

## Marry Me 484

### CHAPTER 484

"How did the little master get hurt?"

Muchen towered over the female servants. He did not bend his head to look at them but only lowered his eyes at them. His gaze was disapproving, and it intimidated the servants. They were so scared they did not dare speak.

"Are you not going to tell me?" Muchen's voice was deep and low. His tone was very obviously impatient.

"It... It was me. I gave the little master some water, but it was too hot. He tilted the cup to the side and the water... scalded him..." One of the servants mumbled. She started trembling when she finished speaking.

"Since you know you're wrong; you should leave." Muchen said in a cold voice.

"Sir, I apologize for my mistake; I promise there won't be a second time. Please let me keep my job..." The servant begged hurriedly. Those who worked as servants usually had tough situations at home. Only those that had a good background were fast on their feet and had the potential could work as help at Muchen's home. No one wanted to be fired as the job had good pay that was comparable to those working in a corporate business.

"A second time? If there was a second time, you would be carried out of the door." Muchen's face was as sharp as ice. His handsome face was like the devil at night.

"I... I'll leave." She did not dare say anymore. She quickly turned around and bolted out of there.

Muchen turned his head toward the other two servants. Their heads were lowered in fear.

"Go spread the word. If anything like this happens again, it wouldn't be as simple as letting you leave on your own will." Muchen said and gestured them to leave.

Ziyue was standing in the hallway on the second floor. She could not hear what Muchen said, but she saw the two servants fleeing him like they had seen a ghost.

Is Muchen that frightening?

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That night when the Qin family arrived at Lumiere Jade House, the other people were already there. Xia and Jingshu sat opposite each other on the round table in their private room. They looked like they wanted to draw a dividing line between the both of them. Chuan sat on Jingshu's left, and Xiyi sat beside

Chuan.

"Ziyue!" Xia called out and ran to her when she saw Ziyue. When she got close to her, she reached out her hands and squished Zixi's round face. She didn't find that satisfactory enough, so she reached for his hand.

"Zixi, let me carry you."

Since Zixi had stayed at Jingshu's house for quite some days, he was familiar with Xia. He reached for her hand.

Xia took his hand with a giggle.

"Come sit with Aunty; I'll order you something nice." She said while putting him into a baby chair.

Once Zixi was seated, he stretched his neck to see where Ziyue and Muchen were. When he saw Ziyue sit beside him, he relaxed and turned his head back to the table.

'Ding!'

Jingshu tapped his spoon against the glass to pull Zixi's attention.

"Look here, kiddo. Call me Uncle."

"Uncle!" Zixi called Jingshu.

"Yo! What a miracle. Just one day at home and you stopped calling me 'ugly'." Jingshu had a face full of wonder. To Jingshu, it was a feeling fathers got when their sons called them 'dad'.

"Mr. Bai. Since Zixi called you uncle, shouldn't you give him an allowance?" Chuan called out opportunely. He had been collecting allowance from people in LK Group and Lumiere Jade House. He also knew that the festive season in Z Country made people more generous. The elderly would always give allowance.

"Of course! Of course, I'll give it to him!" Jingshu slapped his hand on the table and stood up. He opened his wallet and showed it to Zixi.

"Choose what you want, kiddo." He passed the wallet to him.

Ziyue glanced at Jingshu. His wallet was stuffed with money bills and numerous cards. Ziyue raised her brow, displeased.

Zixi is so young. How would he know what to choose? Since Jingshu said it, we should use it to our advantage. He doesn't lack money anyways.

Ziyue was about to speak, but Muchen was one step ahead. Muchen held Zixi's hand to pick out the only black card in the wallet.

Jingshu jumped when he saw that and exclaimed, "Oh my! Muchen, you're playing me! I said to let Zixi choose!"

"Zixi, tell daddy, was this black card the one you wanted?" Muchen asked with a slight smile on his face.

Zixi did not care what Muchen said. He was happy because his father was smiling. He nodded his head in succession.

Shit, my unlimited black card! Jingshu gnashed his teeth.

"It's just a card. No need to get so upset about it. You're such a petty person." Xia said with a huff.

"Well, it was supposed to be for my wife anyways. I didn't know you were so generous with your things." Jingshu said to Xia with a scoff.

"What does your wife have to do with me?" Xia replied after half a beat.

Jingshu looked at her with a smile. He did not say anything.

Xia glanced at the people around the table; they all had knowing smiles on their faces. She suddenly understood what Jingshu meant. Her face flushed red, and after a brief glare at Jingshu, she turned her head away to avoid looking at him.

After seeing Xia's reaction, the blue he felt when his black card was stolen by Muchen disappeared. He returned to his seat with a smile on his face. All his troubles from the previous days had melted away in that instant.

Zixi did not know what everyone was laughing at. He waved the black card around and offered it to Xia curiously.

"Aun... ty..." He mumbled slightly incoherently. He thought the hard card was fun and wanted to share his new toy with Xia.

Xia stuffed the card back into his pocket and said, "This is a present from Uncle Jingshu. You should keep it safe."

Zixi was still too young to understand what a present was, but he was intuitive. When he saw Xia's solemn expression, he blinked and hurriedly fastened the button in his pocket. The guarded look on his small face was quite a funny sight. The others at the table made fun of Zixi for a moment and then started their meal.

After dinner, they rented a room upstairs. Midway through their gathering, Muchen and Chuan walked out.

After walking a distance away, Muchen stopped and asked, "Did you find out the IP address of the person who sent Xiyi the formula?"

"I have; it's from a foreign address." Chuan was tiptoeing around the subject.

"Have you found the address of the sender that sent Ziyue that letter?" Muchen asked again.

"That... There was no way to figure it out." Chuan wiped the cold sweat on his forehead off. He suddenly missed the K1LU73 virus in his body.

"Mr. Qin?" A warm male voice called out from behind them.

Muchen and Chuan whipped their heads around and saw Shichu standing about an arm's length away. He gave off an air of a polite gentleman.