

Foolish Son-in-law Chapter 2

Chapter 2

“Haven’t I lost enough face to you, what am I afraid of?” Murong Xue suddenly roared in agitation.

As far as Ye Xing could remember, Murong Xue rarely yelled like this, and this was the first time.

“Sister, you scolded me.” Ye Xing immediately burst into tears.

For an actor who had been an international superstar, the crying scene was too easy.

“I’m sorry, sister didn’t mean to do it.”

“You just did it on purpose.”

“Sister really didn’t mean it, your clothes are so dirty, grandma won’t be happy to see it and won’t allow you to eat candy when the time comes.” Murong Xue snapped out of it, what was the point of fighting with a fool.

“I want to eat candy.”

“After the bath, sister will give you candy.”

“I want to eat candy now.” Ye Xing shook his head repeatedly.

“If you don’t obey me again sister is going to get angry.” Murong Xue deliberately made a stern face.

“Can I take a bath and eat candy at the same time?”

“No way.”

Ye Xing took his clothes and walked into the bathroom, searching inside his mind for some more memories.

After the record of the shortest rebirth was broken, Ye Xing was more sad than dead, and didn’t even bother to think about the memories.

All he wanted to do now was to be a salted fish that muddled through.

Ye Xing relied on Murong Xue the most.

Murong Xue married into the Ye family and lived in the Ye family for a while. She found that all the brothers in the Ye family looked down on Ye Xing, bullying and suppressing him in all kinds of ways. She really did not want her husband to be trampled underfoot like rotten mud, and finally requested that Ye Xing be made a son-in-law.

The Ye family, with three sons and no shortage of heritage, agreed, and thus Ye Xing became the Murong family's son-in-law.

After taking a bath, changing his clothes and coming out of the bathroom, Murong Xue looked at him, a little lost in thought.

When he didn't speak, when he didn't have an expression, what a fine man he was!

Tall, handsome and imposing.

How good would it be if he wasn't a fool?

"Sister, where's the sugar?" Ye Xing asked with a grin.

Looking at him with a giggle, Murong Xue sighed and took out a lollipop from inside the drawer and held it in her hand.

"Ye Xing, I can give you candy, but you have to promise sister one request."

"Okay."

"Later at the banquet, whatever people say to you, you ignore them, don't say anything, and do everything I tell you."

"Sister, I'll do everything you say."

As soon as Ye Xing snatched the lollipop, he unwrapped it and put it into his mouth.

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At seven o'clock in the evening, all sorts of big shots from Jianghuai City came to the mansion and sent congratulatory gifts.

Old Mrs. Murong is already eighty years old, but still in very good spirits.

The Murong family empire had been created by Old Mrs Murong.

Although when Murong Bei was forty years old, Old Mrs Murong had already handed over the Murong family's estate to her son in full, whenever he encountered problems that he could not solve, Murong Bei would seek advice from his old mother to tide over the difficulties.

Back then, when the Murong family was pitted against each other and its capital chain was broken, Murong Bei was at his wits' end. In the end, it was Old Mrs Murong who facilitated the wedding of Murong Xue and Ye Xing, and received the support of the Ye family to tide over the difficult times.

Although she has reached her eightieth birthday, Old Mrs Murong still holds a pivotal position in the Murong family.

The eldest daughter, Murong Lan, is married to a medium and the youngest daughter, Murong Xue, is married to the foolish son of the Ye family.

A steady stream of guests brought congratulatory gifts to the old lady Murong to wish her a happy birthday.

When Murong Xue and Ye Xing entered the lobby, they immediately attracted the attention of many people.

Ye Xing looked at Murong Xue and although she acted calmly, he could still tell that she was still somewhat repulsed by these occasions.

Who would want their husband, to be treated like a fool.

"Xue'er, long time no see."

A svelte man in a grey suit appeared in front of the two, his eyes lit up as he landed on Murong Xue, he could barely move his gaze, and Ye Xing beside him was directly ignored by him.

"Chen Bowen, so it's you, when did you return to China?" Murong Xue asked indifferently.

"Father said that Mrs. Murong's birthday, I rushed over to see you, we haven't seen each other for more than two years, I didn't expect you to get prettier and prettier, I didn't get married for you, but so far."

To Ye Xing, this fool, Chen Bowen did not restrain himself at all, nakedly expressing his love to Murong Xue.

"Bowen, I am already a married person, please speak with more respect." Murong Xue's face came down coldly.

Talking like this in front of her husband was too disrespectful, she simply didn't give any face at all.

"This marriage of yours is the same as not getting married, you and I know it by heart." Chen Bowen gave Ye Xing a contemptuous look and continued, "I have just passed my

PhD thesis, several large companies in China want to hire me, I specifically chose Huaijiang's company, you should understand my purpose for doing so, I don't mind that you are divorced."

"Bowen, I repeat, I am married."

"Married can be divorced, I don't care."

"Chen Bowen, please respect yourself." Murong Xue started to get angry.

"I don't believe it, you keep a fool and have no physical needs."

Murong Xue had repeatedly put up with her, but she did not expect the other party to get an inch to this point.

Chen Bowen raised the wine glass in his hand and said to Ye Xing, "Fool, your wife will be mine from now on."

Ye Xing did not say anything, and when his red wine glass hit his lips, he suddenly threw a punch.

This punch directly hit Chen Bowen's hand that was holding the wine glass.

Ah!

Chen Bowen instantly screamed miserably.

The glass shattered and countless glass shards stuck in his face, mixed with red wine, and it was impossible to tell whether it was blood or red wine.

Ye Xing pounced on him, like a fierce tiger, and in three or two strokes, he was knocked to the ground.

A combination of punches went down, and Chen Bowen was instantly bruised and swollen, his face completely disfigured.

If someone hadn't come over to pull him, Ye Xing could have beaten him to death.

The whole room was startled and people from all around gathered around.

The ones pulling Ye Xing were two tall men who were still almost holding him down.

"Stop it for me." A loud shout came.

Murong North cut through the shadows of people and came to the spot where the incident happened, bellowing, "What's going on?"

“Murong Bei, your stupid son-in-law beat me up like this, I tell you, this matter is not over.” Chen Bowen bellowed.

Murong North looked at Murong Xue’s body and said angrily, “I told you a thousand times to keep an eye on this fool, how could you let him hit someone, shame on you?”

“Dad, Ye Xing didn’t do anything wrong.” Murong Xue stood out and blocked in front of Ye Xing.

“He even hit someone, and you still say he was right, have you married a fool and become foolish yourself?” Murong Bei roared.

Today was the old lady’s 80th birthday, the day of the birthday was most taboo to see blood, Ye Xing hit someone in front of countless guests, and even ruined someone’s face, it was simply a disgrace to the Murong family, how could Murong Bei not be angry.

Murong Xue’s eyes were red and tears were welling up in her eyes.

She didn’t mind how others scolded Ye Xing, but he was her own father!

Even her father had called her son-in-law a fool, how could Ye Xing still behave in the future, how could she hold up her head as a human being?

“Dad, if it wasn’t for Ye Xing, do you think the Murong family would still be so prosperous?” Murong Xue said loudly.

It was only when Ye Xing became the son-in-law of the family that the Ye family promised the Murong family to tide over the difficult times, without Ye Xing, the Murong family would have fallen long ago.

“Unbridled.”

Being refuted by his daughter in public, Murong Bei felt his majesty was provoked and slapped him fiercely.