

MARRY ME QUICK

CHAPTER 12

Qin Muchen put down whatever he was holding and straightened up. His eyes—which were as deep as two whirlpools—fixed themselves upon her intently. “Su Ziyue, how old are you this year?”

Su Ziyue unwittingly became meek at being fixed with such a boring gaze from him. She stood ramrod straight. “Twenty-two.”

A pleased look flashed across Qin Muchen’s eyes. His smooth voice was unbelievably appealing, but she could still hear the solemnity in it. “As an adult, you have to take responsibility for your actions. Su Ziyue, are you still thinking of getting to sleep with for free even though you refused to be held accountable?”

“W-What are you saying?” Su Ziyue was shocked by his straightforwardness.

However, Qin Muchen didn't deign her with a response. He simply got up and left the bedroom.

Su Ziyue emerged from the bedroom once she had hung up the new clothes and tiptoed over to the entrance of the kitchen.

Just when she thought that she hadn't alerted the man who was cooking in the kitchen, Qin Muchen suddenly turned his head to look at Su Ziyue, his expression serious. "I'm not that great with Chinese food, so we're having something Western for dinner."

Does he have eyes on the back of his head?

"That's fine too." Su Ziyue nodded like a bobble-head doll. As someone who couldn't cook, she had no right to be picky.

Qin Muchen nodded, pleased.

Su Ziyue leaned against the door frame and poked her head through to peek inside.

She had only been with Qin Muchen for a day, but she thought that he was very strange.

She had taken special note of the clothing when she was hanging them up. Although the labels had been torn off, she could still see which brands they were from. He had probably spent over a hundred thousand on all those clothes.

She had thought that he was poor, but he hadn't been stingy with his spending.

While he may not be some rich scion, he still looked expensive and intimidating, with a strong aura. He didn't seem at all like someone who would know how

to cook.

His actions were well-practiced too, so he must have cooked often.

Of all the sons of rich families she knew, none of them knew how to cook.

With that thought, she felt that Qin Muchen might be a white-collar worker.

Qin Muchen's culinary skills were excellent. Su Ziyue wasn't one to refuse to repay favors, so she gathered up the dishes and brought them to the kitchen to wash them once she had finished eating.

Upon hearing the clanging coming from the kitchen, Qin Muchen frowned and walked over to the kitchen door. "Are you sure you'll be fine?"

Su Ziyue turned to look at him upon hearing his words, her smile not reaching her eyes. “Do you think that you’re the only capable one here? It’s just some dishes!”

Su Ziyue felt a little guilty after saying that. While her life in the Su Family hadn’t been the best, it still wasn’t to the extent that she would need to do the chores herself either. She still hadn’t learned how to cook despite being abroad all these years because she had been too busy with her studies.

Qin Muchen’s handsome forehead slowly relaxed and he nodded as though he was serious. “I see. Thank you for your acknowledgement, Ms. Su.”

He then turned and left with large strides.

Acknowledgement? What had she acknowledged about him?

Su Ziyue washed the dishes and carefully cleaned up the kitchen.

He had cut her off when she brought up the topic of divorce earlier, so she didn't feel like bringing it up again; she wasn't as shameless as him.

Sleeping for free? Who was the one losing out here?

That night, something that should not have happened occurred between Qin Muchen and her, two people who weren't in their right minds.

And now, both of them were sober. They had even gotten their marriage certificate on this day, so everything was justified now.

Why not sleep in the living room? Su Ziyue eyed the sofa. She was reluctant, so she tiptoed over to the

bedroom like a thief.

With a light push, the door opened.

Only the light by the head of the bed was switched on. Qin Muchen was clad in a loose bathrobe while he talked on the phone; he was sitting on the armchair, the dim yellow light washing over him and adding a layer of softness to him. The cold and aloof aura he had had was somewhat muted.

Upon seeing her standing by the door, Qin Muchen got up and walked toward her while covering up his phone, no clear expression on his face, but it was completely devoid of any of the same anxiety Su Ziyue currently had.

His voice was still as clear and pleasing as ever. "I'm going to take a call. You should shower and sleep first."