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“Matters with the police?” Mu Yangyang said without looking up from fiddling with the pork ribs in her bowl. “It's just that someone wanted to harm Shen Yu, like 'taking away her clothes and extorting nudes' kind of harm....”

“You know I don't want to hear that,” Mo Chenhao cut her off coldly. The air around him dropped by several centigrade.

Mu Yangyang suddenly lost her appetite. “I'm full,” she said as she wiped her hands and got up from her seat.

Why didn't he mention this at all when he stormed out last night?

Why am I the one getting interrogated now?

However, Mo Chenhao clearly won't let her off on this matter so easily.

Rising from his seat, he caught up with Mu Yangyang within a couple of strides.

He took her wrist and pulled her into an embrace. With his free hand, he lifted her chin and said in a deep voice, “Look at me, Mu Yangyang.”

Mu Yangyang obediently stared at his face for a few moments before nodding and saying, “Still as handsome as ever.”

Her seemingly nonchalant tone made the grasp on her chin even tighter.

Mu Yangyang grimaced and said lightly, “Ouch. Are you going to add a broken wrist and a dislocated jaw to my list of injuries?”

Mo Chenhao paused, and his face darkened menacingly.

Mu Yangyang was in an awkward position with her chin raised, but she did not seem a single bit intimidated. In fact, her gaze was unwavering and proud.

Even so, his pitch-black pupils seemed to be able to suck the life force out of people. She could feel herself losing her resolve.

Alas, she ended up being the first to break eye contact.

“Since you're complaining about me, then don't pretend that everything's fine. It makes you less pretty,” Mo Chenhao said while letting go of her chin and stroking the top of her head gently.

His actions had an inexplicable tenderness to them, which contrasted with the dark and cloudy expression on his face.

Mu Yangyang was getting tired of his manipulative and unpredictable self.

She was nothing compared to him, making it hard for her to hide anything from him.

“I wasn't pretending. It's just that I finally understood,” Mu Yangyang said, turning her head to one side. “Since Su Qingning was your old friend, I felt nothing but sympathy for you when something happened to her. Because of that, I understand if you had feelings for me because I resembled her.”

“If I saw someone who looks like Shen Yu on the streets, I would definitely take a good look at them too. I totally understand.”

That's right. It's just that simple.

It was only natural for Mo Chenhao to give her special treatment since she resembled Su Qingning.

I'm sure that I had seen the big picture, but...why do I still feel upset?

“Very well,” Mo Chenhao said and let her go.

He backed off a little bit and looked down upon her. His charming face was devoid of any expression.

Mu Yangyang felt that he was purposely concealing his thoughts from the world.

Just like how he had everything about Mu Yangyang at his fingertips while she was clueless about him, he could control others without exposing his true self at all.

She was disadvantaged in this battle from the beginning, but she was too naive to realize that.

That particular confrontation seemed to mark their respective boundaries.

For a period of time afterward, they were distant and cold towards each other.

They slept in separate rooms and went their separate ways every morning. They would only come together to eat dinner and to exchange dialogues occasionally. It was no different from those couples that married for benefits and not love.

This, however, pained Mo Zhenxuan. He could foresee himself suffering through his winter holidays under this depressing atmosphere. Hence, he decided to seek help from his brother, Si Chengyu.

Mu Yangyang vaguely remembered that Si Chengyu had offered to treat her and Mo Chenhao to a meal,

but since there was no follow-up afterward, she just assumed that it was not going to happen.

Perhaps Mo Chenhao declined the offer?

Meanwhile, Si Chengyu came to pick Mo Zhenxuan up in his car on a Saturday.

“Big brother!”

Mo Zhenxuan bolted to Si Chengyu's side the moment he saw him.

Mu Yangyang helped to pack some daily necessities for Mo Zhenxuan and descended the stairs. The moment she reached the ground floor, she could see Si Chengyu standing in the hall.

It had been more than a week since the last gathering, so Mu Yangyang braced for an awkward reunion with Si Chengyu. To her surprise, however, the air was free of tension.

Si Chengyu grinned at her warmly. “Hi, Yangyang.”

His smile was as magical as always.

“I brought some goods for Xuan,” Mu Yangyang said. Si Chengyu, being a man, was not as careful about the details as she was.

“Sorry for the trouble,” Si Chengyu said as he took the things from her.

“It's nothing,” Mu Yangyang replied and turned to look at Mo Zhenxuan instead. “Be a good boy and do your homework. When you want to come back, just drop your cousin a call and he'll pick you up.”

Despite saying so, she knew that the year was drawing to a close, and companies were scrambling to complete their work, including Sheng Ding Media.

Mo Chenhao often left home early and worked overtime, even on weekends.

Nevertheless, Mo Zhenxuan grabbed his things and scampered out, leaving Si Chengyu and Mu Yangyang to their own devices in the hall.

Si Chengyu's smile disappeared and was replaced by a serious expression. “Look, I'm sorry for what happened last time.”

Mu Yangyang's lips curved into a small grin. “No worries. Your previous apology sufficed.”

Si Chengyu hung his head and smiled. “Yeah.”

Meanwhile, in Sheng Ding Media's meeting room...

“The data here is completely off!”

“What about this? What's wrong with all of you?”

“Do you want your year-end bonuses? Is the new year an excuse to give me this trash?”

The higher-ups sitting beneath the speaker all hung their heads and were hesitant to open their mouths.

They had all been treading on eggshells recently.

President Gu used to be an approachable person in contrast to the CEO's intimidating aura.

However, things were different recently. The CEO, who rarely appeared in the office, suddenly became omnipresent, as though he had moved there just to monitor the workers.

To make matters worse, President Gu suddenly became obsessed with working and telling people off, as though he had made a pact to be on par with the CEO.

Gu Zhiyan slammed the documents onto the table after finishing his lecture. “Redo this! If it's not done by tonight, none of you are going home!”

Mo Chenhao, who barely made a sound during the whole meeting, suddenly spoke up, “Regarding the project that I mentioned previously, I hope to see a reasonable plan by tomorrow.”

When the two of them exited the room, everyone else had a pained expression on their faces.

“Both of them must be crazy.”

“I could care less about President Gu, but I'm going to guess that Boss had a fight with his wife!”

“How did you know?”

“You know, men things...remember how he had to leave so many times during meetings to answer calls? Those were definitely calls from a woman...”

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After the meeting, Gu Zhiyan followed Mo Chenhao into the CEO's office.

Gu Zhiyan placed the documents in his hand onto the table and made a move to leave.

“Zhiyan.” Mo Chenhao stopped him in his tracks.

Gu Zhiyan raised his head in confusion. “Anything else, boss?”

“Go back and take some rest,” Mo Chenhao was well aware that Gu Zhiyan had been burning the midnight oil in the office for quite some time already.

Gu Zhiyan promptly turned him down, “There's no need to. I love working.”

Fu Tingxi picked the right moment to walk into the office. He heard Gu Zhiyan's words loud and clear.

His usual stoic expression cracked for a second. Since when was Gu Zhiyan so enthusiastic about working? Did something drive him crazy?

“If there's nothing else, I'm heading back to my office,” Gu Zhiyan said and whirled around just to meet Fu Tingxi face-to-face. He simply patted his shoulder as a form of greeting.

Fu Tingxi's gaze followed Gu Zhiyan all the way out of the office and until he disappeared, before turning to Mo Chenhao and asking, “What's up with that guy?”

“He's crazy.” Mo Chenhao lowered his gaze onto the documents on his table while speaking those words with ease. It was hard to tell if he was referring to himself or Gu Zhiyan.

Something was very wrong recently.

So, Mu Yangyang wants to make my life difficult forever?

Fu Tingxi noticed that although Mo Chenhao was looking at the documents, his mind was miles away.

That made him baffled. What happened to these two when he was away on his business trip?

He picked a spot to sit down on Mo Chenhao's table. “Why are you still working on a weekend? Want to go for a drink?”

Meanwhile, Mu Yangyang received a call from Shen Yu the moment Si Chengyu and Mo Zhenxuan left.

“Remember the director that I told you about the other day? He wanted to meet you. Since I'm free today, let's have afternoon tea together!”

Mu Yangyang agreed immediately.

The director was having lunch at Jinding, hence they decided to have afternoon tea there as well.

Since Mo Chenhao was being a workaholic recently, the chance of bumping into him at Jinding was pretty low.

With this thought in mind, Mu Yangyang heaved a sigh of relief.

When the time came, Mu Yangyang went to meet Shen Yu at the entrance of Jinding.

Shen Yu seemed to have just finished a show. Signs of fatigue were just visible under her carefully-done makeup.

“Been pretty tired lately?” Mu Yangyang asked, and her voice laced with concern.

“My schedules' been pretty hectic recently, but it's nothing that I can't manage,” Shen Yu replied while walking into the restaurant.

Her recent commissions weren't exactly ideal, but they suited her perfectly. Maybe it was her encounter with Mo Chenhao and sweet disposition that got her these commissions.

They entered the private room while bantering.

A long time passed, and the director that Shen Yu was talking about had yet to show up.

“Why is he not here yet? Let me call him,” Shen Yu lamented. But her call went unanswered.

Just like that, two hours passed.

Shen Yu grew restless and stood up all of a sudden. “I'll go search for him. How could he be so tardy!”

Mu Yangyang was not too bothered by this. Any director in the entertainment industry with some reputation would be arrogant to some extent.

Despite that, she could not hold Shen Yu or her own anxiety back, so she had no choice but to follow her.

Jinding was a big place, but the dining and entertainment areas were separated. Hence, they only had to search in the dining areas.

With this smaller search area, finding the director shouldn't be too hard.

And indeed, they found the director in no time.

It just so happened that someone left the door to a private room ajar after exiting it, and Shen Yu immediately recognized the director who was sitting inside.

Mu Yangyang followed her gaze only to see a familiar face - Luo Ying.

The incident in the bar last time ended badly for Luo Ying. She was detained for 24 hours at the police station and fired from Sheng Ding Media. One could say that she lost all her dignity that night.

Luo Ying was wearing revealing clothes and leaning on the director whom she was pouring wine for. Lifting her gaze upwards, she saw Shen Yu and Mu Yangyang standing at the door.

Her expression hardened for just a second before breaking into a proud smirk. She scooted closer to the director and whispered something into his ear, which made him look up in their direction as well.

After that, she simply stood up and walked out.

Mu Yangyang could smell the strong perfume she wore as she came close.

Then, she frowned and took a step backward. She could never get used to this smell.

Luo Ying did not notice that as all her attention was on Shen Yu.

She stroked her hair and said coyly, "Looking for Director Qin? He requested that any matters be discussed here. He's a busy man."

The director's name was Qin An, and Shen Yu got to know him through a mutual acquaintance. He did produce some box office hits before, making him a relatively reputable director in the industry.

Shen Yu had a few encounters with Qin An before, and that gave her a good impression of him. Hence, she came up with the idea of introducing him to Mu Yangyang. Who knew that he was so smitten with Luo Ying!

"No need, we're busy," Shen Yu replied curtly.

Luo Ying was not going to let them go so easily. "Shen Yu, what are you scared of? Why won't you go in?"

Luo Ying's heavy makeup made her smiles revolting.

"I don't want to see things that I shouldn't be seeing. Aren't you scared of getting some kind of disease from getting laid everywhere?" Shen Yu retorted, silencing Luo Ying.

Their relationship had long since soured. Shen Yu didn't even want to pretend that things were fine between them anymore.

Luo Ying clenched her jaw in anger. "Don't you get cocky just yet! Getting close to President Gu isn't going to guarantee you success forever!"

Shen Yu's smug expression wavered just a bit upon the mention of Gu Zhiyan, but she regained her composure quickly. "Shouldn't I be the one saying that? Shouldn't you be afraid of getting beaten up by the wives of all the married men that you messed around with?"

“Just you wait!” Luo Ying's face paled when she was unable to come up with a better comeback.

Shen Yu was completely unfazed by her threats, but Mu Yangyang fixated her gaze on Luo Ying as though in deep thought. Suddenly, she spoke up, “What else are you planning to do besides extorting nudes from Shen Yu?”

Luo Ying finally noticed her presence. “What are you talking about? I don't understand.” She said while denying Mu Yangyang's accusations.

“It doesn't matter if you owe up to it or not, or if you are going to carry out any more plans. Shen Yu belongs to Sheng Ding Media now, and President Gu is the kind to protect the weak. You should probably take stock of the situation.”

Mu Yangyang's smile lingered on her face, while her tone was light and casual. Despite that, it sent ripples of fear across the depths of Luo Ying's heart.

She witnessed Gu Zhiyan's tactics firsthand at the bar last time.

Luo Ying may not be immensely popular, but she was not entirely unknown or worthless to the company. Even so, Gu Zhiyan still cut ties with her without batting an eyelid.

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The whole saga of Shen Yu getting photographed without her permission faded away mainly because it never succeeded.

Another reason for its short-lived presence was that it was just one amongst the hordes of scandals in the entertainment industry. No one would pay attention to this particular one anyway.

Shen Yu's previous company, her current company, which was Sheng Ding Media, as well as many others, were in various conflicts with her, making her a shared target of many.

As for the director that Shen Yu wanted to get in touch with but turned out to be Luo Ying's lover, she knew that it wouldn't be as simple as coincidence. Luo Ying must have known that Shen Yu had been looking for Qin An to help her out with her acting jobs, which explains how she deliberately messed up Shen Yu's plans to embarrass her.

This must have been planned.

The bar incident was a long time ago, yet Luo Ying still managed to get this chance to get back at Shen Yu. She must really resent Shen Yu to do that.

“I don't know what the hell you are talking about!” Luo Ying glared at Mu Yangyang and raised her voice. “I have no idea what you're saying. Shen Yu pissed off the wrong people and got unsolicited photos.

What does that have anything to do with me? Anyways, how could she be standing here unharmed if that really happened? You must be crazy!”

“Don't try and slander me with this kind of scandalous information just because Director Qin doesn't want to see you!” Luo Ying huffed and turned around to go back inside. “I'm done with you. I'm going back.”

Just as she was about to enter the room, she caught sight of someone standing not too far away with the corner of her eye. Frowning, she spat at the person, “You! Can you hurry up? What took you so long? President Qiu is waiting!”

Mu Yangyang followed Luo Ying's gaze and froze upon seeing the person she was yelling at.

What was Mu Yumei doing here? What business did she have with Luo Ying?

Mu Yumei seemed unfazed. She had already seen Mu Yangyang from afar, so she was getting ready to take the longer route and avoid her. Alas, Luo Ying still managed to spot her.

Mu Yumei was unhappy with Luo Ying's attitude, but she still plastered a smile on her face and said, “I'm back now!”

“Get in there. I went to great lengths just to get you this opportunity, so you'd better not lose it,” Luo Ying shot her a look and took a step towards the room.

Mu Yumei could feel Mu Yangyang's eyes still staring at her, so she turned around and glared back. “What's your problem?”

“Nothing much, just wondering how our grandfather would react to you mixing with these kinds of people,” Mu Yangyang replied lightly while taking in Mu Yumei's appearance from head to toe with her arms crossed.

Mu Yumei clearly came prepared today. Her makeup was flawless and the neckline of her dress was so low one could see her deep cleavage...

Notwithstanding the questionable things Mu Yumei did in the past, she was actually quite pretty.

“Don't' you dare tell our grandfather about this!” Mu Yumei lashed out at her.

Mu Yangyang gave up on entertaining her threats, and instead, grabbed Shen Yu and ushered her away.

However, Mu Yumei was not satisfied yet. “You'd better watch out! When I become a top actress and get Si Chengyu's hand in marriage, you would be honored to be part of the Mu family!”

While Mu Yangyang did not react, Shen Yu could not hold back her laughter.

“You? Top actress?” Shen Yu gasped between guffaws.

Mu Yangyang felt like snickering too.

She didn't want to laugh at Mu Yumei regarding her acting dream, neither did she care about her getting married to Si Chengyu. She just wanted to make fun of her last statement, 'You would be honored to be part of the Mu family!'

Mu family? Since when was I ever part of the family? Never even once.

Seeing that Mu Yumei was going to explode from anger, Mu Yangyang tugged at Shen Yu. “Let's go.”

When Mu Yangyang was conversing with Mu Yumei, Luo Ying stayed outside the whole time. Seeing that they knew each other, she began to get suspicious. “Who's that woman?”

Mu Yumei who was still fuming, answered angrily, “No one.”

Luo Ying wasn't the kind to be easily fooled. Not only was she adept at reading people's expressions, but she had also heard every word exchanged between them just now. “Her grandfather is your grandfather too, so she's your sister?”

“Step-sister. My dad and grandfather hated her,” Mu Yumei's expression was impatient.

However, Luo Ying pressed on instead of catching onto Mu Yumei's body language, which was unlike her usual way of doing things.

“So, she's the one who married into the Mo family?” Luo Ying asked.

“What do you want?” Mu Yumei might not be the sharpest, but by now it was clear that Luo Ying had ulterior motives.

Luo Ying simply grinned as a look of greed flashed across her face. “Your brother-in-law is the heir of the Mo family, you know. He has the money, the power. Basically, everything. If you want to break into the entertainment industry, why not ask for some ‘help’ from him?”

“Why would I want to find that piece of trash?” Mu Yumei mocked and disregarded Luo Ying's words completely.

Luo Ying pursed her lips as it dawned upon her just how dense this woman was.

The Mo family was considered nobility in Huyang City, so why does it matter if Mo Chenhao was ugly or useless if he had the money and power?

If only I could meet Mo Chenhao and get his attention, then I won't have to find men after men anymore...

Mu Yangyang and Shen Yu continued to banter while walking back to their private room.

“What's wrong with Mu Yumei? Why the sudden interest in the entertainment industry? Did your grandfather allowed this?” Shen Yu asked.

“My grandfather probably didn't know about this,” Mu Yangyang replied. Ever since Mu Zhengxiu returned, Mu Yumei had been significantly more behaved, considering that Mu Zhengxiu had a more intimidating presence than Mu Liyan.

However, what she did not see coming was the fact that Mu Yumei seemed to be serious about getting married to Si Chengyu and becoming a top actress.

“I really don't know what she's thinking half the time...”

Shen Yu was cut off by her phone ringing.

After answering the call and hanging up, she turned to Mu Yangyang and said, “I got to go, something cropped up at home.”

“Go ahead, I'll go home by myself.”

After Shen Yu left, Mu Yangyang returned to the private room. Since she no longer had an appetite for afternoon tea, she picked up her bag and took the escalator downstairs.

On the ground floor, three tall men appeared at the door as soon as it opened.

“Yangyang?” Gu Zhiyan was the first to speak.

The three men just happened to be Mo Chenhao, Gu Zhiyan, and Fu Tingxi.

Fu Tingxi dragged the other two men out for drinks after getting tired of seeing them worked their butts off at the office, but he did not know that Mu Yangyang was there too.

Mo Chenhao took a step forward, but Mu Yangyang avoided his gaze and looked at Gu Zhiyan instead.

“Yeah. Are you...alone?” Gu Zhiyan seemed hesitant to speak. Mu Yangyang could tell that it was something else that he really wanted to say.

“Yeah, I was with Liang just now, but she left first,” Mu Yangyang answered while tugging at the strap of her sling bag. “Why don't you all go and eat first? I'm going home.”

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Gu Zhiyan noticed that Mu Yangyang didn't look at Mo Chenhao even once the whole time.

He decided that he should step in. "You're leaving already? Why not stay for dinner? Chenhao drove himself here, so you can help drive him back afterward if he gets drunk."

"Don't you have Shi Ye? If all else fails, you can call for a chauffeur," Mu Yangyang replied, but her expression was unreadable.

Mo Chenhao glanced at Mu Yangyang.

Recently, he had been making himself scarce at home, with barely enough time to even greet Mu Yangyang, let alone have a conversation.

This was the first time he saw her up close in weeks.

Despite living in the same mansion, he couldn't help but feel a tinge of nostalgia as he studied her face.

Mu Yangyang could feel Mo Chenhao's gaze on her, and her expression slowly stiffened.

Then, she hurriedly made a move to leave the place before her mask cracks.

Before she could make her way out of there, someone grabbed her hand.

"Let's go home together," Mo Chenhao rasped into her ear.

His voice was devoid of any emotion.

And his warm, dry hands enveloped her hand tightly. It gave her an inexplicable sense of warmth and calmness.

Even so, Mu Yangyang's finger twitched, and her lips part slightly. "I have to go back. My script is waiting for me."

Mo Chenhao's expression darkened. Without giving her a chance to turn down the offer, he dragged her into the lift.

Meanwhile, Gu Zhiyan and Fu Tingxi trailed behind them.

Mu Yangyang was angry, but it was impossible to pull away from his strong grasp.

This only made her even angrier.

Mo Chenhao glanced downwards and noticed her stiff expression. Somehow, it gave him respite from the anxiety that he had been dealing with for the past few days.

Standing beside them, Gu Zhiyan took in the sight of Mo Chenhao and Mu Yangyang exchanging looks.

He was starting to think that Mo Chenhao was being reckless.

Does angering people make him happy?

Is he a pervert or something?

On the other hand, if Shen Yu bothered to hold his hand - no, bothered to even talk to him, he would be in bliss for the next few days.

For real...

Comparisons are odious!

Meanwhile, Fu Tingxi went in with a heavy heart as well. It was supposed to be a three-men drinking party, but it ended up being him and Gu Zhiyan third-wheeling Mo Chenhao and Mu Yangyang.

“Do you want to eat this?”

“What about this?”

Mo Chenhao made sure to ask Mu Yangyang if she wanted to try something every time a new dish appeared.

Mu Yangyang could not tell what drugs Mo Chenhao was on, but with Gu Zhiyan and Fu Tingxi watching them, she could only keep quiet and devour her food.

The whole time she was eating, the three men were drinking shot after shot.

When she finally took stock of the situation, empty bottles have already piled up on the table.

Even worse, Gu Zhiyan was wailing into Fu Tingxi's shoulder with his masculinity thrown out of the window.

Fu Tingxi was obviously unhappy with this, and he tried to push Gu Zhiyan away.

However, he was nowhere as strong as Gu Zhiyan, so there was no way he could lift him up so easily. Thus, he had no choice but to give up.

Mu Yangyang tried her best to hide her shock with limited success.

“I don't know what I did wrong.....”

“No, I definitely screwed up somewhere, but it shouldn't have been this bad.....”

Gu Zhiyan started to babble between sobs. After the shock washed over, Mu Yangyang felt a pang of guilt out of nowhere.

Suddenly, something heavy fell onto her shoulder.

Whirling around, she saw Mo Chenhao's head on her shoulder and his eyes half-lidded.

“You're.....” Drunk?

Mu Yangyang poked him gently. But there was no reaction.

She made eye contact with Fu Tingxi, conveying their exasperation through their eyes.

It took a while, but she finally managed to heave Mo Chenhao into their car outside the restaurant.

She had no choice but to do that as he wouldn't let anyone but her touch him when he's drunk.

Gu Zhiyan was dead drunk and had to be carried into the car.

Fu Tingxi closed the door and hovered in front of the driver's seat window. “You sure you can do this?” He asked.

“We have a bodyguard at home,” she replied. If she couldn't move Mo Chenhao by herself, she could always enlist the help of their bodyguard.

Fu Tingxi raised his eyebrows wordlessly.

Mu Yangyang winced, “Worst case scenario, I'll knock him up cold and let the bodyguard carry him upstairs.”

She never understood why he barred anyone from touching him except her when he's intoxicated.

Heck, he might not even be drunk to begin with.

Mu Yangyang sensed a slight shift in Fu Tingxi's gaze, and if she read it correctly, he might have just gained a bit more respect for her...

But then again, how else? It's not like I can lift him up anyway.

After that, Mu Yangyang drove Mo Chenhao back home.

Drunk Mo Chenhao was naturally quiet. While resting his entire weight on Mu Yangyang, she helped him into the house.

His weight almost crushed her, but she still somehow managed to heave him up the stairs while gritting her teeth.

She herself struggled to find a reason for not calling the bodyguard.

Once she entered their room, she threw him onto the bed and left to get a wet towel from the bathroom.

Just now at Jinding, in a fit to avoid the attendants' attempts to carry him, his dress shirt got wrinkled, and three buttons on it were unfastened. With his lips pursed and eyes closed, his dangerous aura was not as present as before.

Mu Yangyang took a deep breath and lifted the wet towel to his face.

However, just as she stretched out her hand, he opened his eyes without warning.

Mu Yangyang jumped and pulled back her hand.

It took a while for his eyes to focus, but as soon as they did, he shot up into a sitting position and stared into her eyes intensely.

“You're...awake?” Mu Yangyang stuttered.

Mo Chenhao suddenly threw himself into her and cooed, “Mama!”

Mu Yangyang's hand trembled, and the wet towel she was holding flopped onto the bed.

However, she immediately threw it aside, as she didn't want to get the sheets wet.

Mo Chenhao didn't move an inch as he continued hugging her.

Mu Yangyang didn't dare to move as well. This version of Mo Chenhao seemed...terrifyingly cute.

After a while, Mu Yangyang could feel her body getting sore from stiffening up. She tentatively whispered, “Mo... Mo Chenhao?”

There was no response. Slowly, Mu Yangyang reached out her hand to poke him.

But before she could do so, Mo Chenhao's embrace got even tighter, as though her movement toggled a switch within him. “Mama...” he whispered again.

Mu Yangyang was speechless.

After a moment of silence, she gently patted Mo Chenhao on the back and said, "Let go of me. Mama's going to change your clothes," she said with her voice trembling.

She got the cold shivers the moment those words left her lips.

Surprisingly, it worked. Mo Chenhao had released her from his embrace, and he stretched out his arms as though waiting for her to undress him.

With his eyes half-closed and face devoid of his usual cold demeanor, he had completely entrusted himself to Mu Yangyang.

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Mu Yangyang's heart melted.

Mo Chenhao is definitely drunk.

If he was faking it, then there was no way he could have called her "Mama".

He would never joke about his mother, who played an important and solemn role in his life.

Him refusing everyone's help but hers, wasn't really problematic per se - rather, it was because she was the only person he trusted.

That was why he's like this.

A feeling of helplessness washed over Mu Yangyang all of a sudden.

Mo Chenhao's true intentions may be hard to guess, but on the flip side, one could say that he's the type to wear his heart on his sleeve.

When she was questioning him if he was favoring her just because she resembled Qingning, he simply admitted it without hesitation. He did not even bother to try and lie his way out.

He stated everything bluntly, be it disapproval or happiness. He never minced his words or weaved tall tales.

Mu Yangyang sighed and dressed him in his pajamas.

By then, Mo Chenhao was already half asleep. Yet he still managed to cooperate with Mu Yangyang, who was trying to change his clothes.

When Mu Yangyang was done, he had fallen asleep completely with a peaceful expression on his face.

Without worries and troubles clouding his expression, he just looked like any other child of the nobility.

Suddenly, his hand twitched, sensing that he was holding onto nothing else but his blankets. Without opening his eyes, he furrowed his brows.

This was the first time Mu Yangyang felt upset seeing a man frown.

She placed her hand into Mo Chenhao's outstretched one, and he immediately grasped it like a lifeline. His frown disappeared, and he fell into a peaceful slumber once more.

The next morning came.

The first thing Mo Chenhao noticed when he came to his senses was the warm and soft mass of a person resting on his chest. They were in a really intimate position.

The hangover he was in, confused him for a moment.

His face darkened instantly, but soon enough, he picked up the scent of Mu Yangyang and the sight of the familiar surroundings.

His expression immediately softened, and he glanced downwards at the woman resting on top of him.

Mu Yangyang was still fast asleep since she stayed up to take care of him last night.

Clad in white cotton pajamas, her long silky hair spilled across the pillows. Her cheeks were red from being buried under the warm covers, and in the absence of her usual charm enhanced with makeup, it was a refreshing and endearing sight.

Mo Chenhao stretched out a finger and gave her a light poke on the tip of her nose. Grinning, he whispered, "Morning, little girl."

A little girl four years his junior.

He stared at her a while longer before finally giving in to his temptations and leaning in to kiss her.

From her eyebrows to her chin, he planted kisses along the way. He managed to snap out of it just before he lost control. Then he hopped out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

After a refreshing shower, Mo Chenhao stepped out of the bathroom to find Mu Yangyang still asleep. He couldn't resist going over to sneak another look at her and pulled the blankets over her body before finally heading to the closet to get ready for the day.

A while later, Mu Yangyang was awoken by her growling stomach.

Rubbing her stomach, she sat up before the events of last night suddenly flashed across her mind. As she whirled around to check her surroundings, she heaved a sigh of relief when she realized that there was no one beside her.

At the same time however, she felt a twinge of sorrow.

She glanced at the clock and realized that it was already 10am.

Mo Chenhao never had the habit of sleeping in.

After she freshened herself up in the bathroom, someone knocked on the door.

No one else in the villa beside the bodyguards would knock. "What is it?" Mu Yangyang asked.

The voice that followed was not that of a man, but rather, a woman. "Ma'am, would you like to have your breakfast downstairs? I can bring it up for you if you wish to have it here."

Since when did we have a maid in the villa?

Mu Yangyang opened the door and found a middle-aged woman in her uniform standing in the doorway.

The woman glanced at Mu Yangyang and was stunned for a moment. However, she regained her composure immediately and bowed her head to greet her. "Ma'am."

"You are?" Mu Yangyang did not recall having a maid at home.

"My surname is Hu. You can call me Aunt Hu if you don't mind, Ma'am," the woman replied with a warm smile on her face.

"Aunt Hu, where's Mo Chenhao?" Mu Yangyang asked.

"Young Master is in the study room," Aunt Hu answered, her good-natured smile widening at the mention of Mo Chenhao. "You can go and find him if you'd like."

The conversation was short, but Mu Yangyang could already tell that Aunt Hu was no ordinary maid.

Mu Yangyang then headed to Mo Chenhao's study room after changing her clothes.

Upon entering, she saw that Mo Chenhao typing away at his computer.

He did not look up, but he knew Mu Yangyang was there.

"Have you eaten?" He asked.

“Not yet,” Mu Yangyang replied hesitantly.

Last night's events messed up Mu Yangyang's feelings really badly.

It was as though her mind had split into two parts and were arguing against each other.

On one hand, she was trying to convince herself not to get swayed by her feelings and to live on with Mo Chenhao as a mutually respectful husband and wife.

On the other hand, she couldn't help but wonder if Mo Chenhao actually had feelings for her, considering his almost irrational amount of trust in her.

She's getting tired of listening to this argument.

Mo Chenhao raised his head upon hearing her reply with a slight frown on his face. “Go and eat first,” he said.

His usual coldness has returned, and the vulnerable side that he showed briefly last night nowhere to be found.

Mu Yangyang sighed lightly. “You got Aunt Hu to come here?” She asked.

“She used to be my mother's maid, and my mother loved her cooking. When my mother passed away, she left as well,” Mo Chenhao replied.

Mu Yangyang was taken aback.

“Besides, it would be inconvenient to not have a female maid at home too,” Mo Chenhao added.

Mu Yangyang blinked in surprise. If I hear him correctly, Mo Chenhao got Aunt Hu to come back and help out for my sake?

Mu Yangyang could not hide her confusion. Mo Chenhao simply coughed, and she could see displeasure creeping up his face, “Go have breakfast now.”

“Oh, okay.” Mu Yangyang turned around and slowly made her way to the door.

Halfway there, she stopped and turned around while smiling slyly. “Mo Chenhao, do you know what you did last night?”

Mo Chenhao narrowed his eyes slightly. “What?”

He genuinely had plans to get drunk and ask for forgiveness from Mu Yangyang last night at Jinding.

Unfortunately, he overestimated his alcohol tolerance and ended up passing out.

He knew that Mu Yangyang hauled him back and changed his clothes, but he had no recollection of the tiny details like what he said.

“Nothing. I'm going to eat now,” Mu Yangyang said hurriedly after realizing that his unchanging expression meant that he didn't remember anything at all.

In fact, it might be better if he didn't recall anything, or else there's no telling if he would beat her up or not.

Mo Chenhao came downstairs in the middle of Mu Yangyang's meal.

She glanced at him with the corner of her eye while she sipped her porridge.

What is this man doing here?

Mo Chenhao sat down in front of her with a serious expression. After a few seconds of silence, he suddenly said, “You don't resemble her. She resembles you.”

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“Huh?”

Mu Yangyang looked at him in utter confusion, with her spoon hanging from her mouth.

What's with this “resemblance” thing?

Mo Chenhao wasn't going to explain any further. “That's all. Don't think too much from now on.”

“What do you mean?” Mu Yangyang pulled her spoon out from her mouth and asked, bewildered.

“That's it,” Mo Chenhao replied. Although his expression was stoic, his eyes were darting around unnaturally.

Before Mu Yangyang could say another word, he stood up abruptly. “I still have matters to attend to. Bon appétit.”

Mu Yangyang watched his figure disappear around the corner before finally realizing what he meant.

She no longer had the appetite to eat but instead threw her spoon down and bolted out to catch him.

Then she threw herself in front of Mo Chenhao and said, “Explain yourself.”

“I think I've made it very clear,” he said, and his face remained expressionless.

Mu Yangyang didn't budge. “Who resembles me?”

Mo Chenhao turned away from her without saying a word.

Mu Yangyang was delighted. She knew that he was referring to Su Qingning, but she just wanted to hear it again, in case she missed out on something the first time.

However, Mo Chenhao was not the kind to say things more than once.

Mu Yangyang held on to his hand with pursed lips. She might have just got herself into a sticky situation.

She once saw a video of girls in dramas whining to get what they want. How did they do it?

Mu Yangyang decided to try it out. Swaying his hand and lowering her voice, she whispered, “Just say it again, please?”

Mo Chenhao frowned, clearly unhappy. He then pulled his hand back with a look of disdain. “I'm busy.”

“.....” What happened to that being a surefire way to break a man?

Oh man.

Mu Yangyang took a deep breath before plastering a thin-lipped smile on her face and running back to the dining room, her slippers making a ton of noise on the way.

Mo Chenhao climbed to the second floor and rested his hand on the railing. He watched Mu Yangyang ran back to the dining room with that smile of hers, and he started smiling too before he knew it.

It was only after she got back to the dining table when she realized that Mo Chenhao had said “she resembles you”.

What does that even mean?

Su Qingning looks like me?

But how could that be possible?

Also, didn't Mo Chenhao get to know Su Qingning first. Way before I even come into the picture?

Shouldn't I be the one resembling Su Qingning rather than the other way round?

Mo Chenhao wouldn't have met me before, would he?

The chance of that was really slim.

At night, Mu Yangyang tried again, "Mo Chenhao, did you know me before we got together?"

"Hm?"

Mo Chenhao gave a half-hearted reply before leaning down to kiss her.

The kiss stopped her from saying anything else.

He unbuttoned her clothes with his fingers, before picking her up and throwing her onto the bed.

This whole slew of actions was rehearsed and fluent.

Mu Yangyang didn't give up. "You haven't answered me."

"Not telling you," Mo Chenhao breathed. His tone was determined, yet failing to hide the hint of something else.

Mu Yangyang was in a state of confusion by then, completely oblivious to whatever's in his voice.

Mo Chenhao didn't give her a chance to figure it out anyway and thrust himself inside her without warning.

Mu Yangyang yelped but was immediately silenced by Mo Chenhao's impatient kiss.

He hadn't touched her at all those few weeks, so there was no way he would stop with a few moans from her. She might not even be able to go to work tomorrow if he didn't manage to control himself.

Mu Yangyang had no idea what was going through Mo Chenhao's mind at that moment. The only thought she had was how not to make a sound, as his thrusts got harder and faster.

Mo Chenhao's already-pitch-black eyes seemed to widen into a bottomless abyss, as though every cell in his body was screaming for him to consume this woman in front of him.

Mu Yangyang felt like she couldn't take it anymore, so she tried to back away from him with a few soft moans. Mo Chenhao stopped her in her tracks with a hand on her waist and a kiss on her earlobe. "Do you still want to go to work tomorrow?" He asked, and his voice was raspy beyond recognition.

"Yes," Mu Yangyang slurred and nodded. She was confused as to why he would ask this.

"Then be quiet," Mo Chenhao hissed.

He barely finished his sentence before sinking deeper into Mu Yangyang, earning a scream from her.....

After that, things only got worse.

Mu Yangyang poked her hand out from under the sheets. She was aching all over, head, arms, torso... Everywhere.

Mo Chenhao had already gotten ready for the day. He walked over to her side and tucked her slim arm back into the sheets while pecking a kiss on her forehead in the process. "I'll get someone to call in sick for you," he rasped, with a hint of satisfaction just evident in his voice.

Mu Yangyang squinted and tugged at his collar. "Don't you dare," she threatened.

Mo Chenhao raised his eyebrows and took out his handphone.

Mu Yangyang lost all her resolve at that moment. Letting go of his collar, she threw herself at him and kissed him. "I want to go to work....." she whined.

Mo Chenhao simply savored her kisses.

When she finished, he lightly said, "Get up and brush your teeth then."

Brush your teeth.....

Well, if he was so put off by my unbrushed teeth, then don't bother kissing me!

Mo Chenhao shot her a grin. "You were so ugly last time, but I didn't mind. Why would I care about dirty teeth?"

"Sucks to be you," Mu Yangyang hissed as she sat up with the blankets in her arms.

On the way to the office, Mu Yangyang stayed slumped on the backseat of the car on the whole ride as her body was completely drained of energy.

He really shouldn't be provoked...

For someone so used to people walking on eggshells around him, she could not afford to be the one messing around with him.

The moment she got off the car, she spotted Mu Yumei standing near the entrance of the company.

Mu Yumei's fashion sense hadn't changed at all; she was wearing a low-collared dress, black stockings with stilettos, and a thin but fashionable coat to top it all off.

Mu Yangyang glanced downwards at her own down jacket and winter boots.

So, this is the difference between a married and single woman...

The down jacket she was wearing was actually forced onto her by Mo Chenhao before she left the house.

If Mo Chenhao thinks you're cold, then you must be freezing, nothing else.

Mu Yangyang couldn't remember the last time she felt so uncomfortable in front of Mu Yumei.

Which woman wouldn't want to dress nicely every day? Besides, married women are still women nonetheless.

Suddenly, Mu Yumei stopped her in her tracks. "Mu Yangyang!"

"What now?" Mu Yangyang couldn't help but wondered if Mu Yumei could even go a day without stirring up trouble.

"Don't you dare tell Grandpa that you saw me at Jinding yesterday!" Mu Yumei spat before taking a good look at the clothes Mu Yangyang was wearing.

Snickering, Mu Yumei continued to berate her, "What in the world are you wearing, Mu Yangyang? I bet Mo Chenhao wouldn't be aroused by you even if he's the most potent man in the world!"

"Why do you care about how good is his in bed?" Mu Yangyang retorted immediately.

She couldn't stand Mu Yumei bringing up this kind of topic whenever she wanted to.

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"Yes, it's got nothing to do with me, but take this as a reminder for you," Mu Yumei scoffed. She was visibly pleased with herself.

Mu Yangyang subconsciously reached to massage her aching back.

At the same time, she stared daggers at Mu Yumei and warned, "You'd better watch out yourself!"

Luo Ying was someone who climbed her career ladder by selling her body, which already made her reputation a scandalous one. Despite all that, she still thrived in the entertainment industry, which means that she definitely had a few tricks up her sleeve.

Mu Yumei might just get herself killed or betrayed if she blindly followed Luo Ying like that.

"As long as you keep your mouth shut in front of Grandpa, then I'm good." Mu Yumei said.

Mu Yangyang simply walked off and refused to argue with her any further.

When afternoon rolled around, Mu Yangyang received a call that informed her of a visitor who wanted to see her. It was a woman, in fact.

Mu Yangyang was confused as she was unsure of who would come to find her at this hour.

When she went downstairs, she saw a woman sitting with her back facing Mu Yangyang. She was clad in revealing clothes just like Mu Yumei, and even her silhouette seemed familiar...

The woman turned around. "Ms. Mu."

Mu Yangyang squinted at her. Luo Ying came to seek me out?

"I think you've got the wrong person," Mu Yangyang stated calmly.

"I came for you today, not Mu Yumei, but you, Mu Yangyang," Luo Ying answered. For someone who spent much of her time crawling into the beds of men, every movement of hers seemed to suggest something.

"What's the matter?"

Mu Yangyang had zero interest in anything related to Luo Ying, and she had a bad feeling about the purpose of Luo Ying's visit.

Even if it was something beneficial, someone would definitely still be harmed in the process.

"I'm really sorry about what happened before. That was all my fault, so I'm here to apologize to you," Luo Ying chirped as she smoothed back a wisp of hair that hung in front of her ear with an elegant smile on her face.

With that, she stood up and handed over a paper bag that bore the logo of a popular brand over to Mu Yangyang. "Take this as my apology gift, if you don't mind."

Luo Ying figured that she had done a good job of being down-to-earth.

She had asked around and found out that Mu Yangyang, who had few friends and was barely twenty, had left her comfortable life in the Mu family behind to marry a piece of trash. It must have been tough for her.

These kinds of girls were the most vulnerable, and hence the most gullible.

To her surprise, Mu Yangyang only glanced at the paper bag in Luo Ying's hand. "You should be

apologizing to Shen Yu instead. I wasn't affected by the incident in the bar at all. You should probably apologize to Shen Yu in person for sending people to take photos of her without her permission," she said bluntly.

Seeing that Mu Yangyang wouldn't let go of the sneak shot incident, Luo Ying couldn't help but get impatient.

That day, she was filming a show at a location not far from Shen Yu's party, and she could no longer hold in her jealousy the moment she heard that Shen Yu was there. Hence, she ended up sending someone to steal Shen Yu's clothes and take nude photographs of her.

If not for the risk of getting busted, she would have gone over herself. That way, she wouldn't have gotten her plan messed up by those two idiots.

"There was no way I sent people to take those photographs. You have to trust me, Ms. Mu....." Luo Ying said while biting her lip and putting on the best innocent face she could muster.

Mu Yangyang cringed. Luo Ying's tactics could seduce a man, but not her.

"I've got things to do. Take care, Ms. Luo," Mu Yangyang said. She was not lying.

Although she returned to Mu Corporation with some intention to get revenge, she was still a responsible person deep down.

Since she's on the payroll, she must fulfil her role.

Luo Ying watched as Mu Yangyang disappeared into the depths of the building and clenched her fists tightly.

She seemed like a weak-minded girl, but who knew that she could be so mentally strong?

She meant to appease Mu Yangyang and get her trust so that she could get closer to Mo Chenhao as well. When that happens, all she had to do was to use some of her tricks, and Mo Chenhao would fall head-over-heels for her, no matter how lacking he was in bed.

Seeing this, she had no choice but to come up with another scheme.

After Mu Zhengxiu returned to governing the Mu Corporation, he put in place a set of rigorous reforms that turned the tide around for the company.

Mu Yangyang respected him for this.

He worked overtime and went for corporate gatherings like any other worker, despite being over seventy years old.

Anyone could tell that Mu Zhengxiu gave it his all when it came to the Mu Corporation.

As the end of the workday neared, Mu Yangyang was packing her things and getting ready to leave when her handphone suddenly rang.

It was a call from Mu Zhengxiu.

“Pack your luggage, we're going to C City tomorrow for a business trip.”

“Business trip?” Why did Mu Zhengxiu pick her for this?

Even if he needed someone to accompany him for a business trip, Mu Zhengxiu would probably pick Mu Yumei over her.

“Pack your things tonight, and meet me at the airport at 9 am tomorrow,” Mu Zhengxiu said, making it clear that there was no room for negotiation. The line cut right after that.

If it had been Mu Liyan calling, Mu Yangyang could have been able to ask around as to why she had been picked for the trip.

However, that was not the case.

Mu Zhengxiu was more forceful than Mu Liyan, but he was also the more honest of the two.

Nevertheless, she still held the status of Young Mistress of the Mo family, which meant that no harm would come her way.

A chauffeur employed by the family came to pick her up from work today. Since Shi Ye was always busy with other things assigned by Mo Chenhao, he would rarely have time to go pick Mu Yangyang up from work.

A while after she got in the car, she noticed that the driver had been looking at the rearview mirror the whole time.

Mu Yangyang followed his line of vision but failed to find anything suspicious behind them. “What's the matter?” She asked.

“Someone is following us,” the driver said with a serious expression. “Sit tight, Ma'am.”

Mu Yangyang didn't question him any further and simply replied, “Okay.”

A mighty general would not have weak pawns - no one under Mo Chenhao was naive.

She vaguely remembered Mo Zhenxuan mentioning that the chauffeurs at home were all retired race car drivers.....

The driver proceeded to confirm that by turning the roads into a racetrack.

By the time they slowed down, Mu Yangyang's head was spinning.

“Stop the car!” She yelled at the driver.

The moment the car stopped, she dashed out and collapsed onto a trash can nearby. Then she vomited her guts out.

The chauffeur immediately brought her some water and tissue. “I'm sorry for scaring you, Ma'am!”

“I'm fine,” Mu Yangyang patted the driver's shoulder after recovering. “You did great!”

They returned to the car after that.

By then, they had already arrived at the base of the hill where Mo Chenhao's villa sat. They would reach the villa in about ten minutes' time.

Just moments after they left, another vehicle stopped at the base of the hill.

Luo Ying staggered out of the car with her face white as a sheet. Then, she raised her head to look at the villa that was sitting at a spot halfway up the hill.

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The driver stuck his head out the window. Then, he shouted towards Luo Ying in a thick dialect, “Miss, you have not paid up! There's even a summon!”

“Got it!” Luo Ying impatiently went back and threw several notes inside the car.

The driver said unhappily, “Miss, you said you would give me a hundred thousand if I caught up with that car!”

Luo Ying scoffed, “You might as well be robbing!”

“You're going back on your words,” the driver stepped out and his towering figure appeared daunting.

There weren't many people here. As audacious as Luo Ying was, she was still intimidated.

Of course, she did not give the driver a hundred thousand in the end but handed away all the cash that she had on her.

Even though she felt slightly aggrieved, the thought of finally being able to hook up with Mo Corporation's Young Master kept her blood pumping.

Aunt Hu came out the moment she reached home.

"Ma'am is back," Aunt Hu smiled warmly.

Mu Yangyang smiled and said, "But I'll be going on a trip tomorrow. I have to start packing now."

"Go ahead. When Young Master comes back, we can have our meal."

"Ok."

Mu Yangyang went back to her room and dragged out her luggage when she realized that she had no idea how long she would be gone.

Probably a week.

With that thought, Mu Yangyang headed to the cloakroom.

Since it's only a week, a few outerwear and a set of inner wear should do it.

She placed her clothing on the bed and was folding them when she heard the room door open.

Mu Yangyang looked up and saw Mo Chenhao standing at the entrance.

She smiled towards him, "You're back."

Mo Chenhao walked towards her and placed her hands on his placket, hinting for her to remove his tie.

He was wearing shirt and trousers. From time to time, he would wear a woolen coat, as though the chilling weather during winter never bothered him.

Why could he dress so smartly, but I had to be wrapped up like a dumpling?

Hence, she deliberately tightened his tie while choking him.

Even though Mo Chenhao remained expressionless, it was clear that he was not angry about it.

He smacked Mu Yangyang's hand and said good-naturedly, "Stop fooling around."

She gave him a pout before removing his tie for him.

With one hand holding the back of her head, he lowered to kiss her on the lips. "This is your reward," his

voice was low and seductive.

Tch. Mu Yangyang expressed her dissatisfaction at the 'reward'.

At that moment, Mo Chenhao was exasperated and kissed her deeply this time, "I heard you're going on a trip?"

This man sure caught on fast. It's only been a while since she had informed Aunt Hu, and he had already heard about it.

Mu Yangyang nodded while he unbuttoned his shirt, "Yeah, Grandpa personally called for me to accompany him for the trip. It's quite impromptu. I have to leave tomorrow."

Meanwhile, Mo Chenhao heard what she said but did not reply immediately. However, his expression was unreadable.

"What are you thinking?" With her finger, Mu Yangyang poked his chest.

Mo Chenhao held her finger and spoke, "Don't worry. No matter how useless your Grandpa is, he'd still be smarter than Mu Liyan."

Smart people don't do stupid things.

No matter what Mu Zhengxiu's motive is, I will ensure Mu Yangyang's safe return.

The other members of the Mu family still thought Mo Chenhao is Mo Zhenxuan. But Mu Zhengxiu knew that he was, in fact, Mo Chenhao.

By accompanying Mu Yangyang for a meal back at the Mu family the other day, he was trying to send the message that Mu Yangyang was his wife. And that nobody from the Mu family should do anything unduly to challenge the power of the Mo family.

Mu Yangyang glared at him, "I got it!"

Mo Chenhao ruffled her hair as his attention diverted towards the clothing on the bed.

Then, he swiftly took a coat that sat on the bed, "Isn't this a bit thin?"

As soon as that happened, Mu Yangyang tugged at his outerwear. With the same tone, she mimicked, "Isn't this a bit thin?"

"..." Mo Chenhao choked.

"I'm a man. I'm not afraid of the cold," Mo Chenhao said as he took the coat into the cloakroom and

retrieved a down jacket.

A down jacket again.

The corner of her mouth twitched. Mu Yangyang was speechless.

“I'm not afraid of the cold either!” Mu Yangyang rebutted. I'm still young and only twenty over, alright?

Besides, I look better with just a coat and a dress!

But Mo Chenhao dismissed her words.

Skillfully stacking up the down jacket, he shoved them into her luggage and tucked the rest of her items in.

It appeared as though he had had much practice before this.

Mu Yangyang felt rather perturbed, “You even know how to pack luggage!”

Although Mo Chenhao is Mo family's Young Master, he actually knew how to do this.

On the contrary, at the Mu household, when Mu Yumei was home, the maid or Xiao Chuhe would be the ones carrying out such tasks.

“I do that myself whenever I'm going on a trip,” Mo Chenhao said as he retrieved the toiletries from the bathroom.

Mu Yangyang followed him, surprised, “I can do these myself.”

Mo Chenhao looked at her with an intrigued expression before he stepped back and allowed Mu Yangyang to pack herself.

Mu Yangyang suddenly felt that she knew too little of Mo Chenhao.

She originally thought he was just a domineering and unpredictable young master. Who knew, he could pack his own luggage and even did it better than her.

Since the atmosphere was harmonious, Mu Yangyang decided to take this opportunity to spring out this topic.

She asked casually, “Who taught you?”

Mo Chenhao was silent for a while before he replied, “My mother.”

His answer was so unexpected that Mu Yangyang stopped midway. Right then, she realized that she had asked a question she shouldn't have. With an apologetic look, she suddenly didn't know what to say.

"What expression is that?" Mo Chenhao pinched her cheeks and said gently, "All these years, nobody dared mention about my mother around me. Yet, I wish I could hear others talk about her from time to time. As time passes, she will be slowly forgotten. But those who caused her harm are still living a peaceful life. This isn't fair."

At that instant, Mu Yangyang felt for Mo Chenhao. She felt so bad that she wanted to give him a hug. And so, she did.

Mo Chenhao bent down and buried his face into her arms. He took a deep breath before saying, "Please stay. You can just reject Mu Zhengxiu's request."

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At his words, she pushed him away, "No, I have to go."

She knew Mo Chenhao didn't want her to go on the trip.

Mo Chenhao stared at her silently. Although he was expressionless, to Mu Yangyang, it felt as though his eyes held a hint of grievance.

"I'll be back in a week..." Mu Yangyang pouted and dismissed that thought.

Mo Chenhao wasn't that clingy a person. She's just going away for a week.

"Ok, then let's have our meal," Mo Chenhao answered as he pulled her along.

When they were back in their room, Mo Chenhao threw Mu Yangyang onto the bed, "I'll let you choose. Are we getting that one week's worth of deed done now, or are you making up for it later?"

His question left her speechless.

She didn't want to choose.

Mu Yangyang humped and lifted herself to head for the bathroom.

She would not agree to something so irrational and unfair.

In the end, she had a go with Mo Chenhao once in the bathroom and a second time on the bed before he decided to let her off.

The next morning, she was awoken by Mo Chenhao.

“Time to wake up.”

She opened her eyes to see Mo Chenhao prim and properly dressed, looking nothing like the man in bed yesterday.

Mu Yangyang was still feeling drowsy and asked sleepily, “What time is it?”

“Six o'clock,” Mo Chenhao replied clearly.

Six o'clock. That meant she had half an hour to wash up and an hour to reach the airport. Mo Chenhao's calculation was on point.

After thinking for a while, Mu Yangyang shut her eyes and went back to sleep.

In a low voice, Mo Chenhao whispered by her ear, “Keep sleeping if you don't want to get up.”

At these words, Mu Yangyang instantly woke.

After what Mo Chenhao put her through and to make her wake so early now, he clearly didn't want her to go on this trip.

He's got this all planned out, hasn't he?

Mu Yangyang gritted her teeth and sat up, “How sinister of you!”

At one side, Mo Chenhao's eyes shone but remained silent.

After she had gotten ready, Mo Chenhao drove Mu Yangyang to the airport, and both of them met Mu Zhengxiu there.

This was the second time Mu Zhengxiu saw Mo Chenhao since coming back.

Mu Zhengxiu started the conversation, “The chauffeur could have done the job. It's too troublesome to have you send Yangyang off personally.”

Then, Mo Chenhao looked at Mu Yangyang, “It's not a big deal.”

Mu Yangyang's expression was calm, but deep down, she lamented Mo Chenhao.

He's a busy man but acting as though it was nothing.

Mu Zhengxiu nodded slightly, seemingly with no intention to say more.

Then Mo Chenhao spoke again, “I'll need Mr. Mu's help to take care of my wife when she reaches C

City.”

To others, he was always cold and aloof, but he wasn't able to contain the underlying threat that came with his tone.

Even Mu Yangyang heard it, needless to say, so did Mu Zhengxiu.

Mu Zhengxiu's expression stiffened before replying, “Naturally. Yangyang is my granddaughter.”

Mo Chenhao's lips upturned, but there was not a hint of joviality.

Mu Zhengxiu turned to Mu Yangyang, “Let's go in.”

She then dragged her luggage along and turned back to Mo Chenhao and motioned him the 'call' sign.

She meant that she would give him a call once she touched down at C city.

Standing at the airport with his tailored suit and lanky figure, he stood out even in a sea of people, looking rather aloof and lonely.

But Mu Yangyang turned back a couple more times before she headed for the security check.

It was only then that she realized Mu Zhengxiu did not have a good look on him. This was most likely due to Mo Chenhao's threat earlier.

Even though Mo Chenhao sought Mu Zhengxiu to take care of her, she still dutifully carried Mu Zhengxiu's luggage.

Since Mu Zhengxiu had no secretary, Mu Yangyang had to take over.

Mu Zhengxiu turned towards Mu Yangyang when he noticed her carrying his luggage.

Right then, Mu Yangyang smiled back.

She had never spent time with Mu Zhengxiu alone before and felt awkward.

Thankfully, Mu Zhengxiu had no intention to speak to her either, and they rested in their own space after boarding.

Two hours later, they touched down at C city and the hotel sent someone to fetch them.

When she turned on her phone, she saw two missed calls from Mo Chenhao.

She texted: Just landed.

In less than two seconds, she received a reply from Mo Chenhao: Ok.

The moment she put down her phone, Mu Zhengxiu said, "Dinner at night. There's nothing at noon."

Mu Zhengxiu shut his eyes the moment they boarded the car, even when he was talking.

At the hotel, Mu Yangyang took a shower and hit the sack.

When she woke up, it was already afternoon.

She then called for room service before she turned to her phone.

It was a text from Mo Chenhao: Send me the hotel's address.

When Mu Yangyang imagined Mo Chenhao's serious expression while sending her the text message, she couldn't help but burst out in laughter.

It felt as though Mo Chenhao was worrying about his daughter who was going on a business trip.

Even though it was a funny thought, she sent her address over nevertheless.

Later that night, Mu Yangyang accompanied Mu Zhengxiu for dinner.

All those who came were all old folks. Their relationship with Mu Zhengxiu seemed good.

Over the next few days, Mu Yangyang realized that Mu Zhengxiu wasn't here for a business trip but to keep in touch with his friends.

And he brought Mu Yangyang instead of Mu Yumei probably because Mu Yumei could be too brash and caused trouble.

Whenever Mu Zhengxiu introduced her, he would say, "This is my granddaughter."

And someone else would follow, "I have a son at home. Let's matchmake."

Then Mu Zhengxiu would shake his head, "My granddaughter's married."

"To whom had she married to? Must be good to have such a docile wife in the family."

"The Mo family."

With that, everyone was aware that Mu Yangyang was the Young Mistress of the Mo family.

However, that made Mu Yangyang felt uneasy.

Mu Zhengxiu wasn't here just to network but was also borrowing the name of “Mo family's Young Mistress” to look good.

After all, his relationship with these people had faded after being overseas for so long.

But if he had a granddaughter who was Mo family's Young Mistress, these people would look up to him.

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After she saw through his ploy, Mu Yangyang's expression became colder.

Whenever these old folks spoke to Mu Yangyang, she only barely replied while keeping her distance.

The older a person gets, the more they care about how respectful others were to them. When they saw how Mu Yangyang responded, their face fell.

It wasn't exactly a joyous occasion.

When the meal was over, Mu Yangyang and Mu Zhengxiu went back to the hotel.

Nobody spoke for the entire time. When they arrived at the lift lobby, Mu Zhengxiu finally broke the silence, “Yangyang, don't get the notion that I'm using you. I'm doing all of this for Mu family.”

Mu Zhengxiu was speaking from his moral high horse.

For the Mu family.

Your sister deserves better.

Don't forget you're from Mu family.

I'm doing it for the Mu family.

Everyone had their own reasons to offer when they were using her.

What about me? Do you think I deserve this?

Mu Yangyang turned back to look at him, and his face appeared calm but cold under the dim elevator lights.

She looked at Mu Zhengxiu unruffled, “But all the pain I went through when I was younger was all thanks to Mu family.”

Mu Zhengxiu's expression tightened and even appeared perplexed.

Just as Mo Chenhao had said, Mu Zhengxiu was a smart person. Hence, there was no need for her to elaborate.

After a long while, Mu Zhengxiu spoke, "Your father and sister didn't know better last time. It won't happen again."

Ding.

They arrived at their floor and the lift door opened.

Mu Yangyang stepped out first, "Mu Yumei tried to get someone to kill me. Is that considered as 'didn't know better'?"

With that, she was about to walk off when she had a thought. Turning towards Mu Zhengxiu, she said faintly, "Grandpa, there's something I'm puzzled about."

Mu Zhengxiu frowned, and his face didn't look pleasant, which was probably due to what she said earlier.

"Why did the Mu family allow Mu Yumei and Mo Chenhao's engagement back then? Even if Mo Chenhao was disfigured and an inhumane person, he could definitely do better than Mu Yumei."

Mu Yangyang could still smoke Mu Liyan with her little tricks but in front of Mu Zhengxiu, these were unnecessary.

Mu Zhengxiu managed to easily track down the fact that she had allowed the reporters to take her photos on purpose. Of course, he wouldn't be fooled easily.

It was easier to just lay things out.

A sharp glint flashed past Mu Zhengxiu's eyes, and he replied coldly, "This is none of your business. You just need to do what you have to, as a Young Mistress of the Mo family. It doesn't matter how much you despise your dad and sister, they're still your family. We bleed the same blood."

It was not the first time Mu Yangyang heard those words.

Neither did she expect Mu Zhengxiu to answer her question. Nonetheless, she cracked up at this explanation.

She replied icily, "The heart is the one that makes the blood. Can you turn my heart into the Mu family's?"

Upon hearing her, Mu Zhengxiu's expression changed instantly, and she left while chuckling.

Mu Zhengxiu and Mo Chenhao were similar in the sense that they're used to control people.

The difference being, you could tell that Mu Zhengxiu was displaying his dominance, whereas Mo Chenhao didn't, but would still suppress the other party.

After so many days, Mu Yangyang was already tired from joining Mu Zhengxiu's dinner gathering.

They would only head back the day after, but Mu Yangyang couldn't bear to stay any longer. She wanted to go back the next day.

So, she packed everything up and called Mo Chenhao.

"Just returned to the hotel?"

"Yes," Mu Yangyang sat on the bedside. The past few days had affected her somehow.

Mo Chenhao was silent for a while before he asked, "What happened?"

Perhaps he noticed Mu Yangyang wasn't in the right mood, so he lowered his voice.

Mu Yangyang's heart warmed as she heard the concern in his voice, "Nothing. It's just that I feel like going back earlier."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow."

"I'll pick you up."

Mu Yangyang felt much better after they ended the call and proceeded to pack up. Then, she slept right after.

The next day morning, she ignored Mu Zhengxiu and left for the airport.

She was getting more and more tired of the Mu family by the minute.

Onboard the airplane, Mu Yangyang sent Mo Chenhao a text and turned off her phone.

The thought of seeing Mo Chenhao in another two hours gave her joy.

When she touched down at the airport, there were no replies from Mo Chenhao. Instead, she was bombarded with a few missed calls from Shen Yu.

“Yangyang?”

Someone called her from behind.

Mu Yangyang initially thought she was hallucinating, so she did not bother until someone tapped her on the shoulders. When she turned around, she saw that it was Si Chengyu.

At that instant, Mu Yangyang was caught by surprise, “Chengyu?”

After they aired everything out over the banquet previously, Mu Yangyang no longer felt averse towards Si Chengyu.

He had on a long coat and white turtleneck top; his hair wasn't groomed, so it fell flat on his head. He looked just like a friendly next-door neighbor.

Just then, his gaze fell onto the luggage Mu Yangyang was holding, “Where are you going?”

“I just came back from a business trip in C city.” It was then that Mu Yangyang realized Si Chengyu did not have an assistant, manager, or luggage with him, “What about you?”

“I just came back from a recording. They did not manage to get a last-minute ticket so they'll be on the next flight back.” Si Chengyu looked around, “Chenhao didn't come to fetch you?”

“He probably hasn't arrived yet. I'll make a call.”

Just then, Mu Yangyang received a text. It was a message from Mo Chenhao: I got held up last minute. Shi Ye will fetch you.

Mu Yangyang paused before replying: Ok.

Si Chengyu caught on to that, “There'll be a jam on the way back. If Chenhao is not coming, I can drive you back first.”

Mu Yangyang nodded, “Thanks Chengyu.”

Si Chengyu put on his mask and took over the luggage that Mu Yangyang was carrying, “Follow me.”

Mu Yangyang wanted to let him know that she could carry her own luggage, but Si Chengyu was already far gone. So, she hurriedly caught up.

As they walked past a few girls, she noticed them glancing at Si Chengyu. Only then did she recall that Si Chengyu was, indeed, a celebrity. If they ever found out...

Thus, she slowed down her pace and kept a distance from Si Chengyu.

Just as Si Chengyu had dropped her luggage into the car, he saw Mu Yangyang's suspicious behavior when she ran over. He couldn't help but chuckle, "Your sneaky behavior is more suspicious."