

## His Beloved 1121

Chapter 1121: was kicked out

"It should be looking for you!"

Qin Mu watched the car getting farther away in the rearview mirror; it was Bian Jingwen's car.

Qin Mu drove the car inside, while Qin Mingzhu was still staring outside: "Looking for me?"

"Bian Jingwen!"

Qin Mu replied again, as the car stopped at the parking space in front.

Qin Mingzhu couldn't help but glance outside again; was Bian Jingwen here to see her?

An unsettling emotion began to surge within Qin Mingzhu, as if it was about to burst through her chest and assault her mind.

However, the sound of Qin Mu closing the car door after getting off brought her back to reality. Her expression wasn't as full of hatred as before, as she got out of the car with her head lowered.

"She will look for you again. Think carefully about what you want to say when you meet her, and surprise her when the time comes."

Qin Mu could see through her thoughts just by looking at her face and gently reminded her.

Qin Mingzhu raised her eyes, looked at Qin Mu's penetrating gaze, and couldn't help but lower her head: "Who said I'm going to meet her again?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile slightly, put his hands in his pockets, and sighed helplessly, thinking, it's not about whether you want to meet her; she will definitely come to find you again, and for good reason, to make sure you sit down together.

— —

At the Mu Family home, Mu Yichen accompanied the elders and children for dinner. Everyone sat at the table, waiting for the old man to sit down and pick up his chopsticks before they started eating.

The old man glanced at the empty seat next to Mu Yichen, feeling a bit empty inside: "Where's Mumu?"

"She went to the Qin Family tonight; Qin Mingzhu is back!"

Feng Fanghua carefully reminded him.

After hearing this, the old man raised his eyes for a moment, and then slowly nodded: "The girl is back, is she still as headstrong as before?"

"I don't know about that, I haven't seen her. But now that she's a mom, how can she be the same as before? I'm just feeling emotional about her relationship with Huanhuan's mom."

Feng Fanghua talked lightly.

"Kids! They always change as they grow up!"

Mu Zihao nodded in response to her.

"That's not necessarily true; look at Mu Qingxin, when has she ever changed? Always so headstrong."

Feng Fanghua suddenly thought of her daughter, and indeed, for over twenty years, from childhood to now, her temperament has always been the same, never changing.

Running off with any handsome guy she sees! No matter who the person is, or what kind of family environment they came from.

Whenever Feng Fanghua thought about Jiang Yan's family environment...

If Mu Qingxin hadn't secretly had a child with Jiang Yan, as Mu Qingxin's mother, she would have kept her at home all day and never let her be with Jiang Yan.

"Why are you bringing Qingxin up again? Isn't she doing well now?"

Mu Zihao was unhappy with his wife always bringing up their daughter.

"Aren't you always saying girls change as they grow up? Look at your daughter."

"Alright, alright, there are exceptions, okay?"

Mu Zihao was helpless.

"Can you two argue even while eating?"

The old man frowned, really couldn't stand these two people.

Mu Yichen just listened, serving soup to Chengcheng and placing it in front of him: "Be careful not to spill it on yourself!"

"Okay!"

Chengcheng agreed, obediently holding the spoon to drink the soup, though he still struggled with the spoon, despite it being a practicing spoon.

Mu Yichen watched Chengcheng manage to get the spoonful of soup to his mouth, unconsciously letting out a light laugh.

The old man saw the father and son getting along well and felt a bit relieved.

"Yichen, are the matters at your wife's family troublesome? The newspapers wrote that it might be her family's issue?"

"Perhaps!"

Mu Yichen responded softly, as there was no evidence.

"It's best if you handle this matter yourself. Your father-in-law's position isn't suitable for it, and if it's exposed, you and your wife can bear it, but your father-in-law can't."

Mu Zihao also spoke up. Everyone became more serious when discussing this matter.

"I'll take care of it!"

Mu Yichen agreed.

This matter indeed couldn't be dragged on any longer.

He should have a talk with the newspaper manager.

Even if it must be written, it should be based on facts.

And not portrayed as it is now, depicting the abandoned little girl as filled with hatred, responsible for a life.

Mu Yichen never imagined that someone would use such a method of revenge.

The past troublemakers, whether aggressive or like a dull knife cutting flesh, were much easier to deal with.

But such people, they were hard to handle.

If she writes next time that Qin Haiming used his position to prevent the newspaper from reporting the article, wouldn't that be a case of trying to cover it up even more?

Chapter 1122: was kicked out 2

On Qin Mu's way home, it was snowing outside, so she drove very slowly. By the time she arrived, it was almost half-past ten.

For some reason, this casual snowfall on such a stressful day actually made her feel much more at ease.

Qin Haiming told her not to worry about this matter. Qin Haiming said, "It seems someone is deliberately trying to use fabrication to reverse the truth. I'll handle this; you and Yichen don't need to be involved."

Whether a businessman or a designer, their negative impact wouldn't involve too many interests, but Qin Haiming—she knew—could not handle this matter.

When Qin Mu returned home, Mu Yichen was smoking at the door waiting for her. Qin Mu guessed it was probably because of the newspaper issue.

After getting out of the car, Qin Mu walked over to him, her hands in her coat pockets for warmth, carrying her bag.

"I'm back!"

Qin Mu said standing at the door, then put her hands inside his bathrobe. Inside was warm, making her heart feel warm too.

"Did you have an enjoyable meal?"

Mu Yichen asked softly, his dark eyes full of tenderness.

He used to hesitate to let her have dinner alone at the Qin Family; at that time, she would often leave unhappy.

"Mm!"

Qin Mu agreed, now, between father and daughter, there was no longer resentment, only emotions, things once dropped, now slowly picked up again.

"Let's go inside!"

Mu Yichen said gently, softly caressing her shoulder.

"Let's wait until you finish this cigarette!"

Qin Mu said, looking up at him.

She couldn't lie.

"I have to prevent tomorrow's newspaper from having similar articles. This piece seemed to have garnered excessive attention, making the leadership nervous."

"Mm! I'll handle this matter."

"No! You and the leadership shouldn't intervene. It's best for me to handle it."

"How will you handle it?"



"I plan to find someone to pretend as the protagonist of this serialization to approach the newspaper."

Qin Mu's eyebrows slightly moved, her eyes gentle, stirring the heart and bringing peace.

"Go on!"

Mu Yichen looked at her, noticing how rare it was for her to be so composed.

"The protagonist must be unique, with a special background and identity; what do you think?"

"Sounds good; since you're offering the idea, I'll carry it out, and I'll find the person."

Mu Yichen agreed but still maintained his principles.

Qin Mu helplessly said, "I just don't want to bring unnecessary trouble to you; don't forget you're a public figure."

"At this house, I'm just a son, father, and husband."

Qin Mu looked up at his determined face, unable to continue arguing with him.

"Alright then!"

Actually, she had few connections in Rongcheng; even if she found someone to help, few would genuinely be helping her, rather than because of her husband.

Moreover, this matter couldn't be dragged out for too long, so Mu Yichen doing it would be fastest.

Mu Yichen didn't finish his cigarette and discarded it.

"That was a waste today!"

Qin Mu said as he embraced her and they walked inside.

"I was afraid you'd get cold!"

Mu Yichen responded softly to her.

Their voices grew distant, yet their silhouette remained beautiful, like a painting, making one reluctant to look away, imagining a romantic novel unfolding.

Who said no matter how long a love lasts, it can't withstand the ruin of marriage?

Back in the room, they both took a shower and then cuddled in bed.

Actually, Qin Mu was on top of him.

Qin Mu easily nestled against him as if in a warm haven.

Mu Yichen gently lifted a leg, his fingers softly stroking her hair.

"With Qin Mingzhu returning this time, I don't seem to have the same obsession as before."

After speaking, Qin Mu looked up at him, as he hadn't responded. Seeing the calm in his eyes, she unconsciously smiled and then rolled off him.

"I need to apply a face mask, would you like one?"

"Okay!"

Mu Yichen lay still against the headboard, watching her quickly put on her robe and head inside.

Her long hair, softly draping on her back, beautifully alluring him.

This night, quietly passed by.

Outside, the snow hadn't stopped.

Mu Zihao was urged by Feng Fanghua to go out and buy roasted sweet potatoes from the place Mu Yichen once bought; he drove leisurely through the icy snow and returned slowly after buying them for his wife.

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Feng Fanghua muttered, "So slow, even slow doing such a small task!"

"There's a great beauty out there, all snowy and white. How could I bear to come back quickly? Do you think I really buy sweet potatoes that slowly?"

Mu Zihao said before lying down.

Feng Fanghua glanced at him with a disapproving look, then slowly started eating the roasted sweet potato with a spoon.

She knew what kind of person Mu Zihao was better than anyone.

The snowy beauty he spoke of was probably just that snowfall.

Actually, Feng Fanghua was worried before he returned.

With such heavy snow, why did she crave roasted sweet potatoes, making him go out at his age to buy it for her?

But after he came back, Feng Fanghua felt both at ease and sweet inside, just like the taste of the roasted sweet potato.

— —

In the morning, a thick layer of snow blanketed the outside, and the butler had already cleared a spot for the old man to practice Tai Chi. The old man stood at the door, squinting at the vast yard covered in snow.

"Brother, if we finish clearing the yard today, it'll probably be more exercise than my half hour of Tai Chi, won't it?"

The butler looked up at the distance, the whiteness of the snow so pure.

"Huanhuan and Chengcheng haven't gotten up yet. Let's wait until they've seen it before we sweep! You should start with Tai Chi first! I want to learn a few moves too."

The butler didn't know about Chengcheng, but he knew well that when Huanhuan saw the snow, she'd definitely be excitedly playing around.

"Oh well! That kid probably hasn't seen snow this thick! Let them enjoy it."

The old man said as he walked in that direction.

The butler immediately put down the broom and followed him, keeping a step behind.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao, standing by the window watching the two practicing Tai Chi, couldn't help but smile.

"Since the old man returned this time, he's been in good spirits."

"Maybe his bones aren't as good as they used to be, after all, he's getting older."

"And what about you, are you okay?"

Feng Fanghua turned her gaze to Mu Zihao and asked.

Mu Zihao looked at her and said, "For you, I have to be good!"

"I'm tired of listening to your nonsense, I'm going to see my grandson."

After the snow fell, her back wasn't that good, but she still went upstairs. Mu Zihao stood there without moving, looking outside.

He always felt that the thickness of the snow was a good omen.

Perhaps next year would be a good year.

However, in recent years, the family had actually been quite well.

Especially with the addition of those two little ones, things couldn't be better.

When Feng Fanghua went upstairs, Huanhuan was already not in the room, the quilt had been lifted, clearly gone for a while.

"That girl, must have run to her parents' room again."

As Feng Fanghua murmured this, Huanhuan indeed was in Qin Mu and Mu Yichen's room, on their bed.

Mu Yichen was still asleep when he felt a little thing crawl in. Before fully waking up, Huanhuan had climbed in beside him, and her little cold feet that had just been on the floor gave him a push.

"Hmm!"

Mu Yichen woke up much quicker than before, Huanshuan heard her father's grunt and looked at him cluelessly.

Mu Yichen opened his eyes slowly, frowning, and seeing Huanhuan's shocked little face, he instantly lost his temper.

He had guessed it was Huanhuan before waking up, but seeing her, he felt helpless.

He thought, when would his daughter really grow up and understand she couldn't sleep in the same bed with her dad and mom?

Qin Mu, hearing Mu Yichen grunt, turned her head, barely opened half an eye, and saw her daughter before her husband, gently rubbed her eyes, "Huanhuan!"

Her voice was still hoarse with drowsiness.

"Good morning, Mom!"

Huanhuan climbed onto her neck, hugging and giving her a big kiss.

"Good morning, Huanhuan!"

Qin Mu hugged Huanhuan, but looked past her body at the man on the side, "What happened to you?"

Qin Mu's voice was very soft, but she was still worried about her man.

Mu Yichen couldn't explain, so he just held her hand and said, "Kicked!"

It was a secret only shared between husband and wife.

Qin Mu was suddenly at a loss for words because Huanhuan was still there, so she quickly withdrew her hand and gently held Huanhuan.

"Sweetheart, it's snowing outside! Very thick!"

Chengcheng had already been taken downstairs by the nanny, Feng Fanghua called out from outside their room.

As soon as Huanhuan heard her grandma, she immediately let go of her mom and started retreating bit by bit from their quilt, then crawled down directly from the foot of the bed. Mu Yichen was completely speechless, full of frustration with nowhere to vent.

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Huanhuan didn't know why, after climbing down, she went around to Mu Yichen's side and clung to the edge of his bed: "Daddy?"

Mu Yichen turned his head in surprise: "Hmm?"

"Daddy, it looks like something's grown on you, does it hurt a lot? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

Huanhuan stared at her dad with those innocent, big eyes, with a worried expression.

Mu Yichen: "..."

Qin Mu almost couldn't hold back her laughter, raising her hand to cover her mouth forcefully, then turned her body, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Daddy just wants to go to the bathroom, aren't you going to play in the snow?"

Mu Yichen croakily reminded his daughter.

Huanhuan's eyes flickered, as if she remembered something important.

But before leaving, she seriously told him: "Daddy, if it really hurts, you should go to the hospital! Aunt Xiaohao will help you."

After speaking, Huanhuan left, leaving only the frustrated General Manager Mu and his wife in the room.

Qin Mu was almost laughing hysterically, and when Mu Yichen turned his head, he saw her back shaking with laughter.

"Mrs. Mu! Have you laughed enough?"

Mu Yichen asked her very seriously, his expression solemn.

Qin Mu's back stiffened for a moment, but it quickly started to tremble again.

Mu Yichen turned around, and Qin Mu instinctively called out, bursting into laughter.

"Mu Yichen, don't! Ah! It hurts!"

Qin Mu instinctively raised her hand to grab his hand, but was completely powerless.



Mu Yichen lifted his head and gently bit her earlobe, and the pain immediately caused her trembling body to stop.

"Is it very funny? Hmm?"

Mu Yichen questioned her.

"I was wrong! I was wrong! Spare me! Spare me!"

Qin Mu's forehead slightly lifted, but under the covers, Mu Yichen's hands did as they pleased.

"Who's asking for your life? Just need you to help me with some treatment, hmm?"

"What?"

"Do you really want me to go to the hospital to find Helian Hao?"

Qin Mu suddenly remembered what Huanhuan had said earlier, and her laughter stopped.

Mu Yichen pressed her body down, his deep eyes gazing at the flushed face of the woman beneath him.

"Why aren't you laughing anymore?"

"I don't dare!"

Qin Mu held a straight face, trying hard to suppress her laughter, and she bit her lips, afraid she couldn't hold back from laughing out loud.

Mu Yichen suddenly kissed her lips, and after a few repetitive kisses, Qin Mu could no longer laugh, instinctively raising her hand to wrap around his neck.

They slept in late that morning, and the old couple had already taken Huanhuan and Chengcheng out; after dropping Huanhuan off at school, they took Chengcheng to the pharmaceutical factory.

After breakfast, Mu Yichen went to work, while Qin Mu stayed at home to draw. Before drawing, she played a game of chess with the old man.

Today's newspaper didn't continue to serialize that article, and the old man said to Qin Mu: "I was really worried about seeing such negative news again. Mumu, have you thought about holding a press conference or something to clarify the relationship between you and your father?"

"Grandpa, there's no way to clarify this matter."

Qin Mu smiled faintly but seriously looked at the chessboard, responsibly replying to the old man.

There indeed used to be a grudge between her and her father; Qin Haiming once sent her abroad, and she had hated him during her lonely years abroad.

Those deeply memorable, solitary days.

"But if you do nothing, what if someone stirs up trouble again next time? This time it was presented as a fabrication, but if someone really dredges up your issues with your father, it would not only damage your father-daughter relationship, since your father's identity is special, you must understand."

The old man seriously considered the issue.

Qin Mu listened quietly, feeling helpless.

If someone in this city wanted to write about her issues with her father, she couldn't stop them.

How many citizens are there in Rongcheng?

How many capable people are there?

Neither she nor her father could block them.

But if they held a press conference because of their identities, it might be exactly what someone planned.

In this world, if someone wants to pick a fight with you, they can always pin non-existent problems on you.

The innocent remain innocent, while what has happened is in the past, and what hasn't happened remains just a scare no matter how people write or say it.

"Ah! Your father in this life, who could say it has been easy for him? The people he loved after your mother left, did he live any easier? No one escapes the guilt of conscience, let alone he loved you so much."

The old man sighed, placing a chess piece on the board.

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"That's why you should never hold on to undeserved luck. Knowing it's wrong yet still doing it—even if you don't refuse—it won't make up for the mistake!"

Qin Mu said.

"If you said this in front of your father, how upset would he be?"

"He's already used to it! He used to get angry, but now he doesn't even bother."

Qin Mu placed a piece, capturing one of the old man's pieces.

The old man's brows furrowed: "Hm? Why did you capture my piece?"

"You should ask yourself that!"

Qin Mu laughed happily and kindly reminded: "No take-backs!"

"You silly girl, you're not even focused on our conversation!"

"Grandpa, you're the one who's not focused on the game! We agreed to play, but you've been chatting instead!"

"Hmph! My mistake then!"

The old man waved his hand and continued to finish the game, and although he lost, they had a good conversation.

Qin Mu went upstairs to the study to edit some photos, recalling how last night Mu Yichen got out of bed to make a call after she had fallen into a light sleep.

She wasn't sure how Mu Yichen dealt with the situation, but it was finally over.

Elsewhere, in the design office of W Company, Bian Jingwen sat behind her desk, clutching her phone, angrily pushing all the drawings onto the floor.

"Qin Mu, this isn't over between us!"

She gritted her teeth, her fingers turning white with how tightly she held her phone.

"Jingwen, come out for a bit!"

Luo Li knocked on her office door and opened it, only to be startled.

The floor was littered with scattered drawings, and Bian Jingwen's complexion looked terrible, extremely terrible.

Luo Li didn't enter but leaned against the door, watching through the gap. A few seconds later, before Bian Jingwen could respond, she tapped on the door: "Hurry up!"

Bian Jingwen stared blankly at the door as Luo Li left, yet she still couldn't gather her senses.

Afterwards, she remained angry, bowing her head and breathing heavily, feeling she shouldn't be too reckless in front of Luo Li or act out of character from the image she projected.

She stood up, took a deep breath, then picked up the papers from the floor one by one, placed them on her desk, and then grabbed her phone to find Luo Li.

Bian Jingwen went to Luo Li's office and saw a young man inside. She couldn't help but glance at him a bit more before walking over with a slight smile: "Sister Luo!"

"Hmm! This is your new colleague, officially starting work today. Since the office is short on space, we want to discuss with you about sharing an office for now. Once we clear out the one next door in a few days, he'll move out. Is that okay with you?"

Luo Li nodded and asked with a smile.

Though Bian Jingwen felt displeased, she maintained a friendly smile: "It's an honor to work with such a handsome guy."

"Hello! My name is Luo Jian!"

The young man stood up, presenting a great impression and offering his hand to Bian Jingwen.

Upon hearing his name, Bian Jingwen felt a moment of confusion, but still smiled, glancing quickly at Luo Li.

Luo Li gave a slight smile without offering further explanation.

However, Bian Jingwen now had her own suspicions, Luo Jian? Also a Luo.

Could they be relatives?

Judging from Luo Li's demeanor, Bian Jingwen guessed that was likely the case, possibly a younger cousin? At most a nephew.

Bian Jingwen felt increasingly wronged, but she knew she couldn't expose a bad temper now, or all her efforts would have been in vain.

Recently, she started giving gifts to colleagues and took them out for meals, generous gestures that earned her recognition and just when she felt she was becoming part of the office.

But Luo Jian's arrival...

She had no doubt that Luo Li intended to use him to push her out.

"If there's nothing else, I'll go tidy up the office."

"Alright! Luo Jian, go along with Jingwen!"

Luo Jian seemed about to say something to Luo Li, but she had already understood, nodding in agreement: "I'll head off then, thanks, Sister Luo!"

Bian Jingwen had no time to think of an excuse to have Luo Jian come later; his calling Luo Li 'Sister Luo' only confirmed her suspicions.

Bian Jingwen could only lead Luo Jian away, and as they approached the office, she quietly asked: "Are you related to Sister Luo?"

"You could say we're relatives!"

Luo Jian thought for a moment, politely explaining to her.

Bian Jingwen, seeing his hesitation, assumed he was being modest and didn't ask further.

"The office isn't small, but I really like this spot, so can you work somewhere else?"

"Oh! I'm pretty easygoing, anywhere is fine as long as I can work."

Luo Jian glanced around the office, smiling as he spoke, and still seeming easy to get along with.

Seeing him so agreeable, Bian Jingwen felt relieved, but was still displeased.

Having a private space suddenly filled with someone else, she felt the need to take action, fearing Luo Li intended to replace her with him. She realized she hadn't visited Luo Li's home yet—perhaps it was time to make a visit.

That afternoon, she called her mother, asking her to contact W's real owner, Wan Dongnian, who promptly agreed to her visit. After work, she bought a gift and, regardless of whether Luo Li knew or not, drove to the Wan family home.

The Wan family mansion was on a hill; Luo Li just changed into an expensive home outfit, rubbing her hands as she came downstairs, seeing the helper arranging fruit, which looked like they were expecting a guest, and curiously asked: "Are we having guests tonight?"

"Oh! It's Bian's daughter coming to visit."

Wan Dongnian sat comfortably on the sofa in a shirt and slacks watching the news, responding as Luo Li asked.

Luo Li's sharp eyes gleamed slightly, then she walked over with a smile and sat beside him.

"I told you this girl has deep intentions! I'm sure she's coming for Luo Jian's issue."

Luo Li lightly rested her elbow on the sofa back near him, her big eyes looking at him as she spoke.

"Hmph! She probably thinks he's your family!"

Wan Dongnian chuckled unbotheredly, leaning over to take his teacup for a sip, at his age, having everything, he truly looked content, appearing as if he could nurture himself for millennia.

Luo Li, full of energy, watched his unfazed demeanor: "Anyway, I've told you everything necessary! Plus, when I went to her office today, I found the floor littered with drawings. You've surely seen today's paper? I guess I'm right on track—this girl wants to clash with the Qin family. Surely, that's seeking her own downfall, especially now that Qin Mu has married Mu Yichen. Think carefully!"

Luo Li gave Wan Dongnian's shoulder a gentle pat, then, after casting one more glance at him, went back upstairs.

She still had to put on a face mask; women always want to look their best before meeting guests.

Wan Dongnian didn't think too much about it, just slightly raised his brows, and with the composure of a successful man of his age, as if it had nothing to do with him, continued watching his news.

Chapter 1126: Mu always hit someone.



When Bian Jingwen went, Luo Li hadn't changed clothes yet, but the Wan Family's hostess style was easily apparent.

"Sister Luo!"

Luo Li personally opened the door for her, and with one look, Luo Li's eyes frightened her.

Not to mention there's an aunt in the house, even without one, a woman like Luo Li doesn't seem like someone who would open the door for others.

Bian Jingwen felt guilty, but she still smiled and called her.

"Hmm! You should have told me earlier if you were coming to the house, I would have brought you over directly!"

Luo Li greeted her with a smile, not at all showing any anger, but those words, though seemingly cheerful, really made Bian Jingwen uneasy.

"I went to buy some gifts and didn't want Sister Luo to wait for me."

Bian Jingwen said softly, then slightly raised her hand to show her the gifts.

Luo Li naturally didn't lack such things, but still didn't embarrass her, just smiled and said, "Come in quickly, it's awfully cold outside!"

"Thank you, Sister Luo!"

Bian Jingwen softly agreed, followed her inside, and closed the door herself.

"Husband, Jingwen has come to see you!"

Luo Li said as she walked over to the sofa; Wan Dongnian, having heard their conversation at the door earlier, remained seated as if nothing had happened.

He looked up and saw Bian Jingwen carrying things in and gave a faint smile, "Jingwen has come! Come and sit!"

But he didn't move from the sofa.

"Hello, Uncle Wan!"

Bian Jingwen walked over, greeted him first, and then after an aunt took the things from her hand, she went over to sit beside them.

Luo Li sat next to Wan Dongnian, and her eyes, which could see through young people's thoughts, were fixed on Bian Jingwen. Although she was smiling, Bian Jingwen felt a little scared being looked at by her.

"Miss Bian, please have some tea!"

The aunt brewed the tea and brought it over.

"Thank you!"

Bian Jingwen bowed her head slightly in gratitude.

"Don't be too formal, feel at home, your dad and I have been old friends for many years."

Wan Dongnian said.

"Yes! My dad also says so, he has always admired your talents."

Bian Jingwen politely continued the conversation with him.

"Your dad is flattering me; I have no talents, it's just the people around me who are capable. But you, I hear you've won quite a few awards at a young age."

Wan Dongnian praised her generously, making Bian Jingwen a little shy, while Luo Li quietly listened, seemingly watching it as a joke.

After all, Bian Jingwen was still young, being embarrassed by such superficial pleasantries.

"How old are you, Jingwen?"

Wan Dongnian took another look at Bian Jingwen and asked.

"Thirty, the age of standing! (Three decades of life, just establishing oneself)"

Bian Jingwen awkwardly mentioned her age.

"I couldn't tell!"

Wan Dongnian gave her another few glances.

"Her parents are good-looking, let alone her. You wouldn't be trying to introduce her to Luo Jian, would you? The young girl is already taken."

Luo Li looked at Wan Dongnian, reminding him.

"Oh?"

Wan Dongnian looked at her again, "You really have a boyfriend already?"

"Yes!"

Bian Jingwen had a moment of doubt between her brows but quickly nodded in agreement.

Would Wan Dongnian actually introduce a girlfriend to Luo Jian? It was rumored that Wan Dongnian's feelings for Luo Li had cooled; how could he do this for her family? And judging by his tone, it seemed Wan Dongnian and Luo Jian had a good relationship.

Bian Jingwen felt a bit unsettled, with the suspicion that things might not be as she imagined.

"That's a pity! Luo Jian is a good kid, not only handsome but also well-matched with you in family background and education."

"They already met during the day, and according to your wishes, were placed in the same office. However, the idea you have, best not to think about it anymore; Bian Jingwen's boyfriend is the nephew of the renowned fashion icon from the United States. That status is way more prominent than your nephew."

Nephew?

"Jingwen might not know: Luo Jian is actually your Uncle Wan's own nephew! Even though his surname is Luo, he's not actually from my family."

Luo Li seemed a bit disappointed that he wasn't family, or maybe she felt something else; Bian Jingwen didn't know, because she was completely stunned, her mouth moved several times but she couldn't manage to ask anything.

"Now that you mention it, thinking about it, Luo Jian does resemble Uncle Wan a bit, doesn't he?"

Bian Jingwen finally suppressed the turmoil inside and said softly.

"Really? Many people have said so!"

Wan Dongnian finally smiled, showing the pride of someone of his age.

"Yes! The brows and eyes are somewhat similar, and the ears are quite alike too."

Bian Jingwen politely observed and said.

Chapter 1127: Mu always hit someone\_2

"Who says this girl might not be my niece-in-law? She seems pretty observant, surely attracted by my nephew's good looks."

Wan Dongnian glanced at Luo Li as he spoke.

Luo Li smiled, giving Wan Dongnian a look that said she was fine with whatever made him happy.

Bian Jingwen was utterly disappointed when she left the Wan Family. Initially, she wanted to stir up trouble between Luo Li and Wan Dongnian, but unexpectedly, Luo Jian, the key figure, turned out to be Wan Dongnian's relative, not Luo Li's. No wonder it felt odd when Luo Jian called Luo Li "Sister Luo."

Now that she thinks about it, it was indeed an outsider's feeling.

After Bian Jingwen left, Wan Dongnian commented, "That girl's looks are decent; if only her mind was a little more upright!"

"What a pity, isn't it?"

Luo Li looked at him, knowing that, even though he wanted to travel with his original partner, he wouldn't forget that she was his current legitimate wife.

"Let's sleep! I'm tired!"

"Do you want me to give you a massage?"

Luo Li asked him.

"Alright then, if you're not too tired!"

"Pfft!"

Luo Li noticed his reluctance and embarrassment, then strode ahead.

Wan Dongnian couldn't help but laugh at her reaction and followed her upstairs.

Luo Li was always a proud woman, yet she tolerated much for Wan Dongnian. Though she seemed aggressive now, she knew she would still have to serve him in the bedroom even if she didn't act this way.

Her little attitude was the only dignity she had left.

—

Bian Jingwen didn't return to her apartment after leaving the Luo Family; she drove to the jail instead.

Staring at the tall, shabby iron gate, she surprisingly wanted to go inside, to touch the man's scarred face, and to ask him why he gave birth to her back then.

However, at this moment!

Despite the lingering hatred——

Bian Jingwen gripped the steering wheel tightly, quietly gazing at the silent jail in the dim light without a hint of movement.

Afterward, she returned to her apartment, but by noon the next day, she went back to the jail again. Unbeknownst to her, a car was stealthily tailing her; once she entered the jail, someone in that car picked up a phone and dialed a number.

"I want the entire chat record between Bian Jingwen and that man."

The man hung up after speaking, then drove the car to a hidden spot.

Mu Yichen was in Qin Haiming's office when he answered the phone. After the call, Qin Haiming said to him, "Sorry for the trouble!"

"Qin Mu's affairs are mine too; they're not a hassle!"

Mu Yichen spoke in a deep voice to Qin Haiming.

"Did Zhang Rujia really tell you she didn't want anyone to investigate the cause of death?"

"Qin Mu wouldn't lie about something like that!"

Though Mu Yichen was present at the time, he hadn't heard it—Zhang Rujia told it to Qin Mu. He trusted that Qin Mu wouldn't lie.

"But Yichen, if that day truly comes, I can't comply with Zhang Rujia's wishes."

Qin Haiming sat on the sofa with his head down, his brows furrowed deeply.

"I understand! You've already done your best!"

Mu Yichen's dark eyes gazed at him as he replied.

Qin Haiming also raised his head to look at Mu Yichen; at this moment, the office had a particularly solemn atmosphere, and those warm feelings seemed to finally seep in, albeit not much.

Qin Haiming nodded slightly, "Technically, these matters shouldn't go through you."

"You've given me many benefits, and besides, Qin Mu is your daughter. Doing this favor for you wins me her for a lifetime, which is quite a bargain."

After hearing this, Qin Haiming lowered his head and chuckled softly, murmuring, "Indeed!"

After leaving Qin Haiming's office, Mu Yichen drove to Qin Mu's shop.

At that time, Li Yu was trying on new clothes; Qin Mu stood behind Li Yu and roughly tugged at the corner of his suit.

Li Yu turned around in surprise just as Mu Yichen arrived there, lifting his eyes to witness the scene.

It looked as if Li Yu was about to kiss Qin Mu's cheek.

"Alright!"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes; the scene resembled the act further.

"Qin Mu!"



Qin Mu lifted her eyes to address Li Yu with a call, and Li Yu frowned; her yank had nearly knocked him off balance.

But suddenly, the call to Qin Mu didn't come from Li Yu. Both of them turned to look outside the counter, Qin Mu stared at him in surprise and calmly asked, "Why are you here?"

Li Yu, though curious, didn't inquire further; he merely walked to the mirror in front to straighten his tie, "Not bad, I'll take this set!"

Chapter 1128: Mu always hit someone\_3

Qin Mu glanced at him as he spoke about wanting this set: "Get a size larger, it's a bit small!"

Qin Mu said this to Li Yu as she walked over to stand beside Mu Yichen: "Going to the office?"

When she saw the gloomy look in Mu Yichen's eyes, Li Yu lowered his head to look at the clothing he was wearing. It was slightly small, but he felt he'd lose more weight in a few days. However, after some thought, he agreed with her and told the nearby store clerk, "Then let's get a size larger! Also, wrap this set up."

"Okay!"

The store clerk went to wrap the clothes for him, and he glanced outside at the couple standing there. Mu Yichen's hand gripped tightly around Qin Mu's waist, and she looked up at him. Li Yu couldn't tell what expressions they had, but just the sight was enough to sting, so he quickly looked back inside, pretending to browse as a regular customer.

"What's wrong?"

Qin Mu asked him quietly, but she was already frightened.

Li Yu saw the store clerk had finished wrapping the clothes and was about to leave. As he reached the couple, he glanced up and was startled by Mu Yichen's expression.

"Mr. Mu, we just happened to bump into each other."

Li Yu, noticing Mu Yichen seemed to misunderstand them, kindly offered an explanation.

But Mu Yichen suddenly released Qin Mu from his grasp, pulling her behind him and swung a fist towards the tall Li Yu, landing squarely on his handsome profile.

Qin Mu...

Li Yu...

The frightened clerk jumped aside, dropping the packaging box she was holding for Li Yu, which fell to the floor.

Mu Yichen, however, seemed unsatisfied with his stylish punch, and tried to go in for more.

"Mu Yichen!"

Li Yu immediately raised his hand at the sight of Mu Yichen's fist, while Qin Mu shouted his name in realization.

"What are you doing? Get off him!"

Qin Mu rushed to pull him away, but Mu Yichen was unwilling to let go of Li Yu's collar: "Stop using such excuses to approach my wife, or next time, it won't be just this simple lesson."

"Mu Yichen, get off him!"

Qin Mu tugged at him, worried as she saw him about to hit Li Yu again. She didn't know how much insurance Li Yu's face had, and if it got damaged, they'd have to pay for it.

Mu Yichen forcefully pushed Li Yu backward, who landed on his back, meeting the ground with an intimate thud.

Luckily, there weren't many people in the store, just a few clerks standing aside, too frightened to make a sound.

Someone actually hit their idol, and fortunately, it was their boss's husband, so no one dared to go up and tackle Mr. Mu Yichen, who hit Li Yu.

Qin Mu grabbed Mu Yichen's coat, then turned to Li Yu, "Are you okay?"

Li Yu's corner of the eye was already purple, in just that short moment.

Qin Mu instantly became anxious, realizing it wasn't just about money. If something happened to Li Yu's face, would a lot of fangirls come to give her trouble?

"It's fine!"

Li Yu stood up, lightly pressing his eye corner, casting an annoyed glance at Mu Yichen, and said to Qin Mu, "Your husband seems unwell, maybe you should take him to the hospital."

After speaking, Li Yu left.

Mu Yichen's anger, which had slightly calmed, flared up again at those words, and he was about to give chase when Qin Mu pushed against his chest with one hand and held his arm with the other, stopping him: "What are you doing?"

Qin Mu's hand on Mu Yichen's chest began to warm him a bit, though he was still very displeased.

"I told you long ago not to associate with people like him, can't you see what he's thinking?"

Mu Yichen pushed her hand away and turned to leave after questioning her.

Qin Mu was dumbfounded, not knowing what Li Yu was thinking was one thing, but she was also clueless about what her husband was thinking at the moment.

She slowly approached the glass window, gently placing a hand on it, and with a low voice, asked, "What happened between them?"

The store clerks all looked down, none of them knew what had happened.

But one thing was certain, Yichen was jealous, jealous of Li Yu.

As for the reason for the jealousy? Unknown.

She had just arrived at the store and happened to run into Li Yu buying clothes. Thinking it inappropriate to avoid, she helped him pick out clothes. As someone buying clothes, helping others pick and sell clothes is the most ordinary thing.

Why did her husband suddenly get angry as soon as he came?

Qin Mu seriously recalled what had happened, unable to figure out why Mu Yichen lost his temper.

Chapter 1129: Mu always hit someone\_4

But Li Yu's anger over this matter makes her a bit troubled.

Qin Mu slightly lowers her head, looking at the packaging box on the ground, with some clothes falling out from it.

It's a small thing that Li Yu didn't take the clothes, but the important thing is that Qin Mu suddenly has a bad premonition, Li Yu might terminate the contract with her.

Qin Mu sighs helplessly and then takes out her phone to call Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen is driving back to the office, hearing the phone ringing incessantly on the passenger seat, but he just doesn't answer it, with a gloomy air.

Qin Mu can't get through to him, so she calls Li Yu instead.

Li Yu answers.

"I'm very sorry! My husband misunderstood!"

"I know! But! Qin Mu, I'm afraid I can't help you with advertisements in the future!"

Li Yu says.

Qin Mu...

She expected Li Yu would say this, but she didn't expect it so soon.

"I'm very sorry! But your husband clearly holds a huge grudge against me, I don't want to cause a bigger misunderstanding."

Qin Mu has nothing to say, lowering her head to look at the feet in the window display.

"The penalty for breach of contract..."

"Li Yu, can we talk about this later?"

Qin Mu thinks about it, why did it come to a breach of contract penalty?

"Okay! I'll head back to the studio first, if you're available you can find me again, or have your assistant come to my studio to talk about it."

Li Yu finishes the call and continues driving toward the office.

Qin Mu puts the phone back in her coat pocket and then turns around to walk out.

The shop assistants only step out after watching her leave, lining up, all with puzzled expressions.

Qin Mu calls Wen Runuan, fortunately, Wen Runuan has already returned to the city.

The two arrange to meet at a nearby café, Wen Runuan is wearing a light-colored coat with long boots today, a sophisticated shirt jacket with a pink vest, making her appear very warm.

"You said Li Yu wants to terminate the contract with you?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu sighs helplessly, gently stirring the coffee in her cup with a spoon.

"This guy is a big shot now huh, I'll go and talk to him, but what's going on with Yichen? Why did he suddenly hit someone?"

Wen Runuan sits opposite her, leaning forward and seriously looking at her while holding her coffee.

"If only I knew! I don't know what's going to happen when I go home tonight, seeing how upset he got when he went to the store and I was helping Li Yu pick clothes, that's all."

Qin Mu thinks and thinks but can't come up with anything else.

"Did you and Li Yu do anything intimate?"

Wen Runuan asks her curiously.

"How could that be? Even though Li Yu did show interest long ago, that's all in the past, I guess he's just sending flowers for fun, or maybe just for Li Man to see, he's not the same as before."

Qin Mu explains to Wen Runuan.

"This guy really has changed recently, but I'm still curious, if you two didn't do anything intimate, why did Yichen suddenly freak out?"

Wen Runuan mutters, utterly baffled.

Yet Qin Mu involuntarily recalls the moment in the store.

Was it because she was pulling clothes for Li Yu?

She was even measuring the model's waist!

If Mu saw that...

How could that man be so capable of getting jealous, hitting people without any reason?

No wonder the male colleagues in the studio are afraid of him.

Qin Mu lets go of the delicate spoon, then raises a hand into her hair, pressing firmly on her scalp, she's really in awe of her Mu General, how can he be so, so...

Drives her crazy.

"What's wrong?"

Wen Runuan notices she seems troubled, asking her with concern.

Qin Mu raises her head, holding her beautiful face with both hands, shaking her head slowly, then can't help but laugh.

"What am I supposed to do with him?"

Qin Mu laughs, it's more painful and helpless than crying.

Wen Runuan...

"Because of Yichen? Actually, I think he's just too concerned about you, but it's pity for those men around you, sigh! I need to talk to Li Yu, can't let him just breach the contract, it's too unrighteous, your husband hit him, it's not like you hit him."

"If he's really unwilling, don't force him, sometimes when the fate is over there's no point in doing more things!"

Qin Mu thinks it over, still have to calm down.

"That guy Li Yu probably hasn't been hit before, and your husband's fists are tougher than anyone else's, especially since it's in front of you."

Wen Runuan analyzes with Qin Mu.



"Can you bring my sincere apologies for me? Right now I'm not suitable to apologize personally."

Qin Mu says to Wen Runuan.

"Even if someone really needs to apologize, it's not you, Li Yu doesn't need you to apologize in his heart, you're like a god to him, if it's really Yichen's fault, then it's Yichen who should apologize."

Wen Runuan says.

But, who dares to ask Yichen to apologize?

Moreover, how would Yichen apologize to anyone?

After finishing coffee with Wen Runuan, Wen Runuan goes to Li Yu's studio, while Qin Mu goes to kindergarten to pick up Huanhuan from school.

The mother and daughter buy some desserts outside before going home, Huanhuan suddenly wants to eat tiramisu.

At dinner, Qin Mu looks at the empty seat beside her, pretending to sit down calmly.

The old gentleman asks while sitting down: "This guy isn't coming back for dinner tonight?"

"Yes! He called to say he needs to entertain some clients! Mumu's phone is out of battery? Yichen said he couldn't reach your phone."

Mu Zihao responds, he had received his son's call at that time, but he was in the study then, so he didn't tell everyone.

Qin Mu raises her eyes after hearing Mu Zihao's inquiry, then smiles and says: "Yes!"

Chapter 1130: She wouldn't pull a trick like not going home.

Her phone was always in her pocket and always had power.

— —

After dinner, Qin Mingzhu made a video call to her. Feng Fanghua noticed her phone was in her pocket but didn't say anything, just stood in the living room watching Qin Mu walk to the door to answer the video call.

"Why are you standing by the door? Isn't it cold?"

On a day after it had snowed, it should be very cold. Qin Mingzhu had just been out and got frozen, so she curiously asked Qin Mu.

"Just ate and feeling warm, why are you video calling me?"

At this hour.

"To show you the lavish dinner I made with Dad. It's all homemade, by me!"

Qin Mingzhu said, pointing the camera at the dinner table. Three dishes and one soup looked quite nice, and she sneaked it on Qin Haiming, who said, "Our Mingzhu has finally grown up."

Qin Mu felt not a bit embarrassed, her mood improved somewhat from the initial bad mood, finding Qin Mingzhu's bragging somewhat funny this time.

After all, she hadn't yet learned to make a good spread of dishes.

"But it's nothing compared to the chef at your place. If you pity me, how about inviting me over for dinner tomorrow evening? Of course, if you think leaving Dad home alone is pitiable, I'll bring him along."

Qin Mingzhu smiled, eager to have ready-made food.

"I have work tomorrow night, can't come over."

Qin Haiming raised his eyes, remembering he had to leave the city tomorrow evening.

"Ah? Then, I can come alone! It's so boring at home alone!"

Qin Mingzhu pointed the camera at herself again, acting spoiled as if it was second nature.

Qin Mu watched, feeling helpless.

Thinking, you want to come then come, when can I stop you?

When she was at the door having a banter with Qin Mingzhu, Mu Zihao came out from inside, saw Qin Mu on a video call with someone outside, and curiously asked as he walked to the couch.

"Didn't you say it was out of power?"

"Ah!"

Feng Fanghua sighed, eyes downcast without saying a word.

But whether her phone was out of power or they had another argument was clear enough.

The old man didn't pay attention to listening, just seeing both of them looking downcast, so curiously asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing! Nothing!"

Mu Zihao quickly explained.

Feng Fanghua thought, is this really nothing?

No idea when Mu Yichen would return home, what if he doesn't come back tonight...

"Call Yichen and tell him I want to eat roasted sweet potatoes, have him bring some back quickly!"

Feng Fanghua pondered, then turned to Mu Zihao, her hand reflexively laying gently on Mu Zihao's leg.

"Again? Can't you eat something else?"

Mu Zihao unconsciously furrowed his brows, thinking he was going to go crazy from the lingering sweet potato smell these days.

"Just roasted sweet potatoes! Buy more, Mumu wants them too!"

Feng Fanghua said as she glanced towards the door, where Qin Mu had already ended the call and was walking inside.

Mu Zihao had no choice but to make the call; as Qin Mu entered, she saw Mu Zihao going upstairs, curiously asked, "Dad heading to his room so early!"

"Yeah! He went to make a call to a friend!"

Feng Fanghua acted as if it was a fact, eyes watching the TV.

Qin Mu accepted it without question, taking it as true.

The old man raised his eyes to look at his daughter-in-law, then his granddaughter-in-law, thinking, this is peculiar, one speaks casually, and the other believes immediately.

"Mumu, it's been a while since I had drinks with your dad, is he busy lately?"

The old man looked at Qin Mu and asked.

"He said he has to leave the city tomorrow, shall I ask him to come over for dinner when he's back?"

"Hmm! Eating at home all the time gets boring, let's go to a restaurant."

The old man thought for a moment and instructed Qin Mu.

"Alright! I'll make arrangements."

Qin Mu seriously noted it down, thinking she'd first call the restaurant tomorrow to book a good table.

The old man nodded and continued watching TV.

Mu Zihao returned to his room, quietly closed the door, then called his son, "When are you coming home? Your mom and Mumu want roasted sweet potatoes, bring some after you're done socializing, but don't buy too many, I'm really fed up with this smell lately."

Mu Zihao pondered over it, figuring since his son didn't want him to know about the couple's argument, he'd just pretend not to know. After all, who can't act? Especially when it's a long-distance act, no need to worry about anyone seeing through your inner feelings.

"Hmm!"

A faint reply, nothing more said.

Mu Zihao was left a bit stunned after the call ended, feeling the call was too brief, wanting to say more but not having figured out what to say yet.