

Marry Me 485

CHAPTER 485

Chuan was alarmed. He turned around and gave Muchen a concerned look. Then, he nodded at Shichu to express cordiality before retreating behind Muchen.

Muchen had just told him about the IP investigation. Although the source hadn't been located, they discovered that the unidentified IP address had an uncanny resemblance to the email address Shichu used to send an email to Ziyue.

Their lead was enough to consolidate their suspicion that it was Shichu who sent Ziyue the email.

"I didn't expect to bump into Mr. Lu here. What a small world." Muchen narrowed his eyes to crinkled slits and said to Shichu.

Shichu beamed a light-hearted smile, making him appear harmless and cordial.

"Mr. Qin... Your health... How have you been?" Shichu asked incoherently.

The phlegmatic gaze he set on Muchen made it difficult for people to decipher his thought.

Muchen raised his eyebrow at Shichu, "Mr. Lu seems concerned about my wellbeing."

Shichu said with a smile, "Mr. Qin must have forgotten that Ziyue and I are good friends."

Muchen was disquieted, but suppressed his discomposure, "In that case, you're welcome to join us in our KTV lounge."

Muchen's invitation caught Shichu off guard. The former didn't wait for his response and strutted directly to the KTV lounge.

Chuan glanced at Shichu and then left with Muchen.

In the KTV lounge, Jingshu decked out a set of poker cards to play with Ziyue and Xiyi. At the same time, Xia entertained Zixi with nursery rhymes on the karaoke system.

Zixi didn't know how to sing, so he clapped to the song and created a spate of buzzing noises through the microphone. He thought it was amusing and couldn't stop laughing.

Meanwhile, Ziyue was preoccupied with the poker game. She didn't notice the door of the KTV lounge open, and Shichu came in with Muchen.

"Shichu!" Xia's voice was amplified through the microphone.

Only then did Ziyue look up, but Muchen and Shichu were already standing in front of her.

"Shichu?!" Ziyue called out with a twinkle in her eyes, "Why are you here?"

Shichu smiled and said, "I'm here with my colleagues, but I bumped into Mr. Qin in the corridor just now, and he invited me to join you guys in your lounge."

Muchen invited Shichu to join us?!

Ziyue gave Muchen a puzzled look. Muchen used to snub her for meeting Shichu, but this time, he was oddly friendly to invite Shichu to join their party. The plot twist was beyond comprehension!

Ziyue held back her skepticism, "Do you want to play poker together? We are about to be done with this round anyway."

Ziyue glanced at Shichu and then at Muchen.

Muchen responded, "Why not?"

Then, he sat next to Ziyue.

Muchen candidly rested his arm on the sofa behind her and blatantly studied her cards in front of everyone.

Ziyue was in pensive thought. When she was about to hand out a card of her choice, Muchen stopped her intention. She looked at him confused, but Muchen pointed to another card in her hand and said, "Play this one instead."

"This one?" Ziyue doubted his decision.

Muchen pursed his lips in displeasure and uttered lowly, "Don't worry, you won't lose."

Their interaction was natural yet intimate. On the contrary, Jingshu was getting derided. He snapped and dashed all his cards on the table, "Gosh, stop showing off, will you?! Both of you are married with a child. Please spare us who are still single as f*ck from your lovey-dovey actions!"

Ziyue glared at Jingshu and thought, Fine. Jingshu is cranky because Xia still hasn't assented to their relationship after chasing her for almost three years. So, it's normal for him to feel aggrieved.

"Here you go." Ziyue disposed of the card that Muchen suggested and gave Jingshu a forlorn gaze.

Jingshu sniggered heartily, "Muchen if your wife loses to me..."

Before he could finish speaking, Muchen teased him, "Only if you can win."

Jingshu felt attacked. He snorted coldly and pondered his next course of action; he was determined to win the game.

In the end, as expected, Ziyue won. After all, nothing was impossible or difficult for her clever husband. What's more, it was just a game.

"Dam* it! That doesn't count. It's not fair for both of you to target me together! I won't concede. I want to appeal!" Jingshu threw a fit while tossing his last two cards on the table.

Xiyi, on the other side, casually picked up Jingshu's bet and divided it between him and Ziyue. He then mocked Jingshu, "It wouldn't make any difference if it was just Mr. Qin alone anyway."

Jingshu's face turned crimson due to embarrassment. He shuffled the cards without saying a word.

Ziyue looked at Shichu, "Come on, Shichu. I'm done. I'll watch you guys play."

It was atypical of Muchen to bury the hatchet with Shichu and invite him to their party. Yet, Ziyue was delighted to see Muchen let go of his grudge against Shichu.

After all, both of them were important to her.

She grew up with Shichu, and he was like a brother to her. On the other hand, Muchen was her husband with who she wanted to spend her life. Of course, she hoped they would reconcile and stop begrudging each other.

"Sure." Shichu would never say no to Ziyue.

At this time, Chuan left the game to attend to a call. The other four men then led a new round while Ziyue watched as a spectator.

Even Xia, who was singing nursery rhymes to Zixi, came over to catch the game.

Ziyue took over Zixi from Xia and then carefully studied Muchen's cards.

Muchen revealed his cards to Ziyue in a heartbeat. When he looked up, he came across Shichu's gaze. Concomitantly, they cast a fierce and provocative sneer at each other.

Ziyue studied Muchen's cards and couldn't help but murmur, "Hmm. You're in a box."

Muchen arched his eyebrow in dubiety but didn't say a word.

Ziyue was almost certain that Muchen would lose the game with the inferior set of cards. But to her surprise, Muchen was able to upend the plight and win the game.

In the second game, Muchen was fortunate to get a good hand. As expected, he won again.

Subsequently, Muchen won the next ten rounds in succession.

Ziyue sensed a strained mood in the air. She lifted her eyes, looked Shichu, and discovered he looked somewhat disquieted.

Another round ended. Jingshu bawled in contempt, "F*ck. One more round!"

Muchen stretched his arms out, took Zixi, and said lightly, "It's getting late, and it's bedtime for our child."