

FLASH MARRIAGE: HE IS A WIFE-PAMPERING ADDICT

11 011 Warning

Mo Xiuchen's voice was deep and magnetic, conveying an irresistible charm, especially the way his name ended with a "Chen". It slipped off his lips in a profound manner, leaving a faint lingering charm. When Wen Ran heard him, she felt her cheeks heat up instantly.

A hint of astonishment flashed across her eyes as she bit her lip anxiously, unable to find the right words to say.

Observing her silence, the man continued, his voice adopting an imposing tone that left no room for defiance, "We are already married according to law. Even without the reality of being husband and wife, you are still my wife!"

Wen Ran quickly nodded in acquiescence, uttering, "Okay, I will keep that in mind."

Mo Xiuchen gave her a faint smile and gestured her away, "Go back to your room and rest!"

"You should get some rest too. Good night!"

Once she finished speaking, she quickly dashed back to her room, not daring to linger around any longer.

Although her room was not as luxurious or finely decorated as previous ones she had occupied, it was comfortable. Too tired and sleepy to nitpick, she took a shower, climbed into bed, and fell into deep sleep within minutes.

The next morning, as Wen Ran descended the stairs, she found an eerie silence hanging in the living room.

Seated on the plush leather sofa were Mo Xiuchen and a powerful man in his fifties she recognized as Mo Jingteng, the current chairman of MS, Mo Xiuchen's father.

Mo Xiuchen appeared frosty and aloof, his lips curled into a smirk. Across from him, Mo Jingteng seemed to be holding in his anger, his face turned blue, but he didn't explode.

Hearing the sound of her footsteps, Mo Xiuchen glanced her way, then turned back to Mo Jingteng, his voice cold, "Don't bring that woman to my house again!"

Surprised, Wen Ran noticed there were three cups on the coffee table. Mo Jingteng had two in front of him. She wondered who 'that woman' referred to.

"You..."

Mo Jingteng spat out a word angrily, but seeing Wen Ran approaching, he held back. Standing up to leave, he paused by the staircase to address Wen Ran, "Since you've married Xiuchen, stop interfering with Zixuan!"

Dumbfounded, Wen Ran wondered. Was he misdirecting his anger at her?

She glanced at Mo Xiuchen, who stood aloof by the sofa. As she looked back at Mo Jingteng's stern and piercing gaze, she said calmly and firmly:

Dad, you should be having that conversation with Zixuan, not me. I am not the one clinging to him, he's been clinging to me!"

At her words, Mo Jingteng's already stern face instantly changed, his powerful aura pushing against Wen Ran like a tsunami. He could hold back from lashing out at his own son out of guilt, but he would absolutely not hold back his anger towards an outsider like Wen Ran.

Had Mo Xiuchen not gone behind his back, he would never have allowed his eldest son to marry the former girlfriend of his younger son!

"Is this how you treat your elders in the Wen Family?"

Wen Ran's face turned ash-white, she clenched her fists and retorted to Mo Jingteng's harsh voice in a chilling tone:

"I don't think my manners are a problem, rather, it's the fact that you, as my elder, came at me without any valid reason. Everything I've said is the truth. I did date Zixuan before, but we are over now. It wasn't me who betrayed him, he was the one who betrayed me. If you don't believe me, you can ask him directly!"