

Married at First Sight Chapter 4366-4370

Ouyang Ya also believed she was good enough that the Zhan family wouldn't be able to find any fault with her.

She quickly regained her confidence and let Zhan Yuan hold her hand. She didn't move forward until Uncle Yang and the bodyguards had finished unloading the two large suitcases.

Inside the house, when everyone heard that Zhan Yuan had returned, the old lady stood up with a smile. Surrounded by the family, she looked toward the entrance.

The moment Zhan Yuan and Ouyang Ya appeared in her view, her face lit up with joy.

A major event in her grandson's life had been settled.

How could she not be happy?

With her guidance, the grandchildren she raised had found wonderful partners, fallen in love, and were getting married.

From now on, happiness awaited them.

As a grandmother, her deepest wish was for all nine of her grandchildren to live fulfilling lives—that was her mission.

"Grandma, we're back."

"Grandma Zhan."

Ouyang Ya also wore a smile. Usually cool and reserved, she had the presence of an ice queen.

But when she smiled, that chill melted away, enhancing her beauty even more.

Zhan Yuan loved seeing her sweet smile—it completely captivated him.

"Xiaoya, you've been on a plane for hours and then in the car for nearly two more. You must be tired. Come, sit down."

The old lady waited for the pair to approach, then lovingly took Ouyang Ya's hand and guided her to the sofa, settling her down with ease. She then began introducing everyone in the room.

Ouyang Ya greeted them one by one.

As she glanced at each of the Zhan family's young masters, she silently agreed with what her good friend Fu Ruotong had once said: the Zhan brothers were all incredibly outstanding—so handsome it was enough to provoke envy from both mortals and gods.

If that was the case, then the rumors were absolutely true.

The elders of the Zhan family were also remarkably well-preserved. Her future in-laws, for example, looked like they were in their forties or fifties—no one would guess they were already over sixty.

They still exuded charm, clearly once handsome and beautiful in their youth.

With generation after generation of strong genes, it was no surprise that all of Zhan Yuan's brothers were so strikingly good-looking.

Now she understood why so many women were eager to marry into the Zhan family. Not only was the Zhan family the wealthiest in Dongguan City, with immense financial power, but the sons were all accomplished men with successful careers.

Even more important was their admirable family tradition. Once a Zhan man married, he would remain loyal for life—faithful to his partner and never straying. A husband like that, both handsome and devoted, would belong to you forever.

Who wouldn't want a husband like that—and in-laws like these?

If she hadn't met him herself, Ouyang Ya would have believed that men like the young masters of the Zhan family existed only in novels.

Surely not in real life.

Any woman lucky enough to marry into the Zhan family would become the object of envy, jealousy, and admiration.

Thinking back, Ouyang Ya remembered how calmly she had accepted the news that she was the daughter-in-law personally chosen for Zhan Yuan by Grandma Zhan. She hadn't resisted—in fact, she felt grateful that Zhan Yuan had chosen to pursue her.

The old lady clearly cared deeply about Ouyang Ya's well-being. Knowing the couple would be staying in Dongguan for a few days made her even happier.

The gifts Ouyang Ya brought filled two large suitcases. She opened them herself and handed out the presents one by one to each family member.

She said she would personally deliver the gifts to Haitong's family of three during her hospital visit the next day.

She had even prepared gifts for Liberty's family—such attention to detail spoke volumes.

Of course, it was Zhan Yuan who had been so thoughtful. She paid for the gifts, but it was he who had created the list.

“You must be hungry, Xiaoya. Let's go eat.”

The old lady only had eyes for Ouyang Ya now.

As for the grandson who brought her such a wonderful granddaughter-in-law? He might as well have been thrown into the Pacific Ocean—completely forgotten.

Zhan Yuan, now ignored and pushed to the sidelines, had already anticipated this outcome.

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Zhan Yuan, who had been ignored and pushed into a corner by his family, had already expected this outcome.

The old lady led Ouyang Ya into the dining room.

Everyone else followed behind.

Ouyang Ya said apologetically, “Grandma Zhan, I'm sorry. It's my fault for making you all wait on an empty stomach. I should've left earlier with Zhan Yuan.”

The old lady smiled and replied, “It's alright. We usually eat around this time anyway—it worked out perfectly.”

“You're so busy with work. We're just happy you could come home with Zhan Yuan,” she added warmly.

Tang Junye smiled and nodded in agreement with her mother-in-law.

Zhan Yuan tried to catch up, but his brothers pushed him toward the back of the group.

The eighth brother said to him, “Sixth Brother, why are you squeezing so hard?”

Zhan Yuan frowned. “Can you guys stop pushing me around like this?”

The youngest of the brothers grinned. “We just want a good look at Sixth Sister-in-law. It's her first time here—we haven't seen her in person before.”

Zhan Yuan shot back, “If it weren’t for me, your Sixth Brother, where would your Sixth Sister-in-law have come from?”

The youngest brother laughed. “Yes, yes. Thank you, Sixth Brother, for bringing us a Sixth Sister-in-law. Now that your mission is complete, you can step aside—your job is done.”

Zhan Yuan: “...How is my job done? Your Sixth Sister-in-law and I aren’t even married yet!”

This guy really needed a beating for saying that.

Without him—Sixth Brother—how would there even be a Sixth Sister-in-law?

Without him marrying her, did they think Ouyang Ya would have just come to their door on her own? What did they mean he had nothing to do with it?

Did they plan on having a wedding without a groom?

The Eighth Young Master laughed again. “Sorry, I spoke too fast and misspoke.”

Then, without giving Zhan Yuan a chance, he pushed him behind, entered the dining room first, and sat down in his usual seat.

Zhan Yuan ended up being the last to enter. He had planned to sit beside his beloved eldest lady, but when he saw his mother on Ouyang Ya’s left and his grandmother on her right, he knew better than to challenge the positions of those two revered figures.

He could only return to his regular seat in defeat.

During the meal, Grandma would occasionally rotate the lazy Susan to bring dishes closer to Ouyang Ya.

“Grandma knows how well Zhan Yuan cooks. I was his very first cooking teacher. A few of the dishes tonight were prepared by me. Xiaoya, give them a try.”

Everyone in the family already knew that Ouyang Ya was famously picky with food.

To accommodate her, the old lady had instructed the chef to prepare dishes tailored to her taste. Still not reassured, she had gone into the kitchen herself to make a few dishes. If age and energy hadn’t limited her, she might have insisted on cooking the entire meal.

Ouyang Ya smiled a little awkwardly. She had every reason to be picky, and back home, everyone accepted it. But now, visiting the Zhan family for the first time, she realized that being hard to please might not be such a virtue.

“Grandma Zhan, since you were Zhan Yuan’s first cooking teacher, your food must be amazing. I’ll try it.”

She took the dish Grandma offered. With so many eyes on her, she knew she had to give face to the elder—no matter how it tasted, she had to eat it.

Bracing herself as if facing a trial by fire, Ouyang Ya took a bite of the dish.

To her surprise, the taste was familiar—it reminded her of Zhan Yuan’s cooking.

It was delicious and totally to her liking.

Clearly, Grandma was worthy of being called Zhan Yuan’s first culinary teacher.

Yes, Zhan Yuan had once told her that his passion for cooking began in childhood, when he learned from the chefs at home.

And all those chefs had been his mentors—starting with Grandma.

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The chefs of the Zhan family had all been Zhan Yuan’s mentors.

“How is it? Do you like it?” the old lady asked. “Xiaoya, don’t force yourself. If it tastes good, eat more. If it doesn’t, just tell me—I’ll have Zhan Yuan whip up a couple of dishes for you right away.”

Zhan Yuan had complete confidence in both the family chefs and his grandmother.

He picked up a bite with his chopsticks and said, “The eldest lady would never force herself. If she says it’s good, she means it. Our chefs haven’t changed.”

In other words, the same chefs who had taught Zhan Yuan to cook were still with the family.

Everyone was used to their food. Changing chefs would take time to adjust, and beyond that, the household had developed deep bonds with them. Most had been working with the Zhan family for over ten or even twenty years.

As long as the chefs were still capable, they wouldn’t be asked to retire. And when they did reach retirement, the family ensured they received a monthly pension. After all, they had spent their best years satisfying the tastes of the Zhan household—it was only right to take care of them afterward.

Ouyang Ya replied, “Grandma Zhan, the dishes are delicious. You truly deserve the title of Zhan Yuan’s cooking teacher. A great teacher raises great students.”

She hadn’t expected Grandma Zhan to be skilled in the kitchen.

But then again, someone of her generation had likely lived through a great deal. She'd heard that Grandma Zhan was once a wealthy heiress, whose family later fell into poverty before regaining their fortune. With such a journey full of ups and downs, it made sense that she would know her way around a kitchen.

Ouyang Ya genuinely enjoyed the meal, which reassured the old lady and everyone else at the table.

Although Zhan Yuan was a talented cook, he wasn't home every day. Sometimes work took him away, and they had worried that Ouyang Ya might not enjoy the meals prepared by the household chefs.

Now that she clearly did, they were all at ease.

And the old lady remained fully confident in the chefs she had trained—especially since they'd raised such a capable student in Zhan Yuan.

Of course, Zhan Yuan had more than just a few teachers. The chefs at the hotels owned by the Zhan Group each had their specialties, and Zhan Yuan would often seek their guidance. His impressive cooking skills today were the result of learning from each one and combining their strengths.

After dinner, the old lady brought Ouyang Ya over to sit on the sofa and chat.

It could be said that Ouyang Ya was practically monopolized by the old lady the entire evening.

Seeing he had no chance to sit beside Ouyang Ya, Zhan Yuan gave up and went upstairs to prepare the guest room for her.

Although his mother had already had it cleaned, Zhan Yuan still felt the need to double-check everything. He carefully inspected the room and tidied it up again to ensure his young lady would feel completely at ease—comfortable and relaxed, just like at home.

It wasn't until ten o'clock that night that Zhan Yuan finally had a chance to be alone with his fiancée.

Or perhaps it was just that Grandma had grown tired and decided to rest, prompting the other elders and his brothers to leave one by one.

Zhan Yuan sat down next to Ouyang Ya, took her hand, and held it tightly. Jealousy tinged his voice as he said, "Miss, I knew I'd be sidelined the moment you arrived."

"From the second you walked in, I couldn't get anywhere near you. You instantly became Grandma's granddaughter—she kept you to herself the whole evening."

Ouyang Ya smiled and replied, “Your grandma reminds me a bit of my own. I’ve always had a close relationship with my grandparents. I just got carried away chatting with her and forgot about you.”

“Just call me by my name,” she added. “You still call me Miss in your own house—I’m worried your family will find it strange.”

“You’re my boyfriend now, not my chef.”

Zhan Yuan leaned over and gave her a tentative kiss on the cheek. When she didn’t pull away, he grew bolder and kissed her lips.

After the kiss, Zhan Yuan pulled her into a tight embrace, his heart racing.

Ouyang Ya stayed in his arms for a moment, then gently pushed him away and sat up straight again.

“Aya, I love you,” Zhan Yuan said softly, his voice full of affection.

Zhan Yuan spoke in a low, affectionate voice.

Ouyang Ya’s pretty face flushed slightly. She met his tender gaze and softly replied, “I love you, too.”

Raising her hand, she touched his cheek and smiled. “Alright, don’t be jealous. They’re your parents and brothers—your family. They like me, and I get along well with them. That should make you happy.”

Zhan Yuan still sounded a little sour. “You didn’t even glance at me all evening. From what I noticed, you only looked at me twice.”

“Twice is enough, isn’t it?” she laughed.

Ouyang Ya couldn’t hold back anymore—she burst out laughing.

This man, getting jealous over his own family, was just too funny.

Zhan Yuan looked at her with deep affection, joining in her laughter.

She usually carried herself with a calm, reserved demeanor, rarely smiling, let alone laughing freely.

But he loved seeing her like this—genuinely happy.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” she asked.

Zhan Yuan replied tenderly, “Aya, you’re so beautiful. When you smile, you’re breathtaking—enough to captivate a nation. You drive me crazy in the best way. You’re the only one I see, the only one in my heart.”

Ouyang Ya smiled again and gently pinched his handsome face. “You’re so sweet right now, like your lips are coated in honey.”

“I’m being sincere,” Zhan Yuan quickly defended himself. “I didn’t say that to flatter you—it’s the honest truth.”

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“Why haven’t I heard you say things like that before—praising me for being pretty?”

Ouyang Ya teased him, amused by his nervous expression.

His anxious look made her want to keep teasing him.

“Before we made our relationship official, I didn’t dare say such things. I was afraid you’d think I was just trying to flatter you and that it would leave a bad impression.”

“Aya, to me, you are truly the most beautiful woman in the world. I love you, and only you.”

Ouyang Ya smiled and replied, “Okay, I’m just kidding. You don’t have to be nervous or worried.”

“Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder. In your eyes, I am the most beautiful woman.”

She was indeed quite pretty—and she knew it.

A beauty is still a beauty, though she felt she fell slightly short compared to those rare, stunningly charming women.

In the Zhan family, her appearance was just considered decent.

The Zhan family was full of handsome men and beautiful women.

No unattractive woman ever married into the Zhan family. Though their personalities varied, each had her own unique beauty.

“Let’s go to the hospital tomorrow to visit your sister-in-law and your nephew.”

Ouyang Ya added, "I haven't seen a little baby in years."

Her last memory of a newborn was when her cousin was born—five or six years ago.

Now, Ajian was in the senior class of kindergarten and would start first grade this September, at the same school as his older brother. He'd been saying for a long time that he wanted to go to the same school as him.

Now, Ajian is in the senior class of kindergarten and will start first grade in primary school this September—at the same school as his older brother. He's long expressed his desire to attend the same school as him.

The two brothers share a close bond.

As their sisters, they were happy to see this and hoped the boys would maintain a strong relationship from childhood into adulthood. If they worked together in the future, they could jointly shoulder the responsibilities of the Ouyang family.

"It's been even longer for me. Since the ninth child was born, there hasn't been a new baby in our family for over ten years."

So, the entire family placed great importance on their sister-in-law's pregnancy.

When the baby was born, all the uncles—regardless of where they were or how busy—dropped everything and rushed back to see the newborn.

Technically, they could have waited until the baby's one-month celebration to return, but none of them could wait. They were eager to meet their nephew. Since the eldest sister-in-law had a natural delivery, she wouldn't need to stay in the hospital long.

If they wanted to see the baby, visiting her in the hospital before discharge was much more convenient.

Once she returned home to recuperate, it would be harder to visit, and they'd have to wait until the full-month celebration.

"Aya, it's late—go and get some rest now."

"After breakfast tomorrow, would you like me to show you around the villa before heading to the hospital to visit my sister-in-law?"

Ouyang Ya replied, "No need. After breakfast, we'll go straight to the hospital to see your sister-in-law. She's being discharged tomorrow, and your family will be there too. We'll wait and come back together."

“We have a few days here, so there’s no rush to tour the villa. When we’re older and Jun and Jian take over the business, I’ll retire. Then we can come back to the villa to live. The air here is so fresh.”

It was even fresher than the air in her own courtyard at home. That kind of pure, natural air could only be found in the countryside around City A.

Grandma Zhan truly knew how to enjoy life. She had the villa built here and even bought several hilltops to grow various fruits. At the foot of the mountain, she had also planted expansive flower fields.

With the family’s growing businesses, they had to hire more workers to manage everything.

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There are many people around the mountain and in the surrounding area, so you won’t feel lonely, and it’s relatively safer with so many people nearby.

If there weren’t so many workers, no one would know if something happened to the master’s family—like a kidnapping.

Fu Ruotong once said that in Wancheng, no one dares to touch anyone from the Zhan family—not just because of their status, but also because of the strong relationship between the Zhan and Su families.

Thinking of the Su family, Ouyang Ya asked tentatively, “Zhan Yuan, I’ve heard a lot about the Su family. Could you take me to visit them? Is it convenient? If not, please don’t feel pressured.”

Zhan Yuan smiled and said, “It’s very convenient. Brother Su Nan and my eldest brother are very close, like real brothers. Our families have been close friends for generations. Uncle Su treats my grandmother like his own mother.”

“It’s difficult for outsiders to enter the Su residence, but for us Zhan family members, it’s as easy as going to our own home.”

“My sister-in-law will be discharged from the hospital tomorrow, and I believe Sister Xiaojun will also be there. I’ll introduce you to her then. She’s Brother Su Nan’s wife and a good friend of my sister-in-law.”

Ouyang Ya looked a little surprised and asked, “So your sister-in-law’s best friend married your sister-in-law’s good brother?”

“Yes,” Zhan Yuan replied. “My eldest sister-in-law and Sister Xiaojun co-own a bookstore. My eldest brother often visited my sister-in-law there and thought Sister Xiaojun was a great person, so he introduced her to Brother Su Nan.”

“Brother Su Nan really liked Sister Xiaojun. They naturally fell in love, got married, and had children. Her family was relocated and owns many shops and rental properties. The rent she collects each month is more than most people earn in a lifetime.”

Ouyang Ya smiled and asked, “Do you know any outstanding men who might be suitable for A Ting?”

The question caught Zhan Yuan off guard.

After thinking for a moment, he said apologetically, “The Second Miss is truly exceptional. Most of the talented young men I know are already married or in relationships. I honestly don’t know anyone who would be a good match for her right now.”

His brothers had all been matched by their grandmother.

“What kind of man does the Second Miss like? When the time comes, we’ll keep an eye out and try to find someone suitable for her.”

There’s no need to look as far as Dongguan.

Mrs. Ouyang likely wouldn’t want her eldest daughter to marry so far away. She figured Mrs. Ouyang wouldn’t want her eldest daughter to marry far away.

After he and Ouyang Ya made their relationship public, Mrs. Ouyang was concerned. He assured her that even after marriage, he would continue working as the Ouyang family’s private chef, remain employed by them, and live with the Ouyang family long-term. Only then did Mrs. Ouyang reluctantly give her approval.

“She said she likes men like you—self-disciplined, with positive values, a good family background, capable, and not bad-looking.”

Zhan Yuan: “...”

“At first, I thought she had feelings for you, so I kept teasing her and even considered playing matchmaker. But she told me she simply admired you and didn’t have romantic feelings.”

“I didn’t believe her at first. But later, I realized it was true—there was no love between you two. You were always respectful and polite to her, but kept your distance. You never treated her the way you treat me.”

“Tingting also said repeatedly that she didn’t love you, just admired you and thought you were amazing. Later, she teased me, saying it felt like you had gone to City A just for me.”

At that, Ouyang Ya smiled and continued, “It’s true—those involved can be confused, but outsiders often see things more clearly.”

“Tingting was right.”

Zhan Yuan had indeed come for her.

Fortunately, her sister truly had no romantic feelings for Zhan Yuan, and he clearly kept his distance from her sister as well.

Otherwise, if both sisters had fallen for the same man, it could’ve damaged their relationship—and she and Zhan Yuan would have had no future.

She had no intention of competing with her sister for a man, and her sister likely felt the same. If it had come to that, it’s possible both would’ve chosen to let go of Zhan Yuan.

To her, sisterhood came first.

As for love—she believed it was always possible to find someone else.

But she didn’t say that out loud, worried Zhan Yuan might take it the wrong way and get upset—and then she’d have to coax him.