

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 641

Marry Me Quick Chapter 641-Follow Him

Ke glanced at her. "What are you doing? Like, actually?"

"I wasn't merely making conversation. I was being honest." Ziyue leaned against the backrest. She fluttered her eyelashes at Ke, making her look innocent and sincere.

Ke rolled her eyes at her, inciting a laugh from Ziyue. Ke thought talking reason with Ziyue over this topic was meaningless, so she said nothing. She drove to a secluded area and parked. Not long after, the man that confessed to Hanyan appeared in the parking lot.

Ziyue's eyes came into focus, and she said, "Follow him."

"Are you sure Carlos is going to look for Hanyan?" Ke turned to focus on Ziyue.

Carlos was the man's name.

"I'm sure he will. The moment he arrived at the luncheon, he called for a drink; it shows he usually enjoys libation. Considering his age and success, it's evident he had worked hard. From another point of view, it also means that he receives more pressure than those his age as he is more affluent than his peers. People who are stressed tend to be easily triggered. And he had drunk quite a bit. He will definitely look for Hanyan after that episode," Ziyue deduced as she watched through slit eyes.

"Really?" Ke was dumbstruck by her analysis. She had spent much time with Ziyue since she came but had never seen this side of her. The confidence and determination radiating off her deep-set eyes were no different from Muchen's. It was unlike the Ziyue she knew, who was no different from the average woman despite her dissimilar appearance and outstanding figure.

"Stop gawking! Let's go!" Ziyue cried when she saw Carlos leaving.

"Yes, ma'am!" Ke nodded and started the car, following Carlos.

Carlos hadn't brought a driver, so he was drunk driving. Fortunately, he wasn't too drunk because his driving was still steady.

Ziyue and Ke followed behind him for quite a distance before he stopped at a five-star hotel in the city. He remained in his car for a moment before exiting. He looked around habitually, and Ziyue noted darkness in his expression.

"Is Hanyan staying in this hotel?" Ke asked.

"I'm not sure," Ziyue shook her head in reply.

Ke looked at her suspiciously.

Noting this, Ziyue explained, "I'm not sure, but she will come. She has an event here today, but it's scheduled for tonight. So, I can't be sure if she's here already."

Ke nodded. "Did you research all this? You could've told me to do them. Why did you research it yourself?"

"It's not a big matter," Ziyue said as she got out of the car. "Let's go in first."

Ziyue wasn't as busy as Muchen, and it wasn't hard to find out Hanyan's schedule. She didn't have to bother Ke over such a small matter. Also, she wanted to do it herself.

The two found a booth in the hotel's café and sat for a whole afternoon.

At around six in the evening, Hanyan entered with her entourage.

Ziyue prepared to go over, but her phone rang at this time.

It was from Muchen.

"Where are you?" His cold voice rang from the other end.

Ziyue pursed her lips and replied, "I'm shopping with Ke."

He told me to go shopping with her.

Before Ziyue could put on a show to convince him, Muchen spoke calmly, "I'm hungry."

The short phrase was like a punch to her gut.

Muchen continued, "I didn't eat lunch."

He sounded detached but precise, yet Ziyue could hear a trace of sadness. It moved Ziyue's heart. She

couldn't say anything in reply.

"Is something wrong?" Ke worriedly asked when she noticed Ziyue hadn't said anything in a while.

Ziyue pressed her lips together. I can't tell Ke what Muchen said...

She said something to Muchen and turned to Ke, "Muchen has something important to discuss with me. Let's head back."

"Okay. We should hurry back then." Ke became anxious when she heard it was something important.

...

Muchen was home when Ziyue arrived at Mogwin Castle but was submerged in work in his study.

Ziyue walked up to his desk and placed a hand on the document he was perusing.

Muchen lifted his head. "Are you finally home?"

Ziyue was taken aback. He told me to go out, and now he's blaming me for not coming home sooner?

"Don't you know women don't get tired when shopping and don't want to go home?"

Ziyue leaned toward him and raised an eyebrow in challenge.

Muchen watched her when she explained herself. Once she was done, he reached for her face and grabbed it before landing a kiss on her.

His action stunned Ziyue. What trick is he pulling?

Both were slightly out of breath when they separated, and Ziyue's face was red.

"I wasn't blaming you for coming home later; I'm just starving," Muchen said seriously. He sounded like all the servants in the castle were decorations.

Ziyue didn't bother to rebut. I doubt he realizes how shameless he is.

"You could just say you miss me instead of using such an unreasonable excuse..." Ziyue mumbled.

Sometimes, Muchen is so immature. It's only been a day; he can't have missed me that much.

Ziyue might have thought so but still made her way to the kitchen.

She could only wait to read about Hanyan in the news tomorrow. It wasn't her time to shine yet. It wasn't hard for a man of Carlos' caliber to take down a woman. Ziyue believed Carlos would succeed. She only needed to wait for the news to fester, and Hanyan wouldn't be able to make a comeback in the entertainment industry.

Once Hanyan's reputation hit rock bottom, Gricy would doubt her abilities. There would be nowhere for her to turn then.

A slimy feeling slid down her spine as she thought about her plan. Suddenly, she felt it was evil of her to devise something like this. But she couldn't not because she hated Hanyan.

"The veggies will disintegrate if you continue to wash them like that." Muchen's voice sounded from behind her.

Ziyue snapped her head around and saw Muchen with his arms crossed behind her. She hadn't realized he had come down. She looked down at the vegetables she was washing and saw that they were shredded.

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Marry Me Quick Chapter 642-Saving Face

After scooping up the vegetables, Ziyue turned to look at Muchen, "What are you doing here?"

She then realized that Muchen was looking at her with a half-smile.

He stood there with his arms folded, looking at her nonchalantly. Ziyue touched her face and looked at him inexplicably, "What's wrong?"

"Ke called you just now," Muchen spoke at last.

"What did she say?" Ziyue asked but was surprised. Why did Ke call me?

Could it be about Hanyan?

Muchen chuckled, whetted her appetite, and uttered, "You guess."

Although Muchen was not very amiable and had probably committed vile acts, Ziyue thought it unnecessary to tell Muchen about it as it wasn't a glamorous incident to discuss.

But it seemed like Muchen... must have heard something from Ke...

"Stop asking. This is women's business." Ziyue said, then reached out her hand to him and said, "Give me the phone. I'll call her."

To her surprise, Muchen shrugged and said, "Your phone isn't with me."

"You..."

Ziyue choked on her words, realizing that Muchen had framed her.

“What a j*rk!” Ziyue glared at him and turned around to continue cooking, not wanting to talk to him anymore.

Is he for real?! He could’ve asked me if he wanted to know what Ke and I did today. There’s no need to deceive me like this. What a j*rk!

Despite being antagonized by Muchen, Ziyue still wouldn’t tell him!

Muchen gazed at her angry back profile, walked up, and clung to her back.

Muchen was much taller than Ziyue. He lowered his gaze and saw her chopping vegetables. His tall stature almost completely shrouded her.

Feeling the man’s warmth pressing against her back, Ziyue sighed, “What else do you want from me?”

“You just have to tell me if you want revenge on Hanyan. I’ll do you the service.” Muchen said and surrounded her waist.

He locked Ziyue in his arms. Muchen’s tenderness soothed her weary heart.

She didn’t push Muchen away but continued talking about what was on her mind, “How did you find out?”

“Of course, I had to know where you went and if you were safe,” Muchen said in his deep voice, and his warm breath tickled her ear as he kissed her.

Feeling uncomfortable, Ziyue writhed and levered a displeased gaze at him, “Stop messing around. I’m cooking. You’re even more clingy than Zixi!”

“Do you miss him?”

“What?” Ziyue was momentarily confused by Muchen’s sudden change of subject. And then she realized he was talking about Zixi.

“Of course, I miss him.”

“Then let’s find some time to go back and visit him.” Muchen’s suggested casually.

“Can we?” Ziyue was delighted but soon realized they were stuck in an impasse due to circumstances.

“Trust me. We will get to visit him when things settle down,” Muchen reassured her.

Ziyue's hands paused for a moment, then nodded. "Okay."

"Hey, don't get involved in Hanyan's affairs. I can handle it myself. Go ahead and do what you need to do." She didn't expect Muchen to offer his help since he was so busy.

Ziyue used to loathe Muchen's domineering and envious traits. But she didn't feel that way anymore and wasn't sure why.

And Ziyue was surprised by Muchen's prompt correspondence, "I know."

She eyed him rather suspiciously.

Muchen raised his eyebrow and said, "I'm a man of my word."

With his assurance, Ziyue nodded in agreement. She didn't want Muchen distracted by her petty matters, especially since he was so busy lately.

As a matter of course, men shouldn't intervene in women's affairs but let them resolve what must be done.

...

The next morning, Ziyue was still asleep when Ke called, so Muchen answered. Muchen looked at the time, and it was time for Ziyue to wake up. He leaned over and whispered, "It's Ke on the phone."

"Don't bluff me..." Ziyue was half asleep and still resented Muchen's prank from yesterday. Muchen didn't say much but turned the loudspeaker on and handed it to her.

"Mrs. Qin!" Ke sounded excited.

Ziyue's half-opened eyes widened instantly. She quickly propped herself up with Muchen's help.

She took the phone and smoothed her unkempt hair before saying, "Good morning, Ke."

"Mrs. Qin, there's news on Gu Hanyan. Quickly read it. I'll send you the link..."

As Ke spoke, there was a rustling sound on the other end of the phone. Ziyue wasn't sure what Ke was up to.

After a moment, Ke's voice sounded again, "I've sent you the link and those high-definition photos..."

“High-definition photos?” Why did Ke send some high-definition photos? What does it have to do with Hanyan?

“You’ll know when you see it. Luckily, I was quick enough to save them before they were deleted. Take a look. First, I’m off to leave comments on it. I’ll talk to you again...”

Ke hung up before Ziyue could ask any more questions.

After all, women were born scandalmongers, regardless of their social status and intellect.

Before clicking those photos, Ziyue had a vague idea of what Ke meant by high-definition photos. She was blown away when she saw them.

Carlos had harbored a grudge against Hanyan. Ziyue thought Carlos would blackmail her at most.

But she didn’t expect Carlos to be so ruthless, exposing their intimate photos, and... with a party of several...

After looking at the first two photos, Ziyue handed her phone to Muchen.

“Do you know Carlos? His family business is associated with LK. I didn’t know he would hate Hanyan so much...” Ziyue’s hatred for Hanyan was no less than Carlos’.

Muchen’s face turned grim as he glanced at the photos before deleting them.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Although the photos were obscene, Ke said they had been deleted online.

Muchen snorted disdainfully, “Since when did you take an interest in other’s bodies?”

“No... no...” Ziyue cowered as she noticed Muchen’s gloomy face.

Muchen negated her presumption, “It can’t be Carlos. He doesn’t seem like someone who would do that. It could be one of his hook-ups who held a grudge against him and leaked these photos. Carlos is quite famous in the industry and cares about his reputation. Although his reputation is tainted, the nature of this incident is beyond heinous.”

Ziyue concurred, “What a timely and fortuitous development.”

She planned to gradually undermine Hanyan’s reputation, but unexpectedly, such scandalous news broke out suddenly.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 643

Marry Me Quick Chapter 643-Keen to Rise to the Top

Country J had always been liberal towards sexual relationships. This time, as Muchen had said, Hanyan and Carlos had committed a heinous and distasteful act, and the people there had condemned them.

Meanwhile, there was a minority who had openly expressed a carnal interest in Hanyan.

Ziyue thought Gricy would pressure Hanyan to retire from the entertainment industry and the public eye after this incident. But to her dismay, not only did Hanyan not quit, but she leveraged the scandal to increase her exposure. She was no different from those washed-up celebrities who wanted to get ahead faster.

“Ms. Hanyan, regarding this incident, do you have anything you’d like to clarify?”

“No, I don’t. There’s nothing wrong with having s*x. I didn’t break any laws or hurt anyone. What’s there to clarify?” Hanyan smiled and tousled her hair. Her blatant attitude left the reporters speechless.

A reporter wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and asked, “But have you considered the feelings of your fans looking forward to your return?”

“I believe my fans who love me would embrace everything I do. Besides, I don’t think I’ve done anything unforgivable...” Hanyan said, looking away from the reporter and smiling at the camera. “Personally, I think there’s no need to concern ourselves with other people’s opinions. In all things, we should follow our hearts and be true to ourselves.”

Meanwhile, Ziyue was scrutinizing the unabashed Hanyan through her computer screen. Suddenly, cursing sounded behind her.

“F*** her ‘be true to ourselves’ nonsense! She acts like a b**** and dares to act righteous!”

Ziyue turned around and saw Ke, who she didn’t know had come in.

“Why are you here?” Their jobs at the company didn’t overlap much, so Ke usually didn’t come to find her during work hours.

Ke pouted and took a deep breath before speaking, “Mr. Qin asked me to accompany you for lunch before he left the office. I came to ask you what you wanted to have.”

Ziyue suddenly remembered.

Not long after arriving at the office in the morning, Muchen said he had to go out with Chuan for a matter. She was busy organizing things then and stumbled upon news

about Hanyan on the Internet. So, she didn't notice what Muchen was saying. It turned out he was telling her to have lunch with Ke.

Thinking of this, she looked at the time and frowned, "But it's still early."

Ke smiled and said, "That's why I came and asked you first, so I can make arrangements."

"No worries. It's just lunch, and I'm not picky like Muchen. I can eat at the cafeteria downstairs." She didn't have any food preferences.

Ziyue felt resigned at the fact that Muchen still treated her like a child. He even roped in Ke to have lunch with her because he was away...

Ke immediately shook her head, "No way. I'll make a reservation at one of the nearby restaurants. Let's go together after work."

Muchen had specifically instructed Ke to take Ziyue out for lunch before he went out.

Ke looked at her woefully. Ziyue didn't say much and just nodded.

After finalizing their lunch date, Ke told her about Hanyan.

"I always thought Hanyan was mean and slu*ty. At least she still cared and toned down her brazen act last time, but now she's completely unbridled and unscrupulous."

Ziyue didn't say anything, her gaze fixed on Hanyan's smiling face on the computer screen.

Who would have thought?

How did Hanyan land herself in such a mess?

Perhaps Hanyan herself was clueless that she would become a notorious figure.

But who was to be blamed?

After Ke left, Ziyue read through the online comments, most of which were criticizing Hanyan and calling her a sl*t.

It had become a trending topic with continuously soaring numbers of comments.

Ziyue used to run Yanyue Media and was well-versed in the entertainment industry.

If Hanyan didn't mind her reputation and only craved popularity, she had certainly succeeded. But her objective was tainted with dishonor.

Women who were models and actresses but were, in fact, working as escorts and those washed-up actresses would do anything to achieve fame. Still, they could never pull a fast one on the seasoned professionals in the industry.

Hanyan seemed adamant and had staked everything to achieve her goal, or she could've been pressured to do that.

As the saying forewarned, the worm turns, let alone someone like Hanyan who had turned her back on kindness.

Ziyue closed the video and fell into deep thought.

At noon, Ziyue and Ke went to lunch at a restaurant. Ke had booked the best restaurant near the office. They bumped into many acquaintances there.

Ke had reserved a table by the window. She handed Ziyue the menu upon seating, "Mrs. Qin, please order."

Ziyue took the menu. Looking up, she saw Hanyan and her group walking in from the door.

She was snuggling in the arms of a man, with her assistant and agent following behind them.

Despite being the latest hot topic, Hanyan had the audacity to appear in public. Clearly, she was hoping to attract more attention from the media.

Plus...

Ziyue carefully examined the man next to Hanyan. Although they were far away, Ziyue was sure the man wasn't Carlos.

Was this her gambit to affirm her title as a sl*t?

Ziyue furrowed and was about to avert her gaze, but Hanyan was already looking in their direction.

A hint of abashment flashed across Hanyan's face when their eyes met. It was then replaced by a cold expression. Her eyes were burning with hatred as she glared at Ziyue.

Ziyue ignored her gaze and casually lowered her head to read the menu.

By logic, Hanyan should not have found out about her baiting Carlos. Well, at least not yet. Carlos didn't know who Ziyue was, so Hanyan must have been very troubled in the past few days and wouldn't have the capacity to figure it out yet.

Why is the hatred in Hanyan's eyes even more profound than before? Is she blaming me for something again? This is getting interesting.

Even though Hanyan didn't know she had a hand in this, she still attributed her misfortunes to Ziyue's fault. It looked like their entanglement was far from over.

Well, so be it. Ziyue had no intention of letting Hanyan off so easily.

As she flipped through the menu, she unconsciously tightened her grip. There was no need to back down from someone like Hanyan, and she didn't expect her to repent.

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 644

Marry Me Quick Chapter 644-Aren't You Going to Reward Me?

"What are you looking at, Mrs. Qin?"

Ke sat across from Ziyue, seeing her constantly looking in that direction, and followed her gaze, but Ke didn't see anything extraordinary.

Ke missed the sight of Hanyan and her group as they had just walked past.

Ziyue withdrew her gaze and smiled, "Nothing special."

Just then, her phone rang.

It was Muchen.

"Have you eaten?" Muchen asked. There was no noise in the background. Ziyue deduced he was probably in a deserted place.

"Ke and I are in the restaurant and about to order food." Ziyue paused and asked him, "What about you?"

"Not yet." He replied, adding, "I still have some work to finish before I can eat."

"When will you come back to the office?"

Muchen said briefly, "I'll pick you up after work."

For some reason, Ziyue felt that Muchen sounded a little unusual as if bearing a profound loss and suppressed emotions.

Ziyue frowned. "Eat first," Muchen said before she could ask what was wrong and hung up.

Ziyue was caught off guard. Earlier, she detected forlorn in Muchen's voice. She was certain that something was amiss with Muchen after he abruptly hung up.

"What did the boss say?" Ke, who had been listening to her conversation, naturally knew that Muchen had called. Seeing Ziyue's strange expression, she pried.

"They haven't finished their work yet." With a heavy heart, Ziyue said. She texted Muchen to remind him to have lunch.

He shouldn't starve himself as he had gastric problems.

Muchen had been working like a Trojan lately.

As agreed, Muchen came to pick up Ziyue after work in the evening. As soon as Ziyue got in the car, she asked, "What time did you have lunch today?"

Muchen was startled. He hesitated for a moment and said, "Twelve-thirty."

Ziyue looked at him and thought he could be lying.

He was not a compliant person by nature.

Before she could say anything, Muchen added, "I want to have fish and chips for dinner tonight."

"Sure, I'll make extra dishes to replenish your body. You've been so busy lately," Ziyue said.

She had gotten used to cooking for Muchen. They couldn't have lunch together, but she would make dinner for him after work.

Ziyue was delighted at Muchen's dinner request. Then, they went to the market together.

It was an impromptu suggestion by Muchen.

They hadn't gone shopping for groceries together since they arrived in Country J. Ziyue wondered why Muchen suddenly had so much free time.

While preparing dinner at home, Ziyue asked, "Why do you have so much free time today? Did you manage to finish all the work you needed to do?"

Muchen was cutting vegetables. Though Ziyue offered to make dinner but in actuality, Muchen was the chef for tonight. Hearing Ziyue's words, he turned and looked at her, "Next week is the presidential election rally, and I'll soon be done with my work. Then, I'll have a few days off to be with you."

Ziyue lit up, "Really?"

"Have I ever lied to you?" Muchen looked tender when he smiled.

For a moment, Ziyue was smitten by his charming smile. She quickly averted her gaze and stirred the soup.

"You should just chill and rest at home since you are allowed a short break." She knew how busy he had been and didn't want him to feel obligated to spend his time off with her.

She only wished for him to be safe and healthy. Muchen turned to her, and a tender emotion sparkled in his eyes. He saw through her thoughts and said softly, "I'm not tired." Then, his tone suddenly turned somewhat melancholy, "I'll be fine as long as you're by my side."

Ziyue turned and looked at him, "What did you say?"

Muchen spoke too softly, and she could barely hear what he said.

"Okay, out you go. Dinner will be ready soon," he digressed while gently pushing her out of the kitchen.

Muchen didn't go to the office the next day since he was on a break.

As the wife and assistant of LK's president, Ziyue naturally didn't need to go to the office either.

Early in the morning, Muchen found a travel magazine and gave it to Ziyue, "Take a look and see where you want to go. We can go together."

Ziyue glanced at the travel magazine, then at him before declining his suggestion, "Forget about it. Going on a vacation with tedious planning and long-haul flight is troublesome. You should rest at home since you only have a few break days."

Muchen obliged and didn't persuade her further. He sat beside her, picked up the magazine with one hand, and pulled her into his arms with the other, "Let's read it together."

Ziyue couldn't resist him and read it with him.

She was going through the motion since she had no desire to go on a vacation.

But Muchen perused it as if reading a business proposal, "Historical sites or natural scenery are good too."

Ziyue nestled in his arms, feeling the vibration against his chest as he spoke.

She tilted her head and leaned against his shoulder, immersing in the uninterrupted moment with Muchen.

Ziyue loved intimate moments like these.

"I mean it. We don't need to go on a vacation. Staying at home like this is good enough for me." Ziyue asserted herself again.

Muchen hummed agreeably.

But in the end, he still took Ziyue on a five-day-four-night island retreat. The island had breathtaking scenery and excellent weather.

On the morning of their departure, Muchen said he needed to head out and brought her along.

Ziyue didn't think much of it and followed him.

Eventually, they ended up at the airport.

After boarding the flight, the perplexed Ziyue asked, "Are you sure we're going like this? We didn't bring anything."

Muchen beamed an unanticipated mischievous grin, "It's all set."

He raised his brow and pulled her closer, disappointed by Ziyue's lack of reaction.

"Aren't you going to reward me for this surprised retreat? This time, it won't be easy for anyone to find us. By the time they realize our disappearance, we will have arrived and enjoyed ourselves on the island. And it'll take at least three days to discover us. By then, we will have had tons of fun and be ready to go home."

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 645

Marry Me Quick Chapter 645-The Inconvenience

Ziyue was amused, looking at his mischievous expression, "Why are you making it so secretive? It's not like we're onto any dirty plan but a short island getaway."

Muchen said earnestly all of a sudden, "I don't want anyone to interrupt us."

She was taken aback and moved by his somber reaction, "Mm."

Muchen was infatuated by her coy concord and gave her a peck on the lips, but a peck

was not enough. He pulled her into his arms.

Ziyue was reluctant, "Um... there are people around..."

They were in business class. Although the other passengers couldn't see what they were doing from their seats, it was still a public place.

Muchen ignored Ziyue's unwillingness and pulled her to him, shrouding her petite body with his steady build.

Ziyue was relieved that Muchen was sensible enough to know when to stop and not create a scene.

Before letting go of her, he naughtily bit her lip to express his displeasure.

Muchen quietly panted, "Inconvenient."

Ziyue slapped his arm as she felt embarrassed by his teasing. But Muchen seized her hand and kissed her lips, saying, "Next time, we'll have to take a private jet. Just the two of us. We can do whatever we want."

Ziyue widened her eyes in disbelief and warned, "Let go!"

Before this, she thought he needed a break after overworking himself. But after seeing his sleazy behavior, she was annoyed at herself for being naïve to worry for him.

He continued asking, as if he didn't hear her objection, "I'm serious. What do you think?"

"I think your mind is filthy thinking about all the nonsense!" Ziyue replied with a hum, then looked away.

Muchen looked at her delicate profile and smoothed out her cascading hair.

Ziyue's hair used to be wavy. But this year, she didn't have time to treat her hair at the hair salon and only managed to trim it to look neat.

Her hair was still long but gradually returned to its natural straightness. She looked even more demure with her naturally straight long hair.

Muchen couldn't quite remember what Ziyue was like when they argued in the past.

But no matter her behavior and looks, she was still his favorite.

As he continued staring at her, he couldn't help but reminisce about their tender moments in the past.

After a five-hour flight, they arrived at their destination. Muchen had booked a hotel in advance, although he didn't bring anything.

It wasn't exactly a hotel, though.

This island wasn't a popular tourist spot, nor was it well-developed.

The population was scarce, and there weren't many tourists. Although there were a few hotels on the island, they were subpar.

Fishing was the primary source of income for most of the locals.

The island was a paradise with abundant tropical fruit crop production, marine products, and pleasant weather.

The accommodation Muchen had booked blew Ziyue's mind.

It was a simple double-story cabin on the beach, but the well-manicured plants in the courtyard made the environment feel conducive and relaxing.

"I looked up the other hotels, but they had no unique features and subpar ambiance. I came across this cabin by chance and thought you would like it, so I contacted them." Muchen stood beside her and explained, "I didn't expect the owner to agree to rent it to us. Do you like it?"

Ziyue hummed and nodded. She loved it.

"Mr. Qin!" The owners of the cabin, a very amiable elderly couple, suddenly appeared. Ziyue was surprised when she saw they were of familiar ethnicity and spoke a mutual language.

"Are you also from Country Z?" Ziyue was delighted to meet her fellow countrymen abroad. She felt like she was home.

"Yes, we were from Country Z. When Mr. Qin contacted us, we agreed because he was sincere, and you are also from Country Z. You are a beautiful couple. Is this your wife?" The grey-haired old lady asked. Her eyes were bright, and she looked very spirited.

Muchen replied, "Yes, this is my wife."

"Just call me Ziyue, Grandma." The old lady looked friendly, and Ziyue liked her.

The old lady squinted at Ziyue and complimented, "Good, good! Very good!"

Then, she took her hand and led her inside, "Come on in. You must be tired and hungry after a long flight. I've prepared some food for you. After you eat, take a shower and rest. Then, we'll go fishing at sea..."

The old lady was in top form, judging by her radiance and agile movement.

Ziyue felt light-hearted and reckoned she must have been an exuberant person in her younger days.

After walking some distance, the old lady patted her head and turned to Muchen, who was following them, "Hey, boy. Follow my husband to get the clothes and toiletries we've prepared for you."

Ziyue couldn't help but burst out laughing. Boy?

She had never heard anyone call Muchen boy before. She turned to look at him and saw that he froze and looked somewhat bewildered.

Ziyue also followed suit but in a teasing tone, "Boy, quickly go get the things."

Muchen narrowed his eyes and mouthed at Ziyue to call him hubby. Ziyue raised her chin, snorted at him, and left with the old lady.

Though the old lady was spirited, all her senses were deteriorating.

Her cooking tasted inconsistent. Some of the food was too bland, and some too salty.

But Ziyue and Muchen were very understanding and didn't make a fuss. They quietly finished the food made by the old lady.

After they finished eating, Muchen complimented, "It tasted great. Thank you, Grandma."

Ziyue was a little surprised. It was rare to see Muchen so docile and gentle.

In their room, Ziyue stated, "You seem to like Grandma a lot."

Muchen kept quiet and was busy organizing the things he had picked up from the old lady earlier.

He had asked the old couple to get these necessities for them beforehand.

Although Muchen told her the couple had helped them with the purchase, in actuality, it was he who personally sought a clothing store on the island, contacted them, and had them delivered to the old lady's house.

After a while, Muchen finally said, "They are kind people."

He spoke monotonously, but Ziyue could sense the nuance in his voice. It was rare to see Muchen so emotionally expressive.

Ziyue hugged him from behind, "If you like it here, we can come and visit more often. I like it here, too."

After saying this, there was no response from Muchen.

"I'm talking to you."

"Mmm."

Read Novel Marry Me Quick Chapter 646

Marry Me Quick Chapter 646-They had their meal and went to shower before resting in their room.

By the time they woke up, it was already dusk.

Ziyue checked the time on her handphone and realized it was almost five.

As they neared the end of summer, the weather was no longer scorching hot when it turned five o'clock in the evening.

Muchen was in deep slumber, not showing signs of waking up anytime soon.

Ziyue moved his hands away from her waist softly and discreetly without waking him up. She then lifted the quilt to get out of bed.

A gust of wind blew into the room when she opened the windows.

The pleasant air breeze felt refreshing to the touch. She decided to open all the other windows to let the cold wind in and turned off the air conditioner.

After that, she turned around to look at Muchen. He was still fast asleep.

She went to the bedside and stared at him for a short moment before changing out of her old clothes and going downstairs.

It was a modest house with a warm and welcoming interior. They stayed on the second floor, while the old couple stayed on the first. Their legs were weak, so it was difficult for them to climb the stairs. Moreover, they were not keen on walking upstairs.

"This hasn't ripened. Why did you pick it?"

"That's impossible! It's not sour anymore. We just had it yesterday."

"The one I ate was sour."

"Why do you have such picky taste buds?"

"Old coot!"

Ziyue walked down to the first floor and heard a commotion happening. She could tell from the voices that it was the old married couple.

She followed the source of the noise and saw them picking pears underneath a pear tree.

The pear tree was huge. The old married couple was too long in the tooth to climb the pear tree. Hence, they made a tool specially used to pick the fruit.

It was a long pole with a sickle tied to the end. Directly underneath the sickle was a basket that could catch the pear as soon as it was cut with the sickle.

Ziyue was amused by the tool.

"Grandma Qi, what are you doing?" Muchen had previously mentioned to her that the old grandpa had the surname Qi.

"Yueyue, come over here! We're picking some pears. They're really sweet." As soon as Grandma Qi saw her, she waved at her enthusiastically.

Ziyue was momentarily stunned with the nickname Grandma Qi had called her by. After a while, she finally regained her senses and walked towards her.

"Weren't you saying that they were too sour just now?" Grandpa Qi was strenuously picking the pears and couldn't help but sneer at her sudden change of attitude.

Hearing his interjections, Grandma Qi glared at him and said, "Don't talk nonsense."

Grandpa Qi pouted his lips and murmured silently to himself before he continued to pick the pears.

Ziyue was humored by the way the old couple interacted. She found them adorable.

She noticed that Grandpa Qi was struggling to pick the pears. So Ziyue walked nearer to him and offered to help, "Grandpa Qi, let me help you."

"How would a young lady like you know how to do these things? Let me do it." Grandpa Qi was firmly opposed to letting her pick the pears.

“Don’t worry. I have good eyesight, and it isn’t difficult.” It didn’t look too difficult for an inexperienced person like herself.

Grandpa Qi gazed at her in disbelief. “If you could pick a pear, I’ll bring you to the sea to catch fish tomorrow.”

When Grandma Qi heard how he challenged her, she slapped his back and reprimanded him, “What nonsense are you saying? How could a young lady go to the sea? Also, what will you do out there with your frail body?”

The old couple kept bickering with each other, but the atmosphere was warm and cozy.

Ziyue heart fluttered with a sudden thought. How great would it be if she could spend her golden age with Muchen in a place with a beautiful landscape like this?

They both ended up getting into another round of bickering while conversing with each other

Ziyue walked over without saying anything and took over Grandpa Qi in picking the pears.

The old couple was too focused on their conversation. After a short while, they finally realized that Ziyue had already started picking the fruit. They anxiously advised her, “Be careful and hold onto the pole firmly. Make sure you don’t trip.”

“I’m okay.”

Ziyue was clenching her jaws as she held onto the pole. It looked easy when she observed it from afar.

However, she could feel the strain in her arms and was slowly losing balance.

“Be careful!”

Grandpa Qi was as agile as a squirrel when he caught the pole, preventing her from tripping.

“I’ll do it.”

This time, Ziyue didn’t try to refute him. She let him take the reigns as she sat by the side, peacefully eating her pears.

These pear trees were all planted by Grandma Qi. Every fruit was extraordinarily fresh and had no harmful pesticides, like the ones sold at the grocer. Ziyue couldn’t help herself and munch on the juicy pears.

“Ziyue!”

Suddenly, Muchen’s voice traveled into the garden.

Ziyue, who had just taken a bite of the pear, quickly replied to Muchen as soon as she heard his voice, “Muchen, we’re picking pears in the garden.”