busy. Let me tell you, the boss suddenly arranged for me to go on a short business trip. I had little to no information about it. I didn't even have time to pack my clothes. Once I got here, he made me do meeting after meeting. And if it wasn't that, then it was piles of documents I must take care of. I can't even take a sip of water without being interrupted..."

Ke rambled on incessantly until she began speaking in her native J language for extra emphasis. Ziyue could only listen. Despite being in Country J for so long, she still couldn't grasp much of their language, as people around her tended to communicate with her in a language she was familiar with.

But she didn't need to understand the language to know that Muchen was the main subject of Ke's complaints. Scooping up a spoonful of soup to her lips for a taste test, she was surprised to hear that Muchen was behind Ke's impromptu trip.

Ziyue continued to listen to Ke patiently between sips while Ke babbled on between mouthfuls of rice. After a while, another voice sounded from the end of the line, to which Ke hastily responded with a few indistinguishable words.

"Alright, I have to go now. Let's continue this some other time." When Ke came back to the call, she was ready to hang up.

"Wait!" Ziyue almost yelled. "I have something to tell you!"

"What is it? Can it wait till I get back? I really got to go now!"

With Ke constantly tied up with work, it was unlikely that she knew about Xiyi's retirement and joining the MSF.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 617

Marry Me Quick Chapter 617-Blood Runs Cold

Ziyue was about to hang up the phone with Ke. She changed her mind and hastily uttered, "Xiyi wants to join MSF."

The phone would disconnect in the next instant. The final note of Ziyue's voice was interrupted by a 'beep' sound.

Ziyue glanced helplessly at the disconnected phone. She carelessly set it on the neighboring countertop.

Ke should have heard it, right? She will call back soon.

The phone rang again as predicted, and the melodic ringtone seemed urgent to her.

Ziyue turned the speaker up and hit the response button.

Ke's anxious voice immediately said, "What did you just say? Repeat it!"

Her tone was anxious, and she didn't even bother with formalities.

Ziyue didn't mind and could even understand her feelings.

"Xiyi is leaving. He wants to join the Doctors Without Borders organization. It's already been decided. He has already talked to Muchen and me about it. It's just that we don't know when he'll leave."

Ziyue said slowly and waited for Ke's response. She glanced up and realized that the phone had been hung up at some point.

...

Xiyi was organizing years' worth of study materials and data in the studio while appearing unconcerned with his impending departure.

He had an early morning trip that required him to travel for more than thirty hours, with a stopover in between.

Muchen bought this building for him, and someone else did the renovations.

He had been a resident of this place for more than ten years when he finally understood how little he could carry with him.

Everything else was either not allowed to be taken or was judged excessive, except for a few changes of clothes and a medical kit.

“Bzzz—”

Unexpectedly, the phone that was set aside buzzed twice.

Xiyi paused for a moment.

Who would be calling me at this time?

He had previously discussed it with Ziyue and Muchen, and Nanchuan had no spare time to worry about his concerns recently due to his current hectic schedule.

So, that leaves only one person left. Her.

The stack of paperwork was grasped by hands that were sinewed and clean. His corporate but important vocation was evident just by observing his hands alone.

Xiyi's grip tightened, and he continued to stoop long after the phone stopped ringing. He remained still and kept his stone-walled expression.

The phone abruptly rang once more. Unless Xiyi picked it up, it would have continued to ring.

Xiyi had always regarded him as being very patient. His longest record involved spending at least hundreds of hours in the lab.

He knew this was a harmful practice, but he tried to refrain from it.

Xiyi eventually discovered that Ke had even more determination than he did.

No matter how many words she flung at him, he couldn't outlast her and had to do what she asked.

The girl's demands consisted of mundane stuff, which was tolerable.

Initially, he was impatient and just went through the motions, but he eventually became accustomed to it.

He lost himself in his thoughts, recalling events from the distant past.

The phone continued to buzz as he regained his senses.

When the phone rang, the battery level was low.

He sprung to his feet as if suddenly woken, picked up the phone to charge it, and moved over.

Due to a low battery, the phone had automatically turned off.

He switched on the phone and plugged in the charging wire.

More than three hundred calls went unanswered.

He had to acknowledge that the girl was rather persistent.

Even though he had something important to tell Muchen, he couldn't be bothered to call him again after several unsuccessful attempts.

The phone vibrated once again.

Xiyi hesitated. He slid his thumb along the edge of his phone.

Without meaning to, he accidentally pressed the answer button.

"Xiyi! Are you there?" Xiyi could comprehend Ke since he spoke in the J language, where he was local.

Among minority languages, the J language was frequently regarded as having the most pleasant sounding.

He hadn't always believed that, but after hearing Ke mention his name, he changed his heart over the language.

The J language was quite pleasant to listen to.

He stood up and slipped his hand into his pocket. Xiyi walked over to the window and pulled back the curtains. "I'm here," he said.

His voice was drawled clear yet somber.

Typically, Ke thought his voice to be endearing whenever she heard it.

But this time, she was just filled with rage.

“Why didn’t you respond when I called? Do you want to depart and join this team of unethical doctors without notifying me? Why? By now, we should be honest with each other, right?”

Ke’s words almost came out as a choked cry when she talked.

Xiyi held the phone firmer, but he remained silent.

In truth, he was at a loss for words.

Everyone around Muchen seemed to possess a particular trait – persistence.

He had visited Muchen at midday and requested that he send Ke away before leaving.

Simply put, he hadn’t anticipated her learning about it.

“Say something! Are you too afraid to speak?” Ke’s voice had regained some of its composure, but it still sounded a bit hoarse.

She calmed down a little and assessed the situation. She suddenly understood why Muchen had arranged for her to travel for business at the last minute and why the matters she had to address were just a ruse to keep her preoccupied.

It was all intentional.

About ten years have passed since they first interacted. She has some familiarity with their routines and approaches to problem-solving.

Muchen is challenging to grasp and has a strong temper, yet he is never lost in formal affairs. She serves as his assistant and is seldom dispatched on official work.

She believed she was sent on a work trip, although the situation was dubious.

There was another reason, which was unexpected.

Xiyi’s silence entirely fueled Ke’s rage.

“You let my employer take me on a trip for work to another city! Why didn’t you let me know that you were about to leave? Why didn’t you request that they keep it a secret from me because you previously discussed it with the boss’s wife? You’re the hypocrite. You pretended to be a gentleman to cover your tracks!”

‘Snap!’

The phone hung up.

Xiyi only managed a few words throughout the conversation.

He listened to Ke the entire time. He listened to her sobs, attempts to regain composure, and finally, uncontrollable rage.

'Boom!'

Xiyi took back his phone and looked through the window. He saw a lightning bolt piercing the night sky, followed by a muffled thunder.

He silently calculated the time.

This might be the final thunderstorm of the summer, signaling the beginning of fall for the entire city.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 618

Marry Me Quick Chapter 618-It's More Like Being Controlling

He didn't like rainy days. Thankfully, he was leaving, but... he had a gloomy feeling in his heart that couldn't go away no matter what.

Because of this call, Xiyi didn't have the mood to pack anymore. Since he had to leave, the people Muchen would send over could clean up.

He returned to the room and showered before he stuffed his belongings into his luggage.

The sound of rain came from outside the half-open window.

He walked to the window, and a raindrop landed on his face.

It was a big raindrop that hurt slightly when it fell on him.

He reached out to wipe the raindrop away before closing the window.

There were around four hours before his flight. If the thunderstorm stopped before that, he wanted to set out two hours later.

As for Ke...

She was so angry just now. She won't come back impulsively to look for me, right?

Furthermore, even if she wants to return, she's helpless in such heavy rain.

Xiyi imagined all sorts of scenarios but never thought Ke would find someone to stop him.

...

Ziyue and Muchen were sitting at the dining table halfway through their meal when it started pouring rain outside.

Through the full-length window, they could see the ground lit up by the lights outside. It was quickly soaked.

The temperature went down immediately, and the servants turned up the heating.

Ziyue looked away and was just about to take food for Muchen when she noticed him looking outside the window with a deep gaze. She didn't know what he was thinking about.

Ziyue took food for him and asked concernedly, "What's up?"

Muchen looked away and bent down to fiddle with the food on his plate before saying. "Nothing."

Ziyue felt that he was feeling slightly downcast.

Two of them didn't say anything else. Only the soft sounds of them eating were heard at the dining table for a split second.

At that moment, a servant rushed over with something in her hands.

Ziyue only heard the familiar cell phone ringtone when the servant approached. She saw the servant holding her cell phone.

She recalled leaving her cell phone in the kitchen after cooking.

The servant had a slightly uneasy expression.

According to the rules, she wasn't supposed to disturb Master Muchen and Mrs. Qin eating, but Mrs. Qin's cell phone kept ringing.

The servant was worried that it was an important call if she didn't bring it over.

But she was afraid it would disturb them if she did.

After weighing the pros and cons, she considered how Master Muchen's temper today didn't seem as bad as before. Mrs. Qin had also always spoken nicely, so she put on a

bold face and brought it to them.

"Mrs. Qin, your cell phone keeps ringing..."

Ziyue smiled at the servant when she saw how careful the servant was being. She took her cell phone from her servant and didn't say anything.

Ziyue had never been a person to put on airs, but she was in Mogwin Castle. There was a social hierarchy here and all sorts of rules. She had to comply with the status quo even if she didn't put on any airs.

The phone call was from Ke.

Ziyue was slightly surprised and glanced at Muchen, only to see him staring at her intensely with a displeased gaze. The corners of her lips twitched, and she smiled at him while waving her cell phone. "Perhaps there's something urgent if Ke is calling."

Muchen, who had become more reserved recently, said coldly, "Ignore her."

Ziyue pursed her lips and put down the cutlery in her hands, expressing her discontent.

What's wrong with answering a call?

Does he think he can restrain me just because he's sick?

Restrain? It's more like being controlling.

She felt Muchen wanted to put a microchip in her head and set up a program to let him manipulate her with remote control.

Muchen had taken the medicine that Xiyi gave him, and his emotions were temporarily under control. He could distinguish his rights and wrongs.

Upon seeing Ziyue silent with pursed lips, he knew she was unhappy.

Whatever. Let her be.

Ziyue looked at Muchen sideways from the corner of her eye and realized he wasn't looking at her.

His silence means acknowledgment, right?

Ziyue was pleased and took her cell phone before she got up and answered the call on one side.

She went to one side to answer Ke's call mainly because she didn't want to make Muchen unhappy.

"Mrs. Qin, please help me stop Xiyi. I'll be back soon." Ziyue was frightened to hear Ke's voice when the call went through.

Ke should be on loudspeaker. Raindrops were heard pattering, and her voice was unusually hoarse. It was obvious that she had been crying.

Ziyue could tell something was wrong. "What happened?"

"Xiyi must be leaving tonight. He's not answering my calls and doesn't want me to know, so he must be leaving tonight..."

Ke kept repeating, 'He must be leaving tonight.'

Ziyue quickly thought about what Ke had said and understood Ke meant that Xiyi was leaving as soon as possible without telling Ke.

"Where are you now? Don't panic. Did Xiyi tell you he was leaving tonight?" If her guess was correct, Ke should be rushing back.

She didn't know where Ke had gone on a business trip, but Ke had left at noon. She called Ke during dinner after Ke had settled some matters, so she guessed Ke had three or four hours to go.

"I know him. He must be leaving tonight. He's the most heartless and indifferent person and makes firm decisions. To him, he doesn't need to prepare much for such a big matter. He must be leaving in the shortest time possible..."

Ke was sure, and Ziyue had to believe her.

After the call ended, she glanced in Muchen's direction and pondered.

She walked straight to him.

"Can we eat now?" Muchen raised his head to look at her coldly.

Ziyue pursed her lips tightly and stared at him for a long time. "Is Xiyi leaving tonight?"

Muchen's pupils suddenly shrank as fast as the naked eye could see.

Ziyue naturally saw it as she was watching his expressions closely.

She asked, "Is this true?"

"Why do you men like to do this? Can't you consider other people's perspectives whenever you make any decisions? Xiyi is going to leave just like that, and he isn't going to see Ke for the last time. If he's joining Doctors Without Borders, who knows if he can come back alive? They say doctors have a big heart, but I think he's ruthless!"

Ziyue was very agitated.

Because Xiyi's actions made her think of what Muchen had done in the past.

They only considered it from their own perspective when they made certain decisions. They never put themselves in other people's shoes to think about it.

If Xiyi was going to leave like this, Ke would regret it for the rest of her life if something happened that he couldn't return.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 619

Marry Me Quick Chapter 619-Will She Die if They Don't Meet?

Ziyue had been extremely docile in front of Muchen in this period. It had been a long time since he had seen her lose her temper in front of him.

Muchen put down the utensils in his hands and stared at Ziyue interestedly.

He hadn't seen Ziyue furious in a while, so it was strange.

Ziyue gradually calmed down after she finished speaking. Her chest heaved up and down quickly because of her flustered feelings. Her face was slightly flushed, and her watery eyes stared straight at Muchen.

When she saw Muchen's expression clearly, she furrowed her brows and was about to lose her temper again. Muchen looked away indifferently, and she couldn't hear any emotion in his voice. "So what if he thinks about it? After all, the result won't change."

"That's different!" Ziyue walked to him and had a slightly stubborn expression.

Muchen could only raise his head to look at her.

"What's different about that? Even if Xiyi is willing to see Ke, he will still leave. He won't stay with Ke. Since he knows seeing her again is futile, why must he do something unnecessary?"

In a split second, Ziyue felt that what Muchen said made sense.

But she calmed down slightly. Her lips curved into a faint but mocking smile. "Whatever you eat becomes a waste. Why do you still eat daily? Isn't that unnecessary?"

Muchen retorted quickly. "I'll die if I don't eat. Will she die if she doesn't meet Xiyi?"

Ziyue opened her mouth and was speechless for a moment. She couldn't say anything.

Muchen was right. People would die if they didn't eat, but no one would die from not meeting.

She couldn't win the argument, so she could only drop the subject.

"I don't care what you say. In any case, I'm going to stop Xiyi now. Ke is already on the way back." Ziyue turned and ran out after that.

Muchen suddenly stood up and roared, "Su Ziyue! You come back right now!"

Ziyue heard the roar behind her, and her footsteps slowed slightly but didn't stop. She ran out.

Muchen pounded his tight fist viciously on the table, and it made a piercing sound.

This stupid woman. It's still raining and cold outside, but she didn't even take a coat. Why is she running?

He looked coldly in the direction Ziyue had left and sighed heavily. He turned to instruct the servants. "I'm going to start the car. Go upstairs and take Mrs. Qin's clothes. It must be thick."

After that, he walked out.

...

Ziyue ran out and instructed the driver to start the car.

The driver hesitated slightly.

Ziyue couldn't be bothered about anything else. She snatched the car keys from the driver and went to the garage.

She didn't take an umbrella with her. Heavy rain was pouring incessantly, so she couldn't avoid being drenched by the rain.

After driving for a while, she started feeling cold.

She shivered and felt that she had been too impulsive just now.

It's fine. Since I was hasty, what else can I do about it now? After all, it would be hard

for Ke and Xiyi to meet again if Ke missed out on meeting Xiyi this time.

This was Ziyue's way of thanking Ke for her care since Ziyue had come to Country J.

Ziyue stopped in front of Xiyi's door. She raised her head and saw that a room in the villa was lit.

She sighed silently. Thankfully, Xiyi hadn't left.

In the room, Xiyi had packed everything. He was going to leave after making himself a bowl of pasta.

He didn't know how to cook, but making pasta was simple. He just had to mix the pasta with ready-made sauce once it was cooked.

He usually ordered meals from the same restaurant, but it was late.

At this time, he heard the doorbell.

He was just about to go to the kitchen when he heard knocking at the door. His footsteps paused, and astonishment flickered across his face.

Because of his lifestyle, he only mixed with Muchen's circle and some in the medical field. And he wouldn't usually interact with those in the medical field under normal circumstances, as they usually contacted each other online.

He didn't have many friends to mix around with in real life.

He walked to the balcony in bewilderment and peeked out. He glanced outside in the rain and saw a woman standing outside the door downstairs. It was obviously Ziyue.

Why is she here?

Was it revealed that Mogwin's family members have a history of mental illness?

Otherwise, he couldn't think of anything else to make Ziyue come to his house late at night.

A gust of wind blew, and he couldn't help but shiver.

After that, he walked out.

...

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It's fine. Since I was honest, what else can I do about it now? After all, it would be hard for Ke and Xiyi to meet again if Ke missed out on meeting Xiyi this time.

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Otherwise, he couldn't think of anything else to make Ziyue come to his house late at night.

A gust of wind blew, and he couldn't help but shiver.

The rain was quite heavy, and the temperature had gone down, so it was slightly cold.

He turned and went downstairs before opening the door. "Mrs. Qin."

Ziyue's clothes were half-dry, but strands of her hair were wet and entangled. There was an anxious and hurried air about her.

Xiyi was more confident in his guess.

Before Ziyue could say anything, he took the initiative to ask, "Did something happen to Mr. Qin?"

"What would happen to him? He's great!"

Ziyue had always been friendly to the people around Muchen other than Chuan, who initially shared all sorts of secrets with Muchen.

After that, she treated them like family.

When she thought of Ke driving back late at night in the rain, her heart had been lit on fire. She was livid.

Xiyi was taken aback by her anger.

"When are you leaving?" When Ziyue asked, she took two steps back and shut the door before leaning against it.

Xiyi wrinkled his brows slightly. How does Mrs. Qin know I'm leaving tonight? Furthermore, is she doing this because... she fears I'll run away?

He quickly thought about it and understood what was going on.

"I'm going to leave after eating." He had taken his lunch quickly after leaving LK Group at noon and hadn't eaten dinner yet.

Ziyue was momentarily dumbstruck when she looked at his calm face.

She had driven here in a rage.

But she felt there was nothing to be angry about when faced with Xiyi's indifferent face.

Why am I being so forceful?

Xiyi must have his reasons for going out of his way to not meet Ke.

If he and Ke were meant to be, they would meet again someday, even if they were separated without saying goodbye now.

But they could only meet again if Xiyi was still alive.

"Ke is on the way back. She wants to see you and say goodbye." Ziyue's voice softened to her usual tone.

Xiyi's expression finally had traces of change when Ziyue mentioned Ke.

But he was wearing glasses, so Ziyue couldn't see the emotions in his eyes clearly.

She sighed slightly. Out of all the things to learn from Muchen after being by his side, Xiyi had learned how to conceal his emotions so others wouldn't discover them.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 620

Marry Me Quick Chapter 620-I Can Only Take Action Since You Refused to Listen

"In any case, I don't care when your flight is and when you plan to leave. I'm here to stop you from leaving," Ziyue said unreasonably as she tilted her head.

Xiyi wasn't angry. He turned and walked in. "There's no point in this."

There isn't a point in meeting one more time.

Xiyi and Muchen were more or less of the same height. They were considered tall in Country Z and average in Country J. Because Xiyi worked indoors for long periods and didn't interact with many people, there was a cold air about him. Others could tell he was outstanding just by looking at his figure.

Ziyue didn't know why Ke liked Xiyi. Even if he was excellent, Ziyue felt his personality was hard to get along with.

"What else is meaningful to you other than medical research?" Ziyue followed him in and sat on the couch.

She suddenly shivered after she sat down.

It was pretty chilly.

Xiyi didn't say anything as he sat down across from her.

Ziyue glanced at him and looked away.

She had just felt it was hard to get along with Xiyi. Now, it seemed not only challenging to get along with him, but his wife would have to be like a mother to him if he had one.

Her hair was still wet, and he didn't offer her water since she came in.

She knew Xiyi was fussy, so she couldn't pour herself water either.

At that moment, someone suddenly kicked the door open from the outside.

Ziyue had closed the door but not locked it. She didn't care after she felt like she had shut the door, so the door was kicked open easily.

Ziyue and Xiyi raised their heads, looked toward the entrance simultaneously, and saw Muchen walking over with an ashen complexion.

"Why are you here?" Ziyue stood up in surprise.

Muchen had a long autumn coat in his hands. It wasn't thick and was suitable for the current weather.

He walked to Ziyue and threw it at her harshly.

The coat was oversized. It fell on Ziyue's head when he threw it at her.

Ziyue struggled with it for a while before she managed to pull it off her.

She pursed her lips but didn't dare to say anything when she glanced at Muchen's ghastly expression.

It was better not to infuriate him.

She put the coat on, and her body warmed up. She tried to curry favor with Muchen by smiling at him, and she got up to pull him to the couch. "Sit down."

Muchen was very different today.

She had just argued with him in Mogwin Castle.

But she never thought Muchen would have followed her closely and even attentively brought her a coat.

The anger she had previously had dissipated.

Muchen glanced at Ziyue's fawning expression and snorted lightly before sitting down.

But once he sat down, he asked Xiyi, "Why haven't you left?"

His tone was emotionless, and it seemed like he wanted Xiyi to leave at once.

Ziyue turned away. She feared that if she looked at Muchen longer, she wouldn't be able to help herself and would argue with him.

Who says such things?

As for Muchen, his thoughts were simple. If Xiyi had left earlier, Ziyue wouldn't have come to look for him in the rain.

Although he had some affection for Xiyi, he was apathetic to everyone other than Ziyue.

Since Xiyi was leaving, he might as well have left earlier.

"I'm ready." Xiyi was used to Muchen and didn't take his words to heart. Xiyi still had an indifferent expression.

"Leave if you're ready," Muchen said as he pulled Ziyue and stood up.

Ziyue stood up unconsciously with him, and Muchen pulled her as he walked out.

She came to her senses and shook Muchen's hand off at once. "I'm not leaving. I want to help Ke stop Xiyi."

Muchen's expression changed in an instant. He reached out to hold Ziyue's chin darkly. "Come home. With me. Now."

He emphasized the last word, 'now.'

He's angry...

Perhaps it was because Muchen's temper today was slightly better than before, so Ziyue had more of a nerve.

After a brief moment of fear, she shook his hand off. "No matter what you say, I must make Xiyi stay until Ke returns."

She raised her head and stood in front of Muchen firmly.

Muchen's face was the epitome of the calm before the storm.

She knew he was angry, but she had to do this. She didn't want Ke to have any regrets. It was better not to infuriate him.

She put the coat on, and her body warmed up. She tried to curry favor with Muchen by smiling at him, and she got up to pull him to the couch. "Sit down."

Muchen was very different today.

She had just argued with him in Mogwin Castle.

But she never thought Muchen would have followed her closely and even attentively brought her a coat.

The anger she had previously had dissipated.

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But once he sat down, he asked Xiyi, "Why haven't you left?"

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She knew he was angry, but she had to do this. She didn't want Ke to have any regrets.

Ke had unfortunate experiences when she was young but never gave up. She grew up well and was hardworking and outstanding.

She had worked so hard, so Ziyue wanted to help her.

Perhaps it was because women were naturally softhearted.

"I'm telling you now that you must return with me!"

After that, Ziyue felt Muchen bend and lean toward her.

Ziyue instinctively wrapped her arms around herself and took two steps back.

But she wasn't Muchen's target. Instead, it was the coat around her.

He wasn't an ordinary businessman. He was also good at shady tricks.

He took out the belt on Ziyue's coat and wrapped her tightly in the coat before he tied her up with the belt. After that, he picked her up and walked out.

He did this series of actions in less than ten seconds.

Ziyue was astonished. What... is going on?

She struggled for a while. Not only was she slapped by Muchen, but she also couldn't free herself from the coat.

What knot did Muchen make with the belt in such a short time? He only went around twice, so why can't I open it?

D*mn, why did I have to buy a coat with such a long belt?!

She stopped struggling and switched to a negotiating tone. "Put me down, Qin Muchen!"

"No," Muchen answered bluntly.

Ziyue was furious. "You can't be so unreasonable."

"I was reasonable previously, but you refused to listen, so I can only take action."

Muchen walked quickly in the rain and reached his car shortly. He opened the car door and threw Ziyue in before walking around to the other side, locking the car doors, and starting the engine in one go.

Ziyue looked at him angrily. "That's false reasoning!"

How can what he said to me be considered reasonable?

She felt Muchen would most likely have infuriated her to death if she died one day.

He didn't need to do anything else. Only a few words from him were enough to provoke her.

Muchen's intention for chasing after her was to bring her back. Now that he had carried her back to the car, he had reached his goal. No matter how much she said and pleaded, he ignored her.