

## Falling for the Contract Bride Chapter 296-300

### Chapter 296 Who Is Rao Xue?

“That Mu Zhi lady is filthy rich.” “Tell me about it, they say that a helicopter came and took her away last night.” “It was sent by her husband. How madly in love he is with her. He wouldn’t let her suffer for a moment, that’s so cool.”

“What does her husband do for a living?” “Who cares? I’m envious of her. I want to marry someone like that too.” “To hell with it! That spot is reserved for fine-looking women like me. Quit dreaming.”

Lu Jinye frowned at the gossip. He had plans to break through Mu Zhi’s barrier slowly, but by the looks of it, he must wait no longer. Thus, he had decided to look into Mu Zhi himself.

He made a call to the technical team in his company, “I’ll send you a photo of a woman in a while. Give me everything you can get your hands on about her at once. Remember, every single thing, including the most confidential parts.”

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On the other hand, upon landing in the States, Mu Zhi was relieved that she had finally managed to get rid of Lu Jinye. Her mood became brighter as a result.

She reached out to talk to Eric and was pleased to find out that he was having fun in City A.

Thus, Mu Zhi could gradually revert to her usual routine, keeping a low profile and live a carefree life.

Until one day, when she went to the supermarket for groceries. She had just settled her bill when she met a boy whose age was on par with Eric’s. The boy was standing in the middle of the road.

Numerous cars were swishing by the boy. He was seemingly terrified and at a loss of what to do, standing still on the center of the road without moving a finger.

At this moment, one of the many cars narrowly missed the boy and zoomed away rapidly. Mu Zhi’s heart sank at sight. The place was relatively rural, so vehicles travelled at a relatively higher speed. Passers-by seemed to be apathetic about the boy’s situation.

Mu Zhi became increasingly worried. Just as she was about to call the boy to come to her, another car came flying by. Without hesitation, Mu Zhi tossed away the groceries in her hands and charged at the little boy.

She was within a few meters of the boy when yet another car accelerated in their direction!

Mu Zhi put away all thoughts in her mind and lugged the boy towards her. She managed to save him from the collision and almost tumbled to the ground.

“Why were you standing in the middle of the road? Did you lose your mother?”

Mu Zhi frantically brought the boy to a safe place and questioned him anxiously.

At last, the little boy let out a bright smile, saying, “Miss, you’re awesome. I’ve been standing here for a long time, but you’re the first to come to my rescue.”

“What were you doing on the road? Did you know that it’s dangerous? Where’s your home? Where are your parents?”

Mu Zhi remained perturbed. She cut the boy off without listening to the rest of what he had to say.

But the boy was neither nervous nor scared. “Everything is a setup, including the cars on the road.”

What does that mean?

Mu Zhi could not apprehend the situation at first.

Just as she was preparing to pursue further, a blonde haired hostess with a microphone and a stocky Caucasian male carrying a massive video camera on his shoulder came running towards Mu Zhi from afar.

“Congratulations madam, you’re the first person who passed the test today.”

The hostess proclaimed excitedly.

The confusing situation further entranced Mu Zhi.

She blinked numerous times at the hostess and her microphone.

Then the hostess explained, “Apologies, I forgot to make it clear to you. We are a local TV show in town, and we are currently conducting a social experiment. This is the first test of the day, where the little boy and the cars zooming past the poor boy were staged. We are looking to see if passers-by will lend a hand to the boy. It has been half an hour, but nobody has stepped in. Madam, you are our first...”

“Sorry, I was too anxious.”

The hostess wore a pretentiously exciting expression.

Meanwhile, the video camera was fixed at Mu Zhi. Upon clarifying the situation, she let out a courteous smile.

The hostess then took the opportunity to request an interview.

It didn’t bother Mu Zhi. Besides, thinking that it would teach the public a positive lesson, she obliged.

The interview questions were short and succinct, asking her about her views of neutrality, thoughts of helping others, and calling out for everyone to show more love towards the people around them.

Mu Zhi concluded the interview with a note, "My husband sets a very high standard for himself, regardless of health, physique, or moral, he asks a lot from himself. He influences me heavily, so I acted out of instinct. I think that as long as it's the right thing to do, there is no harm in sparing a few moments to do it. I find joy in doing good. A kind gesture or an encouraging remark might save a person's life, or at times change someone completely. Thank you for listening."

After the interview, Mu Zhi retrieved her groceries and headed home.

Nothing looked out of the ordinary, at least not in Mu Zhi's eyes. Until almost mid-day, when Mu Zhi was resting in her bedroom, a series of soft door-knocks suddenly sounded.

Mu Zhi answered the door only to find the butler greeting her chivalrously.

"Yes?"

The butler handed a letter to Mu Zhi, saying, "There's a letter for you."

"Thanks."

Mu Zhi received the letter as she spoke. The letter was addressed to Mu Zhi herself. She was slowly opening it while the butler walked away.

However, Mu Zhi was dumbstruck when she saw the content! It was covered in blood!

Mu Zhi could hardly read a single word before her hands shuddered, and the letter slipped through her fingers, falling to the ground.

The letter was written with blood. Mu Zhi could not bring herself to glimpse at the crimson red color, let alone to read the content.

In this instance, she espied the last words at the end of the letter – Rao Xue.

She was unfamiliar with the name. She could not bear touching the letter with how bloody it appeared.

The butler was about to close the door behind him when he sensed Mu Zhi's anxiousness. He swept his gaze across the ground and found the bloody letter.

Terrified, the butler hurriedly stepped forward to pick up the letter.

"W-what... What's happening... Rao Xue... Who is Rao Xue?"

Mu Zhi was scared witless by the letter. She did not even know what to say anymore. Her brain could barely process anything at this moment.

All she could do was focus on her breathing.

Upon a closer look, the old butler calmed down a little. He read the content of the letter, then said to Mu Zhi, "Let me give Mr. Xie a call to tell him about this incident."

While he was speaking, the butler turned around to leave.

### **Chapter 297 The Little Girl Who Kept Emerging in Her Mind**

Mu Zhi drew multiple deep breaths before managing to slightly steady herself. She called the butler to stop him. "Don't disturb him. He is busy with work, and this may distract him.

I don't want to add to his plates. Keep this hidden from him, he doesn't need to know about trivial matters like this." Mu Zhi said anxiously. "Umm... Shall we call the police then?" The butler suggested.

"Don't worry, let me handle it. It's just a stupid prank."

Mu Zhi forced a stiff smile, putting up a brave front.

Although she was in fact horrified. Who exactly is Rao Xue? Mu Zhi lacked the courage even to touch the bloody letter.

The concerned butler stared at Mu Zhi for a long while before bringing the letter away and said, "Madam, please take some rest."

The butlers at the Xie Residence had gone through vigorous selections to work under Xie Xiu. None of them would take the liberty to decide without prior approval.

Thus, without any other option, the butler agreed to leave the matter.

On that note, the butler left Mu Zhi alone.

Mu Zhi trembled as she walked to the bed and sat down next to it. Any drowsiness she had before receiving the letter had disappeared completely.

What now...

Who's Rao Xue? Why did she send a bloody letter to me?

Some of the words on the letter read, 'Give it back to me!'

Give what back? Did I take anything from her? Why does it look like she's demanding something from me?

Mu Zhi was tense. She did not dare close her eyes for a nap. She spent the whole afternoon in a trance. In the evening, when she left her room to go downstairs, the door suddenly opened.

A familiar figure walked in through that day.

Xie Xiu had returned home.

He put down his lightly packed luggage and smiled at Mu Zhi while approaching her. Mu Zhi became much more relaxed upon seeing Xie Xiu. She seemed to have regained a slither of energy from her exhausted body.

“Why are you home so soon?”

Mu Zhi could've guessed it as soon as she saw Xie Xiu. The butler must have informed him everything about the letter. Xie Xiu only rushed home because he was worried about her. But Mu Zhi asked anyway, despite knowing the answer.

Xie Xiu gave her a look, as though he expected Mu Zhi to know the answer too.

“You know why.”

Mu Zhi smiled placidly and insisted, “You don't have to come home. I can handle it.”

In response, Xie Xiu laughed softly, “So... What are you handling?”

Mu Zhi thought about persisting, but ultimately, the words that left her lips were, “Thank you.”

“So, do you know everything?”

Looking up at Xie Xiu, who was towering over her, Mu Zhi drew a deep breath as she asked. She only dared to recall about the letter with his presence.

Xie Xiu nodded at Mu Zhi.

After receiving and reading the letter's content, the butler informed Xie Xiu about it at once despite Mu Zhi told him not to.

Xie Xiu learned that the letter was from Rao Xue, and the full content was, ‘There's a price to pay for the undeserving love you've received. Aren't you guilty for taking away what belongs to others?’

The tone of the letter worried Xie Xiu.

He didn't expect Rao Xue to be still alive. Besides, he had always taken Mu Zhi matters into his own hands.

Mu Zhi stared at Xie Xiu for a long while before asking, “Who is that? Do you know her? Rao Xue.”

“No idea who she is.”

Xie Xiu did not bother looking Mu Zhi in the eyes. He declined, “Let me shred the letter. Don't worry about it, I will take care of it.”

Mu Zhi nodded without doubting him.

Xie Xiu then brushed off the subject, "I'll stay for a few days to keep you accompanied. I'm sorry for not spending enough time with you these few days. Let me slowly make it up to you."

"Just a phone call from you means the world to me."

Mu Zhi then remembered about Eric, "What about Eric? Will he be alright there alone?"

Xie Xiu glanced at Mu Zhi helplessly, then grabbed her hand with a smile, speaking to her gently as a loving husband would to his wife, "He's a clever boy, he can handle everything that comes at him. Don't worry about him."

"You should also focus on your work, don't let me distract you. I can handle my matters too."

"Hurry up and get back to work, I understand that you suffer great losses by staying here with me." Mu Zhi added out of concern.

"Nothing is more important than you. You know better than anyone how significant you are in my heart."

"I am, I thank the gods every day for letting you in my life."

The next few days, Xie Xiu canceled every appointment to spend time with Mu Zhi during the day, hoping that she could forget about the bloody letter.

Mu Zhi felt that she would learn something new about Xie Xiu every day. They lived like an ordinary couple. One morning, Mu Zhi woke up to find that Xie Xiu was preparing breakfast for her. "Let me know how it tastes."

Mu Zhi reached out for the cutlery, cut a small piece of the breakfast, and brought it into her mouth. Every taste bud on her tongue exploded with the striking balance of salt, fat, acid, and heat.

"Yum!"

Mu Zhi repeatedly nodded to give Xie Xiu her recognition. She looked at him and thought about reaching in for a hug.

She was aware of how busy he usually was at work. Knowing that he had to spare time out of his busy schedule to look after her, Mu Zhi felt touched and remorseful at the same time.

All she could do was say, "Honey, thank you for everything. You don't need to do this, I'm fine, I'll just take it as a prank."

Mu Zhi hoped that Xie Xiu could revert to his usual routine.

Judging by the ceaseless calls he was still receiving from work, she knew that he was vastly required.

Mu Zhi felt sorry for Xie Xiu as he had to juggle exhaustingly between work and her.

Thus, after several failed attempts to convince Xie Xiu to return to work, Mu Zhi went out while he was distracted by work meeting.

There was an opera tour which was scheduled to take place during that night. Mu Zhi had pre-booked the tickets a long time ago

She knew that Xie Xiu would insist on tagging along had he found out that she was going to the opera. So Mu Zhi chose to sneak out amid his meeting.

The opera was held in the biggest theater in Los Angeles. Apart from the famous crew, what attracted Mu Zhi's eyes was the ten-year-old little girl on the poster. Her eyes were as expressive as a fairy. Mu Zhi felt that she could see her past through the eyes.

She had only seen the little girl once on the poster, but she felt like they had known each other for years.

Mu Zhi appeared to have shared a telepathic bond with the girl.

Throughout the opera performance, Mu Zhi had her attention fixed on the girl from the poster.

The girl had dark hair and round eyes, and she was engrossed in the performance.

While watching her performance, Mu Zhi heard a voice echo in her head, 'Mama, watch me play the little swan.'

### **Chapter 298 Because You Look Like My Mom**

The performance was a large success. It ended with a thunderous round of applause. Mu Zhi had seen the same play before, but different crews presented it. None of them was as stunning as this one.

She could not explain the mysterious feeling that had aroused her as she watched the little girl dance on stage. The girl moved her in an exceptional way. She felt like she had witnessed the growth of the little girl, and the sweat and tears the girl had put into her performance.

When the play was concluded, and the crew members were thanking the audience, Mu Zhi brought the flower she had prepared beforehand to stage for the little girl.

The girl was seemingly nervous. Mu Zhi could tell from her movements during the performance and her stance on stage.

When she was presented flowers by the rest of the audience, she would bow from the waist to show her gratitude. However, when it was Mu Zhi's turn, the girl first raised her eyes to look at Mu Zhi, then burst into tears.

Mu Zhi was dumbfounded. Seeing that the girl was weeping, Mu Zhi was at a loss.

At last, the girl lost control of her emotions and started wailing.

Nobody appeared to have handled this situation before. Some crewmates from the event ushered the girl backstage for some fresh air. Mu Zhi was concerned for her, so she followed behind to check her out.

After all, the girl only cried after seeing her.

Mu Zhi felt the obligation to ask for the reason behind it and to console her.

The girl became much more stable when she was backstage. She gradually stopped crying – perhaps she was too tired from crying. Mu Zhi slowly approached the girl when she noticed that she had calmed down a little, then asked reluctantly, “Don’t you like flowers?”

“I wanted to give you a flower because I liked your performance. I didn’t intend to upset you. I didn’t mean it, I didn’t know better.”

But the girl shook her head in response. She lifted her eyes to look at Mu Zhi for a while before silently rubbed the tears of the bottom of her eyes.

After taking some moments to steady herself, she squeezed a smile, saying, “I didn’t cry because of the flower, it’s because of you.”

“Me?”

Mu Zhi gawked at the girl and could not help but ask, “Why me?”

She could not describe the feeling when she heard those words. She was anxious to begin with when she approached the little girl. It felt like she was meeting someone she loved and had not seen for a long time.

The closer Mu Zhi was to the girl, the stronger her emotions were, and the stronger her emotions were, the more anxious she became. “What about me?” She asked again tentatively.

“Because you look like my mom.”

Mu Zhi giggled at her answer. She took a closer look at the girl and said, “It might be fate. I feel just as familiar with you when I first saw you, but I shouldn’t be your mom. I can be sure of that.”

“I know.”

The girl put away her melancholy thoughts, then continued, “My dad told me that mom has passed away, she’s watching me from the heavens.”

At that note, the girl started to feel a little sorrowful.

Mu Zhi stretched out to grab the girl’s hand, saying gently, “It’s true. I believe your mom is watching you from the heavens, so you must stop crying.”

“Mmm, I’ll stop crying.” The girl tilted head up towards Mu Zhi and received the flower from her hands. “Thank you, sorry about that.” The girl then thanked her with a stern face.

The woman before her eyes looked too much like her mother. She found it difficult to believe otherwise.

However, the woman’s demeanor was different from her mom’s.

Regardless of what happened, it must be just a false signal.

Mu Xiaomu was only five years old when Mu Zhi left her. The memory of a five-year-old would eventually relinquish as they grew. Thus, her memory of Mu Zhi had become obscure over time.

Mu Xiaomu was just like Lu Jinye. Time seemed to have skipped by rapidly for the past five years for both of them. Xiaomu had relentlessly practiced dancing, performing in one play after another, and each stage was more significant than the last.

Lu Jinye plunged himself into work much of the time. He routinely spent most of his time at the company.

Time flew by quicker when they had tasks to distract them – dancing and working. When Mu Xiaomu first saw Mu Zhi’s face, she felt like she had time-traveled to five years back.

“What’s your name?”

Mu Zhi looked at Mu Xiaomu and tried to steer the conversation away from the girl’s mother, afraid that she would find herself drown in sorrow once again.

The girl looked up at her and said, “My name is Mu Xiaomu.”

“What should I call you?” The girl then asked Mu Zhi.

“My name’s Ann, I’ll come to watch your play every night throughout this LA tour.” Mu Zhi answered.

Mu Zhi glanced when the other crew members were slowly making their way backstage. She figured that it was inappropriate to stay any longer, so she stood up and prepared to bid farewell.

Just as Mu Zhi was about to leave, Mu Xiaomu suddenly called out to stop her. She removed the handmade wristband from her wrist and put it on Mu Zhi. “This is a gift for you. Thank you for the flowers, and thank you for watching my play. I’m grateful to meet you tonight, I miss my mom...”

Mu Xiaomu’s emotions started rippling within her, but she managed to suppress it this time.

Mu Zhi returned home.

The following day, Mu Zhi brought Xie Xiu with her to watch Mu Xiaomu dance. She told Xie Xiu about how she felt of the little girl, but skipped the part where the girl said that she looked like her mother – perhaps she had forgotten.

Once again, the play was a success. At the end of the performance, the audience gave the crew a standing ovation.

Mu Zhi brought Xie Xiu backstage to present flowers to Mu Xiaomu yet another time. At this moment, Xie Xiu finally met the special girl Mu Zhi had been telling him about.

Mu Xiaomu had just removed her ballet shoes and costume at the time. Her little girl's outfit was a contrast to her independent temperament. She was only ten years old, but she behaved like an adult.

Mu Zhi silently approached Mu Xiaomu and asked, "Is it alright if I treat you to a meal? It's dinner time."

The show took place in the afternoon. It was just in time for dinner when the show ended.

The girl first glanced at Xie Xiu. Her gaze was filled with hostility and alertness.

Upon noticing that, Mu Zhi swiftly brought Xie Xiu towards her, introducing him, "This is my husband. His name is Xie Xiu, and he reckons that your performance was sensational too."

### **Chapter 299 Your Mom Might Still Be Alive**

Mu Xiaomu sized up Xie Xiu for some moment before agreeing to the casual dinner. Xie Xiu proposed either Chinese or western cuisine. Mu Xiaomu was excited to hear about having Chinese food, so she went for it without hesitation.

Then, Xie Xiu brought the two of them to a Chinese restaurant. Mu Zhi let Mu Xiaomu take the order first. As soon as Mu Xiaomu got the menu, she ordered a serve of squirrel fish before moving onto the rest.

When the fish was served, Mu Zhi could not help but wonder out aloud at the fish's appearance. She asked, "Are people from your country accustomed to having this dish?"

Upon finishing her question, Mu Zhi was suddenly reminded of Lu Jinye. The woman of his memories loved squirrel fish too. So he offered to her some as supper.

"This is a common fish, but most importantly, it's my mother's favorite."

Mu Xiaomu would always order squirrel fish when she missed her mother.

After witnessing her emotional breakdown a few days ago, Mu Zhi knew better than to bring up the topic of Mu Xiaomu's mother. Thus, she steered the subject away yet another time, "This dish looks quite complicated to prepare."

"Yeah, I don't know how to make that."

Mu Xiaomu chuckled.

As the other dishes were served, Mu Xiaomu helped Mu Zhi to some of those, and they appeared to get along pretty well.

Mu Xiaomu had very little knowledge of Xie Xiu when she was little, so she could not recognize him.

Meanwhile, it had not occurred to Xie Xiu who Mu Xiaomu was to Mu Zhi. However, after observing their interaction for a while, he asked casually, "What's your name?"

"Mu Xiaomu."

Mu Zhi answered before Mu Xiaomu had the chance to.

While Mu Xiaomu nodded in acknowledgement only to find Xie Xiu peering at both her and Mu Zhi.

The girl's name was Mu Xiaomu, a Mu. He continued asking, "Where did you come from?"

"I was born in City A." Said Mu Xiaomu.

City A, surname Mu.

Xie Xiu did not show any emotion on his face, but he had been privately deducing the little girl's identity and thinking of ways to separate Mu Zhi and her.

Mu Zhi had not noticed anything out of the ordinary. She went along delightfully, "My husband's company is based in City A too, perhaps we could frequently meet each other at your hometown. In that case, it feels like destiny has brought us two together."

"Yeap, sure!"

Mu Xiaomu was pleased.

The two of them started chattering while Xie Xiu spontaneously reached out for his phone.

He browsed the phone for a few seconds before letting out a frown, "Apologies, Xiaomu, I have some urgent matters to take care of at work, I need to go."

"My dad does this a lot too. I suppose fathers are usually quite busy." Said Mu Xiaomu.

Xie Xiu rose to his feet and turned his face to Mu Zhi, "Let's go."

"I want to stay for a dinner with Mu Xiaomu..."

"Let's go." There was a tinge of somberness despite Xie Xiu's smile.

Then, he reassured Mu Xiaomu chivalrously, "Just quote my name to settle the bill. Dinner's on me, please help yourself. Apologies, we must leave."

Following that, Xie Xiu grabbed Mu Zhi's hand and left.

Mu Zhi turned around reluctantly while Mu Xiaomu felt that it was quite a pity that they could not finish the dinner, but she didn't press on.

She quietly tasted a bit of everything they ordered before getting up and preparing to head out of the restaurant.

As soon as she was on her feet, her phone went off.

Mu Xiaomu peered at the screen as the caller's name read, 'Lu Jinye'.

She put on her coat while nonchalantly answered the call, walking out of the restaurant.

It was a snowy day in Los Angeles, and Mu Xiaomu was greeted by flakes of snow pouring from the sky.

"Dad," she greeted as she picked up the call.

"How was your play? Do you need dad to be there to support you?" Lu Jinye's voice was as calm as they come.

"Humph."

Mu Xiaomu pouted her lips involuntarily when she heard Lu Jinye's voice. She reverted to the mischievous demeanor of a little girl, saying, "Dad, you promised to come to support me, why weren't you here? Now that the show is over, don't you find it a little hypocritical to say things like this?"

The father and daughter behaved like close friends when they were talking to each other.

When Mu Zhi was gone a few years back, Lu Jinye went through a period of deep sadness and grief.

But Mu Xiaomu gave him the courage.

Without Mu Zhi, Lu Jinye had to learn to become a father, and he would always remind himself how strong and persistent Mu Zhi was to give birth to Mu Xiaomu alone.

If it wasn't for Mu Zhi's decision, he wouldn't have had a daughter.

It was Mu Zhi who gave their daughter a chance to live. Lu Jinye was accountable for raising Mu Xiaomu as a single parent, to bring her up to be herself.

During all these years, Lu Jinye did not treat Mu Xiaomu as his daughter when they interacted with each other.

They felt more like close friends.

Mu Xiaomu knew at the time that Lu Jinye was going to marry Xiao Qingqing. She had agreed to it.

Lu Jinye had a conversation with Mu Xiaomu when she was five.

Mu Xiaomu chose to go to the States to further her studies, to learn to perform. She loved performing on stage and singing to an audience.

Lu Jinye supported her decision. Although Mu Xiaomu had spent her time in the States over the past years, it felt like Lu Jinye was continually keeping her accompanied. They would chat about her growth and other trivial subjects.

Lu Jinye gave Mu Xiaomu a proper name, Si, as a remembrance for Mu Zhi.

He did not change Mu Xiaomu's surname to Lu and opted to keep her surname as Mu.

That was the only way Lu Jinye could feel that Mu Zhi was always with him.

Lu Jinye giggled as Mu Xiaomu teased him. He said, "You know that I have important things to attend to, so I can't make it to your play."

"What's more important than your daughter? Do you have a son now?"

Mu Xiaomu continued her banter with Lu Jinye.

But Lu Jinye's tone suddenly turned solemn over the phone. "Xiaomu, have you ever thought that your mom might still be alive? That she's still somewhere in the world?"

### **Chapter 300 Your Happiness Before Mine**

Lu Jinye clenched his fists. He was unsure if it was time to bring up the matter with Mu Xiaomu. Contrary to her seemingly innocent and naive demeanor at the age of ten, Mu Xiaomu was different from her peers. She was intelligent as opposed to her harmless exterior. So, Lu Jinye decided that it was the right thing to do.

There were things she had to know. Mu Xiaomu had to learn discernment and eventually make sense of the world. Mu Xiaomu grasped her blouse's bottom corner rather forcefully upon hearing what Lu Jinye had to say.

She walked away, disappearing into the falling snow, summoned a cab, and headed to the theater. "Dad... Somehow... I think I saw mom, too." Mu Xiaomu stuttered as she spoke.

Furrowing his brows, Lu Jinye listened to Mu Xiaomu recounting her recent encounter.

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Mu Zhi gazed at the snow through the window from Xie Xiu's car.

"It was not long since LA had its last snow. I remember last year was ordinary to me, but not today, like a tingling sentimental... This feeling is indescribable."

Xie Xiu turned around. He uttered gently, "We can catch the snow scenery in Japan soon if you want."

Xie Xiu stared at Mu Zhi, still smiling away.

"Nah. Don't bother. You're currently caught up with work. We will talk about it later when you're freed up." Said Mu Zhi.

"By the way, your competitor must be something. What did he do to deserve your tenacity and dedication at winning the battle to become the next city ruler?"

Mu Zhi gleaned at Xie Xiu.

Whoever that was, that person must be more capable than Xie Xiu.

Xie Xiu was unfazed. He nonchalantly replied, "He makes an interesting competitor."

He stopped at the brief comment on the competition, refusing to comment further.

Mu Zhi stopped prying on the former.

Upon arriving at the villa, Mu Zhi immediately took a shower to wash away the cold from the snow. She made a cup of hot coffee without knowing that a storm was brewing in the other side of the house. She brought the beverage and made her way to Xie Xiu.

In the study room, Xie Xiu was caught in a quarrelsome conversation over a phone call. He was troubled. He bawled at the other end of the call, questioning, "What do you want?"

The woman chuckled and said, "I thought I have made my intention clear. All I ever wanted is you. I want to sleep with you. I love you. I want to please you. I knew you are a womanizer, but I never said a word. I never wanted you to leave me for other women. But now, I want you all to myself. You are mine!"

"You are disgusting!" Xie Xiu roared peevishly.

At this moment, he noticed Mu Zhi standing at the door with a cup in her hands.

Xie Xiu hung up without a qualm, having no regard for what the woman wanted to say.

When he turned around and looked at Mu Zhi, the tension was gone. He was the chivalrous and gentle Xie Xiu again.

"I did not realize you were here. I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."

"Just a while ago. You were busy talking over the phone. Who was that?"

"Just a nobody." Xie Xiu brushed off the subject.

Mu Zhi smiled and joked, "It's interesting that a nobody is all it takes to trigger you to anger. Well... It looks like you have got work to do with your emotional management, Mr. Xie."

Although Xie Xiu was made a joking stock, he didn't take it to heart. He smiled at Mu Zhi and swiftly responded, "As the matter of fact, my EQ had always been in check. I am not someone who is easily triggered or upset. Whoever can make me happy is what matters to me."

Mu Zhi glanced at Xie Xiu helplessly, "Fine, don't drink too much coffee, even though I made it for you."

"But since you're the one who prepared it, I must finish every drop of it." Said Xie Xiu sincerely.

"Oh right."

He remembered something. Turning the laptop to face Mu Zhi, he showed her a photo.

It was a photo of a massive land, and in the middle of it was an artistic building.

Xie Xiu added, "I realized that you've been into opera lately, so I've decided to buy you a theater."

Mu Zhi was astonished. She exclaimed, "There's no need for this. Theaters don't make much profit, the return of this investment isn't the best. Besides, tickets for live operas are hard to sell these days."

"It doesn't matter as long as you like it."

Xie Xiu uttered gently with raised eyebrows.

Mu Zhi gazed at him, stepped forward, and seized his hand, persisting to her stance, "With my current condition, a theater might not be the wisest gift to receive."

"But, if you're there to run the theater, you'll oversee its operations. You get to choose who comes to perform, and you'll be much safer too."

Mu Zhi giggled when he brought up safety.

She had the urge to hug Xie Xiu, but her subconscious mind wouldn't allow it.

All she could do was held his hand and looked up at him. "Thank you for doing all these for me. Trust me, what happened to me five years ago won't happen again. There's no need to be overprotective."

Xie Xiu had been overly concerned for her recent years.

Mu Zhi preferred a casual, carefree life instead of being trapped in a protective barrier.

"I..."

Xie Xiu had more persuasive words to say to change Mu Zhi's mind.

“Okay now, get back to work. I’ll go watch some TV while waiting for you to finish work, and we’ll go to bed early.”

Mu Zhi left the study room after finishing her words and did not dwell on the subject any longer.

Mu Zhi made herself comfortable on the couch and switched on the TV when she received a text message.

It came from Mu Xiaomu.

“Can we add each as friends on Facebook? My ID is...”

Mu Xiaomu gave Mu Zhi her account name.

Mu Zhi then promptly went on Facebook to search for her account, then added her.

Following that, Mu Xiaomu immediately forwarded her account details to Lu Jinye along with a playful caption, ‘Good luck, dad. If you can’t even hack into her account, I’ll look down on you.’

‘I need to rehearse for my opera performance tomorrow, gotta go, good night.’

After sending the text messages, Mu Xiaomu went straight to bed.

Upon receiving the account, Lu Jinye started looking into her.

Lu Jinye’s company focussed on investments revolving around conventional businesses such as biotechnology and media. He owned a subsidiary specialized in social media technology.

On the other hand, Xie Xiu’s company was much different.

His background shaped him into a man who had a sharp mind for security technology. Moreover, Xie Xiu’s assets were mainly made up of unlawful properties. Thus, he required a much more advanced encryption system to protect his information.