

MARRY ME QUICK

CHAPTER 8

Su Ziyue stiffened for a moment when she thought of the origin of those men's slippers. She picked them up and hurled them into the trash can. Once she had washed her hands, she went to get a glass of water for Qin Muchen. "About that..."

"I'm going out to buy something." Qin Muchen cut her off, looking like he had no intention of listening to her explanation.

Su Ziyue slammed the glass of water in her hand down and let out a frustrated groan. So he didn't want to listen? Well, she didn't want to explain either!

This groan made Qin Muchen look up toward her. His eyes were like his expression—emotionless; his eyes didn't even blink, but they made Su Ziyue feel an inexplicable suffocated feeling.

She only ever had this feeling whenever she was with her grandfather.

A strange feeling bubbled up within Su Ziyue. She had the feeling that Qin Muchen wasn't any simple person. She had no idea whether crossing him would be a blessing or a curse.

Despite all this, he was clearly the best choice for her to marry, perhaps because the both of them had now gotten to know each other a little because of that night they shared... Even so, Su Ziyue still felt embarrassed and awkward.

He was evidently much better of a person in comparison to Su Yige, because he had helped her to chase off those reporters that morning.

Qin Muchen walked over to the door and put on his

shoes when she was still stuck in her thoughts. His abyssal eyes looked right at her, annoyance already coloring his tone. “Su Ziyue.”

Su Ziyue snapped out of her reverie. She picked up her bag and followed him.

Qin Muchen pushed the shopping cart while staying by her side as he headed toward each of the sections he wanted in an orderly fashion. Soon, he had gotten the items he had wanted.

Some glasses, a toothbrush, a pair of slippers....

Once he had picked them out, they went to the cashier to pay for the items.

“By card please.”

The cashier looked at the two cards proffered before

her, hesitation on her face, but in the end she took the card in Qin Muchen's hand while hearts flew from her eyes.

Wasn't he broke? Never mind. Men like their pride.

Su Ziyue glanced at him and put her own card away.

When they returned to the car, Su Ziyue finally asked him, "Where did you live before this? Do you want to go back and grab your clothes?"

"No need for that," Qin Muchen replied as he started the car.

They soon stopped by the entrance of a shopping mall.

Su Ziyue looked up. This shopping mall sold luxury clothing—ones from internationally known brands.

Any single piece would fall into the five-figure ballpark and even the cheapest item would cost several thousand.

She touched her wallet. Su Ziyue was a little worried. She had just returned to the country; her apartment was paid with the money that she had meticulously saved from being thrifty.

When she first returned to the Su family, Su Youcheng actually had treated her fairly well. He never skimmed on her clothing or her meals, but he gradually grew to hate her because of Su Yige's meddling.

Her spending money would be less than Su Yige's, and when autumn came, the new clothes for the season would be sent over to Su Yige first. Su Ziyue would only get to choose her own clothes only after Su Yige was done with her pick.

A monthly living expenditure of tens of thousands was already considered quite a sum when compared with a regular person. However, it was considered disgracefully low to the Su Family, a distinguished family in Yunzhou City.

The two of them entered the shopping mall and instantly made heads turn due to their extraordinary looks. Some of the rich ladies even began to whisper among themselves.

“Who is he? I’ve never seen him before...”

“No idea, but he’s so handsome...”

“Can’t you see that woman next to him? She looks all foxy. Who would have thought he’s into that kind of girl!”

Foxy?

Su Ziyue touched her own face. Could she be blamed for being born pretty?

What a bunch of sour grapes.

She moved closer to Qin Muchen and held his hand, their positions intimate. Her voice was so soft that it was like silk. “Honey, I’m a little tired. I’d like to rest.”

“Then rest here. I’ll just go by myself,” Qin Muchen said with a straight face. A glint flashed lightning-fast across his eyes.

“ ... ”

She was rendered speechless. What kind of man is he? Is he unable to even read between the lines?

Su Ziyue straightened up, the smile on her face disappearing. She glanced at him through the corners of her eyes, but her grip on his hand didn't loosen. "No matter how tired I am, I'm still going to help my husband with his clothes shopping."

Although it was just a relationship born from a piece of paper, he was still her husband.

"Ziyue?"

A slightly delighted voice rang out right then.

Su Ziyue looked up to see a familiar face. Almost instantly, she let go of Qin Muchen's arm.