

## Real You 241

### [Chapter 241](#)

Mu Yangyang's anger immediately spiked when she heard this.

She came because she heard his arm was injured. Yet he was taking a tone with her.

She walked right up to his desk and slammed her hand down. "Mo Chenhao, I'll give you a chance to say that again."

He rubbed his temples. "I really have work to do."

Fine. Since he's sounding less harsh, I'll let it go then.

However, Mu Yangyang was still feeling rather unconvinced. "You're really not hurt?"

"No, I'm not." However, an odd expression flashed across Mo Chenhao's face when he said this.

Feeling puzzled but not getting any answers, Mu Yangyang left his room.

When she was walking down the stairs, she ran into Aunt Hu.

"Is Mr. Mo's hand injured badly?" asked Aunt Hu with a look of concern.

"He's not. Aunt Hu, why did you think his arm was injured? When I came back with him from the mansion, he was still fine."

"I went up to bring you dessert earlier and accidentally ran into Mr. Mo. He carefully protected his arm, so I assumed it was because of an injury..."

Aunt Hu then proceeded to mutter to herself. "Even if it's not an obvious injury, it could very well be an internal one."

Mu Yangyang froze. "Where did you run into him? In the corridor? Right after he left the bedroom?"

"That's right." Aunt Hu frowned worriedly.

A jolt of electricity ran through Mu Yangyang's body as a thought popped into her head. She stared at Aunt Hu blankly. "I think I know what's happened. But don't worry. His hand is fine. It's not injured at all."

"It's not? That's good then," sighed Aunt Hu in relief.

After Aunt Hu walked off, Mu Yangyang's eyes traveled up the stairs. She touched her face and realized

it was quite rather warm. Then she plonked herself down onto the couch.

Is he being so careful with his hand because... I kissed it earlier? That's not possible, right?

Honestly...

While having dinner that night, Mo Chenhao could feel Mu Yangyang's eyes constantly flickering to him.

When she dropped yet another bite of food on the table, he finally spoke up. "What's going on?"

"Huh?" Mu Yangyang looked down, and that's when she realized she had spilled her food. "Oh dear. How did the food get onto the table?"

Mo Chenhao only stared at her with one of his eyebrows raised. It was as if the words "nice acting" were written across his forehead.

Mu Yangyang bit her lips in embarrassment.

She didn't mean to keep spacing out either.

But she couldn't wrap her mind around how someone as aloof as Mo Chenhao could be so silly.

This was especially so when he looked at her as if she were a simpleton who needed some extra help and care. She felt that as long as he didn't look at her with disdain dripping from his eyes, then that was enough to show his affection for her.

It was just hard for her to comprehend that he would treasure his hand so much just because she kissed it.

Is he not even going to wash his hands after dinner?

That thought constantly circled around in Mu Yangyang's head throughout the meal.

So the moment they finished dinner, she was staring at him intently. "Let's go wash our hands."

Mo Chenhao had that "you're a simpleton" look in his eyes again. "You just go ahead and watch TV with Xuan."

With that, he left the dining room.

"Hello..." Mo Zhenxuan waved a hand in front of Mu Yangyang.

She turned around to look at him. But when she was about to say something, she saw Mo Zhenxuan shaking his head in disgust. "You were staring at him so much I swear your eyes were this close to falling

out of your head.”

“Really?” Mu Yangyang touched her face self-consciously. She couldn’t believe that she had spent most of the dinner staring at Mo Chenhao.

“I bet my cousin was inwardly jumping around in joy.” Mo Zhenxuan moved his chair closer to Mu Yangyang and, with a knowing expression, said, “You need to play hard to get with men. If it’s too obvious that you’ve fallen head over heels for him...”

Where on earth did this brat learn these things?

Mu Yangyang hurriedly interrupted him. “That’s where you’re wrong. I’m not acting like I’m head over heels for him at all... On the contrary, don’t you think he’s the one who’s infatuated with me?”

For example, the way he’s babying his hand is a clear example of how much he’s besotted with me!

Mo Zhenxuan’s lips twitched in disdain. “You’re hallucinating.”

“I asked him to go wash his hands earlier, but he refused. You know what? Just now...” Mu Yangyang then paused and deliberated whether to tell Mo Zhenxuan about the hand-kissing incident from earlier.

After all, Mo Zhenxuan was still young and impressionable. She didn’t want to affect him negatively.

He looked at her sympathetically. “You might as well have asked him to go to the toilet with you. That might’ve been just a little less weird.”

Mu Yangyang pursed her lips and fell silent. I knew it! I was just overthinking things!

Meanwhile, the news of Si Chengyu torturing a dog till death had blown on the internet.

There was a camp of dog lovers who demanded that he pay for his cruelty. They even spent money to trend certain headlines against him.

That in turn also uncovered news of him going to a hotel with a married actress.

Basically, the dog-torturing incident was like the floodgates opening — scandal after scandal was revealed.

Mu Yangyang was worried that that Mo Zhenxuan would see these, so she made sure to fill his days with activities like watching movies or weeding the yard.

Of course, he did the weeding while she supervised from the side wearing a warm coat and with a hot water bottle in her arms.

In the meantime, Mo Chenhao had been completely buried in work. He continued to work all the way up till the day before New Year's Eve.

That morning, someone from the mansion called to summon them back for the holidays.

However, Mo Chenhao still remained unrelenting. "We're not going."

Mu Yangyang knew that his outright refusal was because of her.

Since he returned to Mo Corporation, it would be in his best interests if he tried to break the ice between him and Mo Qingfeng, regardless of how strained their relationship currently was.

"Let's go back," coaxed Mu Yangyang. "At the most, it'll just be one week."

Mo Chenhao furrowed his brows and was about to respond when Mu Yangyang continued, "You'll be there with me. What can possibly happen?"

Her words left him in a daze.

When he finally came out of it, he immediately wrapped a hand around her neck and kissed her.

When the kiss ended, he gently stroked her hair before saying in that low tone of his, "Okay."

Mo Zhenxuan was walking down the stairs and carrying a bag when he saw this. He covered his eyes and yelled exaggeratedly, "My eyes! My eyes are burning!"

She tried to push him away, but he wasn't loosening his grip on her. Instead, he grabbed a throw pillow from the couch and flung it at Mo Zhenxuan.

The boy jumped to the other side and deftly avoided the hurtling object.

While he was busy feeling pretty smug about his dexterity, another pillow came straight at him and hit him right in his face.

Mo Zhenxuan grabbed the pillow but wasn't brave enough to throw it back. So he could only turn to Mu Yangyang. "Yangyang, your husband is being mean to me!"

A chuckle escaped Mu Yangyang's lips. She was just about to respond when her phone rang.

She grabbed her phone and pushed Mo Chenhao aside. "I've got a call."

After Mo Chenhao reluctantly loosened his hold on her, she stepped further away to answer the call. "Who's this?"

“Mu Yangyang! You aren’t going back home for New Year’s, are you? In that case, I just wanted to wish you an early Happy New Year!”

Mu Yangyang’s expression stiffened. “Mu Yumei,” she muttered.

### [Chapter 242](#)

Mu Yumei’s voice sounded a little hoarse and was dripping with hatred. “Mu Yangyang, I bet you’re feeling pretty good about yourself after landing me in jail, aren’t you? But guess what? I’m already out!”

She practically spat out those last few words through clenched teeth. It sounded as if she wanted nothing more than to sink her teeth into Mu Yangyang.

Mu Yangyang, however, sounded pretty unbothered. “You brought this upon yourself.”

“Ha! Just you wait then,” Mu Yumei sneered.

This call from Mu Yumei completely wiped Mu Yangyang’s good mood. She didn’t want to listen to her psychotic nonsense anymore, so she just hung up.

When she turned around, she noticed that Mo Chenhao standing behind her and watching.

There were certain emotions flashing across his eyes. Emotions that she couldn’t quite place.

He must’ve heard me talking on the phone. So he must know that the call was from Mu Yumei too.

She sure is a piece of work! Calling to traumatize me the moment she gets out of prison? Ha!

It was probably because Si Chengyu had been feeling cornered with all his recent scandals — combined with his displeasure toward Mo Chenhao — that he sprung Mu Yumei out from prison so quickly.

Mu Yangyang said to him, “She was going to be released, eventually.”

“Yeah.” Mo Chenhao averted his gaze to hide the emotions swirling around in them.

Whenever he was in a bad mood, he would do this exact expression.

Mu Yangyang moved closer to him and mumbled, “Let’s just go back to the mansion. Don’t let someone insignificant ruin our moods. It’s New Year’s Eve tomorrow, and this is technically the first one we’ll spend together. So we should just try to be happy, okay?”

Her words seemed to have the desired effect on Mo Chenhao, because he then turned his head to face her.

Mu Yangyang had gone without makeup after she got pregnant. She had no bad habits when she was

young either, so even barefaced, she was a beauty.

She had fair skin. Her eyes were bright and round; there was a touch of youthfulness to them, but they were still especially alluring.

Mo Chenhao's heart fluttered; he couldn't stop himself from lowering his head to kiss her.

Mu Yangyang deftly placed a hand on his forehead and kept him at bay. "Xuan is here."

He turned around and glared at Mo Zhenxuan, who was sitting on the couch and playing on his phone.

It seemed like he sensed something, because he soon lifted his head and met Mo Chenhao's look of disdain.

Mo Zhenxuan couldn't look more bewildered. Huh? Why's he looking at me like that? I was just sitting here playing Candy Crush.

"Let's go." Mo Chenhao patted Mu Yangyang on the head before taking her hand and pulling her out the door.

The bodyguards had already stored their luggage in the car. Mo Chenhao had also given Shi Ye a holiday, so it was Mu Yangyang's usual driver who drove them instead.

Meanwhile, in a car parked at the prison entrance.

"Hello? Mu Yangyang?"

Mu Yumei pulled her phone away from her ear to look at it. It was only then that she realized Mu Yangyang had hung up on her.

"How dare that b\*tch hang up on me!" she raged.

Si Chengyu, who was sitting next to her, stubbed his cigarette out. With a raspy voice, he said, "That's enough. Let's go."

The anger on Mu Yumei's face instantly dissipated at the sound of his voice. She instead put on a seductive smile and slinked closer to him. "You're so good to me. I don't even know how to repay you."

She really did like Si Chengyu.

After falling for him, she never once went clubbing or partying again.

She also hadn't had slept with anyone for a long while. Since the person she liked the most was in front of her right then, she naturally itched for something to happen between them.

Mu Yumei had never dreamed that Si Chengyu really could find a way to get her out from prison.

She had just been crushed with hopelessness thinking that she'd have to be imprisoned for three years, when suddenly, she was sprung by the man that she loved.

It felt like she had boarded a rocket ship and shot out of hell and straight into heaven.

Mu Yumei tucked herself into Si Chengyu and slid a hand underneath his coat. She seductively unbuttoned his shirt, one button at a time.

She honestly felt that even the smell of him was enough to drown her.

"Chengyu..."

Mu Yumei couldn't hold herself back any longer. She leaned in, needing to kiss him.

Si Chengyu frowned and tilted his head to avoid her lips, but he didn't push her away.

Thus her kiss ended up landing on his chin instead, but it didn't bother her at all.

She trailed kisses from his chin down to his neck, leaving plenty of love bites along the way. When she reached his Adam's apple, she spent extra time gently nibbling and kissing it.

Mu Yumei had started having sex at a young age. She also spent most of her time in all sorts of clubs, so she had quite the wild side too.

She knew exactly how to pleasure men, just as she knew how to pique their interests.

Si Chengyu hadn't allowed her to kiss him on the lips, but he wasn't stopping her either. He let her kiss and fondle him. Soon enough, Mu Yumei could feel his breathing getting ragged.

Mu Yumei had been aroused since earlier, too. She leaned into his ear and whispered sensually, "Chengyu, don't you want me?"

"Are you that horny?" asked Si Chengyu in a hoarse voice.

Mu Yumei became even more titillated when she heard this. She bit her lips and gave a little moan. "Yes... Do you like me this way?"

She thought Si Chengyu was about to take her there and then. And yet, in the very next moment, his cold voice rang, "No, I don't. It's disgusting."

Mu Yumei froze. That was when she realized his face was filled with nothing but revulsion.

However, she chose to ignore it. She slid her hand down and wrapped her fingers around him. "But you're up. I want you..." whispered Mu Yumei as she slowly pumped her hand up and down.

Si Chengyu still didn't push her away. Instead, he pressed his finger to her lips. "Use these."

Mu Yumei was ecstatic. This was the first time he allowed her to help him.

She undid his belt, then buried her head down.

Mu Yumei was an expert when it came to things like this. Even as uninterested as Si Chengyu was in women, she still managed to get him to lose all his inhibitions.

He roughly grabbed a fistful of her hair and gasped, "Faster..."

When Mu Yangyang and Mo Chenhao arrived at the mansion, they immediately retired to his room to rest.

The last time they were there, the room was still filled with items from his youth. This time, however, those things had been removed. The room appeared more sophisticated.

Though for Mu Yangyang, she couldn't help but feel a little wistful about how the room used to look.

When lunch time rolled around, a maid came to ask them to lunch.

They walked over to the dining room, only for Mu Yangyang to realize they were the only ones yet to be seated.

Just as she took her seat, Old Master Mo spoke up. "Where's Chengyu? Why isn't he here?"

"Chengyu left early to take care of something. I'm guessing it's work related." It was Si Chengyu's mother, Mo Lian, who answered.

Old Master Mo didn't look particularly pleased, but he didn't push the matter further.

Mu Yangyang remembered the call from Mu Yumei earlier that morning. Si Chengyu went to take care of something work related?

Ha! More like he went to pick Mu Yumei up!

### [Chapter 243](#)

Old Master Mo furrowed his brows. "Let's eat."

Everyone knew very early on that they were all required to gather for lunch.

Even though Old Master Mo had long since retired, he was still the patriarch of the Mo family and had absolute say and authority.

It was expected for everyone to defer to him.

Though, that of course didn't include Mo Chenhao. Even Old Master Mo had no control over him.

The old man was a traditionalist. To him, the New Year was particularly significant.

When Mu Yangyang arrived that morning, Old Master Mo had already instructed someone to inform her that everyone was to stay at the mansion and sit down for meals together for these next two days.

It would be New Year's Eve tomorrow, and the actual New Year's day the next.

The Mo family was a big household. There would be plenty of guests stopping by on the actual day, so everyone was going to be busy.

Yet, Si Chengyu still went against his wishes and didn't join them for lunch. This undoubtedly displeased Old Master Mo.

Mu Yangyang couldn't help but spitefully imagine what the old man would do if he found out that Si Chengyu had actually gone to pick Mu Yumei up from prison.

Would he be so outraged he'd give Si Chengyu a beating?

It wasn't until after they finished their meal did Si Chengyu finally return.

"Grandpa."

From his uneven breathing, it was obvious that he had rushed to come back.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw everyone still seated around the dining table.

That was when Old Master Mo lifted his head to look at Si Chengyu. "You still know to come home?"

He was completely expressionless except for a perked eyebrow. Though he didn't look overtly angry, there was still an intimidating presence about him.

Even Mu Yangyang instinctively sat a little straighter. When she glanced over at Si Chengyu, she noticed he shuddered a little at his grandfather's words.

So Si Chengyu is afraid of Old Master Mo too.

“I’m sorry, Grandpa. I needed to attend to some work.” Si Chengyu lowered his head and looked like a repentant student in front of a teacher. Seeing him this way calmed Old Master Mo down.

Although the old man’s anger had more or less dissipated, his tone was still very stern. “The entertainment industry is a cesspool of murky waters, with ridiculous scandals and claims popping up every day. Your reputation will sooner or later be in tatters if you stay in it. You might as well leave now and find something else to do.”

When Mu Yangyang heard that, she squeezed Mo Chenhao’s hand beneath the table which prompted him to look at her.

“He’s talking about you too,” she mouthed.

His production company was also one that drew ire from the old man.

Mo Chenhao squeezed her back and gave her a warning look, but Mu Yangyang only giggled soundlessly at him.

He averted his gaze, then turned to Old Master Mo and said, “Grandpa, I’m feeling a little tired. I’m going to head back to my room.”

With that, he grabbed Mu Yangyang’s hand and walked off without even waiting for an answer from his grandfather.

Old Master Mo knew he held no sway over Mo Chenhao. Frankly, he was content enough that this grandson of his would come home for the holidays, so he wasn’t too bothered about how or what he did.

Si Chengyu, on the other hand, was less thrilled about it.

He missed but one lunch and it already earned him a tongue-lashing, yet Mo Chenhao was free to do whatever he pleased.

As expected, Mo Chenhao was always Grandpa’s favorite!

Mu Yangyang obediently followed Mo Chenhao out; she didn’t even let her eyes wander around.

When they were about to exit the dining room, they heard Mo Qingfeng’s voice.

“Dad, how about we put Chengyu to work at Mo Corporation? He’s been close with Chenhao since they were young. Chenhao has only just started out at the company too, and there aren’t many people around him whom he can trust. So if Chengyu joins him, he can have a confidant too.”

If Mu Yangyang had heard Mo Qingfeng’s speech a month ago, she would’ve wholeheartedly supported

him.

However, all the things that Si Chengyu had done recently proved only one thing — he was fully and completely against Mo Chenhao.

In fact, Mo Qingfeng had mentioned something similar the last time they came to the mansion.

Basically, he suggested it would be best if Mo Chenhao and Si Chengyu could watch out for each other at the company.

Mo Chenhao had made his stance very clear then. Yet, today, Mo Qingfeng still willfully suggested it to Old Master Mo.

He's clearly using Old Master Mo to force Mo Chenhao into accepting Si Chengyu.

Mu Yangyang couldn't quite understand what was going through Mo Qingfeng's mind.

His relationship with Mo Chenhao had been quite tense these past few years, and it appeared as if he wished to break the ice between them.

However, there were also times where that didn't seem like the case.

Mo Chenhao had already stopped in his tracks.

Mu Yangyang lifted her head to look at him, and she saw him turning around.

She thought he was about to say something, but he only gave Mo Qingfeng a scoff before walking off again.

When the two of them returned to their rooms, Mo Chenhao took off his coat and sat himself down on the couch. His gaze looked a little hollow; it was difficult to tell if he was stewing or not thinking about anything at all.

Mu Yangyang approached him. "Are you thinking about what your father said?"

Mo Chenhao shook his head. "No."

"Then what are you thinking about?" asked Mu Yangyang as she sat down next to him.

Mo Chenhao pulled her into his arms and leaned his chin on her forehead. "Nothing much," he said softly.

"Liar." Mu Yangyang used a finger to even out the creases on his forehead. "Your forehead has betrayed you."

Mo Chenhao stared at her for a few seconds before breaking out into laughter. He hugged her a little tighter. "I'm just feeling a little regretful. I should've made sure Mu Yumei died. That way she'll never cause anymore problems," he said half-jokingly.

This startled Mu Yangyang, and her expression immediately stiffened.

Mu Yumei wanted her dead, so she naturally hated her. But she never once thought of killing her.

Life was something to be respected. No one had the authority to end another person's life.

This was a belief that was deeply rooted in Mu Yangyang.

Besides, Mu Yumei was her sister; they had the same blood running through their veins.

She would rather do everything she could for Mu Yumei to be punished to the full extent of the law than to have Mo Chenhao do anything illegal.

"That frightened you?" Mo Chenhao stroked her face gently. "It's not like you've never seen me kill anyone before."

His voice was very soft. It even sounded more gentle than his usual cold and monotonous tone.

But to Mu Yangyang, his words only sounded chilling.

She tried to find a reason to coax him otherwise. "She'll get the punishment she deserves. You..."

"The punishment she deserves?" Mo Chenhao sneered. "So the punishment she deserves is for her to be locked up for ten days and then be released?"

It was nowhere enough to appease his anger.

He had been this close to losing his wife and child forever.

Mu Yangyang didn't know what else to say.

She felt like things shouldn't be this way.

Yes, Mu Yumei's punishment was way too light. But she also believed that Mo Chenhao couldn't continue to resort to such violent methods to deal with things.

Mo Chenhao planted a gentle kiss on her forehead, but his voice was icy. "She needs to pay for what she did."

[Chapter 244](#)

Mu Yangyang opened her mouth to say something, but she didn't know what to say.

Mo Chenhao loosened his grip on her, and his tone was unexpectedly gentle. "You should take your nap now."

After getting pregnant, Mu Yangyang had begun to take a nap every afternoon. She didn't sleep long; she just needed to lie down for a bit.

There were too many thoughts flooding her head right then, so she just nodded and relented.

She lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. At first, she thought it would be difficult for her to fall asleep, but in actuality, she succumbed to the darkness pretty quickly.

Seeing that Mu Yangyang had fallen asleep, Mo Chenhao then tucked the covers under her carefully before walking out.

He carefully closed the door, then headed all the way out to the courtyard and stood under a fig tree.

It was a tree planted by his mother when he was a boy, though he couldn't remember the exact age.

It was the middle of winter, so the fig tree was completely bald. There weren't any fallen ones on the ground either, because the maids would sweep up every day.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded behind him, followed by Si Chengyu's voice.

"Everyone says that we're very close, but they've always only seen what they wanted to see." Both men had rather similar physiques. So while standing there face to face, it certainly gave the impression that both were evenly matched.

Si Chengyu chuckled, and he sounded like his usual gentle self. "You wanted to terminate my contract just because of Mu Yangyang. You even hired ghostwriters to talk smack about me online. Looks like our "brotherly affections" don't run that deep after all."

Mo Chenhao was completely unfazed. He didn't even blink when Si Chengyu said all that. "You're willing to trample all over your dignity for Mu Yumei. Guess you're not all that either."

You're not all that either.

That sentence barreled itself into Si Chengyu's ears.

His face became completely distorted with anger. "How dare you look down on me?"

Mo Chenhao still had the same indifferent expression on his face. "You're right. I really think nothing of you. If you want to come at me, then come at me. Don't go after a woman, especially not one who's

pregnant.”

The only reason Mu Yumei ran her car into Mu Yangyang was because it had been Si Chengyu’s orders.

That was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Mo Chenhao was thoroughly infuriated because of that.

“Also, you’re not worth my time for me to hire ghostwriters to trend things against you. Do you think you’re still the same influential person after leaving Sheng Ding Media? You’re just one Si Chengyu. Who knows what they have planned for you.”

There wasn’t an ounce of scorn in his voice, but Si Chengyu could still feel his derision very clearly.

He clenched his fists tightly and tried to suppress his anger. “Uncle wants me to work at Mo Corporation!”

Mo Chenhao replied flippantly, “Do whatever you want.”

He then glanced down at his watch.

Mu Yangyang usually napped for around forty minutes to an hour. He still had time for a cigarette before she woke up.

So he took out a cigarette and started smoking, completely ignoring the person beside him.

Si Chengyu refused to be humiliated any further. He took one last look at Mo Chenhao before storming off.

Because of what happened to his mother, Mo Chenhao had grown aloof and distant at a young age. Later on, it was only because of Mo Zhenxuan that Si Chengyu and Mo Chenhao grew closer.

Even further down the road, after Mo Chenhao started a production company and Si Chengyu himself joined Sheng Ding, the two became even more like brothers.

Ten years ago, he had only just stepped into adulthood.

Despite being a model son throughout his childhood, that was still an age where even he wanted to let out his rebellious side.

Thus he stepped foot into the entertainment industry without anyone knowing.

At first, he didn’t have a huge goal or even held much hope for success. In fact, he didn’t even like the industry that much. He also didn’t think that Mo Chenhao could get Sheng Ding Media off its feet.

Yet many things in life were unexpected.

Just like how he never intended to make a living in the entertainment industry. Yet, ten years later, there he still was.

Over the past ten years, Sheng Ding Media had also turned itself into a leading force in the entertainment industry.

It was also these ten years that strengthened and solidified his relationship with Mo Chenhao.

If...

No. There are no 'ifs' in the world.

By then, Si Chengyu had reached his room.

He opened the door then locked it behind him. Then, he headed straight for his safe, grabbed his key, and unlocked it.

Inside lay two sets of DNA test results.

He curled his lips upwards into a chilling smile.

He grabbed both the reports, walked into his bathroom, pulled out a lighter, and set the papers on fire.

He watched as the reports that plunged him into an abyss slowly disintegrated. Then, he turned on the faucet emotionlessly and allowed the water to wash the ashes away.

Everything is just so... meaningless.

He had lived diligently for the past twenty-eight years, and yet it all amounted to nothing but a punchline.

Ha!

On the other hand, Mo Chenhao had stubbed his cigarette out after taking just a puff or two.

He glanced in the direction where Si Chengyu disappeared off to before heading back in himself.

That was when he discovered a moving shadow next to one of the topiaries.

With large strides, Mo Chenhao walked over to find Mo Zhenxuan, who was trying to slip away.

"Just where do you think you're going?" asked Mo Chenhao with his eyes narrowed.

Mo Zhenxuan hurriedly plastered a smile across his face, hoping to pacify his cousin. "Hello."

"Why're you hiding here?"

"N-Nothing."

"Hmm?"

One raised eyebrow from Mo Chenhao, and Mo Zhenxuan instantly caved.

"I was just passing by when I saw you and my brother here. Then..." I couldn't stop myself from eavesdropping.

From Mo Chenhao and Si Chengyu's conversation, Mo Zhenxuan could tell the two of them had completely fallen out with each other.

This saddened him a little. "What happened to you and my brother? Weren't you two close before?" he asked softly.

Mo Chenhao didn't intend to answer his question, but when he saw how upset he looked, he still spared him one. "You'll have to ask your brother."

Mo Zhenxuan looked at him in puzzlement. He knew of the things that were being spread around online, but he couldn't quite make heads or tails of them.

Mo Chenhao found the little brat rather annoying, but he still tried his best to be patient with him.

"He was the reason why he and Mu Yangyang ended up trending on social media together. He's also the one who had people going after her and calling her a home-wrecker."

Mo Zhenxuan had gone to Si Chengyu's place around that time. He had seen these rumors online, and he remembered jokingly pairing Mu Yangyang up with his brother.

"Why did he do all that?"

"You'll have to ask him."

Mo Chenhao didn't tell him about how Si Chengyu had ordered Mu Yumei to run Mu Yangyang over with her car.

Mo Zhenxuan was still too young. He was annoying, but he was still the kind-hearted young boy that he had watched grow up.

Mo Chenhao gave an almost indiscernible sigh before reaching his hand out to ruffle the boy's hair. "Go

back inside. It's cold out here."

He started to head inside, but he had only taken two steps when Mo Zhenxuan called out to him. "Mo Chenhao."

He turned around to find the young boy frowning. "That time when the rumor of him and Yangyang together was at its loudest, he visited the hospital a few times. But he wasn't sick, so it looked more like he was looking into something."

Mo Chenhao's expression stiffened when he heard this. He then gave him a quick nod.

### [Chapter 245](#)

Mu Yangyang was still asleep when Mo Chenhao returned to the room. The smell of cigarettes still lingered on his fingers.

Mo Chenhao threw his jacket on the bed and glanced at Mu Yangyang before heading into the bathroom.

After taking a shower, Mo Chenhao came out to see Mu Yangyang sitting on the bed while hugging the blanket. It was obvious that she just woke up.

"You're up." Mo Chenhao sat down on the bed.

"Did you smoke?" Mu Yangyang frowned.

Mo Chenhao froze for a second as he did not expect Mu Yangyang's sense of smell to be so sharp. "I did. But just a few puffs."

Mu Yangyang's sense of smell got heightened ever since she got pregnant.

"I always thought you don't smoke." Since Mu Yangyang had never seen Mo Chenhao smoke before, she always thought he wasn't a smoker.

Mo Chenhao merely replied with a smile. It was true that he rarely smoked and wasn't addicted to cigarettes because he knew it was bad for his body.

Yet, things had been rough lately and he needed something to relieve his stress. He would usually light a cigarette when Mu Yangyang wasn't around.

After a moment of silence, Mo Chenhao suddenly said, "Keep your distance from Si Chengyu next time."

Even though he'd arranged a few bodyguards to protect Mu Yangyang when he wasn't around, it was impossible for him to prevent Mu Yangyang from running into Si Chengyu now that they were staying at the old manor.

Mu Yangyang noticed that Mo Chenhao's jacket was on the bed and she recalled that the last time she saw it before heading to sleep, it was on the couch.

It meant that Mo Chenhao had left the room after she'd fallen asleep.

"Did you meet with him again? What did you guys talk about?" Mu Yangyang speculated.

"There's nothing to talk about between me and him." Mo Chenhao's expression was cold.

Mu Yangyang quickly grabbed his hand to comfort him.

...

There wasn't much for Mu Yangyang to do in the old manor. Other than having her meals, she would spend most of her time inside her room.

One night, Old Master Mo suddenly asked her to watch some TV shows with him after dinner.

At first, Mu Yangyang thought that Old Master Mo had something he wanted to talk about. Instead, they literally only watched a few shows together.

The old man was fond of talk shows and operas. Even though Mu Yangyang found them boring, she still accompanied Old Master Mo when she saw how passionate he was about the shows.

Luckily for her, after an hour in, Old Master Mo told Mu Yangyang that she should get some rest as he was worried about her health.

"Why don't you get some rest?" Old Master Mo smiled. "I'll ask Chenhao to accompany me. I have something to say to him anyway."

When Old Master Mo asked Mu Yangyang to accompany him earlier, Mo Chenhao was going to join as well but Mu Yangyang stopped him.

She thought that it wasn't good for Mo Chenhao to show his affection towards her in front of Old Master Mo.

"Okay." Mu Yangyang got up and walked towards the door.

"Yangyang..."

Just as Mu Yangyang was about to open the door, Old Master Mo called out to her.

"Yes?" Mu Yangyang turned around.

Old Master Mo was a player when he was young. Yet, because of an arranged marriage, he got married pretty early on.

Rumors had it that Old Master Mo's wife was two years older than him. They got along well after the marriage, but Old Master Mo wasn't a family man.

Other than having a wife, he had a lot of mistresses and illegitimate children.

Despite that, most of his illegitimate children were good-for-nothings and were never officially included as one of the Mo family members.

Mu Yangyang heard all of these from Shen Yu.

She also heard that even though Old Master Mo had a lot of mistresses, not once was his real family affected by them. Since he got married at a pretty young age, his youngest grandson, Si Chengyu, was already twenty-eight years old while he was only still in his seventies.

Most people of that age were retired, but their bodies would still be strong if there weren't any illnesses. Old Master Mo was the same, or even better as he had the best foods in the world and even had his own nutritionist.

Be that as it may, the Old Master Mo that Mu Yangyang was looking at seemed lonely. His face was filled with sorrow. Instead of his pride as the head of his family, he looked like a tired old man.

In that instance, Mu Yangyang could tell that Old Master Mo hadn't been living a comfortable life recently.

"I should apologize for what I've done last time. I won't interfere with you and Chenhao anymore. Promise me that you two will be happy, okay?" Old Master Mo said in a serious tone as if he was reading his own will.

Mu Yangyang's expression stiffened. "Grandpa..."

She knew that Old Master Mo was talking about the incident with Qin Shuishan. It was true that she was a little unhappy about it, but she paid no heed to it because Mo Chenhao had devoted his love for her.

As long as Mo Chenhao loved her, she doesn't mind how the others look at her or talk to her.

Still, Old Master Mo's tone made her feel uncomfortable.

"Alright now. Go on then, it's almost ten. Tell Chenhao to hurry up. I'm going to bed soon." Old Master Mo waved his hands with a look of impatience.

Mu Yangyang glanced at Old Master Mo worriedly before hurrying back to the room.

Meanwhile, Mo Chenhao was playing a game on his mobile phone on the bed. Even after changing into his pajama, he was still expressionless, most likely because the game was boring.

When he raised his head to look at Mu Yangyang, he completely lost his interest in the game. Throwing his phone to one side, he walked up to his woman.

“Did the old man cause you any trouble?” Mo Chenhao asked as he observed until he was sure that there was nothing wrong with her.

Mu Yangyang shook her head. “He wants to see you. You should hurry. He’s going to bed soon.”

Mo Chenhao paused and questioned, “What else did he say to you?”

“Nothing. We were just watching the TV,” Mu Yangyang frowned. “But... I do feel that something is off with him. His tone was weird, it’s almost like...”

Like he’s preparing for his will... Mu Yangyang did not voice her thought as Mo Chenhao was Old Master Mo’s immediate family.

Mu Yangyang let out a sigh. “You’ll know once you see him.”

If she could tell that something was wrong with Grandpa Mu, Mo Chenhao would notice it as well as he was very bright. Mu Yangyang even believed that Mo Chenhao might be able to find out what was going on.

The man’s expression stiffened after seeing the frown on Mu Yangyang’s face.

“Alright, I’ll head over then. Get some sleep first.” Mo Chenhao said and left.

## [Chapter 246](#)

Mo Chenhao went straight to Old Master Mo’s room.

The servant guarding the door immediately bowed when he noticed Mo Chenhao. “Sir.”

Mo Chenhao nodded and the servant opened the door for him. After stepping into the room, the servant then closed the door behind him.

Old Master Mo was still resting on the couch. He had his head lean back as the opera played on the TV.

When Mo Chenhao approached his grandfather, he noticed that the old man was already asleep.

Before Mo Chenhao could even speak, Old Master Mo opened his eyes suddenly. His usual sharp stare

was now replaced with an unfocused gaze.

He was looking at Mo Chenhao and his pupils contracted as if he was frightened.

Soon, however, he regained his usual expression.

“You’re here,” Old Master Mo said with a hoarse voice. It felt as if he wasn’t talking to his grandson.

Mo Chenhao frowned as he sat down across his grandfather. He recalled Mu Yangyang’s reaction just a while ago, and now that he’d witnessed what she’d mentioned, he realized what was going on.

The reason why Old Master Mo was so tolerant of Mo Chenhao’s arrogance was because he felt that his grandson resembled himself a lot. As such, he adored Mo Chenhao.

As the head of the family, Old Master Mo never showed weakness in front of anyone else. For that reason, Mo Chenhao was shocked to see the tired and weak expression on his grandfather’s face, which was usually stern and serious.

“What’s wrong?” Mo Chenhao asked.

The grandson and grandfather duo was more like rivals that would always butt heads with each other rather than actual grandparent and grandchild. Even though their relationship fell a little apart when Old Master Mo prevented Mo Chenhao to look into his mother, the latter still cared a lot about his grandfather.

Naturally, Old Master Mo had his own reason for stopping Mo Chenhao’s investigation. But one thing for sure was that the incident with Mo Chenhao’s mother had nothing to do with him.”

“It’s New Year’s Eve tomorrow. It also means I’m getting one year older. My days are getting shorter by the minutes.” Old Master Mo looked at Mo Chenhao with a gaze filled with a plethora of emotions.

“Just say whatever it is you wanna say.” Mo Chenhao got annoyed by his grandfather’s tone.

However, Old Master Mo wasn’t irritated by his grandson’s reaction and he smiled instead. “You and Xuan are the sincerest among all of my grandchildren, but it’s not a good trait if you want to succeed. Yangyang is still young, and her personality is way different than yours. She’s a good kid, but she’s not suitable to be your wife...”

Mo Chenhao raised his brows as he was getting angry, but Old Master Mo laughed. “Calm down. Listen to what I have to say first.”

Mo Chenhao scoffed and leaned back, waiting for his grandfather to continue.

“She’s patient. She wasn’t annoyed even after I asked her to watch the opera with me for an hour. She’s

also kind-hearted and pretty. If I was still in my prime, I would've fallen for her as well."

Mo Chenhao was happy to hear the first part, but the second part sounded off to him.

"Just cut to the chase, old man!" Mo Chenhao asked with a stern expression.

Old Master Mo's brows twitched and he slammed his palm down on the couch. "You little brat! I'm still your grandfather, you know? What? Have I lost your respect now that you have a wife? I dare you to speak like this to me in front of Yangyang!"

Old Master Mo finally regained his usual stern tone, which sounded more pleasant to Mo Chenhao.

He tilted his head. "Are you seriously trying to compare with a lady?"

Old Master Mo immediately picked up the TV controller on the tea table and threw it at Mo Chenhao.

Mo Chenhao did not have time to react before he was hit by the controller. He quickly pressed against the place where he was hit and scolded, "Did you really have to do that?"

Old Master Mo then spoke in the most serious tone Mo Chenhao had ever heard him speak in. "Chenhao, just stay still until New Year is over. I'll tell you whatever you want to know, as long as I know the answer."

Turns out, that was the reason why Old Master Mo summoned Mo Chenhao. The latter froze and did not know how to react.

After seconds of staring at each other, Mo Chenhao finally straightened his posture. "Including everything about my mother?"

"Yes. Including your mother." Old Master Mo nodded.

Mo Chenhao knew that his grandfather would never go back on his words so he nodded. "Very well."

...

When Mo Chenhao left Old Master Mo's room, it was one hour shy of midnight.

The hallway was dimly lit. As Mo Chenhao walked back to his room, servants who passed by would greet him in a low tone.

Mo Chenhao ambled back to his room as he thought about the incident with his mother. He knew that his grandfather had nothing to do with it, but the old man might know something about it, something that he'd learned after the kidnapping.

Mo Chenhao recalled the first time when he brought Mu Yangyang back to the mansion and his grandfather ordered him to not look into his mother's incident. Since Old Master Mo wasn't a part of it, Mo Chenhao believed that there could only be one reason for his grandfather to stop him.

It must've been because Old Master Mo has found the answer, an answer that should be kept a secret. Something that he couldn't speak of or something that no one should ever learn of.

Mo Chenhao also noticed that the answer he was seeking had weighed down even on his grandfather, who was a man that had seen pretty much everything the world had to offer.

Yet, now, his grandfather was ready to tell him the truth and it made him wonder what changed Old Master Mo's mind.

When Mo Chenhao snapped back to his senses, he was already in front of his room.

"Sir? Are you still not going to sleep yet?" one of the servants asked as he walked past Mo Chenhao.

Mo Chenhao turned to look at the servant. We really have a lot of servants in the mansion, huh? Well, it's not like it has anything to do with me.

Mo Chenhao merely nodded in acknowledgment and opened the door. Only the woman inside the room could calm him down.

As soon as he pushed the door open, Mu Yangyang quickly walked up to him.

"What did grandpa tell you? There's something off with him, right?"

It was evident that Mu Yangyang had been waiting for Mo Chenhao to return as she released a barrage of questions at Mo Chenhao as soon as he entered.

Despite that, Mo Chenhao merely kept his mouth shut and walked into the room. Mu Yangyang stared at him and realized his expression was off as well.

### [Chapter 247](#)

"What did he say? Come on. I'm worried..." Mu Yangyang was anxious.

Mo Chenhao sat down on the bed while Mu Yangyang stood in front of him. He needed to raise his head in order to see her face.

"Grandpa said..." Mo Chenhao paused.

Mu Yangyang was waiting anxiously for Mo Chenhao to continue.

After a few seconds, Mo Chenhao stared at Mu Yangyang and finished his sentence. "He wants us to

have more children.”

Both Mo Chenhao’s tone and expression showed that he was serious.

Mu Yangyang froze and she realized immediately that Mo Chenhao was messing with her.

She ruffled his hair up and scolded, “Hey! I’m serious! This is no time to be joking around.”

“I am serious.”

Without any warning, Mo Chenhao pulled Mu Yangyang into his arms and kissed her.

Mu Yangyang immediately understood that Mo Chenhao wasn’t going to tell her. Every time something similar happened, he would always do something else to divert her attention.

Mu Yangyang was a little angry because Mo Chenhao knew everything about her, but on the other hand, he kept a lot from her. Unable to control her anger, she bit his lip without holding back until it bled.

Mo Chenhao trembled a little but he merely deepened the kiss.

Mu Yangyang pulled her head back as she tasted the metallic tang of the blood. “Wait... Let me see...”

She wanted to see how deep she’d bitten him, but Mo Chenhao didn’t give her the time to rest. He pulled her back in and kissed her even more wildly.

He pushed his tongue past her lips and circled around hers before pulling it out to lick and nip at her lip.

The kiss continued as Mo Chenhao pushed Mu Yangyang down onto the bed. She was already blushing from the kiss.

As Mu Yangyang was trying to regain her breath, she could hear the man moving next to her.

She turned around and saw that Mo Chenhao was taking his shirt off. Mu Yangyang thought that he was going to change into his pajamas, but instead, he went straight onto the bed and started to take her clothes off.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Mu Yangyang pulled on her shirt as she could tell something was about to happen.

“Sleep.” Mo Chenhao sat on top of her as he undid her buttons one by one.

Mu Yangyang could see the carved muscles on his body and quickly turned her head the other way.

“I-I can sleep just like this.”

“It feels better if we sleep without clothes.” Mo Chenhao said matter-of-factly.

In the end, Mo Chenhao took off every piece of Mu Yangyang’s clothing. He then covered the sheet over them as he hugged her from behind.

Their bodies arched a little and they could feel each other’s body sticking to their own.

It was a position that could spark into something else as Mu Yangyang could feel something stiffen up from behind and poking her.

Mu Yangyang was worried that something might happen. “Chenhao... Let go of me.”

“Don’t move,” Mo Chenhao ordered in a hoarse voice. As he spoke, his warm breath brushed past her ears.

“Then, you should stop moving as well!”

As soon as Mu Yangyang said that, Mo Chenhao began to move his lower body.

As he kissed her neck, he said, “I’ll just move a little. Why don’t you sleep first?”

Mu Yangyang was speechless. How am I supposed to sleep like this? I’m not a piece of wood that has no sense of feeling you know!

“What? Can’t sleep?” Mo Chenhao whispered. “Kiss me then.”

It was rare for Mo Chenhao to make such a request, especially in such a gentle tone.

Mu Yangyang’s heart softened and she turned around to kiss him. She knew that Old Master Mo must have said something to make Mo Chenhao act as strangely as he was.

It would be challenging to know what a person was feeling if that person rarely talked. Yet, surprisingly, Mu Yangyang was able to easily detect the changes in Mo Chenhao’s mood.

After a long kiss, Mo Chenhao let out a satisfied sigh and headed into the bathroom.

“Chenhao?” Mu Yangyang was astounded as she knew Mo Chenhao was still aroused.

“That’s more than enough.” Mo Chenhao turned to look at her.

Mu Yangyang was confused as she could clearly see that his lower half was still raring to go.

Since it was already late at night and Mo Chenhao had gone into the bathroom, Mu Yangyang fell asleep

almost instantly.

When Mo Chenhao came out after taking a cold shower, he quickly helped Mu Yangyang put on her nightgown as he was afraid she might catch a cold. Even though he moved as lightly as he could, Mu Yangyang was still slightly woken up by his action but she quickly fell back into a deep sleep.

People always said that men were only capable of thinking using what was below the belt. It could be right, but it could also be wrong.

Anyone, be it men or women, would easily be aroused when they were hugging the person they love.

But there were times when the satisfaction of one's emotional state was more important than their sexual needs.

...

The next day was New Year's Eve.

Mu Yangyang was woken up by the footsteps outside the room.

"What time is it?" Mu Yangyang grumbled as she asked Mo Chenhao.

"It's still early. Why don't you get more sleep?" Mo Chenhao's voice was hoarse.

"No..." Mu Yangyang shook her head. She was no longer sleepy.

They changed out of their pajamas and left the room.

Since it was one of the most important days of the year, every servant they passed by had a smile on their face.

When they arrived at the dining room, Mu Yangyang got a call from Xiao Chuhe.

Mu Yangyang hesitated for a moment before answering it.

"Yangyang, when are you coming back? We need to prepare for the celebration," Xiao Chuhe asked.

Mu Yangyang never gave much thought on whether she was heading back to her parents' place during the New Year holiday or not. It was as if they weren't related to her anymore, as if the mother and daughter relationship with Xiao Chuhe was just an act.

"I'll have someone send some gifts over," Mu Yangyang made her decision immediately. "Just let the maids help you if you're too busy."

Mu Yangyang's words shattered Xiao Chuhe's last shred of hope, but when she recalled back to how she was chased away by Mo Chenhao when she went to visit her daughter, she decided to ask, "Is it because Chenhao is not letting you come back?"

"What?" Mu Yangyang was puzzled as to why her mother would suddenly bring Mo Chenhao up.

"I went to look for you when I argued with your dad last time, but they told me you weren't home. So, I waited until Mo Chenhao came back at night. I thought he was going to let me in, but he chased me away instead," Xiao Chuhe explained as her body tremble when she recalled how scary Mo Chenhao looked that day.

Mu Yangyang was stunned for a moment before she replied, "Are you talking about the time when you stayed over at Shen Haochu's?"

"That's right."

### [Chapter 248](#)

Mu Yangyang was not aware that Xiao Chuhe had tried to find her.

Furthermore, Mo Chenhao never mentioned it either.

Instead of walking in tandem with Mo Chenhao, Mu Yangyang slowed down after answering the call and was now two steps behind him.

Having listened to what Xiao Chuhe had said, Mu Yangyang could not help but raised her head to look at Mo Chenhao.

At the same time, sensing that Mu Yangyang was no longer beside him, Mo Chenhao looked back at her.

He raised his brows when he caught her staring at him while clutching onto her phone, and he said, "What are you doing all the way there?"

"Yangyang?" Xiao Chuhe's voice sounded from the phone. "Why are you so quiet all of a sudden?"

"I'll hang up first if there's nothing else." Mu Yangyang said coldly and ended the call. Then, she walked over to Mo Chenhao's side.

Sensing that something was wrong, Mo Chenhao furrowed his brows but did not question her. Instead, he just led her into the dining room.

When they were seated in front of the dining table, Mu Yangyang did not spare Mo Chenhao a glance and did not even respond when he served her some food.

She looked as if she was completely absorbed in her own thoughts.

Mo Chenhao thought about the call she was on earlier and guessed that it had something to do with her current mood.

After they finished breakfast, Mu Yangyang did not head back to their room.

Instead, she got up from her seat and uttered, "I'm going to the courtyard for a walk."

Before Mo Chenhao could reply, she was already out of the door.

Then, Mo Zhenxuan quickly came over and took a seat beside Mo Chenhao. "Where is Yangyang going? Aren't you going to follow her? I can't even find a chance to play with her because both of you have been stuck together like glue for the past few days."

Mo Chenhao kept his silence.

With no response, Mo Zhenxuan got up and was about to leave when Mo Chenhao called out to him, "Go and help me keep watch on her to make sure that nothing bad happens."

After all, Mu Yangyang was not familiar with this mansion, and Mo Chenhao was afraid that she would get into trouble.

Mo Zhenxuan instinctively replied, "Why don't you do it yourself? Did both of you fight?"

In response, Mo Chenhao shot a cold look at Mo Zhenxuan, who then stuck his tongue out before running out the dining room.

Mo Chenhao only retracted his gaze when Mo Chenhao ran out and disappeared from his sight.

The look that Mu Yangyang gave him after the call was indecipherable, and he could not guess what she was feeling then.

I should not confront her now. After she calms down, she will naturally talk to me about it.

Mo Zhenxuan went out to the courtyard and found Mu Yangyang in the pavilion.

The mansion's architecture followed a retro design, so there was a pond and even a pavilion.

Mu Yangyang leaned against one of the pavilion's pillars and looked out to the pond.

"Yangyang, what are you looking at?"

When Mo Zhenxuan hurried over to her, there was a cool breeze blowing over. He shivered. "It's so cold."

“Why did you follow me?” Mu Yangyang glanced at him.

Mo Zhenxuan took a seat beside Mu Yangyang as he put on the hood of his down jacket. “Chenhao instructed me to do so.”

Mu Yangyang smiled and did not respond.

“Did both of you argue?” Mo Zhenxuan could tell that Mu Yangyang was unhappy.

Mu Yangyang shook her head and replied, “No.”

It’s not a big deal since Chenhao had good intentions when he did not tell me that my mother came by to look for me.

That is not something I should argue with him about.

Even if I knew she came by, I might not have taken her in and would likely get someone else to send her back to the Mu family instead.

Otherwise, I would probably make her stay at a hotel.

Chenhao did not stepped out of the line.

After all, he is not familiar with my family, much less my mother.

However, Mu Yangyang still felt a little frustrated.

Regardless, she is still my mother. If Chenhao wanted to chase her away, he should have given me a heads up.

Although Mo Chenhao looked cold, he was actually a sensitive and caring individual.

The way he dealt with the matter made Mu Yangyang realize that they were not equals.

Mo Chenhao made the decision for her but kept it from her. In his mind, she was probably someone who could not handle such matters.

Come to think of it, there was nothing special about her.

She did not have a good career nor traits that stood out from others, and she was not smart either.

That might be the reason why Mo Chenhao chased Xiao Chuhe away without consulting her first.

Both of them were worlds apart. His personality might differ from others, but he was impeccable in all other aspects.

Although she knew that he had good intentions, she was still somewhat frustrated.

In many instances, one cannot simply judge a matter by the surface, and in this case, she cannot solely consider the good intentions he had.

If both of them were not equals, it would be difficult for the relationship to last.

Recently, she had been too reliant on Mo Chenhao.

Despite that, she did not want to be an incompetent pretty face who could only attract men and had to rely on them to make decisions for her.

Mo Zhenxuan tilted his head and frowned as though he was thinking hard. "What is wrong between both of you then?"

Mu Yangyang laughed, "It's none of your business, little kid."

Mo Zhenxuan pouted and stretched out his fingers to show the figure eight. "Stop calling me a little kid all the time. You are only eight years older than me. Generation wise, we are of equal status, so I am not a child."

Mu Yangyang merely said, "It's too cold out here. Let's head back in."

She was fine earlier but she was starting to get cold.

Mo Zhenxuan and her had just walked out from the pavilion when she saw Mo Chenhao walking towards them while holding her jacket.

Mu Yangyang quickly walked over. "Mo Chenhao."

Mo Chenhao knitted his brows slightly, making it look like a tangled knot.

Without a word, he draped the jacket over her.

Then, both of them headed indoors.

Mo Chenhao thought Mu Yangyang had more to say, but she kept quiet.

Seeing that, he remembered that Mu Yangyang was good at hiding her thoughts.

If only he remembered about it earlier, he would have asked her there and then instead of giving her

more space.

Now that she had gone out for a walk and managed to calm down, it was more unlikely that she would open up to him.

Mu Yangyang recalled the phone number that Qin Shuishan left her.

Although she rejected Qin Shuishan at that time, Mu Yangyang still saved her number on her phone.

Because of Qin Shuishan's father, there were many people in her circle that she could introduce Mu Yangyang to.

Qin Shuishan did say that she was willing to connect Mu Yangyang with others. As long as those words were sincere, Qin Shuishan could find a reliable person for Mu Yangyang.

Mu Yangyang found Qin Shuishan's number but decided not to call her after some thought. Instead, she searched for Qin Shuishan's WeChat handle.

Her thought was that if she called Qin Shuishan out of the blue, it would be awkward.

Therefore, she decided to add Qin Shuishan on her WeChat first to test the waters.

With that plan in mind, Mu Yangyang sent a friend request to Qin Shuishan and typed her own name in a message.

Today was New Year's Eve, so she thought that either the response would take a while, or there would be no reply at all.

Surprisingly, it did not take long for her friend request to be accepted by Qin Shuishan.

#### [Chapter 249](#)

Mu Yangyang was slightly shocked.

First, she saved Qin Shuishan's name. When she was done, she saw that the other party was typing.

Not long after, Qin Shuishan's message appeared on her screen.

The text read: Mu Yangyang, have you thought about it?

It seemed like Qin Shuishan remembers the conversation between them.

Mu Yangyang did not hesitate and went straight to the point. She replied: Yes, I have. Are you serious about the things you have said?

Of course.

Right after that text, Qin Shuishan sent her another message: First, send me the genre of your script. However, I will probably only reply after New Year as I have been quite busy recently, and I'm currently working overtime.

Initially, Mu Yangyang thought that Qin Shuishan was only a spoiled young mistress with no view of her own.

In contrast, Mu Yangyang realized that Qin Shuishan did not conform to the ordinary outlook on life that others had but had her own set of rules in life instead.

The line between the rights and wrongs, black and white, was not drawn clearly in her world.

With her own set of principles, Qin Shuishan did whatever she liked and belonged to the group of people that possibly lived their life to the fullest.

Alright, thank you. The gratitude Mu Yangyang expressed through the text was genuine.

Don't thank me yet. If you have a bad script, in the end, I will only be able to find a lousy director to direct it.

Qin Shuishan's words were direct, but Mu Yangyang was not offended.

Okay.

I'm very busy, and I have to get to work. I'll catch up with you another time.

Mu Yangyang was about to send: Go ahead when Qin Shuishan's status bar showed that she was typing again.

Within the next minute, Qin Shuishan's message came, it read: Are you at the Mo family's mansion now? Did Mo Enya return home for New Year alone?

Why are you asking that? Mu Yangyang remembered that Mo Enya mentioned Xu Muhan when she fought with Qin Shuishan back then.

Xu Muhan debuted as a child star and was a qualified actor within the entertainment industry. He was also looked up to by others for his exemplary character. Every year, his works would appear on the screens, and they would garner a large number of audiences.

After listening to what Mo Enya had to say, it was obvious that Qin Shuishan liked Xu Muhan.

Mu Yangyang laughed and replied: Don't worry, she came back alone for the New Year.

Qin Shuishan rebuked: How can I not worry? Mo Enya is a bitch and will never be able to get hitched.

Mu Yangyang thought to herself, Mo Enya will never find a husband?

How is that possible? After all, Mo Enya's looks were above average, and she came from a pretty good background.

"Who are you talking to?"

Mo Chenhao appeared out of nowhere.

Mu Yangyang hurriedly closed the WeChat application and pretended nothing happened. "It's just a friend."

Mo Chenhao sat in front of her and said, "Mu Yangyang."

His tone was stern, and it made Mu Yangyang look up at him involuntarily.

"Who called you before breakfast?" Since she did not talk to him about it, he thought he might as well ask her directly.

Mu Yangyang answered honestly, "My mother."

"What did she say?" Mo Chenhao could remember the look that Mu Yangyang gave him, and it made him think about what Xiao Chuhe could have said to trigger it.

"She asked me when will I be returning home to pay my respects and also took the chance to mention that she came by to look for me," Mu Yangyang nonchalantly responded, as though it was nothing serious.

Mo Chenhao narrowed his eyes and carefully studied her expression, but he did not find anything unusual.

Naturally, he did not think there was anything wrong with him chasing Xiao Chuhe away without Mu Yangyang consent.

He thought back to the doctor's words, that the temperament of pregnant ladies was unpredictable and would fluctuate easily.

With that thought, he did not dig deeper as to why Mu Yangyang got upset suddenly.

"She can dream on!" How can Xiao Chuhe have the nerve to call Mu Yangyang and ask her to go back to pay her respects?

Mu Yangyang was expressionless, and she casually stated, "I'll just send some things over to the Mu family."

Mo Chenhao glanced at her. "That's up to you."

For New Year Eve's dinner, everyone from the Mo family had gathered.

It was a big mansion, and besides the usual dining hall, there was another larger dining hall meant for larger gatherings.

The hall was huge and could even hold a small-scale party.

In fact, with so many relatives from the Mo family gathered for dinner, it was already a small-scale party.

There were too many people, and Mu Yangyang turned to Mo Chenhao and whispered, "It's impossible for me to remember everyone here."

Mo Chenhao held her hand, and with a smile, he said, "It's okay. Only they will have to know who you are."

Mu Yangyang thought what he said made sense.

Whenever a child came to greet them, Mu Yangyang would give them a red packet that was prepared by Old Master Mo, who then got a servant to pass it to her.

It seemed to her that Old Master Mo really doted on Mo Chenhao.

Getting together to celebrate the New Year, everyone was in a good mood, and the atmosphere within the dining hall was lively.

After dinner, everyone gathered around and chatted, waiting for the countdown.

However, Mo Chenhao did not intend to countdown with everyone else. He took Mu Yangyang's hand in his and said, "Let's go."

"Where are we going?" Mu Yangyang stared at him before she realized that he wanted her to return to their room to get some rest.

Although she was pregnant, the doctor did say that her condition was stable. Thus, it was not hard for her to stay awake till the countdown.

Mo Chenhao is being too protective of me.

Mu Yangyang glanced in Old Master Mo's direction before she said, "I am fine. After all, it's just until midnight. Besides, everyone is still here, and it wasn't easy for you to come back to the mansion for New Year. How many years has it been since you last spend New Year with your grandfather?"

Mo Chenhao looked touched by Mu Yangyang's words.

"Come on, let's go accompany grandpa."

Mo Chenhao followed along as Mu Yangyang dragged him towards Old Master Mo.

When Mu Yangyang went over, Mo Zhenxuan followed them as well.

"Yangyang, come play cards with me!" Mo Zhenxuan pulled a deck of cards out of nowhere.

Mu Yangyang chuckled. "Sure, but I will let your cousin play for me instead."

Mo Zhenxuan's face fell at that. "Forget it then."

Mu Yangyang was not good with card games but she was good at playing dice.

On the other hand, Mo Chenhao was a jack of all trades.

"What are all of you doing here with me? You can go have fun elsewhere."

Perhaps because it was New Year's Eve, Old Master Mo was not as cold and stern as before, instead, he seemed warm and caring.

Mu Yangyang gently pushed Mo Chenhao to Old Master Mo's side.

Then, Mo Chenhao sat beside Old Master Mo.

Mu Yangyang turned her head inadvertently and saw Old Master Mo smiling at her.

Feeling a bit awkward, Mu Yangyang smiled in return.

"Why don't you both have a chat? I need to visit the restroom." Ever since Mu Yangyang got pregnant, she had to visit the restroom quite often.

With that, she turned to leave.

As she was not familiar with the layout of the mansion, she decided to use the one in their room instead.

When she went up the stairs and turned the corner, she saw Mo Qingfeng and Mo Lian.

Both of them were walking in a single file and were looking around suspiciously.

#### [Chapter 250](#)

Mo Qingfeng and Mo Lian were siblings, and from the way they interacted over the past two days, they seemed to have a close relationship.

If they were walking and chatting with each other like they usually would, it would have been unnoteworthy.

However, both of them had their guards up and looked like they were sneaking around.

Mu Yangyang pursed her lips and followed them up the stairs.

Since it was New Year's Eve, there were fewer maids around. Not to mention, it was time for their dinner after the family had finished theirs.

As such, Mu Yangyang did not see many maids along the way.

She followed the suspicious-looking siblings, who then went into Mo Qingfeng's room.

Mo Qingfeng even glanced around before he closed the door.

Seeing that, Mu Yangyang quickly hid behind a wall.

By the time she came back out, they had already locked the room door.

Mu Yangyang then walked to Mo Qingfeng's door and tried to eavesdrop.

She thought that they must be hiding some sort of secret.

Mo Lian was Si Chengyu's mother, and in the past two months, Si Chengyu often acted out of the norm and would always go against Mo Chenhao. Obviously, Mo Chenhao and Mo Lian did not have a close relationship either.

Previously, Mo Chenhao was close to both Si Chengyu and Mo Zhenxuan. Therefore, his relationship with Mo Lian was not that bad either. He would not have kept his distance from her without any reason.

Even if he had a problem with Si Chengyu, he would not treat Mo Lian this coldly.

It was evident from the way he interacted with Mo Zhenxuan that he would not treat the latter differently because of the grudge he had with Si Chengyu.

From the looks of it, perhaps the problem stems from Mo Lian herself.

The more Mu Yangyang thought about it, the more complicated the family seemed to be.

They had so many secrets.

Mu Yangyang could not hear anything as the room was soundproof.

Given so, she turned to leave.

However, she did not get far when she heard the sound of a door opening behind her.

A feeling of guilt surged within her and Mu Yangyang started to run.

She turned a corner and took a deep breath before she turned to look. Mo Qingfeng and Mo Lian were already leaving in the other direction.

Mu Yangyang let out a breath of relief then continued her way to the restroom in her room before returning to the dining hall.

When she reached the entrance to the dining hall, she saw Mo Chenhao walking briskly.

Once he saw her, he stopped in his tracks, and with a frown, he questioned, "Why took you so long?"

Mu Yangyang pursed her lips. While the events earlier proved that Mo Qingfeng and Mo Lian were hiding something, it did not prove anything else.

After all, who did not have any secrets?

As such, she did not divulge about it and replied, "I had constipation."

Mo Chenhao furrowed his brows and stroked her head before leading her back into the dining hall.

When Mu Yangyang went in, she realized Mo Qingfeng was already inside.

As though he sensed Mu Yangyang's stare, Mo Qingfeng turned his head and looked at her while smiling.

Due to the earlier events, Mu Yangyang thought Mo Qingfeng's smile seemed suspicious.

Nonetheless, she did not express it and smiled back at Mo Qingfeng.

Not long after, Mo Lian came back too.

Mu Yangyang and Mo Chenhao were seated next to Old Master Mo while Mo Lian was seated on his

other side.

Mo Lian asked warmly, "Yangyang, how many months have you been pregnant? Your belly doesn't seem to show yet."

"It has been less than two months." Mu Yangyang subconsciously rubbed her tummy.

Mo Chenhao turned to look at her, and his gaze softened.

Mo Lian looked at the two of them and grinned.

Her smile looked like it was filled with kindness.

Mu Yangyang did not understand how someone as gentle and kind as Mo Lian would bring up two children whose characters were worlds apart from her.

No, it was Mo Zhenxuan who is significantly different from her.

As for Si Chengyu, he always seemed gentle, and no one expected him to be capable of doing such despicable things.

For him to end up like this, did it have something to do with his family?

If so, then is Mo Lian's gentleness just a facade?

"Yangyang, what's wrong?"

When Mu Yangyang snapped back to reality, she found herself staring at Mo Lian.

Mu Yangyang smiled and said, "Yes, aunt?"

"I asked you several times if you were going to the hospital to check the baby's gender." Mo Lian's tone was as gentle and kind as usual.

"Probably not." Mu Yangyang replied as she turned to Mo Chenhao.

Mo Chenhao raised his brows to look at Mo Lian, and he icily replied, "Either gender is fine for us."

With that, the atmosphere turned thick with tension.

A family like the Mo family would likely wish for a boy.

After Mo Chenhao spoke to Mo Lian so coldly, her expression changed slightly. She merely flashed him a forced smile and did not continue the conversation.

Mu Yangyang squeezed Mo Chenhao's hand discretely.

After all, it was New Year's Eve, so she thought Mo Chenhao should control his temper.

What she didn't expect, however, was for Mo Chenhao to turn and give her a cold look as well.

After midnight, everyone was exchanging New Year greetings.

Old Master Mo gave both Mo Chenhao and Mu Yangyang a red packet each and said, "I wish the best for you both."

Mu Yangyang grinned and replied, "Thank you, grandpa."

Of course, Old Master Mo also distributed his red packets to his other grandchildren.

After they retreated to their rooms, while Mu Yangyang opened the red packet, she studied Mo Chenhao's expression.

Mo Chenhao still seemed affected by the question Mo Lian asked.

"Mo Chenhao!" Mu Yangyang called out.

Expressionless, Mo Chenhao looked at her. "Yes?"

"Aunt was just asking if we were going to check the baby's gender, so why are you so affected by it?"

Mo Chenhao remained silent.

Mu Yangyang got off the bed and stood beside him. "She meant no harm, you..."

"Who cares whether she meant any harm or not?" Mo Chenhao turned to look at her with a hostile expression on his face. "Mu Yangyang, the only reason I agreed to come back to this mansion with you is to spend New Year's Eve together. I didn't bring you here to make you feel aggrieved."

Mu Yangyang was stunned.

So that was why he was angry.

"I don't feel wronged. I mean it."

Mu Yangyang thought it was amusing. For the past few days, Mo Chenhao had been so protective of her that she felt like a child. How could she possibly feel mistreated?

Mo Chenhao stared at her for a good few seconds as though to confirm that she was telling the truth.

Then, he sighed. "Let's just go to bed."

The next day, when Mu Yangyang woke up, Mo Chenhao was no longer beside her.

A maid from outside asked, "Ms. Mu, are you awake? The Old Master has requested for your presence, and Mr. Mo will be waiting there for you as well."

With that, Mu Yangyang sat up in bed. "I'm awake. I will be there in a jiffy."

She glanced at the time and found that it was already eleven o'clock.

Hurriedly, she washed up and changed into a new set of clothes before she went over to visit Old Master Mo.

When she arrived at Old Master Mo's room, the door was open, and there was no one inside.

She walked out of the room and heard something from the staircase outside.

"Grandpa, is that you?" She called out, but there was no response.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of a heavy object rolling down the stairs.

Mu Yangyang's chest tightened, and she ran towards the stairs.

By the time she ran over, Old Master Mo had already rolled down the stairs and was slumped on the ground, surrounded by a large pool of blood that had stained the white floor.

Mu Yangyang widened her eyes in shock. After a few seconds, reality dawned on her, and with a trembling voice, she screamed, "Grandpa!"

A maid passed by and shrieked upon the sight, "Ah! Come quickly! The Old Master has fallen!"

"What happened... Old Master Mo!"

"Call the doctor, quickly!"