

Marry Me Quick Novel Online Free - Chapter 681 – 694

Chapter 681 The Divorce Agreement Has Taken Effect

"I appreciate your care. I'll inform Muchen about your kindness after he returns so that he can thank you personally. By that time..." Before Ziyue could finish her sentence, Yuchuan hung up abruptly.

Ziyue put down her phone expressionlessly. She rubbed her temples to regain her composure before calling Chuan.

Chuan picked up the call immediately. "Hi, Mrs. Qin. How can I help you?"

Ziyue could hear the background noise from Chuan's end.

"Grandpa called me just now and asked me to bring Zixi back to Country J. I don't intend to go back, but you should be more cautious if he's planning something. Do tell me if he has any suspicious behavior."

"Old Mr. Qin?" Chuan sounded strange.

"Mm-hmm. Is there anything wrong?" Ziyue asked.

Chuan remained quiet for a second before saying, "Alright. I have some matters to attend to, so I'll hang up first." With that, he quickly ended the call.

Ziyue was surprised but didn't bother with it.

Back in LK Tower's meeting room in Country J, Chuan switched off the shredder after hanging up the call. Then, he gave instructions to his subordinates and left in a hurry.

There was no meeting ongoing in the meeting room at that time. Instead, there were a few shredders with a huge pile of documents. Besides, a few of LK Group's senior executives, whom Muchen trusted the most, were also in the meeting room.

Chuan returned to Muchen's office and found a hidden compartment behind the desk. He took out a stack of files from the compartment – at the bottom-most was a divorce agreement with both parties' signatures, indicating that it was an effective document.

Chuan was shocked when he saw the signatures. Previously, when Muchen asked Chuan to transfer his assets secretly, he thought it was just a precautionary measure because they had been guarding against Yuchuan. So, he didn't think it was strange back then.

During that time, Muchen frequently met up with his lawyer and was absent from the office, but Chuan did not ask him about it. Little did he know Muchen was arranging for this matter...

Mr. Qin must have expected this day to come! Holding the divorce agreement, Chuan regained his composure and called Yichen.

This was such a crucial matter that Muchen didn't even inform Chuan. Chuan knew he would only entrust it to the lawyer he trusted the most.

Although he wasn't aware when Yichen came to Country J, he knew Yichen

must have handled this matter.

The moment Yichen answered the call, Chuan asked directly, "Yichen, when did Boss ask you to prepare the divorce agreement?"

There were a few seconds of silence before Yichen hummed, "So, you discovered it." He paused briefly before continuing, "It was before the presidential reaction. Did Old Mr. Qin approach Mrs. Qin?"

Chuan reluctantly hummed in response and was sulky that Muchen had not told him about such an important matter.

"I see. Quickly settle the matters in Country J and come back as soon as possible. It's dangerous there." Yichen said aloofly.

Chuan didn't respond but hung up the call.

Yichen lit up a cigarette and summoned his assistant. "Let's head to LK Group's branch."

...

Ziyue came back from a meeting to see the suit-clad Yichen who wore a solemn and cautious look.

When Yichen saw Ziyue, he walked up to greet her. "Hi, Mrs. Qin."

"What brings you here? What's the matter?" Ziyue was puzzled by Yichen's sudden appearance, knowing he wouldn't approach her without an important agenda.

"It's regarding you and Mr. Qin."

"What is it?" Ziyue reckoned it must be a serious matter for Muchen's private lawyer to meet her. Moreover, Muchen was still missing. At that thought, she had a bad hunch.

She took a step back as her eyes flickered. "If there's anything, I'll wait for him to come back and tell me personally. I'm very busy now and have no time for this."

Then, she strode quickly toward her office as if she could ignore Yichen the faster she walked, and dismiss his intention, despite not knowing what his intention was.

Yichen and his assistant politely kept a small distance behind Ziyue and followed her into her office.

"I said I don't have time to talk to you today!" Ziyue flared up when she realized Yichen had followed her into her office.

It had been more than a month since Muchen had gone missing. Yet, his private lawyer came to see Ziyue at that moment. Ziyue couldn't help imagining the worst scenario, but she believed Muchen would return.

"Mrs. Qin, this is Mr. Qin's intention. Before the presidential election, he secretly asked me to handle some affairs in Country J."

Yichen was not affected by Ziyue's rage. He calmly took out the documents from the folder and placed them in front of Ziyue.

“Here are the divorce agreement and property settlement agreement, which have already taken effect. I came to you today to complete some handover procedures.”

Ziyue knew all who worked for Muchen were elites – Yichen was an experienced and professional lawyer.

However, she couldn’t understand a single word at that moment. Frowning in confusion, she asked, “What divorce agreement?”

“A divorce agreement between you and Mr. Qin with your personal signature.”

Yichen pushed the documents forward to Ziyue.

A divorce agreement was not strange to Ziyue – during the early stage of their marriage, Muchen intimidated her with a divorce agreement when she threw a tantrum and wanted a divorce.

“What nonsense are you talking about? I’ve never signed a divorce agreement, and it’s impossible for me to sign one!”

“This is indeed your personal signature.” Yichen replied patiently as if he had expected Ziyue’s response.

Ziyue grabbed the divorce agreement and threw it into Yichen’s face. “Cut the crap!”

Yichen crouched down calmly to pick up the document. Then, he walked back to Ziyue in a professional manner. “Ms. Su, this divorce agreement has taken effect a month ago. From the legal perspective, you and Mr. Qin are no longer husband and wife. As for property settlement, Mr. Qin has all funds, properties, and shares given to you, and you’ve signed the documents...”

Ziyue was no longer listening as Yichen continued. She opened the documents and saw her signatures on them. However, she never knew when she signed them...

Chapter 682 Picked On

Ziyue staggered backward at a loss.

Yichen frowned when he noticed Ziyue’s reaction. “Ms. Su, do you understand?”

Suddenly, Ziyue widened her eyes as she thought of something. “I wasn’t aware of it when the documents were signed. How could they be effective? I won’t agree to divorce, and I don’t want his assets.”

Clenching her fists, she pressed her lips and stared at Yichen with a cold look. She covered her chest, feeling suffocated.

She would never be Muchen’s match. Initially, she thought he was merely planning to send her back, but little did she expect there was a bigger ‘surprise’ awaiting her.

Ziyue became distressed the more she thought about it. She took up the documents on the table and tore them into pieces.

However, Yichen maintained a serious look and wasn’t taken aback by

Ziyue's action.

"I understand your feelings, Ms. Su, but this is the best solution given the current situation. Once you and Mr. Qin divorce, you will become the legal representative of LK Group. As such, the Mogwin family can't have their eye on the company."

Yichen rationally analyzed and explained the situation to Ziyue.

Ziyue understood Muchen's intention but was dismayed.

"The documents presented are copies. Here are the original documents."

Perceiving Ziyue's silence, Yichen took out the original documents.

He hesitated briefly before explaining, "Actually, this isn't Mr. Qin's idea but my suggestion. He didn't agree with it initially. Please don't blame him. This is the last resort."

Thereafter, Ziyue remained silent and obediently signed and read the documents as she was told.

After everything was done, Yivhen kept the documents away, but Ziyue seized his hand.

"Is there anything else, Ms. Su?"

"Do you know where he is?"

Startled, Yichen shook his head and hummed, "I don't."

The anticipation in Ziyue's eyes diminished at once.

Just now, she had a sudden, ridiculous thought. Since Muchen has arranged these preparations beforehand with Yichen, has he expected someone to rig the plane and hence refused to board the private plane that day? If that's true, he might not have run into an accident. Yichen must know where he is!

Nonetheless, Yichen left after packing his stuff.

Ziyue sat in a daze in her office and did not notice Ke when she came in.

"Mrs. Qin, what would you like to have for lunch?" Ke's question jolted Ziyue back to her senses.

She checked the time and realized it was noon. She shook her head and said, "I don't feel like eating anything. I'm going to visit Zixi and won't be back the rest of the day."

With that, Ziyue took her handbag and left.

Staring at Ziyue, Ke could sense her flustered emotions and wondered what Yichen told her just now.

...

When Ziyue arrived at Zixi's kindergarten, the teacher was having lunch with the children. Ziyue stood at the entrance and spotted Zixi at one glance.

He sat quietly in his seat with his back straightened and ate properly. The girl beside him hit his plate with her spoon but was ignored by Zixi.

The girl pouted and hit his plate again, but Zixi still didn't respond. Annoyed, the girl hit Zixi's plate repeatedly with her spoon, making sharp noises.

Finally, Zixi lost his patience. He snatched the spoon from the girl, threw it back to her plate, and shot a cold glare at her. The girl was so frightened that she burst into tears.

Ziyue was amused at Zixi's hostile look. For some reason, she was reminded of Muchen.

After Ziyue stood a while at the entrance, some children noticed her and kept glancing in her direction.

The girl wiped away her tears and looked at the entrance. She stared at Ziyue with her red-rimmed eyes for a few seconds. Then, she tugged at Zixi's clothes and pointed at the entrance.

Zixi was surprised to see Ziyue. He immediately put down his spoon and trotted toward his mother. He threw himself into Ziyue's arms and squealed, "Mommy!"

Ziyue crouched down and caressed his hair. "Mommy just passed by to visit you but will leave soon. Go finish your food and take a nap. Be good, alright?" "Okay." Zixi nodded obediently.

Ziyue kissed him on his forehead before nudging him, gesturing for him to return to his seat.

After Zixi reluctantly went back to his seat, the girl, who hit his plate just now, asked him with her teary eyes, "Is that your mom?"

Zixi ignored her and continued eating, remembering Ziyue's exhortation.

"Your mom is beautiful." The girl tilted her head and stared at Zixi with traces of tears on her cheeks, anticipating a response from Zixi.

After Zixi finished his food, he looked toward the entrance and was disheartened upon realizing Ziyue was gone.

The girl nudged his elbow again. "Hey!"

"What?" Zixi furrowed his brows, irritated by this talkative girl named Ruan Xiazhi.

Xiazhi placed her arms on the table and propped her head on them. Then, she said with a grin, "But my mom is prettier."

Zixi retorted to her instantly. "My mom is the prettiest!"

"No, mine is!" Xiazhi countered, insisting her mother was the prettiest woman.

Zixi snorted and had no intention of bothering her.

Perceiving that Zixi brushed her aside again, Xiazhi drew closer to Zixi to garner his attention.

Frustrated, Zixi stood up and went to sit at another place. However, when he stood up, Xiazhi lost her balance and fell to the ground. She wailed in pain and sat on the ground in a daze. Only after a few seconds did she notice a wound on her hand, with blood oozing out. Following that, she burst out crying again.

Eventually, a scar formed on her hand. Ever since then, Xiazhi set herself against Zixi and did all she could to pick on him.

Chapter 683 I Saw Him

Coming out of Zixi's kindergarten, Ziyue drove aimlessly around Yunzhou. Looking up at the familiar street, there was not even a familiar figure from the back.

She exited the vehicle and looked for a coffee shop to sit in since she was sick of aimlessly walking about. She met Mr. Nan, who had come out to look into the situation since she didn't want to.

"Mrs. Qin."

Unpolitely, Yunan strode up and sat before her after waving his hands to instruct the subordinates behind him to go.

Ziyue looked up at him and said, "What a coincidence."

"That is untrue. Yunzhou is so large that the chance of us meeting here is truly fated."

Ziyue ignored Yunan's ulterior motives.

She did not converse with Yunan or accompany him on his walk as she took a drink of coffee, turned her head, and glanced out the window.

Mr. Nan was the type of older man who would let a lady bend over him. Ziyue, on the other side, abruptly rose as she was ready to speak. She promptly exited without even fumbling for the luggage or vehicle keys.

"Hey, where are you going?"

Yunan responded swiftly as well, and she was going to get her purse and keys when the waiter approaching her stopped her. "Sorry, sir, can I pay the bill first?"

"That's enough; move out of the way," Yunan said as he pulled some cash from the bag and threw it to the waiter.

When the waiter flinched, he instantly turned away.

As soon as he stepped aside, Yunan was chasing after Ziyue.

Seeing that Yunan disappeared in an instant, the waiter said weakly, "Sir, here's your change..."

Forget it. Consider it a tip.

...

When Yunan chased him out, he didn't see Ziyue.

Relying on his intuition, he ran into a fork road.

This commercial street was relatively busy, but not many people were coming and going on the side fork, especially in the afternoon on weekdays.

He entered the fork in the road and moved ahead two paces before noticing something was off: his eyes darkened, and something covered his head. His vision was obscured.

Then there was a sudden flurry of punches and kicks.

Nobody daring to confront Yunan was something he hadn't anticipated. His lengthy military background had given him the ability to respond relatively quickly.

He took action immediately and quickly knocked the few individuals nearby to the ground.

He quickly pulled off the hood on his head, and when his eyes cleared, the people he had just hit on the ground ran to a car in front and left in the vehicle. It was premeditated.

In his life, except when he was fighting against the enemy, he would be hit by the opponent, and no one had ever dared to bully him like this.

The abilities of these folks are not poor, and they have incredibly rapid reflexes and an apparent goal. They fled since they didn't dare to stay longer after the battle since they appeared aware of his might.

It had to have been someone who knew him.

He uttered a profane term in his head, believing that he had been pursuing Ziyue when he suddenly became trapped in an awkward situation and lost him.

He snarled furiously and yelled, "Those people were serious."

He turned around and headed back the way he had come, keeping a close watch on everything; if he were requested to find out who had done it, that person would already be dead.

It wasn't until he returned to the main road that he noticed anything shady.

Nearby, the window of a black vehicle was wound down, exposing half of a man's face. His intense eyes stood out in particular.

From the side came the sarcastic voice of a woman, "What do you think you can achieve by trying to get him beaten up? He's not going to go down that easily. Besides, this is so childish of you."

In a cold, elegant voice, the man added, "At least it will make him suffer. He must be looking for me because he wants to identify the perpetrator. In this circumstance, he can only be disappointed."

The woman sneered and said, "Geez, you're not only childish, I think you're sick in the head!"

He rolled up the vehicle window and started to doze off.

The woman's expression turned sour.

...

Yunan eventually located Ziyue in front of a convenience store.

Seeing Ziyue standing there unharmed, he felt enraged and said, "What's the matter with you? Can't you even say a word when you're leaving? Since we're in public, I won't do anything to you!"

Ziyue wasn't sure if she was paying close attention to Yunan's statements since her eyes were glued to the middle of the road traffic.

After a while, she suddenly turned to look at Yunan. Her eyes sparkled, "I saw him."

Looking at her face that suddenly became radiant, Yunan turned his eyes away slightly in a daze and then said in a somewhat embarrassed voice, "What?"

"I saw Muchen standing across the road in the coffee shop and looking at me!" Ziyue's eyes were full of joy, and her tone was full of excitement. Yunan's complexion turned cold quickly, and he looked at her with a strange look. "You haven't had a good rest; it must have been someone else."

Ziyue argued loudly with him, "I can't be wrong; it's him!"

Yunan was too lazy to argue with Ziyue on this issue, so he stuffed the bag and car keys into Ziyue's arms: "Your son is coming out of school soon; you should pick him up early. Go to the office and keep yourself busy so that you won't ruminate on things."

He didn't believe Ziyue's words.

Ziyue pursed her lips, "If you don't want to believe it, forget it. It has nothing to do with you anyway."

After she finished speaking, she turned and left without even saying goodbye. Yunan stood on the spot with his hips crossed, so angry that he couldn't speak for a while.

He had never met such an ignorant woman!

Ziyue drove the car around again before picking up Zixi.

In the next few days, she didn't even go to the company except to pick up Zixi from school, and she personally took people in to find Muchen in Yunzhou.

As a result, after a few days, there was not even a trace of Muchen.

She also couldn't help wondering if she had made a mistake that day.

However, she knew very well in her heart that she could not be wrong.

But, after searching for a few days without any evidence, no one around her believed she saw Muchen.

On the weekend, Xia came to her home to accompany her. "I think you must be too tired recently. No matter what, you should prioritize your own health."

"I'm certain I saw him; why don't you believe it?" Ziyue explained to Xia weakly.

Xia sighed and said, "If it's Muchen, why didn't he show up? He knows you're looking for him, but why is he still hiding? It doesn't make sense at all."

"But..."

Xia patted her on the shoulder reassuringly, "You should allow yourself some space for a good rest these few days; I'll apply a few days of leave to accompany you so that you're not fixated about this all day long."

Chapter 684 Did Muchen Draw This?

Although no one believed that Ziyue saw Muchen, she was not discouraged. No matter what others thought, she firmly believed that she was right. She no longer worked overtime in the office. Instead, she would drive around the city to find Muchen.

However, Muchen was still not found.

In the coffee shop the other day, when she saw Qin Muchen, it seemed like a dream.

On weekends, Xia would come to see her at home.

The weather was getting colder daily, and the parasols in the yard were put away.

The two were making tea and drinking in the study on the second floor. Zixi was sitting at a side with his drawing board in his hands, while Beef was resting on the carpet. The heater was turned on in the room, and the room was cozy.

Everything looked so harmonious.

"Are you still looking for Muchen?" Xia asked her.

Ziyue poured her a cup of tea and served it to her, "Of course."

Xia sighed. She had persuaded Ziyue enough, but she wouldn't listen anyway.

"My hunch is that Muchen is in Yunzhou City." Ziyue lowered her eyes, opened the kettle lid, and said, "Besides, I saw him that day."

Zixi, who was at the side, suddenly raised his head and asked her.

"What are you drawing? Show it to Mom." Ziyue smiled softly and stretched out her hand toward him.

Zixi obediently handed the drawing board to Ziyue: "Dad."

Ziyue was taken aback. She looked at the drawing and felt a pang in her heart.

"Well, it's very close to Dad." Ziyue patted his head.

Zixi raised his face and asked her, "Is Dad back?"

Ziyue pursed her lips. Her eyes flickered, and she said, "He will return; I saw him that day."

Zixi smiled brightly when he heard those words and said, "Well, I saw him too."

Ziyue was holding a teacup. When she heard this, she suddenly froze. In that moment of unbelief, her teacup fell to the ground and shattered.

Her overreaction frightened Zixi. She tried to compose herself and said, "Who did you say you saw?"

Zixi could not understand the roller coaster of emotions Ziyue was feeling and said straightforwardly, "Dad, he bought me a cake."

Ziyue got up, walked to Zixi, and squatted down. She stared straight into Zixi's eyes and said frantically, "Where is it? When did he buy you a cake?"

Zixi tilted his head, "At school."

Ziyue stood up immediately after hearing those words. She only managed to squeeze out these words to Xia, "Help me take care of Zixi."

After she finished speaking, she rushed out.

Xia was at a loss for words about the exchange she had just witnessed between Zixi and Ziyue.

From the beginning, she had doubts about Ziyue's words, but now that Zixi had said the same thing, she couldn't help feeling suspicious.

Is what they're saying true?

But everything sounds so absurd.

However, Zixi was still a child. But he was a bright kid. He was not one to lie.

Zixi glanced at the door, then at Xia. Zixi got up and attempted to chase his mom, "Mom!"

Why did Mom run out all of a sudden?

Xia came to her senses, and seeing Zixi running out, she followed closely behind.

When the two chased to the gate, Ziyue had already driven the car out of the garage.

Xia hurriedly stopped her. "What are you doing? Today is the weekend, and Zixi saw him in school a few days ago. What's the use of going now?"

"He appeared there before. Maybe he is still there now?" Ziyue retorted.

She turned slightly and saw Zixi eagerly looking at her from the car door. He was so small, he was holding the car door and had to stand on tiptoe to see Ziyue.

Ziyue's heart softened when she saw him. "Zixi, step back a little bit; mommy will come down."

Zixi bit his lip, thought for a while, and backed away.

Ziyue exited the car and carried Zixi to the back seat. All the vehicles in the garage were equipped with children safety seats.

"I'll go with you too." Seeing that she would take Zixi, Xia followed her into the car.

Ziyue nodded and drove towards Zixi's school.

On weekends, there were no classes in the school. Only the security guards on duty would be in the school.

The security guard was a young man with good eyesight. When he saw that it was Ziyue, he hurriedly greeted her, "Mrs. Qin, what brings you here?"

Ziyue glanced inside, then turned back and asked, "Can I go in and look?"

"This..." The security guard hesitated and said, "This is against the rules, but I trust you, so you can go in and have a look."

"Thanks."

After thanking the security guard, Ziyue walked inside with Zixi and Xia.

The security guard's voice came from behind, "Hurry up and come out."

The kindergarten was privately run. The facilities and teachers were excellent. There were not many classes, but it occupied a large area.

Ziyue went directly to Zixi's classroom.

As expected, the classrooms were locked.

Ziyue pinched the lock on it, thought for a while, and then went to look at the window.

She checked out the window and found that the window could be opened.

She turned her head and looked at Xia, but Xia could not understand what she meant.

Ziyue explained, "Do you think the security guard forgot to lock the window, or was someone here?"

"They must have forgotten it." Xia felt that Ziyue's way of finding it was still a bit mysterious.

Ziyue smiled but did not speak.

She climbed over the wall to get in and then carried Zixi inside again.

When Zixi arrived at a familiar place, he habitually went to find his small table.

After seeing it, he took out a card from the drawer of the small table.

A smile appeared on his face all of a sudden. He ran up to Ziyue, and as if offering a treasure, he handed something to her. "Mom, look! It's Zixi."

It was a handmade card.

There was an image of a boy drawn on it. His appearance was similar to Zixi's. His clothes were the same as what Zixi was wearing now. There were also flowers, trees, and small animals on the card.

The picture was detailed. From the coloring, you can tell that it was carefully made.

Ziyue had dressed Zixi with the same set of clothes last Monday. Zixi liked this pair of clothes so much that he would wear it immediately after it was washed. Ziyue was holding the handmade card with a smile on her face and had teary eyes.

Seeing that Ziyue was a mess, Xia leaned over to take a look and said in surprise, "It's a painting of Zixi."

"Like father like son!" Ziyue pursed her lips. Her eyes were puffy, and her tone was laced with a hint of excitement.

"You mean, this was painted by Muchen?" Xia was shocked. She didn't even refer to Muchen as 'Mr. Qin' and just called him by his name.

"Who else can it be if it isn't him?" Ziyue was thrilled.

Muchen had a strange fixation on seemingly unimportant things and would insist on getting his way. What was wrong with him? Was he really trying to play a game of hide and seek with her now?

Xia nodded. Her tone was still filled with doubt. "He can even do that? I would have never expected it."

Ziyue smiled. "His mother is a cartoonist."

No one else knew about the fact.

Xia scratched her head. "That's really surprising. Mr. Qin is talented."

Ziyue smiled without a word. Muchen was not only a person with many talents but also familiar with numerous dishonest ways.

A thought flashed through Xia's head. "But that's weird. He came to visit Zixi and drew for him. That means he's alright. If so, why didn't he come to see you?"

Ziyue's face dimmed with the comment.

Xia was not wrong. She was reasonable.

If Muchen was doing well, logically, he should come to her.

Yet, as she searched for him in the corners of the earth, he had never shown a glimpse of his face all those times.

He came to visit Zixi. That would mean that Ziyue was not seeing things when she saw him at the café the other day.

What happened on the plane? Was he hurt? How was his body?

Even though he could draw, that only meant that his hands were unharmed.

Did he hurt his legs or any other area of his body?

Was he worried about seeing her because of the divorce?

As the thoughts flooded her mind, Ziyue felt that it made sense but was absurd at the same time.

Muchen was that scared of her?

She refused to believe it.

Could it be that he was not in a spot where he could see her freely, and this was his way of telling her?

He would never have given himself away if he did not want her to find him. He appeared and came to draw for Zixi. Was it not to tell her that he was alive?

Ziyue's mind was muddled.

She looked around. Needless to say, Muchen was not there. She hopped out through the open window and searched around the building, but he was nowhere to be seen.

He did not stay back for her.

All she had thought was just speculation if she had not seen him.

Only he would know the truth.

Xia led Zixi toward Ziyue, standing in the middle of the yard with a grim expression. "How is it?"

"There's nothing." Ziyue shook her head and held Zixi's tiny hand. "Let's go back for now."

...

As night fell, Ziyue put Zixi to bed and left the dark bedroom.

She took the drawing from Zixi's classroom and went to the study.

It was indeed Muchen's drawing.
Why would he refuse to see her?
She was stressed out looking for him ever since the plane crashed.
Even so, she was content knowing that he was alive.
She sat quietly. After quite some time, she switched off the lamp and headed out of the room in the dark.
It was not difficult for her to navigate her way as she was familiar with the study's layout.
She stepped into the doorway. She turned around to shut the door and lifted her head without thinking much. A beam of light was shining on the glass window wall.
Her heart jolted as she pushed the door open and strode straight toward the window.
Her heartbeat quickened as she went closer.
However, the light flickered and suddenly disappeared.
Ziyue was stunned and quickly moved forward. All she could see through the window was the dim streetlamp.
She scanned around frantically, but there was nothing in the yard.
She ran downstairs. A maid was drinking water in the dining room and saw Ziyue rushing by. Thinking something had happened, the maid worriedly asked, "Is something wrong, Mrs. Qin?"
Ziyue did not bother answering her.
The maids in the residence frequently changed. Those that were allowed to work there were able to think on their feet. When Ziyue ignored her, the maid called for a few guards to follow her.
The maid led the guards and found Ziyue searching for something in the compound. She even looked through the bushes.
"Mrs. Qin, did you accidentally lose something out here?" The maid went up to Ziyue and asked carefully.
Ziyue turned to her, dazed, before shaking her head. "No, I didn't."
Her mind was in a whirlwind.
When she spotted the light in the study, it was evidently a torchlight, a bright one at that.
Her first thought was that it was Muchen.
But what was he doing there in the middle of the night if it was really him?
He had already achieved his goal if all he wanted to do was let her know he was alive. There was no point in doing that.
If he wanted to see her, he had plenty of opportunities when she looked for him. It was not necessary to come in the dead of the night.
In that case, whoever it was did not come with good intentions.
Ziyue's expression turned darker. "Get in the house first."

The maid and guards quickly followed her back into the house without a word when they saw her expression.

They went to the lobby. Ziyue stayed standing and gave her instructions gravely. "I want guards on duty at all times from today onwards. Be on guard. I'll increase the number of guards tomorrow."

"Understood."

"Thank you for your work."

Ziyue had a bad feeling about the uninvited guest. They were most probably there with LK Group in their mind.

It was not confidential that Muchen was aboard the plane. Everyone knew that he was missing. Besides, no one dared to make a move for the past month because they were unsure if he was still alive.

With Muchen gone, she, as the spouse, would be the inheritor if nothing out of the ordinary happened.

Yuchuan called her before and told her to return to Country J. She rejected him immediately at the time.

It seemed that Yuchuan was the most probable suspect.

Yuchuan had never treated her well. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of her. In that case, LK Group would be his as he was the only person biologically related to Muchen.

Ziyue went back upstairs with a heavy heart. She went to her bedroom but had trouble falling asleep throughout the night.

Early next morning.

The sky had only started to lighten up when Ziyue crawled out of her covers.novelxo.com fast update

Her complexion was pallid from the restless night. She put on makeup to cover it up. After preparing breakfast, she went to Zixi's room to wake him up for school.

Initially, Ziyue considered making Zixi stay home because of last night's events. But there was only one week left until the winter break.

Children are sensitive to changes. If she told him not to go to school, he would notice the tense atmosphere at home and might feel uneasy. She did not want that to happen.

She went into his room to wake him up but found him dressing himself. However, the thickness of his clothes made it difficult for him to put them on. Unintentionally, Zixi ended up rolling up one of his sleeves layers within the top.

He tugged and struggled for quite some time, but his efforts to free the trapped sleeve were in vain. Frustrated, he creased his forehead. Yet he managed to keep his composure and refrain from throwing a tantrum.

Over here, Ziyue found the sight adorable and contemplated her options.

Hmm... Should I capture this cute moment and share it with friends?

With this idea in mind, she retrieved her phone and approached Zixi, asking, "Zixi, are you trying to clothe yourself?"

Zixi was oblivious to Ziyue's arrival as he was engrossed in battling the stubborn sleeve.

However, as soon as he saw Ziyue, his previous display of self-independence vanished instantly. He pursed his lips and pitifully waved his hand, pleading, "Please help me, Mommy."

Ziyue couldn't hold back her laughter, "Alright, Mommy will help you to unroll the sleeve, and then you can carry on doing it yourself."

After saying that, she skillfully untangled the rolled-up sleeve from within Zixi's top.

With the sleeve untangled, Zixi found that putting on the remaining clothes became much more manageable. However, his arms and legs still wrestled with the task.

Ziyue shared the video with her friends on social media as she watched him succeed in clothing himself.

She then fetched a red jacket for Zixi, but the latter pushed her away and leaped off the bed, searching for a specific jacket in the wardrobe.

So, it turned out that he was looking for the same outfit he had worn for yesterday's photo session.

Ziyue was startled then she burst into laughter.

After breakfast, as usual, she sent Zixi to kindergarten, but this time, she brought along a few bodyguards.

However, she didn't leave immediately after dropping him off.

Maybe Muchen will appear again.

Sitting in the car, she took out her phone and scrolled through her social media feed.

The video she uploaded about Zixi struggling with his clothes received likes and amusing comments from her friends.

'You're like a wicked stepmother. The poor boy almost cried, and you didn't help him.'

'Yea! Only a stepmother would laugh and do nothing to help!'

'OMG! He's so adorable trying to clothe himself at such a young age. So cute!'

Ziyue responded wittily to each comment, saying, 'If you're so fond of him, go make a baby of your own!'

After her reply, a flurry of laughing emojis flooded in.

Her friends were simply envious of her being a young mom and blessed with an incredibly adorable son!

Putting her phone away, Ziyue turned her gaze toward the car window and scanned outside for an entire hour, but there was no trace of Muchen. There was a meeting scheduled at ten o'clock. She needed to hurry back to the office soon.

Once again, she instructed the bodyguards to ensure Zixi's safety before setting off for the office.

When Ziyue arrived at the office, Ke caught up with her and quipped, "Suddenly, I'm feeling the urge to have a son. Well, a daughter would work too. Having a child might soften my strong personality!"

"Well, I'm really looking forward to it. After all, you're a real catch here.. Since you joined, you've been receiving flowers daily, right? Or has no one caught your eye yet?"

Ziyue didn't think Xiyi was worthy of Ke's hand in marriage.

While Xiyi had feelings for Ke, he was resolute in his decision to join MSF, and Ke had no clue when he would return or if he would make it back safely. Ke was beautiful and capable, highly regarded at LK headquarters, and equally popular at the LK branch in Yunzhou City. Furthermore, Ke's admirers were some of the most exceptional and accomplished men. Ziyue believed that Ke had the opportunity to pursue a fresh start without Xiyi.

"I don't entertain such thoughts for now. Getting married before the age of thirty might undermine the image of a feminist, don't you think?"

Ke smiled and walked past Ziyue, making her way to the front.

"Wanting to get married at a certain age has nothing to do with being a feminist. If you say something like that online, you'll be drowned by backlashes," Ziyue responded nonchalantly as she caught up from behind. Ziyue knew that Ke was still pining for Xiyi.

To think of it, it was an uncanny discovery that Muchen was surrounded by two loyal and stubborn-natured assistants to work for him.

Oh well, everyone had their own predetermined path to take.

Midway through the meeting, Ke excused herself to take a phone call.

When she returned, her countenance appeared distant, as if something was troubling her.

Ziyue knew something must have cropped up and decided to streamline the remaining matters, swiftly wrapping up the meeting.

Once alone in the meeting room, Ziyue asked Ke, "What's wrong?"

Ke looked worried as she replied, "It was a call from LK headquarters. They said my brother hasn't been to the office for several days."

Ziyue paused momentarily, then remarked, "Yesterday was the weekend."

"The person mentioned that they've been pulling overtime at headquarters for the past month. Each day, they were buried in work. Given the busy schedule, it's hard to believe my brother wasn't at the office..."

After a brief pause, Ke reluctantly voiced her suspicion, "I have a feeling something might have happened to Chuan."

Ziyue's face turned ashen upon hearing this.

The incident from last night suddenly rushed back to her mind.

Since it had already gotten late last night, Ziyue refrained from informing Ke at that time. And this morning, until now, she didn't consider it anything significant, so she chose not to mention it to Ke.

Ziyue clenched her teeth and recounted the incidents from last night to Ke, including her own speculation, "I suspect it could be someone sent by my grandfather. Even if they weren't directly affiliated with him, these people must have sinister intentions."

Ke's face paled, her expression filled with worry.

Being currently away in Yunzhou City and couldn't return immediately. There was no word from her boss, and she couldn't just leave. What was she supposed to do now?

Suddenly, Ziyue recalled that she hadn't informed Ke about Muchen still being alive.

"Oh, but I forgot to tell you the good news."

"What is it?" Ke asked.

Ziyue locked eyes with Ke and said with conviction, "Muchen is still alive, and he's in Yunzhou City."

"Really?" Ke still had some doubts.

Ziyue assured her confidently, "No doubt about it!"

"Wonderful!" It was a tremendous relief to know her boss was still alive.

"Let's get in touch with our contacts in Country J and ask them to investigate right away. We shouldn't panic at this moment."

Ziyue comforted Ke and started making phone calls.

When Ziyue informed Yichen about the situation, he immediately returned to the office.

Yichen's expression mirrored concern, "I tried getting in touch with Chuan a couple of days ago but couldn't reach him. I figured he was caught up with work and didn't think much of it."

"Who could be behind this?"

"Could be anyone."

Yichen's response was vague, but Ziyue suddenly had an inkling. She asked him, "Has Muchen mentioned anything to you?"

"To be precise, he hasn't shared much. But during our conversations, I sensed something unusual, and..."novelxo.com fast update

Ziyue's frustration grew, "Spill it. No need to keep any suspense."

"There's no need to hold back at a time like this."

Yichen obligated and came clean, "Mr. Qin's assets have already been transferred back to the country. Chuan has been staying there recently, dealing with the remaining matters. He could have wrapped things up and come back in these past few days."

"What are you talking about?" Ziyue was puzzled.

She had no idea about any of this.

"Is that even possible? How could they have managed to transfer all the assets back to the country in such a short span?"

While Ziyue still held onto a hint of doubt, deep down, she couldn't deny the creeping sense of truth.

Yichen's expression turned solemn, "If we don't mind the losses, two months will make it."

"Two months??"

Yichen nodded pensively.

Ziyue's gaze shifted downward, her hand gently pressing against her forehead as she contemplated. The surge of emotions within her was indescribable.

She thought the divorce agreement and property division were the utmost secrets Muchen had concealed from her, yet little did she know that an even greater revelation lurked beneath the surface.

Muchen had always been a cautious and meticulous person, and she knew that better than anyone. Yet, she never fathomed the extent of his meticulousness, the depths of the secrets he had kept hidden from her.

It was as if each action, one after another, was a last-ditch effort, a culmination of his careful planning. As each piece fell into place, it became increasingly difficult for Ziyue to come to terms with the weight of it all. While she comprehended that these actions were born out of necessity, the sheer accumulation of everything made it hard for her to digest it immediately.

Noticing Ziyue's perturbed expression, Yichen briefly glanced at Ke before saying, "Um, Mrs. Qin?"

Ziyue withdrew her hand, adjusting her posture as she weakly leaned back in her chair. She questioned, "Didn't you refer to me as Ms. Ziyue the other day? What's with the sudden switch to Mrs. Qin?"

Yichen looked visibly embarrassed, realizing he had just grown accustomed to addressing her that way.

Moreover, Yichen knew it wasn't Muchen's heartfelt intention to divorce Ziyue. But as a lawyer, he had to follow specific procedures to dissolve their marriage legally.

On the other hand, Ke had no idea that Muchen and Ziyue were already divorced, and her eyes were filled with confusion, "What are you talking about?"

Ziyue turned to look at Ke and smiled, "Muchen and I have divorced."

“What?”

“Perhaps it’s a bit hard to understand right now. Even I was a bit puzzled when I first found out.”

Ziyue didn’t dwell on the question.

She massaged her slightly sore neck and leisurely continued, “There’s no need to wonder why we can’t reach Chuan. Some crook from Country J must have been itching to make a move. It’s no surprise that a burglary happened in the villa last night. They must have already known that the LK headquarters in Country J is a sham.”

The person who broke into the villa last night was probably there to gather intelligence. After all, those motivated by self-interest would never believe that Muchen, who was wealthy and influential, would give all his assets to a woman.

She was now no longer Muchen’s wife but his ex-wife.

Ex-wife? The word felt foreign to Ziyue.

She stood up and brooded, “I think I have a handle on the situation now. You two can decide who will go to Country J to find Chuan. Come back to me with your findings. After all, I’m your boss now.”

Yichen and Ke watched Ziyue walk towards the door. Her steps were light, but they could feel the air of resentment in each stride.

After all, one couldn’t blame Ziyue. It would be hard for any woman to discover that the husband had hidden many things. And to think he even hid the divorce...

Ke didn’t dare to stop Ziyue from leaving as she seemed visibly upset.

She whispered to Yichen, “Did the boss and Ms. Ziyue really divorce?”

“Well, I was the one who handled it. Do you think it could be fake?” Yichen furrowed, wondering why they were whispering when Ziyue had already left the room.

Ke thought for a moment and didn’t know what to say.

...

After Ziyue put Zixi to sleep that night, she drove to the Lumiere Jade House for a drink.

There was a bar situated on one of the floors that she had never visited before.

In the past, whenever she dined or attended gatherings there, they would always be in private rooms with familiar company.

From a practical standpoint, Muchen’s decisions weren’t entirely unjustifiable. Nevertheless, she couldn’t help but feel a sense of... resentment.

Perhaps Muchen kept it from me to spare me from unnecessary worries, or maybe he was afraid I would create unnecessary trouble.

Ziyue recognized Muchen's formidable nature as if he could handle anything. But in a marriage, grow weary if shouldered all the burdens for an extended period? Was she a burden to Muchen?

He was alive, yet he refused to reveal himself to her, not even once. Even though he had disclosed his survival to Ziyue, she couldn't help but feel uneasy without being able to see him in person and ensure his well-being. Ultimately, Muchen's choice left her deeply worried about him.

Seated at the bar counter, Ziyue cradled the glass with her slender and graceful fingers. Her touch on the crystal-clear glass exuded an aura of sophistication.

Tipping her head back, she swiftly consumed the ember liquid, then gently set the glass on the counter with a resonant clanging sound. She requested, "One more, please."

The bartender, familiar with her, looked at her with concern, "Mrs. Qin, this particular beverage packs a punch. You may get intoxicated if you go overboard."

Already feeling a tinge of tipsiness, Ziyue smacked on the counter and responded defiantly at the bartender, "What 'Mrs. Qin'? Call me 'Ms. Ziyue'! I'm the boss here! I asked for one more, so do as I said!"

After saying that, she acted like a daredevil, slamming the glass on the counter. The glass shattered, and she injured her hand in the process. Ziyue winced at the sharp pain.

The bartender, taken aback by the commotion, quickly grabbed a band-aid and handed it to her. Ziyue accepted and put it over her wound with a smile, "Thanks. Can I have another drink, please?"

Realizing there was no stopping her, the bartender let out a sigh and made her another one.

Just then, two people observing her from a distance walked up.

"Hey Ziyue, didn't expect to see you here!"

Caught off guard by the mention of her name, Ziyue turned her head and saw a face that struck a chord of recognition mixed with unfamiliarity. After a momentary pause, she pointed at him and said, "Oh, Gong Zeyang?"

Ziyue was caught between a hazy state of mind and sobriety, struggling to recollect any memories of Zeyang.

Zeyang, noticing her recognition, beamed a triumphant smirk and winked at his silent companion, who responded with an approving thumbs-up.

A few days ago, rumors swirled about Ziyue potentially becoming the wealthiest woman in town. Since Shuzhe's imprisonment and tragic demise, Zeyang had been leading a lackluster and penny-pinching life. Now that Muchen was presumed dead, Ziyue was set to inherit his substantial fortune.
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With an unimaginable amount of wealth at her disposal, she could live a life of luxury for generations. If, at this very moment, Zeyang could reignite Ziyue's feelings for him, he wouldn't have to worry about financial woes ever again. With that intention in mind, he sat down next to Ziyue. In a gentle and empathetic tone, he asked, "Why are you here drinking alone? Are you burdened by thoughts about Muchen's condition?"

Chapter 688 Does Your Hand Hurt?

Zeyang was well aware of the qualities that Ziyue used to appreciate in him, so he made an effort to showcase those traits.

"Here's your drink, Mrs. Qin," the bartender placed the drink in front of Ziyue and cast a brief, disdainful glance towards Zeyang.

Zeyang let out a cold snort, "What's with that look? Is there something bothering you?"

The bartender ignored him. Despite Zeyang's questionable motives, there was still a lingering air of refinement about him, thanks to his privileged upbringing in the wealthy Gong family, before they faced financial difficulties.

But after the Gong family's bankruptcy, his days worsened with each passing day. Once he had squandered all the inheritance after living a luxurious lifestyle, Zeyang realized that he couldn't even afford a seasonal item from the brand he used to wear habitually.

Such a life was unbearable for him.

"Hey! Who are you to sass my employees? Get lost!" Ziyue snatched the drink and slammed it down on the bar counter, causing some of the liquid to spill.

Zeyang had hoped to leverage Ziyue's sorrow and reignite her feelings for him. Unforeseen to him, he was humiliated by her instead.

He clenched his fists, suppressing his anger, and smiled as he gently said, "Ziyue, I just..."

Ziyue waved her hand, frowning fiercely, "Stop that disgusting smile! If you smile again, I might just throw up."

With a light dinner and the effects of the alcohol, she was beginning to feel a bit nauseated.

Zeyang's composure finally crumbled. His face turned ashen as he was about to retort, but Ziyue's voice pierced through the air before he could speak, "Oh, I remember now. You're on the Lumiere Jade House's blacklist. How on earth did you manage to sneak in?"

She was already well on her way to getting drunk, her speech dragging on in a soft, feeble tone devoid of authority.

Zeyang was caught off guard. He stood abruptly, glaring at her, "What do you mean?"

Ziyue didn't even bother to glance at him. She took a slow, leisurely sip from her glass. Zeyang's expression subtly changed as he reached out to grab Ziyue, but another hand swiftly intercepted his action.

Yunan had been quietly observing from a corner. Initially, he had no intention of getting involved, well aware that Ziyue was not one to appreciate help and kindness.

But eventually, he couldn't bear it any longer.

Zeyang realized he was no match for this unexpectedly strong man.

Frustrated, he shouted, "Who are you?! It's none of your business!"

"I'm someone you shouldn't mess with," Yunan sneered, exerting force with his hand and shoving Zeyang aside.

As Yunan turned to face Ziyue, hoping for a word of gratitude, he heard her say, "Move...! I'm throwing up...!"

I should have known better. I shouldn't have bothered helping this woman.

There isn't a single instance where she'll be appreciative. Look what happened now? She's even ruined my mood!

Ziyue covered her mouth and stumbled towards the restroom.

Yunan watched her figure, contemplating whether to chase after her.

However, recalling her earlier reaction, anger surged within him. He raised his leg and kicked Zeyang to release his frustration.

Unaware of Yunan's identity, Zeyang, already feeling deeply humiliated, couldn't tolerate further embarrassment. He quickly got up and rushed towards Yunan.

Yunan swiftly evaded Zeyang's attack.

Alerted by the commotion, the security guard had arrived.

Yunan took charge of the situation and quizzed, "How is it that just anyone can waltz here? Tell your boss to be more cautious, or else people like this will ruin the establishment's reputation."

A few patrons recognized him and acknowledged his authority, agreeing, "Mr. Bai made some valid points."

Yunan was comforted by the fact that, finally, there was someone who agreed with his sentiment and understood his feelings.

However, the frustration still lingered within him. He needed an outlet for his anger, so he sought out Jingshu for a sparring session.

Ziyue was leaning over the sink, retching for quite a while, but nothing came out. Instead, she felt even worse.

It had been quite a while since she had last indulged in alcohol, and her tolerance was clearly lacking.

As Ziyue splashed water on her face, she squinted at her reflection in the mirror, trying to regain her senses.

Thankfully, she hadn't bothered with any makeup beforehand; otherwise, it would have been a disastrous sight.

Feeling a bit more coherent now, Ziyue remembered running into Zeyang. She couldn't help but wonder why Yunan was here too.

Yunan had stepped up and come to her aid. It was only right for her to express her gratitude and extend some courtesy.

Ziyue patted her face. With most of the alcohol wearing off, she could walk better without fumbling, but she still felt slightly light-headed.

As she made her way back down the corridor, she passed a private room, and out of nowhere, a hand reached out and swiftly pulled her inside.

"Ah...!" A startled cry escaped her lips, instantly muffled by the person's hand. Then, like a melodious tune, a voice gently spoke by her ear, "It's me."

Two simple words swept over Ziyue like a wave.

She stood there, stunned momentarily, before tears started streaming down her face.

"Haven't you been searching high and low for me? Why are you crying now that I'm finally here?" Muchen gently said while pulling her into his embrace and caressing her long hair.

But the woman in his arms, as if struck by his words, abruptly pushed him away and landed a precise slap across his face.

In the pitch-black room, Ziyue marveled momentarily at her own accuracy.

With anger fueling her, her breath trembled, "Are you thrilled that I've been searching for you tirelessly? Does it give you a sense of satisfaction to see me getting worried sick about you?"

The room remained enveloped in darkness, and Ziyue's voice trembled with panic, "Speak up, Qin Muchen!"

Muchen obliged, but his words caught her off guard, "Is your hand hurting?"

Ziyue scoffed coldly, "This little pain? I should have been in a plane crash, vanished without a trace, leaving you in limbo for a month, not knowing if I was dead or alive. I should let you taste the agony of that distressing situation and see if it pains you?!"

Muchen's tone took a serious note, "Shut up with the nonsense!"

Ziyue contemplated questioning and scolding him for not visiting her earlier.

Instead, she shifted her approach, "Turn on the light!"

She was unfamiliar with the layout of the private room, unsure of where the light switches were located.

Having not seen Muchen in over a month, she was eager to get a good look at him.

'Click!'

With the light switched on, her vision was restored.

Despite the dim lighting, Ziyue could now see Muchen's face.

Clad in a well-fitted suit, he looked thinner now. His deep, enchanting eyes were the only constant that never failed to captivate her.

Muchen greeted her with a smile, his handsome face radiant. He playfully touched the spot on his cheek where Ziyue had slapped him, his voice filled with affectionate amusement, "I was expecting for a hug and a kiss from you. Well, this slap was a surprise..."

Chapter 689 Why? Are You Jealous?

Taken aback by his playful teasing, Ziyue blinked as a subtle mix of annoyance and embarrassment flickered across her face. She retorted, "Dream on!"

Muchen said as he dotingly pinched her cheek, "I've been longing to kiss you, and now I can finally do it."

Ziyue glared at him. Smooth talker!

In that instant, Muchen pulled her closer and passionately captured her lips. His arm tightened around her waist as he kissed her as if he wanted to devour her completely.

She winced and squirmed slightly as his intense grip caused her discomfort. However, Muchen remained unperturbed by her feeble resistance.

Having savored the taste of her lips to his heart's content, he eventually let her go.

Even in the dimly lit room, he could see the crimson blush on Ziyue's cheeks. Under his intense gaze, Ziyue lowered her head. After regaining her composure, she turned to him and began probing, "Was it you that I saw at the café that day?"

"Mm."

"Zixi said you bought him a cake and even drew a picture for him. Is that true?"

"Why? Are you jealous?"

Startled by Muchen's teasing reply, she found herself at a loss for words. She wasn't the slightest bit jealous!

How could she feel envy toward her own son over such insignificant things?

Unlike Muchen, who used to get jealous over a mere piece of steak.

Before she could respond, Muchen gently held her face and leaned in for another kiss, but Ziyue evaded him, "Cut it out!"

"I'm being serious. I want to do serious stuff now."

He was incorrigible, and Ziyue felt powerless against his antics.

She reached out and covered his mouth with a stern face, "Mr. Qin, have you forgotten something?"

Muchen blinked, "What?"

Ziyue beamed an innocent smile and a subtle nudge. She uttered calmly and measuredly, enunciating each word deliberately, "We've divorced."

Muchen's expression froze at her words. He was about to respond when a commotion erupted from outside.

In an instant, Muchen snapped into alertness and dashed to turn off the lights. Before Ziyue could react, Yunan's voice rang out from outside, "How can you not know where your boss is?!"

Then, an unfamiliar voice responded, "Sorry, Mr. Bai. But we really haven't seen Mrs. Qin around."

"Then check the surveillance footage and see where she went!" Yunan raised his voice.

"Sorry, Mr. Bai, the surveillance at Lumiere Jade House requires authorization from the administrator..."

Ziyue finally made sense of the situation. Yunan was talking to one of the employees, and they appeared to be searching for her.

Yet, she was right there all along.

Gradually, the voices outside grew fainter.

Muchen also caught wind of the conversation in the darkness of the room.

Although they couldn't see each other clearly, Ziyue could sense a shift in his demeanor.

"Stay away from that Yunan guy," he cautioned, opening the door abruptly and making his exit.

Ziyue reacted and rushed out, but Muchen had disappeared without a trace.

She frantically scanned the empty corridor, hoping to catch another glimpse of him. However, no matter how hard she searched, Muchen was not in sight.

Ziyue gently caressed her still-warm cheek, finding it hard to believe he had come to see her just a moment ago. If it weren't for the lingering sensation on her lips, she might have questioned whether it was all a dream.

Suddenly, Yichen's voice jolted her back to reality, "Mrs. Qin, where have you been? We've been searching for you everywhere."

Ziyue turned her head, perplexed, "What's the matter? I was just taking a moment in the private room."

Ziyue decided to keep Yichen in the dark about seeing Muchen, and she wasn't even sure why she did it. She felt it was better to keep it low since Muchen had visited her secretly. As for why Muchen had gone off the grid and avoided the public eye, she assumed he had his own good reasons.

Even though she had many unanswered questions and some lingering resentment towards him, Ziyue couldn't deny the subconscious urge to protect Muchen. And it was a conflicting feeling that left her feeling stranded.

Yichen glanced at the private room behind her and shrugged, "It's alright. As long as you're safe, that's all that matters."

Ziyue nodded, grateful for his understanding, "Sorry for causing everyone to freak out. Just let 'em know I'm heading back, and they can call off the search party."

Ziyue left immediately after speaking. She scanned around as she made her way out, hoping to find Muchen. But Muchen seemed to have vanished into thin air. How did he appear and disappear like a ghost? Even though she was still mad at him, seeing him safe and sound finally liberated her troubled heart. Stepping out of the elevator, Ziyue unexpectedly ran into Yunan emerging from the opposite elevator.

Upon spotting her, he paused briefly before striding toward her, gripping her arm, "Where the h3ll have you been? Everyone's been searching high and low for you."

Ziyue pursed her lips, recalling the recent incident in the private room with Muchen. Putting a composed facade, she said, "Oh, thanks for the help at the bar earlier, by the way."

Unbeknownst to her, Yunan furrowed at her words. "I'm asking you. Where have you been?"

Ziyue was on the verge of losing her temper. She never liked Yunan, and now that she knew Muchen was safe and sound, her anxiety had finally settled. But she couldn't help but snap at Yunan, "Let go of me. If you have something to say, use your d@mn mouth. No need for unnecessary physical contact." Yunan let out a disdainful snort, "What an ungrateful woman!" and released her arm.

He had initially planned to leave. He was already on the road, but a nagging feeling compelled him to turn back. Yet, Ziyue was nowhere to be found. He genuinely cared about her well-being, but look at how she responded? Ziyue's voice conveyed irritation as she retorted, "I already thanked you. What more do you want?" Then, she turned and continued walking towards the exit. Ziyue had no interest in engaging with Yunan. Their previous interactions were solely due to their collaboration on Gricy's case. But now that she knew Muchen was safe, she wanted nothing to do with Yunan.

A lump formed in Yunan's throat. He must have lost his mind. Why did he come back and cause trouble for himself? Apart from being slightly prettier than others, this woman seriously lacked grace and gentleness. He must have been blind to have wasted so much time and effort on her.

Yunan let out a helpless sigh and hurriedly followed Ziyue. With his height advantage, he took large strides and caught up with her in no time.

As he glanced at her, he couldn't help but notice her slightly swollen lips.

The lighting wasn't ideal, so he hadn't noticed until now, up close.

Yunan's expression darkened, and he again reached out to grab her arm.

Sensing his intentions, Ziyue swiftly sidestepped, evading his grasp.

She glared at him, "Mr. Bai, please behave."

Yunan sneered, "Oh, I should behave? Yet, here you are. With your husband missing and whose body hasn't been able to be located, already moving on to another man. So, tell me what you know about behaving yourself?"

Chapter 690 Doesn't Mind His Actions

Upon hearing this, Ziyue glared at and Yunan said coldly, "What body?"

"Muchen's body, obviously. But it looks like you're already moving on to another man after inheriting his money. Woman, don't you have a conscience!?"

Yunan's words laced with contempt, "This proves that all women are the same."

As Ziyue absorbed his words, her anger momentarily waned. Did she really owe an explanation to him, who had no significance in her life?

Well, not a chance!

Ziyue's response was laced with indifference as she retorted, "If that's the way you see me, then do us both a favor and stay away from me."

Ziyue flicked her hair, a gesture that effortlessly exuded her allure. She left an air of mystique in her wake.

"You!" Yunan was startled by her retort, and his disdain for her intensified.

Before she swiftly turned on her heels and walked away. Ziyue cast him a cold glance and sneered, "Hope to never see you again."

Yunan stood rooted to the spot, consumed by anger.

But suddenly, his expression froze, and he narrowed his eyes in deep contemplation. It wasn't too long ago that Ziyue had this unshakable belief in Muchen's survival. Now, out of the blue, she was singing a different tune.

What the heck went down to cause this sudden change of heart?

With his military background, Yunan's instincts and perception were razor-sharp. Earlier, he had acted on impulse. But now, as he settled down, he couldn't help but notice something peculiar about Ziyue's response.

Amid the uncertainty surrounding Muchen's fate, Ziyue refused to entertain the idea of his death as she dreaded it would become a reality. Her defiant response stemmed from the depth of her love for Muchen and her unwillingness to accept anything less than his safe return.

But now, Ziyue stopped arguing against those morbid notions, suggesting she stopped caring about people's thoughts.

But why didn't she care? Perhaps she had reached a point of acceptance and decided not to dwell on Muchen's well-being anymore.

However, knowing Ziyue, it was out of character for her to become so detached.

So, there must be some other reason behind her indifference.

If his hunch was correct, then Ziyue must have heard from Muchen and knew he was still alive.

Ziyue was never the type to be swayed by superficiality. She wouldn't have distanced herself from him all this time if she were.

Considering her swollen lips and the timing of her disappearance, it seemed highly likely that she had met Muchen during her absence!

Yunan's speculations might sound intrusive, but as someone with a keen sixth sense, he couldn't help but find it plausible.

After all, he didn't become the youngest major general in the military with a series of accomplishments by the age of thirty-two for nothing.

Yunan made up his mind and wasted no time. He briskly headed towards the exit, where one of his subordinates approached him. Raising his hand to signal the subordinate to stay silent, he immediately said, "Keep a close watch on everyone at LK Group, especially Ziyue and her son."

"Sure thing!"

Something clicked in his mind as he bent down to get into his car. He turned around and added, "Jingshu as well."

The subordinate, who had been working closely with Yunan for a while, knew that Jingshu was Yunan's younger brother. A mix of surprise and confusion briefly flashed across his face. Nevertheless, he nodded and replied, "Sure thing!"

...

Meanwhile, Ziyue was on her way back to Cloud Bay.

The midnight streets were chilly and desolate.

She rolled down all the car windows, and the cold night breeze rushed into the car, blowing her mind clear.

Ziyue understood Muchen so well that she knew his sudden appearance was his way of acknowledging that she had discovered his actions. It was his attempt to prevent her from overthinking and becoming truly angry with him.

That was why he showed up at that moment.

And truth be told, he played it perfectly.

Despite her lingering frustration, nothing else mattered to her than to see Muchen standing there, alive and well.

Her anger melted even further when he asked if her hand hurt after she slapped him.

Ziyue hadn't completely forgiven him.

But before she could say anything, he left.

Thinking of that, Ziyue stepped on the gas pedal, and the car shot off.

In a blink of an eye, she pulled up to her front door.

Ke, waiting in the living room, perked up at the screech of brakes.

Here, Ziyue hopped out of the car and spotted Ke.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

"I was going to bed, but Lumiere Jade House called, saying you've gone missing. I was just about to go out and join the search, but they called again, saying they've found you."

Ke towered above her and possessed a strong aura. With her poker face, she appeared rather fierce.

Ziyue couldn't help feeling guilty and abashed.

She glanced at Ke and then dodged her inquisitive gaze, "I felt a bit lightheaded, so I took a breather in one of the private rooms. Gosh, they were overreacting!"

"Really?"

Ke clearly didn't buy it.

Feeling guilty, Ziyue nervously brushed her own lips. She realized it had been a while since she returned from Lumiere Jade House, and the swelling must have subsided by now.

"Yeah, let's go in and rest."

Ke hesitated momentarily but then gathered the courage to speak, "Mrs. Qin, please... try not to be too upset with Mr. Qin. He always weighs his options before taking action. Even if someone were to hold a gun to his head, he wouldn't choose divorce unless there was absolutely no other choice."

The mention of Muchen's name caused Ziyue to pause her steps, her expression turning melancholic.

"I understand he's in a tough spot. I don't blame him for his decisions," Ziyue's voice was tinged with a hint of sadness. But she wished that Muchen had considered her feelings as his wife, someone who wanted to stand by his side and share the burden, especially in times like these.

Ziyue didn't hold it against Muchen for divorcing her when he had no other options.

But what troubled her was his lack of proactive communication, and they had discussed this matter countless times.

It puzzled her how someone as thoughtful and intelligent as him could overlook such a crucial point. He hadn't changed at all.

"Well then..."

"Let's get some rest. It's getting late."

Ziyue didn't want to dwell on this issue with Ke. She didn't feel like discussing it with anyone at the moment. She would deal with it with Muchen once everything was over.

Ke, being a perceptive woman, could sense that Ziyue cared deeply about this matter.

Although Muchen's actions had also surprised her, she understood that he must have had no other choice.

From Ke's perspective, Muchen had a rationale behind every decision, and she didn't need him to explain his intention while Ziyue's resentment seemed a bit unfounded and hard to comprehend for her.

The next morning, Ziyue led Zixi downstairs and saw Jingshu.

Why is Jingshu here so early?

Noticing that Jingshu was deep in conversation with Ke, Ziyue furrowed and continued down the stairs.

When Jingshu saw Ziyue coming down, he was about to say something to her, but she shook her head, gesturing for him to hold off.

Whatever had brought him to her house at such an early hour, it couldn't be good news.

Upon seeing Jingshu, Zixi quickly ran over and called, "Uncle Jingshu!"

Jingshu's serious expression instantly beamed with a grin, "Look who's up so early!"

Zixi replied with earnestness, "I have to go to school. You should wake up early too."

"Alright, let's have breakfast first," Ziyue suggested, leading Zixi to the dining room.

Turning back, she faced Ke and Jingshu, "What's the matter?"

With a serious demeanor, Jingshu explained, "There's news about Muchen. Someone claimed to have seen him in Yunzhou City."

Ziyue's heart skipped a beat, and then confusion set in.

Muchen was always cautious. If he didn't want to be seen, Ziyue wouldn't have been able to catch a glimpse of him at the coffee shop that day.

Furthermore, she had conducted an extensive search in Yunzhou City, but there were no leads. It puzzled Ziyue that someone was now claiming to have seen him.

Ziyue pondered, wondering if someone had spotted Muchen because he had come to see her the day before.

She lowered her gaze, masking her emotions, and asked calmly, "Who saw him? And where?"

Jingshu responded promptly, "I'm not sure either. My brother informed me."

"Bai Yunan?" Ziyue was startled at the name.

She never underestimated Yunan, so she had always been maintaining a cautious distance from him. However, Yunan persisted, almost like a masochist seeking her attention. The more she avoided him, the clingier he seemed to get.

If Muchen found out, he might become jealous and think she betrayed him.

Jingshu thought Ziyue didn't believe him, so he quickly added, "Rest assured, my brother has reliable intel."

Ke's joy was evident as she exclaimed, "Mr. Qin is still alive!"

Ziyue's expression grew solemn as she remembered how, only yesterday, even Yunan believed Muchen had died in the plane crash. Otherwise, he wouldn't have mentioned retrieving his dead body.

Yet, overnight, Yunan suddenly had information about someone seeing Muchen?

It didn't add up because Muchen had left long before Yunan could have bumped into him.

Ziyue had a nagging feeling that something was off.

However, she couldn't reveal her suspicions to Jingshu, so she opted for a different approach, "Did you come here so early in the morning just to share this news?"

"Absolutely! It's good news and worth the trouble to drive all the way here and share early in the morning, isn't it?"

Ziyue smiled and replied, "Didn't I tell all of you that I saw Muchen and knew he was still alive? But none of you believed me."

"Uh, well..."

"Anyway, if your brother can help us locate Muchen, I'd be extremely grateful," Ziyue said, trying to sound nonchalant.

It was funny how things sometimes worked. It didn't catch on when someone said something was true until more people started discussing it. It was like we needed that social validation to believe it was legit.

Just like any other day, Ziyue dropped off Zixi at kindergarten before heading to the office. Taking her seat at the desk, she retrieved the document she had left unfinished the previous night and began perusing its pages. To her surprise, she discovered an extra sheet wedged in the middle.

The content put a smile on Ziyue's face. It was a cheeky apology comic strip that depicted a girl wielding a slipper who had playfully whacked a boy on the head, accompanied by a bold, uppercase caption that read, 'SORRY, PLEASE FORGIVE ME.'

Ziyue knew it must be Muchen's work.

Recalling their conversation from that evening when Muchen teased her about being jealous of Zixi, this comic strip right here was his way of making amends.

But Muchen had pulled the same trick over two years ago.

While it may have been a cliché move, Ziyue couldn't deny its effectiveness in quelling her anger.

But if he believed this silly comic strip could win her forgiveness... No, it didn't! Muchen's efforts in making the comic strips wouldn't sway her decision, even if he drew countless versions of these apologetic comics.

Ziyue was adamant in her decision. She crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it onto the floor.

Coincidentally, Ke entered the room at that very moment.

"Mrs. Qin, you have a meeting at ten o'clock."

Ziyue glanced at the crumpled paper on the floor and raised her eyes to meet Ke's gaze, "It's time for you to start calling me Ms. Su instead."

Ke was startled by Ziyue's reminder.

After some consideration, Ziyue shook her head and said, "Forget it. Go ahead and take care of the necessary arrangements. And don't bother cleaning my office unless I specifically ask you to."

"Alright, I understand." Although Ke didn't comprehend the reason behind the peculiar request. Anyway, being a subordinate, she wouldn't question as well. Besides, it was a minor issue.

As Ke turned to leave Ziyue's office, something on the floor caught her attention.

There was a crumpled paper lying on the pristine floor.

Ke's perfectionistic tendencies kicked in, but before she could reach for it, Ziyue intervened, "Don't worry about the trash. Go and do what you gotta do." "But..."

"Go," Ziyue commanded with a slight smirk playing on her lips.

Ke had no other choice but to suppress the urge and leave.

Ziyue glanced at the crumpled paper. The comic strip Muchen had drawn for her.

She wasn't sure how Muchen managed to sneak into her office, but after all, this was his company. Navigating on his own turf was a piece of cake.

They had a rushed meeting yesterday, and he didn't disclose anything to her. She couldn't reach him either, leaving her to passively wait for him to show up.

Did he think she was as naive and gullible as Zixi, easily won over by a simple drawing?

Ziyue was determined to teach Muchen a lesson this time, to show him that he had crossed the line and she wouldn't easily give in.

She couldn't stay late because she was responsible for picking up Zixi after work.

It was well past midnight.

Within the LK branch building, a tall figure moved swiftly through the corridors, easily navigating as if he owned the place.

Muchen smoothly entered the CEO's office, retrieving a small flashlight from his pocket. He meticulously searched through the documents on the desk and in the drawers, but the comic strip he had drawn was nowhere to be found.

Had she accepted his apology?

He swung the flashlight, and his eyes caught sight of a crumpled paper ball on the floor nearby.

He stared at it momentarily, hesitated, and then approached to pick it up.

Isn't this the comic strip I drew for Ziyue?

Clutching the flashlight tightly, his handsome face took on a slightly menacing aura in the dimness.

After a brief pause, he snorted and thought to himself. How dare she crumple my efforts! I'll see if she dares to tear it in my face!

Then, he carefully smoothed out the comic strip and placed it in a drawer.

Then, he took out a comic book and tore out a page and slipped it into Ziyue's documents.

On the following day, as Ziyue stepped into her office, she immediately noticed the absence of the crumpled paper she had thrown on the floor.

Ke, who entered right behind her, spotted her standing there and asked, "What's up?"

"Nah," Ziyue replied with a dismissive wave.

After Ke left, Ziyue turned her attention to the documents on her desk and discovered a new comic strip among them. However, the scene depicted in the drawing seemed oddly familiar.

It featured a woman sitting on a bed, wrapped in a blanket, with a telltale blush on her face, while a naked man closed in on her with a caption that read, "Last night's shenanigans..."

The familiarity of the scene depicted in the comic strip caught Ziyue off guard.

"Wait a minute, isn't this... from that time with Muchen?" She murmured, a mixture of surprise and embarrassment washing over her. Ziyue was dumbfounded that Muchen still remembered such details after ages.

Suddenly, Ke entered her room and asked, "Mrs. Qin, do you want something to drink?"

Startled, Ziyue quickly hid the comic before her, cleared her throat, and replied, "Oh, yeah, a cup of coffee, please. Thanks."

Ke paused momentarily, looking slightly puzzled, before nodding and saying, "Sure, I'll bring it right over."

As Ke exited the room, she couldn't help but wonder why Ziyue had been acting strangely lately.

Once alone, Ziyue retrieved the comic strip from the drawer and glanced at it again. Her face turned beet red, and she hastily shoved it back, realizing that the crumpled comic she had thrown on the floor the previous day was also inside.

She knew Muchen might sneak into her office again, and he did.

Would he come again tonight?

Meanwhile, Chuan remained unreachable. After weighing their options, they ultimately decided to send Yichen to Country J.

Given his long-standing position at LK headquarters and familiarity with people in Country J, it made perfect sense for him to handle the task. Ziyue knew that if she were to go, it would draw too much attention and lead to unnecessary complications.

Furthermore, Yunan's mention of someone sighting Muchen only added to the overall strangeness. Ziyue felt the urge to update Muchen about these developments.

As the evening approached and it was time to leave the office, she found a pretext to stay back and asked Ke to pick up Zixi.

By eleven o'clock, most of the employees had already left the building.

Ziyue glanced at the clock, rose from her chair, and walked towards the floor-to-ceiling window.

She gazed at the city lights outside, lost in thought and plagued by restlessness, causing her to pace back and forth.

Will he show up again?

Though Ziyue had confirmed that Muchen was still alive, he hadn't been home, and she had no way to contact him, leaving her dependent on the chance to see him.

This uncertainty weighed on her, making her uneasy.

Then, at half-past eleven, she heard the faint sound of the door being opened behind her.

Turning around, she caught sight of a figure standing in the doorway.

She couldn't make out his face clearly, with only one working light illuminating the room. Still, his presence and aura confirmed that it was Muchen.

As Muchen entered and saw Ziyue still there, a flicker of surprise crossed his face.

He knew Ziyue still resented him, and considering her fiery temper, Muchen anticipated her giving him the cold shoulder for a few days before confronting him. He never thought she would be waiting for him this soon, just a day later. Muchen was delighted at this pleasant surprise as he walked up to Ziyue and wanted to hug her.

'Smack!'

Ziyue slapped his hand away and glared at him, "Stop being touchy-feely. I have something important to ask you."

"Why haven't you been in touch with me when you were safe all these times? And why haven't you come back home?" Ziyue took the initiative and fired these questions at Muchen before he could deceive her.

Muchen was taken aback by her directness, "I thought you were staying because you missed me,"

"I thought if you missed and cared about me, you wouldn't have disappeared and ignored me like this!" Ziyue retorted.

Muchen's expression stiffened briefly, but he reached out to grab Ziyue's hand.

She tried to dodge, but it was futile.

Muchen held onto Ziyue's arms and pulled her into his arms.

Ziyue struggled, but Muchen held her tighter, causing her arms to ache.

Her temper flared up instantly. Before she could unleash her anger, Muchen muttered, "Who said I didn't miss you? I was about to go crazy from thinking of you."

No need for sugar-coated or extravagant words. Muchen poured out his raw feelings for Ziyue with unpretentious words.

Eventually, Ziyue gave in and allowed him to embrace her.

Muchen gradually loosened his grip, resting his chin on her shoulder. Then, he turned his head and took a deep breath in her neck as if finding solace in her scent. Eventually, he released her.

He held onto her shoulders, eyes fixed on hers, and uttered, "It's not the right time yet. Once everything is settled, I'll explain everything to you. It'll be over soon, I promise."

Ziyue pressed further, "But how soon is 'soon'? We can't reach Chuan, and there are rumors of people from Country J lurking in Yunzhou City. They're hiding in the shadows, ready to strike."

Muchen wasn't surprised at all. Under the dim lighting, his facial features were obscured, but his calm demeanor exuded a reassuring presence.

He stated, "We'll be together again as a family on New Year's."

Ziyue muttered, "New Year's?"

She didn't have any particular attachment to New Year's. After her father's passing, she was brought back to the Su family, constantly feeling like an outsider during their New Year's get-together.

When she turned eighteen, she was sent abroad, and New Year's held no significance to her during those years.

Even in her first year back in the country, she didn't have much anticipation or auspicious sentiments toward New Year's.

She buried herself in work during the two years she was apart from Muchen.

To her, New Year was a regular day.

And it had been that way for many years.

For years on end, she was deprived of the warmth and joy of a family reunion during the New Year.

Muchen sensed her sadness from the brimming emotions in her eyes. He leaned forward and tenderly kissed her forehead as if to offer comfort.

Feeling hopeful and anxious, Ziyue uttered, "But... there's only two months left until New Year."

She had returned to Yunzhou City in late October, and with Muchen's accident and over a month passing, December had arrived, signaling the imminent arrival of the New Year.

"Trust me on this."

"Mmm."

Before Ziyue even realized it, she had already nodded in agreement. Qin Muchen burst out in laughter at the surprised expression on Su Ziyue's face.

He palmed Ziyue's face and said, "And as for Nan Chuan, don't worry about it. I'll take care of it."

"You'll take care of it? You're going to Country J?" Ziyue frowned.

"If you don't want me to, I won't go." Muchen narrowed his eyes.

"Really?" Ziyue didn't believe him. Muchen was never one to obey her without question, especially after something this big had happened.

Muchen sighed quietly. "Didn't you just say that some of their people have come to Yunzhou City?"

It really looked like Ziyue had lost faith in Muchen.

She wasn't wrong. He would be in Country J if he found out about Chuan two days ago.

Ziyue immediately caught on. "How did you know?" She asked.

"There's nothing I do not know."

"I'm the one who's always left out of the loop. Of course, you know everything." Ziyue said with an arched brow.

"How's everything with the company? Are you handling it okay?" Sensing she was about to get angry, Muchen quickly changed the subject.

Ziyue shoved his hand off her shoulder. She turned and sat down on the couch. "It can be tiring," she replied honestly, "But knowing that the money I earn is mine to keep drives all the fatigue away."

Ziyue grinned at Muchen as she leaned into the couch. She looked extremely satisfied with herself.

Muchen found her teasing adorable. He smiled and sat down next to her. "As long as you're happy."

"Relax. I won't let go of LK Group that easily. After you've gifted it to me so generously, how ungrateful would I be to return it to you?" Ziyue snorted.

"Oh well, maybe we can work something out, so you be the face of the company while I handle the internal going-on." Muchen was unphased.

"Dream on." Ziyue rose to her feet and approached the desk. "It's late. I should be getting home. Zixi wants me every time he wakes up at night."

She picked up her bag and turned to look at Muchen.

He was dreaming. He had already planned for her to be the company's figurehead while he ran the company.

There was no way she would agree to get back with him. We'll see... He'll have no chance but to accept it when the time comes.

Muchen's expression tightened when he saw her leaving. "You're not going to wait for me?"

"You can choose to come home with me. I have to come back early for work tomorrow." Without waiting, Ziyue turned and walked out.

Muchen's eyebrows shot up. He turned off the light on the desk and followed behind her.

He wasn't in a hurry. Muchen kept a distance of a couple of feet behind her. Su Ziyue's heels clicked against the tile floor. The sound echoed through the empty hallway while Qin Muchen's footsteps were silent. Unless she had already been aware of his presence, she couldn't tell someone was following her.

They walked to the underground parking garage.

Ziyue arrived at the car and turned back to look at Muchen.

"Go home." Muchen had both hands in the pockets of his pants. His features were soft and warm in the glow of the light.

Ziyue's hand hesitated at the door before she spun around and stalked towards him. She placed both hands on his shoulders, pulled him towards her, and planted a kiss on his lips.

Even with the added height from her heels, Ziyue was still much shorter than Muchen. She had to stand on her toes to reach his lips. Taking advantage of the situation, Muchen wrapped both arms around her waist and pulled her until she was flush against him.

They kissed until Muchen's breathing became labored. He turned his head away but continued to hold her tight. "Hurry and go home. Get as far away from Bai Yunan as you can." He breathed into her ear.

This wasn't the first time Muchen had told her to stay away from Yunan.

Ziyue found it strange. So when could she talk to Yunan again?

She didn't want to say anything to ruin the good vibes they had between them.

"Okay."

Her answer satisfied Muchen. As if rewarding her, he pecked her on the cheek and sent her off.

Once Ziyue's car was out of sight, Muchen slowly walked out.

There was a car waiting for him at the exit of the garage.

The window slowly wound down to reveal a woman. She was seductively beautiful. "You told me to arrive within twenty minutes, but I've been waiting for forty."

Ziyue would immediately be able to recognize Bessalyn the moment she saw her.

"Sorry." Muchen slid into the car.

It was the middle of winter, and the night breeze blew through the open window. Bessalyn shivered.

She grabbed a blanket from the back seat and handed it to Muchen. "It's freezing. Are your legs okay?"

Muchen tossed the blanket back. "Let's go," Was his cold response.

He didn't say anything else.

Bessalyn's expression tensed. She glanced at Muchen warily. He still scared her.

She started the car and asked him, "Were you happy to see her?"

Muchen did not respond.

"These are just routine questions as your psychiatrist. It's so I can have a better understanding of your situation." Bessalyn said coolly.

She had graduated with a double masters in psychiatric research and treatment.

"Yes." Muchen finally said without any emotion.

"But you don't look happy at all."

"As a psychiatrist, shouldn't you know that not all emotions need to be written on our faces?" Muchen said. His voice was devoid of any emotion, but there was a hint of sarcasm.

"Qin Muchen!" Bessalyn yelled.

The screeching sound of the car brakes pierced the silence.

"Let me tell you what's going to happen if you don't cooperate with me on your treatment. Ziyuw will find out sooner or later about your condition. So even if you do manage to get her to take you back, do you really think she'll want to stay with you after she finds out about the mental disorder you've kept hidden from her?"

The words spilled out of her mouth in her anger.

Immediately, there was tension in the air. Bessalyn couldn't breathe. It was as if all the air had been sucked out of the room.

Realizing she shouldn't have used Su Ziyue to provoke him, Bessalyn tried to backtrack. "I meant..."

"Shut up!"

Chapter 694 Each More Loyal Than The Next

Bessalyn was upset but didn't want to poke the bear any further.

She remembered an incident that had happened in that same parking garage. She and Muchen had seen Ziyue and Yunan in the dark. She had asked out loud if there were a chance Ziyue would fall in love with Yunan. Muchen had given her the death glare. The next time she mentioned Ziyue, Muchen would strangle.

Which was why she did not think it was a good idea to antagonize him anymore.

But her curiosity could not be denied. She may not have majored in psychology, but she wanted to know more about Muchen's unique situation. Setting aside her own feelings for Muchen, his heritable mental disorder was reason enough for her to be attracted to him.

His mental disorder had frequent flareups, but every time it happened, Muchen managed to seize control of himself and recover.

During their therapy sessions, he would somehow make her feel emotionally invested. It surprised and scared her.

When Bessalyn came to, she rolled down all four windows to let the cold night air in. Hoping it would calm Muchen.

She started the car back up, "Let's go back."

She was met with silence. She had gotten used to it.

...

In the days following, Ziyue would arrive early at the office to find a drawing in her pile of papers. The drawings would tell a story with every piece she collected.

Him smashing a reporter's camera. Both of them arriving at the Civil Affairs Bureau. Her spilling a glass of wine...

They were memories from a long time ago, but she remembered them as if it happened yesterday.

Ziyue couldn't deny it was working on her.

Less talk and more action.

This was both Muchen's weakness and strength.

He never explained himself but would do things to make her happy and hope she would forgive him. Ziyue could never stay mad at him.

But he went too far this time. Ziyue wasn't going to let this go that easily.

Muchen had told her he would take care of Chuan. Before two days had passed, Ziyue received news about Chuan.

Instead of seeing Chuan himself, Ziyue received news of him from someone she would never expect.

Ziyue compiled the comics she had received from Muchen and organized them with paperclips. She kept them somewhere safe.

The phone rang.

"Yes?" Ziyue answered.

"Ms. Su. Someone claiming to be your friend wants to see you. She said..."

The receptionist hesitated.

"What did she say?" Ziyue arched an eyebrow.

"She said she has information on Chuan for you..."

Ziyue tensed up. "Send her up." She ordered.

...

Holding her documents tightly, Nan Ke walked down the hallway to Ziyue's office. She bumped into Gu Hanyan coming the opposite direction when she arrived at the door.

It was December. They were in the middle of winter. It snowed every day in Yunzhou, and the winds were frigid and unstoppable. It got colder and colder by the day.

And yet Hanyan was wearing a dress with a knee-length wool coat over it. The coat didn't look like it'll do much to keep her warm in this weather. Her legs were bare and long, finished with a pair of stilettos. She looked extremely seductive.

Ke never liked Hanyan, and she liked her even less after everything that had happened.

Ke stopped and frowned at Hanyan.

Hanyan was about to enter Ziyue's office when she saw Ke standing there.

"Long time no see, Ke." Hanyan grinned at her.

She was acting so sweet and friendly to Ke.

It made Ke want to throw up.

Ke frowned even harder. "Why are you here?" She asked warily.

Hanyan's reputation had suffered, and there was a stain on her name in the industry. But she would have higher chances of making a successful comeback here in Country J than in Country Z.

And with how persistent the paparazzi were back home, they would swarm her if news of her return were leaked. Everything she did would become front-page news.

Hanyan's reputation may not be what it once was, but she was still extremely famous. Any news about her would sell.

However, there was no sound of her return this time. There must be something else at play.

Ke had guessed Hanyan's reason to return within a couple minutes of seeing her.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm just here to catch up with Ziyue. We're old friends, after all." Hanyan said while walking towards her.

Ke couldn't stop herself from taking a step back.

Hanyan's expression tensed before she forced herself to relax.

She straightened her hair and raised her chin defiantly before opening the door to Ziyue's office.

Ziyue had been deep in thought ever since receiving the call.

The door opening interrupted her thoughts. She turned to see Hanyan entering, with Ke following behind.

Ke looked at Ziyue questioningly, and Ziyue tried to reassure her.

Hanyan took in Ziyue's office design and layout, completely ignoring Ziyue.

Ziyue immediately understood Hanyan's presence must mean Chuan's whereabouts must have something to do with Gricy.

She thought back to the receptionist telling her that the person she was meeting had information on Chuan.

Even though she hated the sight of Hanyan, Ziyue forced herself to be polite, "Have a seat."

Hanyan, seemingly realizing that other people were in the room, spun around in surprise and gasped, "Oh my! I hope you don't mind. It's just been a while since I saw this place."

"Say what you came to say. You don't need to pretend in front of me. I'm not going to fall for it." Ziyue leaned back into her chair calmly, with no sign of impatience.

Placing the documents on the table, Ke glances at Ziyue warily.

Ziyue looked up at her. "You may go. Miss Gu and I need to have a conversation."

Ke nodded. She turned to walk out the door when Hanyan blocked her path.

"Where are you going? Don't you want to hear what I have to say about your brother?" Hanyan spoke slowly, almost slurring her words at some point. Ke found her irritating.

But she perked up at the mention of Chuan.

Forcing herself to look unbothered, Ke said, "You came to talk to Mrs. Qin, not me."

She quickly excused herself.

The concern Hanyan was pretending to have for Ke went straight out the window. "Muchen's dogs are quite loyal, aren't they?" She sniggered