

Marry Me Quick Novel Online Free - Chapter 671 – 676

Chapter 671 Thankful

Jingshu understood what she meant.

He stood up immediately and frowned. "Do you mean Gricy has arranged in advance for their people to be on that flight? Are they going to act against Muchen?"

"There is no end to Gricy's greed. They have been coveting LK Group's substantial wealth for some time now. The presidential election must have prompted them to act. Moreover..."

Ziyue took a deep breath. Now that things had turned out this way, she felt hiding was pointless.

"Muchen's grandfather could be colluding with Gricy."

Ziyue combed her fingers through her hair. She did this whenever she felt anxious.

Jingshu looked at her in shock. "Did Muchen say this?"

"Yes." Ziyue nodded.

Jingshu fell silent. Since Muchen said that, he must have confirmed that Yuchuan is collaborating with Gricy.

I never expected Yuchuan to work with an outsider to go against Muchen.

The Bai family's ancestors were the founders of the nation. Although some did unsavory things, the Bai family will still unite and protect the family during critical moments.

He suddenly thought about something and asked, "How do you know this? Where have you gotten the information from?"

"Shichu told me." After saying that, Ziyue saw Jingshu's confused expression and realized he did not know about Shichu.

She had no choice but to explain. "Shichu is the leader of K7."

The information caught Jingshu by surprise.

His only impression of Shichu was when Shichu treated Muchen's injuries overseas.

Although he and Shichu were not friends, he had a pretty good impression of him.

From what he recalled, Shichu was a mild-tempered doctor. Although he came from a prominent background, he did not behave arrogantly and was kind.

"I don't have time to explain in detail. Jingshu, my mind is now a mess. I don't know what to do." It took all her will to even stand there and talk to Jingshu.

"Do you believe him?" Jingshu did not trust Shichu.

If Shichu is working for Gricy, who knows what he's trying to achieve in

revealing this? He could be pretending. We can't let our guard down.

Ziyue answered without hesitation, "I trust him."

She found it a little strange herself. Why do I still trust Shichu?

Jingshu frowned and asked, "Have you contacted Chuan and Ke?"

"Yes, but no one answered." Ziyue shook her head and took out her phone to call them again.

"The plane had taken off for a long time. It's impossible to pursue it at this point." Jingshu's expression turned grim.

If Shichu is right, Muchen could be in grave danger.

Then, Jingshu analyzed calmly, "If they are after LK Group's wealth, they won't do anything to Muchen yet."

"I don't think so..." Ziyue did not see things as optimistic as he did. She looked on the verge of tears as she said, "Gricy is colluding with Muchen's grandfather. They are blood-related."

Jingshu could guess the implications without needing to hear further.

Everyone knew Muchen was related to the Mogwin family.

It was natural for Yuchuan to get involved in LK Group's matters if anything happened to Muchen.

Ziyue called Chuan's phone again. The phone kept ringing, but no one answered.

Right when she was about to give up, Chuan picked up the call.

He sounded a little out of breath. "Mrs. Qin."

"What happened? Why didn't you answer my calls until now?"

"A thief broke into the company to steal important documents. Ke and I went there and were too preoccupied with the matter to answer any calls. We discovered that the thief is a company staff." Chuan finally calmed his breath. However, he was still puzzled about why Ziyue called him at such a late hour. Ziyue placed the call on speaker mode so that Jingshu could hear Chuan. Someone tried to steal company documents.

The incident matched Ziyue's theory about a spy on Muchen's side.

Ziyue and Jingshu's expressions turned solemn.

Ziyue bit her lip and said, "Muchen has gotten on the plane, but Shichu told me that everyone on his flight was from Gricy."

Chuan's reply caught her by surprise. "What flight? Isn't Mr. Qin resting at home? He said he's been feeling unwell recently..."

'Smack!'

The phone fell to the floor.

Ziyue turned to Jingshu. Her face had gone deathly pale.

Meanwhile, Chuan said, "Hello? Hello? Mrs. Qin, what happened? What's going on?"

However, Ziyue had lost all the will to speak.

Jingshu's condition was not much better. He looked grim as he picked up the phone. "Chuan, do you know Muchen returned to Yunzhou City?"

Chuan seemed to have grasped what was going on. He paused briefly before answering, "I didn't know."

Muchen did not even tell Chuan that he had returned to Yunzhou City, yet Shichu knew about it.

This proved that Shichu was telling the truth.

Gricy must have discovered Muchen's whereabouts and secretly schemed against Muchen. Otherwise, Shichu would not have known anything about this.

Jingshu turned to Ziyue and found her standing still with a daze expression. He could not tell what she was thinking.

Then, he sighed and discussed something with Chuan before hanging up. Ziyue suddenly said, "I'll get a pilot to fly a private plane to chase after Muchen's flight."

Jingshu stopped her immediately, "You can't catch up with it!"

Ziyue looked up and yelled, "What am I to do then? Muchen is in danger. How can we stay here and do nothing?"

She was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

No one knew whether Gricy planned to keep Muchen alive or kill him.

"He will be fine. Muchen won't die so easily. Moreover, his grandfather would not collude with an outsider to kill him. You know how controlling he is toward Muchen. Based on this, we know he won't let anyone kill Muchen yet."

Jingshu grew more convinced by his theory the more he explained.

Ziyue calmed down slightly and thought his words made sense.

She nodded and mumbled, "Yes, you're right. Grandpa is obsessed with controlling Muchen. He would not let him die for nothing..."

She had seen the extent Yuchuan was willing to bend Muchen to his will.

Previously, she detested Yuchuan for this but was now thankful for it.

Chapter 672 Air Disaster

"Sir, would you like to have a drink?"

An air stewardess approached Muchen and asked respectfully.

Muchen was engrossed in reading a geographical magazine and nodded upon hearing the air stewardess. "A glass of warm water. Thank you."

"Sure, please wait for a moment," the air stewardess replied and left.

Muchen rubbed his brow and put the magazine away. He turned to the side and found the passenger beside him holding his cup in a peculiar manner.

Muchen turned away casually and stood up to go to the washroom.

He quietly observed the passengers in the cabin as he walked.

Although nothing was strange on the surface, he felt a weird atmosphere in the cabin.

He stayed in the washroom and considered briefly before exiting.
A young man stood outside, waiting.
He glanced at Muchen before entering the washroom.
The air stewardess brought Muchen a glass of water.
He took a small sip and did not touch it anymore.
After ten minutes, he went to the washroom and found it still occupied.
Did someone else go in, or has the same person not come out yet?
Muchen's heart sank.
Everything's too odd.
'Bang!' A loud crashing noise suddenly sounded.
An air stewardess rushed to him and apologized, "I'm sorry, sir..."
"Step aside!"
"Sir, you... Argh!"
The air stewardess screamed, prompting everyone in the cabin to stand up.
Muchen sat in his seat. His expression was solemn as he clenched his fists before releasing them.
People rushed to him and surrounded him.
He did not look at any of them. Instead, his expression remained emotionless and calm.
"Mr. Qin, we meet again."
A male voice approached him.
Muchen instantly knew whose voice it was.
Even Chuan didn't know I returned to Yunzhou City.
Who would be devious enough to figure out my secret whereabouts? It has to be Enyang.
Enyang stood before Muchen. His eyes flashed with surprise when he saw Muchen's calm expression. "Mr. Qin, are you not surprised to see me?"
Muchen smiled slightly at him, "No, I'm stunned."
Enyang smiled and said nothing.
Logically speaking, Muchen should have been caught unaware. However, Enyang was not as sure about that as he looked at how calm Muchen was.
"Honestly, I was only testing. I didn't expect you to really return to Yunzhou City at such a critical period." Enyang stuffed his hands into his pants pockets, smiling gleefully.
Muchen's name caused apprehension throughout Gricy whenever it was brought up.
Previously, he spent two years infiltrating Muchen's circle through Ziyue. He created an intricate trap only for Muchen to foil everything.
After years of joining Gricy, Muchen was the only person who caused Enyang to fail his mission.
This time, Enyang finally succeeded.

He felt vindicated. "By the way, everyone on this flight is from Gricy." Muchen leaned into his seat and appeared strangely relaxed. "So?" Enyang looked at his unbothered demeanor and felt annoyed. "Mr. Qin, it's pointless to feign calmness. You will never leave this plane alive. Every crew and passenger on this plane shall die with you!"

"I'm honored that you put so much effort into dealing with me." Muchen smiled, but the smile did not reach his eyes.

Enyang sneered, "Muchen, you won't have another chance to see Ziyue and your son. Do you now regret not seeing them more before you left?"

Enyang was adept at psychological attacks and knew a person's weak spot. Most crooks were blinded by greed and could only see things from their selfish point of view. Thus, they only knew to threaten someone with what they thought was important.

However, Enyang was different. He had someone he deeply cared about, so he understood Muchen.

He knew what Muchen's real weakness was.

LK Group, the prestige of the Mogwin family... All these things acquired through efforts and other means were not as crucial to Muchen as others thought.

Instead, Ziyue and Zixi were the most important to him.

As Enyang expected, Muchen's expression darkened at his words.

"They must be waiting for you to come home. Unfortunately, you won't live to go home. Still, I can help pass your message to Ziyue if you have anything to say. After all, I was her uncle for two years."

Enyang had completed numerous missions after joining Gricy, but none gave him as much sense of accomplishment as this one.

Muchen was no ordinary man. Many people wanted to bring him down or win him over, but none succeeded. On the hand, Enyang succeeded in cornering him.

Muchen adjusted his expression and said coldly, "I've said everything I needed to say and did everything I should do."

...

News of an air disaster appeared past midnight.

"A plane crash occurred at ten o'clock sharp tonight, involving flight T2XX that took off from Yunzhou International Airport, traveling toward Country J. Fire broke out in the cargo hold, causing the plane to crash as it flew past City B. The preliminary forecast suggests a zero survival rate for everyone on board... We shall follow up with more reports on this matter."

'Clang!' The cup in Ziyue's hands fell to the floor.

After confirming that Muchen was on that flight and the flight was full of people from Gricy, Ziyue chose not to go home.

One of the reasons was that Zixi had fallen asleep. Another reason was that Ziyue would feel even more anxious if she were to return to Cloud Bay.

Jingshu was also unable to sleep after what had happened.

Even Chuan remained awake in Country J and was busy making arrangements and finding ways to save Muchen.

Yet, no one expected things to take such a sudden and heartbreaking turn. Plane crash.

Zero chance of survival.

Xia had given Ziyue the cup she had held a moment ago. The cup shattered after falling, and the shards cut into her bare feet. Yet, she felt no pain.

Ziyue blinked and asked with a stunned expression, "What... did the news say?"

She did not look at Jingshu or Xia but mumbled the words to herself.

Jingshu and Xia were also in shock and panic.

Of all the available transports, planes had the least likelihood of accident. Yet, it was the most tragic when one occurred.

Chapter 673 The First List of Victims

Ziyue dashed to Jingshu's study before he and Xia could say anything.

Jingshu and Xia followed her out of concern.

Ziyue did not turn on the light but ran in. She bumped into the side of a table and chair as she ran, causing loud crashing noises all over the room.

Yet, she did not feel any pain.

She felt around in the darkness and reached Jingshu's desk, turning on his computer.

Notification of news popped up from the dashboard once the computer was on. It was news about the plane crash.

She clicked on it. Her hands shook severely that it took her several attempts to type keywords into the search engine.

The first list of victims had been published.

Ziyue held the mouse and clenched her other hand. Her nails dug into her palm until it bled. Still, she felt nothing.

Jingshu and Xia came in and found her seated before the computer. They exchanged glances and hurried over to her.

Ziyue was reading the list of victims. It was a long list. Her heart clenched anxiously as she checked the names one by one.

Once she reached the end of the list, she suddenly slumped over the table as she had run out of energy.

Xia asked worriedly, "Ziyue, what's wrong?"

Ziyue shook her head, indicating that she was okay.

Xia furrowed her brow. How could she be all right?

Even I feel terrible about it. How can she be fine?

She turned to Jingshu and found him looking at the name list. His face was deathly pale.

Ziyue's reaction indicated that Muchen's name was not on the list. However, Jingshu was still worried and decided to check through it himself.

Xia looked down and reached for Jingshu's hand.

The moment her hand touched Jingshu's, he immediately held it tightly in his grip.

It hurt a little, but she did not complain. She only hoped it would make him feel better.

After a few minutes, Ziyue stood up and walked outside.

Xia asked urgently, "Where are you going? I'll go with you."

Ziyue paused. Her voice was hoarse. "I want to see Zixi."

Jingshu tugged Xia's arm, prompting her to turn around. He shook his head.

Xia fell silent.

Ziyue felt like she was in a dream. Her head was heavy, but her feet were light. It seemed she could float away at any moment.

Everything before her eyes and all the sounds she heard felt unreal.

There was a dim lamp by Zixi's bed.

Ziyue opened the door and went in. The faint, yellowish light instantly caught her eye.

That weak ray of light was strong enough to overcome a portion of the darkness.

Ziyue closed the door and went to the bed.

Zixi was soundly asleep. His chubby face had a slight blush from the warmth of the room. He looked like an adorable baby doll.

Ziyue knelt by the bed and caressed his face.

No one could understand how panicked and fearful she was. Yet, despite knowing how improbable the chance of survival was, she could not help but hold on to that tiny ray of hope.

What if someone survived?

What if Muchen is that survivor?

He is a brilliant man. Those people don't stand a chance against him!

Ziyue looked at Zixi quietly before standing up and leaving the room.

Muchen's survival remains uncertain. I still have many things to do.

She exited the room and found Jingshu and Xia waiting near the door. They must have followed her after she left the study.

The three of them looked at each other, but no one spoke.

Ziyue looked up and looked at Jingshu's pale face.

Jingshu and Muchen had been friends for more than a decade. He probably felt as anguished as Ziyue was about what happened. Yet, he was concerned for her.

Ziyue pursed her lips. She wanted to smile at him but couldn't, no matter how she tried. She had no choice but to give up.

"Don't worry about me. I know what I should do. Moreover, I still have Zixi. I need to take care of him, no matter what happens."

She finally managed to squeeze out a smile.

Jingshu opened his mouth to say something but realized he did not know what to say. He could only nod in agreement.

"I will lead a team to the plane crash site." Ziyue's expression had calmed down, but her voice was still severely hoarse.

She flew back from Country J in Muchen's private jet.

That private jet was kept in a small personal airport next to the train station.

Before Muchen left, she suggested he return to Country J using the private jet, but he refused.

He said it would attract too much attention. Gricy would quickly find out about it and send people to wait at the airport.

His cautiousness about this became his mistake.

However, it was pointless to consider it now. What happened had happened.

As Ziyue turned around to leave, Jingshu called her to stop. "I'll go. You should stay to take care of Zixi."

"I can do it. I'll entrust everything in Yunzhou City to you," Ziyue said without turning around and left right after that.

She made phone calls as she drove. After arranging everything, she headed to the private airport.

A flight to B City would take around an hour.

Moreover, it was now past midnight.

Ziyue called Chuan and Yichen as she traveled. After calmly explaining some matters, she informed them she would go to the plane crash site.

Chuan's mind was blank as he answered the call. After a while, he came to his senses and shook his head. "How is that possible?"

"This is what happened. Apart from the flight attendants, everyone on Muchen's flight worked for Gricy. Now, the flight has crashed, and the first list of victims has been published. Chuan, we must remain calm at this critical moment and not panic. Everything will be fine."

Her last sentence was spoken not only to Chuan but to herself.

Even though she knew there was little hope, her tone remained firm.

She did not care that anyone thought her crazy. She refused to believe Muchen was dead.

Strangely, Ziyue's words calmed Chuan considerably. He replied solemnly, "I understand."

...

The rain poured endlessly.

It became a severe downpour by the time Ziyue arrived at the airport. Moreover, she received notification that a typhoon struck B City. B City was a seaside city at the edge of Country Z's borders. It suffered from typhoons nearly every summer. However, it was now autumn. Typhoons in autumn were stronger than the ones in summer and more destructive.

It would take more than ten hours if she were to drive to B City. She could not afford to wait that long.

Ziyue asked the pilot, "Has the typhoon entered B City?"

"Yes. Although we can take off, we won't be able to land in B City."

Ziyue clenched her fists and looked firmly at the pilot. "What if we have to land?"

The pilot was shocked by Ziyue's cold and stern gaze. His voice trembled as he said, "The rate of the plane crashing will be ninety percent."

Ziyue sneered, "There's a ten percent chance of the plane not crashing, right? Let's go. Fly the plane now!"

Chapter 674 He's Not in the Sea

The pilot was shocked and protested, "Mrs. Qin, it's... it's impossible to fly in this weather."

Ziyue glanced at him coldly. "It's possible because I say so!"

"Mrs. Qin!"

The pilot tried to persuade Ziyue, but she would not allow him to speak. She turned around and pulled a gun from the bodyguard's pocket, pointing it at the pilot's head. "Is it possible now?"

The pilot widened his eyes and did not dare to move. He answered in a trembling voice, "Yes! Yes!"

Ziyue's expression was cold. She tightened her grip on the gun and pressed the barrel at his temple before ordering, "Why are you still standing here?"

...

The plane circled above B City's airspace half an hour later.

The pilot looked pale as he turned to Ziyue, "Mrs. Qin, the wind is too strong. It's too risky to land."

"You have more than ten years of experience as a pilot. You must have a way to deal with this weather." Ziyue looked at him with a flicker of threat in her eyes.

Although it was not impossible to land a plane during a typhoon, the risk was too high. No one would willingly put their lives in danger to attempt that.

However, Ziyue implied she would shoot him if he didn't land the plane.

Therefore, the pilot had no choice but to attempt a landing.

Ziyue looked at the pitch-black scene outside the window. Her heart clenched tightly before it sank and turned cold.

Muchen had been able to turn a dangerous situation to his advantage many times. She believed he would do it again.

After around an hour, the private jet finally landed in B City.

Ziyue left the private jet and rushed toward the plane crash site with her team.

The typhoon wreaked havoc in B City, submersing the roads with water.

There were also many objects floating around, making it impossible to drive.

They had no choice but to get to the site on foot.

The plane crashed some distance from the center of B City. Ziyue and her group had to brave the strong wind and rain and trudge ahead.

The roads were muddy and in bad condition.

Ziyue brought a group of bodyguards with her. She kept up with their speed and even walked ahead of them.

The crash occurred in a valley of a small mountain. The wind was weaker there.

She noticed lights in that area as she was still some distance away.

It had been five hours since the plane crash. The first responders rushed to the scene and issued the first list of victims before she departed for B City.

She spent two hours traveling from Yunzhou City. Could the second list of victims be published already?

Cold sweat broke out on her body.

She took down the barricade tape and rushed onto the site.

One of the first responders saw her and stopped her from going further. "Who are you?"

Ziyue's raincoat had long soaked through, allowing rainwater to seep into her hair and flow all over her face. She forced her eyes to stay open and said hoarsely, "I'm the wife of a passenger."

The first responder was surprised.

It had been five hours since the plane crashed. Although it was a considerable time for the first responder, he did not expect a family member to reach the site so soon, especially in such terrible weather. It was quite an impressive feat.

The first responder placed his hand on his safety helmet and considered briefly. Then, he took off the helmet, offered it to Ziyue, and said, "What's the passenger's name? We will watch out for the passenger for you."

"His name is Qin Muchen," Ziyue said, waving her hand. "It's okay. I don't need it."

The first responder did not insist and turned around to proceed with the rescue work.

However, he walked a few steps and suddenly sensed someone following him. He turned around and saw it was the beautiful lady he had just spoken to.

“Why are you following me?”

“I will search for him with you. I’ve also brought people here if you don’t believe I can do it. They can help with your search effort.”

He glanced at the five burly men behind Ziyue and had no reason to refuse.

The actual situation was worse than what was reported on the news.

B City was a mountainous city that faced the sea.

The plane broke apart during descent, so the wreckage landed at different places. Part of the wreckage had fallen into the sea.

The night passed quickly.

The sky gradually brightened, and the wind receded.

The wind ceased entirely once the sun had risen.

Ziyue had no time to sleep the whole night but was not sleepy.

Her shirt and pants were so stained with mud that one could not see their original colors.

She stood on a piece of rock and looked at the sea.

The rescue team said part of the plane wreckage had fallen there.

Those who were still missing had likely sunk into the sea.

The search and rescue team left the mountains and searched in the ocean.

Unfortunately, all they could find were plane wreckages.

Gricy was ruthless and had no qualms about sacrificing numerous lives to kill Muchen.

The rescue team confirmed the identity of eighty people who died in the plane crash.

However, more than a hundred people were still missing.

“Mrs. Qin, please have some water.” One of the bodyguards brought her water.

Ziyue shook her head. Her voice had gone so hoarse that it did not sound like her. “You can have it.”

As long as Muchen’s body was not found, it meant he was still alive.

...

Ziyue stayed in B City and worked with the search and rescue team for a week.

During this period, they kept discovering dead bodies but not a single survivor.

She felt anxious every day, fearing someone would tell her they had found Muchen.

Ke came over and stood before Ziyue, looking at her grimly. “It has already been seven days. Mrs. Qin, let’s return to Yunzhou City, okay?”

They were standing on the deck. The salty and damp sea breeze blew at her in all directions. The cold seeped into her clothes and chilled her to the bones.

Ke arrived in B City on the second day. Chuan wanted to come too but was unable to leave. Thus, Ke traveled alone.

Ke was worried as she looked at Ziyue's dazed eyes.

However, Ziyue said something she did not expect at all. "Sure."

"Mrs. Qin!" Ke was astounded that Ziyue was finally willing to go home.

Ziyue nodded and looked at the endless expanse of the ocean. "He's not in the sea because he is still alive."

No one can survive being in the ocean for seven days. Thus, it's pointless to continue searching here. Muchen must be alive. He and the other missing people have not fallen into the sea. I'm confident about this.

Ke frowned slightly upon hearing her.

After the incident, she and Chuan sent many people to search and investigate everywhere. Apart from the crash site, they also sent people to other places to investigate.

Unfortunately, they could not find anything about Muchen.

For the first three days, Ke still believed Muchen survived.

However, it was now the seventh day. The people they sent out could not find anything useful. It meant... Muchen was likely dead.

Chapter 675 Relic

Ke saw how determined Ziyue looked and swallowed what she wanted to say. Although Ke believed Muchen was most likely dead, she thought it would be better to let Ziyue continue believing that he survived.

She needed the strength to deal with many more matters after this.

...

Since they decided to return to Yunzhou City, Ke speedily completed all preparations.

They returned to Yunzhou City that afternoon.

Jingshu sent someone to pick them up at the airport.

"Mrs. Qin, Mr. Bai has returned your son to Cloud Bay."

"I understand."

Ziyue nodded and entered the car.

Ke's eyes brightened with curiosity when she heard about Ziyue's son.

She had never met Zixi before.

Soon, the car stopped outside the villa in Cloud Bay.

Ke exited the car first and opened the door for Ziyue. Then, she followed Ziyue to the villa.

"Mommy!"

An adorable boy rushed out of the house before they could even step in.

Ziyue was stunned. Her expression was slightly stiff as she curved her lips into a smile.

She extended her arms toward Zixi. "Come here."

Zixi flung himself into her embrace and said happily, "Mommy, you're home!"

He had not seen his mother for many days.

One could see how much he missed her.

Ziyue lifted him and hugged his small figure tightly in her embrace.

She closed her eyes and tried to control the urge to cry. Then, she took a deep breath and smiled to appear normal.

Zixi was astute. Even though he could not understand adults' concerns, he could sense people's emotions.

"Yes, I'm home. Did you miss me?" Ziyue asked softly and gently rested her chin on his small shoulders.

Zixi reached out and patted Ziyue's shoulder before replying sweetly, "Yes, I miss you every day."

"I miss you too." Ziyue calmed her emotions before letting Zixi go gently.

Then, she turned to Ke and said, "This is Ms. Nan. She is Mr. Nan's sister."

Zixi looked confused. Although he did not understand the word 'sister,' he still said politely, "Ms. Nan!"

Ke was surprised to see a mini version of Muchen and could not help but smile. "Nice to meet you. Zixi, you're so adorable!"

She pinched Zixi's cheek gently.

Zixi obediently let her pinch his cheek. He frowned slightly and seemed a little unhappy, yet he obediently bore with it. He almost melted Ke's heart with his adorableness.

Ziyue also noticed Zixi's expression and laughed before carrying him into the house.

Jingshu came to the door and saw Ziyue come in with Zixi. He glanced past her and noticed someone behind her. "Hello, Ke."

Ke nodded. "Good to see you, Mr. Bai."

Then, they proceeded elsewhere to talk.

Ziyue handed Zixi to a maid before entering Muchen's study with the rest.

She sat in the chair behind Muchen's desk and glanced at the table. The table was still full of things Muchen usually used. However, Muchen was nowhere to be found.

Ke initiated the conversation. "Someone leaked news about Mr. Qin's plane crash to the press and caused severe decline in LK Group's share value. The situation is concerning."

Ziyue was in B City all this while and did not have the time to check the news. She did not know anything.

Still, she was not surprised by such matters.

She nodded. Her face was pale as she said, "I'll let Chuan handle LK Group matters."

Ziyue could only focus on searching for Muchen and could not bring herself to think about anything else.

Moreover, Chuan understood LK Group's business better than her.

Then, Jingshu brought up another matter.

He hesitated before saying, "My brother is in Yunzhou City. He wants to talk to you."

Ziyue looked up at him. "Yunan?"

Jingshu nodded.

Ziyue looked down and sank into thoughts. Then, she looked at Jingshu and replied, "You can tell him I will see him. Let me know once he decides on the time."

The Bai family was an influential political and military family.

They were also investigating Gricy for its crimes in Country Z.

Since we share the same goal, why not collaborate with them?

Ziyue hated Gricy to the bone and wished for its utter destruction.

Jingshu noticed Ziyue's gaze gradually turn grim. He frowned and replied, "Sure."

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

Ke glanced at Ziyue and saw that she did not respond. Thus, she shouted at the door, "Come in."

A maid entered the study.

She sensed the tense atmosphere in the room and said nervously, "Someone called just now. He said he found something. It... could be Mr. Qin's relic..."

'Bam!'

The pen holder suddenly fell from the desk. Ziyue stood up and shouted furiously, "Who said Muchen is dead! He's not dead!"

The maid trembled with fear and did not dare to speak.

Ke immediately stepped forward and led the maid out of the room.

Ziyue was emotionally unstable. Ke had no choice but to talk to the maid outside.

After Ke left, Ziyue turned to Jingshu. "You should go home. I'm all right.

Thank you for helping me with so much these few days. I will find Muchen and bring him home."

Her face was pale as a sheet. She lost quite a lot of weight in the one week she was away and looked weak. However, her eyes brightened, and she looked confident as she mentioned Muchen.

Jingshu also refused to believe that Muchen was dead.

He nodded and replied, "I will ask my brother to look out for news about Muchen."

He left after saying that.

Ziyue was finally alone in the study. She staggered and sat back in the chair. Soon, Ke returned.

Her heart clenched when she saw Ziyue's blank expression as she sat motionlessly at the desk. Ke hesitated on whether to tell Ziyue what the maid informed her.

"What did they find?"

Ziyue spoke out of the blue, causing Ke to jump in surprise.

Ke approached Ziyue and hesitated briefly before saying, "It was a photo."

Ziyue's eyes flickered. She looked at Ke and asked, "What photo?"

"I told them to photograph it and send it to me. It was a photo of you and Zixi."

Ke's voice grew softer as she observed how Ziyue's expression changed.

Ziyue suddenly appeared forlorn. Tears fell from her eyes.

Then, she tried to quiet down as she sobbed.

Ke suddenly realized she had never seen Ziyue shed a tear in the past seven days.

Chapter 676 Get Out!

It broke Ke's heart to see Ziyue like this. She clenched her fists and left, closing the door to give her some privacy.

It broke Ke's heart to see Ziyue like this. She clenched her fists and left, closing the door to give her some privacy.

All words of comfort were useless in the face of a cruel reality.

...

Ke thought Ziyue would grieve for some time.

Unexpectedly, Ziyue soon recovered.

She even allowed reporters to interview her the following day.

"Mrs. Qin, your husband's survival is uncertain, and LK Group's shares are constantly declining. Do you have anything to say?"

The reporter had no sense of pity for her and spoke harshly.

However, it was part of his job. Reporters had no regard for the feelings of the victim's family.

Ziyue wore a high-end light purple suit and exquisite makeup. The makeup added color to her pale face, making her appear vibrant.

She frowned upon hearing the reporter's question. Her expression turned cold. She glared at the reporter and said, "Please watch your words. His whereabouts are unknown. It isn't about whether his survival is uncertain. Until I see his dead body, I know he is still alive."

The reporter shuddered from Ziyue's glare. He gripped his microphone and suddenly did not know what to say.

Ziyue seemed satisfied with the reporter's reaction and smirked. Then, she smiled vaguely and softened her tone. "Thank you, everyone, for showing concern for my husband and LK Group. I know everyone waits for his return as I do. I'll let you know once I have news about him."

Once the interview ended, the reporters escaped quickly as if Ziyue would

murder them if they stayed any second longer.

Ke was curious to know why Ziyue accepted the interview.

After they returned to the car, Ziyue's forced smile faded.

She looked tired as she looked out of the window. At the same time, she explained, "He will come home if he knows we are waiting for him."

Muchen will find me if he is still alive. He will pay attention to news about LK Group and me. Then, he will know that I'm always waiting for him.

Ke understood upon hearing her explanation. It seemed Ziyue still insisted that Muchen was alive.

Although Ke also wanted Muchen to survive, the reality was not optimistic.

"Mrs. Qin..."

Ziyue interrupted her before she could say anything. "Let's go home."

Ke pursed her lips and swallowed what she wanted to say. She quietly drove the car to Cloud Bay.

...

The car entered Cloud Bay. Ziyue looked out of the window and saw a car parked before the villa gate.

Ke also noticed the car and appeared confused. She turned to Ziyue and asked, "Whose car is that?"

Ziyue did not speak. They were still too far away to see the car plate. Thus, she had no idea whose car it was.

Ziyue saw the car plate as they traveled closer and figured out who the owner was.

Ke saw Ziyue's calm expression and asked, "Mrs. Qin, do you know whose car this is?"

Ziyue rolled her eyes and replied coldly. "I know."

Then, she left the car straightaway and entered through the gates.

She entered the garden and found Youcheng sitting in a garden chair under a big tree. Meanwhile, Zixi squatted on the nearby patch of grass and played with Beef, the puppy.

Ziyue's expression turned cold. She walked faster.

She went to Zixi and pulled him behind her before looking at Youcheng coldly.

"Why are you here?"

Youcheng's face flashed briefly with awkwardness when faced with Ziyue's defensive and unwelcoming demeanor. He stood up and said, "Can't I pay a visit?"

Ziyue sneered, "You can't."

She was not in the mood to deal with Youcheng.

Moreover, she knew his visit was never good news.

He would never bother to look for her if things were going well for him.

Her heart had long hardened against her so-called grandfather.

Youcheng was domineering and would not accept any form of disobedience. Ziyue's immediate refusal angered him. "What kind of example are you setting for your child? I'm the child's great-grandfather!"

Ziyue's beautiful eyes turned cold as ice. "Don't pull that kind of nonsense with me."

She did not give Youcheng a chance to retort but turned to Zixi. Her expression softened, and she caressed his cheek. "Zixi, can you go into the house with Ms. Nan? I have something to discuss with this gentleman."

Even though Zixi was too young to understand Ziyue's conversation with Youcheng, Ziyue knew her words would grow harsher from this point on. She thought it was better that Zixi not hear them.

Ke stood vigilantly behind Ziyue and chose the right time to grab Zixi. Coincidentally, the maid heard voices outside and came out with a tray of teacups.

Ziyue glanced at the servant sternly. "This gentleman has been here for a long time. Why didn't you invite him in or offer tea earlier? Others will think our family is rude and unhospitable."

The maid rarely saw Ziyue losing her temper and looked down in fright. "This gentleman has just arrived. I haven't had the chance to come out and invite him in."

It turned out Youcheng had just arrived. Ziyue was relieved to hear that.

She was worried that Muchen had been here for a long time and said something inappropriate to Zixi.

Her stern expression softened slightly as she replied to the maid, "It's okay. Don't make the same mistake again."

Youcheng had been a businessman for many years and had keen observation skills. He knew why Ziyue said those words.

"Must you think so badly of me? You think I will exploit a two-year-old kid?"

"How else should I think?" Ziyue retorted firmly.

"You..."

Youcheng was too furious to speak. Still, Ziyue felt nothing even as she looked at him. "Remember your biological son, your granddaughter? Who have you not exploited before?"

Youcheng argued, "I did it for the greater good."

"Then you should continue to mind your so-called greater good. Why are you here?"

Since Youcheng insisted on arguing that he was right, Ziyue had nothing to say.

"At the end of the day, we are still a family. Now that Muchen is likely dead, you need to act swiftly and call his lawyer. You must find out whether he has a will. If not, you should get the lawyer to..."

“That’s enough!”

Ziyue shook with fury. “Get out! Get out of my sight right now!”

“Ziyue, I’m telling you this for your own good. How can you treat me like this?”

Youcheng found nothing wrong with what he said and thought Ziyue was ungrateful.

Even though Ziyue had said she wanted nothing to do with him, he did not care. He believed blood runs thicker than water.

Since Muchen was likely dead, and Ziyue had a son with him, she would likely be the one to inherit his properties.

“I don’t need your reminder. Muchen is not dead. He will return alive.”