

## His Beloved 1181

Chapter 1181: If She Is a Donkey, Then What About President Mu (Part 3)

"If Old Qin knew Jing Qing was back, I wonder what he'd do. Would he abandon his wife to protect Jing Qing again?"

Jiang Zhiyuan watched as the elegantly dressed Jing Qing descended from the Jing Family's house, admiring the grace in her demeanor. Qiao Yi was especially captivated by Jing Qing's impressive figure and the apparent sophistication she carried.

However, that's not the main point. The point is most people believed Jing Qing had died, and it's her first appearance before so many people. So, upon hearing the footsteps of high heels coming down the stairs, everyone in the living room looked at Jing Qing as if they'd seen a ghost.

"This girl had some health issues abroad for the past few years, and she came back just in time for my birthday this year."

The old master easily found an excuse, and no one dared to question him.

Only Mu Yichen standing by sighed helplessly.

Jing Feng walked out from the kitchen, carrying a drink, and stood beside Mu Yichen and Jiang Zhiyuan: "Don't worry about it, Qin Mu didn't come back, so no one will know my sister was here."

As soon as Jing Feng finished speaking, Mu Yichen instinctively glanced at Helian Hao, who was helping with tea nearby, thinking, Are you sure?

The juniors stood by the window, each with a glass of wine in hand, aimlessly gossiping to pass the time, while Jing Qing went to the sofa to sit with the old master of the Jing Family.

"Jing Qing has grown even more beautiful during her time away! Jing Feng, I bet there are many pursuing her?"

"Why? Are you planning to change your target?"

Jing Feng, still holding his drink, cast a sharp glance at Jiang Zhiyuan.

"Of course not! I still think An Nan suits me better. I just wonder if old Qin still thinks Stream Secretary is better."

Jiang Zhiyuan raised his eyebrows, unable to help but notice how Jing Qing exchanged pleasantries with the elders beside the old master.

Helian Hao even assisted in pouring tea once, quickly leaving before anyone could praise her.

Helian Hao looked displeased at Jing Feng, who then lowered his head as if he hadn't seen it.

"I suggest you leave early!"

Helian Hao gave Mu Yichen a reminder.

Mu Yichen intended exactly that, briefly bowed his head, and then looked up to see Jing Qing approaching them from the other side, with her gaze clearly fixed on him.

Mu Yichen glanced sideways at the doorway, clearly wanting to leave.

"Mu Yichen! Zhiyuan, it's been a long time!"

Jing Qing softly greeted them, seemingly returning to the time when Mu Yichen just returned from abroad, and she possessed that same gentle and charming demeanor.

"Long time no see! You've become prettier!"

Jiang Zhiyuan courteously remarked.

Though he felt more comfortable with his Xiaomu sister compared to Jing Qing, Qin Mu seemed a bit aloof, but he could still manage with Qin Mu. Jing Qing appeared soft, yet she was someone hard to approach.

"Thank you!"

Jing Qing didn't say much more, just turned to look at Mu Yichen again, finding him as cold as ever, unwilling even to look at her.

"I've got a boyfriend now! Don't be afraid!"

Jing Qing softly said.

Mu Yichen turned to look at her, displeased with her comment.

And the air thickened with an inexplicable awkwardness.

"I haven't told you yet, my sister is getting married!"

Jing Qing placed her hand on Mu Yichen's shoulder, sharing with a bit of sentiment.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"Congratulations!"

Mu Yichen merely offered a mild blessing, noting they hardly qualified as friends now.

"Thank you!"

Seeing him unwilling to converse further, Jing Qing planned to remain silent but couldn't help watching him a bit more.

The last time she returned, he enlisted Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi to send her away overnight, warning her not to return.

So now if he sees her at home, he's probably furious?

But knowing his nature, he wouldn't act out toward her in such a setting.

"I heard Qin Mu went to Paris! If you're so in love, why not go after her?"

Jing Qing couldn't help but ask him curiously.

Helian Hao, standing nearby, also involuntarily looked up at Jing Qing, thinking Jing Qing was meddling, yet interested to hear how Mu Yichen would respond.

"She's just there seeking inspiration! Once she finishes her work, of course, I'll go."

Mu Yichen replied more blandly.

Jing Qing, not fully convinced, nodded: "True, how could you bear leaving her abroad so long. Even before you got married, you went to see her at least once a month, didn't you?"

Chapter 1182: If She Is a Donkey, Then What About President Mu (Part 4)

"That's right! Our Yichen has always been devoted to his wife!"

Jiang Zhiyuan noticed the atmosphere was tense, so he chimed in.

"Who's getting married?"

Mu Yichen suddenly asked her.

Jing Qing's eyes immediately showed excitement, which even she found hard to believe; she thought she could calmly answer such a question.

"Someone quite similar to our family, around the same age as me, with the last name Zhen!"

Jing Qing gave a brief introduction.

Mu Yichen nodded after hearing this, then turned to Jing Feng and said, "Look at how happy Grandpa and the others are chatting, we youngsters should leave first!"

Jing Feng had a bad premonition but nodded.

Mu Yichen looked at Jiang Zhiyuan, "You come with me!"

Jiang Zhiyuan also felt it would be boring if Mu Yichen left, so he shrugged and showed indifference.

"So soon, won't you stay for dinner?"

"It's not very appropriate, let's leave the elders to enjoy their gathering!"

Mu Yichen coldly said to her, then left with Jiang Zhiyuan.

Helian Hao had been standing on the side all the while, feeling unexpectedly anxious.

"Yichen! I hope you can come to my wedding!"

Jing Qing saw them leaving and realized this might be her last chance to see him in the city, so she immediately took two steps forward.

However, she was quickly pulled back by Helian Hao.

Jing Qing glared at Helian Hao, then turned to watch the back of the man who was already stepping out the front door, and angrily shook off Helian Hao.

"Jing Qing, I don't care what you're up to, but stay away from Mu Yichen!"

Helian Hao might have been shaken off, but her demeanor remained fierce.

"That's none of your business! Or did your friend tell you to stay here and guard the house?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you, it's best if you leave as soon as you can after coming back this time."

After saying this, Helian Hao turned and walked inside; she had to help her mother-in-law in the kitchen, even if just pretending to be busy.

Before Mu Yichen left, Jing Feng explained to him, "Jing Qing will leave tomorrow, don't overdo it!"

Mu Yichen gave him just one look, but it was far too deep and icy, leaving an uneasy feeling in the heart.

Mu Yichen opened the car door and got inside, followed by Jiang Zhiyuan in his car, trailing behind. After driving a bit, he pulled over.

Jiang Zhiyuan parked beside him, saw Mu Yichen get out of the car, so he did the same, "Why did you stop?"

Mu Yichen didn't answer right away; he simply drew a cigarette from his pocket and lit it.

"Look into this Zhen Family!"

"Why investigate the Zhen Family? Are you considering giving them a wedding gift?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked him, puzzled.

Mu Yichen gave him a faint look, helplessly lighting the cigarette, the lighter's flame nearly extinguished twice by the cold wind, but finally, he lit the cigarette hanging from his lips.

"Do you remember what I once said? About Jing Qing!"

Mu Yichen took a drag and asked Jiang Zhiyuan, who furrowed his brows unconsciously at his longtime friend's expression, "What are you thinking? That event was so long ago!"

"If she were still dead, then yes, that matter would be over. But she's alive now and showed up in front of those elders on a night like this. Do you think her being alive can still be kept secret?"

"This..."

"Investigate the Zhen Family, since the Jing Family is hard to touch."

"Are you sure you want to do this? Since Jing Qing already has someone else she cares about, why not just give her a way out? She's from our city and grew up with us."

"Those who grew up with her don't include me, you know I've always been in Paris!"

Mu Yichen frowned and took another fierce drag from his cigarette, the silver smoke billowing out and getting swept away by the wind.

Jiang Zhiyuan stood crosswise, hands in pockets, looking down at his feet in worry.

"Jing Feng just mentioned that to you, did he guess what you're going to do?"

Jiang Zhiyuan looked up at him and asked.

"It's unfortunate, everyone knows everything yet still holds on to wishful thinking!"

In this merciless night, Mu Yichen's voice sounded equally merciless.

"Looks like your feud with the Jing Family is set in stone!"

Jiang Zhiyuan sighed helplessly; they were all once siblings, but now...

"Maybe the old man was the one who called Jing Qing back because you and Xiaomu got separated. Why not bring Xiaomu back to avoid those old guys constantly trying to throw women into your arms?"

"I can't go over there right now! But this matter must be dealt with!"

"Alright, then I—"

"You just go and get all the details about the Zhen Family, other matters aren't suitable for you to handle!"

Jiang Zhiyuan almost thought Mu Yichen was ruthless until he understood Mu Yichen was considering things for him by saying that.

"I understand!"



Jiang Zhiyuan indeed had things that weren't suitable for him to handle; if the old man of the Jing Family knew he was conspiring with Mu Yichen against the Zhen Family, he'd probably faint in anger.

"And now..."

"Let's go back!"

The wind outside was too cold; he hadn't finished his cigarette before it was ground out underfoot, then he opened the car door, got in, and drove away.

Chapter 1183: Finally Going to Find Her

Mu Yichen slumped on the sofa after returning home, thinking about what Jiang Zhiyuan had said, telling him to bring Qin Mu back!

He just didn't want to lose face every time, especially since he had said those words to her when she left.

— —

The morning in Paris was a bit damp.

Quietly before dawn, there had been a drizzle, and after sunrise, the rain quietly faded away.

Feng Fanghua stood at the room window, taking a photo of downstairs with her phone, Qin Mu with a dark shawl on her shoulders, her long hair loose, strolling on the quiet path at the front door, head lowered, lost in thought.

"If you don't come soon, your wife's going to be snatched away!"

Feng Fanghua texted Mu Yichen.

By then, Mu Yichen had already had lunch and was in the office reading documents. After seeing the text from Ms. Feng, he opened his phone and saw the photo on WeChat.

He thought, it must have just rained there, with a slight mist lingering.

But in such cold weather, that girl, seeming distant and somewhat dejected behind the glass...

No! She was no longer a girl, but a mother of two.

Yet, even after all these years, though she occasionally appeared mature and wise, there were always times he felt she remained his girl, his little Qingmei.

"By whom?"

Mu Yichen sent back a message, though it was only two words, it showed he truly cared.

"Many people! Her peers here, many are pursuing her. Last night, she came back only at midnight, brought back by a handsome guy, who isn't any worse than you and even younger!"

Feng Fanghua's typing speed was decent, and just a few words could make her son's heart a bit chaotic.

Qin Mu stood at the front door, looking at the basketball court across the street, which seemed abandoned for a long time. She couldn't help but look around, then started running towards it.

Feng Fanghua stood upstairs watching, as it was still early, the children were still asleep, so she stood at the window enjoying the view, unexpectedly seeing her daughter-in-law.

Feng Fanghua understood, no matter how smart someone appears, there are times they feel sad. That sadness, like the silent rain, quietly grows in the heart of a woman who usually seems so detached and clever.

Qin Mu glanced around and suddenly thought, she needed to buy a basketball, bring Mu Zihao along in the mornings to play for half an hour. Surely, exercising would improve anyone's mood.

After breakfast, Feng Fanghua asked Qin Mu: "Will you be home today as well?"

"No! I have to go to the studio today, then drop by the mall."

Qin Mu wore a neat jacket, tucked her hair behind her ears, her jade-like skin capturing attention and causing admiration.

"Going to the studio! Is Jian Yan also there?"

"Probably! He's usually at the studio!"

Qin Mu thought vaguely, Jian Yan used to stay home a lot; home was his studio, but later he started enjoying going to the actual studio, where his team was.

"Oh! Is he in good health?"

"He's really good! Mom, I'm heading out now, I'll be back early!"

Qin Mu said before leaving, promising to be back before nine, and it was already past eight.

"Alright! Drive carefully!"

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu agreed, then took the car keys and left with her bag.

Feng Fanghua watched her leave, sighed helplessly, then sent another message to Mu Yichen: "Now she's gone to find her mentor! I sense something might be happening between your wife and her mentor this time in Paris."

"What do you mean?"

"Is your wife someone who doesn't go to work for no reason and stays home for days?"

Mu Yichen thought, it didn't seem like her.

"She hasn't been drawing or making clothes recently. When I asked her about Jian Yan, she was always composed, but it's because she's too composed that makes me suspicious."

"You're overthinking it, I have to go to a meeting, talk later!"

Upon hearing a knock on the door, Mu Yichen sent that message to Feng Fanghua and put his phone down.

"Boss! A Mr. Hu is here to see you!"

"Let him in!"

Mu Yichen said, tidying up the desk and his expression became slightly more solemn than before.

Meanwhile, after Qin Mu drove to the studio, she was with her colleagues discussing the upcoming show. Jian Yan stood at the office door, leaning against the frame, holding a cigarette in his hand, showing a hint of melancholy, but not overly, watching them debate the order of the show.

Chapter 1184: Finally Going to Find Her (Part 2)

Qin Mu knew there were people standing behind her, so she never dared to turn around and look.

Instead, it was a colleague who raised their head to ask Jian Yan for his opinion. Jian Yan just smiled but didn't give them an answer. Since the discussion had already started, they naturally had to come up with the best solution.

Near noon, Qin Mu was about to leave. She originally wanted to leave with her bag directly, but since Jian Yan was standing there, she had to greet him.

"Master! I'm continuing my leave today!"

Qin Mu smiled like a child, yet carried a hint of reluctant difficulty.

Jian Yan didn't speak but just watched her with a silent gaze, which slowly lowered.

"I'm off! Bye-bye!"

Qin Mu immediately left with her bag.

The colleagues didn't notice anything was wrong until Jian Yan went into the office and slammed the door shut.

Jian Yan was not without a temper.

Qin Mu drove herself to that small shop again, sitting outside to eat her simple lunch, then went to a nearby mall, where she picked a basketball that wasn't cheap in the sports section.

Then she selected four sets of sportswear, choosing the same style for her and Feng Fanghua, larger for Feng Fanghua. Mu Zihao and grandpa's were the same, not the same size, but the same style.

Life went on day after day like this. Qin Mu started waking up every morning to go jogging and play basketball. Occasionally, Mu Zihao would accompany her; otherwise, she played slam dunk by herself.

The past, gradually, began to blur before her eyes.

On the day the show ended, Jian Yan got drunk for the first time.

Qin Mu worried about him but didn't dare to care for him.

So when colleagues were helping him home, Qin Mu took the opportunity to find his phone in his pocket.

Her hand was suddenly grabbed, and Qin Mu shuddered, reflexively looking up at him. At the hotel entrance, with people coming and going, she suddenly felt a bit unsure of the time.

Jian Yan slightly raised his bloodshot eyes to look at her, tightly gripping her wrist, slowly turning red. Jian Yan lowered his eyes slowly, looking at the slender wrist he was holding, then gradually let go.

In that moment, Qin Mu seemed to stop breathing.

Only after he let go did she slowly lift his phone and find the most unfamiliar number in his contacts.

No name, but it was the number with the most missed calls.

Qin Mu had an instinct that it was that girl.

Qin Mu dialed the number but didn't say anything once connected, handing it to the male colleague: "Tell her to take care of JY!"

The colleague knowingly nodded and, once the car came, helped him into the car and left.

At that time, Jian Yan was no longer looking at her, but Qin Mu stood there, unable to move for a long time.

Her eyes, not knowing why, blurred her vision.

Was it heartache?

Was it reluctance?

Was it a difficult choice?

Qin Mu stood silently at the hotel entrance, facing the cold wind until she realized she was blocking the way, then slowly stepped aside and left from the edge.

She could even feel the sadness, the anger of Jian Yan knowing she was going to call Xiao Wei, the...

But, he ultimately let go, just like she ultimately had to turn away.

Maybe, a mentor-mentee relationship doesn't have to last forever.

Turning away and having their backs to each other is another way of being together.

Now, she no longer needed anyone to tell her that Jian Yan liked her.

She could see it, in his eyes, in his silence.

She was no longer the silly little girl from before, waiting for Xiaomei to tell her how much her master liked her, no longer waiting for Mu Yichen to repeatedly warn her to stay away from Jian Yan, further and further away.

But he is her master!

Back then, when he agreed to teach her, let her into the house, she secretly made up her mind to follow him for a lifetime. No matter what she did for him, she was willing, even if it meant taking care of him in his old age, she wouldn't have said a word.

Yet...

How naive she was back then!

The wind brazenly blew through her long hair like that.

The wind brazenly blew across her wet face like that.

They had no choice.

Qin Mu hoped Jian Yan would never say those words to her, so she could feel a little less guilty.

Qin Mu suddenly missed Mu Yichen because she suddenly wanted to lean into his arms and cry like a fool without any scruples.

She wanted to ask Mu Yichen if her mentor-mentee relationship with Jian Yan was really over like this?

She thought only Mu Yichen could give her a real answer.

Chapter 1185: Finally Going to Find Her (Part 3)

But...

Mu Yichen had planted a thorn in her heart, a thorn so deep and thick that she didn't know if she could survive pulling it out.

When Qin Mu got home, it was already very late. After parking the car, she quietly entered the house, tiptoeing up the stairs into her room in the dark.



After tossing aside her bag, she sat in the soft chair by the window, bent over with her face buried deep in her palms.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao had just woken up from their sleep, lying in bed whispering: "Was that Mumu coming back?"

"It should be. I heard the car stop outside."

Mu Zihao agreed, then turned to ask her, "What do you think?"

"I just feel like this can't go on. Last time, Yichen used a fake car accident to trick Qin Mu into coming back. This time, should we use a fake car accident to lure him here? They've been separated for three months; we shouldn't let something really happen!"

"Hmm! Maybe we should talk to dad about it!"

Mu Zihao felt that saying Mumu had a car accident was too inauspicious, but the old man's health had indeed been not too well recently.

"That sounds good! Let's talk to dad about it tomorrow."

Feng Fanghua said and then leaned closer to him, "Why are these two so stubborn?"

"If one of them had a temper like mine, wouldn't you be bored?"

"Are you saying I meddle too much?"

Feng Fanghua raised her eyes from Mu Zihao's embrace.

In the darkness, Mu Zihao couldn't help but smile, while Feng Fanghua pinched his waist.

"Ouch! How can you be so rough at your age?"

"You're the one who's mindful, our whole family relies on your wisdom, right?"

The next day, when Qin Mu went to play basketball, the couple went to the old man's room to share their idea. The old man had just finished washing up and was preparing to head downstairs for some tea. Hearing his son and daughter-in-law planning to reconcile his grandson and granddaughter-in-law, he felt it was a matter of duty.

But their plan couldn't be put into action. While playing basketball, Qin Mu stepped on a large iron nail, almost piercing her foot.

The couple saw her hugging her foot on the court, rocking back and forth, feeling a sense of dread, and immediately ran over.

"What happened?"

"What happened?"

The couple anxiously asked as they approached her.

"It's nothing! Just stepped on a nail!"

Qin Mu hugged her foot, her voice weakened, and cold sweat was breaking out on her forehead.

Seeing the rusty nail, Mu Zihao quickly turned to Feng Fanghua: "Take care of Mumu, I'll drive the car over, we need to go to the hospital."

"Okay!"

Feng Fanghua was terrified, her socks were thoroughly soaked with blood.

"Child, why weren't you more careful?"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but cover her mouth, frightened by the unstoppable bleeding.

Qin Mu helplessly let out a laugh, tears almost welling up from the pain.

They had been playing basketball here for over a month without incident, always keeping it clean. Who would have thought there'd be an iron nail between the bricks?

At the hospital, it was a round of unbearable disinfection; Qin Mu hugged Feng Fanghua's waist as if she was going to squeeze her to death, yet she dared not use too much force, only biting her lip hard.

When the doctor finished disinfecting, most of her lip had been bitten colorless by her.

The weather turned gloomier that day. Feng Fanghua no longer sent messages but directly called her son: "You should come over, she stepped on an iron nail today, and she probably won't be able to walk for a while."

Feng Fanghua's voice was filled with fatigue and concern.

"What happened?"

Mu Yichen frowned, driving on his way home.

"Someone left an iron nail on the basketball court, and she stepped on it!"

Feng Fanghua sighed helplessly after explaining, thinking of Qin Mu holding her while enduring the pain, she couldn't help but feel heartache.

There was a moment of silence on Mu Yichen's end, before he simply said, "I know!"

Mu Yichen hung up the phone.

Feng Fanghua didn't understand, looked at her phone screen, and sighed helplessly.

"How's it?"

Mu Zihao asked when he returned to the room.

"He said he knows! But he didn't say if he'll come or not!"

"That kid is stubborn too!"

Mu Zihao sighed in resignation.

As they were unsure if Mu Yichen would go to see Qin Mu, the next morning, the basketball court outside their house was dismantled, with the hoop removed, and the ground covered with a thick layer of soil by the workers.

Everyone listened to the sound, each watching from their windows, and Qin Mu, hopping on one foot, stood by the window watching the dismantling of the basketball court, unable to help frowning.

Chapter 1186: Finally Going to Find Her (Part 4)

Who would do something so heartless?

Could it be that the elders complained? Is that why the management here had someone come to fill up the court?

Qin Mu hopped on one foot, slowly making her way from the wall to the door, opening it, and then clutched the door frame as she called out: "Mom, Mom? What happened?"

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao's door was open, and hearing Qin Mu call her, she came out, seeing Qin Mu at the door, her expression turned cold: "Didn't I tell you to lie in bed? Why did you come down?"

"I heard some noise outside and wanted to check. Why is the basketball court gone? Did you guys complain?"

"No! I'm just as puzzled as you!"

Feng Fanghua spoke while wrapping her arm around Qin Mu, supporting her as they walked back to the bed.

"You should lie in bed and not move; I've already called your husband to come take care of you. When he arrives, he can carry you downstairs, but for now, just stay in bed for a few days."

"You called him? Told him I'm injured?"

Qin Mu looked at Feng Fanghua in disbelief.

"Of course! It's been a whole season! From winter to summer in Rongcheng, what do you expect? This is the perfect opportunity for you two to break the ice. Once he arrives, don't be stubborn, okay?"

Qin Mu didn't know, but she had already guessed what happened to the basketball court.

And indeed, it was just as she suspected.

While they were still talking, the workers had already arrived at their doorstep. The old man was standing at the door practicing Tai Chi, and when the workers approached to speak with him, he couldn't understand, but the household staff surprisingly did and communicated quite well.

"Old Sir, he said it was Mr. Mu who hired them to shovel it, here's the receipt."

The maid handed the receipt slip from the workers to the old man.

Mr. Mu? Which Mr. Mu?

All three men in this house have the last name Mu, and the two here don't know about this, so...

Mu Yichen!

The old man sighed helplessly, then turned and walked inside.

Mu Zihao happened to come down, and the old man stood by the sofa looking at his son, chuckling as he asked: "Did you arrange this?"

"No!"

Mu Zihao replied, utterly puzzled.

"Hmph! Then I know who did! That kid really is infuriating!"

The old man chuckled, then handed the receipt in his hand to Mu Zihao.

Mu Zihao looked down at it, then raised his eyes to look at the old man who had sat down on the sofa, and couldn't help but sigh: "Why does that kid have such a big temper?"

"Indeed! I bet he won't come over! Your wife keeps posting on social media about you playing basketball on the court, and he's already full of anger watching from Rongcheng. Now his wife got hurt, so wouldn't he find an excuse to vent?"

The old man had a knowing look but shook his head helplessly afterward. His grandson's temperament was just like his when he was young.

"This grandson takes after me, but why can't he inherit my good traits? The feelings I had with your mother back then..."

The old man couldn't help but get furious as he recalled, yet when he thought carefully, something seemed off.

Back then, wasn't he just like his grandson is now? Clearly in love to the point of being head over heels, but cruel with words and lacking in action.

Mu Zihao let out a helpless laugh; his memories of his mother were already quite fuzzy, but his impression of his father shouting at his mother was extremely vivid.

Whenever Feng Fanghua had a spat with him, he'd recall his father yelling at his mother in the past.

The love was deep but expressed poorly, and his personality turned out well later, probably because he witnessed his father's insincerity towards his mother.

He saw firsthand how despite their great relationship, one had a sharp tongue, and the other was full of grievances; he witnessed it all, so he no longer desired that kind of relationship.

However, how did this unborn inheritance skip to his son?

The old man was pondering in distress when the maid came out of his room with his phone: "Old Sir, your phone!"

The old man raised his eyes, asking who it was, and the maid said: "The caller ID shows Jing Lao!"

Upon hearing this, the old man immediately took the call.

"Hello?"

"Old Mu, what is your grandson doing? Even if my Jing Family was in the wrong back then, I have apologized; what else does he want? Hmm? He doesn't dare to deal with me, so he messes with my granddaughter-in-law?"...

The old man was so angry that he felt a tightness in his chest.

Mu Yichen arrived in Paris at dusk, then arranged for a private car to take him to their villa.

Chapter 1187: Finally Going to Find Her (Part 5)

The window of the largest room on the first floor was lit.

The lights on so early must be his grandfather's room.

He wore neatly pressed suit pants, a white shirt with its sleeves rolled up casually, holding his suit jacket in his hand, striding towards the inside.

"You are..."

The aunt at the door was surprised to see Mu Yichen.

"Mu Yichen!"

Mu Yichen replied tersely with three words.

"Ah! Young Master! Please come in!"

"Is my grandfather on the first floor?"



"Yes! The old master lives on the first floor, the young madam and the madam live on the second floor, the young miss and young master also live upstairs."

Mu Yichen walked towards his grandfather's room, his ears still listening to the aunt's report.

"How is the young madam?"

"The young madam is fine! Luckily, they sent her to the hospital in time, but she had a bit of a fever in the afternoon, so she's lying in bed now."

"Fever?"

Mu Yichen instinctively paused, turned around, and frowned at the aunt.

"The doctor came, it's nothing serious, just lost too much blood in the morning, it's hard to recover now!"

"Which hospital did you go to for the check-up?"

"It seems to be a private hospital!"

The aunt wasn't very clear, just thought there's only that hospital nearby.

Mu Yichen didn't ask further, but instead of rushing to his grandfather's room, he called a hospital in the city center.

When Mu Yichen entered the old master's room, Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua were inside, the old master was on the bed, Mu Zihao sitting on the sofa, Feng Fanghua serving tea.

Hearing the door open, all three looked towards it, all shocked.

"Why did it take you this long to come crawling over here?"

The old master, upon seeing him, was quiet for only a few seconds before starting to scold angrily.

Mu Yichen didn't speak, just walked over: "As soon as I got the call, I flew over immediately, did you think it's like going from Eastern City to Western City? This is across an ocean!"

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao exchanged a glance, then Mu Zihao asked in a low voice: "Your grandfather got a call from the old master of the Jing Family, what's going on? I heard you clashed with Jing Qing's husband again?"

"Don't you get involved in this! How's grandpa's health?"

Mu Yichen noticed the old master's pale face, unsure if it was due to anger or illness.

"You still care about my health? I think I'll die from anger by you before any illness kills me."

The old master, speaking, was still gasping for breath, yet couldn't help but express his anger.

Mu Yichen looked weary but couldn't help wanting to laugh, so he frowned heavily, dropping his gaze away from the old man.

"How about, you go check on your wife first? She's been somewhat weak today and might have even cried secretly!"

"Not necessary! I came to see that grandpa's fine, then I'll head back to the city center!"

Mu Yichen said, and then sat on the sofa with his father.

Feng Fanghua...

Mu Zihao also disagreed as he looked at his son.

The old master, however, snorted coldly: "You may as well go! Why are you sitting here?"

The old master, scowling, clearly not one to be trifled with.

"In your current state, how can I leave? I've already called the doctor, who will come soon to check on you."

"What?"

The old master paused!

Mu Yichen said nothing more, only his deep dark eyes fixed on his grandfather, as if seeing through everything.

The old master's crafty eyes immediately looked elsewhere.

Mu Yichen pretended not to see, only glanced around the room, finding it decent, then felt at ease.

"I'm going out for a smoke!"

Sitting for a while, unable to stand the elders' probing, he stood up.

"I..."

"You stay here!"

Mu Yichen, afraid his father would follow, raised his hand, signaling, then went out on his own.

His coat was on the sofa, the cigarettes in it.

Yet, he moved from the bedroom to the living room, as if a stranger, slowly touring the house.

The aunt came out from the kitchen and saw him standing at the staircase, gazing upstairs.

"Young Master! The young madam lives in the second room on the left!"

Mu Yichen turned his head, only managed a faint smile, but didn't speak.

The aunt didn't understand what issues there were between their couple, as their work rules forbade probing into the family's business, so she diligently returned to her work.

The other aunt in the kitchen exchanged a few quiet words with the one who went in earlier, then stopped talking.

While Mu Yichen slowly walked from the staircase outwards again.

"Dad! Dad!"

Huanhuan and Chengcheng ran in from outside, covered in mud.

Earlier, they had picked some wildflowers behind the building intending to give them to Qin Mu, not expecting to see a tall man through the window upon returning.

Huanhuan stopped at once, stood outside the window watching for a long time, confirmed before running home with her brother, shouting for their dad.

Mu Yichen strolled over, slowly squatting down: "Where did you two go?"

When he came, he looked around but didn't see them.

"Over there! We went to pick flowers, are they pretty?"

Huanhuan's handful was a bit better-looking, while Chengcheng's was already crushed.

Huanhuan looked at her brother's hand and her expression visibly turned disappointed, whereas Chengcheng's was more puzzled.

Perhaps too young and too long since seeing their dad in person, he found him somewhat unfamiliar.

Mu Yichen looked steadily at him for a while, though not with a father's affection, his gaze was calm and gentle enough.

Chengcheng felt a little grievance, slowly walked to Mu Yichen's side, then handed the crushed flowers to him, opening his hand to reveal a palm full of tiny petals.

They were dandelions!

Mu Yichen recognized the origin of those tiny petals at once.

"Dad! Did you come to see me and brother?"

Huanhuan felt a bit excited, leaning against Mu Yichen's leg too.

"Yeah! I came to see if the two of you were behaving here! But it seems you are being quite well-behaved!"

Mu Yichen said, giving a faint smile, his gentle gaze on his daughter, then at the flowers in her hand.

"Of course, we are well-behaved, very obedient, and brother is also very good. We are going to give mom the flowers now, even though brother's are ruined, mine are still good!"

Huanhuan looked at her own flowers, with hardly any missing petals.

"Go on!"

Mu Yichen gently hugged them, then let them go upstairs.

"Aren't you coming up with us? Don't you want to see mom?"

Mu Yichen just looked at his daughter, blinking, surprised at how she could say so much already and feeling a bit distressed not knowing how to explain this to a child, so he could only respond with a smile.

"Go on!"

He repeated.

Huanhuan felt a bit disappointed, without understanding, yet thinking the flowers would spoil, so she ran upstairs.

But Chengcheng didn't go, he missed his dad, unlike his sister who had grown used to separation from their parents, he wanted to cling to his dad.

Mu Yichen glanced down at him; he hung his head silently, but didn't leave his side, so Mu Yichen picked him up: "Show me where you picked the flowers?"

Chengcheng fiddled with two fingers, shyly nodded, then pointed outside the door.

#### Chapter 1188: Finally Stopped Tossing and Turning

Mu Yichen set Chengcheng down outside the door, and Chengcheng lowered his head and ran towards the side of the house that was hidden from view; only then did he realize why he hadn't seen the siblings earlier.

It's just...

Mu Yichen couldn't help but lean against the wall, wanting to take out a cigarette, but when he reached for his chest, he realized he wasn't wearing his jacket.

The spring in Paris wasn't particularly warm, and he subconsciously felt a chill in his chest.

— —

"Mommy! Daddy's here!"

Inside the house, Huanhuan went upstairs, raised her arm to twist the doorknob, then walked to her mom's bedside with the flower, mentioning it to her mom as she presented the flower.

"Hmm?"

Qin Mu held the flower she gave her, just about to feel happy, but hearing the last sentence, her whole heart was a bit shaken.

"Daddy's here! He's playing downstairs with little brother!"

Huanhuan, afraid her mom wouldn't believe her, reiterated seriously.

This time, Qin Mu didn't ask again, nor did she speak again; she was very calm, outwardly.

Inside, she was really tumultuous, as if she had just experienced the rolling dust of the world.

Huanhuan's babyish voice, finally managing to say a complete sentence, but with limitless strength.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

Huanhuan looked at her mom leaning against the bed, a bit worried.

"It's fine! Thank you for the flower, Mommy loves it, go play!"

Qin Mu smiled, gently touching her head.

"Then I'm going to find Daddy and little brother!"

Huanhuan said to her, worried she'd be sad even as she wanted to leave.

"Mm!"

After Huanhuan left, Qin Mu lowered her head looking at the flower in her hand, suddenly feeling weak.

She didn't even dare to ask Huanhuan if it was really her daddy who had come.

He had said he wouldn't come on his own.

Probably because of the old man. The old man had received a call today and wasn't well afterward, but no one told her what it was because of.

Qin Mu thought again of the small basketball court outside, which had already been dug up by Mu.



Her stomach suddenly felt a bit uncomfortable, and then her heart followed the heavy air in the entire room, gradually becoming heavy as well.

The Chinese doctor from the hospital came over, and after first giving the old man all sorts of checks and confirming there was no big issue, only then did he look at the family: "Don't agitate the old man, as people get older they naturally get excitable, try to cooperate with him as much as possible."

"Hah! Isn't that right! None of you let me have peace!"

The old man leaned against the headboard, listening to the doctor, glancing at his treasured grandson standing by the door, even angrier.

Mu Yichen slightly raised his eyes, gave a shallow smile but said nothing.

The doctor, about the same age as Mu Yichen, glanced at him, also just smiled, not involving himself in others' family affairs.

Only when he was leaving did Mu Yichen see him off, and he mentioned the hospital's arrangement: "From now on, any issues with the old man, I'll handle them. Besides the old man needing to go to the hospital regularly for exams, I'll also come to the house twice a week to check on his condition."

"Mm! Thank you for your hard work!"

Mu Yichen nodded, then offered his hand in greeting.

The doctor smiled, then glanced around: "I heard there's someone injured in your family?"

Mu Yichen only then suddenly remembered about Mrs. Mu, then turned to look at the auntie about to deliver tea to the old man, and the auntie also noticed him.

"Please take the doctor to the young madam's room!"

"Oh, okay! I'll quickly deliver the tea first."

The auntie quickly complied, though she didn't understand why Mu Yichen wasn't taking the doctor himself.

"If convenient, I can go up myself, in..."

Mu Yichen saw the doctor look upstairs unceremoniously, but he didn't inform him.

Someone wants to go to the wife of the Mu family's room? And it's a man!

Heh! Like Mu would let him in by himself, especially as seeing a doctor would involve bodily contact.

The doctor caught the meaning in Mu Yichen's silence, felt a bit awkward afterward, and waited for the auntie to take him upstairs.

Qin Mu was holding a book, reading, then heard a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

"Young madam! The young master asked the doctor to check on you!"

Qin Mu, upon hearing the words "young master," still thought it surreal.

"Alright!"

She placed the book on her lap, then looked at the man following the auntie inside. He wasn't wearing a lab coat, but a doctor's appearance can't really be told by looks.

"Have you taken your temperature?"

The doctor, upon entering, saw the woman sitting on the bed reading, her long hair loose, brushing back the hair covering her face behind her ear, her pretty face reminding him of the phrase "skin smooth as jade."

"Thirty-seven point seven degrees, not too serious!"

Qin Mu answered.

"Is it convenient to look at your wound?"

Chapter 1189: Finally Stopped Tossing and Turning (Part 2)

The doctor stood in front of her bed, staring at her leg, with a thin blanket covering it.

Qin Mu was too lazy to lift the blanket, so she just pulled it up from the bottom, revealing one beautiful foot. No, only one foot remained beautiful; the other was wrapped in bandages. The top of the foot was fine; the sole had been treated, and there was a bit of padding.

"Has there been any bleeding since you went home?"

"I don't think so?"

Qin Mu instinctively tilted her head to look at the arch of her foot.

The doctor looked down at her foot as well, but Mu Yichen's expression made him reluctant to glance at the woman too much. It was only after Qin Mu's small movements that he reflexively took a quick look at her, smiled slightly at her cute demeanor, then lowered his eyes, focusing on his own thoughts.

"It shouldn't be anything serious, but if the fever persists tonight, you must go to the hospital for another checkup tomorrow!"

"Alright! Thank you!"

"Then I'll take my leave! Here's my business card!"

Before the doctor left, he habitually left his contact information.

"Thank you for your trouble!"

Qin Mu politely said to him.

The doctor nodded with a slight smile, and then left.

After he left, Qin Mu still felt that his expression was a bit strange but couldn't figure it out, so she decided not to dwell on it.

Instead, she bent down again to cover her foot with the blanket, then slowly leaned back against the headboard, looking down at the business card he left behind.

"Lin Xiangxi!"

Wow! Such a unique name!

Qin Mu placed the business card aside, then picked up her book to continue reading. But after glancing at it, she remembered someone mentioned the young master just now.

He really came here.

Just didn't come to his own room!

He still remembers that phrase, right?

He won't come to find her, so either she goes back on her own, or otherwise...

Forget it!

She focused on her book again. As for Mu Yichen, he has his own choices; anyway, the elders wouldn't let her downstairs in her current condition.

This way, they avoided a meeting downstairs, or rather, avoided a meeting in Paris.

Dinner was ready quickly, and when everyone sat down, Feng Fanghua pulled Mu Yichen outside: "Go call your wife to come down for dinner!"

"How should I call her?"

Mu Yichen asked, as if he couldn't manage it.

"How do you call her? Her foot is injured and she can't walk. Can't you just carry her down?"

Feng Fanghua looked at her son, truly making her anxious.

"Haven't you often taught us to restrain ourselves in front of elders?"

"What? You! Then you better restrain yourself for this lifetime!"

Feng Fanghua was so angry she almost couldn't speak. She turned back to look at him after she walked in: "Why didn't you behave like this before? Always flaunting affection in front of us. Now you're pretending to be a good boy? If she doesn't come down, then you better not come over!"

Feng Fanghua said, then went to her seat.

"Grandma, why aren't you letting Dad have dinner?"

Huanhuan, sitting in a chair, listened for a while and felt sorry for her dad.

"When did I stop him from eating? I can't control him!"

Feng Fanghua said.

Huanhuan blinked her eyes, holding a big bowl, looking outside the dining room, at her poor dad.

The old man chuckled: "This kid will be the death of me one day."

"Better start eating! Our family hasn't had a meal together in a long time!"

Mu Zihao regretted that his son flew all the way over and couldn't even enjoy a meal.

However, just as he said this, he looked up to see his son had already found a seat and sat down. Mu Yichen, feeling awkward, raised his eyes to look at everyone: "Let's eat first! I haven't even had a sip of water all day."

Dealing with Ms. Feng, he could only use this tactic.

Feng listened, her chest tightening, but because she was angry, she didn't ask him to quickly eat.

"Take time with the children's issues; now that they're here, you're afraid they won't see each other?"

Mu Zihao whispered to Feng Fanghua.

But Feng Fanghua was worried, worried that the young couple wouldn't meet for a proper talk.

If things escalate, what then?

"Young man! Did you hire someone to pull up the grass and replace it with a basketball court at the door?"

The old man looked up at his grandson and asked.

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen didn't lift his eyes, just served himself soup and replied, then seriously drank his soup.

"Why did you do that? What does her injury have to do with the court? Everyone liked exercising there."

Feng Fanghua asked, puzzled.

"It was nice! Nice enough for endless bleeding!"

Mu Yichen said, lifting his eyes to glance at his mother.

Feng Fanghua was instantly at a loss for words.

"This will only make your wife angrier. She finally found some joy."

Chapter 1190: Finally Stopped Tossing and Turning (Part 3)

Mu Zihao whispered to him.

The maid carried the meal from behind him to deliver it to Qin Mu. When Mu Yichen looked up, the maid had already walked out of the dining room, letting out a silent sigh.

In his pitch-black eyes, there was clearly a concern for her, a distress at being unable to see her despite wanting to.

"Playing ball isn't her forte, if you want to play, find a better place when we return to the country."

Mu Yichen said.

"Hmph! You're just jealous, aren't you?"

The old man immediately revealed the truth.

Mu Yichen looked up at him.

"Just because our family is happy here, while you're suffering in Rongcheng with nowhere to vent, you used Qin Mu's injury as an excuse to kill her joy, didn't you?"

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao looked at the old man in confusion and then curiously at their son.

They still thought Mu Yichen was worried that Qin Mu would get injured again.

"So what if I am?"

Mu Yichen asked, with an attitude that was provoking yet made them reluctant to hit him.

"So what if you are? I'll educate you once I've finished eating!"

The old man threatened, gritting his teeth and glaring at his beloved grandson.



Mu Yichen did not refute, he bowed his head and started eating.

Feng Fanghua was somewhat worried as she glanced at her father-in-law, afraid he might really hit her son.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao thought that after dinner, Mu Yichen would go to Qin Mu's room to sleep, given there was no other bed in the house.

But...

After he helped his son bathe and coaxed him to sleep, he surprisingly carried a blanket to the living room.

At ten thirty, everyone returned to their rooms. Mu Zihao was there smoking, watching the news, and upon hearing very soft footsteps, Mu Zihao looked up and saw his son approaching.

He tossed the blanket gently onto the longest sofa, walked over, sat down, and picked up the cigarette pack on the coffee table, pulling out one and lighting it.

"Are you planning to sleep here tonight?"

"Since Grandpa's fine, I'm leaving early in the morning."

Mu Yichen inhaled deeply once the cigarette was lit, then slowly spoke.

"Leaving? Just like that? Without even seeing your wife?"

Mu Zihao frowned, not understanding.

"Hmm! Nothing to see!"

Mu Yichen said.

"Nothing to see? Wasn't it once a life-or-death love?"

Mu Yichen said nothing, just took another drag from his cigarette.

"Yichen, this way it makes Dad mistakenly think your feelings for each other aren't as they used to be. Tell Dad honestly, have your feelings for your wife faded? Or have you found someone better?"

Mu Zihao suddenly recalled rumors circulating in the city recently.

"Your son doesn't have so many emotions!"

Mu Yichen said, flicking the ash into the crystal ashtray on the table.

"So the feelings have faded?"

Mu Zihao asked again.

Mu Yichen said nothing, just irritably raised his hand to lightly touch his lips.

"It's been months, hasn't it? You've never gone so long without seeing her before."

"She's not a child anymore!"

Mu Yichen said, half-narrowing his eyes.

"So then? What are your plans for the future? Just continue separating like this?"

"If Grandpa's health is fine, you should return to Rongcheng!"

Mu Yichen said, then leaned back on the sofa, pinching his brow in mild discomfort.

"Yichen! This isn't like you, tonight you must give Dad some reassurance, let Dad know what you're thinking, okay?"

Mu Zihao leaned forward, earnestly staring at his son.

"I'm not thinking about anything! This is just how it is now!"

After Mu Yichen finished speaking, he couldn't help but scoff, something sharp in his pitch-black eyes gradually softening.

"Between a married couple, misunderstandings can't exist. Separation just makes your feelings worse, don't you understand? Like why you followed her to Paris back then? Weren't you afraid she'd forget you? So why now, would you leave her here?"

Mu Yichen didn't respond, nor was he willing to, just arrogantly leaned back on the sofa smoking.

Anxiously, Mu Zihao took a harsh drag as well.

"Son! The men in our family are devoted, I know this better than you, but let me tell you, devotion doesn't give you the right to bully your wife."

Mu Yichen slightly raised his eyes, noticing that his father was quite persuasive.

"Back then, I watched as your grandpa and grandma quarreled all the time, caring deeply for each other yet never saying words to make each other happy. When your grandma passed, how regretful your grandpa was..., Yichen, Dad hopes you won't be someone who speaks against their heart, okay?"