

## Sweet Love 1711

### Chapter 1711: Shishi flares up. (2)

“Are you done?”

Yun Shishi gazed at the lady before her frostily. Her proud look seemed to suggest that she was staring down at a lowly creature.

“Please stop harassing me like a mad dog. You are causing me a lot of distress in this way!”

Both them were wearing heels, but as she was much taller than Song Enya, she could bear down on her condescendingly.

The latter looked up at the person who had finally lost her cool and stood fossilized on the spot momentarily before breaking into a contorted laughter as if she had just heard a funny joke. Pointing at herself, her face with exquisite makeup looked twisted as she exclaimed, “Mad dog?!”

She was thoroughly antagonized by now as she screamed further, “Who are you calling a mad dog?!”

“You heard it loud and clear! You should know who I am talking about. Is your ear getting worse just like your brains?!”

Compared to the young woman’s viciousness, the actress’ calm and collected manner highlighted the former’s uncouthness.

Everyone started to crowd around the two bickering ladies curiously.

The kind-hearted sales staff at the counter quickly approached to disperse the nosy customers politely.

The shop attendant liked the actress a lot. Although they had not much contact since the customer entered the store, the former was still won over by the latter’s genuine display of elegance and politeness. Compared with the snobbish, rich missy, the artist was truly gentle and kind.

She was also very respectful toward a lowly store attendant like her, and this earned the woman her heartfelt admiration.

It was just that the salesclerk seemed to have heard the artist being labeled as a ‘kept woman’.

*Is that true?*

It appeared to be unlikely, though. The actress came across as a role model for everyone instead of an undeserving lady that the rich missy was accusing her of.

“Yun Shishi, you...”

The missy was so incensed that her face turned red and contorted—looking hateful, in fact.

Inhaling deeply twice, her lips suddenly curled up into a laugh. “Are you angry because I hit the bull’s-eye? Was it because I spilled the beans about you being a kept woman that you became angry?”

Song Enya gave another spiteful laugh. "Will you believe it if I tell you that I can ruin your reputation with a statement? Let me warn you: Stay away from Brother Mu! If you continue overstepping the line, I'll go all out to eliminate you!"

*Huh!*

*Her words are audacious, indeed!*

*Eliminate?!*

*Is she taking this for the feudal era where she can eliminate me based on aristocratic lineage?!*

*There must be something wrong with her mind!*

The actress smiled elegantly and lined out her rebuttal clearly. "You take yourself as a superior and respectful princess because you are the mayor's daughter. Perhaps, just like what you've just said, you can eliminate me with a statement, but may I remind you to be mindful of your identity? Since you are the mayor's daughter, you should be mindful of your words at least; that's basic courtesy. Don't become a bad example for the public to emulate!"

Pausing, she took out the credit card that the shop assistant had passed to her and waved it in front of Song Enya. With an elegant smile, she said, "One more thing; this card belongs to me. I earn every bit of money in it. I bought a suit for my man with my money; what's wrong with that?"

This seemed to be her first time acting ostentatious before the young missy.

### **Chapter 1712: Shishi flares up. (3)**

Song Enya felt incredulous when she heard that, thinking to herself, *Has this Yun Shishi turned mad?*

"What? Man?! Your man?!"

She repeated what she had heard and gave a haughty snort before shooting daggers at the actress.

"What do you mean by him being your man?!"

"Well, let me put it another way."

Hooking her lips into a wide beam that almost touched her eyes, the actress told the other smilingly, "I used my money to buy a suit for my husband; do you understand it now, Miss Song?"

Her words hit the young missy like a thunderbolt. Regaining her composure after a while and clenching her fists with abrupt aggression, she stomped to the artist and lambasted, "B\*tch! Shameless! How can someone be as shameless as you! Have you ditched your pride, sl\*t?!"

Fury robbed her of self-control. She lifted her hand high and swung it to her enemy's face.

The actress, with eyes turning cold and harsh, grabbed hold of the missy's wrist and forcefully curtailed the slap coming at her.

1 “Ah!”

The latter let out a scream of pain, only to see the former furrowing her brows before slapping her in return.

A *SMACK* was heard, loud and crisp...

Song Enya looked in wide-eyed disbelief at her. Holding her burning cheek, she could feel that part of her face growing numb.

Yun Shishi did not hold back when she gave that slap; thus, the mayor’s daughter could feel her head swaying after that palm landed on her face. Fury and extreme humiliation filled her shortly after!

*How dare she hit me?!*

*This b\*tch actually dared to hit me!*

Grievance overcame her as her eyes rimmed red and turned wet. She glared at the actress venomously, just like a slithering snake wrapping its enemy’s throat, ready to show its poisonous fangs at any moment!

“How dare you hit me!”

“What makes you think that you can hit others but not the other way around? What audacity, Miss Song!”

The actress looked at her watch and realized that she was running late. She decided to stop her tussle with the missy and turned to leave, instead.

Still holding her burning cheek, the mayor’s daughter insulted her with great agitation from behind her. “Yun Shishi, you must be dreaming! Did you just say that Brother Mu is your husband?! Wake up from your daydream!”

The actress stopped in her tracks and looked past her shoulder. Looking cool, she threw the rich missy a side-eye and asked nonchalantly in return, “It’s you who hasn’t woken up from her daydream, isn’t it?”

“Who do you think you are?! You are just a caged canary! How shameless you are to claim that Brother Mu is your husband! He won’t do that; he’ll never marry you in this lifetime!”

Throwing aside her proud status, she pointed her finger at the actress and continued. “You’re just a kept mistress—the third party in a relationship! You’re daydreaming by making such a claim when you’re just using him to gain status and fortune! Look; you’re even holding his card! You’re utterly shameless to make a false claim sound real! Do you think I’ll believe you?!”

The actress was not angry when she heard that.

Her conscience was clear.

She earned every penny inside the card she was holding. At ten million yuan or so, it was not a big sum, but it still was the product of her hard work. These were her remuneration from her filming and commercial contracts!

However, as she studied her enemy who had turned green from jealousy, she had the sudden urge to rub the latter's wound further.

"What if this card doesn't belong to me? What's wrong with that?"

### **Chapter 1713: Song Enya's Request**

She gave a haughty smile and gave a casual reply. "What's wrong with me using my husband's bank card?"

"..."

"Besides, isn't it a matter of course that a husband earns money for his wife? What right do you have to be jealous of me?"

"Jealous?! Why should I be jealous of you?!"

The actress sighed and shook her head. "Why are you still in denial? Your eyes have already turned red."

"What a joke! Yun Shishi, let me tell you: Brother Mu will never marry you—"

She cut her off at once. "Song Enya, we've already registered our marriage."

The other woman was struck dumb on the spot.

"Registered..."

"Yes!"

"Liar! You... You're lying!"

She broke into a chuckle, her lips curling elegantly. "There's no need to lie about such a thing! He he! You have your means to find out the truth, don't you? You should be able to check if I'm telling the truth, right?"

She then picked up her shopping bag and left without a second look!

The other woman was in such a bad state of shock that she forgot to give chase.

The artist seemed to be telling the truth when she told her about the marriage.

For a moment, the mayor's daughter actually felt guilty and... in denial!

*It's impossible!*

*Why would Brother Mu marry such a woman?!*

*Is he for real?!*

The moment she thought that Yun Shishi might be right and that Brother Mu and the woman might indeed be married, tears flooded her face!

Just like what the actress had said, she had a way of verifying the truth.

When Song Yunxi received her urgent call, he rushed home. She was seen curled up in a corner of the sofa with red and puffy eyes.

When she saw her brother, she plunged headlong into his arms in great distress and agitation. Tears could not stop flowing down her cheeks.

The man looked at her helplessly as he tried to figure out who could have possibly brought his precious sister great agony.

He quickly asked for the culprit who had bullied his sister.

The missy told him the full story between her sobs.

Her brother was vexed and regretful after hearing her story, though. "Enya, I have to tell you off. Don't you think you're asking for humiliation in the first place?! I've already told you that it's impossible between you and Uncle Mu, so please give up this time for good!"

"Brother, no! Don't be so heartless..." she pleaded in despondency. "Please. Can you help me?!"

"What is it?"

"That b\*tch claimed that she had already registered her marriage with Brother Mu. Can you help me verify if it is real? Please; I'm begging you!"

"No!"

He shook his head in firm rejection. "It'll make things difficult for me if uncle finds out!"

"That won't happen! You're formidable; Brother Mu won't know!" She continued to plead. "Please, brother; please help me this one time! I swear that if he's really married to that woman, then... I'll give up on him totally!"

Her brother was immediately swayed by her persuasion.

Looking at her doubtfully, he reconfirmed her words. "Are you sure about that?"

"Eh! I'm serious!" She promised him eagerly.

He agreed finally. From the bottom of his heart, he wanted his silly sister to stop her obsession with their uncle.

#### **Chapter 1714: Receiving confirmation!**

If investigating this matter could make this lass give up on their uncle, then, perhaps, it was worth a risk!

Hence, Song Yunxi made a call to a friend whom he was friendly with and put forth his request.

The latter, however, panicked upon hearing that he wanted to run an investigation on Mu Yazhe.

After all, regardless of the field one was working in, the average person was bound to be in awe of that person upon hearing it.

It was only when he explained that he just wanted to find out the man's marital status and nothing else that his friend agreed.

Not long after, he received a photo on his phone.

It was a photo taken using a phone's camera, and it showed a system interface of his uncle's marital status. According to the information, the man was married to Yun Shishi.

Seeing that, he heaved a sigh of relief and handed his phone over to his sister.

When Song Enya took a gander at what was displayed on the phone, she entered a trance for several seconds before she suddenly slumped and fell back onto the sofa in an emotional and dispirited manner.

The older sibling pronounced, "Surely, you can give up on him now! Our uncle is a married..."

His voice trailed off when he caught sight of his sister tightly pursing her lips as tears poured out her eyes!

"No, I don't believe it... woo woo woo... Impossible! How was that possible?! Brother Mu... how could he be married?! You're lying. It's a lie! Woo woo woo..."

She slumped back in defeat, wailing helplessly as if the world had collapsed upon her and doomsday was impending.

That photo completely tore down all her psychological walls!

She stung as if she had received a few tight slaps across her face!

That b\*tch was not lying at all.

They were indeed married!

Still, she could not fathom how it was possible for the man to be sincere to that woman.

He was such a cold and unfeeling person; on what rights should that woman receive his love and not her?!

All of a sudden, her love rival's words echoed in her head. 'Besides, isn't it a matter of course that a husband earns money for his wife? What right do you have to be jealous of me?'

Indeed!

What right did she have?!

What right did she have to be jealous of that woman?!

That woman had already become his lawful wife, after all!

Unable to bear his sister sobbing sorrowfully, the older brother walked over and gave her a comforting hug. "Enya, I know that you're heartbroken about this, but this is a fact! You should learn to accept it!"

“How am I supposed to accept it?!”

Feeling aggrieved, she asked, “They got married; how am I supposed to accept that?! Woo woo woo...”

“It’s time for you to give up on our uncle! This is what you promised me; you can’t go back on your words!” her brother said.

As she bit her lower lip flap, her eyes turned vacant out of despair, but the tears just could not stop pouring.

She silently clenched her fists as her inner voice echoed constantly in her head, *No one else can get what I can’t get!*

*Yun Shishi, you’re feeling very smug, aren’t you?*

*You think you got the whole world because you got Brother Mu, right?*

*Ha ha!*

*Since I can’t get his love and him, then no one can have him, too!*

*This applies to everyone else!*

Such indignant thoughts continued to linger in her head...

### **Chapter 1715: Uncle is feeling sad.**

Outside the school gates parked a luxurious Bentley just as the school’s dismissal bell rang across the compound.

When Yun Tianyou stepped out of the school gates, his phone suddenly rang.

Upon seeing Gong Jie’s number on his display, he picked up the call with narrowed eyes. “What’s the matter, uncle?”

“I’m waiting outside your school gates.”

The boy surveyed his surroundings until he found the Bentley parked at the side of the street. He walked over to it. The driver immediately alighted from the car and respectfully opened the door to the back seat for him.

The eyes of the lad, who was about to get inside the car, twitched hard at the sight of a child safety seat installed in the back seat.

“This is...”

“A child safety seat,” explained the man with a warm smile. “Your doting uncle here specially installed this to pick you up from school.”

The boy rolled his eyes at that. “...”

*G\*dd\*mn stupid.*

"I'm not sitting in it."

"Why?"

"The seat is uncomfortable."

The man smilingly answered, "How about sitting on my knees then?"

The boy again rolled his eyes.

*G\*dd\*mn stupid.*

*Who wants to sit on your knees?*

His uncle, however, gave him no chance to refuse him. He stretched his arms to pick him up and placed him on his knees, holding him in place while he ordered, "Start the car!"

"Okay."

The car gradually started its engine and drove off.

He warily glanced outside the window and looked at the flashing scenery as he asked askance, "Where are you trafficking me to?"

"Trafficking?"

The man's lips curled up as he gave a helpless laugh, seemingly having heard a funny joke. "My dear nephew, where can I be trafficking you to?"

"Mommy said that I must know how to protect myself; besides her and daddy, everyone else holds the possibility of abducting and selling me away."

His voice halted for a second before he cast a wary glance on his uncle. "That's why I must be wary of my dearest uncle, too!"

Gong Jie: "..."

His nephew seemed to regard him in disdain.

As he looked down at the lad on his knees, he pretended to be solemn when he spoke. "It isn't a good thing to be suspicious of others all the time. Besides, who will want to seek death by abducting a terrorist leader?"

"Please watch your words, my dear uncle." The boy began earnestly defending himself. "You're the terrorist leader, while I'm just a bright, innocent, and good kid who has never participated in terrorism."

He blandly retorted, "Yes, you don't participate in it. You only give orders to a bunch of terrorists."

The boy elegantly crossed his arms with smugness written all over his little face.

The man laughed again in amusement. He scratched the boy's adorable high nose bridge and added teasingly, "On second thought, who will ever suspect that such a fearsome figure is a seven-year-old kid? Youyou, you're such a conniving person!"



“You can stop with the nonsense!”

The little one raised his hand to put an end to the man’s jokes and looked up sharply at him. “Uncle, why did you come looking for me?”

“Can’t I look for you to play?”

He mercilessly rejected, “Nope, I’m a very busy person.”

The man got rebuffed. “...”

What on earth was he busy with?

“If you have something to say, then just cut to the chase. Otherwise, send me home. I wanna go home and accompany mommy!”

“My dear nephew, won’t you accompany me for dinner tonight?”

“I reject your dinner invitation.”

“Why?!” He put on a wounded look on his face as he gazed at the boy.

The latter, however, merely laughed. “I have a very high net worth; can you afford to pay my appearance fee?”

The former was again rendered speechless.

With a sigh, he then said, “I’m sad that your mommy is married...”

### **Chapter 1716: Two People ‘Out of Love’**

The boy got dumbfounded. “Why are you upset with my mommy getting married?!”

As he spoke, he cast a skeptical gaze on the man and asked in disdain, “Surely, you don’t have a fetish for your sister, do you?!”

Gong Jie furrowed his brows in total incomprehension. Having spent most of his life abroad, he still found certain terms hard to understand even though he had a good grasp of Chinese.

Take this ‘fetish for your sister’ for example...

What did it mean?

Youyou again felt disdain for the man as he translated the term to English for him.

The latter blanked for a moment and then, after giving it some serious thought, answered, “A little...”

This irked the little one even more.

“There are two important women in my life: one is your grandmother and the other is your mother.”

“Since my mommy is your beloved kin, shouldn’t you feel happy now that she’s living in happiness?” asked the boy matter-of-factly.

His uncle, however, got a little crestfallen. "Will she be happy?"

"Neither you nor I can decide for her in that aspect, but I believe that mommy always thinks things through before making decisions, so I trust her choice!"

He suddenly let out a sigh and wisely patted his uncle's shoulder as if he shared the same disappointed feelings as the man's.

"To be honest, I have mixed emotions about their engagement, too, so I can understand your feelings."

The man proceeded to lock his brows in bafflement upon hearing that. "Mixed emotions?"

Following which, his lips twitched as he gave his nephew a side-eye in disdain. "Surely, you don't have a fetish for your mother, do you?!"

The lad frowned at that. "Mommy is my treasure—the world's most precious treasure that mustn't be stained."

In the back seat of the car, a sis-con and a momma's boy exchanged glances and silently sighed in sympathy as they pitifully licked each other's wounds.

The boy bared his heart to his uncle, pouring all his woes. "Mommy and I have been relying on each other since my birth! No matter how tough life was back then, with mommy by my side, I wasn't afraid of anything..."

His uncle felt the same, too. "It's the same for me! No matter how tough life was back then, with sis by my side, I feared nothing at all."

Youyou's eyes suddenly turned vicious. "I didn't expect a man to show up suddenly, however."

The man felt united against a common enemy. "He stole my sis..."

The kid clenched his fists in anger. "That man obviously wants to steal mommy from me. He is my love rival."

Troubled feelings settled in Gong Jie. "But he's the man sis loves."

The aggrieved boy muttered, "I still have to call this 'love rival' my daddy..."

The man, however, shook his head in determination. "I won't acknowledge that brother-in-law, though..."

The two people looked at each other and let out a sigh in unison again as they sadly hugged each other in comfort.

"I seemed to have lost half my soul now that mommy's married."

"I feel out of love, too..."

"Still, no matter what, as long as it's mommy's choice, I'll..." The boy clenched his fists tightly. "I'll give her my blessings!"

His expression was akin to a wounded little animal, though.

A faraway look glazed the man's eyes. "Nephew, should I attend your mommy's engagement ceremony?"

"Uncle, with all due respect, aren't you a little too old to develop a fetish for your sister..." quietly asked the boy.

"..."

"Well, in my opinion, since it's mommy's choice, shouldn't you, as her brother, give her your blessings?"

### **Chapter 1717: Youyou's Cooking Genes (1)**

He paused for a moment and then added, "Mommy surely hopes that you'll be there to witness that important moment in her life."

At that, the man narrowed his eyes slightly in rumination.

...

That night, Youyou accompanied his uncle to drown his sorrows.

The latter's words had evoked the melancholia buried deep in the former's heart.

In all honesty, despite the happy blessings he had for his mother's marriage, he inwardly felt a tinge of reluctance.

It was originally buried deep within, but watching the man pitifully licking his wounds brought out the feelings in him. Hence, the pair of uncle and nephew hooked their arms around each other's shoulders and went off to pour out their grievances to each other.

Naturally, Yun Shishi had no idea that the two were having dinner together.

Her youngest son merely informed her that he had something on and would return home after having his dinner.

When the mother got worried about him, he used Li Hanlin as an excuse and successfully got the clearance to dine out.

How about the other mommy's boy, Little Yichen?

Knowing that his parents were about to get engaged, the older twin was simply over the moon.

He was happy about it!

How could he not be?

From now on, they would be living happily as a family of four; this happiness was something he could never dream of.

The woman made dumplings for dinner that night.

It was rare that she was in the mood to do so, and since she had the time to spare, she decided to make some dumplings to eat.

It had been a long time since she last ate them. Speaking of which, her youngest son's dumplings were simply divine. She missed eating those, but since her younger son was not around, she decided to make some hers to feed herself.

In the end...

Well, it had been a long time since she last made dumplings. Furthermore, without the little chef's guidance, the dumplings she wrapped turned out in all sorts of weird shapes and sizes.

By weird, it meant that no average person could ever make such dumplings.

Standing at the side, her older son could no longer keep watching. He muttered, "Youyou's dumplings don't look like this."

An arrow pierced right through her heart...

The woman hugged her heart as she struggled to stand upright, apparently feeling very hurt.

The boy poked at the dumplings, which either had holes in them or were in some funky-looking shapes, then mumbled to himself, "Can these even be eaten?"

She practically collapsed to the floor when she heard that.

His disdain for her cooking could not go any lower than this. "*Sigh...* We can't live without lil' bro! Mommy, you'd better cook noodles, instead. Daddy should be back home late tonight!"

With that, he bitterly propped his chin on his hand as he sat by the table and silently grumbled, *Why didn't lil' bro bring me out to eat a good meal with him and abandoned me here at home, instead?!*

Speechless.

His mother assuaged him by saying, "I'm sorry, son. I'm not in a good condition today. My dumplings are, in fact, not bad. It's just that it's been some time since I last did some cooking."

"Mommy, you can't be over-reliant on my brother..."

"..."

"It looks like he has spoiled you rotten. *Sigh...* I feel heartache for Youyou..."

She almost spat out blood.

It seemed to be the case—just a little!

"It's my fault." The woman sniveled tearlessly. "I'll do my best to learn how to do household chores!"

"I'm just joking with you, mommy. Don't take it seriously!"

Upon seeing her crestfallen look, he nervously reassured her, "In fact, you don't have to know how to do household chores! It's enough that you keep yourself looking as beautiful as flowers!"

She looked at the mess on the table and eventually decided to go out to eat some ready-made ones!

The sky gradually darkened.

By the time Mu Yazhe returned home, the two little lads were already asleep in bed while Yun Shishi was sitting on the sofa, silently reading her script as she waited for him.

She immediately got up and jumped into his arms in a welcoming hug. "Why are you home so late?"

From her soft and weak voice, it was apparent that she was feeling a little sleepy.

## **Chapter 1718: Youyou's Cooking Genes (2)**

"You're up waiting for me again; aren't you sleepy?" He lowered his head and gently caressed her smooth, silky hair with a dotting smile on his face. "Go turn in for the night first if you're feeling sleepy."

"No, I'll wait for you to go to bed together."

She lifted her head and, standing on pointed toes, gave him a peck on the lips before she smilingly said, "It's my day off tomorrow, anyway."

"Are you trying to make me jealous now?" His good-looking brow arched slightly in jest. His voice, though, was filled with an indescribable indulgence.

Yun Shishi chuckled at that, and when a thought suddenly struck her, she asked, "Have you had your dinner?"

"No."

The man removed his coat and hung it on the rack by the doorway as he mildly replied, "The meeting ended very late today, so I didn't have time for dinner."

"I'll cook some noodles for you, then!" announced the thoughtful woman before turning to dash to the kitchen.

Mu Yazhe stopped her immediately. "No."

"Huh?"

She turned around quizzically and looked up at him in confusion. "What's the matter? Aren't you hungry?"

"I'm sick of eating noodles..." he replied in a resigned voice.

His answer dealt her a huge blow. "..."

She seemed to have a penchant for cooking noodles. It was simple, easy, and just needed to be added into a pot of soup. Furthermore, her best cooking skills could only be unveiled in this aspect. After all, the noodles she cooked were indeed worthy of praise.

The thing was that, no matter how good the food tasted, one would inevitably get sick of it eventually from eating it repeatedly.

Moreover, the man was particularly fussy about his food.

“What do we do then?” she asked dejectedly, suggesting thereafter, “How about we go out for supper?”

“It’s freezing outside. Let’s just stay at home.”

With that, he got up and, with his head bowed, unbuttoned his shirt sleeves and elegantly rolled them up to his arms.

His actions baffled her. “What... are you doing?”

The man simply succinctly replied, “Settling my meal.”

“...So you’re intending to cook?” The woman remained in disbelief. “Are you sure your cooking is okay?”

His lips hooked up in a smirk as he headed to the kitchen and took out some ingredients from the fridge and a chopping board.

Feeling skeptical and incredulous, she trailed after him and entered the kitchen.

It was not that she had never seen a man who could cook; rather, Mu Yazhe and ‘cooking’ did not seem to go together in her mind.

Did he actually know how to cook?!

Why did he not reveal his skills before?

“Do you often cook your meals in the past?”

“No, just occasionally.”

After slicing the onions, he then rinsed the ingredients clean.

The man, who was usually reluctant to do his cooking, was in such a good mood today that he decided to do so. A proposal, which had been on a deadlock for several days, finally reached a consensus with the board of directors in the meeting earlier today. Now that things were progressing smoothly, he was obviously placed in a good mood despite his late return.

The woman curiously watched him from the sidelines. Even though she remained skeptical of his cooking skills, she must admit that his cutting skills seemed very professional...

Did he practice before or was it just a show?

As she silently watched him do his work from the side, she somehow had this nagging feeling that the well-dressed man in his clean white shirt and fitted pants, who had a chopping knife in his hand, was out of place in the kitchen!

She mumbled, “Can you really cook?”

He answered, “A little.”

They had culinary classes when he was studying overseas. During their classes, they were taught how to make western-style dishes.

### **Chapter 1719: Youyou's Cooking Genes (3)**

They had culinary classes when he was studying overseas. During their classes, they were taught how to make western-style dishes.

He had only learned how to make baked cheese rice. Of course, as the noble son of the Mu family with a life of luxury, he rarely ever needed to cook for himself. The only one time he did was when he was in a good mood and wanted to show Little Yichen what he could do. However, he had a mishap and caused the oven to explode.

The reason was...

He had accidentally placed his phone in the oven. The consequences were as one could imagine.

Therefore, his son had a distinct impression of the incident. He was originally filled with anticipation as he waited to taste the delicious delicacies whipped up by his daddy with his culinary skills.

In the end, all he heard was a small explosion!

The kitchen had exploded!

The boy thought for a moment that their villa had been attacked by terrorists like those news reports he had seen. He was in utter shock.

He then realized that it was his father who had caused the kitchen explosion.

Since then, he became very wary of his father's culinary skills.

Regarding this, the man felt extremely unjust.

It was a complete accident due to a small oversight on his part, but from then on, he had never stepped into the kitchen as he was treated like a terrorist and was barred from entering.

He was in a rather good mood today, so he decided to try making baked cheese rice again.

Their house had all the ingredients readily available. Even though his skills had turned rusty, he was extremely rigorous when it came to cutting the ingredients. Every step followed strictly to the process he recalled, and he was careful and patient.

Yun Shishi watched him quietly from the side, raising her head once in a while to look at his serious and charming face, which made her heart tremble at the sight.

No wonder it was a common saying that men who could cook were the most elegant.

Right now, the man was dressed smartly in a button-up shirt, holding ingredients in one hand and a knife in the other. With his head lowered, he carefully cut the onion into rings in a cross-section manner. His long and thick eyelashes hovered over his eyes, leaving a shadow on his face.

His thin lips were pursed as if he were extremely afraid of making a mistake.

The woman suddenly thought of something. Picking up the apron beside her, she put it around her husband from behind.

Mu Yazhe's expression darkened as he lowered his head to have a look.

She had placed an extremely cute apron on him. An adorable cartoon of a cute bunny with long ears was printed on it. It looked strange on him no matter how he looked at it!

It was not compatible with his good-looking appearance.

The woman sized him up, covering her mouth as she secretly laughed.

"You are doing this on purpose." He furrowed his eyebrows, clearly a little unhappy with her teasing!

However, in the wake of the loving smile on her face, this unhappiness of his dissipated in the blink of an eye!

"It's fun! You look really cute dressed like that!"

He did not know whether to laugh or cry at that.

From young up to now, no one had ever used the term 'cute' to describe him!

"Stop fooling around," he said, displeased.

His wife pouted and responded with an 'okay'. Sure enough, she sat by the side quietly and did not say much. Eventually, though, she could not control her snigger as she secretly examined her husband in his getup.

The man was left with no choice, leaving her to it, but he did not remove the apron from his body.

As he placed the rice into the oven and set the right preferences, all they had to do now was wait.

His wife suddenly hugged him from behind.

He was taken aback by her sudden embrace. Turning around slightly, he placed his hands on the back of her palms and asked with furrowed brows, "What's wrong?"

#### **Chapter 1720: Youyou's Cooking Genes (4)**

"I can't help but feel that I'm dreaming." Yun Shishi let out a sigh.

Mu Yazhe turned around and held her rosy, little face and asked with a tinge of playfulness. "Why do you say so?"

"Did you know how mesmerizing you look when you are cooking?" She buried her face into his chest before raising her gaze and looking at him with her blinking eyes. A beautiful smile hung on her delicate features.

It naturally felt good to hear such a compliment!

"Mesmerizing?"



The corners of his lips curved up.

Recalling something, the woman pulled him into the bedroom. On the bed lay a suit she had personally picked out for him at the department store. She lifted the bag in front of him and instructed, "I bought this for you. Try it on! I want to see how it looks on you."

She paused for a moment before saying proudly, "I was just given my pay; half of it went to this suit!"

He was well-versed enough to know that the pay she was referring to came from remuneration from her few shows and commercial ambassadorships!

He laughed at that.

This foolish wife of his. The customized suits from Armani were often at steep prices, but his suits were mostly customized for he had specific requirements for them when compared to the suits seen on the rack.

The suits at department stores often failed to catch his eye, but since this had been personally picked by her, things were different!

As long as it was something she chose, he would definitely love it!

The suit was a full set and came with a shirt, pants, and tie. He changed into it, and unexpectedly, she indeed had a good and precise eye for it. The suit was a good fit, neither too big nor too small.

He bent his head and tidied his sleeves elegantly. His wife instantly went up front and helped him carefully. From the tie and the sleeve to the diamond brooch on his chest, she was extremely careful and serious.

"All done!"

She took a few steps back and inspected her husband from head to toe. The more she looked at him, the more she liked it. She could not help complimenting herself, "I have a rather good eye for this! You look great dressed in this suit!"

The man raised a brow and walked to the mirror to check himself out. There was a satisfied smile on his face.

Speaking about it now, this suit was probably the first piece of clothing she had ever bought for him. It was extremely fitting on him and he wore it with much class.

She was very meticulous in choosing clothes. She paid close attention to the material, the brand, and certain details about the garment.

Even the picky man was also pleased with this suit, but in all honesty, he was the ideal clothes rack. No matter what kind of suit he put on, each of them would look extremely suitable on him.

People relied on dressing, but it was the opposite for him!

No matter what kind of clothes were placed on him, he would be able to make them look elegant and expensive.

The more she looked at it, the more she loved it. His wife asked with a smile, "How is it? How is my taste?"

"Not bad!" he commended sincerely.

"On the day that we get engaged, could you wear this?" She tried asking, her heart thumping nervously.

She did not know if he would agree to it.

While she did spend two hundred million yuan on this suit, in all honesty, the clothes he wore were mostly expensive and classier. This price was not considered as superior to the rest. She also was unsure if his pickiness would cause him to look down on what she had bought!

Looking through his wardrobe, the lowest grade of suits he had was still worth hundreds of thousands of yuan.

Some suits had been brand new. When they were sent over, she flipped over the marked prices to have a look, only to shudder in fear.