

Marry Me Quick Novel Online Free - Chapter 695 – 700

Chapter 695 On Behalf of The Earl of Augsburg?

Ziyue raised her eyebrows. She kept her anger to herself.

"It's totally fine if you're happy being Gricy's dog, but please don't group us all together with you. I'm sure we'd much prefer staying human."

Ziyue's sharp wit left a wound in Hanyan's pride.

Hanyan glared at her, "You are nothing more than a quick tongue. Besides that, what else can you do? You're nothing without Muchen!"

"That's where you're wrong. Even without Muchen, I am Su Ziyue." Ziyue stared at her head on, quieting the burgeoning anger in her chest.

Whatever the situation she was in, be it richer or poorer, Ziyue was always aware of who she was.

One must never lose sight of themselves. Do not be led astray. Do not hide who they are. And always be their true selves.

Hanyan wasn't wrong. Without MUchen, Ziyue may have never risen to popularity that quickly. She won't be known as the wife of LK Group's chairman. She may never have gotten a chance to enter Mogwin Castle. She probably would never hear of Gricy nor get involved with them. It was unlikely she'd meet someone like Aika too.

But even living a life of normality without Muchen, she was proud of who she was. She was Su Ziyue, and there was nothing wrong with that.

Hanyan, on the other hand, had succumbed to her desires and had driven herself deeper and deeper into the darkness.

She had lost sight of herself. She probably couldn't even recognize who she was anymore.

Women's conversations were full of passive aggressiveness. This was how toxic women could be.

Hanyan was sly. She picked up what Ziyue had meant without any prompting. She'd thought among them, Ziyue would be the one to get upset by her taunts. To Hanyan's surprise, she was the one who was triggered.

"That's quite the bark you got there!" She sneered.

"Thanks for the compliment, but..." Spinning a pen within her fingers, Ziyue said breezily, "Just say what you came to say. I have a company to run."

Cutting to the chase, Hanyan told it to her straight, "Go to Country J if you want to find out what happened to Chuan."

"No can do. I'm too busy." Ziyue denied her outright.

"Didn't you just say they were different from me? You'll abandon them when they cease to be useful to you!"

Besides Muchen being absolutely in love with Ziyue, Hanyan hated her for her upright, unswayable moral compass.

It was as if she had never felt any guilt for doing anything wrong ever. Hanyan did not believe that was possible. Everyone must have done something wrong at least once in their lives. It was one of the reasons she hated Ziyue. Hanyan thought her to be a hypocrite.

"You must have spent so long under their thumb that you've forgotten all about free will. Should I go to Country J just because you told me to? Why do I have to do as you say? Have you also been suckered into believing Gricy is all-powerful?"

After a slight pause, Ziyue continued, "That's right. Who exactly are you speaking for? Gricy? Or..."

She stared unblinkingly at Hanyan. A long silence ensued before Ziyue broke it once more, "Or did you come on behalf of the Earl of Augsburg?"

Hanyan immediately tensed up.

Ziyue threw her pen aside and clasped her hands together. "I have an appointment. There's the door." She said coolly.

She picked up a phone and called her secretary, "Please escort Miss Gu out."

The order was so direct that Hanyan could not take it as any other meaning but for her to 'Get the f*ck out.' Her pride was already in shreds, and the person escorting her out had also arrived.

As soon as Hanyan was gone, Ziyue's calmness dissolved.

Her earlier confidence was but a front to trick Hanyan.

Muchen had also told her to stay out of Chuan's business, and since Ziyue had chosen to trust in Muchen, she would not be swayed by Hanyan's provocations or show signs of worry and anxiety.

"Mrs. Qin, can I come in?" Ke called from the other side of the door.

Even though she was well aware of Ziyue and Muchen's divorce, she knew it was just a formality. Sooner or later, they'd remarry, and she'd have to return to calling her "Mrs. Qin".

Ziyue was startled at her voice. She knew why Ke was here.

After some thought, Ziyue answered, "Come in."

The room seemed to shrink when Ke entered. She walked up until she was across Ziyue with the desk between them. She didn't say a word.

Ziyue knew Ke wanted to know about her brother.

Ziyue thought long and hard before making up her mind. "Muchen did not die. I saw him. I told him about what happened with Chuan. He told me he'd take care of it. However, he couldn't reveal himself yet."

She watched Ke's reaction.

Ziyue watched the myriad of expressions on Ke's face change from shock to finally ending at relief. Ziyue could finally let out the breath she had been holding in,

The Nan siblings' faith in Muchen was more unshakeable than she had thought.

Ke had suspected Muchen had survived from what Jingshu had said earlier. However, she was still surprised to hear Ziyue had met him. "So, when is he coming back?"

"It should be soon." Ziyue pursed her lips in thought.

She didn't know when Muchen would return.

Ziyue still felt a little uneasy even though he promised her they would ring in the new year together.

Maybe her nerves had become frayed from everything that had happened... Ke left after finding out about Chuan...

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Hanyan's return hit the news at noon.

Photos of her smiling and waving at the camera were all over the news. She smiled easily and naturally, a complete one-eighty from the embarrassment and anger she had shown Ziyue before.

With Hanyan's beauty and acting skills, it shouldn't be a problem for her to return to acting.

Ziyue scrolled through the comments online. Most of them were still cursing her out. The number of comments increased by the second.

It's true what they say. There's no such thing as bad publicity.

Ziyue turned off her computer and got ready to leave for lunch.

She bumped into Yunan who was waiting for her at the entrance.

He leaned against the car. His tall figure and charismatic energy caught the attention of every female in the vicinity.

Ziyue wanted nothing more than to avoid him, but Yunan had already seen her.

Chapter 696 Spying On Her

Ziyue had not seen Yunan since their fight at Lumiere Jade House a few days ago.

She did not know why he had come knocking.

Now that he'd seen her, Ziyue had no choice but to go over.

"What's wrong?" Ziyue asked when she reached him. She straightened her collar so that it stood a bit higher.

It was freezing, and the biting wind only made it worse.

He looked at his watch and asked, "Have you eaten?"

They were standing in the middle of the way, and people were trying to walk around them. Noticing this, Ziyue said, "No. Let's have lunch."

They might as well save time discussing what Yunan had in mind over lunch. Yunan wouldn't have come looking for her if he didn't need her help.

They found a restaurant and were quickly seated.

Without any pretense, Ziyue quickly ordered and handed Yunan the menu. Yunan ordered and put down the menu. "What's wrong?" Ziyue promptly asked.

She had barely said ten words to him since meeting him at LK Group's entrance and now sitting in the restaurant. And four words were repeats of 'What's wrong?'.

Was the only reason he could come looking for her was if something was wrong?

Speaking of which, they had departed on bad terms the last time. And because of that, he shouldn't have any reason to come looking for her. Her increasing annoyance towards him only solidified his thoughts. It was also the reason he was here.

"Are we still business partners?" Yunan asked Ziyue sincerely.

Ziyue thought about it before answering, "Sure."

"Since you still think of me as your business partner, isn't there something I should know?" Yunan placed a photo in front of Ziyue.

Ziyue glanced at him before picking up the photo.

It was dark and blurrily taken. But there were two unmistakable silhouettes of people.

Ziyue brought the photo closer. Squinting her eyes, Ziyue examined the photo before putting it back down.

"Get to the point, Mr. Bai."

She looked at him as if she genuinely had no idea what he was talking about. Yunan's expression tightened, but the waiter arrived with the food before he had a chance to speak.

He had no choice but to wait until the waiter left.

"Be straight with me. Is the man in the photo Qin Muchen?" He whispered after the waiter had left.

The photo must have been secretly taken a few days ago when she had met with Qin Muchen.

"You have quite the talent. Have you thought of a career in reporting?" Instead of giving him an answer, Ziyue smiled sweetly at him.

Yunan frowned. One of the reasons he hated women was because of their tendency to beat around the bush. They had the profound ability to find all sorts of excuses for anything and then drag innocent people into the fray. Women were just annoying.

He decided to be frank with her. "Qin Muchen is alive. And you met with him. Why didn't you tell me about this?"

"Why does it matter if I choose not to tell you? You found out about it, didn't you?" Ziyue shot back.

Yunan's face darkened at her retort.

"What do you mean by that?" He asked sullenly. His patience with her was stretched thin.

Ziyue regained her composure and said calmly, "Mr. Bai when we first became business partners, I told you everything as a sign of faith in your abilities. But you haven't found a single thing since then. As for my husband, I can choose who I share this information with. Besides, our goals were made clear in the very beginning. I wanted information on Muchen, while you wanted to know more about Gricy. So what does my choosing not to tell you about Muchen have to do with our agreement?"

Yunan's hands were clenched into fists. He was enraged. "So you're tossing me aside after you used me? I have never allowed anyone to take advantage of me like this before!"

"How long has it been since we first agreed on this? And since then, have you found anything about Qin Muchen? Haven't I told you everything I know about Gricy? Now let me ask you this, who is taking advantage of the other?"

One of the reasons Ziyue did not want to see Yunan was because she did not trust him.

But she had no choice. With Muchen missing, she had exhausted all her options to find any trace of him.

She only agreed to work with Yunan because he was powerful and had more contacts than she did.

What did this prove? It proved that Yunan had been spying on her!

Great minds think alike. They did not need to exchange words to know the other had reached the same conclusion.

Yunan understood what Ziyue had left unsaid.

Embarrassment colored his cheeks before it quickly went away.

"I wasn't always spying on you. It only started after the incident at the bar. I sent Jingshu to test you. He was supposed to tell you that we received news about Muchen, but he saw you with Muchen. He was too vigilant. Since then, my people have been watching you, but we never saw him again."

Yunan told her everything he did. It was as if he was the mastermind behind everything, but he no longer found the need to hide this and told Ziyue the truth.

What's done is done. He was a man. And a man owned up to his actions.

Ziyue was surprised Yunan decided to come clean to her.

She paused to regain her thoughts. "We both had our reasons for working together. I admit, and you know, I agreed to work with you because of your power and abilities. But both last time and now, you failed to deliver on the assignment. Were all the stories I heard of you made up? Or could they be another reason?"

Ziyue's impression of Yunan was no longer the same as before. He took his job seriously. With his power and abilities, there must be a reason why he could not find any information at all.

Yunan's ears perked up as if he had heard someone calling his name, "You're saying I might have a traitor on my side?"

Ziyue neither confirmed nor denied. She started to eat.

From that moment, she only responded when necessary

Chapter 697 Be More Decent

To Yunan's surprise, he could sense Ziyue's unspoken thoughts despite her silence.

As a seasoned leader in the army, he possessed a sharp eye and had confidence in himself.

Never once did it occur to him that there would be a spy in his team. Hence, the revelation of a spy within his team shattered his pride in his ability to pass accurate judgment.

More often than not, a man would value his dignity and pride more than anything else – understanding that fact, Ziyue chose not to expose him.

Yunan watched her enjoy her food with a thinly veiled shock before finally saying awkwardly, "Catch you later."

Ziyue didn't even look at him when she responded, "Sure."

Yunan was about to pay the bill when the waiter glanced at Ziyue as he explained, "We usually deduct the bill from Mrs. Qin's membership each time she's here."

Is Ziyue my natural enemy? I feel so meek in front of her.

Though annoyed, he didn't direct his anger on her.

In the end, he left morosely.

On the other hand, Ziyue felt her appetite significantly improved the moment Yunan was gone. She finished her dish and went back to work happily.

The moment she stepped into her office, she saw Nan Ke standing immobile in the middle of the room without any inkling of what she had been up to.

"What's..." She entered the room and shut the door. It was only at that moment she saw Muchen sitting behind the table. "...wrong?" she completed the question a second later.

Muchen was completely dressed in black, including the shirt underneath his coat. The first two buttons were undone, revealing an inch of his alluring neck. He was unusually pale, but his eyes bore the same unfathomable depth.

He sat straight in his chair, displaying his usual demeanor in the office.

"Did you have a good lunch?" he asked nonchalantly.

"It was alright." She nodded blankly, still processing the situation.

Why is he here? It's right in the middle of the day.

His face darkened upon hearing her reply, but she had no idea what she had

done wrong.

Muchen glared coldly at her as he instructed Nan Ke, "Get me a cup of iced coffee."

Ziyue returned to her senses and immediately interjected, "Don't give him that. A glass of water will do."

After recovering from the shock, Nan Ke looked at both of them. Then, she quietly brought a glass of water to Muchen.

Right after that, she fled before he could unleash his temper.

Finally, he's not acting like a lifeless doll. Still, his temperament and his manner remain exactly as before.

Muchen looked at the steaming hot water and pursed his lips.

With an arch of an eyebrow, he commented, "Not bad. Everyone in the office takes your order now."

Ziyue kept her eyes on him as she walked past the desk to reach him. She seemed to have him trapped with one hand on the desk and the other on the back of the chair.

In the past, he had been doing the same to her.

Since he was sitting down, she towered over him.

Lowering her gaze to look at Muchen, she felt power throbbing in her veins.

"That's right. Everyone in the company listens to me since I'm the biggest shareholder now – thanks to you." There was a hint of taunting in her voice.

Muchen looked at her with interest.

"Is that why you refused to serve me coffee?" he asked, smirking.

His tone was conversational, as though they had been discussing the weather. Regardless, Ziyue could hear a tinge of melancholy in his voice as though she had mistreated him.

Just as Ziyue was about to straighten her back, the door opened.

It was Nan Ke, who was about to pass some important documents to her. The moment she saw Ziyue's domineering stance with Muchen, she stuttered, "O-ops. S-Sorry, please continue..."

She shut the door and went away swiftly.

Ziyue retracted her arm awkwardly. She didn't mind being with Muchen as long as it was private. She couldn't stand the feeling of their private moments being exposed.

Looking at the annoyance on her face, Muchen pulled her into his embrace.

"Why did you stop? Didn't Nan Ke just ask us to continue?"

Ziyue snorted.

"Continue what?"

"What you were about to do to me, who knows?" Muchen raised an eyebrow and smiled at her. A whirlpool seemed to have stirred in his eyes, pulling her to him.

Grabbing her hand, he said coolly, "I'd like to keep it professional, but you started this first."

What's wrong with him? How could he say these words without blushing? She had no plans to proceed further with him, but she blushed when she heard that.

She struggled from his embrace in frustration.

However, it had been a while since Muchen was with her. After all, he was no saint, so he couldn't take the temptation any longer.

Su Ziyue wore a professional blazer, making it easy for Muchen to slide his hand into her shirt. His rough fingers found their spot on her waist, caressing her gently.

"Since you can enjoy lunch with another man happily, why can't I come here?" he spoke slowly, with a hint of a threat.

His feathery whisper seemed to warn her that he was about to do something if her reply wasn't satisfactory.

Ziyue's waist was rather sensitive to touch, causing her to shiver as soon as he laid his hand on her.

Nevertheless, she realized that he was jealous.

She raised her hand to stop him. "Why are you blaming me for everything? It's you who decided to come here. On top of that, Yunan was here to discuss work. Can you stop getting jealous for no good reason?"

This irritating habit of his has never changed!

Unexpectedly, instead of calming Muchen down, her words triggered him further.

He tightened his arm around her waist as he spoke, "Don't you know his plans for you?"

Ziyue's face turned grim instantly. "What do you mean, Muchen?"

Chapter 698 Please Listen to Me

A sinister look flashed in Muchen's eyes. His jaw clenched as he ordered, "Say something."

Ziyue looked at him in shock. Judging from his tone, he's clearly accusing me of betraying him. When he asked me to stay away from Yunan repeatedly, I thought he was just being cautious, worried that he might use me in his business dealings. After all, Yunan is such a shrewd person.

Only then did she realize Muchen suspected a hidden layer that existed in the relationship between Yunan and Ziyue.

"Can you stop assuming that I'm having an affair with every single man I come across?" Such situations have happened countless times.

After that episode with Shichu, she kept a wary distance from men in general. It was completely out of her expectations that Shichu harbored feelings for her. Hence, everything that transpired after that caught her completely off

guard.

She was uncertain about Yunan's feelings for her, but she ventured a guess. After all, he was not an average man, and she was way beyond the age of feeling gleeful that someone fancied her.

There was no need to confirm his feelings for her; all she had to do was to stay cold and keep a distance from him.

Hence, she was determined that she had done nothing wrong and took offense in Muchen's interrogation.

"Do you think it's just an assumption?" he questioned, tightening his arms around her waist.

Ziyue frowned from the slight pain. "Is this the reason you came here today?"

Muchen looked at her deeply without uttering another word.

That was not the reason for his appearance, but as soon as he arrived, he saw her having lunch with Yunan.

When he did not respond, Ziyue attempted to pry his hands away to free herself, but he remained unfazed.

Upon seeing his unwillingness to come clean with her, her temper slowly rose.

"Let me go!"

She started struggling against his grip, punching and kicking him.

Never have I met a man as unreasonable as him!

Despite keeping his situation hidden from her, he had the audacity to accuse her of having an affair with Yunan.

Muchen hugged her tightly in his embrace with all the force within his body.

With an arm tightly wrapped around her waist, he placed the other hand behind her head as he buried her head into his shoulders.

"Alright, alright. It's my fault – I'm sorry." He planted a gentle kiss on her hair.

Unbeknownst to Ziyue, his jaw had been tense as he tried to hold himself back.

Ziyue was easily appeased by his apology.

She pinched his chest and mumbled, "If you do it again, I might hook up with another man for real!"

"How dare you!"

"We'll see! Hmph!"

She couldn't see the expression on his face. After receiving no reply, she raised her head to look at him.

However, she was immediately silenced by a kiss.

Still enclosing her in a tight embrace, his warm breath landed on her face, intoxicating her.

It had been increasingly challenging for Muchen to hold himself back. When he was about to proceed further, Ziyue suddenly jerked to her senses and whispered breathlessly, "N-No... We're in the office..."

Muchen had already started unclothing her, revealing her fair, slender waist that caught his attention.

He could no longer hear nor care about Ziyue's protests as he was on the verge of losing control.

Similarly, his breathing sped up. Just as he was about to completely tear her clothes apart, she bit his chin hard, leaving bite marks on him.

Nevertheless, the pain only made him pause momentarily before he started another round of 'onslaught,' as though that was the sole task he had to complete.

We're still in the office. I can't allow him free reign – what if someone enters? They continued to make out for a bit more. Ziyue shuddered from his intimate advances, but she spoke through gritted teeth, "I'm going to get mad if you continue."

Muchen planted a final kiss deeply as though he wanted to fuse himself with her before placing her on the desk.

Because of his movement, the chair was shoved away, letting out a loud screech in the process.

Ziyue's heart skipped a beat as she met Muchen's passion-infused gaze. As he reached out to her, she tried to evade him, unaware that his intention was simply to adjust her clothes.

She looked disheveled – the blazer was unbuttoned, and the first button on her shirt had also fallen off.

He straightened her clothes dourly. Their proximity to each other made Ziyue recall their make-out session seconds ago, and she slowed down her breathing as a result of that.

"Turn to the other side, please," Muchen suddenly instructed. Without any context, the sudden command confused her. Still, she turned around in shock. Muchen arched his eyebrows at her.

After ensuring she looked decent, he placed his arms beside Ziyue and kissed her lightly.

"Just listen to me, alright?"

Then, he repeatedly gave her another peck on her lip, as though he was a little kid who had just discovered something new.

Ziyue frowned at him, thinking that there was something amiss with his request.

He didn't wait for her reply. Instead, he slowly passed her his phone.

"Make a call to yourself and save the number. You can call me anytime."

Ziyue was pleasantly surprised after hearing that; the odd feeling from moments ago had completely dissipated.

"Anytime?" She looked at him excitedly.

Her positive response cheered him up.

With a small smile, he nodded. "Yeah."

After receiving the confirmation, Ziyue punched in her numbers happily and realized that he had saved her contact as 'darling.'

She made a face at him. "Shameless."

While he's getting a divorce with me behind my back, he uses such an endearing term for me. He must be the most shameless man in this world.

Chapter 699 Meetup

After Ziyue called herself using Muchen's phone, she took out her phone and saved his number.

However, she shot a careful glance at Muchen when she was saving his nickname and edged the phone closer to her so he wouldn't be able to see it.

He merely narrowed his eyes as he swept his gaze over her.

She quickly entered 'the petty fellow without any shame' and put her phone away.

"I'm done. Here you go." With that, she returned his phone.

He received it silently without any further questions.

After a moment of silence, he asked solemnly, "So, who came to see you in the morning?"

"Hanyan. Didn't you see the news?"

Hanyan was on the frontline that day. Muchen should know about this.

Muchen merely frowned without any further comments.

Ziyue immediately understood that somehow he had missed it.

After all, it was not his personality to read the entertainment section of the news.

"Nope. But I know she's back."

He walked to the French window and gazed outside.

A moment passed before he turned back to Ziyue and asked, "What did you guys talk about?"

"What else could we talk about? She is still persuading me to go to Country J."

Ziyue felt exasperated when she recollected her conversation with Hanyan earlier. Do I seem like a dumb person? Do they really think that I will give in after hearing her out? On top of that, they sent Hanyan instead of Enyang.

The latter might've been able to make a more persuasive case.

"You didn't agree, did you?" Muchen looked at her solemnly.

"Of course not," she replied with a pout, her tone clearly revealing her dissatisfaction.

However, she remembered something else. Be it Gricy or Yuchuan, Hanyan could build connections with them. Was it on Yuchuan or Gricy's orders that she sought me out? Perhaps it's more likely that Yuchuan was behind it. If I return to Country J, he will be the main benefactor; Gricy would only gain some intermediary benefits.

She looked at Muchen for a long time without uttering a word.

“What’s wrong? Just speak your mind.”

“I think...” she began hesitantly but decided to tell him the truth in the end.

“I think it might be Grandpa who asked Hanyan to see me. They are still unaware you’re alive, let alone back in Yunzhou City. They must think that I’m at wit’s end. If Nan Chuan falls into their hands, I will give everything I have to save him since he works for you.”

The more she analyzed the situation, the more likely her assumptions seemed conclusive.

As she was engrossed in her thoughts, she didn’t notice Muchen’s grim expression when Nan Chuan was mentioned.

He quickly recollected himself and replied, “Never mind what they say.”

“Okay.”

...

Muchen left LK Group from the backdoor. He stayed vigilant when he got into the car.

Not long after he left, his phone rang.

Only a few people know my new number.

He glanced at the caller – it was Bessalyn.

“What’s up?” he asked coldly.

Bessalyn’s admiration for him was all gone, but it was still a sour point that he treated her like a nobody. After all, she was used to being popular with men.

“You went to Ziyue again? If this keeps going on, you have no chance of recovering,” she stated the truth sarcastically.

Even though he survived the plane crash, he injured his leg in the process.

Though it was not a fatal wound, the signs of his hereditary psychiatric disorder were becoming increasingly obvious.

There were times when he had no clue about his actions or behavior. Hence, he didn’t dare to see Ziyue even though he only sustained a leg injury.

While recovering, he had been in therapy with Bessalyn.

The effects were minimal, yet it was worth a try.

“It’s none of your business!”

“I’m your doctor now.”

Bessalyn finally realized how short-tempered and unreasonable he was after getting to know him.

“So what? I’m not groveling at your feet to ask to be saved,” he replied disdainfully.

Bessalyn was so irritated that she couldn’t think of an immediate reply. After a few deep breaths, she calmed herself down before talking about the main reason behind the call.

“I heard the Earl of Ausburg has been resting at home due to an illness.”

“And?”

Unable to help herself anymore, Bessalyn raised her voice. “It’s obviously a ruse. He must be in Country Z now.”

I told him this piece of news out of goodwill, yet he didn’t seem to be worried at all!

“Perfect. I’m planning to meet him anyway,” he said calmly.

“Aren’t you worried that he might attack Ziyue?”

Bessalyn knew the situation after saving Muchen. But, apart from that, it was quite apparent that Yuchuan didn’t like Ziyue at all.

In addition, it was unlikely that Yuchuan would let the vast fortune of LK Group fall to Ziyue. Bessalyn was positive about that.

Hence, she didn’t understand Muchen. It was out of her expectations that a man with such a foul temper was capable of loving another woman deeply.

He knew what would happen and made the necessary preparations, giving the wealth and power he had accumulated his entire life to Ziyue.

The surprise of such a revelation made it clear to Bessalyn that Muchen would never love anyone else.

Whether she had the looks or the position was not important.

Just the mere fact that she was Bessalyn and not Ziyue was enough.

What an incredibly lucky woman.

This was why she was willing to put up with Muchen.

“Don’t worry about this. Thank you very much for your help all along, but it’s better that we stop seeing each other. Please don’t contact me anymore.”

With that, he hung up.

Though grateful for her help, he no longer wanted her to be involved in his matters for fear of ruining his plans.

Bessalyn looked at her phone before calling him again, but the number could no longer be reached.

What a heartless man.

She tried putting herself in different perspectives, but it was difficult to justify such behavior.

With the phone in her hand, she sank deep into her thoughts.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to her. She smiled and walked to the garage.

She had indeed given up on him, and she felt touched by his love for Ziyue.

However, the way he treated her was reason enough to pick a bone with him.

Chapter 700 Mr Qin, How Have You Been?

As Yunan exited the Lumiere Jade House, a woman with gorgeous blue eyes blocked him.

The woman was beautiful and had a stunning figure.

She was tall, wearing high heels, and tilted her head slightly to meet Yunan’s gaze. “Hello, Mr. Bai. Im Bessalyn.”

She spoke in English, and Yunan quickly discerned that she spoke in a Country J accent.

A beautiful woman with an exceptional demeanor and, on top of that, a country J citizen. Narrowing his eyes, Bai Yunan realized that her identity was anything but ordinary.

Suppressing his impatience, Yunan asked, "What can I do for you?"

Bessalyn felt a hint of satisfaction. She and Qin Muchen had been tracking Yunan all along. She had gained some understanding of Yunan from their tireless search.

She was confident that Yunan wouldn't ignore her. So without beating around the bush, she said, "I won't take up much of your time. I want to talk about Su Ziyue."

In the second half of her sentence, she spoke in the language of country Z, although her accent was a bit peculiar. Nevertheless, Yunan quickly caught the three words "Su Ziyue."

His expression turned serious, and he carefully scrutinized Bessalyn before taking a step forward. "Follow me."

He led Bessalyn back to his car.

"Go ahead," he said.

Bessalyn raised an eyebrow and smiled, looking gorgeously enchanting, but Yunan was not fazed by her beauty. Perhaps it was due to his military background and family that he didn't favor Western women who were exuberant and passionate. He preferred women of country Z who appeared delicate but possessed extraordinary strength deep down.

Women of country Z were known for their gentleness and grace, yet they could also be strong-willed. It was a contradiction that many men found appealing.

Bessalyn's expression remained unchanged but was slightly shaken deep inside. She knew that Yunan was no ordinary person. In some aspects, he was even more challenging to handle than Muchen.

Muchen was undoubtedly a businessman who weighed his interests and possessed formidable means. However, he was extremely persistent when it came to romantic relationships, to the point of being somewhat obsessive.

Yunan, on the other hand, came from a prestigious family and possessed the iron will and pride of a soldier. Regarding romantic relationships, however, he wasn't as persistent or clear-cut as Muchen, at least not to their understanding.

Bessalyn was bright and had a keen sense of judgment from a young age.

Even when dealing with Muchen, she could quickly rein in her feelings when necessary, displaying reason and sensibility.

Although Yunan was challenging to deal with, she knew she couldn't afford to

provoke him.

Without beating around the bush, she looked at Yunan and said, "Qin Muchen and Su Ziyue have already divorced."

"Divorced?" Yunan repeated, not believing what she had said.

Bessalyn raised a hand and said earnestly, "Absolutely true, I swear to God. What I'm telling you is the truth."

Yunan's expression quickly darkened. "How do you know, and why are you telling me this?"

Hearing Bessalyn's revelation about the divorce between Ziyue and Muchen, Yunan finally felt a tremble in his heart.

However, he did not take his guard off this woman. He did not want to underestimate this woman who came out of nowhere.

"I am from country J. My father is Marni, a partner of LK Group for almost ten years. Qin Muchen and Su Ziyue divorced when they were in Country J. As you know, partners in cooperative relationships tend to pay attention to each other's movements. My father happened to find out about their divorce unintentionally," Bessalyn explained.

Seeing how attentive Yunan was, Bessalyn paused momentarily and continued, "Shortly after their divorce, Qin Muchen encountered an incident. I believe there may be some connection between the two."

She knew Yunan was cautious, so she couldn't reveal that Muchen was still alive.

All she needed to disclose to Yunan was the divorce between Muchen and Ziyue. Given Yunan's character, he wouldn't easily give up once he had his eyes on a woman. She felt somewhat relieved thinking about Muchen having to deal with this formidable rival.

Little did she know, she had underestimated Yunan.

Observing Bessalyn momentarily, he suddenly pulled out a gun and pressed it against her head. "Take me to see Qin Muchen," he demanded.

"What?" Bessalyn was caught entirely off guard. This was different from what she had anticipated.

"Don't make me say it a second time. I don't care how wealthy your family is, or whether it is within the territory of country Z, I can make you disappear without a trace."

Yunan's face darkened as he stared at her, the gun tightly pressed against Bessalyn's head.

Feeling the chilling sensation of the gun against her temple, she knew she was in immense danger.

"I don't know where he is," she admitted regretfully. Finally, at this moment, she realized that she couldn't handle either Muchen or Yunan. She should have thought it through before hastily going after him.

With more force, he pressed the gun further into her temple and warned, "Since you know who I am, you know you can't fool me."

"You..." It turned out that Yunan had seen through her from the very beginning.

Muchen opened the apartment door and brought in the items he had bought at the market. Then, he took them out individually and placed them in the refrigerator leisurely.

After returning to Yunzhou City, the place he settled in was the small apartment Ziyue had bought with her own money.

It was the same apartment they lived in after getting engaged.

Every nook and corner here held memories of him and Ziyue. Where else would he live if not here?

The apartment had been vacant for a long time and wasn't in an upscale neighborhood, making it difficult to attract attention.

Safe?

He furrowed his brows, closed the refrigerator, and walked to the window to look down.

Looking down from the seventh floor, he could vaguely see a few men in black suits lurking by the flowerbed.

They appeared a few days ago, but he had been avoiding them, so he hadn't noticed them until now.

They would probably leave after waiting for another two days.

By then, he would return to Cloud Bay. The thought of returning to the Cloud Bay villa soon gave him something to look forward to.

He turned around to get a cigarette and was about to light it when the doorbell rang.

The only person who would come to see him now was Bessalyn.

Hadn't he already made it clear to her not to come?

She had been giving treatments to him for so long without any results, and besides, he had a strong endurance. He had never acted abnormally in front of Ziyue.

So he believed his condition wasn't that serious.

The doorbell wouldn't stop ringing. He had no choice but to walk towards the door.

Looking through the peephole, it was indeed Bessalyn.

Mustering up his patience, Muchen opened the door and asked, "What are you doing here again?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Yunan's tall figure emerged from the side, "Mr. Qin, long time no see."

As he recognized the person, Qin Muchen's face immediately darkened.

He glanced at Bessalyn, his gaze piercing like daggers.

Bessalyn couldn't help but shiver. She shouldn't have been so foolish to save Muchen in the first place, and she shouldn't have gone after Yunan. Now, she has offended both sides and couldn't even afford to assure her own safety.

Muchen let go of the doorknob. "Mr. Bai," he said indifferently, as though everything was normal.

"Won't you invite me in to sit down, Mr. Qin?" Yunan smugly smiled.

Without saying a word, Qin Muchen turned and walked inside, with Yunan following behind him. Neither of them paid any attention to Bessalyn.

Bessalyn was never foolish but couldn't calculate as flawlessly as Muchen.

She was in a difficult situation, with her life at stake. If she were to escape back to Country J, Muchen might come after her later to settle the score. Her only choice now was to find Ziyue.