

Marry Me Quick Novel Online Free - Chapter 701 – 708

Chapter 701 I Think He Was Surnamed, Lu

Ziyue finished a meeting with an hour left before working hours were over.

She sat on the executive chair, spinning around mindlessly.

Now that she had some free time, she couldn't help but think about Muchen.

Feeling annoyed, she decided to go out and buy herself a cup of coffee and get some fresh air.

Picking up her bag, she walked out and ran into Nan Ke.

"Madam, are you going out?" Nan Ke asked.

"I'm going out to buy a cup of coffee." Ziyue lifted her wallet and replied.

Nan Ke hesitated, "Should I have someone buy it for you?"

"I just feel like going out for a walk. It's fine." Ziyue reassured her.

Hearing that Ziyue wanted to go out for a walk, Nan Ke didn't insist any further.

There was a coffee shop near the company that Ziyue liked very much.

She took a longer route, choosing a relatively quiet path rather than a shorter one.

As she walked, she felt someone behind her.

She stopped and turned around to look but saw nothing.

This road had few pedestrians, especially before the end of the workday.

There was no one else around except for her.

Was it just her nerves acting up?

She continued walking, but the feeling of someone following her persisted.

She tilted her head slightly and listened carefully while keeping her pace. She could faintly hear the sound of footsteps.

Sensing something wasn't right, Ziyue quickened her steps.

The person behind her seemed to realize that few people were on this road and became bolder. The footsteps grew louder and faster.

Ziyue's heart raced; the footsteps seemed to quicken in pace and grew louder. Suddenly, a hand pressed on her shoulder.

She froze for a moment, and the next moment, she heard a smacking sound, followed by the heavy thud of something falling to the ground.

Swiftly turning around, she saw a tall man lying on the ground, and standing in front of him was Bessalyn. She had a stone in her hand.

It was obvious that she had just used that stone to knock the man unconscious.

After a brief shock, Ziyue returned to her senses and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Bessalyn ignored her and bent down to check if the man was truly unconscious. To be safe, she picked up a stone and hit the man's forehead

several times, to the point where it started to bleed.

The force was so strong that Ziyue felt like she was experiencing a headache just from watching.

Bessalyn threw the stone aside, straightened her clothes, and smiled at Ziyue. "Mrs. Qin, long time no see."

She spoke in the language of Country Z, but her speech was far from fluent. Ziyue was curious. She couldn't help but ask, "You can speak the language of Country Z?"

"Just a little bit." She smiled, and that smile puzzled Ziyue.

Deep in thought, Ziyue nodded and asked, "What's the matter?"

Bessalyn looked around and stood nearer to Ziyue. She said seriously, "There's something important about Qin Muchen that I need to tell you.

Unfortunately, this is not the right place to talk. Let's find somewhere else."

After saying that, she turned around and walked in another direction.

Ziyue glanced at where she was heading. It was the parking lot.

Although she followed, it wasn't just because she blindly believed in Bessalyn's words. It was because Bessalyn was right. They weren't at a suitable place for a conversation.

The two of them walked a distance and reached the road across from the parking lot. Ziyue stopped there. Many people were there, so Ziyue wouldn't have to worry about anyone attacking her there.

Bessalyn sensed that no one was following her and turned around to see Ziyue standing not far away, looking unconcerned.

She gritted her teeth and returned, saying, "I know it's sudden for me to come to find you, but this is urgent. Bai Yunan went to find Qin Muchen!"

She babbled on, her words a jumble of different languages, making the sentence sound strange, but Ziyue managed to get what she meant.

Without even asking how Yunan knew that Muchen was still alive, Ziyue asked nervously, "What did you say? How could Bai Yunan have found Qin Muchen?"

"I can't explain it clearly. You should check on them yourself." Bessalyn did not look any less anxious than Ziyue.

She was also nervous. She had plenty of experience with Muchen's temper and was truly afraid that Muchen would come after her for revenge. She just wanted to live peacefully for a couple more years.

"Where is he?" Ziyue didn't wholly trust Bessalyn, who appeared out of nowhere, but since it involved Muchen, she had to be cautious.

Bessalyn gave an address in English.

After she finished speaking, seeing concern shrouding Ziyue's face, Bessalyn knew she was finally taking her seriously, so she added, "He has been living

there since he was back.”

Ziyue glanced at Bessalyn and declared, “I’ll go there now.”

The address Bessalyn mentioned was her old apartment, where she had lived with Muchen for a long time. Because of all the events the past year, she hadn’t returned to that tiny apartment for a long time. She might’ve forgotten all about its existence if Bessalyn had not brought it up.

“Hey, wait for me.” Bessalyn saw Ziyue heading away to leave and hurriedly caught up with her.

Ziyue walked quickly, and it was only with a slight jog that she caught up. She thought to herself, Su Ziyue’s legs aren’t any longer than mine, but she walks fast.

“Mrs. Qin, I know you’re a kind person. Considering that I came all the way here today just to tell you about this matter, please tell Qin Muchen not to come after me.”

“What did you do to anger Qin Muchen?” Ziyue’s footsteps didn’t stop as she spoke, opening the car door simultaneously as she questioned.

Bessalyn had no choice but to follow and sit in the car.

“His temper is just too bad. Regardless of what has happened, technically, I did save his life, but he’s had such a foul attitude toward me. I couldn’t take it anymore, so I told Bai Yunan that you and Qin Muchen have already divorced.”

“So, Bai Yunan guessed that Qin Muchen is still alive and asked you to take him to find Qin Muchen?” Ziyue quickly finished her sentence.

Bessalyn looked at Ziyue in astonishment, “You...”

Ziyue didn’t look at her and started the car, saying exasperatedly, “Could you just speak in English? Your mixture of languages is exhausting for me.”

“I was being petty, I admit that, but I feel that Qin Muchen’s temper is worse than mine, and only you can tolerate him. As someone who technically saved him, it’s fine if he doesn’t appreciate it, but he...”

Ziyue had never known that Bessalyn was actually talkative.

She couldn’t deny that Muchen’s temper was bad and secretly felt slightly pleased that Bessalyn finally saw Muchen’s temper. It seemed like Bessalyn’s former admiration for Muchen had been extinguished, which meant one less rival for her.

However, she quickly caught on to something Bessalyn said, “You saved his life?”

“Yes, a man from Country Z brought him to me then.”

A man from Country Z? It couldn’t be Nanchuan, nor could it be He Yichen, and definitely not Bai Jingshu.

“Who was that man?”

“I don’t know.” Bessalyn shook her head as she responded.

Not getting the answer she wanted, Ziyue turned back and gave her a chilling glance.

Bessalyn was taken aback, surprised by Ziyue's glare.

She awkwardly reached up and scratched her head, saying, "But I overheard their conversation, and that man seemed to be surnamed, Lu."

Chapter 702 Lover

When Ziyue heard those words, her grip on the steering wheel tightened, and her hands trembled violently. The car swerved to the left, barely missing the guardrail, as she swiftly fought to regain control and steered it back on course. Bessalyn jolted as her body swayed, reeling from the impact. As she regained her composure, she caught sight of Ziyue, and a sudden realization dawned on her.

She cautiously asked, "Do you know the Lus?"

It was written all over Ziyue's face that she had some history with the Lus. Ziyue fixed her gaze straight ahead, paying no attention to Bessalyn. Little did anyone know that a storm of emotions was stirring within her, threatening to consume her every thought.

Someone from the Lus would save Muchen, and in such circumstances, who else but Lu Shichu could come to his rescue?

The memories of their last encounter in J Country lingered vividly in her mind, and she still remembered every word she said to him clearly.

She had thought that would be the last time seeing Shichu.

But if it was indeed him who saved Muchen...

Bessalyn waited for what felt like an eternity, but Ziyue ignored her. Bessalyn couldn't help but teased, "Have you become as boring as Qin Muchen?"

Bessalyn and Ziyue had met and were acquainted as business partners back in Country J. While she feared Muchen, she had no fear of Ziyue.

They made their way along the familiar streets of the neighborhood.

As Ziyue pulled up by the apartment building, she finally turned to Bessalyn and said, "Don't worry, I'll have a word with Muchen so he doesn't give you a hard time. Of course, it only works if you've been completely truthful."

She was about to open the car door and head out when Bessalyn hurriedly said, "Actually, I think I'll stay down here."

Fear gripped all over her.

Ziyue looked over Bessalyn stealthily.

With a sudden move, Ziyue swiftly got out of the car, locking it behind her.

Bessalyn leaned towards the window, tapping it angrily. Her face flushed with anger, and her lips trembled with fury. "Hey, what's the big deal!" she exclaimed angrily.

Su Ziyue spoke quietly, "Wait here." She tucked the car keys into her bag and swiftly departed, leaving Bessalyn behind.

Bessalyn was left dumbfounded. She couldn't believe what had just happened. In a moment of frustration, she muttered, "F*ck!" Ziyue reached the entrance of the building and noticed the elevator was on the twentieth floor. A sense of urgency rushed over her. Without hesitation, she sprinted for the stairs.

The sound of high heels echoed through the empty corridor. Ziyue ran to the apartment entrance with sweat pouring down her forehead. Her heart raced as if it were about to burst out of her chest.

She hesitated for a moment; her lips pressed together tightly. After a brief pause, she finally mustered the courage to raise her hand and prepared to knock on the door.

But before she could, the door swung open from the inside.

Standing before her was the familiar face of Bai Yunan.

"Su Ziyue, what brings you here?"

Yunan's voice startled Muchen in the room. He turned around, and Yunan's tall figure stood at the doorway. He could merely glimpse the corner of Ziyue's shirt.

Yet, he knew it was her.

He sprang up, strode to the door, pushed Yunan aside, and pulled Ziyue in.

Before Ziyue could respond, he had already whisked her in.

Muchen lowered his gaze and muttered slowly, "Come in."

He gently nudged her in and turned to shut the door. To his amusement, Yunan was still outside.

He looked at Bai Yunan and spoke with the utmost indifference, "Farewell, Mr Bai."

Yunan's face appeared pale as he stood still; he was almost as tall as Muchen. Peering over Muchen's shoulder, he caught sight of Ziyue's bewildered look. He beckoned to her cheekily, "Miss Su, shall we?"

Muchen's face hardened as he softly kicked Yunan's shin. He quickly shut the door on Yunan as he winced in pain, ready to retaliate.

He forcefully closed the door, and a thunderous 'bang' reverberated.

The deafening slam sent a shiver down Ziyue's spine.

Soon after, a calm silence filled the room.

In their wordless connection, their eyes spoke importance.

It was Ziyue that broke the silence.

"I didn't think that you'd still be here."

She briefly surveyed the room, and it looked exactly like how it was when they lived together.

She never thought that she'd be back here.

Muchen didn't answer her question, but instead, he asked, "What would you like for dinner?"

He headed towards the refrigerator.

The room was engulfed in an air of awkwardness, and Ziyue felt like her words were stuck in her throat, as if speaking would only make it worse.

She followed Muchen from behind. As he opened the doors to the refrigerator, she couldn't help but notice the fridge was fully stocked.

She wondered why he would buy so much if he lived alone.

Muchen didn't press for her response. Instead, he reached into the fridge, grabbed some ingredients, and turned towards the kitchen.

Ziyue gathered from Bessalyn's recount that Shichu likely saved Muchen and entrusted him to Bessalyn's care in Country J.

Although Ziyue initially felt uneasy about both of them spending time together, she had faith in Muchen. Besides, Bessalyn no longer had any romantic feelings for him.

Did his bad temper drive Bessalyn away?

She couldn't help but smile, her lips twitched as she lowered her gaze.

"What's so funny?"

"Huh?"

The kitchen exuded an inviting ambiance with its open design, where Ziyue and Muchen stood separated only by a sleek kitchen counter. As she raised her eyes, she found his gaze fixated on her.

Ziyue couldn't help but smirk and teased, "Looks like your fan club is about to shrink by one."

Muchen's face fell instantly. "Bessalyn brought you here," he stated with absolute certainty.

As the words reached her ears, a moment of epiphany washed over Ziyue.

She had realized that everything Bessalyn had said was indeed true.

"Mhm," Ziyue paused briefly before continuing, "Don't mind Bessalyn bringing Yunan along. It wasn't her fault, and besides, Yunan now knows you're alive."

His face contorted in displeasure as he questioned, "Whose side are you on, Bai Yunan's or Bessalyn's?"

Ignoring the pointed question, Ziyue's brow furrowed as she asked, "So, Bessalyn has been looking after you since you were rescued?"

Muchen nodded, "That's right." He saw no reason to hide the truth in this matter.

"She saved your life, yet you continue to nitpick everything she does," Ziyue pointed out, acknowledging that Bessalyn had saved him.

Although she may not have seen eye to eye with Bai Yunan, she knew that Yunan was nothing like Gricy and his deranged behavior. This realization led her to believe that Yunan posed no threat to Muchen.

As they talked, Ziyue couldn't shake off the thought that it would be best to let Gricy in on the secret if someone had ill intentions. This made her believe that

Bessalyn wasn't someone with malicious intent.

Muchen's gaze intensified, and he tightened his grip on the plate, his voice growing more profound as he asked, "What else did she tell you?"

Ziyue shook her head and replied, "Nothing unimportant."

A sense of doubt crept into her. Ziyue couldn't help but wonder why Muchen appeared somewhat fearful, as if he was worried about what else Bessalyn might've shared with her.

Chapter 703 Unbeknownst to Her

"Fine."

Muchen responded with a faint nod, regaining his composure.

Yet, Ziyue remained doubtful.

Muchen's unwavering care and attention for Ziyue were palpable. His simple yet beautifully presented dishes instantly filled Ziyue's appetite.

She savored every bite of the meal, enjoying the rich and delightful flavors.

Her moment of bliss abruptly stopped when the thought of Bessalyn being trapped in the car suddenly crossed her mind.

Downing the last spoonful of soup from her bowl, she hastily grabbed her bag and told Muchen, "I've got something to take care of. Gotta run!" as she darted out.

Muchen set aside his cutlery, looking perplexed. His gaze shifted towards the vacant chair where Ziyue had been sitting just moments ago. A lady's coat was resting upon the chair's backrest, unmistakably belonging to Ziyue herself.

What's the rush?

A moment of stillness lingered. Frowning, he finally got up and grabbed her jacket, quickening his footsteps as he chased after her.

As Ziyue made her way downstairs and opened the car door, Bessalyn slumped against the passenger seat and uttered weakly, "If you had come any later, I would have been dead."

Ziyue sheepishly admitted, "Oops, my bad."

It was indeed her fault for forgetting about Bessalyn, who remained locked in the car.

At that moment, it struck her that she had entirely forgotten the purpose of going to Muchen's. Ziyue hadn't spoken about what she needed to discuss with him.

Engulfed in the tantalizing aromas of Muchen's gastronomy, Su Ziyue momentarily veered off course, forgetting what she came for.

Checking the time, she realized it was getting late and cheerfully asked Bessalyn, "What would you like for dinner? It's on me!"

"Really?" Bessalyn was in disbelief.

She glanced anxiously toward the entrance of the apartment building.

Ziyue figured she was looking to see if Muchen was present and asked, "Are you coming?"

She replied eagerly, "Okay, okay, let's go! I'm craving hot pot, the super spicy one."

As if afraid that Ziyue might change her mind, she quickly fastened her seatbelt while speaking as she slowly reenergized from the ordeal.

Ziyue glanced at the apartment on the seventh floor before ducking into the car.

Now that she knew Muchen lived here, she could visit him whenever she pleased. Plus, she had his new contact number to reach him anytime.

The thought of him vanishing no longer troubled her.

They arrived at a locally renowned hot-pot restaurant.

Ziyue ordered an extra-spicy broth for their hot pot, just as Bessalyn wanted. But as Bessalyn took her first mouthful, the intense spiciness hit her. She sniffled as tears streamed down her face.

Ziyue was stunned by her response.

Contrary to Ziyue's initial impression of Bessalyn's spice tolerance, Ziyue soon realized that she was all bark and no bite and couldn't handle the heat as she claimed.

"Wow, this is spicy..." Bessalyn exclaimed, gulping down water. Her taste buds were ablaze with fiery sensations while her feet restlessly tapped beneath the table.

Ziyue couldn't help but feel a surprising sense of connection over Bessalyn's discomfort.

Ziyue called a waiter and requested a glass of iced water, handing it to Bessalyn. "Let's change the soup base for you. This one is too spicy for you to handle."

Bessalyn flushed with heat and awkwardness.

Sensing Bessalyn's embarrassment, Ziyue beckoned the waiter to switch the broth for her.

Bessalyn had visited Country Z many times and loved hot pot. She had always wanted to taste the flavor of the extra-spicy broth, but...

She glanced at Ziyue, then lowered her head, quietly sipping her water. She reminded herself that there was nothing to be embarrassed about. If Ziyue dared to mock her, she would use Muchen as leverage.

However, even if Bessalyn hadn't said anything, keeping the news that Muchen was secretly alive from slipping out was impossible.

Ziyue joined Bessalyn for a hot pot feast.

"I must say, you have quite the appetite," Su Ziyue commented as she settled the bill and walked out with Bessalyn, turning her head.

Bessalyn scoffed, "Seriously? Do you call that eating? That was just pocket

change!”

Bessalyn’s upbringing had shaped her bluntness and unwavering confidence, making her seemingly unfazed by manipulative schemes.

Ziyue gathered her thoughts and sincerely said, “Thank you for looking after Muchen.”

Bessalyn shrugged, her beautiful eyes widened, “I should also thank Mr. Lu for entrusting Qin Muchen to me. Otherwise, I never would have known he could be so violent.”

“Violent?” Su Ziyue repeated.

Bessalyn sensed the uncertainty in Ziyue’s voice. She was about to speak up, but suddenly, she held her words back.

“Thanks for the meal. I want to leave now.”

Bessalyn said, then swiftly walked away, waving goodbye without looking back.

Ziyue chuckled, secretly wanting to send Bessalyn off.

However, Ziyue couldn’t help but wonder what Bessalyn had meant.

Just moments after Bessalyn walked outside, she was abruptly pulled into a nearby alley.

Before she could cry for help, the person who dragged her into the alley swiftly grabbed her by the throat as a familiar voice pierced through the silence. “What did you tell her?”

Bessalyn’s eyes widened as she realized the man standing before her was none other than Qin Muchen himself.

Bessalyn gasped for air, her words choked by the tightening grip around her neck.

She forced out a single word, “Noth...ing...”

The alley was pitched-black.

She struggled to read Muchen as a sinister shadow loomed over.

Fear crept up as she realized the gravity of the situation. She thought if only she had agreed to Ziyue’s ride before the specter of death loomed over her.

In an instant, the air of impending doom was shattered by Muchen’s ringing phone. He instantly released his grip and answered the call.

As Bessalyn caught her breath, she heard Muchen’s voice through the phone saying, “What kept you until this late?”

There was a subtle calm yet tenderness in his tone.

Bessalyn’s instincts heightened.

She knew it would be Ziyue who was on the other line.

What a terrifying man he was.

He went from nearly choking her to death to answering the phone calmly within seconds. His voice filled with sudden gentleness.

She cautiously moved aside as her hand cradled her throat, too terrified to

utter a single word.

Muchen had become a mentally unstable person. He would get aggressive when triggered. She had to walk on eggshells around him as she knew better than anyone what he was capable of.

She had always thought that Ziyue knew the reality of Muchen's situation. However, the shock on Ziyue's face when she mentioned Muchen's violence made it clear that she was completely oblivious.

Chapter 704 It Felt Like a Dream

After Bessalyn left, Ziyue called Muchen when she entered the car. She had left Muchen's house in a rush to join Bessalyn for hotpot, so she thought of calling him.

When he picked up the phone, he could hear the rustling noise of the car on the other end and immediately asked, "What kept you busy such that you're only returning home now?"

"Ah?" Ziyue's eyes widened in shock. Muchen must have heard the background noises and caught on.

"I just finished work." She couldn't tell him that she had hotpot with Bessalyn.

"Get home early. Be careful on the road. I'll end the call now, okay?"

Since Muchen wanted to end the call in a hurry, she only managed to say goodbye before ending the call.

Hearing the beeping sound, Muchen put down his handphone.

He turned his head around and saw Bessalyn standing against the wall with her shoulders back and head held high as she stared at him intently.

"Once you're back in Country J, never return to Country Z again. Otherwise..."

Muchen briefly paused before adding, "You know I can't control myself sometimes."

Bessalyn felt a heavy weight on her chest suffocating her, but she couldn't say a word.

Muchen must have realized that his threat worked, so he didn't stay a second longer and swiftly left.

Seeing his silhouette disappear, Bessalyn quickly ran towards the crowd, fearing that he would go back on his word and chase after her.

...

Ziyue was driving home. From afar, she saw a car parked outside the villa.

Her face was masked with confusion. Who had come to find her this time?

If it were Ke, she would have gone straight into the garage.

As she approached the car, she noticed the car plate was a locally registered plate number.

She lifted her head and saw the brightly lit villa. "Park the car in the garage," she informed the bodyguard at the door as she exited the car and passed him the keys.

Before entering, she could hear Zixi's lovely voice saying, "Daddy, this is for you."

His sweet, angelic voice sounded excited.

Ziyue paused for a second before walking in confidently. She saw Zixi seated on the sofa with his back towards her. He wore fluffy blue pajamas that accentuated his small and round figure. Muchen sat opposite Zixi with toys piled up between them.

Muchen was still wearing the same suit from when he left the apartment. He held onto the mouse Zixi handed him in one hand while he protected Zixi with the other in case he fell.

The scene before her eyes was heartwarming and harmonious.

Ziyue had her feet glued to her spot.

She placed her hands over her mouth, afraid to interrupt them with the slightest noise.

She couldn't believe that the man on the phone with her had appeared before her eyes.

It felt like a dream.

Zixi was too engrossed in his play and didn't face her. Hence, he didn't realize she had entered the house.

Muchen lifted his head as if he had sensed something peculiar at the door.

Right before his eyes, he saw Ziyue standing at the entrance blankly, one hand holding her handbag and the other covering her mouth. It looked like she wanted to walk forward but halted at the door as she was concerned about something. Her behavior was unusual, and she looked out of sorts.

He looked at Zixi and patted his head. "Mommy is home."

"Ah?" Zixi was left in a daze for a while before he finally caught on to what he meant.

Kids are still developing cognitively, so they find it hard to switch their attention immediately.

"At the front door," Muchen said as he pointed behind Zixi.

Zixi immediately turned his head and saw Ziyue at the entrance. His dark eyes sparkled in glee as he extended his legs from the sofa to jump down. Luckily, Muchen caught him swiftly and helped him wear his slippers before letting him go.

He described what he did with Muchen and the games they played. Even though Muchen was sitting there the whole time, Yixi had plenty to tell her. His face lit up with joy as he talked about it.

Ziyue felt her chest tense up as she felt they weren't qualified to be his parents and had not adequately cared for him as well as they should.

She took a deep breath before carrying him into her embrace and walked towards Muchen.

She wanted to ask him why he had returned home unexpectedly. Muchen didn't wait for her to speak as he took Zixi from her.

However, he had a frightening way of carrying Zixi.

Zixi had a tiny physique, while Muchen's hands were large, so he had one hand on Zixi's back and the other on Zixi's tummy when he lifted him and darted up the stairs.

When he was lifted, Zixi reached out his hands. "Mom," he called out with fear flickering in his eyes.

Muchen immediately reassured him, "Don't worry. Daddy is holding you tightly. You won't fall."

He slowed down his pace as he comforted Zixi.

Zixi widened his deep black eyes as he stared at him nervously. Eventually, he retreated his hands and held Muchen's wrist as tightly as possible.

Muchen realized how scared Zixi looked, but he was eager to play with the little boy. He chuckled as he lifted him high with his hands underneath his armpit and placed him on his shoulders.

"Grab onto daddy's head, and you wouldn't fall."

As soon as he said that, he could feel Zixi's tiny hands wrap around his forehead.

"Great. We'll now head to the room to shower for bedtime. Hold tight, okay?"

Muchen then marched up the stairs quickly.

While Zixi was initially terrified, he slowly felt at ease after realizing he wouldn't fall.

Ziyue watched as they disappeared from the stairs while Zixi's laughter still traveled around the house.

She stood in the living room blankly.

She finally regained her senses after Ke had appeared indiscreetly from the kitchen and walked toward her. "Mrs. Qin, have you had your dinner?" she asked as she passed a glass of water to her.

Muchen had arrived not too long ago. When he came into the house, Zixi was the first one to notice him.

However, she was surprised Zixi could recognize him immediately and pulled his father to play with him on the sofa without letting him rest.

She had gone to the kitchen to get water for herself but noticed that Ziyue had returned.

She glanced outside the kitchen discreetly and saw Ziyue's eyes were filled with mixed emotions, so she decided to wait a while before leaving the kitchen.

"Yes, I've eaten." Ziyue bit her lips and asked, "Why didn't you call me to let me know he's here?"

"Boss has just arrived. I wanted to call you after I got my glass of water," Ke

explained.

Ziyue nodded at her.

Chapter 705 Do You Want to Torture Me?

“I’ll head upstairs.”

Ziyue went to the second floor right after.

When she arrived at Zixi’s room, she could hear him cackling with laughter.

She stopped for a while before opening the door.

She went straight to the bathroom door and leaned against the door frame.

However, she was startled to see both of them inside the bathtub.

She had thought that Muchen would be helping Zixi to take a bath. It took her by surprise to see them both having a bath.

Muchen was helping Zixi to create more bubbles. Zixi swayed his hands in the water as he talked, and his lips pursed into a cute pout.

He talked quickly and excitedly, so she couldn’t decipher what he was saying without paying full attention.

Zixi saw Ziyue when he raised his head. Then, with eyes that bore a steely glint, the corner of his eyes lifted into a smile as he announced, “Mommy, I’m bathing.”

Muchen wiped away the water droplets on Zixi’s face and turned to look at Zixi. “Can you pass me the bathrobe?” he asked with a smile.

Muchen had half his body submerged in the bathtub. His body was covered with water droplets, and his dark, profound eyebrows were wet. It made him look like a big kid with a youthful energy that did not suit his age.

It was rare to see this side of Muchen. Her attention was unwavering as she stared closely.

She was oblivious to her surroundings until she heard his sly, teasing voice and saw a grin plastered on his handsome face.

“Ah? Sure, sure.” Ziyue finally regained her senses.

As she turned around, she touched her face and felt her cheeks burning. Her hasty silhouette revealed how her head went all over the place after that incident.

Muchen observed her every movement as the corner of his lips lifted into a smile.

Once Ziyue came back with the bathrobe, they had finished showering.

Muchen was wrapping Zixi in a small towel as he carried him out of the bathroom.

Ziyue pursed her lips and turned to look away.

When did this man become so shameless to walk out naked?

She waited for him to place Zixi on the bed before throwing his bathrobe at him. “Put it on quickly,” she murmured.

Afterward, she turned around to take Zixi’s pajamas out of the closet and

helped him change into them.

When she met Ke outside in the hall, she was informed that Zixi had already bathed.

Muchen put on the bathrobe and bent over to give Zixi a peck on his forehead. He then gently said, "Goodnight."

The Muchen right before her eyes reminded her of her father, Yizi.

Her heart melted at that thought.

Kids could sleep in the blink of an eye at bedtime.

Zixi was fast asleep minutes after he lay down.

The pair returned to their room after ensuring Zixi was tucked in and sleeping peacefully.

Once Muchen was in their bedroom, he went straight to the bed. Even though he hadn't stayed in this house for quite a while, he looked extremely at ease to be home.

When she saw him sitting on the edge of the bed, Ziyue pointed toward herself and mumbled, "I'm going to shower."

"Go ahead." Muchen lifted his head with a meaningful smile spread across his face.

Ziyue held onto her pajamas and closed the bathroom door behind her. She felt her heart pounding nervously.

The person who should feel nervous after not being back home for such a long time should be Muchen. Moreover, they were already so used to each other's presence; they were akin to an 'old married couple,' what was there for her to feel shy about?

It was getting late, and she had no intention of taking a bubble bath. Hence, she went straight to the shower to wash up.

As soon as she stood under the shower, Muchen came into the bathroom.

"You..."

Muchen didn't wait for her to finish her sentence before he picked up his toothbrush beside the sink and shook it in his hands, signaling that he was there to brush his teeth.

But if you're here to brush your teeth, why do you have to lean on the sink and face me instead of facing the sink? What was he thinking when he looked at her as he brushed his teeth?

He turned around to gargle his mouth and swiftly took the towel behind him. He used one hand to turn off the faucet. Later, he wrapped the towel around her body before sweeping her off the ground.

"Ah!!" Ziyue let out a scream as he took her by surprise. Once she realized what was happening, she wrapped her arms around Muchen's neck so she wouldn't fall.

He carried her to the bedroom and reached the bedside within a few steps.

He then tossed her on the bed and pressed his body on her.

The towel was unraveled and thrown aside. He started with a slow, deep kiss that lingered on her lips for a long intimate moment before he went down to her neck.

She felt her cheeks burning, and her eyelids fluttered as they slowly closed. Her head leaned towards the other side as he kissed her neck. She wanted to push him aside but caved into what her heart desired.

He used one hand to grab onto both her hands, lifting them above her head as his breath quickened with faint gasps in between.

Muchen lowered his body onto her. "Don't... don't move..." Ziyue begged him. "You don't want to let me move? Do you want to torture me?" After a while, he asked softly, "So? Tell me."

Ziyue was at a loss for words.

With the woman he loved right under him, there was no way he could resist the temptation.

She finally answered delicately, yielding to his domineering reaction, "Softer." "I can't," Muchen answered under his breath and continued to kiss her.

Chapter 706 It Was Him

Ziyue was tossed around three to four times. When they stopped, it was already two in the middle of the night.

Muchen carried her to the shower again. She was so exhausted she could barely keep her eyes open when she was back in bed. As she was about to sleep, she felt a slight shiver due to the cold air.

She slowly opened her eyes and couldn't feel Muchen's warmth under the blanket. Hence, she held up her body and tried to find Muchen.

Her gaze followed where the source of the cold air was. She then realized the windows were opened, and a dark silhouette outside cast a shadow on the ground beneath. The pitch-darkness that belonged to the night was angled into the room. A single scarlet flame burned within the darkness.

It had started raining without her realizing it.

Her drowsiness no longer clouded her mind. She was wide awake now.

When she was about to speak, the person must have noticed she had woken up as the flame disappeared.

He closed the windows and walked towards her.

When he sat beside her, he turned on the lamplight. The soft, delicate rays shone onto his face, making his profound, dark eyebrows especially clear to her. He reached out and moved away the strand of hair on her forehead, and with a warm and tender voice, he asked, "Why are you awake?"

He made sure she had fallen asleep deeply before he went to the window to smoke a cigarette.

Ziyue sat up and looked at his eyes. "What are you worried about?"

He didn't have the habit of smoking after sharing intimacy, and he barely smoked after she advised him to quit.

Why did he have to smoke the night they finally met?

Muchen tidied the ends of the blanket before he replied, "It's just a craving I couldn't resist."

He was lying.

He had a strong sense of determination and wouldn't waver under any circumstances. The person who knew him best was Ziyue, after all.

"Alright, let's go to sleep." He had been standing by the window for quite a long time, so his hands were cold. After they warmed up, he went into bed and wrapped her in his arms, preparing to fall asleep.

Ziyue didn't pry on him anymore and cuddled warmly in his embrace as she thought about what Bessalyn told her.

She said someone with the surname Lu brought Muchen to her place.

She was on the fence about whether to ask him about it. Eventually, she decided to be frank with him and asked, "Who saved you?"

Her voice was soft, but it became exceptionally crisp in the dark, quiet room.

The room was silent for a long moment, but Muchen still hadn't replied to her.

Ziyue naturally wouldn't believe he had fallen asleep.

She squirmed within his embrace and suddenly felt the hands on her waist tighten. The next moment, she heard Muchen's clear voice reverberate in the dark.

"It was him."

He didn't specify who 'he' was, but both knew who Muchen was referring to.

Muchen knew that Bessalyn had gone to find Ziyue.

He didn't plan to hide the truth from her. Hence, he openly admitted that Shichu saved him now that she had already figured it out herself.

A frown covered his forehead after he felt a slight tremble from her, but Ziyue couldn't see it.

Since Shichu had already been mentioned, Ziyue continued to ask, "He had called me before when you went on the plane. He wasn't on the plane with you, so how did he save you?"

Muchen's attention strayed away from her intended question as he probed, "You've been in contact with him frequently?"

"No..." Ziyue noticed the change in his tone. She wriggled her body to get a glimpse of his face.

Out of nowhere, she felt the hand on her waist had slowly made its way into her pajamas. She immediately reached out her hands to stop his hands from moving further. "What are you doing?" she murmured.

"You appear to be full of energy and not tired at all. This is just right. He's also feeling quite energetic." Muchen thrust his hips forward to let Ziyue feel 'his'

energy.

Ziyue quickly pushed him away from her. "I'm tired. Stop playing around."
"If you're tired, go to sleep." Muchen hugged her tighter without moving anymore.

Ziyue didn't dare to move after he frightened her. As she closed her eyes, she fell asleep within seconds.

...

Although she slept late the night before, she still woke up early due to her biological clock.

When she woke up, Muchen was still fast asleep.

His face looked paler, as if he was falling sick. And his chin had newly grown stubble, but it didn't make him look sloppy.

After a night's sleep, his hair was disheveled. Her heart softened at his defenseless appearance.

Ziyue kissed him on his full and rosy lips before getting out of bed and heading to the shower.

She wanted to accompany him longer, but Zixi had to attend school today.

Today was the final day of school. Zixi would be having his winter break from kindergarten after this.

She stripped down her clothes in front of the mirror and noticed the red marks on her body.

Her face blushed, and her cheeks turned rosy. Muchen had no breaks last night.

Luckily, she could cover them with turtlenecks as it was winter.

After she came out of the shower and changed her outfit, Muchen was still asleep.

Ziyue went into the dressing room to fetch his clothes from the innermost layer to the outermost layer, including his socks. She then placed them quietly on the bed before leaving the room.

...

Ziyue went into Zixi's room and saw him sitting on the bed, his eyes unfocused and his hair unkempt. It was evident that he had just woken up.

When he heard the door open, he turned his head towards the door. Once he realized it was Ziyue, he extended his legs and arms and called her, "Mommy."

Ziyue smiled as she walked to him and gave him a peck on his cheeks. Soon after, she lifted him into her embrace and took him to the front of the closet to choose his clothes.

Zixi reached out and took the clothes closest to him while Ziyue helped him take the pants that came in a set.

She sat on the bed, preparing to help him put on his clothes.

Zixi's eyes darted around the room as he asked innocently, "Where's daddy?" Ziyue patted his head and responded, "Daddy just came home from a faraway place. He's feeling tired, so he has to get more rest. As for us, we shouldn't bother him and let him have a good sleep. Is that alright?"

Zixi didn't know where his father had gone, but he believed in anything his mother told him. "Okay," he replied while nodding.

Ziyue made breakfast and left a portion for Muchen. After they had their breakfast, she then left the house with Zixi.

She reminded the maid to pass him the breakfast once he was awake.

Ziyue went straight to the office after sending Zixi to kindergarten.

After a morning meeting, she checked the time and called him, assuming that Muchen would be awake by then.

The call was only answered after ringing for a long time.

On the other end of the call, Muchen didn't bother to wait for her to say anything before he teased her, "President Su, I thought you've forgotten about me."

Chapter 707 Hide It Perfectly When He Relapsed
President... Su?

Ziyue thought that this was his way of throwing a tantrum from being left behind.

She didn't want to wake him up from his sleep, but did he have to act this way?

"Are you out of bed?" she asked as she rubbed her forehead.

"Yes, I got used and tormented by a woman until three in the morning, but realized I was the only one in bed by the time I woke up." Muchen whined.

Ziyue was rendered speechless.

In the villa, Muchen sat at the dining table for breakfast.

He had never had such a peaceful and sound sleep in a long while.

Returning to his home, and being in a familiar environment with Ziyue, helped him feel comfortable and at ease.

Hence, he didn't even notice when Ziyue had woken up.

"Speak the truth. Who was the one being tormented last night?"

Suddenly, the realization dawned on her. She was still in the meeting room.

After the meeting, she didn't leave immediately. When she glanced around the meeting room and confirmed she was the only one there, she finally let out a big, relieving sigh.

Within a split second, Qin Muchen moaned, "You tormented me."

He's shameless.

Ziyue didn't bother to continue the banter with him. After all, she wouldn't be able to win the argument.

She got up and left the meeting room to return to her office.

“Have you had your breakfast?”

Muchen put his playfulness aside and spoke honestly, “Soon.”

“Then I won’t bother you anymore. Hurry up and have your breakfast.” Ziyue already reached the entrance of her office. She was ready to end the call.

“Okay.”

She ended the call after she heard his answer.

...

The morning went by fleetingly.

In the afternoon, Ziyue wanted to call Muchen out for lunch, but she soon dropped that thought, knowing he was stuck in an unfavorable situation and couldn’t appear in public.

She went out with Ke to have lunch at a restaurant.

Ziyue went to the washroom after they had finally placed their orders.

As she washed her hands, her eyes caught a glimpse of a mysteriously dressed woman walking into the washroom. Her outfit alone drew suspicion about her identity.

Ziyue’s eyebrows were knitted into a tight knot. She was kept on her toes, wary of what might happen.

The woman took off her mask swiftly.

Ocean-blue eyes with profoundly attractive facial features greeted her back in the mirror.

“Bessalyn?” Ziyue was relieved when she saw it was Bessalyn, but her eyes were two question marks as she gave her another look-over. “Why did you dress this way?”

Bessalyn resentfully stared at her. “Do you think I wanted to?”

She had to because of Muchen’s threat. She had never had to put up with such contempt.

But she had no arsenal of weapons to win against Muchen. Thus, her only way out was to admit defeat.

When she saw Ziyue observing her puzzledly, she flinched as she was reminded of Muchen’s words. She clenched her teeth and asked, “What is your relationship with the person who saved Muchen? The one with the surname Lu.”

Ziyue drew a blank stare as she didn’t understand why she would suddenly mention Shichu. “Why do you ask? Do you know him personally?”

She was not very close with Bessalyn, so it was unusual for her to be asked such a personal question.

Who knew what motives she had?

She batted her eyelids as she experienced a sudden surge of emotion but quickly kept her composure. “I met him when I went out for breakfast this morning,” she answered ruefully.

Ziyue lifted her head to look at her, feeling surprised. "You saw him in Yunzhou City?"

She couldn't decipher what Bessalyn's expression meant. Nothing in Bessalyn's words and facial expression revealed her feelings or thoughts. She furrowed her brows with a complicated expression as she was reminded of the man she had seen this morning. "He looked like he wasn't doing quite well. However, if you treat him as your friend or want to thank him for saving Muchen, you can find him. That's all I can say. I have a flight to Country J this afternoon."

Once she relayed her message to Ziyue, Bessalyn strode towards the exit. Ziyue was taken aback by the sudden revelation. Before long, she ran after Bessalyn.

She caught her arms and, with a breathless voice, asked, "Where did you see him?"

Bessalyn swung her arms away as though she was afraid to be touched by her.

"There's no point telling you. He wouldn't be there anymore. I'm sure you will if you're determined to find him."

Ziyue stayed silent as she agreed with what Bessalyn said. If Shichu were really in Yunzhou City, she would find him if she wanted.

She couldn't find Muchen last time because he was too cautious.

Shichu was also prudent but wasn't as unpredictable as Muchen. Although it would take some time, she was confident she could find him.

Bessalyn was about to walk away when she was reminded of something else. She turned around and saw Ziyue standing glued to her position as she pondered with an indiscernible expression.

Her eyes darted around as she mulled over what to do. Eventually, she walked towards Ziyue and advised her, "If you have time, spend it with Muchen and stay away from Bai Yunan."

She had seen Muchen ask someone to find Bai Yunan a partner, and had seen him lose his temper when he saw Ziyue talking with another man.

Muchen seemed well, but Bessalyn knew that he was still recovering. The only person that could potentially trigger his illness back was Ziyue.

He was too preoccupied and concerned over Ziyue's wellbeing. His illness wouldn't recur if she did nothing to upset him.

Bessalyn had never seen a patient like Muchen.

She was sure that Muchen had hereditary psychosis, but even a psychiatrist couldn't persuade him.

He was too intelligent. He could hide it perfectly from the psychiatrist even when his condition had relapsed.

Luckily, he met Ziyue. She was the only person capable of influencing his

opinions. If he hadn't met her, he might have ended up as a threat to society. Although his hands weren't entirely clean, he was at least contributing to society as a well-respected businessman and a tycoon in the financial industry.

She had to admit that she wasn't skilled enough to treat him.

Ziyue tried to decipher what Bessalyn was thinking, but all she could sense was worry and distraught.

She frowned as she questioned, "Don't you think your words were unnecessary?"

Bessalyn pursed her lips tightly and left.

Bessalyn's abrupt departure left her feeling more confused than ever.

Bessalyn wasn't interested in Qin Muchen anymore. But why did she say that?

It was getting harder to figure out other people's intentions.

If it was true that Shichu was in Yunzhou City, the people associated with Gricy must have arrived here.

Yuchuan, who had been out of the radar for a while, must've also arrived at Yunzhou City.

She was almost kidnapped by someone yesterday, but Bessalyn rescued her.

Was it Gricy or Yuchuan who wanted to kidnap her yesterday?

Or did they team up to catch her?

Chapter 708 The Person on the Wheelchair

After leaving the washroom, she saw a man sitting in front of Ke.

She recognized the figure from afar—it was Qin Muchen.

"Why did you come here?" Ziyue walked over and sat beside Qin Muchen.

Qin Muchen didn't reply and knocked on the table. That was when Ziyue realized the lunch box was on the table.

Did he come here to send her lunch?

Ziyue's face was gleaming with joy and surprise. Then, after pondering for a second, she leaned over and whispered, "Is it okay for you to be out here?"

"What's the problem?" Qin Muchen turned around. Her delicate face was close to his, and he tried his best to resist the temptation of kissing her on the spot. Instead, he slowly backed away and said, "What's there to worry about with you here to protect me?"

Ziyue didn't say a word.

After she collected her thoughts, she realized that he was right.

She was the president of LK Group, and all his assets had been transferred to her. That meant that Qin Muchen was now a penniless wretch.

Ke stared at her phone, trying to ignore the loving banter between the two.

"Alright, let's return to the office to have lunch." Muchen stood first and told Ke, "You don't have to worry about Nan Chuan. He'll be back soon."

Ke was taken aback by his words. "Okay," she answered after returning to her senses.

Muchen's reassurance helped her feel more at ease.

Later, they left the restaurant, leaving Ke alone.

...

As it was lunchtime, there weren't many people in the office.

Hence, they didn't meet anyone while walking through the area.

Once they were inside, Ziyue unpacked her lunch box.

Muchen brought a filling lunch which consisted of one type of meat, vegetable, and soup each.

Ziyue hadn't eaten food prepared by Muchen in a long time, and she felt hungry before he came. Hence, she gobbled down everything despite the large portion sizes.

Muchen kept the lunch box as he grinned at her and said teasingly, "I guess I'll have to bring two lunch boxes next time."

Ziyue snuggled beside him as she was feeling bloated.

"When are you coming back to work?" She took over Muchen's position, but she wanted to return it to him as it was the outcome of his dedication and perseverance over the years.

However, he immediately rejected the offer. "I won't be coming back."

While Ziyue's eyes widened in shock, he continued, "Think of me as a useless pretty boy that needs to be cared for. Doesn't it sound good?" Ziyue turned her head and stared at him with a meaningful smile as she replied, "You're going to turn thirty soon. Which man in their thirties would call themselves a pretty boy?"

"You're mocking me for being old? But what can I do? Not only am I old, but I'm now penniless. I guess President Su is no longer fond of me," Muchen said jokingly, the corner of his lips lifted into a playful smirk.

"What nonsense are you saying?" Ziyue pouted her lips, feeling wronged by his assumption. "Find a time to complete the procedures and reclaim all your assets. I'm exhausted already from taking over this position."

Other people could only dream of having all this, but Ziyue wasn't pleased with it.

Muchen kept a straight face, but his voice turned somber as he said, "Let's not talk about this from now on."

Ziyue felt a strange feeling in the pit of her stomach and wanted to question him further. Muchen suddenly stood up and pulled her up with him. "Go in and have a rest."

In spite of her curiosities, Ziyue couldn't resist the wonderful feeling of having a good nap after eating.

Muchen had nothing else to do at home, so he accompanied her to lie down.

Within a short moment, Ziyue was fast asleep.

Muchen opened his eyes and got down from the bed. Then, with his best attempt, he silently made his way out of the resting area to smoke a cigarette on the sofa.

After taking a puff, he laid his phone down on the coffee table before him, seemingly waiting for news.

His phone suddenly buzzed after a long wait.

He took up the phone and accepted the call by swiping up and placing it beside his ear.

The person at the other end of the call had a respectful tone as they uttered, "Ms. Bessalyn has boarded the plane."

Immediately after, he ended the call and placed it back on the coffee table.

He rested his back on the sofa, and a sigh of relief escaped his lips.

Once Bessalyn returned to Country J, she couldn't reveal anything more to Ziyue.

Bessalyn said he had a mental illness, but why did that matter?

He appeared sound of mind, and Ziyue treated him with care and love like before. Though, at times, he would need to control his rage.

For his wife, he would be willing to tolerate anything. Nonetheless, he could not handle the sight of her with another man or her caring for another man.

His face was calm and somber, but the emotions in his eyes were inscrutable to discern. Finally, after a moment, he left his seat and got up.

...

After he left the LK Group building, he took a taxi before interchanging with two buses in a row.

After going around the city, he finally reached a newly developed area on the outskirts of the town.

Not many people were staying here as the construction had only recently been completed. The place wasn't a strategic location, and the architecture wasn't appealing.

Despite walking through the villa area for half an hour, he did not see anyone. It was apparent to anyone how remote and quiet the place was.

Finally, he stopped in front of a modest-sized villa.

There was no one guarding the entrance, and the door was half-opened. The place was messy, with tiles lying on the garden floor. It didn't look like anyone lived there.

He pushed open the door and went in.

He went through the empty garden and into the living room.

The living room was empty save only for a sofa with a couple of chairs and tables lying about. There was no other furniture in the villa.

He looked around and locked his gaze on the wheelchair in front of the

window.

A young man was in a wheelchair with a blanket over his lap.

Muchen walked towards him. He didn't flinch at all, as he was asleep.

He narrowed his eyes and called, "Shichu."

Indeed, the person on the wheelchair was Shichu.

Hearing Muchen's voice, he slowly opened his eyes without a hint of emotion.

He was in a terrible state.

"You're here." His indifferent tone implied that it wasn't the first time Muchen had come here.

"Where is the person taking care of you?" Muchen asked sternly.

"I asked him to rest," Shichu fumbled with a button on his wheelchair, and the back of the chair started to straighten.

Later, he glided on the wheelchair towards the sofa.

Muchen followed behind him and sat on the sofa.

"Why did you come today? The people associated with Gricy are already in Yunzhou City. It's not a wise choice to be here at such a critical time."

There was a jug on the coffee table. Shichu poured a cup of water for him as he questioned him.

Muchen stared at Shichu and announced, "Bai Yunan knows I'm back in Yunzhou City. I just went home last night."

Upon hearing the news, Shichu's hands trembled slightly, and his eyes lost focus. Soon after, he closed his eyes as he left the glass on the table. His face was clouded with self-loathe and guilt.

"She must be thrilled," he said after a few moments.