

## Marry Me Quick Novel Online Free - Chapter 731 – 742

### Chapter 731 His Crimes Are Punishable with Death

Time passed as they waited for Ziyue to wake up.

Winter turned to spring. Then spring gave way to summer.

Meanwhile, Gricy's case finally concluded after more than half a year of trials.

Yunan came to see Muchen the day the case was completed.

It was rare to see Yunan not dressed in a suit. He wore casual clothes this time and seemed relaxed.

He and Muchen went to a café near the hospital and sat facing each other.

Then, Yunan said, "The case is completed."

Muchen replied calmly, "Congratulations."

He knew Yunan was about to be promoted again.

Yunan arched his eyebrows in disagreement and took a sip of coffee. He thought briefly and wanted to say something but stopped himself.

"I'll return to the hospital if there's nothing else."

Muchen glanced at his watch impatiently. A few days ago, Xiyi said Ziyue's condition had improved tremendously. He believed she might wake up any time.

Coincidentally, Zixi's school was closed for the summer holiday, so Muchen did not have to leave the hospital.

Yunan could not resist snorting and said, "You have been staying in the hospital for half a year. Are you addicted to living there?"

Muchen ignored him and stood up without a word. Seeing that Muchen was about to leave, Yunan said urgently, "Lu Shichu. You know him, right?"

Muchen paused upon hearing the familiar name. He glanced at Yunan, indicating that he should speak.

Yunan crossed his arms. Who says Muchen's mood has improved significantly?

He is no different from before and is as rude as usual!

"Shichu joined Gricy for many years. I believe you and Ziyue knew about this.

He has done so much for Gricy over the years. We can easily charge him with any of his crimes, which will be enough to sentence him to death."

After saying that, Yunan looked at Muchen attentively, waiting for his reply.

Muchen's expression remained calm. Yunan could not ascertain his emotions.

After a while, Muchen finally replied, "Shichu never wanted to do those things and is not evil. Furthermore, he was the leader of K7 Pharmaceutical Team, meaning he has immense knowledge and abilities in the medical field."

One of the benefits of conversation between intelligent people was that one did not have to say much, and the other would understand the message.

Muchen's words were clear. Gricy forced Shichu to commit all those crimes. Moreover, his immense knowledge and skills made him valuable to the authorities. Therefore, he should be treated with leniency.

In other words, Muchen was defending Shichu.

It seemed so unbelievable that Yunan wondered if he had misinterpreted Muchen's words.

"If my information is accurate, Shichu is your rival in love! He is Ziyue's childhood friend and is close to her. Why are you helping him?"

Yunan looked genuinely confused. He could not figure out what Muchen was thinking.

Could those people be right? Has Muchen turned kind and improved his temper?

I do not believe such nonsense.

Muchen looked at the time again. Then, he glanced at Yunan and replied indifferently, "Those who were never in love cannot understand."

Yunan raised his coffee cup to drink from it. However, Muchen's words so astounded him that he dropped the cup on the table, shattering it.

Thankfully, there was only a little coffee left. The tablecloth absorbed it and prevented it from dripping to the floor.

"How would you know whether I've fallen in love? Moreover, who are you to talk about love?"

"You never loved anyone. You only ever had bedmates."

Yunan wanted to retort, but Muchen had already left.

His expression turned livid. He stood to leave, but a waitress stopped him fearfully. "Sir... Will you be paying now?"

Yunan looked at the trembling waitress and asked with annoyance. "Why are you shivering?"

The waitress flinched and replied, "I'm not..."

Yunan was not in the mood to continue the conversation. He took out some money to pay the bill and left straight away.

Am I that scary?

But why isn't Qingyou scared of me?

As a military officer with outstanding achievements, it was not his habit to appear gentle. Moreover, he looked fierce and intimidating whenever he was serious. His looks could frighten a young lady.

...

Shichu came to the hospital two days later.

He used to come by frequently, only to look at Ziyue from afar. Muchen never bothered to talk to him then.

Later, Shichu was under investigation for his involvement in Gricy. He ceased to visit the hospital when the authorities restricted his movements.

Shichu was still in a wheelchair and looked unwell when he came to visit this time.

However, he did not come empty-handed but brought a remote control car. It was from an expensive toy brand.

He would bring gifts for Zixi whenever he visited.

But the gift he brought this time was more expensive than anything he had brought before.

"You don't have to get toys for Zixi. He can't play them much."

Shichu replied gently, "It's his birthday tomorrow. Kids always anticipate celebrating their birthday."

Muchen pondered briefly and turned around, calling out, "Zixi."

Zixi was drawing at a table and did not notice Shichu had arrived.

He smiled happily the moment he saw Shichu.

"Uncle Lu!" He ran to Shichu excitedly.

"Zixi." Shichu smiled warmly and patted Zixi's head. Then, he gave the toy car to Zixi, saying, "I will be moving to another place for work and will not see you for a long time. I also won't be able to come here and celebrate your birthday tomorrow, so I prepared this present for you."

Every child loves toys.

However, Zixi did not accept the birthday present immediately.

He turned to Muchen and waited for Muchen to nod in approval. Only then did he accept the present and smile happily. "Thank you, Uncle Lu."

"You should play with the toy car and see if you like it. I need to talk to your father."

"Okay." Zixi nodded adorably and turned to Muchen. "Daddy, I'm going there to play with the toy car."

"Sure."

After hearing Muchen's approval, Zixi brought the car to the other side of the room to play with it.

The two men watched Zixi walk away and saw him unwrap the toy car earnestly before looking away.

The atmosphere between them turned somber and awkward.

Shichu looked away and glanced at the window instead. "Thank you."

But Muchen refused his gratitude. "You don't have to thank me. I didn't help you much. After all, you are indeed useful to them."

Ziyue never premeditated driving the car off the cliff with Yuchuan in it.

Instead, she decided it at the time due to a long-standing hatred.

Gricy and Yuchuan should have no part in her life.

Unfortunately, Yuchuan killed her father. Then, she nearly lost her most important friend to Gricy. Even Muchen was threatened by Gricy. Moreover, Zixi...

Everyone who mattered the most to her seemed to suffer harm due to Gricy and even lost their lives.

No one knew how deep her hatred for Yuchuan was.

Muchen stopped pondering and said, "She's the one you should thank."

Shichu's expression froze slightly.

Before leaving, he asked, "Can you let me know once Ziyue wakes up?"

He looked nervous and seemed afraid that Muchen would refuse his request.

He added, "You can send someone to pass the message to me."

Muchen observed Shichu.

He used to be jealous of Shichu because he played a massive role in Ziyue's childhood and youth.

Even though Shichu later went overseas, he still mattered to her tremendously.

However, Muchen suddenly ceased to feel jealous.

Instead, he believed he should be grateful to Shichu for caring for and protecting Ziyue before he appeared in her life.

Shichu saved Muchen for Ziyue's sake.

Then, Muchen defended Shichu before Yunan because of Ziyue.

Muchen and Shichu shared similarities, yet they were completely different.

"Sure."

Muchen's approval surprised Shichu.

But before Shichu could say anything, Muchen continued, "However, I have a condition."

"What is it?"

"You must cure your legs."

Muchen knew Shichu's legs were not permanently disabled. Instead, Shichu had given up on himself.

Shichu did not expect such a condition and could not hide the astonishment on his face.

He nodded and turned the wheelchair around to leave.

He did not go to see Ziyue.

Moreover, he did not care whether he would see her again.

All he wanted was for her to live happily.

He had long accepted her love for Muchen and knew he should keep his distance from her.

Chapter 732 Mommy, You're Awake! Are You Hungry?

The following day marked Zixi's third birthday, coincidentally falling on a Saturday. Rising early in the morning, Xia wasted no time in preparing a birthday cake for Zixi. Immediately after, she then contacted Chuan.

“Zixi’s cake is settled. I won’t be working today. If other things are needed, you can make a shopping list for me. Since I have the day off, I have ample time to go shopping,”

Despite Muchen having assumed responsibility for LK Group’s affairs, his presence at the hospital was solely dedicated to handling them. All essential documents and materials were diligently delivered to the hospital by Chuan, making his schedule rather hectic. Thus, Xia’s offer had come in handy and timely.

Without hesitation, Chuan replied, “Great! I will do that in a minute. Thanks a lot!”

“No problem.” Xia acknowledged.

Without delay, Xia received the list sent by Chuan and dutifully followed each item, ensuring the purchase of all necessary supplies, a task that occupied a significant portion of her afternoon. After hastily eating a quick meal, she transported the obtained items to the hospital.

Wanting to keep Zixi’s birthday celebration low-key, everyone agreed to a modest gathering. Muchen revealed that Ziyue’s health had significantly improved, and her awakening was imminent.

In light of this, Xia and Chuan decided to celebrate Zixi’s birthday at the hospital, ensuring that Ziyue’s recovery remained uninterrupted.

The VIP ward had all the essentials in stock, and it was common for Muchen to whip up meals there. However, he avoided the task of grocery shopping.

Xia, on the other hand, took it upon herself to gather the necessary ingredients for dinner and some fruits and snacks.

Upon spotting Xia’s arrival at the door, Zixi enthusiastically offered his assistance in carrying the bags. Xia entrusted Zixi with a relatively light bag, and he effortlessly held it in one hand while gently tugging at Xia’s sleeve with the other.

“Daddy, Aunt An is here!” Zixi exclaimed.

Stepping out of the room, Muchen acknowledged Xia with a nod and extended his hand to receive the items she brought, calmly remarking, “Thanks for your help.”

Despite Muchen’s apparent improvement in temperament, his imposing presence lingered. Xia wasn’t as afraid as she used to be, but a hint of intimidation still clung to his aura.

She quickly shook her head and replied, “No problem at all. These things aren’t that heavy. I can manage them myself. Plus, you’ll be the one cooking, so you’re the hard-working one.”

Muchen cast a gaze her way, leaving Xia inexplicably overwhelmed. She placed the items on the ground, wiped the sweat from her forehead, and added, “Well, it did get a little heavy after all.”

Without saying a word, Muchen headed into the kitchen with the items he had taken.

Xia washed her hands and settled beside Ziyue's bed, unable to resist playfully pinching Ziyue's nose.

"You lazy sleepyhead! Your duvet has been changed to an electric cooling blanket, and you still won't wake up. Do you plan on becoming a professional sleeper to sleep through all four seasons?"

Suddenly, Xia's hand, which had been playfully pinching Ziyue's nose, froze. Wait, what was that?

Am I hallucinating? Did Ziyue... frown?

She turned around and called out, "Zixi, Zixi, come here quickly!"

Zixi, who was curiously assisting Muchen in deveining the shrimp in the kitchen, though he hadn't quite mastered it, rushed out when he heard Xia's call.

Xia lifted him up and placed him on the bed. "Look, Zixi. See if your mom reacts to my pinching."

Zixi blinked and nodded as if he understood, "Mm!"

Xia felt jittery, fearing it might be a hallucination.

Gritting her teeth, she asserted more force to pinch Ziyue's nose this time.

In the next moment, Zixi exclaimed, "It moved! Mom's eyebrows moved!"

Before Xia could react, Zixi jumped off the bed and ran towards the kitchen, shouting, "Daddy! Mom's eyebrows moved!"

Upon hearing Zixi's voice, Muchen didn't even have time to remove his gloves. He grabbed Zixi's shoulders and asked, "What did you say?"

"Just now, Aunt An pinched Mom's nose, and Mom's eyebrows moved," Zixi replied.

At just three years old, Zixi could articulate his thoughts.

Without wasting a moment, Muchen hurried to Ziyue's ward, only to see Xia looking at Ziyue in disbelief.

He cast a brief glance at the bed, then shifted his gaze to Xia, his voice filled with uncertainty. "What's happening? Did Zixi really say that Ziyue moved her eyebrows?"

Xia said, "Well, Zixi wouldn't make things up, right?"

They had experienced numerous occasions when they thought Ziyue was showing signs of recovery and about to awaken, only to realize it was merely an illusion.

A mix of emotions welled up in Muchen's eyes as he crouched before Zixi,

"Zixi, did you really see Mom's eyebrows move?"

Zixi nodded firmly. "Uh-huh."

Muchen paused momentarily, a smile slowly spreading across his face as he began pacing in place, muttering to himself, "That's amazing..."

Xia glanced wearily at Ziyue, who lay motionless on the bed with closed eyes, and softly murmured, "Mr. Qin, just a little while ago, when Zixi went to find you, I think I caught a glimpse of Ziyue slightly opening her eyes..."

Muchen halted in his tracks, glancing at the bed, his brows furrowing. "No... It can't be. You could've seen wrong."

Xia nodded in agreement, "I think so too."

The two adults were carried away in disbelief and their conversation, oblivious to Zixi's discovery!

"Mom, you're awake! Are you hungry?"

Out of nowhere, Xia and Muchen were snapped back to reality! They both glanced towards the bed and caught sight of Ziyue, her eyes half-open, looking at them.

Xia and Muchen exchanged a shocked glance, unable to believe what they saw.

"This can't be happening..." Xia murmured under her breath.

As Ziyue's soft voice called out for her, Xia felt a surge of emotions.

But before Xia could react, Muchen swiftly pushed her aside and took his place at the bedside, embracing Ziyue. His eyes locked onto hers with intensity, his voice quivering as he uttered her name, "Yue Yue."

Ziyue blinked and smiled, teasingly remarking, "What's with the cheesy nickname?"

Yizhi used to call her by that nickname when they were little. It felt a bit cheesy to her now that Muchen called her that.

Muchen couldn't believe his ears, "You... you're awake?!"

Ziyue, weakened from being bedridden for an extended period, playfully extended her hand and gently poked his face, "What are you talking about? If I hadn't woken up, would I be having this conversation with you?"

Muchen tenderly held her hand and pressed a soft kiss on it. "Perhaps it's just my usual hallucination."

"Mommy, look at me, look at me!" Zixi scrambled onto the bed from the opposite side, determined not to be left behind.

Mommy had been asleep for so long, and she had finally awakened!

Upon hearing this, Ziyue turned her head to gaze at Zixi and expressed a hint of surprise, "Zixi... you've grown so much."

A two or three-year-old child could grow significantly in a month, let alone that she had been in slumber for over half a year.

Zixi leaned closer and wrapped his arms around Ziyue's arm. "Mom, you slept for so long!"

"Because Mommy was very tired. That's why I slept for such a long time."

Ziyue lovingly caressed his head.



Xia, watching from the background, fell into a brief silence before reaching for her phone to make a call.

"When are you coming? Both Mr. Qin and I might be seeing things. We both witnessed Ziyue waking up. Come and see if it's for real..."

Ziyue had been lost in a profound sleep for an extended period, and Xia was still struggling to comprehend the reality of her awakening.

During her phone conversation, she heard Ziyue's voice calling, "Xia."  
'Thud!'

As her grip loosened, her phone slipped from Xia's hand and landed on the floor.

She moved closer and fixed her gaze on Ziyue, unable to deny the overwhelming authenticity of this illusion. It seemed as though Ziyue had genuinely awakened.

Although Ziyue had no clue about the duration of her unconsciousness, judging by their reactions, she must have been out for a substantial period.

She took hold of Xia's hand. "Xia, I'm really awake. I better wake up, or else you won't stop calling me sleepyhead."

Xia's eyes filled with tears, and she couldn't hold back the flood of emotions any longer and choked out between sobs.

"You... you're finally awake..."

Muchen furrowed his brow and cast a meaningful glance at her without uttering a word.

Xia, who had never considered herself particularly clever, could still accurately decipher the message conveyed through Muchen's eyes.

"I'll go check if anything needs to be done in the kitchen," she said, glancing at Ziyue before making her way.

It was such a relief that Ziyue had finally woken up. Xia decided to save whatever she wanted to say to her for later.

Xia believed that Muchen deserved to have Ziyue's undivided attention. After all, he had put in the most effort to care for her.

Chapter 733 Focus on Me, Hmm?

After Xia left, only Muchen, Ziyue and Zixi remained in the room.

Ziyue gazed up at Muchen and noticed that he had shed a few pounds, but otherwise, he appeared unscathed.

Thank goodness Muchen didn't turn out like those protagonists in cheesy romance novels who let themselves go and starved for love, like the ones she used to devour as a teenager.

She turned and smiled at Zixi, who had grown so much when she was in unconscious slumber.

Muchen had evidently taken great care of himself and Zixi.



“Let me know if you feel any discomfort, and I’ll call the doctor,” Muchen’s tender gaze focused on her and said with a husky voice.

Zixi, feeling somewhat neglected, piped up, “Mom, I’ll go help Aunt An in the kitchen.”

Giving Ziyue a hug, he bounced off the bed and made his way to the kitchen with quick strides.

That warm embrace melted Ziyue’s heart instantly.

How could my son be so well-behaved and lovable!

Muchen gently reached out, cupping her face, and directed her attention to him.

There was a hint of visible dissatisfaction in his voice. “Don’t look at him.

Focus on me, hmm?”

“Why? You still look the same to me.” Ziyue turned her head to face him, a smile playing on her lips as she teasingly pinched his cheek.

Muchen’s face softened with adoration, and he slightly lowered his gaze.

At that moment, he finally discerned that Ziyue had genuinely awakened, and he felt her radiance again.

Ziyue emerged from her slumber and felt a slight weakness, but surprisingly, fatigue eluded her. In fact, she felt pretty energized.

When she discovered it was Zixi’s third birthday today, only then she realized she had been confined to the bed for six months.

A solid six months. Half a year was gone just like that.

Ziyue had spent the winter and now found herself amid summer, lying on this hospital bed.

After the shock, she felt joy and gratitude for surviving a calamity.

She did feel a twinge of regret for slipping up and missing the chance to spend the New Year and a family get-together with Muchen as intended.

But many New Year’s would come in the next few decades anyway.

Thinking of that, Ziyue was determined to make it up to them.

Returning to the present, Ziyue asked Muchen, “Isn’t it Zixi’s birthday today, but why is Xia stuck in the kitchen?”

Muchen raised an eyebrow. At this moment, he only desired to be by Ziyue’s side—nothing else mattered, not even cooking.

To him, cooking was simply a means to spend time together and keep Ziyue company.

“I’ll call the doctor to come and check on you first, then I’ll head to the kitchen, alright?”

Ziyue nodded.

The doctor arrived shortly and performed a standard examination on Ziyue, asking her some questions.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Qin. Mrs. Qin is fine. She has just been sleeping for an extended period, but once she goes home and gets some more rest, she will fully recover. If you’re still worried, consider getting a complete check-up.”

As the doctor left, Xiyi arrived.

As he walked in, he noticed the blanket pulled back on the bed and Ziyue sitting on the sofa, clad in a coat. He stood there for a moment, a bit dazed, before reacting.

“Mrs. Qin?”

“Dr. Mo?” Ziyue also seemed surprised to see Xiyi.

Afterwards, she recalled emailing Xiyi, asking about his return.

A flicker of joy appeared on Xiyi’s typically stern face. “I’ve been back for a while. I’m your attending physician.”

“How are you feeling?”

Dressed in a white shirt and black suit pants, he rolled up his sleeves and settled in front of Ziyue.

“I’m okay, just feeling a bit weak,” Ziyue replied, shaking her hand.

“That’s normal. You’ll be back to normal in a few days.”

Xiyi wasn’t one to be talkative, except when interacting with patients.

Earlier, Ziyue had sent Muchen to the kitchen.

Muchen took over the cooking duties, allowing Xia to take a break and get some rest.

Before Xia entered the room, she overheard Xiyi continuously citing professional terms and discussing various complex precautions.

Xia couldn’t resist teasing, “Dr. Mo, Ziyue isn’t your student.”

Two months ago, Muchen had taken up a professorship at Yunzhou University’s Medical School, an ideally suited role for him.

“Xia, come and sit here,” Ziyue waved at Xia as she approached.

The room’s curtains were left undrawn, allowing sunlight to stream and brighten the space.

Ziyue looked healthy, with sheer radiance shining through.

In a sudden flash of memory, Xia recalled their first meeting. She was just a young girl back then, hailing from a small town, and from the moment she laid eyes on Ziyue, she was awestruck by her breathtaking beauty.

As inherently visual creatures, teenage girls tend to appreciate the beauty in both objects and individuals.

Captivated by Ziyue’s looks, Xia felt an undeniable urge to befriend her.

Although she had an inkling that Ziyue came from a privileged background, Xia still summoned the courage to approach her.

Surprisingly, they hit it off and became close friends after getting acquainted.

Each person had unique qualities, but they were all bound by the limitations of their energy. There was only so much time and capacity to make friends, get to know people, and appreciate the remarkable traits in others.

When Xia met Ziyue early on and discovered her remarkable qualities, their friendship seemed almost predestined.

Xia plopped down beside Ziyue, a mischievous grin on her face. "Dr. Mo has upgraded to Professor Mo now. He's rocking it at Yunzhou University's Medical School. If any of my buddies or family's kids want to pursue medicine, I'm totally sending them his way."

Muchen raised an eyebrow, clearly perplexed. "Your buddies' and family's kids?"

Caught off guard by his serious response, Xia backtracked, feeling embarrassed. "Um, just a hypothetical situation."

Ziyue burst into laughter. Xiyi might have been promoted to a more esteemed title, but his personality hadn't changed.

Meanwhile, Ziyue's thoughts drifted to Ke, and both Ke and Chuan appeared as if by fate.

When they caught sight of Ziyue, their reaction mirrored that of Xia's.

Ke stepped forward, embracing Ziyue tightly before breathing a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank heavens!"

Gratitude welled up within Ziyue for the support and care she had received from her family and friends, "You all must have been through so much."

Although her recollection of the past six months remained hazy after her prolonged sleep, she had a sense that they had endured hardships together. Shaking her head, Ke uttered, "Your awakening is what matters."

At that instant, Ziyue realized that someone was noticeably absent.

Still groggy from the extended slumber, her mind gradually pieced together the missing person's identity.

Turning to Xia, she inquired, "Where is Jingshu?"

"Ah?" Xia hesitated momentarily before replying, "He's caught up with things outside Yunzhou City."

Discomfort briefly flashed across Xia's face.

Ziyue nodded, deep in thought, refraining from prying further.

The unresolved matters between Xia and Jingshu would have ample future discussion opportunities.

Chapter 734 You're Fine, He's Not

The room came alive with the arrival of more guests.

Emerging from the kitchen, Muchen settled beside Ziyue.

Leaning in, Ziyue whispered in his ear, "Let's throw Zixi a birthday bash at our place."

Ziyue felt it was a bit odd and inappropriate to celebrate Zixi's birthday in the hospital, especially since she felt healthy and was eager to discharge from the hospital.

At first, Muchen wasn't thrilled about it. But Muchen eventually agreed after having confirmed that Xiyi would be tagging along. At the same time, he also wanted to please Ziyue and make sure she was happy.

It had been over half a year since they last went home. Muchen and Zixi had accumulated quite a stash of belongings in Ziyue's hospital room, as the hospital had unwittingly become their second home.

With their sudden decision to go home, Muchen only packed the necessary and essential items. After all, they had everything they needed at home.

So, apart from the ingredients Xia had brought over just now, Muchen didn't bother to pack anything and simply left their belongings at the hospital.

Sitting in the car, Ziyue glanced out the window at the rapidly fading skyscrapers and bustling crowds. A profound sense of joy and gratitude welled up within her.

Throughout the past six months of unconsciousness, she wasn't completely oblivious. At times, she could vaguely perceive people talking and moving around her.

Yet, she constantly felt drained, preventing her from rousing from her slumber. Now, as Ziyue recollected the scene of the car hurtling off the cliff, an overwhelming fear gripped her heart.

Knowing that Yuchuan was Lagos and fully aware of his motive, Ziyue realized that he had intended to harm Muchen when she arrived at that place. Muchen had treated Yuchuan like family, yet Yuchuan was willing to take his life for selfish desires.

Her abhorrence for Yuchuan surged instantaneously, without a shred of doubt.

As Ziyue reflected on the past, she realized that, aside from a slight sense of fear, she had no regrets.

Sitting beside her, Muchen couldn't help but worry when he noticed her staring out the window dazedly, "Are you feeling alright?"

Ziyue turned to him and couldn't help but feel that Muchen was acting like an old nag.

"I'm fine." Ziyue held his hand and then turned her gaze back to the car window.

"After all these years in Yunzhou City, it's the first time I've truly appreciated the refreshing scent of the air here."

In a childlike voice, Zixi said, "But the air is colorless and odorless."

Ziyue laughed and praised him, "Wow, you know that. You're so smart, Zixi!" Zixi tilted his chin, eager to sit next to Ziyue.

He wasn't keen on being with Dad; he wanted to be by Mom's side. Sensing his intention, Muchen shot him a subtle glance. In an instant, Zixi turned his head and pouted his lips, feeling unhappy yet hesitant to disobey. Ziyue observed the scene and lightly nudged Muchen.

Putting on a puzzled expression, Muchen looked at her, pretending to be clueless.

Ziyue gave him a stern look and waved to Zixi, saying, "Zixi, come over to Mommy."

"Yay!" Zixi responded cheerfully, crawling towards Ziyue's side using his hands and feet.

"Zixi!"

He deliberately ignored Muchen's calling.

In Zixi's heart, despite Dad's somewhat improved temper, Mom was still his favorite.

Ziyue held Zixi in her arms, feeling his increased weight.

She turned her head and spoke to Zixi, creating a harmonious and warm scene.

Muchen pursed his lips, opting not to argue with Zixi since he was still a child. The father and son duo continued to give each other the cold shoulder until dinnertime.

While others bustled around, serving dishes and pouring drinks, Ziyue pulled Xiyi aside and asked, "How has Muchen been in the past six months?"

For some reason, Xiyi's tone conveyed frustration, "He's got a wife and a son, a happy family. What more does he want?"

Ziyue was taken aback by his response. Is he upset?

Trying to diffuse the tension, Xiyi cleared his throat and said, "Don't worry about him. He'll be fine as long as you're healthy. You don't have to bend over backwards just because you're afraid of upsetting him."

But Xiyi's underlying message struck Ziyue differently as if he was saying, "You don't have to worry about triggering him; you can freely bully and provoke him..."

Ziyue had no idea how Muchen had managed to navigate the past six months or what he had been through. However, according to Muchen himself, he was doing well now.

"So, you're saying he's fully recovered?" Ziyue probed.

"Well, you can say that," Xiyi replied with a severe tone, lending credibility to his words. Sensing Xiyi's somber mood, Ziyue decided not to delve further and led Zixi to their seats.

Ke and Chuan were busy arranging the dishes while engaging in casual conversation. Chuan handed Ke a cup and asked, "Do you think that guy is a good fit?"

Ke paused momentarily before responding, "He's a decent person. I think we could work out if we get to know each other better."

Chuan chimed in, "You're not getting any younger; it's time for you to settle down with a man."

Ke retorted playfully, "Hey, you're older than me, so why don't you find me a sister-in-law first?"

Ziyue didn't follow through with their conversation, so she couldn't understand the whole picture. However, she speculated that Xiyi's sour mood might be connected to the man Ke mentioned earlier, whom she believed could be a potential match for her.

When Ke noticed Ziyue's inquisitive gaze, she let out an awkward cough.

As a recently awakened patient, Ziyue's curiosity got the best of her, and she casually asked, "Are you seeing someone?"

"Nah. Lately, my brother has been pestering me, acting as if I'm going to die as a single lonely woman. Whenever he comes across any successful and single men, he would set me up with..." Ke blushed slightly as she shared.

"I see..." Ziyue was taken aback to learn that the stoic Chuan had taken on the role of a matchmaker.

Chuan couldn't help but defend himself, saying, "I'm just looking out for her. She's already twenty-seven this year and spends all her time working, with no..."

Whenever Chuan delved into Ke's lamentable lack of a love life, he would automatically go into a long-winded monologue. Ziyue glanced at Ke sympathetically, realizing she couldn't offer much comfort considering she was twenty-four... or rather, wait, she had been bedridden for over half a year, so she had turned twenty-five years old, given a new year had gone by. At twenty-five years old, she had a husband and a three-year-old son. Ziyue reckoned she didn't have words of solace to offer to Ke, who was still single at twenty-seven.

Meanwhile, Chuan kept defending himself, "I'm not pressuring her to get married, but she should at least go on dates!"

Ziyue nodded in agreement with Chuan and chimed in, "I actually agree with Chuan. Ke, if you come across someone suitable, you should go out on dates. There's no need to rush into marriage. After all, it's all about fate..."

Before Ziyue could finish her sentence, she saw Xiyi making his way toward their table, his expression visibly severe and irked.

#### Chapter 735 Feeling Like a Princess

Ziyue had no doubt that Xiyi had heard her calculated words meant for him.

These men were incredibly egotistical, each surpassing the previous one. Did Xiyi honestly think Ke would sit around waiting for him simply because she liked him? Well, he would be sorely disappointed!

Acting like she hadn't noticed Xiyi, Ziyue maintained her smile and continued to fan the flames, "Ke is beautiful and capable. I'd be head over heels for her in no time if I were a guy."

Just as Muchen walked into the dining room, he caught the latter part of Ziyue's sentence. Raising an eyebrow, he sat beside her and looked at her with a teasing grin, "Who's got you groggy and all smitten? Do spill it out." Ziyue hesitated, unsure of how to respond.

Amusement danced in Muchen's eyes, and Ziyue felt as though he could see right through her. Even though she had purposely said that to provoke Xiyi, she couldn't help but feel embarrassed to get busted by Muchen.

Ziyue turned her head and discreetly gestured to Zixi.

The clever little Zixi quickly chimed in, "Mom, I'm hungry." Ziyue swiftly replied, "Oh, are you? Let's go and get you something to eat first."

Having said that, she went to plate some food for Zixi.

Muchen observed as Ziyue dished out the food for Zixi and earnestly reminded Zixi not to be selective with his meals. The latter turned his head and feigned innocence.

Did she actually believe he hadn't heard what she said?

Muchen was all ears.

So, she had plans to play matchmaker with Xiyi and Ke, huh? Whenever he wished for something, he would find a way to make it a reality.

Muchen glanced at the bottle of wine and handed it to Xiyi, saying, "Have a toast." Xiyi was known for his discipline in avoiding anything harmful to his health, except for those occasional late-night experiments. But since Muchen offered it personally, he couldn't refuse and reluctantly accepted the bottle of wine.

Then, Muchen handed another bottle of wine to Chuan and said, "I bet it's been a while since Xiyi and you had come together for a drink. Come, let's toast!"

Chuan's relationship with Muchen wasn't exactly friendly, so why should he be raising a toast with him? Chuan had a gut feeling that his boss was plotting something again. However, since it was Zixi's birthday today, he didn't want to ruin the atmosphere. He reluctantly went along with Muchen and kept downing glass after glass.

As the drinking session went on, Chuan grew increasingly animated. His frustration towards Xiyi, who had let Ke down, fueled his resentment; he deliberately forced a lot of wine onto Xiyi.

Xiyi wasn't much of a drinker, so his alcohol tolerance was relatively low. On the other hand, Chuan was a seasoned drinker, but the top-shelf liquor Muchen provided was too strong for him to handle.



As a result, both Chuan and Xiyi ended up getting completely wasted and stumbling around.

If Ziyue couldn't see through Muchen's intentions at this stage, she would be a complete fool. She discreetly tugged on the corner of Muchen's clothing under the table and asked, "What's your game?"

Muchen gave her an assuring look and turned to signal the servant, "Bring the cake over."

They sang a birthday song for Zixi while Chuan and Xiyi mumbled in a dazed state. Zixi made a wish and blew out the candles, and then Ziyue held his hand to cut the cake and share it with everyone.

The birthday celebration had wrapped up quite early.

Ziyue requested Muchen to arrange a driver to take Xia home first. With Chuan and Xiyi heavily under the influence, Ziyue glanced at Muchen, silently asking for assistance with the intoxicated duo.

Muchen instructed the servant to help Xiyi, but the latter immediately shoved the servant away and slurred, "Don't... touch me!"

That was because Xiyi had a germophobia and despised being touched by others.

Muchen frowned and turned to Ke.

Ke caught on to her boss' meaning and reluctantly walked up to help Xiyi.

Surprisingly, instead of pushing her away, Xiyi leaned on her. Muchen seized the opportunity and said, "Could you please take Dr. Mo home? I'll arrange for someone to send Chuan."

Without giving Ke a chance to object, he signaled his men to carry Chuan into the car.

Ziyue couldn't deny that Muchen was cunning and crafty, but his deceitfulness was undeniably charming.

Ke had no choice but to go along with him and offer her support to Xiyi.

Once everyone had left, Muchen instructed the servant to take Zixi upstairs for a bedtime bath, leaving him and Ziyue in the hall. Finally, they had some privacy. Muchen pulled her into his arms and let out a contented sigh, "You still feel surreal to me."

Feeling his unease, Ziyue nestled against him and asked with concern, "What would make it feel real to you?"

Without hesitation, Muchen replied, "Give me a kiss."

Ziyue hesitated momentarily, but before she could respond, Muchen interjected, "Actually, forget it. I'll take matters into my own hands."

The word 'hands' lingered in the air as Muchen leaned in for a passionate yet tender kiss. It was as if he feared making Ziyue uncomfortable and had held himself back all afternoon.

With Chuan and the others around, there hadn't been a chance for such intimacy throughout the day. Ziyue drowned in his kisses as if in a ritual to celebrate her awakening.

When the kiss finally broke, both of them were left breathless. Ziyue blushed, her beautiful eyes shimmering with moisture. Even her voice, like a gentle stream, sounded soft and tender.

"Do you feel a bit more grounded now?" she inquired.

Muchen nodded with a smile, "Mm."

Seeing his serious response, Ziyue couldn't help but find him silly and burst into laughter. Muchen didn't seem bothered; he bent down and scooped her up in his arms.

"It's time to rest, Mrs. Qin," he declared.

Ziyue wrapped her arms around his neck and playfully pouted, "No, I'm Ms. Su now. We've divorced, remember?"

She still held a grudge over Muchen divorcing her without her knowledge or consent.

Muchen glanced at her, his eyes filled with emotions she couldn't quite decipher.

Thinking he might be upset, Ziyue was about to say something when she heard Muchen's simple response, "Mm."

Looking at Muchen's cold and reluctant response... No way that he wasn't upset!

Ziyue couldn't quite comprehend Muchen's demeanor. He gently guided her to the bed and planted a tender kiss on her lips, "I'll go and run your bath water,"

Feeling like a cherished princess, Ziyue appreciated the thoughtfulness. However, she still wanted to assert her independence and handle simple tasks like running her bath water.

"I can manage it myself..." Ziyue said.

"It'll be quick," Muchen interrupted, not giving her a chance to argue.

To her surprise, after preparing the bath water, Muchen lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bathroom. He proceeded to undress her... clothes.

Despite their long-standing marriage, Ziyue couldn't help but feel her cheeks flush as she stuttered, "I can do it on my own."

"I've been bathing you for the past six months. What's different now? Are you telling me you don't need me anymore?"

Muchen then reached behind her and unzipped her dress.

Ziyue was left speechless.

Chapter 736 I&aposm Willing to Marry You

As Muchen lifted Ziyue out of the bathtub, her cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and coyness. She couldn't help but yearn for the old Muchen. He used to be more reserved and far less shameless than his current self... With a towel wrapped around her, Muchen carried her out and gently placed her on the bed. He then turned around to fetch her pajamas.

Ziyue snuck under the blanket and whispered, "Just leave the pajamas on the bed and go take your bath. Don't worry about me."

Muchen turned his head, unable to spot Ziyue's form. His heart sank, but he felt relieved after noticing the lump in the blanket. He had been a bit startled earlier.

He approached the bedside with her pajamas in hand and spoke softly, "I won't help you put them on. Come out from there, stop hiding."

Upon hearing his words, Ziyue lowered the blanket, revealing a pair of eyes brimming with moisture, and urged him, "Hurry, go take your bath."

"Okay, okay, I'll go now." Muchen couldn't help but chuckle at her shyness.

After saying that, he didn't leave immediately. Instead, he approached Ziyue, but before he could move, she quickly retreated under the blanket.

A smile played on Muchen's lips. Once he started teasing and joking with Ziyue, stopping was hard for him. After a brief moment, he gently tugged the blanket and spoke with a lingering smile, "Alright, I'm really going to bathe now. Your clothes are here."

He stood up and lingered by the bedside for a few seconds. Noticing Ziyue's lack of movement, he turned and entered the bathroom.

Ziyue heard running water coming from the bathroom and sat up. She glanced towards the bathroom and noticed that the door was left open.

Why didn't he close the door while taking a bath? Even though they were at home, she remembered that Muchen didn't have this habit before.

After lying unconscious in bed for half a year and now awake, she realized that Muchen had become... more flirtatious?

This thought startled Ziyue, and she quickly got up and put on her pajamas.

After getting dressed, she couldn't help but roll around on the bed.

Having been bedridden for so long, she could clearly tell that her body felt different now.

By the time Muchen finished bathing and emerged, Ziyue was already drowsy and starting to drift off.

Seeing her lying on the blanket, Muchen leaned over and whispered, "Get up for a moment. Let me cover you with the blanket."

Ziyue opened her eyes and glanced at him, just a single glance, and then closed her eyes in a dazed manner, mindlessly complying with his request, moving away from the blanket.

Muchen pulled the blanket and covered her, saying, "Alright, you can sleep now."

True to his words, Ziyue soon fell into a deep sleep again.

Muchen chuckled, realizing that she must be exhausted. He adjusted the air conditioning temperature, turned off the light, and lay down on the bed. He pulled Ziyue into his arms and softly said, "Yue Yue?"

No response.

Muchen called out to her once again.

"Mmm..." Ziyue mumbled in a daze, tugging the blanket and showing annoyance at Muchen's interruption.

Muchen's expression froze momentarily. After a while, he rose from the bed and returned with a delicate little box in his hand.

He retrieved a ring from the box and slid it onto Ziyue's ring finger.

Although her body had recovered quite well, she was still slightly thinner than before. The ring was loose on her finger but wouldn't slip off. It could still fit. All Muchen needed to do was help her regain total health, and Ziyue would soon return to her healthy self.

The following morning, Ziyue woke up very early.

Her movement stirred Muchen awake as well.

Still half asleep, Muchen placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Good morning."

Ziyue was about to say something when she felt something hard on her left hand's ring finger. Curiosity piqued, she extended her hand and examined it momentarily without saying a word.

Just as Muchen thought Ziyue disapproved of the ring, she grumbled, "Why did you secretly slip it onto my finger while I was asleep..."

Muchen felt relieved that Ziyue didn't indicate not liking the ring.

"Do you like it?"

Ziyue shifted her gaze from the ring and casually glanced at Muchen, remarking, "Not bad."

Not bad? Did that mean she wasn't particularly fond of the ring?

Muchen couldn't help but furrow.

With Ziyue's condition gradually stabilizing, he had more time to think and plan other matters.

For example, what gift to give her upon waking up and what kind of wedding they should have...

He impulsively bought this ring one day after dropping off Zixi at kindergarten and deciding to stop by a jewelry store on the way back.

Muchen thought Ziyue would like it, but...

Observing Muchen's silence, Ziyue felt a hint of helplessness.

So, he knew better than to put the ring on her finger without explaining why he gave it to her? Gosh, what was he thinking?

A person's fondness for something often comes from cherishing the meaning behind it, with less emphasis on the object itself. And this clueless man slid the ring onto her finger and asked if she liked it?

Come on! There hadn't been a single instance where she didn't like the presents he got for her!

Ziyue, noticing his silence, rolled over and sat up. She playfully nibbled on his chin and said, "You silly goose!" before hopping out of bed and walking barefoot into the bathroom.

Muchen watched with a mix of concern and apprehension as she bounced around. His voice was laced with frustration, "Watch out! Su Ziyue!"

This woman had just been discharged from the hospital. Was she trying to get injured again?!

Ziyue glanced back at him with a mischievous look before disappearing into the bathroom.

After freshening up, she emerged from the bathroom to find Muchen leaning against the bedside, deep in thought as if something was bothering him.

Ziyue walked up to the side of the bed and picked up his phone from the nightstand, starting to fiddle with it.

She had slept too long and needed to catch up on current events, or she would feel out of touch with society.

Ugh, her phone broke again.

Her phone's lifespan was really abysmally short.

Muchen lifted the covers and sat behind her, encircling her with his arms and gently caressing the ring on her hand.

Her fingers were delicate and elegant, and the ring enhanced their charm.

The ring was simple yet luxurious. While the design wasn't unique, it came with a hefty price tag!

Sometimes, expensive gifts were a way for men to demonstrate their love for the woman they loved.

Ziyue didn't say anything. But deep down, she loved the ring he had chosen for her.

Muchen held her hand and brought it to his lips, gently kissing it. Ziyue attempted to pull away, saying, "I'm reading the news, quit being handsy."

Muchen refused to let go, and Ziyue couldn't retract her hand.

She turned to him with an annoyed glare.

To her surprise, Muchen pecked her on the lips, wearing a faint smile. "You already have the ring on, and I think now the more important thing is not reading the news but preparing for the wedding."

“When did I agree to your proposal?” Ziyue tilted her head, expressing her displeasure.

Proposal? Well, it looked like he had overlooked that crucial and fundamental step.

Muchen pondered momentarily and realized he should make better preparations and propose to her again.

Coincidentally, Ziyue still needed some more time to recuperate.

Those thoughts formed in his mind, and he released his grip on Ziyue, patting her head. “You read the news; I’ll freshen up.”

Ziyue watched him stand up and leave, feeling a little embarrassed. Had she taken the joke too far?

Wasn’t it said that Muchen’s temper had improved significantly compared to before? Then why did he still seem upset with her?

Ziyue didn’t have any more time to play with the phone. She casually tossed it aside and called him, “Hey, don’t go. I say yes! I’m willing! I’m willing to marry you!”

Muchen turned to look at her, his expression dumbfounded.

Ziyue was taken aback. Had she misinterpreted his meaning?

Muchen gazed at Ziyue, who appeared utterly confused, and suddenly burst into laughter. Despite his laugh, his tone remained severe.

“Woman, don’t you know about grace and maintaining your composure? You shouldn’t be so loud and bold!”

Chapter 737 Changing to Other Benefits

Ziyue snatched a pillow and hurled it at Muchen.

Jerk! How dare you tease me like that!

She had simply mentioned the proposal casually. A proposal was a significant ritual between two individuals who were in love, symbolizing the man’s genuine intentions. However, between her and Muchen, they had already gone through so many things together. Their love had taken root and thrived like a strong tree. They had loved and trusted each other deeply.

She didn’t really place much importance on the proposal. After enduring so many hardships, nothing was more important than being able to stay with each other.

Muchen caught the pillow effortlessly, bursting into laughter and bending over with amusement.

Ziyue gave him a side glare, wondering what was so hilarious?!

Muchen placed the pillow aside and moved closer, squatting before her and taking her hands, “How about we go to the Civil Affairs Bureau later and register our marriage again?”

“Now? Why the sudden rush? I’m not feeling well.” Ziyue defiantly let go of his hands. Did he conveniently forget that he had just teased her? She had

willingly accepted his marriage proposal, and he had the nerve to laugh at her! And now he wanted them to go to the government office for a remarriage? No way!

Divorce might have been a piece of cake, but remarriage was a whole new ball game.

Muchen's expression changed when he heard her say she wasn't feeling well.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?"

Seeing his concerned look, Ziyue couldn't bring herself to tease him again.

"Alright. Alright. Let's go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and get married again!"

Muchen realized that Ziyue was just upset about him laughing at her.

"I wasn't laughing at you. I was just happy, very happy. I've never been this happy before."

Since she willingly accepted his proposal, Ziyue had this overwhelming desire to fast-track their marriage.

And Ziyue was right about one thing—Muchen was equally eager to remarry her. Despite knowing in his heart that Ziyue's love was unwaveringly devoted to him, he couldn't help but harbor concerns that someone might try to whisk her away or challenge him for her affection. Hence, they decided to visit the Civil Affairs Bureau that day to reapply for their marriage certificate.

As Ziyue walked out, clutching the red marriage booklet, a thought suddenly crossed her mind, and she forcefully released Muchen's hand. She hadn't settled the score with him yet!

"Qin Muchen, you've been warned... if we ever go through another 'divorce,' it won't be easy for you to remarry..."

Muchen was startled. His tone showed a subtle hint of nervousness, "There won't be a next time. Not in this lifetime."

"You better do!" Ziyue's resentment from their previous divorce still lingered.

With conviction, Muchen vowed, "I promise you, I'll keep my word!"

True to his character, he had never once broken a promise he made to Ziyue.

"And furthermore, no matter what lies ahead, you can never hide anything from me again! Swear it, swear it right now!"

Ziyue had endured enough of Muchen's hidden secrets.

Understanding Ziyue's concerns, Muchen had taken the time to reflect on his actions.

"I swear, if I ever keep anything from you again, it'll be the end of me..."

Ziyue quickly interrupted him, "Forget about such extreme statements! I want your promise to always be open and honest with me."

Without hesitation, Muchen vowed, "I promise you, I won't let you down!"

Ziyue chuckled, "Since you're being so compliant, maybe I'll consider giving you a raise."

After all, all of Muchen's assets were in her hands.



Even if they remarried, unless explicitly stated otherwise, the properties he had previously given her were considered her personal belongings.

Muchen's smile suddenly held a deeper meaning, "In our relationship, you can trade that raise for other perks, you know?"

Ziyue instantly grasped the underlying implication of his words.

"Are you not embarrassed to say that in public?!"

"What's the harm? As an employee of this company, is it too much to ask for extra perks or benefits?"

Ziyue brushed off his prying questions and walked straight back to the car.

Muchen followed suit and entered the car, continuing, "I'm serious. I don't even need a raise. Just a small token of appreciation or benefit would suffice, you know..."

Ziyue turned her head to gaze out the window, tuning him out and pretending not to hear what he said.

As for the so-called 'perk and benefit,' Muchen wasn't rushing to claim it.

In the following days, he kept himself busy nursing Ziyue's health and researching various nutritious recipes.

Over time, Ziyue noticed her body transitioning from a slim figure to a slightly more curvaceous one.

Unable to bear it any longer, she vented her frustration at Muchen, insisting they go for a daily walk to combat the weight gain.

Before agreeing, Muchen insisted on taking her to the hospital for a thorough examination.

However, the next day, Muchen realized they had an uninvited companion—Zixi, the little tag-along.

"Mom, which one looks better, this one or this one?"

Muchen hadn't noticed that Zixi had suddenly become so concerned about his appearance and looking good.

"No matter what you wear, you look handsome!"

When Zixi wasn't around, Ziyue would shower Muchen with compliments about his good looks. But now...

Zixi blushed and excitedly responded, "Hmm, I'll wear this one. It's the same color as Mommy's clothes."

"Okay."

Ziyue affectionately tousled Zixi's hair and helped him change clothes.

Meanwhile, Muchen, waiting at the door, glanced at his all-black outfit and then at the mother and son donning matching light green attire. He wrinkled his forehead.

Hmm... I do not have any light green colored clothes...

With a stern expression, he walked over to Zixi's closet and tossed black and white striped clothes onto the bed. "Wear this instead."

Ziyue made a disapproving face, "Not that one; the light green outfit looks great on him. It suits his skin tone."

Muchen cast a quick glance at Zixi and said in a monotone voice, "This one is stain-resistant."

Zixi sensed the underlying threat in his father's tone, but he also knew his father was afraid of his mother. That realization gave him a surge of courage. He pouted and tugged at his clothes, saying to Ziyue, "Mommy, I really like this one."

Ziyue, showering her son with affection, hugged him tightly and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Let's go with this one; no need to change."

Zixi cast a triumphant glance at Muchen.

Muchen furrowed his brow. This little tag-along had started to challenge and undermine his authority.

It had been a while since Zixi had gone out to play with both of his parents, and it was clear that he was the happiest among the three of them.

He looked at Muchen, whose face and clothes exuded a gloomy aura, and felt sympathy for him being left out in different-colored attire. So, as Zixi was drinking water, he deliberately spilled it, wetting Muchen's clothes.

Startled, he exclaimed, "Oops, I accidentally got Daddy's clothes wet."

Muchen glanced at him, unable to determine if his son was being overly dramatic or genuinely clumsy.

Consequently, the family of three had to make a trip to the mall to buy new clothes for Muchen.

Whenever Zixi spotted a store selling light green clothes, he would enthusiastically dash toward it.

"Mommy, this one has the same color as ours!"

He then winked at Muchen.

However, Muchen deliberately ignored Zixi's sly eye-batting, choosing not to partake in silly nonverbal communication with him.

He glanced at his son and turned to Ziyue, asking, "What do you think of this one?"

"Hmm, you should try it on and see if you like it."

Ziyue was surprised by Muchen's choice since he didn't typically fancy vibrant color clothing.

Chapter 738 Facts About Growing Old

Muchen listened and followed the shop assistant into the fitting room.

Ziyue and Zixi sat on the couch waiting for him.

Ziyue put an arm around Zixi and asked, "How do you find your dad?"

Without hesitation, Zixi answered, "He's okay."

"How so?"

"Everything's good." Zixi tilted his head to the side.

Ziyue was surprised. She had noticed the tension between Zixi and his father. To her surprise, Zixi was happy with Muchen.

"Then do you like him?" Zixi prodded.

Zixi pursed his lips and wrung his hands. "I guess..."

Ziyue, "..."

She couldn't tell what he was thinking.

Muchen emerged from the fitting room.

He had barely left the house this past six months. Muchen had become incredibly pale, but it only made him look even more striking. He'll look good in anything with his physique. What made the pale green dress shirt he was wearing now any different?

However, the cheery uplifting green somehow looked somber on him.

Muchen frowned as he came to stand in front of Ziyue. "What do you think?"

He asked.

"It's great. But how do you feel in it?" He was frowning so hard; he could have killed a mosquito if it had landed in the creases of his forehead just then. He was obviously not too fond of this shirt.

"I think it's quite nice." He replied to everyone's surprise.

"Then this one it is." Ziyue laughed.

She handed the shop assistant her card for the bill.

After all, she was the primary breadwinner of the house now.

Muchen did not have any money.

While the shop assistant went to get the EFTPOS machine, Ziyue snapped a few sneaky photos of Muchen with her phone.

Muchen had gotten the phone for her. She didn't know where he got the money for it, but she knew it was clean.

She posted the photo on her social media and immediately received many likes and comments.

She glanced through the comments. For some reason, it looked like all her friends were online.

The comments were filled with exclamations of surprise. It was no secret that Muchen preferred dark colors.

Scrolling through the comments, she encountered someone she had not seen in a long time.

"No matter how much he pretends, he can't hide the fact that he's thirty and will soon be an ailing old man!"

No one except for Jingshu would dare to say that about Muchen.

Ziyue stared at the comment for a good minute to make she wasn't making a mistake. She handed the phone to Muchen.

"Jingshu commented on my post!"

Muchen glared at the phone and snorted, "I can't believe someone who's just a few months younger than me and still single would have the audacity to say anything about me!"

Mr. Qin had gotten used to the new lingo from the younger generation.

He was so angry that he was using words like 'audacity.'

Ziyue found it hilarious. "You're not an ailing old man. This shirt makes you look like a first-year college student." She tried to placate him.

But she couldn't help laughing.

Muchen arched an eyebrow at her. He felt conflicted.

Ziyue tapped on Jingshu's comment to reply to find it had been deleted.

While she had been cooped up at home under Muchen's strict orders to look after herself, Xia had visited her a few times. But every time she'd bring up Jingshu, Xia would change the subject.

Ziyue guessed that Muchen knew about Jingshu.

"Do you know what happened between Jingshu and Xia?"

"Nope."

The three of them left the store and took the elevator downstairs. The elevator was tall and looked quite steep. Noticing Zixi nervously trying to get on, Muchen carried him.

Ziyue laughed at the sight.

After a long pause, Muchen said, "He wouldn't have stood out so much if the Bai family hadn't done those things."

"The Bai family?" Ziyue's face fell. "You mean to say..."

"The Bais are a military and political family. Social status and honor are important to them. The elders of the family rule with an iron fist." Muchen briefly explained.

Ziyue was surprised.

She immediately texted Jingshu. He replied to her straight away with a smiley emoji.

Not expecting him to reply that quickly, Ziyue was at a loss for what to say. She wanted to ask how things were going between him and Xia but thought he might think her nosy. Instead, she asked: 'Are you coming to my and Muchen's wedding?'

Their wedding was still being planned. While they needed to hammer out some details, they had booked most of their vendors.

Jingshu's eagerly replied: 'Of course, I'm coming! I'm one of the groomsmen!!!'

Ziyue: 'Okay then. Wait for the invitations to be sent out.'

She put her phone away, not waiting for a reply.

Jingshu had not returned to Yunzhou City since leaving for Jingcheng City.

She didn't know how Xia felt about it, but all Ziyue could do was use her wedding with Muchen to force Jingshu to visit.

He would have no choice but to see Xia then.  
They could use the time to talk their problems out.  
Ziyue was so engrossed with her phone; she did not notice the chauffeur had driven them out of the city.  
When she came to, they were in the suburbs.  
“Where are we going?” Could they be going camping?  
The weather had cooled somewhat, but not enough to go camping outdoors!  
“We’ll arrive soon. Why don’t you get some shut-eye?”  
Ziyue guessed Muchen was up to something but could not be sure.  
She had dozed off by the time the car slowed down.  
Muchen opened the door for them. After Zixi had gotten out of the car, Muchen helped Ziyue out.  
Ziyue couldn’t help but smile when she saw they had arrived at a field of flowers. “Did you bring me here to see the flowers?”  
Muchen did not say a word. He silently led his wife and son to the middle of the field.  
Ziyue followed him into the field and found herself surrounded by a sea of flowers.  
Maybe it was because of the terrain, but the flowers stretched as far as the eye could see.  
What woman wouldn’t love to be surrounded by flowers?  
Even Zixi cried out, “It’s so pretty!”  
Ziyue took a few steps forwards and came to a red sea of roses.  
How was it possible for roses to bloom at this time of year?  
There was a strip of cloth tied to each stem.  
Curious, Ziyue walked over and untied one. The handwriting was familiar.  
“Marry me, Su Ziyue!”  
Her mouth dropped open in shock as she whirled around to stare at Muchen.  
Muchen was waiting for her with a gentle smile on his face.  
Ziyue untied one after another. They all said the same.  
She couldn’t imagine how long it had taken him to write so many.  
Tears were streaming down her face before she had even gone through a dozen.  
Muchen strode over until he stood in front of her. She could barely see him from all the tears.  
He reached out to wipe them away. “I take it you’re happy?”  
Chapter 739 The Wedding Will Be Held Three Days Later At Lumiere Jade House  
Ziyue sniffed and nodded.  
“Save your tears. I have something else for you.” Muchen kissed her.  
Ziyue glared at him. How could someone be like this?!

Shouldn't he be whispering sweet nothings to her? Instead, he's ordering her to stop crying!

Muchen took a picture book out of nowhere as if by magic. He got down on one knee. "I didn't have any money left after I bought the ring. I was afraid that wouldn't be enough, so I made you this picture book. I drew our story from the moment we met. Including the ending..."

He flipped the picture book to the end. It was blank, but the title was at the top of the page, 'Wedding.'

"I would like to complete the book. Will you marry me?" Muchen smiled warmly at her.

Muchen wasn't a romantic man. He wasn't good at flattering her and didn't know how to please a woman, but he won by being persistent and hardworking.

"Yes." Ziyue nodded.

Hiding behind some flowers, Zixi quickly took photos of them with Muchen's phone and posted them on social media.

Muchen was worried that Zixi would ruin the proposal and had given him the phone to occupy himself.

While Zixi was on the phone, he received a text from Chuan. Zixi sent him a voice note, 'Dad is proposing to Mom right now!'

Chuan got excited at the news. He immediately created a group chat with all their friends and told Zixi to live stream the proposal so they could watch.

In the past, Chuan would never dare be so bold.

But anyone would change after coming back from the verge of death. Even Muchen's temper had mellowed out significantly.

Zixi didn't usually play with phones. Posting photos were simple enough...

But live streams were a toughie.

Which was why Muchen and Ziyue found him hunched over the phone talking to someone.

Zixi was pressing the microphone button on the screen to talk.

"Why did Dad have to kneel before Mom? He..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the phone had been snatched away.

He spun around to see Muchen staring at him with narrowed eyes. He didn't look particularly angry.

But Zixi trembled in fear. He stood at attention and yelled, "Daddy! You're so handsome today!"

Mom had taught him to flatter Dad when he was upset.

Zixi's voice was earnest. He had raised his voice as if to prove his sincerity. It was honestly hilarious to witness.

Ziyue barely held it together and kept herself from laughing. After all, she was the one who had taught him that trick.

Muchen turned to look at her only to be met with Ziyue blinking innocently back at him.

"It's getting late. Let's go home." Ziyue laughed.

She took Ziyue's hand.

"Come on. Let's go home."

Watching them from behind, Muchen sighed.

The two of them were really...

...

Chuan had avoided Muchen since he coaxed that photo out of Zixi.

He didn't appear until they were close to Ziyue and Muchen's wedding date.

After much deliberation, Ziyue and Muchen had finally decided on Lumiere Jade House as the wedding venue.

Ziyue was born and raised in Yunzhou City. This was also the place where they met. Zixi was still young, and all his friends were in Yunzhou City. There was no place more suitable than Lumiere Jade House.

Lumiere Jade House had stopped accepting customers one week in advance to prepare for the wedding.

The wedding planner was from an up-and-coming company in the city. They were a group of young, forward-thinking enthusiasts. Ziyue was very pleased with them.

Muchen had taken on the brunt of the wedding planning.

Ziyue would occasionally sneak a peek to see how things were going.

Ziyue hesitated to send Youcheng an invitation but ultimately decided to hand it to him personally.

She arrived at the office to find he had not come to work for some days.

"What happened to him?" Asked Ziyue.

After a pause, the secretary finally answered, "He's... In the hospital."

Not many knew that Youcheng was in the hospital. He had ordered his secretary not to tell anyone, especially Yuanming. However, he didn't say anything about hiding it from Ms. Su.

"How long has it been?" Ziyue asked in shock.

"He hasn't been doing well since half a year ago, but he had been taking medication to keep it under control. Recently, it's gotten worse, and he had no choice but to stay in the hospital for them to keep him under observation."

"Thank you."

Ziyue bought some fruits as a gift for him.

She arrived to see Youcheng lying in bed with an IV drip attached to his arm.

The IV bag was empty, but the needle had not been removed. Blood had started to backflow into the tube. Youcheng was unconscious.

Ziyue's chest tightened at the sight.



Memories flashed through her mind. Youcheng had taken her in after her father was sentenced. When Youcheng learned about her being bullied in school, he told her, "You are a Su! You're my granddaughter. Have some confidence! He's just a bully. What's there to be afraid of? The next time he tries something with you, beat him off with a chair. So what if it breaks? I'll take care of it!"

Youcheng treated her well. He had even sent her abroad for schooling. Ziyue couldn't help but have a soft spot for him despite him having done all those despicable things.

Ziyue called the nurse to remove the needle.

Youcheng woke up while they were removing it.

Still a little dazed from waking up, he thanked the nurse.

The nurse glanced at Ziyue instead of responding.

Youcheng slowly turned his head to see Ziyue standing there.

"What... What are you doing here?" He asked in shock.

Ziyue approached the bed. She saw a half-empty paper cup on the bedside table. The water was ice cold.

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Would you like some water?"

Before Youcheng could say anything, Ziyue poured him some warm water.

Youcheng took the cup from her and gulped it down.

"Are you all better now?" He asked.

Ziyue tilted her head to the side. "Did you come to visit me?"

"No. Muchen did not let me in." Youcheng said without quite meeting her eyes.

"Look at the state you're in. Why wouldn't you let Yuanming come take care of you?" She scanned Youcheng carefully to see he had aged quite a bit since the last time she saw him.

At the mention of Yuanming's name, Youcheng became angry. "That useless son of mine! He is completely undependable! Su Group was..." He huffed in anger.

"I came to give you this." Ziyue cut him off. She wasn't in the mood to hear him complain about Yuanming.

She handed Youcheng the envelope.

Youcheng froze. "You're getting married?"

"Yes. In three days. The ceremony will be at the Lumiere Jade House." Ziyue said without any emotion. She did not expect him to come.

For some reason, Ziyue wanted to give him an invitation even though she did not think he would come.

Youcheng took it from her with a smile. "Sure," he sighed, "You're finally getting married."

He seemed relieved. But Ziyue couldn't tell if he was being sincere or not.

"I'll be off then."

Ziyue turned and walked out of the room without any longing.

However, she did hire a personal nurse for Youcheng.

She had a newfound respect for life ever since she woke up.

She couldn't bring herself to turn away from him after everything he had done to her. But she wouldn't do anything more than this for him.

Tomorrow night will be the finale of the show. After that, there will be interviews with Jingshu and Xia. As well as some with the supporting cast members. It won't be long.

Chapter 740 He Was Both Happy Yet Afraid

Ziyue returned home in a sullen mood.

Muchen immediately noticed and offered her a glass of water. "What's wrong?" He asked.

She took a sip. There was a moment of silence as she clutched the glass tightly in her hands. "Youcheng is in the hospital." She finally answered.

"He's getting old. It's nothing to be surprised about." Muchen said calmly, taking the glass back from her.

Ziyue nodded. She thought back to something Youcheng had said. "Did he come to see me while I was hospitalized?" She asked.

Muchen pondered before nodding. "Yes, he did. He came once a month, but I didn't let him in. I thought you might not want to see him."

Ziyue shook her head. "That's okay. Our relationship ended a long time ago."

She remembered what had happened in the hospital.

She was right. Youcheng was sad and alone while in the hospital.

He was sick to the point of needing to be hospitalized, and yet his own son could not be bothered to see him.

She told Muchen everything. Muchen smirked, "If Yuanming were to visit him, that might be the push Youcheng needed into the grave. Knowing that Yuanming has his eye on Su Group, Youcheng would rather Yuanming knew nothing about him being sick and hospitalized."

Ziyue's mouth fell open.

Like father like son.

...

To Ziyue's surprise, Youcheng came to Cloud Bay to see her the day before her wedding.

Muchen was at Lumiere Jade House to supervise the wedding decorators.

"Madam, there's an elderly gentleman outside waiting for you."

"Elderly gentleman?" Ziyue didn't know who it could be. She followed the maid out.

When they reached the front door, she saw Youcheng dressed in a suit and leaning on a cane. He seemed to be in good spirits.

He looked much better than when she last saw him at the hospital. The weather was getting cooler but still quite warm with the sun out. Ziyue quietly deliberated before finally deciding what to do. "Let Mr. Su in." She ordered the maid. She then went to wait for him in the living room. The maid served them some tea before making herself scarce. Ziyue and Youcheng sat across from each other. They sat in silence, sipping their tea without exchanging a single word. Youcheng was the first to break the silence. He removed a file from his bag and handed it to Ziyue. "Sign here." Ziyue's expression tightened when she saw the cover of the file. "What's this?" "I'm getting old. I no longer have the energy and intellect to manage such a big company. I understand Yuanming better than anyone. That useless son of mine will not be able to handle this task. Su Group will see ruin if I hand it to him." Youcheng's voice was riddled with sadness and anger. Ziyue read the cover of the file over and over again. 'Share Transfer Form.' Youcheng wanted to transfer half of Su Group's shares to her. Ziyue stayed quiet. She did not understand why Youcheng would do this. Assuming Ziyue would reject him, Youcheng quickly added, "Think of it as a favor to an old man. Su Group is a part of your dad's legacy as well. Please... We have employees who have worked for us all their lives. You can't just sit by and watch Yuanming run the company to the ground!" He shook his head vehemently. His eyes glistened with unshed tears. "Please, Ziyue. I've made my share of mistakes. I don't expect you to forgive me. But right now, I have never been more sure of this decision. Please, as a favor to me?" Ziyue couldn't stand to see him plead with her any longer. The day finally came for Youcheng to regret what he did to her. She had never held out hope of it happening and so it meant nothing to her. She started to tear up at the thought of her father, Su Yizhi. She couldn't understand how he could be that cruel back then, and the same was happening now. She did not understand his regret. She inhaled deeply. "I'll accept the shares, but not for free. I'll buy it from you at market price." Youcheng shook his head vigorously. "I'll give it to you for free. You are a Su, and..."

"Our relationship ended a long time ago." Ziyue stared at him unflinchingly. Her eyes were cool and distant.

The rest of Youcheng's sentence was left unsaid.

Ziyue continued, "I'll sign it after the wedding and get someone to send it to you."

Sensing her resolve, Youcheng kept quiet.

Muchen arrived home a few minutes after Youcheng had left.

He walked in to see Ziyue curled up on the couch. Her eyes were bloodshot, as if she had been crying.

His chest tightened. "What's wrong?" Muchen hurried to her side.

When Ziyue saw him, the floodgates opened. Tears streamed down her face.

Muchen panicked. He held her tightly against him. Thinking of the car he had seen leaving when he arrived, Muchen asked, "Who came?"

"Youcheng." Ziyue hiccupped.

Muchen's voice became like ice at the mention of his name. "What did he do?"

"He wants to transfer the shares to me... I didn't want them... He also...

Apologized to me..." Ziyue couldn't keep the sobs from bursting out of her chest.

Youcheng apologized right before he left.

Ziyue hadn't allowed herself to understand how she felt then truly.

But now, in Muchen's embrace, sadness and helplessness engulfed her.

So what if he apologized? Her father was dead.

And nothing could bring him back.

Her heart was covered in scars from her past sufferings.

It was all in the past, but it didn't stop the scars from throbbing occasionally.

She no longer felt any hate for them, but that didn't mean she had to forgive them.

Muchen held her even tighter. Kissing the top of her head, he said gently, "I think it's best if he didn't come to our wedding, don't you?"

"Okay..." Ziyue mumbled.

He picked her up and brought her upstairs. "What do you feel like having for dinner? Just let me know, and I'll take care of it. Take a nap. We'll have dinner after you've woken up."

His voice was warm and gently coaxing.

Ziyue slowly calmed down. She told him what she felt like eating.

Muchen repeated them so that he could remember them.

Once they reached the bedroom, Muchen waited until Ziyue fell asleep before going back downstairs.

He called Youcheng.

He went straight to the point. "Mr. Su, if possible, I think it's best if you don't come to our wedding tomorrow."

Youcheng immediately recognized Muchen's voice.  
Youcheng will never forget Muchen. Muchen was a memorable man.  
"But Ziyue gave me an invitation..."  
"So what if she did? Do you think it's appropriate for you to come?"  
Muchen's accusations were like daggers piercing Youcheng's heart.  
With Ziyue, Muchen was gentle, kind, and patient. But he was ruthless and cruel to everyone else.  
Finally, Youcheng replied, "Okay."  
Muchen hung up to see Zixi coming downstairs.  
He had just woken up from a nap.  
Zixi looked up to see Muchen staring at him. He blinked and bounded over to Muchen. Hugging his legs, Zixi exclaimed, "Dad, you're home."  
Zixi was adorable. But staring up at Muchen like this made him absolutely lovable.  
Muchen, usually calm and indifferent, couldn't help pinching Zixi's chubby cheeks.  
Pinching it once, Muchen couldn't believe how incredibly squishy Zixi's cheeks were. He wanted to pinch them again.  
Zixi frowned at him. His little button nose scrunched up in annoyance, but he didn't dodge it.  
Muchen chuckled. This was the first time he found children adorable and funny.  
He picked Zixi up. "Go keep your mom company."  
"What's she doing?" Zixi poked Muchen's chin.  
Muchen wiggled his eyebrows at Zixi. "She's in a bad mood. She's napping. Keep her company but don't wake her."  
"Okay," Zixi answered with wide eyes.  
Zixi was a mother's boy through and through. If Mom was upset, Zixi was more than willing to cheer her up.  
"Go."  
Muchen put him down on the ground and patted Zixi's butt.  
Zixi touched his butt and glared at Muchen. He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something but chose not to. Instead, he stomped up the stairs in anger.  
Muchen arched his eyebrows. "Why can't I pat your butt? I'll give you a beating if you wake Mom up. You hear me?"  
Zixi hurried up the rest of the stairs without a backward glance.  
His son was good for something, at least.  
He ran fast and also made his Mom happy.  
...  
Ziyue went to bed early that night because their wedding was the next day.

Muchen, on the other hand, couldn't sleep.

He watched cartoons with Zixi in the living room. Zixi yawned uncontrollably. "Why aren't you going to bed, Dad? I'm getting sleep..." He yawned once more.

"Go to bed if you're tired." Muchen glanced at him.

Zixi jumped off the couch and walked to the foot of the stairs. He turned back to see his father sitting alone on the couch and doubled back.

"Didn't you say you were sleepy?" Muchen said when he saw Zixi coming back.

Hugging a pillow tightly, Zixi mumbled, "Aren't you afraid of being here alone?" Muchen burst out with laughter. Why couldn't Zixi just say he wanted to be with Muchen instead of beating around the bush? Muchen didn't know who Zixi took after.

Burrowing into Muchen's chest, it didn't take long for Zixi to fall asleep.

Muchen turned off the TV. Gently cradling Zixi in his arms, he brought Zixi to his room.

Once Zixi was tucked in, he went to check on Ziyue.

Ziyue was deep asleep. He kissed her on the forehead. Making sure the volume on his phone was off, he played a few games on it.

He couldn't sleep.

He was happy, yet terrified.

Unexplainable fear.

He was on his phone until way past midnight.

A notification for a news report popped up.

"The wife of LK's former chairman has been found to use drugs in her youth..."

Muchen straightened up when he read the title.

Chapter 741 Happily Ever After

He glanced at Ziyue to confirm she was sound asleep before striding out of the room.

He skimmed through the news article – it was obviously fabricated. Initially, he thought someone exposed the incident about Ziyue being forcibly injected with drugs by Yige, but it turned out to be a nonsensical article with no credibility.

Fortunately, the article was released at midnight, so only a few had seen it.

Muchen made several calls and instructed his subordinates to handle the matter but was not rest assured, so he headed out too.

By the time he settled the matter and returned home, it was almost four in the morning. He tip-toed into the house and found that the bedroom light was on.

His heart skipped a beat, worrying that Ziyue had seen the news.

He stood in the living room for a while before going upstairs. After entering the bedroom, he saw Ziyue scrolling through her phone.

Ziyue looked toward him when she heard the sound of the door opening. "You went out? Where did you go in the middle of the night? I was about to call you..." She asked and put down her phone. She looked sleepy, and her voice was tinged with drowsiness.

Muchen was relieved. It looks like she has just woken up and isn't aware of the news.

The next day was their wedding. He didn't want her to be troubled on the happy day.

He walked over to kiss her and hugged her tightly.

Ziyue struggled slightly, so Muchen let go of her.

"You haven't told me where you went!" Ziyue completely sobered up.

Noticing Muchen was dressed formally rather than in pajamas, she was sure he had gone out.

Muchen stared at Ziyue briefly and hesitated upon remembering his promise to always be truthful to her.

He sat on the bed and said, "Would you believe it if I say I went out for a walk because I couldn't sleep?"

Ziyue was puzzled. "Why couldn't you fall asleep?"

Before Muchen could answer, she had a guess. "Are you nervous?"

Seeing Muchen's flushing cheeks, Ziyue stared curiously at him as if she saw something rare. "Are you really nervous?"

"Not really..." Perceiving Ziyue's doubtful gaze, Muchen had no choice but to be honest. "Slightly."

Ziyue laughed in spite of herself.

When she saw Muchen's stiff expression, she controlled herself and hugged him. "There, there. Hope you're feeling better now."

Muchen snorted arrogantly but quickly reached out to hug her back.

Neither of them felt sleepy – Ziyue had had enough sleep while Muchen was wide awake after staying up throughout the night.

Cuddling each other on the bed, the couple chatted aimlessly and dozed off for a while before sunrise.

...

The wedding day is the most important in a woman's life. When Ziyue sat in the dressing room, she finally felt the excitement and nervousness of being a bride.

"Mrs. Qin, your skin is so smooth. I can't tell you're a mother of a child." The makeup artist praised Ziyue while applying makeup for her.

Ziyue was delighted despite knowing the makeup artist said so to please her. She replied with a smile, "Thank you. You're beautiful too."

The makeup artist smiled shyly, thinking Ziyue was friendly despite being the president's wife.



Previously, outsiders only knew about their divorce but didn't know Muchen had transferred all his assets to Ziyue. Little did they expect the couple to remarry half a year after they divorced.

Xia came into the room with a tray of food while humming a song.

She laid down the tray and took a piece of cake. Then, she sat down and ate the cake while observing Ziyue putting on makeup.

After staring at Ziyue for a moment, she suddenly tutted and commented, "It feels like the story of 'Beauty and the Beast'."

"Are you saying Muchen is a beast?" Ziyue glanced at Xia.

Xia alertly looked around the room and patted her chest when she realized Muchen wasn't around. "I didn't say that."

She was just feeling sentimental. Although Ziyue and Muchen had registered their marriage before, she only felt like Ziyue was truly getting married now that their wedding was happening.

Ziyue chuckled.

Just then, Zixi, who was dressed in a suit, skipped in.

"Mommy!" He held a bouquet of flowers in his hand. The suit fit him perfectly, and his hair was neatly combed.

Meanwhile, Ziyue's makeup was done. She carried Zixi and observed him carefully.

"You're so handsome today, like a little prince."

"You're beautiful, Mommy, like a little princess."

Ziyue smiled. This boy used to be taciturn; since when did he learn to fawn over others?

Before Ziyue could say something, Zixi added, "The little prince and little princess live happily ever after in fairy tales."

Suddenly, someone carried Zixi and put him on the ground.

Ziyue lifted her head to see Muchen's striking face.

Muchen looked at Zixi and uttered tauntingly, "I can't believe you're still reading fairy tales at this age, like a little girl."

At this age? But everyone says I'm a kid... Zixi was confused.

Xia was sheepish due to her remark about Muchen just now. She pointed at the food on the tray and said, "Ziyue, please have some first. It might be late before you have a chance to eat later."

Then, she slipped away with Zixi. Zixi was reluctant to leave but was pulled away by Xia.

Muchen gazed at Ziyue carefully and smiled. "You're beautiful today."

"Only today?" Ziyue asked coquettishly.

Muchen's smile didn't waver. "I can say it every day if you like my compliment."

As a single lady, the makeup artist was awkward to witness the couple's display of affection. So, she silently retreated and left the room in perplexity. They seem to be very close to each other; why did they divorce previously? Outsiders might have many doubts, but the parties involved didn't have to answer their questions.

Today was their day, and they didn't have to care about what others thought. Before the wedding began, Ziyue noticed Xia looking around as if searching for someone. She knew who Xia was looking for, so she asked Muchen, "Will Jingshu be here?"

"I contacted him. He's on the way from the airport." Muchen answered and cast a thoughtful glance at Xia.

Ziyue didn't ask further.

Just then, Chuan walked up to Muchen and whispered in his ear.

Muchen inhaled deeply and ordered, "I don't want to see her ever again."

The incident last night was unexpected. Muchen swiftly addressed the matter and suppressed the news before returning to Cloud Bay. Thereafter, he didn't ask Chuan for a follow-up. He could guess who the mastermind was. Sure enough, the name Chuan mentioned just now proved his speculation – it was Hanyan.

He had never cared about that woman. At first, he didn't completely brush her aside because she was Yuchuan's benefactor. However, what happened subsequently made him despise Hanyan to the core. His patience reached its limit when the woman stirred up the episode on the eve of his wedding.

Noticing Chuan whispering to Muchen, Ziyue was curious. "What did Chuan say to you?"

Muchen stared at her intently. "I'll tell you if you make me happy tonight."

Ziyue blushed to the root of her hair when she realized what Muchen meant.

...

Jingshu only arrived right before the ceremony began. However, Ziyue couldn't be bothered with Jingshu and Xia because the ceremony was about to commence.

Soon, it was time for the bride to toss her bouquet.

Ziyue glanced backwards and discovered Xia wasn't focusing, so she called out to her, "Catch it, Xia!"

Then, she turned around and tossed the bouquet in Xia's direction. When she turned around to observe the scene, she felt awkward to see the female guests fighting over the bouquet.

Most were senior executives or influential figures in Yunzhou City, but Ziyue didn't expect them to be so eager to catch the bouquet.

Nonetheless, Xia, too, gave her best and managed to snatch the bouquet.

Then, she waved the bouquet at Ziyue.

Holding Muchen's arm, Ziyue smiled at Xia, wishing her happiness. Xia blinked at her, indicating she understood her intention. Then, they exchanged another smile.

Muchen had arranged a group of groomsmen and bridesmaids to receive the guests, so they could be available.

It was a joyous occasion. Whether the guests were here to network or for other intentions, Ziyue would rather believe they came to witness their happiness. So, she courteously greeted every guest with Muchen.

When they reached a table with three guests, Ziyue was surprised to see Yunan. "Hi, Mr. Bai. I didn't expect to see you here."

"We're friends, after all. Of course I have to attend your wedding and give you my blessing." Yunan replied with a rare, amiable expression.

Ziyue welcomed every guest, including Yunan. Moreover, she no longer felt enmity toward Yunan, so she nodded at him and said, "Thanks for coming."

Muchen gazed at Yunan and uttered indifferently, "It's okay if you can't make it. After all, you're a busy man." Obviously, Muchen wasn't pleased to see Yunan at the wedding.

However, Yunan didn't mind, as he knew Muchen still held a grudge against him for having been interested in Ziyue in the past.

The two men didn't reveal their thoughts and perfunctorily exchanged a few words before Ziyue and Muchen moved on to greet the next table.

After going one round, Ziyue realized it was impossible to greet everyone because the crowd was too big. So, Muchen entrusted the task to Chuan.

Jingshu coaxed Zixi and brought him away, so Muchen and Ziyue could return to their room and get some rest. They planned to have a private dinner with a few close friends at night.

Upon returning to the room, Ziyue took off her heels and threw herself onto the bed.

"Tired?" Muchen walked over and massaged her feet.

Ever since Ziyue regained consciousness, she had rarely gone outdoors or worn heels. So, she was exhausted after wearing the heels for long hours.

She sat up on the bed with an excited look. "I'm fine. I could do it all over again..."

Muchen lowered his body to kiss her and gently nibbled her lip, "What do you mean you could do it all over again?"

"I'm just joking..." Ziyue quickly denied it and kissed him back, trying to please him.

However, Muchen wasn't satisfied. He pressed her down and started kissing her fervently.

Ziyue pushed him and mumbled, "Hey... it's still daytime..."

“Jingshu and the others will surely hold us back till late at night. I haven’t gotten my share for months, so let me get some benefits first.” Muchen said in a muffled voice while kissing Ziyue gently.

Ziyue went along with Muchen despite him being shameless. Muchen had a good time, having kissed Ziyue from head to toe.

Ziyue recalled something in a daze and asked, “Why did you drink the spiked wine at Lumiere Jade House back then?”

“Nothing would go wrong even if I drank it.”

Ziyue regained her senses and snorted, “Then why did you...”

Muchen interrupted her, “It was you who refused to let me go.”

“I didn’t!” Ziyue retorted to him sulkily, refusing to believe she would hold him back.

Muchen grinned and kissed Ziyue’s cheek lovingly.

Indeed, Ziyue didn’t prevent him from leaving. Despite his intention to leave, he didn’t.

Muchen first met Ziyue, a beautiful and obedient girl, when she was nine. At fourteen, he didn’t know what love was but was pleased to have a lovely girl as his younger sister.

During that period, he sent her to school daily and subconsciously acted like her elder brother. Before he knew it, he had a mysterious desire to protect her.

After his mother passed away, he thought of looking for Ziyue. However, Ziyue didn’t know about him. To her, Muchen was a stranger. Besides, she had a misunderstanding with his father, thinking he caused her mother’s death.

So, she didn’t know how to face Muchen.

Time flew by. Ten years later, Muchen returned to Yunzhou City, coincidentally when she had just returned to the country.

Muchen was focused on his career and had little contact with women. Other women were ordinary to him, but Ziyue was different – she nearly became her younger sister.

The girl, who had similar experiences and a peculiar connection with him, was lying before his eyes, young and enticing.

He was captivated. Ever since then, their lives had become entwined for a lifetime.

They could have grown up with each other. However, fate reunited them after many years, so they could be together for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 742 Xia, Let’s Go To Bed

Xia was pouring wine into her glass when a bony hand suddenly snatched the wine bottle.

Her heart pounded at once, but upon hearing the person’s voice, her heart

rate recovered.

“Drinking too much is not good for your health.” Xiyi’s voice was attractive, just like his appearance. He was a trustable and dignified man.

He and Jingshu were completely different — Jingshu was a playboy and was popular among women. He was good at coaxing women and breaking their hearts.

“Today’s Ziyue’s joyous occasion. I’m drinking to celebrate.” She paused briefly and added, “I’m not drunk.”

To prove that, she put down the glass and turned around at the spot.

However, she had a dizzy spell while turning halfway.

The dizziness came so suddenly that Xia lost her balance. She thought Xiyi would help her because they were friends, but he didn’t. Xia forgave him, knowing he was a clean freak.

However, she did feel the pain as expected — someone supported her.

Xiao shook her head in a daze, thankful for the kind person.

She stood up unsteadily before she could see the person clearly and mumbled, “Thank... you.”

The person who helped her did not let go of her. She frowned in confusion as she found the person familiar. Why does he look so much like Jingshu, the jerk?

She blurted what was on her mind. She pointed at the man and stammered, “M-Mr. Kind Man, you look just like Jingshu, the jerk.”

Xia couldn’t tell if it was her hallucination, but the man seemed irritated.

“I’m not scolding you. Why are you angry?”

She pushed the man, but the man refused to release her.

“Look closely. It’s me!” Jingshu tightened his grip around Xia’s waist, and his voice tinged with anger.

What a familiar voice...

Xia shook her head and looked closely at the man.

A few seconds later, her eyes widened when she recognized who the man was. Then, she punched him in the face.

“I don’t care who you are. Anyone who looks like Jingshu deserves to be beaten up!”

Xia was weak after getting drunk, so Jingshu only felt a tingling sensation from her punch.

Nonetheless, the commotion she caused attracted the attention of the other guests.

Jingshu carried her and saw Chuan approaching them, so he informed Chuan, “I’ll send her to her room and be right back.”

Arching his brows, Chuan nodded and gave Jingshu a bold look.

Jingshu shot a glare at him. “Pervert!”

Chuan sneered, "Call me a loser if you appear at this hall again tonight." Jingshu ignored Chuan and despised his depravity. However, he gulped uncontrollably when he lowered his head to look at Xia, who was still mumbling something in his arms.

He also noticed Xia had lost weight. She was a cheerful and bubbly girl. Although it had been three years since she graduated and started working, she still emanated an energetic aura like a student. At the same time, she exhibited a certain mature charisma as a twenty-six-year-old lady. Such contrast made her even more attractive.

Compared to Xia, Jingshu felt like his life was a canvas with scattered and messy paintings, impure and complicated.

However, precisely this stark contrast attracted them to each other.

Xia was restless in his arms. Jingshu needed to reach out for the lift button, so he put her down and made her lean on him.

Xia wore a pair of high-heels that night. Facing him, she leaned her head against his shoulder. Jingshu could feel her warm breath on his neck.

The neck was a sensitive body part. Moreover, Xia was the woman he loved. Jingshu's facial muscles tensed up as he helped Xia into the lift.

After entering the lift, Xia collapsed weakly in Jingshu's arms as her legs felt like jelly.

Jingshu felt a brief moment of pleasure, followed by intense agony.

When they finally entered the room, he wanted to put Xia onto the bed, but Xia stubbornly clung to him.

He couldn't forcefully pull her away and toss her onto the bed. She was drunk. Although the bed was soft, being thrown onto it would make her feel worse.

So, Jingshu could only coax her gently. "Xia, let's go to bed, alright?"

"Huh?" Xia lifted her head and stared at Jingshu in a daze when she heard the familiar voice.

Looking innocent and confused, she mumbled, "Jingshu?"

Jingshu felt a dryness in his throat. Finally, he couldn't endure it anymore. He firmly grasped the back of her head and kissed her fervently. His kiss was fierce, as he agonized every second during their separation that lasted for half a year.

Although Xia was tipsy and slow, she realized someone was kissing her. Ew! Who's this shameless guy?!

She struggled to get up, but Jingshu kissed her intensely, wishing he could swallow her whole.

The desire in him was burning, and he couldn't resist Xia wriggling in his arms. He was losing control but couldn't bear to release her.

Restraining Xia's hands, he gazed at her intently and pressed his body against hers. His breathing was heavy. "If you struggle again, I'm gonna take

you right here!”

His fierce tone was tinged with resignation.

He was a man who lacked self-control. However, he had not touched her in all the time they had lived together.

No one would probably believe it because even he found it unbelievable.

Xia quietened down when she heard the threat.

After the commotion, she finally sobered up slightly.

Perceiving the prolonged silence from the man, she could confirm he was Jingshu. She retorted fiercely, “Go ahead then. Who can’t talk big?”

Her words were sharp and confident, but after saying them, she let out a burp uncontrollably. Only then did she regain her senses, feeling awkward.

What on earth did I say?!

Frowning, she snorted and pretended like she did not say anything. She pushed Jingshu and grumbled, “Let go of me. I’m going to sleep.”

However, Jingshu refused to let go of her and embraced her even tighter.

“Do you think I won’t take you?”

“Excuse me, sir. We haven’t met for half a year, and I don’t know you. Who are you to take me?”

The man who promised to return to Yunzhou City after spring break did not keep his promise. Not only that, he rarely answered her calls. Even if he did, he would brush her off and hang up as soon as possible.