

His Beloved 1151

Chapter 1151: He wants you to come and kill me_5

Mu Yichen slowly opened his eyes and asked when she returned with a full glass of water: "Why didn't you call me?"

"Go to sleep!"

Qin Mu didn't argue with him anymore. Thinking about their house rules, she suddenly thought maybe those rules were set for times like this, she needed to endure.

Because she wasn't sure if she really wanted to drive him away.

"Turn around!"

Qin Mu didn't want to turn around, didn't want to face him, didn't want to feel his breath, it was all poison.

"Turn around, I'll apologize, can we make peace?"

Mu Yichen's voice, in the darkness, sounded especially soft.

However, Qin Mu still didn't turn around, she just said to him: "Go to sleep!"

Her voice still lacked energy, with a hint of exhaustion.

They went to sleep clearly separated, but when they woke up, they were in each other's arms.

But Qin Mu wasn't surprised, it happened to them often.

Arguing intensely the night before, waking up in an especially intimate position the next day.

It's normal for couples to be like this, otherwise why would there be a saying about quarreling at the head of the bed and reconciling at the foot?

But still, she silently let go of him, just as the little nurse came in, Qin Mu got out of bed.

"Good morning, Mrs. Mu! Feeling better today?"

The little nurse asked her softly.

"Good morning! Much better!"

Qin Mu smiled politely.

"The doctor will come for rounds later, so please don't go out yet."

The little nurse looked at the person still lying on the bed, didn't linger long, nodded and left after saying hello.

Qin Mu went to see her off, then gently closed the door and looked inside again.

That peaceful feeling of the moment appeared unreal before her.

At this moment, they seemed like a lazy but loving young couple.

If only there were no disputes, if only there were no hesitations.

Qin Mu went to the bathroom to wash her face, but found her things weren't brought over. She wasn't used to the hospital's supplies, so she made a call to the housekeeper, then went back to bed.

Just as Mu Yichen leaned towards her, his forehead resting on her shoulder.

Qin Mu's body instantly went rigid, like a lamppost lying there, unmoving, letting him hold and lean against her.

He was still asleep, perhaps because he went to bed very late last night? Or when he went drinking with Jing Feng that night, he also slept very late.

Sometimes, their arguments really could keep them from sleeping well.

Doesn't this mean that every time they fight, it's somewhat serious?

When Mu Yichen woke up, she had already washed her face and was eating breakfast.

Mu Yichen just lay on the bed watching her, as he hadn't gotten up. So, after Helian Hao delivered breakfast, he left, and after getting up, Mu Yichen leaned against the headboard watching her eat breakfast slowly by herself.

Trying to starve him?

She didn't even tell him breakfast was ready.

"Is the breakfast good?"

Mu Yichen couldn't help it; he leaned for a while before getting out of bed, putting on slippers and sitting down next to her.

Qin Mu didn't lift her eyes, just said softly: "Not bad!"

If she could say 'not bad' now, then it truly wasn't bad.

One look at the porridge, it didn't seem like it was from the Mu family's kitchen, as they always loved to add lots of seasonings.

"Xiaohao brought it, probably cooked by Jing Feng! Serve yourself if you want any!"

Qin Mu said, not wanting anyone to think she was forcing Mr. Mu to fast.

After hearing this, Mu Yichen didn't say anything, just picked up a small bowl, placed it in front of him, and poured in a bit.

As expected, it was cooked by Jing Feng.

"Jing Jian's cooking skills need improvement!"

His sexy fingers held a spoon, drank a bit, and commented.

"I think what he makes is no worse than yours."

Qin Mu looked at him, earnestly evaluating.

Mu Yichen...

This is really his wife, she's not one to spare his feelings when it comes to criticism.

"Really? Then do I need to improve?"

"If you're not interested, you don't have to! It's not like you're a hotel chef, needing to constantly study new recipes."

Qin Mu said, then put down the small bowl.

Helian Hao's family's small bowls were all chosen by Helian Hao from the supermarket, especially exquisite, making even drinking porridge feel like an enjoyable experience.

Mu Yichen didn't argue back, just propped one arm on his knee, holding the bowl slightly turned, his long, sharp eyes narrowed into a slit watching her.

After breakfast, Qin Mu needed an injection, and he left because there were things to deal with at the company.

Helian Hao stayed in her hospital room, unable to resist asking: "Didn't make up last night?"

Qin Mu watched the nurse insert the needle into the back of her hand, her expression composed, as if it wasn't her getting the injection.

"Don't always worry about us, aren't we together for so many years through arguments and all? We've even had two children, so why worry?"

Today Qin Mu's throat was a bit better, speaking more logically than before.

"Uh! But seeing you two like this, I can't help but urge for peace. As a good friend and sister, isn't that one of my roles?"

Helian Hao thought for a moment and asked her.

Qin Mu sighed softly, as the nurse finished the injection and pulled the tubing off her arm: "All done! If you need anything, just press the button and I'll be right over!"

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu responded politely.

"Yes, I'm leaving now! Good doctor, I'll get busy!"

"Alright!"

After saying goodbye, the nurse left. Helian Hao was still thinking about Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, but Qin Mu asked her: "Do the doctors and nurses in your hospital call you 'good doctor'?"

"Alas! Our family name, though a double surname, it's actually quite nice and has some prestige. But people seem to prefer simpler names, so—"

She spread her hands, arched an eyebrow, obviously helpless.

"I have to do rounds later too! I'll come back to keep you company a bit later."

"If you're busy, don't worry about it! I plan to do some drawing later; you'd only interrupt me if you came!"

"...Okay then! Call me if you need anything! Besties' service, available 24/7."

Helian Hao said as she left, her phone ringing, her boss calling her.

After watching her leave, Qin Mu pushed the stand holding a drip and got out of bed to walk to the window.

Having lain down for so long, now she actually wanted to stand and move around.

This morning, her mind was very clear.

— —

Mu Yichen returned to the office building and went into a meeting; by the time everyone left the conference room, it was nearly eleven.

Qiao Yi stayed with him: "I heard Xiaomu is ill? Is she feeling better?"

"Yes! She's in the hospital getting an injection! If you're bored, you can go see her, don't go empty-handed."

Mu Yichen looked down at the documents in his hand; however, his explanation to Qiao Yi was very clear.

"Then how about I and Xi Meng take a day off today, specifically to visit her? As the company's excellent volunteers, to visit our boss's wife on behalf of all our employees, doesn't that sound pretty good?"

"Hmph! You can try that!"

Mu Yichen chuckled lightly, thinking if he could recite those lines to Qin Mu, he'd bet she'd be stupefied by them too.

Mu Yichen's mind already visualized Qin Mu's expression after hearing Qiao Yi's speech, her sitting on the hospital bed, staring blankly at Qiao Yi, sure to leave one speechless.

He could imagine her reaction to Qiao Yi's pre-prepared lines, but he hadn't expected Qin Mu to send him that message.

"I want to go back to Paris! Mu Yichen!"

Chapter 1152: Mr. Mu asked Mrs. Mu if she planned to go to Paris?

Mu Yichen sat in the conference room staring at the WeChat message on his phone, unable to reply to her for a long time.

Is she giving up again?

She's used to giving up!

She loves to give up!

She once said she didn't want to give up anymore, but...

Every time there's a fight, she just wants to turn and leave!

She never follows through with what she says to him, she never keeps her word.

Mu Yichen gripped the phone in his hand, subconsciously using force, his expression becoming colder, and later his eyes turned fierce! Ominous!

Let her leave if she wants!

It's not like she hasn't left before.

"President!"

"Get out!"

Secretary Xi walked in to report work, and as soon as she knocked and opened the door, she heard him shouting, nearly dropping the documents in her arms in fright.

"Yes!"

She weakly responded and quickly closed the door for him.

Qiao Yi stood by her desk, also hearing Mu Yichen's shout, and was about to go over to ask what was going on, but Xi Meng pulled him back and shook her head at him.

Mu Yichen was clearly in a bad mood.

Qiao Yi looked down at her: "What's gotten into him now?"

"No idea! Probably just talked with Qin Mu, I saw him with his phone."

Xi Meng whispered, and although she'd been frightened by Mu Yichen many times over the years, this time she felt particularly timid, perhaps because she was pregnant.

Qin Mu didn't get a response from Mu Yichen, no calls, no messages, not even on WeChat.

But Qin Mu was sure Mu Yichen had seen it.

That night, Qin Mu went back to the Mu Family home, not wanting to stay overnight after getting an injection.

Feng Fanghua was surprised to see her return: "Why are you back?"

"After the injection, there's nothing much to do there, so I came back!"

Qin Mu said as she walked to the sofa, sitting at the edge to avoid spreading her cold to others.

"Mommy, you're finally back, did you stay at the hospital last night? With Dad?"

"Hmm!"

Huanhuan got up from the carpet by the window and went to her side, propping her little elbows on Qin Mu's legs and swinging like on a swing, curiously asking. Qin Mu gently patted her little head: "Go play with your brother, don't let Mommy pass the cold to you."

"I'm not afraid!"

Huanhuan looked up, appearing completely unafraid.

"But if you catch a cold, you'll need an injection. It's painful, are you sure you're not scared?"

Qin Mu had no choice but to remind her about the injections.

"Alright then, I'll go play with brother."

Huanhuan thought for a moment, definitely not wanting an injection, it hurts so much, so she ran off after speaking.

"She does have things she's afraid of!"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but remark.

"She's afraid of a lot of things! It's just that over the past couple of years, you and Dad have taken such good care of her, she's forgotten there are still many scary things in the world."

Qin Mu said softly.

"Look at you, there you go again! Every time we talk about Huanhuan, after three sentences you start criticizing the way your dad and I educate her."

"I'm not criticizing! I just—never mind, as long as you like it! I'll go change clothes upstairs, spent two days at the hospital, I feel like I'm drenched in the smell of disinfectant."

"I'll come back down later!"

Qin Mu looked at the old gentleman, not having managed to greet him yet.

"Go on then!"

The old gentleman was very understanding and allowed Qin Mu to go upstairs.

Only then did Qin Mu leave.

Mu Zihao remarked: "You love to bicker with her."

Feng Fanghua turned her gaze to him, thinking her daughter-in-law had just left and he was already picking on her, she thought about how she would lecture him back in their room later.

Of course, she wouldn't dare argue too much with Mu Zihao in front of the old gentleman, who was very protective of his family.

Despite being angry, Mu Yichen still went to the hospital, originally deciding to ignore her tonight, but when he arrived and found the room empty, he realized he was overthinking.

"Mrs. Mu went home! She said she felt uncomfortable here and would just come during the day for injections!"

The nurse politely reported what Qin Mu had just said to Mu Yichen.

"Thank you!"

After listening, Mu Yichen thanked her and turned to leave.

In the empty hallway, the nurse stood at the door watching his back as he left.

When Mu Yichen returned home and saw Qin Mu already having tea with the elders in the living room, he walked over and sat down, right next to her.

As if that place in the house was already set, it would never change.

No one found it strange to see them sitting together just because they had quarreled. Even Mu Yichen and Qin Mu themselves felt it was only natural.

But Qin Mu's heart was still a bit unsettled because he hadn't replied to the message she sent during the day.

Chapter 1153: Mr. Mu asked Mrs. Mu if she planned to go to Paris?

But his expression at this moment also proved that her guess was correct.

"Why are you back only now?"

"Had some things to take care of!"

Faced with his mother's questioning, Mu Yichen responded casually, then turned to look at Qin Mu.

"Is Mrs. Mu planning to go to Paris?"

Suddenly, the entire living room fell silent, and everyone stared intently at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu turned to look at Mu Yichen, then smiled slightly and said, "Yes!"

She hadn't figured out how to tell the elders, but now that he brought it up, it seemed easier.

"Then go ahead! Stay as long as you want! You don't have to come back!"

Mu Yichen remained silent, his gaze was so intimidating that it felt like it could bore a hole through one's heart.

Yet, he spoke in such an indifferent, nonchalant manner.

"Mumu is going to Paris? For work?"

Mu Zihao was the first to speak.

Feng Fanghua said nothing, just kept staring at the couple without moving her eyes.

"Mrs. Mu hates living with our Mu Family, which is why she wants to leave. She plans to never return! Keep an eye on your grandchildren, don't let her take them away! You may never get them back! I have no opinion on the matter!"

Mu Yichen said and then suddenly let out a light laugh.

"No! I don't hate the Mu Family! On the contrary, I really like it! I just hate you!"

Qin Mu said softly, calmly rebutting the man whose words were full of barbs, each intended to hurt her.

Mu Yichen had just lowered his eyes, but upon hearing this, he looked at her again, "Oh? Then according to what you said, I should be the one leaving!"

"What exactly is going on? Mu Yichen, shut your mouth, let Mumu speak!"

The old man was unhappy, he couldn't stand the insinuations in his grandson's words.

"I want to return to Paris! As Mu Yichen said, I want to take the siblings with me!"

"What?"

Feng Fanghua suddenly stood up. Someone wanting to take her grandchildren away was unthinkable.

Qin Mu looked at the agitated Feng Fanghua and had to shut her mouth, but still felt the need to say to Feng Fanghua, "Mom! They must come with me!"

"With you? For what? Can you cook? Can you take good care of them?"

Feng Fanghua asked, her face turning red and white with anger, almost at the point of fainting from a lack of oxygen.

"No matter how little I know, they will grow up optimistically in their current state."

Qin Mu said.

"No way, I disagree, you—"

"Where are you all running off to? Who gave permission to leave? As long as I, the old man, am alive, I will never allow this family to fall apart! Mumu, even if you don't carry the Mu name, since you became the daughter-in-law of our Mu Family, I, the old man, will not permit you to say leave and then leave."

"Grandpa! Even if I go to Paris, you will still be the most respected grandpa to me, and the same goes for Mom and Dad, our family ties won't change."

Qin Mu immediately explained upon seeing the old man was unhappy.

"If that's the case, then why part ways? Our home is in Rongcheng!"

"I grew up in Paris!"

Mu Zihao said to her, believing Qin Mu was reasonable, so he hoped she'd stay.

"This isn't the first time you two have fought, why do you always have to separate when quarreling? Last time, I followed you to Paris and stayed for so long, but you can't expect me to accommodate you and follow you every time, Qin Mu, we've had a relationship as mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, you can't bully me like this."

"Mom! How could I bully you?"

Qin Mu felt a bit sad upon hearing this, her eyes involuntarily welling up.

"If you're not bullying me, why take away my grandchildren? You know they are my lifeline."

Feng Fanghua was about to cry, no one had ever dared to take her treasures from her, but this girl first took her son, and now wanted to take her grandchildren.

"You are too domineering, you've been competing with me since childhood, taking Yichen is one thing, after all, if it wasn't with you, he'd be taken by other women, but taking my grandchildren, how can I agree?"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but argue with her.

Mu Yichen, sitting opposite, couldn't help but lift his eyes; why did his mother's words sound so sour to him?

Qin Mu suddenly felt extremely apologetic; she didn't intend to vie with an elderly woman for anything, but Feng Fanghua spoke so reasonably.

"I will go by myself!"

So, she could only say this.

In fact, she hadn't figured out when to leave.

Yet, with Mu Yichen stirring things up like this, it seemed she might have to leave by tomorrow.

Chapter 1154: Mu asked Mrs. Mu if she planned to go to Paris?_3

Qin Mu stood up, bowed to the elders with her head down, and then turned and walked past Mu Yichen, heading straight upstairs after leaving the living room.

The living room suddenly fell silent, and Feng Fanghua stopped talking as well, just bent down, picked up the tissue box, and threw it at Mu Yichen across from her.

Mu Yichen instinctively dodged, while Feng Fanghua's eyes reddened with anger.

The family was doing well, so why did this guy suddenly say something he shouldn't have?

Couples quarrel, and then one of them ends up staying out overnight, or even wants to leave.

"You punk, if you can't keep that girl, don't bother coming through this door again!"

The old man threatened angrily, then got up and left as well.

Mu Yichen...

"She didn't say anything herself, why did you suddenly bring up such a thing? Or do you want Mumu to leave?"

Mu Zihao couldn't understand, and since no one was speaking to his son, he asked a couple of questions.

"Yeah! I want her to leave! I've had enough!"

Mu Yichen said, then leaned back with his hands in the pockets of his coat, his expression clearly rebellious.

"Had enough? What were you doing earlier? You've been chasing her for over twenty years, followed her away from home, now that the kids are all grown up you're telling me you've had enough with her? Seems to me you don't want this family anymore, go live your single life if you wish!"

Feng Fanghua felt a chill in her heart hearing him say he's had enough, and couldn't help but vent her frustrations at him.

Mu Yichen knew the elders were right, which is why he didn't say another word.

"I really am! What kind of karma is this?"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but cover her mouth and secretly cry on Mu Zihao's shoulder.

"Mom! You're too old to cry, aren't you?"

Mu Zihao couldn't bear it, thinking his son's heart was bleeding, yet he hadn't shed a tear.

"You're too old, your whole family's too old."

Feng Fanghua angrily lifted her head to yell at him.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh despite furrowing his brows intensely, so he stood up: "I'm going upstairs to check! Since Mrs. Mu is leaving, I must see her off!"

Feng Fanghua: "..."

Mu Zihao: "..."

Feng Fanghua turned her head to look at him, so angry she almost had high blood pressure, though she wasn't prone to it, but really felt dizzy with rage.

This son of hers, can't he be less unique and more serious?

"Mu Yichen! If you keep it up, I will literally be angered to death by you!"

Feng Fanghua knew very well that when her son stirred things up, it really drove people crazy, and her throat was already sore from shouting.

Was she trying to keep the grandchildren?

She wasn't trying to use the young ones to tie down the old.

Although Qin Mu had contradicted her before, after several years of interaction, she had long regarded Qin Mu as a member of the Mu Family, and in her eyes, Qin Mu was already the most qualified daughter-in-law for the Mu Family.

"Stop talking and have some tea to rest, alright?"

Mu Zihao started to feel distressed seeing his wife's face.

"How can I drink? He brought her back himself, is he going to chase her away on his own? How come just a few days ago they seemed like they were wearing the same pair of pants, and tonight it's suddenly like this?"

Feng Fanghua looked at Mu Zihao in disbelief.

Mu Zihao sighed helplessly: "It's quite normal for young people to be like this; didn't we argue over a single sentence and break up when we were young! Moreover, this time, Mingzhu almost had an accident. Qin Mu was probably scared and that's why she got so angry with Yichen."

"But it's your son who's clearly angry."

"Didn't you often say that it's the silent ones who have the biggest temper?"

Feng Fanghua...

Mu Zihao smiled: "With their issues, we can only secretly help from the sidelines, not intervene so overtly."

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Upstairs!

Mu Yichen entered the room quietly, leaning against the door after closing it, and then took out a cigarette and lighter from his pocket, watching Qin Mu pack her luggage.

He asked, "I remember you have clothes to change into in Paris."

Qin Mu continued packing with her head down: "Those are out of date!"

Mu Yichen lit the cigarette and took a deep drag, leaning his head back to exhale the smoke, his expression devilishly charming, wilder than the sky.

Leaving just like that...

He glanced slightly over to the bed, noticing her swift movements in packing her luggage, eager to leave?

"Leaving tonight?"

Mu Yichen asked, then straightened up and walked to the bed, putting the cigarette back in his mouth for a heavy drag, moving closer to her with the cigarette in his hand.

Qin Mu smelled the smoke, and her throat, already uncomfortable, felt a stinging sensation.

Chapter 1155: Mr. Mu asked Mrs. Mu if she planned to go to Paris?_4

She glanced at him: "If you want me to leave tonight, I can!"

At worst, I'll just move to the studio to sleep for a night and leave tomorrow.

And since he's the one driving me away, if he comes looking again in the future...

Qin Mu looked up at him, very rational, very clear-headed.

Mu Yichen squinted through the smoke, watching her, observing the unflinching and poised look in her eyes as she looked at him: "I notice you're different from before!"

He suddenly said, then with a half-smile, he took another puff of his cigarette.

"Oh? How am I different?"

She gently asked him, curiosity pushing her to ask despite her sore throat.

"I can't quite say, you just are!"

He shook his head, still smiling enigmatically.

"Your eyes don't seem to say you can't quite say!"

Qin Mu bluntly exposed his lie, then lowered her head again to fold her sweater neatly into the suitcase.

"Taking them back and forth is a hassle, are you sure you want to take such a big suitcase?"

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes, looking at the clothes she had folded so neatly inside the suitcase and asked her.

Qin Mu's eyes flickered but she remained calm and composed.

"If you were the one being expelled, would you come back?"

Qin Mu looked up, her resolute gaze directed at him, articulating her thoughts with a voice that was about to break.

The room fell silent for a few seconds, as he lowered his head, his tall frame blocking most of her view.

"Mrs. Mu is truly angry this time!"

Mu Yichen said in his beguiling voice.

"Every time is real!"

Qin Mu resumed packing her clothes.

Just as she turned to fetch more clothes from the closet, she was suddenly hugged from behind.

He managed to hold her with one arm, while the other hand still held a cigarette.

His body felt a bit chilly today.

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes, quietly feeling her presence. She wanted to feel his heartbeat from behind, but perhaps they were both dressed too heavily today, she couldn't feel it.

"Mu Yichen! Don't provoke me anymore, okay?"

She looked down at the clothes in her hands, asking him in a voice so low she could barely hear herself.

"But I'm unwilling! I'm not happy! How can I make you happy?"

Mu Yichen stubbornly asked her, lowering his rich, magnetic voice.

The surrounding air seemed to gather quietly, as if eavesdropping on what they were saying.

"I'm not happy!"

Leaving you! How could I be happy?

He chuckled lightly and hugged her tighter.

"You surely know why I'm so angry, I can't bear to think that if we keep arguing about such things in the future, and especially in those circumstances, it's actually not your fault! I just hate myself for being too foolish and too complacent!"

"You're still upset I didn't go with you to find Qin Mingzhu."

Mu Yichen said quietly.

She shook her head, gave a bitter smile.

Qin Mu gently placed her hand over his sensual hands that held her waist, then softly said: "It's not that! Even if you weren't there, I'd use your connections to get your people to help find her, it would actually be the same speed."

"Then why?"

"We still don't understand each other enough!"

Over twenty years together and still not enough understanding!

Sometimes it feels like I'm the parasite in your stomach.

But other times, I feel like I can't see through you.

Mu Yichen didn't say anything this time, because he wanted to scold her, but she just asked him not to provoke her anymore.

"I really don't know what you think about all day, letting you go, wait until you think it over in Paris and come back by yourself, this time—"

He released her, taking a step back.

Qin Mu felt herself being released, and after two seconds, she turned, still looking at him with that unwavering gaze.

"This time I won't come for you! You come back on your own!"

Mu Yichen said to her, looking into her eyes.

Her temper is always strong, but he can't always lack the backbone to go after her.

Qin Mu held her breath, watching him, the whole room heavy with silence.

"Continue packing! I'll finish this cigarette in the bathroom!"

Mu Yichen waved his hand, with nothing left of the cigarette but a butt, yet since he said so...

Qin Mu carefully continued packing her suitcase, while he went to the bathroom.

When the bathroom door closed, the sound was particularly loud, scattering the gathered silence in the room in an instant.

Mu Yichen stood at the bathroom entrance, his pitch-black eyes looking at the cigarette butt held between his fingers, he quickly moved to the trash bin, snuffing it out with his fingers before tossing it in the bin, then swiftly pulling a cigarette pack from his chest pocket, lighting another one, his fingers trembling unconsciously, squinting as he looked at his cigarette-holding fingers, then slowly raising his eyes to the mirror, glancing at the man reflected, filled with accumulating anger.

He admitted, he has a bit of a short fuse!

When he finished one cigarette and opened the door again, she had placed the suitcases by the wall and was sitting on the bed.

Mu Yichen's breath turned colder seeing those two suitcases, the anger in his pitch-black eyes quickly exploded.

"Young master, young madam, dinner is ready!"

The maid knocked twice at the door, calling them.

Chapter 1156: Is him?

Mu Yichen and Qin Mu didn't speak, just gazed at each other.

This meal, letting it go is fine, though there would be a sense of suffocation in the heart.

If they didn't have this meal, it wouldn't just be suffocating, the whole family probably wouldn't be able to have dinner.

So Qin Mu still stood up, and Mu Yichen followed her downstairs.

Even if, at this moment, neither appreciated the other, they still sat and ate together.

It's like, even if the ties of love have weakened, they are still family—an unchangeable fact for anyone.

The elders saw them come out for the meal and thought there might still be a chance for reconciliation, which eased their minds a bit.

The dinner that night was especially quiet, as everyone chose silence, despite having endless questions they wanted to ask the two of them.

After dinner, Mu Yichen was kept in the living room by the old man and Mu Zihao, while Qin Mu was called to a room by Feng Fanghua, and the children were taken upstairs to play.

Qin Mu was not feeling well physically, and Feng Fanghua kept throwing a fit, so she remained mostly silent.

Downstairs, however, the three men were chatting quite peacefully.

The old man sat in the main seat, squinting at his grandson: "So you're saying you two are bound to break up?"

"When you pursued her back then, you knew she wasn't easy to get along with. Later, when you two wanted to get married, I also asked you, knowing she had a problematic personality and getting along would be troublesome, you still wanted to marry her? Do you forget how you replied to me then?"

Mu Zihao also reminded Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen, sitting on a single sofa, felt reminded, felt criticized, and couldn't help but feel that life was now considerably tough.

"Then was then, and it's just a temporary separation now."

Mu Yichen had no choice but to say so.

"Temporary separation?"

"Because of Qin Mingzhu, she was upset with me, what else could I do but let her go?"

"Apologize! You've stayed by her side for over ten years before, regardless of her tantrums; why not now?"

"Before, she was young, needed someone around. Now she's no longer the little girl she once was. Why should I stay and endure her temper every day?"

As soon as Mu Yichen finished, the two men's brows furrowed even tighter.

"You little brat, Mumu is such a good girl, yet you pitch a fit? Just for her diligence and doing everything for our family, you have no right to argue with her. If you hadn't mentioned her going to Paris tonight, maybe nothing would have happened."

The old man still had a stern face.

"If that brat Jiang Yan dares do that to your sister, see if I don't give him a hard time. Only Qin City mayor, knowing nothing, allows you to bully his precious daughter this way."

Mu Zihao said slowly.

Mu Yichen didn't speak again, letting his father and grandfather criticize him, delivering a vivid lesson.

When he returned to the room, Qin Mu was already in bed after a shower, so Mu Yichen took a shower too and lay down beside her.

Qin Mu lay on her side, and he rested on his pillow, staring at the ceiling.

The room was filled with depression and silence.

Qin Mu fell asleep by eleven, not having trouble sleeping due to the impending separation.

So did Mu Yichen.

However, the next morning, he woke up before dawn.

"If you're leaving, better go now!"

"What?"

Qin Mu woke up groggy, thinking, are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?

"Aren't you taking the kids with you? If you wait any longer, once they're awake, you won't be able to leave."

Mu Yichen got out of bed and looked for clothes to wear.

Qin Mu, sitting on the bed, watched him groggily, slowly realizing his words, quickly got out of bed.

It was still dark outside.

The two hurriedly pulled the little ones out from under the covers, all stuffed into Qin Mu's arms.

"I'll have someone send your luggage tomorrow. Take good care of the kids!"

Mu Yichen reminded her as he drove her to the airport.

At this time, the city was just beginning to show the light of dawn.

The streets were extraordinarily empty, a kind of hush rarely seen during the day.

"Of course I will!"

Qin Mu, sitting behind, looked down at one little one asleep on each side of her lap, feeling reluctant to let them bear hardships with her.

At the airport, Mu Yichen said, "Good luck!"

"You too!"

Qin Mu gave him a glance, his gaze still so cold that it chilled her heart.

Mu Yichen said nothing more, watching her as she led sleepy-eyed Huanhuan and carried Chengcheng, turning to leave.

Chapter 1157: Is him?_2

Mu Yichen stood there, his heartbeat growing more intense, as if it were trying to leap out, painfully so.

If she wasn't holding their son at that moment, he would rush up to kiss her, telling her not to randomly date other men in Paris.

But as things were now, he could only watch her proudly walk away.

The two little ones were already fast asleep on his private plane, and after Qin Mu bid him a simple farewell, she left.

She really didn't understand why he suddenly was so eager to send her away?

Three days later, Helian Hao called her: "Did you know something happened with the Bian Family? Bian Jingwen was videotaped drunk, spending the night with a boy outside, and it's been uploaded online. Also, a designer is suing her for plagiarism, her career in your circle is basically over, isn't it? How are you doing over there?"

It was then that Qin Mu understood why Mu Yichen sent her away so early.

She was still staying in the apartment, three days had passed, and she hadn't immediately thrown herself into work, as her mind felt overgrown with weeds, she couldn't think at all.

She simply entrusted Xiaomei and another colleague to take good care of the studio in Rongcheng, handed over all the studio matters there, then busied herself at home cleaning, cooking, and tending to the children.

Feng Fanghua sent her videos every morning and evening, presumably for Huanhuan and Chengcheng.

Friends occasionally showed their concern for her via WeChat.

That afternoon, after the kids' nap, she was watering the green plants on the balcony, looking at the resiliently growing succulents, she suddenly felt it was time to contact Jian Yan and get to work.

As for that man, since he said he wouldn't come, she wouldn't hold any illusions.

— —

One month later!

Qin Mu started frequenting JY.

Busy in the studio with Hu Xiaobin's wedding gown, Jian Yan couldn't help but raise an eyebrow admiringly, learning she was designing a wedding gown for the daughter of a mob boss, he looked at the pure, white gown with a hint of a smile.

The two little ones ran around with other older brothers and sisters in the studio, occasionally Huanhuan would pick up a veil from who knows where and wear it on her head, Chengcheng covered his mouth, pointed at his sister with the veil on and laughed bending over with glee.

"Not planning to go back?"

Later, Jian Yan stood by her and asked.

"Too many trivial matters over there, I couldn't focus on work."

Qin Mu spoke while lowering her head, sewing the wedding gown, seeming unconcerned.

Jian Yan looked up at her, seeing her press a pearl against her lips, pinching one into the thread, then taking the one from her lips and threading it through, after threading about a dozen pearls from the footstool box beside her, she straightened her waist slightly, then bent back down, stitching the pearls onto the wedding gown.

He didn't plan to interfere with her project, feeling that Qin Mu's current state was very good, honestly, he himself felt hesitant to leave.

In Rongcheng, Qin Mu was easily disturbed by various matters, whereas in Paris, she was focused, industrious, fully absorbed in their business.

"Then don't go back! There's a fashion show next month, it's easier for me with you here."

Jian Yan said, pulling a simple chair to sit beside her, then couldn't resist lighting a cigarette.

Qin Mu glanced at the siblings who had run far away, Jian Yan looked at her, smiled after lighting the cigarette: "I waited until they ran off before lighting it."

Qin Mu merely returned a faint smile.

"Xiaomei mentioned some reasons for your return to Paris, you don't want to share with me?"

Jian Yan asked quietly, gazing at her with so much understanding.

Qin Mu continued to fix the wedding gown, meanwhile moving her lips slightly: "Master, I think you're getting more and more nagging, since when did you start caring about these miscellaneous things?"

"You're my only disciple."

Jian Yan remarked.

Qin Mu unconsciously pressed her lips, then turned to look at him: "I heard you got a girlfriend?"

Jian Yan hesitated, her gaze somewhat piercing.

"What if I said she's not a girlfriend?"

Jian Yan replied.

Qin Mu's gaze wavered slightly, asking in an offhand manner: "Then what is she? A bedmate?"

Qin Mu had heard from studio colleagues that a girl frequently visited his apartment.

"Something like that! She's more sensible in every way than you."

Jian Yan looked at her and said, then smoked again.

"Everyone's waiting with bated breath, hoping your relationship upgrades soon, so we can have wedding candies!"

Qin Mu laughed as she spoke to him, then seriously returned to work.

"Have you heard that Mu Yichen has been getting close to a female journalist recently?"

Chapter 1158: Is him?_3

Jian Yan suddenly said something, then took a hard drag of his cigarette.

As Qin Mu was sewing a pearl, she accidentally pricked her finger, and she instinctively held her finger, furrowing her brows.

She watched as a small red bead formed quickly in the middle of her fingertip, that bead far more beautiful and striking than the pearl.

Qin Mu glanced at Jian Yan, whose expression was somewhat serious, but he remained seated without any movement, only his expression grew more stern as he watched her.

Qin Mu knew he was disappointed in her, so she turned around, grabbed a tissue from the table beside her, and wiped away the blood on her finger, gripping it tightly for a while.

"I don't care about his matters!"

After Qin Mu said this, she went outside, while Jian Yan slowly lowered his eyes.

"Mom, Mom, do I look good like this? Auntie just tied it for me."

Huanhuan had two ponytails that were initially tied with pink cartoon hair bands, now wrapped with pink fabric strips tied into bows on her shiny, soft hair, looking really beautiful.

"Mm! Don't trouble Uncle and Auntie, okay?"

Qin Mu softly asked, sitting down on the sofa beside her, even though there were some fabric pieces all around.

"Got it!"

Huanhuan didn't like hearing Qin Mu say this, so she immediately ran off again.

Qin Mu watched Chengcheng squat on the ground picking up some fabric, then walked toward the white mannequin there, where a designer was binding fabric on the mannequin, and Chengcheng also went to join the fun.

Qin Mu gave a helpless smile. It had been a month since she came to Paris, and there were both hardships and joys.

Every time she felt tired, seeing those two little ones made her exceptionally happy.

Chinese New Year had already passed six days, and here, there was no festive atmosphere; everyone was working hard.

Qin Mu rested for a while, and a colleague found her a band-aid, which she used to cover her finger before going back to work.

Using a band-aid wasn't for the poke of the needle, but because if blood were to stain the wedding dress, it would cost money.

So Qin Mu put on the band-aid and went back to work.

— —

Jian Yan had finished that cigarette, took a call, and left the studio.

The girl rumored to be with him was cooking lunch in his apartment when he pushed the door open and walked in, smelling the aroma of food but unconsciously furrowing his brows, heading straight to the kitchen.

"You're back!"

The girl, in her twenties, had a baby face making her seem underage, but those big eyes truly resembled someone...

"Didn't I tell you not to come over anymore?"

"I had nothing to do at home, and since you have a bad stomach, I thought I'd come over to cook lunch for you."

Seeing his displeasure, the girl spoke without much confidence.

"Did I not tell you she has returned?"

Jian Yan looked at her, showing no sentiment.

The girl lowered her head, her eyes brimming with tears, yet stubbornly refusing to agree.

Jian Yan had seen this pitiful yet extremely stubborn look on her, mistaking her for someone else that night.

That year, this girl forced her way into his life in such a manner.

"Weiwei, listen to me, don't come over anymore in the future!"

He said, helpless yet patient.

Jian Yan's heart ached, but recalling the warmth of nights shared, he couldn't bring himself to rage at her.

"What if she's back? I don't care!"

The girl called Weiwei, stubbornly fought back tears and told him.

"But I care!"

"You care? When you're with me, you call her name, and I say I don't care. How can you tell me you care?"

Weiwei's aggrieved large eyes were filled with tears.

She didn't want a title, nor did she want him to introduce her to his colleagues or friends; she just wanted to cook for him, just wanted to be in his bed, in his arms at night.

Yet, her willingness to accept less drove him to speak such words because of a woman who loved another man to death.

"All I can offer you is financial compensation if you're willing to accept, I'll write a check right now."

"Jian Yan, you're a bastard! You act so noble in front of others, yet you're a complete bastard in front of me."

Weiwei untied the apron from her waist, then threw it onto his neat suit's chest.

Jian Yan instinctively raised his hand to catch it, but she left, slamming the door shut as she went.

Jian Yan looked down at the apron in his hand, hearing the burner still on in the kitchen, and had no choice but to go in and turn it off.

Chapter 1159: Is him?_4

To be honest, he wasn't in the mood at all to eat the meal Weiwei cooked.

Yet Weiwei immediately went to the studio, disregarding everyone's strange looks, and went straight to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu had been staring at a wedding dress the whole morning. She only slowly turned her head and straightened up when she felt someone standing erect in front of her.

Weiwei bit her lip, holding back tears as she stared at her for a long time. She thought about many things on the way here and was filled with hatred toward the girl in front of her. But at this moment, she suddenly didn't know why she had come here.

Moreover, if she came here to see Qin Mu, and Jian Yan found out, wouldn't they have even less of a chance?

Weiwei suddenly panicked, her chin trembled, and then she turned around and ran out.

Qin Mu was initially surprised, but when she saw that girl running out crying, she seemed to have guessed who she was, along with the colleagues' looks that clearly said, this is the girl who spent the night with Jian Yan.

Qin Mu thought she seemed to have red eyes just now. Unconsciously, she felt a little sorry; the girl came looking for her, just...

After noon, Qin Mu didn't go back to the studio and instead carried all the materials back to the apartment.

Huanhuan and Chengcheng were playing a puzzle game by themselves, so she started working by the balcony, putting the wedding dress on a mannequin.

The originally spacious living room was now filled to the brim with things belonging to the three of them.

The siblings occupied the carpet in front of the whole sofa. The TV wasn't on, but a sense of peace filled the silence of the house.

The two little ones didn't seem to feel uncomfortable about leaving Rongcheng.

Although they occasionally asked about their grandparents, Huanhuan already knew how to make video calls and phone calls.

Jian Yan arrived at her apartment in the evening. Huanhuan opened the door and was so happy to see him that she asked him to hold her as they walked in.

"Mommy, JY is here!"

Qin Mu, in the kitchen preparing dinner, responded after hearing that, "Got it! You guys play outside first; I'll be ready soon!"

Jian Yan then sat on the sofa with Huanhuan in his arms, his eyes glancing towards the mannequin by the balcony.

"You play here with your brother for a while. I'll come and join you later."

"Okay!"

Huanhuan obediently got off his lap and went to play with her brother.

Jian Yan headed to the kitchen.

They were having a soft meal for dinner, as she had no idea how to stir-fry any dishes. So in the end, she put some olive oil in the pan with onions, carrots, and corn kernels, sprinkled some salt and pepper when it was almost done, stirred it a bit, and served it.

"Why did you come over again so late? Didn't I tell you to take a good rest?"

"Did she come to see you?"

"Who?"

Qin Mu turned her head, a bit puzzled.

"Xiao Wei!"

Jian Yan said as he walked over and took the pan from her hands, directly dumping the dish into the trash bin, then washed the pan and started cooking again.

Qin Mu's big eyes looked at the trash bin, at the dish she worked hard to cook. The onions didn't even make her cry, but now she was about to tear up.

"Actually, it was edible."

"You could eat it, but those two can't. From tomorrow on, let's hire a part-time cook to help prepare meals."

Jian Yan told her.

Qin Mu didn't argue with him, watching him cook so calmly. After a while, she suddenly thought of the girl he mentioned.

"So her name is Xiao Wei, that's a nice name."

Qin Mu sincerely complimented.

"Probably very pretty too, right?"

Jian Yan gave a slight smile, glancing at her and asking, because in his heart, Qin Mu was just that kind of person, never saying anything bad about a girl who might have a chance with him.

"She should be quite pretty. At the time, I was so focused on threading the needle that I had blurry vision, and she rushed past without saying anything, so I didn't get a clear look. Some other time, why don't you invite her for a meal together with us?"

Qin Mu thought about it and suggested to him.

"With her? Why have a meal?"

Jian Yan asked.

"She seems to have some misunderstanding about me. We're clearly just teacher-student, like father and daughter. If we clear things up, it'll be fine! It's rare to have such a good girl interested in you."

Qin Mu said seriously.

"You don't need to worry about these kinds of things. If it's meant to be, she will understand without me having to explain."

Jian Yan said.

Qin Mu, watching his expression, suddenly thought about Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen seemed to be in a similar state now, thinking she should just understand and forgive him, believing that her love would make her understand everything.

"So all men are the same!"

Chapter 1160: Is him?_5

Qin Mu said this very lightly, but she was truly persistent.

She didn't understand, even her master was like this. She thought her master, after encountering feelings, would surely be a responsible and gentle good man, a good husband, but...

After dinner, Jian Yan left. She went to bathe Huanhuan and Chengcheng, and after they both went to sleep, it was already ten o'clock. She lay on the sofa, exhausted, unable to work anymore.

Jiang Zhiyuan sent her a WeChat message: "Xiaomu, An Nan went on a date with that guy again. Should I go and interrupt them?"

Qin Mu looked at the time, thinking about the time back home, then smiled: "It's just colleagues having lunch and tea together in broad daylight, don't be so nervous."

"How can I not be nervous? She doesn't eat with me anymore, always dismissive of me."

Jiang Zhiyuan replied again.

"Then go, you can do whatever you want! I support you!"

Qin Mu sent him the message.

After that, Jiang Zhiyuan didn't reply to her again, instead really went to interfere.

While Qin Mu lay on the sofa, silencing her phone, and stared blankly at the ceiling.

During the day, Jian Yan talked about a female reporter getting close to Mu Yichen, which Qin Mu was actually aware of. That day Helian Hao explained over the phone that a CEO brought his daughter to play golf with them, and his daughter was a reporter for a TV news station.

Helian Hao also said that since she left, many older businessmen are sending their daughters in front of Mr. Mu as if they want him to pick someone satisfying, hoping to take away the Mu Family's young mistress position from her.

Qin Mu thought, many have always been fighting for the Mu Family young mistress position.

But she still felt uncomfortable inside.

Before, if she thought he was rushing her to leave because he was dealing with the Bian Family, afraid she'd be implicated, now she somewhat suspected he wanted more freedom.

Their marriage hasn't even reached seven years, Qin Mu thought, they might be feeling the itch.

Mu Yichen hadn't called or messaged her. Sometimes when Feng Fanghua video-called her, she deliberately aimed the camera at Mu Yichen. When Mu Yichen sometimes glanced up, it could pierce a hole in her heart.

So she preferred them not to meet in video calls.

Perhaps what you think about during the day reflects in your dreams at night, so that night she fell asleep on the sofa and dreamt the whole night, dreaming of Mu Yichen, the aloof young man, holding a woman in front of her, showing off.

And she, alone, holding a child in each hand, looked like a forsaken woman watching him drink and chat with other women.

The next morning, while biting her hair tie, helping Huanhuan with a simple hairstyle, Chengcheng brought her silenced, but screen-lit, phone over.

Qin Mu lowered her eyes, saw the word 'Mom', and immediately loosened Huanhuan's hair she was holding, and answered the phone: "Mom!"

"Your grandpa's heart has some problems, the doctor suggests we take him to recuperate over there, there's a house there. You go clean it up; we'll be there later."

"What? Grandpa, he..."

"It's fine now! Hurry up and prepare, is it cold over there? If there's sunshine, air the quilts and whatnot, we're already on the plane!"

Feng Fanghua spoke quickly, sounding anxious.

Qin Mu was suddenly speechless, worried for grandpa, yet dared not ask more.

And Feng Fanghua quickly hung up.

Qin Mu suddenly felt hurried: "Your grandpa and grandma will be here soon; we'll go to the big house to clean and wait for them."

"Really? Grandpa and grandma are coming? Great-grandpa is coming? Is dad coming?"

Huanhuan turned her head, though her hair was still held by Qin Mu, she was already ecstatic.

"Not sure yet, turn back around first, let me finish tying your hair, we'll go and wait."

"Okay!"

Chengcheng stood nearby, watching mom tie sister's hair feeling bored, it has been tied for so long and it's still not done, so he kept fiddling with mom's phone, clicking it non-stop.

After finishing the hair, Qin Mu drove her beat-up car, taking the siblings to the villa.

Everything there was much better than here, including the distance between houses.

Once Qin Mu opened the door and they went in, it was like frogs finally jumping out of a well, excitedly running around.

"Huanhuan, watch your brother, don't let him get hurt!"

Qin Mu watched them running so fast, hurriedly yelled, then started looking for tools to clean.

Today's weather was really nice, she first took the quilts out to air, then tidied the master bedroom on the first floor; with grandpa's poor health, he definitely couldn't stay upstairs.

At noon, Qin Mu ordered take-out directly, having almost finished tidying everyone's rooms, then without delay, she cleaned the living room.

Qin Mu didn't even know the Mu Family had other properties here, and the place felt so spacious, the air was so good, it felt like living in seclusion.

"Mom, when is grandma coming?"

At noon, while eating the steamed egg custard mom made, Huanhuan asked.

Qin Mu, eating the Italian pasta she ordered, thought for a bit and said: "They should arrive in two or three hours; definitely before dark."

Qin Mu calculated the time and dared not call to disturb, afraid the phone ringtone might scare grandpa.

After lunch, she got the siblings to drink water with small water bottles, then went back to cleaning.

After cleaning the living room, she was so exhausted that her back almost felt like it would break, recently it was already sore from making wedding dresses, and today she spent half the day cleaning.

But hearing the sound of a car stopping outside, Qin Mu still looked out to see a huge black business vehicle.

"Huanhuan! Your grandma and grandpa are here!"

Qin Mu slowly, supporting herself on the coffee table, managed to stand up with difficulty. For some reason, seeing that car made her suddenly anxious, and instinctively called her daughter.

At this moment, she seemed fragile.

"Oh!"

Huanhuan and her brother were inside playing with stickers. Chengcheng's face was already covered in princess stickers, upon hearing mom's shout, she immediately tossed the stickers aside, even stripped them off her brother's face: "Let's go, grandma is here!"

Grandma is here; there will be good dinner tonight!

In her heart, Huanhuan actually thought this.

Grandpa was supported by Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao as he got out of the car.

Qin Mu led Huanhuan and Chengcheng up, seeing grandpa with white hair being supported, she instantly went up nervously to help.

"Oh my! My little treasures!"

Seeing Chengcheng and Huanhuan, Feng Fanghua immediately stopped, holding back tears, opened her arms.

Mu Zihao and Qin Mu supported grandpa at the entrance watching the three of them hug, Qin Mu instinctively glanced towards the vehicle.

"Yichen had some work in the company, so he didn't come over."

Mu Zihao saw Qin Mu's somewhat uncertain gaze, softly reminded her.

"Oh! Is grandpa's health okay now?"

Qin Mu immediately snapped back to reality, then looked at grandpa and asked.

"No major issues, I can live another two years without problems."

Grandpa seemed quite optimistic, speaking proudly.

"Let's get inside and talk!"

Exhausted from the flight, Mu Zihao worried grandpa couldn't endure, hurriedly suggested they go inside.

Feng Fanghua led the two little ones ahead, Qin Mu and Mu Zihao supported grandpa, walking slower.

But upon reaching the entrance, just about to go in, Qin Mu suddenly heard a car sound, was it the sound of the car door closing, or opening?