

## **Marry Me 486**

### CHAPTER 486

Everyone looked at the clock simultaneously. It was only nine o'clock.

Muchen might sound inoffensive, but Jingshu perceived Muchen's expression as bragging.

Muchen just wants to brag. He has a wife and son. So what?

He turned and glanced at Xia and thought to himself.

Well, indeed, he has the right to brag.

Xiyi was a doctor and concurred, "It's best to instill the habit in children to sleep by nine o'clock every night."

"Let's dismiss." Muchen stood on his feet while holding Zixi in his arms.

He cast a gaze at Shichu, and there was a profound meaning in his eyes, "I hope Mr. Lu doesn't mind that I finished first and am walking away with your money."

Ziyue also looked in Shichu's direction. She felt bad for Shichu that Muchen made a clean sweep over him.

Shichu might not care about the money, but Ziyue still felt sorry for his bad luck.

Shichu looked somewhat humiliated. He forced a smile and said, "No big deal. It's just a game."

"True that." Muchen concurred profoundly.

"See you again, Shichu." Actually, Ziyue thought of having a quick chat with Shichu. Too bad it was getting too late, and Zixi had already dozed off in Muchen's arms.

Muchen prompted her, "Jacket."

Ziyue acknowledged his prompt with an "Oh!" before she picked up his suit jacket hanging on the sofa.

The party dismissed, and everyone walked out of the KTV lounge.

Standing by the gates of Lumiere Jade House, Ziyue bid farewell to Xia with Jingshu butting in their conversation. Xiyi also took the opportunity to ask about Muchen's body condition from Ziyue.

At about three meters from them, Muchen and Shichu were standing alongside, waiting for the bunch to be done.

Although Muchen exuded a stand-offish aura, he was undoubtedly good-looking and attractive. And the sight of him cradling a child in his arms looked cute and had passersby ogling at him.

Shortly, Shichu uttered, "Mr. Qin is a lucky man."

"Oh? I think so too." Muchen gave him a glance then at Ziyue, who was talking in the distance.

Shichu pursed his lips, swallowed his grief, and didn't say a word.

Zixi quivered in Muchen's embrace. The latter gently hummed to soothe the child and then said, "Mr. Lu is quite fortunate as well. But it may not be the case in the future. Henceforth, you should watch your step."

The last phrase was a warning to Shichu.

Shichu was thrown off balance, but Muchen had already walked away.

Still standing at the same spot, he watched as Muchen and Ziyue spoke and left in a black Bentley by the roadside.

Before getting into the car, Ziyue unexpectedly turned around and searched for Shichu. The latter quickly hid behind a pillar and stumped at himself for dodging her sight.

Muchen asked as he noticed her surveying scan, "What are you looking for?"

Ziyue shook her head unthinkingly. She was wondering if Shichu was still around but noticed he was nowhere in sight and had probably left.

Once they got home, Ziyue put a pair of pajamas on Zixi for bedtime.

"Let him sleep in the opposite room." Muchen's deep voice sounded from behind her.

Ziyue was stunned, "What? Why would you want Zixi to sleep by himself?"

"I got someone to decorate the opposite room as a nursery yesterday afternoon." He explicitly meant he wanted Zixi to sleep in his own room.

Ziyue was startled. She didn't expect Muchen to come up with nursery without consulting her.

"But he's only a year old..."

Muchen intervened and said, "He's turning two in half a month."

Ziyue retorted, "But he's still a baby..."

She thought it was hasty of him to want their child to sleep in a separate room so soon.

Consequently, Muchen gave in and agreed to wheel the baby cot from across into their bedroom.

Zixi had long been asleep before Ziyue moved him from the bed to the cot. He slept through the whole transition from bed to cot.

Ziyue was overwhelmed with bliss as she quietly watched Zixi sleeping in his cot. He was just so adorable. She can't help but murmur in contentment, "How can my little baby be so cute?"

"Ziyue!" Muchen whimpered.

Ziyue turned around with a finger on her lips. She scrutinized, "Shh, keep your voice down. Zixi is asleep."

"Go and shower." Muchen tossed the pajamas at her.

Ziyue grabbed her pajamas and happily went into the bathroom.

After her shower, Ziyue tossed and turned in bed. She whispered to Muchen, "Should we bring Zixi over here? What if he wakes up in the morning and finds himself sleeping in an unfamiliar bed. Won't he be anxious?"

Muchen didn't say a word but cuddled her in his embrace, signaling her to sleep.

Ziyue felt discouraged by his response and reached out to caress his head.

Muchen's hair had fallen out. But during his coma and after taking the antidote for K1LU73, his hair started to grow out again. Now he had to put on a wig to conceal his prickly head of stubble every time he went out.

Muchen removed her hand and asked in his sleepy voice, "Aren't you tired?"

Ziyue got scared by his subtle meaning. Then, she frantically went back to sleep.

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After a few days, Ziyue brought Muchen to Xiyi's laboratory for a health check-up.

Xiyi saw the test results and commented positively, "Everything looks good; he is recovering well. Remember to take ample rest and don't overexert yourself with work or stress."

Ziyue was delighted to hear the good news. She uttered with heartfelt gratitude, "Thank you, Dr. Mo."

They left the laboratory as soon as Xiyi told them of the precautionary measures.

Ziyue could finally sigh of relief after hearing Muchen's health had significantly improved.

She looked at the wig on Muchen and asked, "Do you feel hot?"

Muchen gave her an antipathy glance, "There's air conditioning in here."

Ziyue pursed her lips in disfavor, but something cropped up in her mind.

"Any idea who incited Yannan to impair you with the K1LU73 virus?"

The culprit hadn't been identified yet.

Muchen looked indifferently at her and said, "Take a guess."

"How am I supposed to guess?" Suddenly, Ziyue looked at him as she remembered the IP address incident the other day, "Don't tell me... you suspect Shichu."

Muchen quizzed her, "Do you think it's him?"

Ziyue wagged her head instantly, "Of course not."