

Marry Me 481

CHAPTER 481

Ziyue stood in the doorway for some time, yet Muchen didn't turn to look at her.

She knocked on the door to get his attention.

Knock knock.

He finally turned toward her.

"Is it time to eat?" He gave her a glance before looking back down at his work.

She moved closer to him. "Yeah. Dinner is ready. You just got back from the hospital. You shouldn't be working so soon."

She was worried about him. If anything were to happen again, she might not take it well.

Muchen focused on his laptop and paid no attention to her. He lifted his head a moment later and realized that Ziyue was still there. He furrowed his eyebrows. "Why don't you head down to eat first?"

She opened her mouth to reply when Muchen closed the laptop. He got up from the chair with a reluctant expression. "You should just eat without me if I'm busy."

He went around the desk to Ziyue and brought her downstairs, hand in hand.

Her anxiety vanished in an instant.

Although it sounded as if Muchen was irritated with her, it turned out that he just didn't want her to wait for him. He just wasn't saying what he meant.

...

It had been a while since Ziyue had a proper meal or slept. She was constantly on tenterhooks.

She was initially worried about finding a cure. Then she was anxious that he wouldn't come around.

Now, Muchen had finally recovered.

She felt her appetite return as they began their meal.

Muchen sat opposite her. He took a bite of the food. "Did you make this?"

"Yeah." She raised her head and looked at him with bright eyes.

He noticed that she had made the food.

His eyes squinted as he smiled at her. "It's good."

She beamed back at him.

She didn't even know how to do the dishes two years ago. Now, she was familiar with basic home cooking. It was a miracle.

It was nice to have a meal with Muchen at home. But Ziyue felt that something was missing without Zixi.

"Let's fetch Zixi after our meal. It's been so many days since I've seen him."

She thought that Muchen would agree right away. Yet he replied plainly, "It's only been five days."

When she saw that he was indifferent, she thought: These five days have been like years to me.

Muchen observed as Ziyue lowered her head and played with the food in her bowl. He thought she was upset and suggested, after some thought, "Let's pick him up tomorrow. We can take a proper rest today."

He knew that she hadn't had a proper sleep when he saw the dark circles around her eyes.

Ziyue missed Zixi terribly, but she nodded in agreement at Muchen's suggestion.

...

In the afternoon, Ziyue sank into her bed after a shower and fell into a deep sleep.

Muchen stirred her from her sleep.

She felt a weight pressing on her and was out of breath.

Disoriented, she opened her eyes and met Muchen's eyes, filled with desire.

"Mu..."

Muchen closed in on her before she could finish her sentence.

She couldn't even say a single word after that.

When it ended, he hugged her close. Ziyue nudged him. "Move over. Your body's too warm."

It was mainly because she could feel his body's reaction again.

She didn't want to go for another round. It was late, and she wanted to sleep. They had to pick up Zixi the next day.

Muchen only moved closer. The lust in his voice didn't diminish. "But you feel so cool."

He pulled her closer.

She closed her eyes and resigned herself to her fate.

As Ziyue had expected, it was late when she finally went to sleep. Oddly enough, she felt refreshed when she woke up the following day.

She recalled hearing that a man's energy was good for women.

"What are you thinking about? You have a funny look on your face." Muchen's voice suddenly came from behind her.

Startled, she turned around in a hurry.

Muchen was watching Ziyue from behind. He was much taller than her, so she smacked into his chin when she spun around.

He hissed in pain. "I thought you were thinking about last night with that seductive look on your face. Turns out you're just planning your husband's murder."

Ziyue was about to ask if he was fine but swallowed her words. She gently pinched his chin, not wanting him to feel pain. "I wouldn't use this method if I was plotting to kill my husband."

He took her by surprise when he pulled her by her slim waist close to him. He placed his lips over hers. A smile could be heard in his voice. "Yup. You can choose to wring me dry."

She felt his body's reaction.

"Nice try!" She snorted.

His smile widened as he placed her on top of the vanity. He stared at her openly as if he could see through her thin nightclothes.

"You'll never know if you don't try."

He pulled her nightdress over her head.

Ziyue reached out to stop him from going further. "It's late now. You promise that we'll pick up Zixi today. Stop."

She grasped his large hand. He looked at her sulkily. "Do you think I can stop when your clothes are already off? Do you think I'm impotent?"

She began to refute him. How could she say that he was impotent? He was far too energetic.

"I don't. You..."

Muchen interrupted her. "Besides, you're the one who riled me up."

She stared at him speechlessly. Can't he be reasonable?

He showed her that he couldn't.

An hour later, she sat on the bed blankly as he dressed her.

Muchen, on the other hand, was beaming happily.

He saw that she was expressionless as he buttoned up her shirt. He put his hands on either side of her. He bent over her and asked earnestly. "What happened? Was it not enough for you?"