

His Beloved 1041

Chapter 1041: Sharp Woman_5

Qin Mu felt quite aggrieved, but she had to fill her stomach first.

Feng Fanghua still called Helian Hao, fearing that she might catch a cold and develop other inflammations.

After breakfast, Qin Mu lay upstairs, listening to the rain drip-drip-dropping on the window sill, about to fall asleep, then heard someone knocking.

"Come in!"

Her hoarse voice replied, but she didn't turn around, being lazy, thinking it was the maid.

"Heard you're sick?"

Helian Hao entered and saw her lying there unwilling to move, so she walked to the bedside to sit down.

Qin Mu raised her eyes and was startled: "Why are you here?"

Subconsciously she sat up, looking haggard, starkly contrasting with Helian Hao's fine features.

"Aunt called me saying you caught a cold and asked me to come check. Is your throat sore? Have you taken your temperature?"

"I haven't measured my temperature, but I've taken some cold medicine!"

Qin Mu replied to her and then flopped back onto the bed.

After all, being close sisters, she didn't want to be pretentious and insist on sitting up.

"I heard last night you were dining with your dad at AM, and came back with a cold?"

Helian Hao opened the medicine box she brought along, asking while taking out a thermometer.

"Take your temperature!"

Helian Hao handed her the thermometer, then instinctively touched her forehead, and frowned immediately—she had a fever.

"Blame Mu Yichen, that guy!"

Qin Mu muttered, sprawled powerlessly on the bed, griping.

Helian Hao...

The room instantly fell silent, a vague air wafting leisurely between them.

The sudden quiet made Helian Hao awkward for a while, then she sighed: "Can't you guys just be a bit more restrained? At least pay attention to the current weather when doing that thing."

Qin Mu said nothing, just feeling her brain was dazed after catching a cold, to say such a thing to Helian Hao.

Thirty-eight point three degrees, Helian Hao had her open her mouth to check, it was slightly inflamed.

"Luckily I brought comprehensive meds, if the fever doesn't break tonight, then you'll need an injection."

Helian Hao advised her, taking out several boxes of medicine, instructing her how to use them after glancing over.

Qin Mu quietly watched her, listening to her quickly finishing saying so much, couldn't help but smile softly: "Xiaohao, you're becoming more and more professional."

"Of course! We're not kids anymore! Since it's work, it must be professional."

Helian Hao naturally said with an undeniable air, but couldn't stay serious, letting out a laugh.

Qin Mu...

"I saw your father-in-law last night!"

"Mm! I heard from him that you were dining with your dad."

Helian Hao reported to her, recently things between Helian Hao and her in-laws were quite harmonious, merely feared Qin Mu would be upset and didn't mention much.

"My father-in-law said you still resent him, I told him it's not your fault, who made the Jing Family originally try to force Jing Qing onto Mu Yichen."

Helian Hao continued reporting to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu admired this greatly, asking: "Aren't you afraid saying this would strain your relationship with the in-laws?"

"Later, I understood, back then they did such things just to make a last effort for their daughter's so-called happiness. They actually understand right and wrong, it was hard to comprehend before, but now having a child, those incomprehensible things, and even unaccepted ones, seem understood now. Sometimes I ask myself, will I perhaps do such excessive things for my child in the future? I think, maybe I will."

Helian Hao looked at Qin Mu, speaking very frankly.

Qin Mu didn't rush to speak, merely lightly moved on the pillow, eyes showing some deep stuff, though as mothers, they both protected their children, yet she felt she couldn't disregard right and wrong for her child's happiness.

But Helian Hao wasn't wrong either, every mother has her different sacrifices for the child.

An hour later, Helian Hao left, Qin Mu because of taking meds, soon fell asleep from drowsiness.

Feng Fanghua quietly checked her room, touched her forehead still quite hot, rather worried, and by noon called Mu Yichen.

"Hello?"

Mu Yichen just finished a meeting planning to have lunch with Qiao Yi.

"Your wife has a fever, do you want to come home?"

Feng Fanghua lowered her voice asking.

"What?"

"Mumu asked me not to tell you, but I'm afraid if I don't say now, you'd be mad at me when you come home tonight. Xiaohao already visited and prescribed meds for her, she's sleeping now, decide whether you'll come back yourself."

Feng Fanghua was eager to have grandchildren, so quickly hung up the phone.

Mu Yichen...

Qiao Yi just entered his office, then heard him say: "Have lunch with Xi Meng."

Qiao Yi...

Mu Yichen took his coat and got up to leave, Qiao Yi turned, watching the man's back leaving him: "Hey! What's going on?"

"Qin Mu has a fever!"

Qiao Yi...

With just those four words, Mu Yichen left, not looking back.

Xi Meng happened to be carrying a pile of files coming upstairs, immediately greeted Mu Yichen upon seeing him: "Boss!"

Mu Yichen slightly nodded, directly went down to the upper-floor elevator.

Xi Meng curiously looked over there for a while then turned back, then watching Qiao Yi walking towards her from the boss's office door, took the large pile of files from her arms: "Why do it yourself?"

"I just happened to be coming down as they sent them over."

Xi Meng spoke to him, looking up at his slightly stern face.

Qiao Yi helped her carry them over, handed them to the person at the seat next to hers: "Deal with all of these."

Xi Meng...

Qiao Yi's cold voice, walking towards Xi Meng amid her assistant's dumbfounded gaze.

"Join me for lunch."

Qiao Yi held her hand pulling her along to walk towards the elevator.

Xi Meng couldn't help but laugh: "It's not my off-time yet!"

"Your boss has already approved!"

Xi Meng didn't know what happened between Qiao Yi and Mu Yichen, thought he'd be lunching with Mu Yichen today, now it changed to her instead, but she was happy to go with him.

Outside, it was still drizzling, the cold made one hunch their shoulders upon stepping out.

Qiao Yi turned to see Xi Meng like that and promptly let go of her hand, took off his coat, draping it over her.

"I'll go get the car, wait here!"

"I'll go with you, walking closer to warm up."

With a heart warm and fuzzy, Xi Meng held his hand, hugging his arm accompanying him to the parking lot, the two drove together to lunch.

"Why did the boss leave so suddenly?"

Xi Meng asked in the car.

"His wife has a fever!"

Qiao Yi said, seriously focused on driving.

Xi Meng nodded: "Oh! The boss always dotes on his wife!"

"Really? You didn't see when he 'abused' his wife."

Qiao Yi laughed, as one of Mu Yichen's closest friends, he knew quite a bit about Mu Yichen and Qin Mu.

"That can't be right? Lovers quarrels don't count."

"They never acted like lovers, though known from childhood, they kept silent even when around each other. Until the year Qin Mu returned to host a showcase, Mu Yichen directly took her to register, and that's when they started as husband and wife. But all along it was silent abuse—Mu Yichen suffered insomnia after returning from Paris to build his career, doctors chalked it up to work strain, only a few of us knew it was due to his little childhood sweetheart."

Qiao Yi reminisced.

"Didn't you say it's the boss abusing his wife?"

"In self-abusing, he happened to be abusing Qin Mu too! Qin Mu wouldn't confess first, thus left to his abuse."

"I don't understand! Tell me about their past."

Xi Meng curiously gossiped.

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"Their story could fill a whole novel of tragic romance. Mu Yichen came up with countless lousy schemes to make Qin Mu confess first, tormenting her completely. But that girl, Qin Mu, was even more stubborn than him."

Qiao Yi shook his head as he spoke, unable to help but smile lightly.

"So, in the end?"

"That Christmas when Mu Yichen went to find her, he didn't plan on doing anything specific; he just feared she'd be lonely, so he went to spend the holidays with her. But he ended up witnessing a male classmate confessing to Qin Mu. I heard it was quite a scene at the time, and that's how they ended up having Huanhuan that night."

Qiao Yi continued.

"What about before the boss went to university?"

"The things that happened between them in Paris could go on forever, but when we all went to celebrate Mu Yichen's birthday at seventeen, it was raining just like tonight, in the muggy heat. Yet, he waited outside Qin Mu's apartment."

"Why not inside the apartment?"

Xi Meng asked curiously, as if a time tunnel opened, placing her amidst that young couple, in that bygone era.

"Apparently, Qin Mu had gone out with friends. That fool, Mu Yichen, didn't even make a call. He just stubbornly waited outside her apartment in the rain."

Qiao Yi remembered the image of that immature boy, showing no expression even when the brothers came to see him. But when he heard Qin Mu's voice, he only lifted his eyes. That gaze, cold and vicious,

more terrifying than a sharp knife, especially when he saw a male classmate drop her off, and she happily waved goodbye.

Mu Yichen almost lost it on her. Qin Mu bid farewell to her classmate, planning to go home for a good sleep, only to turn around and see a group of people downstairs, among them, a gaze filled with hate.

Back then, she was still a stubborn little girl, unfamiliar with compromise.

"You guys go back first!"

Without even clearly seeing his good buddies, Mu Yichen commanded them in a cold voice from her side, then stood there with indifference, filled with anger, staring at the little girl who was too scared to approach him.

Qin Mu's shiny black eyes flickered with craftiness, knowing he was upset, so she dared not step forward, even wanting to run away, if not for the fact it was too late for her to safely traverse the nighttime streets.

"Why are you here?"

After a while, facing the boy who exuded a powerful aura since childhood, standing there in the rain without saying a word, she couldn't out-stiffen him, so she took the initiative to speak, slowly walking towards him.

At that time, he was already 1.85 meters tall, while she was barely over 1.60, appearing completely like a little girl who had made a mistake, lowering her head without the courage to look him in the eye.

"It's now 10:05. You stayed out this late with a boy, and you're asking why I'm here?"

That was when Mu Yichen already exhibited such dominance, intensity, and ability to command the scene.

Qin Mu glanced up and noticed the bloodshot eyes within his, involuntarily feeling a tightness in her heart, yet she only nervously bit the inside of her lip, contemplating whether to tell him the reason.

"Qin Mu, is it because your parents aren't around that you think you can live without rules, act recklessly, eager for romance at such a young age, not learning at all, is that it?"

Mu Yichen suddenly grabbed her arm.

At seventeen, he was already like this, while she was only twelve.

She was too scared to move, only her shiny black eyes panic-strickenly gazed at him.

He was drenched, and so was she.

Back then, she had already begun to understand some things about love and relationships, especially because he constantly asked her whether she was dating, causing her to learn about girls dating early on.

"I've not done anything wrong. Why are you being so fierce?"

She was on the verge of tears, wanting to pry his hand off her shoulder, yet his hold was so strong, his gaze so destructive. Clearly, he was just a seventeen-year-old boy, but to her, his gaze had an enormous impact.

She was on the brink of tears, but he wouldn't let go, and kept staring at her intently.

Qin Mu didn't want to cry, so she bit down hard on the inside of her lip, stubbornly lowering her gaze and heard his almost defeated sigh: "What can I dare to hope from you? You don't understand anything."

After hearing it, Qin Mu looked up again because she didn't quite comprehend what he was saying, only recognizing that he had something he didn't express clearly.

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"Get in!"

He said, releasing her.

Qin Mu looked at him numbly, glanced again, then slowly turned around and sluggishly walked in.

He followed her.

Inside, it was a bit cold. She went to change her clothes and, when she came downstairs, smelled scallion noodles. Seeing the two bowls on the table in the dining room, she suddenly remembered something.

"Sit down and eat the noodles."

He said tersely, his face cold as he spoke to her, then sat himself down first.

That night, she gave him her beloved diary, which only had her name written on it, "Qin Mu," surrounded by a heart drawn in red ballpoint pen. She hadn't started using it yet.

That night, after receiving the diary, Mu Yichen felt a little better, not because of the diary itself, but because it had her name on it along with that childish heart, even if it wasn't drawn for him.

Later, Mu Yichen treated it as a treasured keepsake.

Eventually, she learned from the housekeeper that he had been standing in front of their apartment since six in the morning. Qin Mu had felt guilty during that period and didn't know how to apologize whenever they met, so there was always tension. It was Mu Yichen who eventually couldn't take it and demanded she apologize, after which they could finally communicate normally again.

Of course, what followed was unknown to Qiao Yi and the others.

——

When Mu Yichen drove home, Qin Mu was still asleep. Ignoring Feng Fanghua's greeting, he rushed upstairs, sitting by his wife's bedside, touching her feverish forehead with a deep frown.

Qin Mu felt something cool on her forehead and immediately lifted her hand to hold it in place, not realizing it was Mu Yichen's hand.

She only realized when she later woke up and found Mu Yichen lying beside her.

"When did you come back?"

Struggling to sit up, she asked him, her throat still sore.

"Do you want some warm water or something?"

As the culprit, Mu always had to hold back his temper and was extra cautious, fearing she would blame him.

Faced with such a gentle Mu, Qin Mu instinctively blinked: "What's wrong with you?"

Mu Yichen...

"Brain melted? I'm asking if you want to drink water!"

Mu Yichen pretended not to understand her insinuation and asked her.

Qin Mu thought for a moment, then numbly replied, "Sure, I'll drink a bit! But seriously, what's going on with you?"

As he turned to fetch the prepared thermos of warm water, she pressed him on the subject again, making him wish she would just go back to sleep.

"Drink!"

Ignoring her question, he simply instructed her to drink.

Qin Mu took the water but couldn't help watching him curiously. This suddenly strange man... every time she got sick, he used to lose his temper, but this time he didn't.

"Was it mom who called you?"

Qin Mu curiously asked, dropping the previous topic.

"Yes!"

He responded with a nod, subconsciously looking at her.

Afraid of being scolded because she was sick, Qin Mu dropped her gaze in fear under his glance, then finished the water in the cup and handed it back to him.

As Mu Yichen turned around, seeing her attempting to get out of bed, he immediately asked, "Where are you going?"

"I need to use the bathroom!"

Qin Mu turned to look at him, replying carefully.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu...

They stared at each other, and the air suddenly went silent.

"Should I carry you?"

Mu Yichen asked when he saw her hesitate.

Qin Mu didn't dare, so she immediately got up, but she was too hasty and sat back down.

Mu Yichen immediately got angry: "Qin Mu, take this seriously!"

Qin Mu lowered her head for a while, holding her forehead and swaying.

Mu Yichen got out of bed from her side and lifted her up before she could recover.

"What are you doing? Put me down!"

Qin Mu's voice was slightly weak.

"I'm afraid you'll pee on the bed!"

Mu Yichen said coldly as he carried her to the bathroom.

Qin Mu...

That's something Chengcheng does, even Huanhuan doesn't wet the bed anymore, okay?

Qin Mu's face flushed with embarrassment, mostly because Mu had a remarkable ability to humiliate people; so sincere, without a change in expression, he carried her to the bathroom, humiliating her even more by insisting he wouldn't leave, claiming he was afraid she'd faint.

Haha!

But with a man watching you in the bathroom, can you even go?

Qin Mu refused!

Ultimately, he did step out, but since he was standing outside the door like some guardian deity, it took Qin Mu a long time to finally go. When she opened the door and came out, her face still looked weak.

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Mu Yichen looked at her in such a way, feeling an immense sense of guilt. In his heart, he harshly slapped himself ten thousand times, vowing never again to play around with her in freezing weather, in the garage, or in the car.

In cold weather, it's important to stay warm while doing things.

During lunchtime, Qin Mu barely ate a few bites. Feng Fanghua was worried she might infect Chengcheng, so simply called the driver to have Chengcheng taken out for some fun. Mu Yichen and Qin Mu occupied the sofa at home.

Qin Mu lay on Mu Yichen's legs, unable to clearly see the show on TV and softly asked him, "Are we being rejected?"

"Not us!"

"Huh?"

"It's just you!"

Qin Mu...

Mu Yichen sat there earnestly watching TV, unable to move her, not because he feared infection, but because he didn't want to tire her. So he just let her lie on his legs, his eyes fixed on the television.

Nearing two o'clock, he felt a bit sleepy too. Turning off the TV, he picked her up from the sofa and went upstairs to sleep until it turned completely dark.

In the evening, Qin Mu's fever subsided a bit. Mu Yichen promised Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan to have dinner in the evening, and Jing Feng and others were all going too, so he could only leave Qin Mu at home. However, he repeatedly stated: if you don't want me to go, I won't go.

"No! Although wives are important, brothers are important too, and besides, I'm already better, so you go quickly, lest they say you prioritize romance over friendship."

Actually, she just wanted to say: hurry up and go!

But she didn't dare to rush him out, so could only subtly encourage him to leave.

Mu felt assured when she acknowledged his importance, nodded, "Call me if you need something, I'll just sit for a while and come back."

"Okay, okay!"

Qin Mu waved at him, thinking: "Please come back late, let me wreak some havoc in the room alone, let me let loose, thank you!"

Mu Yichen was at the door, didn't forget to turn back, "Are you sure you're just letting me go like this?"

"Yep, yep! Don't let them wait too long, otherwise I'll be blamed again!"

Qin Mu nodded repeatedly, looking like a sensible good wife.

"It's cold, don't roam into other people's rooms, wait for me back on the bed." Mu Yichen reminded her at the door.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu obediently agreed, smiling sincerely as she watched him turn around, barely counting on him leaving.

Then she sighed deeply, lay back on the bed, looked at the ceiling, and couldn't help but smile.

In their family, indeed, Mu always acted exceedingly childish.

Outside, the drizzle was still falling, Mu Yichen, tidily dressed in a suit, got in the car and headed to the hotel.

— —

"Let's bet how late Mu Yichen will be? I predict at least half an hour."

A few people of similar age sat in the hotel's exclusive suite, Jiang Zhiyuan smoking, suggesting.

"Then I bet ten minutes, what's the wager?"

Jing Feng stood at the window looking at the sea view, mentioning casually.

"Yeah! What is the wager?"

Qiao Yi also curiously glanced at Jiang Zhiyuan.

"The wager, for the next year, whoever loses treats the account among brothers here. How about it?"

Jiang Zhiyuan thought about it, though it seemed a bit harsh for the loser, but surely he wouldn't lose, knowing Mu Yichen, if he isn't being lovey-dovey with Qin Mu, that would be odd.

"Then I guess fifteen minutes! How about whoever's time difference is the largest loses?" Zhao Huai also suggested.

"Starting the timing now, I guess twelve minutes."

Qiao Yi said while raising his wrist to look at the time on the watch, then the room gradually quieted down.

Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly had a bad premonition; all three of them said around ten minutes, only he said half an hour, he felt he needed to send a WeChat to Xiaomu, asking her to stall for Mu.

So, while Qin Mu was drawing pictures on the bed, saw the phone placed on the blanket rang, lifted her eyes and saw the message from Jiang Zhiyuan: "Xiaomu, stall for our Brother Chen."

Qin Mu slightly raised her brow, picked up the phone with the pen held between her fingers, and composed a message to send: "Brother Chen has already set off."

"When?"

Jiang Zhiyuan was shocked, thinking about how he was courting someone now, and not wanting to spend money on these unruly men, pondered over it while furrowing his brows.

"Almost half an hour ago!"

Qin Mu checked the time, replied.

Master Jiang: "..."

Xiaomu: "...?"

Master Jiang: "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Xiaomu: "You didn't ask me earlier!"

Master Jiang: "You really messed me up!"

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Xiaomu: "?"

Jiang Zhiyuan put away his phone and started bouncing one leg.

The three men around him were all staring at him. The room was dead silent, and his heart sank. The next moment he cracked a smile: "How about we change the bet? Wouldn't it be more fun if we bet on Xiaomu's reaction to seeing Brother Yichen drunk?"

However, no one wanted to change the bet with him.

Getting no response, Jiang Zhiyuan's smile stiffened and eventually disappeared.

Jing Feng checked the time. Exactly ten minutes later, Mu Yichen pushed the door open and came in.

Hearing the door, Jiang Zhiyuan was already displeased and pouted: "I heard Xiaomu is sick? Why aren't you at home taking care of her instead of coming here to drink with us?"

"Your dear Xiaomu didn't want you guys complaining about not giving me a chance to join you,"

Mu Yichen replied nonchalantly, sitting down assertively.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Who the hell would complain about her keeping Brother Yichen at home?

"Xiaomu is so considerate. Thank her for us. Someone's covering the tabs for the entire year here!"

Jing Feng raised his eyes, glancing sympathetically at the pitiful Jiang Zhiyuan, and said to Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen paused, then realized they were betting on them as a couple again. Not angry, he just smiled: "Then my bills should be included too! After all, I'm part of it!"

"Damn! No need to be so harsh, right?"

Among them, Mu Yichen had the most social engagements. If Jiang Zhiyuan had to cover his tabs, he'd go bankrupt.

Jiang Zhiyuan decided to text Xiaomu for help, but Mu Yichen keenly noticed just as he was about to send the message.

"Jiang Zhiyuan, if you keep texting my wife, don't blame me for cutting ties!"

It was rare for Mu Yichen to speak to him so seriously, and Jiang Zhiyuan almost dropped his phone in fear.

"We're in a pure revolutionary relationship."

"Didn't I tell you to go see Helian Hao? Why didn't you go?"

Ignoring Jiang Zhiyuan's defense, Mu Yichen kindly reminded him.

Jiang Zhiyuan was about to cough up blood. His buddies were looking at him curiously, and Jing Feng was curiously raising his eyes: "What do you mean?"

Jing Feng was puzzled why it suddenly involved his wife.

"Damn! You guys stop bullying me, alright? I've got a girl too now, if she sees me being bullied like this, she might break up with me!"

Jiang Zhiyuan sulkily reminded them.

"So, are we saying it now?"

Mu Yichen suddenly chuckled.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Jing Feng still didn't get it. After hearing Jiang Zhiyuan's explanation, he hesitantly spoke: "Xiaohao is an obstetrician, you can go to her when you get married and have kids, but for other issues, you better find a specialist. She can introduce a reliable doctor for you."

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Jing Feng's slow-paced temperament could drive someone crazy.

Qiao Yi saw they were chatting so happily, so he messaged Xi Meng. Xi Meng was still working at home and replied to Qiao Yi's message: "I'm dealing with some work stuff."

Qiao Yi: "I'll come see you after dinner!"

Xi Meng: "Isn't it too late?"

Qiao Yi: "You don't want to see me?"

Xi Meng: "..."

Qiao Yi: "..."

Xi Meng: "I'm about to rest soon!"

Qiao Yi: "Then..."

Xi Meng bit her lip, her heart racing like a young deer.

Qiao Yi: "Then I shouldn't come over?"

Xi Meng: "Mmm!"

Actually, she wasn't unwilling to have him over, she was just nervous.

It felt like a first love, taut and with complex emotions.

Qiao Yi regretted his question as soon as he saw the "Mmm," wanting to strangle himself for even asking.

Qiao Yi: "Okay then, let's have dinner first and chat after dinner."

Xi Meng couldn't see outside of the messages, where a man at the dining table was so troubled, frowning like a three-year-old child upset over losing candy.

Zhao Huai sat next to him, leaning back in his chair, sneakily watching him text Xi Meng, and couldn't help but remind him: "Why ask a girl something like that? Just go straight to her!"

Qiao Yi...

Everyone turned to look at Zhao Huai, then at Qiao Yi. Qiao Yi slowly looked at Zhao Huai. This guy couldn't handle his own problems, yet he dared to advise him. However, he really should just go straight over, no need to ask. If he went over, she'd surely ask, "Didn't I tell you not to come?"

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Qiao Yi thought of the saying "lifting a rock only to drop it on one's own foot."

"How dare you criticize me? You have your own pretend siblings too, and now you're looking to develop uh, relations with them. Is it that exciting developing relations with your own sister?"

Qiao Yi, feeling irritated, exposed Zhao Huai's secrets.

"No good deed goes unpunished? Then don't follow what I tell you later."

Although Zhao Huai hadn't openly admitted his relationship with Xiaomei, he considered himself seasoned in matters of the heart, at least more so than Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan, who seemed oblivious like fools when it came to emotions.

Even if he had pretend sibling relationships, at least Xiaomei was within his sight. And which man doesn't understand the connotation of being a "pretend" sibling?

"..."

Qiao Yi was stunned into silence.

Jing Feng rolled his eyes in resignation, then quietly asked Mu Yichen, "Is your wife over her cold?"

"Mm! She's almost over it!"

Mu Yichen looked down at his phone, sending her a message, and she responded half-heartedly. Remembering her pretentious friendliness before he left, he couldn't help but chuckle quietly.

Did his little Qingmei really think he didn't notice her intentions back then?

She must have been busy rushing her design sketches at home again.

Once the food was served, everyone started eating and chatting. Qiao Yi asked, "Yichen, that year we went to Paris for your birthday and you waited in the rain outside Qin Mu's apartment. After you told us to leave, what happened between you two?"

Mu Yichen glanced at Qiao Yi, taking a few seconds before recalling the event.

"She was underage then; what could have happened?"

Mu Yichen asked, feeling a bit uncomfortable recalling it; that girl was truly naive back then.

"Underage or not, could nothing have happened? You, Mu Yichen, had your eye on her, and you simply went home soaked? You returned to us when it was nearly midnight."

Qiao Yi reminded him in friendly earnest.

Suddenly, Mu Yichen remembered everything from that rainy night years ago—the scenes, her naive and innocent face—all came flooding back.

"I think I remember too; that night, wasn't there someone who sent her home, a boy, right?"

Jing Feng suddenly nodded, asking Mu Yichen in a deep voice.

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes, looking at the wedding ring on his finger, "Whether a boy or a man, at that time she wasn't thinking about developing feelings; she was too young then."

"Too young indeed; Xiaomu hadn't even matured then. How could you go for her?"

Jiang Zhiyuan also curiously asked, more teasingly than anything else.

Mu Yichen was indeed teased.

She was underage in his eyes at that time, but she was also his little Qingmei, whom he had watched grow up—transforming into a young girl, his little Qingmei.

"Later that night, we shared a bowl of noodles together, and then..."

Mu Yichen drew out the sentence a bit longer, recalling the diary. His dark eyes seemed deep and bottomless, as though he traveled back to that night.

Qin Mu came down from upstairs with her diary, holding the bubbly pink diary: "I bought it secretly; Auntie doesn't know. But I wrote my name here. If you like... you can have it."

Mu Yichen remembered himself looking at her, standing across from her and slowly taking the diary from her arms. She hadn't developed well yet at that time, so he sadly glanced at her. The girls in his school were growing tall and beautiful, developing well waiting for him to explore, but he was uninterested—just waiting for her to grow up.

Even at twenty, she hadn't developed much. Compared to now, back then, being with her made him feel like he was committing a crime.

Even so, he couldn't escape the fate of having her as his own.

He opened the notebook, looking at their names inside a heart—Qin Mu—in somewhat awkward handwriting. Yet he still held it: "I'll take it and get you a new one tomorrow."

Back then, Qin Mu couldn't quite accept the reason he took her diary, given that it was pink.

"Want to take it back?"

Mu Yichen asked her.

"No!"

Qin Mu raised her brows and finally caught a glimpse of his profound dark eyes.

"Good. Even if you did, it's too late! What's mine is yours for good once I've taken it."

Mu Yichen seriously informed her.

That year, Qin Mu was thoroughly frightened by him, comparable to the day of their first kiss.

"Dummy!"

Mu Yichen called her.

Qin Mu looked at him in confusion, taking a while before angrily asking, "Why do you keep calling me a dummy?"

"If not a dummy, what are you? Getting into other boys' cars at such a young age."

Mu Yichen kept criticizing her.

"Then! Then! Then what about you riding other girls' cars? What do you say about that?"

Back then, Qin Mu was stubborn yet quite naively sweet, not realizing how much joy her words brought to the young man's heart.

"Are you trying to tell me you dislike me riding in other girls' cars? Are you jealous?"

"Jealous? What is jealousy?"

Qin Mu looked at him in surprise, and it wasn't until he stood there for a while in silence before leaving that Qin Mu slowly started to understand the meaning of jealousy, her face turning red.

Her understanding of emotions so young was inseparably tied to Mu Yichen.

Memories that long, that distant, and yet in recalling them, his heart felt a fortunate joy.

Always possessively claiming her as his own.

Always by any means, even unscrupulously keeping her by his side.

Yet, still fortunate!

If she had resisted him firmly, he might not have succeeded in keeping her by his side.

Qin Mu definitely had him in her heart.

Nobody drank excessively. After the meal came to an end, Qiao Yi left first, while the others mischievously followed behind his car.

It didn't head to Qiao Yi's own apartment but to Xi Meng's apartment; it was already ten-thirty.

When a man heads to a woman's place at ten-thirty instead of his own apartment, it's quite clear what he hopes to do.

The hotel's driver drove an SUV carrying them behind Qiao Yi's car and followed him all the way to Xi Meng's neighborhood entrance.

Qiao Yi parked his car to the side and walked inside, greeting the guard before going to find Xi Meng.

The hotel car stopped at the neighborhood entrance, with Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai peering out the window, focusing intently on the figure ahead: "Whoa, that guy really is here for Xi Meng; can Xi Meng, that woman, accommodate him?"

After Jiang Zhiyuan asked, since the others stayed silent inside the car, he turned his head to look at them.

But no one responded, as though the matter required no further discussion; obvious to anyone with discernment.

"How about we make a bet? Bet on whether Old Qin will come out from inside or not?"

"We bet he won't come out!"

Jing Feng kindly wagered with him.

"Why? Don't you think he'll come out? With Secretary Xi's conservative nature, how could she let Old Qin stay there without marriage?"

"Take me home first!"

Mu Yichen glanced at his phone, not wanting to waste any more time on Qiao Yi and Xi Meng's matters.

"Let's go!"

Jing Feng crossed his arms, leaning back with his eyes closed, relaxed.

Zhao Huai also awaited the car's departure.

"Hey hey hey, we haven't made our bet yet!"

Jiang Zhiyuan reminded as he saw the driver start up the car.

"You wait yourself then!"

Zhao Huai replied, and then suddenly the door opened, as Jiang Zhiyuan sat sideways, leaning at the window looking into the neighborhood, while on the side, Jing Feng raised his eyelids and stretched his foot.

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The next day Jiang Zhiyuan went to Mu Yichen's office and harshly criticized their lack of morals.

Mu Yichen, feeling annoyed, opened a document but wasn't really paying attention, so he pressed the intercom to call Secretary Xi in.

As soon as Secretary Xi entered, she saw Jiang Zhiyuan looking at her with displeasure, which made her heart tighten: "Young Master Jiang!"

"Young Master Jiang? No need to be so formal anymore. Maybe soon I'll have to call you sister-in-law. But Secretary Xi, where are your principles? How could you let that scumbag stay overnight in your apartment? You two aren't officially together, and yet you spent the night with him. He didn't even want to get married; isn't this a losing deal for you?"

Secretary Xi tried her best to maintain her professional demeanor. Even though she had a lot to say in her mind, she kept a calm and composed appearance, silently listening to Jiang Zhiyuan's provocations.

Mu Yichen slightly lifted his eyes, guessing that Jiang Zhiyuan was aggrieved because he waited outside Xi Meng's apartment all night after being kicked out of the car by Jing Feng last night but didn't get what he wanted. But talking to Xi Meng like this...

If Qiao Yi heard, he might beat Jiang Zhiyuan up.

"Put down the files and leave!"

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes, pretending to seriously flip through the folder, and instructed Xi Meng without looking up.

Xi Meng, feeling like she had been pardoned, hurriedly stepped forward to put down the files, then nodded and quickly left as if fleeing.

Jiang Zhiyuan sat in the chair looking even more frustrated after she left, frowning: "You're making excuses for any woman other than Xiaomu."

"I'm saving you from getting beaten up by Lao Qin."

Mu Yichen kindly reminded him, with sincerity hidden in his sharp eyes.

As a result, Jiang Zhiyuan was left speechless with words stuck in his throat.

But Jiang Zhiyuan still felt wronged. He simply didn't want to pay for the entire year's expenses for those young masters, so why was it so difficult?

Besides, Qiao Yi always told everyone that Xi Meng was guarding the line and wouldn't let him through. So what happened?

Did they really spend the night together, just talking under the blankets? It's already the start of winter.

Jiang Zhiyuan left before Qiao Yi arrived at the office, and the morning became peaceful again because of his departure.

However, after leaving Mu Yichen's office, Jiang Zhiyuan went to Qin Mu's studio. Qin Mu was forced to stop her work and listened to the man sitting on the sofa, smoking and complaining to her.

"Then why did you bet with them?"

Qin Mu simply asked out of curiosity.

Jiang Zhiyuan almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

Why did he? Of course, he just had a momentary lapse of reason!

Otherwise, how could he have ended up in such a miserable situation?

"But, Xiaomu, the reason I lost the bet actually has something to do with you. While you were clearly sick, why didn't you keep Yichen at home to take care of you and instead let him go out drinking with us at night? Didn't you used to hate him drinking with us the most?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked, curious.

"No, I never hated him drinking with you guys! I only hated you talking bad about me behind my back."

Qin Mu said with utmost honesty, looking at him with her big, clear eyes suggesting.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"But, Young Master Jiang, do you really care about reimbursing that little bit of meal money for everyone? The Jiang Family is one of the wealthiest in Rongcheng."

"Darn! Do you really not know how many social gatherings your husband has in a year at AM? Three hundred sixty-five days a year, not even counting real estate and cars, just the pharmaceutical dinners—there have to be more than three hundred. You think that's a small amount? If it were just meals for you two, of course, I wouldn't even blink an eye."

Jiang Zhiyuan explained.

When Qin Mu heard him mention not blinking an eye, she found his words untrustworthy, clearly noting he paused when he said it.

"So what can I do for you? Don't expect me to help you cancel the bet; I don't have that ability."

Qin Mu thought about the consequences of meddling and immediately shook her head in resistance, refusing before he could even ask.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"Xiaomu, we're on such good terms, and you refuse me without even thinking?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked her sadly, shifting his position on the sofa, spreading out his smoking hand, frowning, with his eyes full of disappointment and sorrow.

"Usually, when you ask me to help you pursue An Nan, I never refuse you, but when it comes to betting matters between you brothers, it's not suitable for me as a woman to get involved. And you should understand Mu Yichen's temperament better than I do; if I say even one more word, I'm afraid I won't end well, and you won't... end well, right?"

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Qin Mu's eyes were lowered, yet she could clearly see the man on the sofa stiffen.

Of course, Jiang Zhiyuan still remembered that last night Mu Yichen had warned him not to get too close to Qin Mu. If Qin Mu helped him cancel the bet today, Mu Yichen would definitely cause a scene to torture him.

Jiang Zhiyuan thought for a moment: "Forget it, forget it! But you still have to help me pursue An Nan, and also, can you send me messages secretly? Don't let Yichen see them, that guy has troubled me several times already."

"But if I sneak around, he'll think I'm doing something shameful. He's always jealous!"

At that moment, Qin Mu was helpless like a child, looking down at the initial sketch in her hand.

"Then you can pick times when he's not around!"

"This problem doesn't seem to lie with me, but with you!"

It's you who always messages me either in the morning, at night, or midday, basically when Mu Yichen is around her.

Qin Mu really wanted to complain about him if it weren't for him looking particularly unwell today.

"But haven't you caught up to An Nan yet? Don't you two always go out?"

"Go out? I feel like it's just dinner at most. After eating, we each go home, she always drives herself, and I never even get the chance to take her home. Plus, there's always that damn President Wang or whatever constantly haunting her."

Jiang Zhiyuan's brows furrowed even more as he spoke about An Nan.

"But haven't you been to her place?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Just once or twice! And every time, it's only courteous and polite——do you understand?"

Jiang Zhiyuan didn't quite know how to explain to Qin Mu. In his mind, Qin Mu was still a bit too young, and some issues weren't suitable for discussing together, especially since he feared saying too much might get him a beating from Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu's clear eyes looked at him, indeed appearing somewhat simple.

"My love tutor is Brother Yichen!"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and told him modestly.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"So, are the things you taught me Mu Yichen's tricks for pursuing you?"

Jiang Zhiyuan looked at her with an indescribable expression, his eyebrows nearly furrowing.

"Of course not! He never tried to pursue me."

Qin Mu had to admit that fact; Mu always seemed different from others when it came to pursuing girls.

Mu clearly treated her as his possession since they were young, monitoring her like the head of the household, forbidding her from getting too close to any boys.

Actually, she roughly understood his intentions when she was in her teens, even though Mu always acted arrogant, never willing to say much to her.

Looking back, if he had told her he liked her when she was fifteen, she would have gladly waited to be his wife. It wouldn't have led to the six years later when she was terrified of him leaving, her heart always waiting for him to come find her, yet she never dared to ask if he liked her, even when they had a relationship that Christmas.

Sigh!

Recalling the past, Qin Mu felt Mu was such a letdown.

If he pursued her like Jiang Zhiyuan pursued An Nan, her defenses would've crumbled in just a few days.

"He never pursued you..."

Jiang Zhiyuan's mouth and eyes twitched, unable to comprehend how their close friends all knew about Mu Family's eldest son guarding a little Qingmei for years without change, and even his return to the country wasn't just because of a Jing Family girl by his side. Those who supported Mu Yichen and Jing Qing did so for their matching backgrounds, not their feelings. Qin Mu was believed by those who believed in love to be the best match for Mu Yichen.

"Since he was little, he considered me his! And that's how he acted!"

Qin Mu spoke with some sadness, lamenting that Mu wasn't a romantic, overbearingly loving, not leaving her room to breathe.

Jiang Zhiyuan heard Qin Mu's seemingly modest words, yet it was deeply wounded.

In the end, he couldn't resist laughing and looking at Qin Mu: "Then where did you learn what you taught me?"

"I'm a woman, of course, I know what women want."

Qin Mu could only be truthful.

Jiang Zhiyuan realized the crucial point; indeed, how could a woman not know what kind of courtship a woman desires?

"Then give me a few more strategies on how to make that man disappear from her side."

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Jiang Zhiyuan sat on the sofa and stubbed out a cigarette he didn't remember lighting, then asked Qin Mu with particular focus.

"Instead of getting that man to disappear from in front of her, why don't you just steal her away?"

Qin Mu thought for a moment, a complex emotion flashing in her big, beautiful eyes, then looked up at Jiang Zhiyuan to propose.

"Steal her away? How? They're neighbors, and I'm so far from her."

"Well, if not, you could give up on her, but would you really abandon such a great girl? Or you could fake being sick and see if she comes to your apartment to take care of you?"

In Qin Mu's eyes, there was a mischievous glint like she had many secrets.

"Such a lousy trick?"

Jiang Zhiyuan leaned back slightly, looking a little disapproving.

"It is a dirty trick, but don't you guys always come up with these kinds of tricks for Mu Yichen? Wasn't it you who posted on social media about his car accident when we were in Paris?"

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"Was it me? Wasn't it Old Qin?"

Qin Mu just looked at him, clearly disapproving, thinking you nearly scared me to death that time, and yet I'm here advising you. But advising is what she's doing, and if it gets exposed, she bets An Nan would torment him.

"Alright! I'll try it! But you have to cooperate with me!"

Jiang Zhiyuan saw the look in Qin Mu's eyes, and as if to retract his previous words, he agreed immediately.

Qin Mu looked at him with disbelief for just a moment.

After Jiang Zhiyuan left, Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh, thinking there's no way you wouldn't have ideas in your head unless you're completely smitten.

But An Nan is indeed a very special girl; even she kind of likes An Nan.

Qin Mu thought for a moment, then picked up her phone and sent An Nan a message: "Warning! Young Master Jiang is planning to fake being sick to trick you into taking care of him at his apartment."

An Nan replied: "Got it! Thanks!"

Qin Mu put her phone down again. She didn't want An Nan to find out later that she had been giving Jiang Zhiyuan advice. What if she got blamed later?

However, actually, the one being tricked is Young Master Jiang, though Jiang Zhiyuan doesn't realize it.

A man in love can really be foolish.

When the whole world knows that woman loves him, he's still not sure if it's because he's afraid of losing her or because he thinks she's too perfect?

But, whatever the reason, Qin Mu believes An Nan and Jiang Zhiyuan are bound to be together, and very much in love too.

At a dinner together, Qin Mu casually mentioned it to An Nan, not expecting her to suggest just being supportive of Jiang Zhiyuan while the two of them keep in constant touch; An Nan doesn't like fighting unprepared battles.

It was drizzling lightly when Qin Mu got off work that afternoon, and she stood at the entrance of the studio waiting for Mu Yichen to pick her up.

Only Mu Yichen hadn't arrived yet when Zhao Huai's car pulled up in front of their studio.

Xiaomei came out from inside with a backpack. As soon as she saw the silver sedan, she immediately ran excitedly towards it, with Qin Mu leisurely watching her from the doorway.

Xiaomei instinctively gave a sheepish grin: "Um, your car was taken in for maintenance, so I asked Zhao Huai to pick me up today."

Qin Mu said nothing, just raised her brows slightly to signal she understood.

"Then I'm off!"

Xiaomei gave her a small wave goodbye and ducked her head to run out.

Qin Mu laughed wryly, seeing Xiaomei get in the car and still wave goodbye to her, shaking her head involuntarily.

Zhao Huai's move of being "brother and sister," such a cliché, must have been a way to avoid missing out on Xiaomei, so he interacted like this before confirming anything. Now that he's sure, so...

Xiaomei, that prize, really can't escape now.

But Xiaomei didn't seem to be planning to escape anyway.

In love, sometimes it feels like one person sets the trap, and the other one willingly steps into it.

It's to say, they had already made a wish in their heart.

Suddenly that old song comes to mind, more than friends but not yet lovers.

Qin Mu waited another three to five minutes before Mu Yichen's car leisurely came over; when the rain began falling heavier, Qin Mu stood at the door with arms crossed, watching the man in the car.

He clearly glanced her way, then grabbed an umbrella and got out once he saw she wasn't coming over.

Qin Mu smiled inside, thinking, sure enough, he brought an umbrella again.

But if she had brought an umbrella herself, he'd definitely say he hadn't brought one.

Mu Yichen opened the umbrella and got out of the car, walked over to her. On the way, Qin Mu hadn't seen his face under the umbrella, but when he got closer, she felt his strong presence.

Chapter 1050: Love enlightenment mentor is Chen Ge_4

"So it's true that men change after being married for a long time!"

Qin Mu said slowly, standing there without moving.

Mu Yichen held the umbrella over her head, his dark eyes looking at her: "What's wrong?"

It was clear she was in a bad mood, but it didn't seem to be because he was late.

"Zhao Huai picked up Xiaomei five minutes before work ended, while you, who always claim to love me the most, couldn't even beat her best friend. So, have you started neglecting me because you've got me now?"

Qin Mu looked up at him with sharp, scrutinizing eyes.

Mu Yichen looked at her helplessly, thinking to himself that it really wasn't because he was late, but because someone else had been early.

"If we don't leave now, the rain's going to get heavier."

Mu Yichen squinted outside and gave her a kind reminder.

"So it's true that after being married for a while, your patience isn't what it used to be."

Qin Mu gave him another glance, then started walking out first.

Mu Yichen...

Immediately caught up, wrapping an arm around her shoulder and pressing down: "When have I ever been patient?"

Qin Mu...

Ha! As the saying goes: I've never seen someone so shameless!

Mu Yichen escorted her to the car, and as they were leaving, Qin Mu saw a familiar license plate parked at the corner of her studio. It wasn't until they drove some distance that she recalled who the car belonged to.

When passing by, Mu Yichen only shot a cold glance and then mercilessly drove off.

Some people and some things were already in the past.

Since Liu Jingyuan hadn't come to bother them, why should they make a fuss?

Still, after returning home, Mu Yichen let Qin Mu into the house first, then made a phone call himself.

Qin Mu had a hunch that Mu Yichen was competing with Liu Jingyuan.

And sure enough, just as she suspected, at the land auction two days later, Mr. Mu acquired the plot at a high price. When reporters interviewed him about the purpose of the land purchase, he shamelessly, and with particular coldness, said it was for fun.

So, for a while, everyone in the Rongcheng business circle knew Mr. Mu was at odds with Mr. Liu again, which also reminded people of the glorious event years ago when Liu Jingyuan pursued Mrs. Mu at the Jing family siblings' birthday party.

To this, Qin Mu remained silent.

To this, Mr. Mu was glad to let it be.

To this, Liu Jingyuan was silent.

That night, after the kids were asleep, Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua were chatting with Qin Mu and Mu Yichen on the living room couch. Feng Fanghua asked Mu Yichen, "The gossip these days says you're competing with Liu Jingyuan, do you dare to admit it?"

Mu Yichen sat next to Qin Mu, his hand tapping lightly on the back of the sofa, raised his dark eyes, and smiled devilishly: "Do you think Liu Jingyuan is a match for your son?"

"Then why tell the media you spent billions on land just for fun? Don't I know you by now?"

Feng Fanghua gave him a look, directly tearing off his hypocritical mask.

Qin Mu, sitting next to Mu Yichen, didn't dare to say a word. She felt that Liu Jingyuan should be a taboo subject, and at the very least, she shouldn't mention this man at home.

After hearing this, Mu Yichen raised his eyebrows slightly and didn't speak, but the arrogance on his face seemed to say: "I'm targeting him on purpose, what can anyone do about it?"

"This afternoon, I talked to your grandfather on the phone; he's agreed to come back soon."

Mu Zihao watched for a while and listened for a while, knowing his son's temper, so he shifted the topic.

"Really? He's finally willing to come back from the countryside to live with us. This time we can't let him leave again; otherwise, who knows when he'll come back."

Qin Mu was delighted and suggested.

"This time, we mustn't let him return to the countryside for so long; his health doesn't allow it."

Mu Zihao nodded as he spoke.

Mu Yichen, sitting next to Qin Mu, nonchalantly leaned to one side towards her, twirling a strand of her long hair between his fingers, his eyes fixed on her hair.

Qin Mu occasionally turned to look at him, pulling her hair out of his hand, only to have him grab it again soon after.

"Sigh, just the thought of us taking a big truck to load cabbages and I'm already panicking."

For Feng Fanghua, who had eaten a lot of cabbage in her childhood winters, this was simply terrifying.

"Is cabbage that hard to eat?"

Qin Mu hadn't eaten much cabbage, occasionally eating the smaller ones, and didn't understand Feng Fanghua's feeling of having eaten too much cabbage since she was young.

"Whether it's hard to eat or not, if you eat it for two or three months, you'll know! When I was young, my grandparents had to plant hundreds of cabbages every year, enough to feed the whole family. Luckily, my parents moved out later; otherwise, I really can't imagine how I would've gotten through those years."