

Marry Me 483

CHAPTER 483

Jingshu's thoughts were obvious. Ziyue shook her head at him. Jingshu and Xia were both passionate characters; they would always fight when together. Jingshu also liked provoking Xia. It was apparent that he wanted to catch her attention back then by saying some useless things. It was so obvious to Ziyue.

"It's nothing... Let's not talk about me first." Jingshu waved his hand touchily. His eyes were serious when he looked toward Muchen again.

"Muchen, are you fully recovered?"

"Otherwise?" Muchen looked at him stoically.

Jingshu was not convinced until he saw Muchen's expression. Muchen did not say anything else for the rest of their time there. Jingshu chatted with Ziyue the whole time. They decided to have dinner at Lumiere Jade House together. Before leaving Jingshu's company, Zixi wanted to go to the toilet, so Muchen brought him.

Jingshu took this opportunity to look at Ziyue mysteriously.

"Don't you think Muchen has gotten more cold?"

Although the Muchen from before had been cold, he would've joined in the conversation occasionally. He had not said one word from start to end.

"Really?" Ziyue asked him curiously.

She had also felt this way last night when she saw the interaction between Chuan and Muchen. But when they got home, Muchen had treated her with so much 'passion'. He had been more brazen than before...

Jingshu looked at Ziyue's face and shook his head, "Maybe it's just me."

Ziyue lifted her brows slightly but did not say anything.

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Muchen had a baby seat in his car, so Ziyue had placed Zixi in it and sat beside him. Zixi played with his fingers while in the car. Ziyue found herself staring at Muchen unconsciously. She disagreed with what Jingshu said but couldn't help but think about Muchen's actions in the past few days. She thought that Muchen seemed pretty normal, but when she looked closely, his behavior made sense.

When they got home, Muchen stopped Ziyue and asked her, "Why were you staring at me?"

"Um... Well..." She thought he was paying attention to the road and wouldn't notice her attention to him.

"Well?"

"It's nothing. I thought you looked handsome..."

It's not wrong.

Muchen squinted at her. He waited until she looked intimidated, then said, "Don't think about escaping. What did you and Jingshu talk about?"

Ziyue lowered her gaze and muttered, "He didn't say anything."

She was surprised by Muchen's intuition.

Muchen narrowed his eyes at her when he heard that. Ziyue felt like he was looking through her. The sharpness in his eyes was frightening. Ziyue couldn't help but take a small step back. During the two's confrontation, they heard a sharp cry from one of their helpers.

"Little master!"

Ziyue quickly recollected herself, pushed Muchen away, and ran into the living room. Before getting close to the scene, she saw Zixi surrounded by a circle of servants.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

Ziyue was carrying Zixi into the house but was stopped by Muchen. She felt Muchen wanted to talk to her, so she let the servants take Zixi away.

"Mrs. Qin." The servants exclaimed in panic when they saw Ziyue walking over. They backed away, and Zixi turned his head around. Tears glistened in his ebony eyes, and his lips were trembling vigorously. He looked like he was about to cry, but for whatever reason, he couldn't.

Ziyue swept a look at the servants and then knelt in front of Zixi, "Darling, what's wrong?"

Zixi blinked, and the tears in his eyes rolled down his cheeks. It was like a dam broke; he started crying heartily.

"It hurts..." He gasped tearfully as he reached his hand out for Ziyue to see. When Ziyue saw his hand, there was a massive red spot on it. It was obvious that he had been burnt.

"What are you all standing around for? Go get me the first aid kit!" Ziyue turned her head and shouted at the servants. She was usually kind and sweet toward them. She did not give off air and wasn't as cold as Muchen. The helper in the house thought that she had a good temper. Her sudden outburst made them jump. They quickly ran to get some burn ointment.

Ziyue carried Zixi to the couch and sat down. She gently patted him on the back and cuddled him, "Don't cry, darling. I'll put some medicine on you, and it won't hurt anymore."

Zixi never liked to cry. He stopped crying very quickly and waited for the ointment.

When the servant brought the ointment over, Ziyue carefully applied it to his hand and asked, "Does it hurt?"

Zixi looked at the cream on his hand, and in the next second, his eyes lit up like he had realized something interesting. He quickly shook his head and replied, "No..."

"Really?" Ziyue asked him with a giggle.

He kept staring at his hand while Ziyue treated it. Zixi found the cooling effect of the medicine on his burn weird; he couldn't help giggling.

"It's quite cold, right?" Ziyue asked him after applying the medicine meticulously.

"Yeah, it's cold." Zixi said with a nod.

He couldn't quite pronounce the word 'cold', but Ziyue still understood him.

"Did he burn himself?" Muchen's voice floated over. Ziyue suddenly remembered that Muchen was there too.

Before Ziyue could reply, Zixi lifted his burnt hand and looked at Muchen with a glowing face, "Daddy, it's cold."

Muchen bent over and held his burnt hand. There was a red mark on his otherwise smooth skin. It made his heart wrench when he saw it. Muchen lowered his lashes and gently blew on his wound.

"It won't hurt after I blow on it."

He blew on it twice more. Zixi giggled as he felt funny.

Then, Muchen turned to Ziyue and said, "Take Zixi up to rest."

Ziyue had wanted to do that, so she agreed and brought Zixi upstairs. Muchen waited until he heard the

door upstairs close before glaring at the three servants. They stayed silent and unmoving in their spots. They knew how precious Zixi was as the household's Little Master.