

His Beloved 1321

Chapter 1321: Jiang Zhiyuan's Proposal (Part 5)

An Nan's heart felt like it was exploding, her heart couldn't take it.

"Why are you dressed like this? It's so hot today!"

An Nan asked him, stepping forward to loosen his tie and unbutton three buttons on his shirt collar.

Jiang Zhiyuan blankly watched the series of actions that seemed like something a wife would do for her husband, gradually losing the tension he had felt moments before. She cared so much for him, how could she not agree? She must be longing to marry him soon too.

"Nannan!"

Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly grabbed her hand, calling her softly.

An Nan looked up at the man slightly taller than her: "Hmm?"

Jiang Zhiyuan didn't rush to speak, but turned his head to the side, where Qiao Yi promptly handed him a large bouquet of roses that had been sitting on the table.

Jiang Zhiyuan took the roses and slowly knelt down on one knee.

An Nan's heart beat even faster, pounding, and she started to feel a bit at a loss.

At that moment, everyone was actually suppressing some impulsive feeling.

"Nannan, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Ever since the second time I met you, I've had the feeling of wanting to be with you forever. Afterwards, I couldn't control my heart. I fell in love with you, deeply and profoundly in love with you. Nannan, we've been together for so long. Would you give me a chance to be by your side in a more intimate role? Would you marry me?"

Jiang Zhiyuan pulled out a new and very exquisite black velvet box from his jacket pocket, where the engagement ring he had agonized over for several days sat.

An Nan held her breath; in that moment, something seemed stuck in her throat, preventing her from speaking.

At that moment, everyone sitting on the sofa unconsciously held their breath. Whether a cold-blooded CEO who had long been in the business world, a prosecutor known for being impartial, or always pursuing simplicity like fellow student Zhao, or those three women whose emotional lives weren't rich but whose inner feelings were deep and rich.

Jiang Zhiyuan's eyes were full of anticipation. For a minute, he wasn't that nervous, but faced with An Nan's silence, he suddenly grew tense again.

"An Nan, say yes to him!"

Helian Hao felt he was going to suffocate. He hadn't felt this difficult even with Jing Feng, so he reminded An Nan before he really could no longer breathe.

"Exactly! Say yes to him!"

Xiaomei couldn't help but speak up, feeling like those two had already forgotten time, especially An Nan.

It had been over a minute, but An Nan still didn't speak until she heard everyone's urge. She then forced a smile; she loved the man in front of her, but did they really need to rush into marriage?

"He's anguished over tonight for a while now; if you love him, say yes to him."

Even Jing Feng couldn't help but speak up for Jiang Zhiyuan.

Kneeling on the ground, Jiang Zhiyuan was about to cry, seeing that An Nan didn't seem inclined to agree.

The room suddenly fell silent again, only Jiang Zhiyuan's gentle voice could be heard: "It's okay, if you really don't want to."

"Aren't we fine as we are?"

An Nan asked him softly, her understanding gaze never avoiding the man proposing to her.

"It's not bad!"

Jiang Zhiyuan let out an awkward laugh. Only she knew how difficult it was to utter those three words.

In fact, at that moment, Jiang Zhiyuan's heart felt terribly troubled.

"Can I at least keep the ring?"

Looking at the disappointment in his eyes, she felt a pang in her heart, asking him quietly.

Qin Mu and others couldn't help but stand up, finding it hard to sit still as this couple was too frustrating.

Jiang Zhiyuan didn't understand, but when she took the roses, he looked at her empty hand.

Her hand was a bit plump, but very soft and comfortable to touch. He had secretly measured her ring size while she was sleeping, eagerly awaiting this day, but...

He hadn't expected her to truly not agree, even with his closest friends and family present. She could refuse, and in that manner.

"I haven't thought through marriage yet, but if you're sure it's me for this life, you can put the ring on my finger. If you're afraid I'll hold you back too long, I'm okay with it too."

An Nan remained rational; facing love and marriage, she had always had her own ideas.

She wanted to continue their relationship, but if he felt at a certain age he had to find a woman to marry, she hoped she wouldn't delay him, as she loved him dearly and painstakingly wanted him to love her more.

The little things between them over the years, the times they silently calculated against each other, especially her, scheming against Jiang Zhiyuan unknowingly many times. She had even secretly plotted with Qin Mu to make Jiang Zhiyuan believe she didn't love him, making him work hard to pursue her.

In that moment, An Nan was actually not afraid of losing, but her rationality overcame her emotions.

"I'm very sure!"

Jiang Zhiyuan felt an instant of utter humility, a feeling he had never experienced before.

But he opened the box, took out the diamond ring inside, and slowly put it on An Nan's finger.

Jiang Zhiyuan looked up at her; he didn't know if doing this was right, but he instinctively did what she said.

Not knowing why, An Nan, always so strong, found herself unable to hold back some tears.

She was indeed afraid he would hesitantly put the ring on her finger.

Mu Yichen and the others standing nearby could only sigh in helplessness, feeling sorry for their brother.

In love, who among them hadn't felt humble? Fearful of the girl being taken away, fearful the girl wouldn't know how deeply he loved her, fearful the girl wouldn't cherish such good men.

In this world, there are thousands of types of relationships, and the one between An Nan and Jiang Zhiyuan is just one of them.

"Aren't you getting up?"

An Nan asked him quietly.

Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't help but let out a bitter smile: "My legs are numb!"

Hearing this, An Nan smiled, bending down with the flowers to hold his arm, helping him stand up.

No one stepped forward to assist them, as if even without agreeing to marriage, as if even without a wedding in the future, they would support each other and continue together.

At that moment, Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly didn't feel as aggrieved and couldn't help but look affectionately at the woman supporting him.

An Nan had considered outright rejection earlier but couldn't deny Jiang Zhiyuan's deeply affectionate gaze, couldn't cruelly refuse the man she loved directly.

She thought they would definitely marry someday, but at a time she felt was most suitable, not rushed because of age.

"Oh dear! Are these still needed?"

Zhao Huai and Xiaomei pulled out several flower tubes from behind, intended to be used for celebrating the engagement.

An Nan turned her head to glance, smiling as she said: "Forget it, it would be a lot of trouble for the service staff to clean up, and I've already felt your blessings."

"But my hand is so thick, how did you buy such a fitting ring?"

"An Nan, we unanimously believe the most important thing right now isn't how Zhiyuan bought such a fitting ring, but whether you should first give him a passionate kiss?"

Chapter 1322: The Most Frightening Thing

Jiang Zhiyuan still drank too much; someone who failed in proposing seems to always feel embittered inside.

Several women wanted to intervene, but the group of men stopped them, seemingly allowing Jiang Zhiyuan to freely get himself drunk.

It was as if these men felt pity for their brother; the proposal affair ended this way, and in the end, she only seemed to save face by taking the ring.

As fellow men, who had also experienced unrequited love, no one would try to stop the heartbroken Jiang Zhiyuan from getting drunk tonight.

An Nan was actually a bit saddened later; she knew Jiang Zhiyuan would definitely be upset, but seeing him say he was happy while getting himself drunk, she felt both heartbroken and conflicted.

When the group came out, it was already past eleven o'clock. Jiang Zhiyuan wrapped his arm around Qiao Yi and Jing Feng's shoulders coming out of the elevator and shouted: "Stop looking mournful, I picked this woman myself."

Qiao Yi and Jing Feng raised their eyebrows helplessly, wondering who exactly was looking mournful?

But since he was drunk, no one argued with him, rather it was An Nan, Xiaomei, Helian Hao, and Qin Mu coming out behind with some concern.

"He looks like he's in a lot of pain!"

Xiaomei couldn't help but mumble; she always had a soft heart, especially when seeing those who give more in the world of love.

An Nan hugged herself, carrying a bag and walking among them, looking at the man in front and sighed helplessly, muttering: "If only I'd agreed to him earlier!"

"Indeed, agreeing first and then regretting is better than this! But by tomorrow morning, he'll be a fine man again."

Helian Hao replied, looking at the wobbling figure upfront.

An Nan glanced at Helian Hao and chuckled lightly, wanting to move on, she sighed: "Let's hope!"

Xi Meng and Qin Mu walked beside them, quietly all the way. Actually, the journey of love is judged by its outcome; if they end up together, these seemingly heart-wrenching moments will become a memorable episode, cherished by each other even more.

Just like...

Just like her and Mu Yichen?

The rain outside had already stopped, everyone stood at the door waiting for the car to arrive. After Qiao Yi tossed Jiang Zhiyuan into An Nan's car, Jiang Zhiyuan opened the window shouting to his relatives watching from outside: "Guys, I'm really happy today!"

Mu Yichen and the others couldn't bear to look any longer.

"Quick, take him away!"

Qiao Yi patted the car door, refusing to look at Jiang Zhiyuan's silly appearance anymore.

"Then, we're going, bye!"

An Nan turned and greeted everyone, then drove away.

The remaining stood in line at the hotel entrance, on this summer night, all of a sudden it became incredibly peaceful.

"We should go home too!"

Jing Feng turned to Helian Hao, who nodded at him.

Afterwards, everyone exchanged farewells and headed home.

On the way back, Qin Mu sighed: "It's the first time seeing our Zhiyuan act this pitifully."

Mu Yichen glanced at her, a bit unaccustomed to the close term Zhiyuan, but ultimately said nothing about tonight's Jiang Zhiyuan.

In his view, An Nan went too far, but what can outsiders say? Regarding a brother's feelings, they are mere observers, they can assist but cannot force the woman to accept Jiang Zhiyuan's proposal.

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"Why are you so hard to deal with?"

After An Nan and Jiang Zhiyuan parked in the community parking lot, Jiang Zhiyuan leaned on her shoulder, mumbling groggily.

An Nan glanced at him, then naturally raised a hand to gently caress his drunk appearance.

"Silly! I love you, is there anything more important than that?"

An Nan sighed helplessly, then quietly stayed with him in the car.

Who knows when Jiang Zhiyuan will sober up, if not, they'll spend the night in the car; An Nan thought to herself, then inadvertently noticed the diamond ring on her finger, big enough, bright enough, and just fitting right.

She couldn't help but secretly touch the ring.

The feeling of being proposed to was actually incredibly exciting inside.

But too rash, too sudden.

An Nan couldn't help but turn to look at him again, her eyes filled with softness.

Someday, she thought, she might take the initiative to propose to him? If she ever wants to get married.

Chapter 1323: The Most Frightening Thing

Also, since he helped her buy a diamond ring, she should get him a ring too.

An Nan suddenly wondered which jewelry store in the city was good, and also thought about which store this ring came from. She couldn't help but hold his hand, intertwining her fingers with his.

"Actually, I fell in love with you first! Jiang Zhiyuan!"

She looked at his warm hand and softly confessed the words she had long wanted to tell him.

When did she actually fall in love with him?

Was it the second time they met?

Or was it the first time when he suddenly embraced her at AM.

At that time, the seemingly flirtatious young master Jiang looked like that, she just foolishly stared, she rarely had feelings for men, especially because of such a rash act.

Later, someone knocked on her car window, which snapped her back to reality, and then she turned to see her colleague.

"Are you going out?"

An Nan rolled down the car window to greet him.

"No! I just got back, why are you in the car? Oh! You have a boyfriend!"

"He's drunk!"

An Nan smiled, ignoring the slightly sour look in her colleague's eyes.

"Do you need help getting him upstairs? If he sleeps in the car tonight, he might wake up tomorrow with all sorts of problems."

The colleague continued and explained.

An Nan thought about it and then glanced at Jiang Zhiyuan. If he caught a cold from staying here, it wouldn't be worth it.

"Then may I trouble you!"

"You're welcome!"

The colleague gave her a look, not really liking her politeness, but still went around to the passenger side to help An Nan get him out.

After An Nan got out from inside, carrying her bag, they both supported him and walked towards the building.

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After Qin Mu and Mu Yichen returned home, everyone was already asleep, except Feng Fanghua, who was up getting a drink of water when she encountered them. She asked, "Did Zhiyuan successfully propose?"

"No!"

Mu Yichen replied bluntly.

Feng Fanghua paused and then looked at Qin Mu: "No?"

"An Nan accepted his ring, but didn't agree to marry, so you could say the proposal was half-successful."

Feng Fanghua sighed lightly in resignation: "That kid hasn't been back in the country for long, having a girlfriend is pretty good already. I really didn't expect him to have plans for marriage this early."

"We're going to bed!"

Mu Yichen, wrapping an arm around Qin Mu's shoulders, said to his mother.

"Alright! Go on! I'm going to get some water."

Feng Fanghua nodded and was about to go downstairs.

Qin Mu heard she was going to get water and immediately removed Mu Yichen's hand: "You go wait in the room, I'll go get it, I need a drink too."

"That works too!"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but laugh, since she was feeling a bit too lazy to move herself.

Mu Yichen didn't look too pleased, and after Qin Mu went downstairs, he was even more disgruntled with his hands in his pockets. Annoyed, Feng Fanghua raised her hand to slap his shoulder, Mu Yichen lightly dodged as a gesture.

"You rascal, your wife is more capable than you!"

"Why wouldn't you ask my dad to get you water in the middle of the night, next time just put two glasses in the bedroom before sleep?"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but remind her. Actually, it's the usual practice, but occasionally forgetting because of laziness seems like no big deal.

Qin Mu poured water for Feng Fanghua and took a large cup for their room. After they returned to the bedroom, they got undressed and took a shower, then happily went to bed.

Qin Mu lay on his chest, tilting her head to watch him review his phone emails: "Mu, are you so busy with work?"

"What do you think?"

Mu Yichen gave her a flirtatious glance, one hand holding her and the other continuing to go through the documents.

"But today is Saturday, and it's late night."

Qin Mu couldn't help but remind him. Both felt refreshed after a shower, and the embrace felt exceptionally cozy.

"So, is Mrs. Mu suggesting we do something else?"

Mu Yichen put down his phone, turned towards her, and devotedly embraced her while asking.

Qin Mu...

"Mrs. Mu?"

Mu Yichen didn't actually make a move, just held her gently and called her softly.

"Hmm?"

Qin Mu, familiar with this title, looked up at him, and saw the depth of emotion in his eyes.

The words Mu Yichen originally intended to say suddenly vanished looking into her gentle, yet firm and steady eyes.

Qin Mu hesitated, then seriously gazed at him from where she lay on him: "Why did you suddenly stop speaking?"

"I just suddenly didn't know what to say to you!"

He chuckled lightly, his hand gently stroking her soft long hair.

"Is it because witnessing Zhiyuan's proposal tonight made you feel a lot?"

Qin Mu thought for a moment, her clever eyes glinting with light.

Chapter 1324: The Most Frightening Thing

"Do you have any thoughts?"

Mu Yichen still gazed at her so gently, asking softly.

"Actually, I don't have any specific thoughts. An Nan is inherently rational, as for Brother Yuan, well, he's more easygoing."

Qin Mu thought for a moment and gave an honest evaluation.

"The most terrifying thing is that Mrs. Mu is the most rational woman in this world."

Mu Yichen gently stroked the top of her head and smiled as he spoke to her.

Qin Mu looked into his ink-black eyes, and at this moment, she found it hard to believe what he said.

Was she really the most rational person?

She felt she was still very emotional, deep down believing that emotional people were more alluring.

Mu Yichen, however, pressed her face against his chest, then gently sighed, "Qin Mu, even if we ever argue until we're bloodied and bruised, don't ever tell me you want to return to Paris, okay?"

Qin Mu controlled her heartbeat, calmed herself to listen to Mu Yichen's strong and powerful heartbeat, unconsciously muffled, and agreed: "Okay!"

"Mu Yichen!"

"Hmm?"

"Although I don't want to go back to the days growing up in Paris, if that day really comes, I would definitely ask you if you liked me when you stole my first kiss."

"Even if you had asked back then, I probably wouldn't have had the courage to say it."

Mu Yichen chuckled lightly, his deep voice confessing to her.

"Why?"

Qin Mu raised her eyes slightly, but found herself unknowingly pressed against his chest.

"Because back then, Mu Yichen himself didn't dare to face his feelings."

The night he kissed her, he had already used up all his courage.

"Really? Then how did you later dare to do that with me?"

Qin Mu spoke shyly towards the end, thinking about their first time.

"By that time, Mu Yichen had already grown up, and by then, Mu Yichen was very sure about the person in his heart, that it would never change in this lifetime."

Perhaps it was because his voice was too soft.

Or maybe the room was excessively quiet?

Qin Mu always felt as if there was a sponge in her heart, or perhaps a heavy sponge soaked with water, with something weighty in her eyes, ready to overflow.

So she lay quietly in his arms, even her breathing was cautious, not daring to make a sound.

The young Qin Mu seemed fragile, but whenever she looked at him with her big eyes, it actually felt a little suffocating for him.

She probably didn't realize the kind of aura that made others feel entrapped.

But not knowing might be better; knowing too much would make it difficult for him.

The two of them didn't know what time they fell asleep, but they slept deeply.

Outside, in the morning, a fine dense rain was falling.

The old man couldn't go out to practice Tai Chi, so he sat in the living room on the sofa reading the newspaper without wearing reading glasses, squinting his eyes, holding the newspaper far away.

He had a habit of drinking tea first thing in the morning, and Feng Fanghua had early on made him some health tea and placed it beside him.

When the old man picked up the tea cup, he asked, "What time did the young couple come back last night?"

"After eleven o'clock."

Feng Fanghua responded.

"Is that Jiang Family kid getting married?"

The old man asked again.

"Barely; I heard the girl accepted the ring, but didn't agree to the marriage."

Feng Fanghua explained to him again.

"Hmph! I thought I would have to fork out some money; when Yichen got married, didn't their family contribute a lot?"

"Their family did the standard contribution, but how much Jiang Zhiyuan gave, I don't know. However, with kids their age, it seems they don't care much about those things. We'll deal with our own matters, and as for the kids, we won't interfere."

Feng Fanghua thought for a moment, the history quite distant, almost forgetting.

"That girl is quite unique, accepting a ring but not agreeing to marriage. It's the first time I've heard of such a thing."

Mu Zihao joined the conversation when he came out and sat down.

"It shows there are far more boys than girls in the city now, and most good girls have quite a few suitors around them, hence they don't see much in marriage; or maybe that kid isn't up to the mark."

The old man thought about it, recalling how Jiang Zhiyuan was always mischievous and even had some ties to the underworld since childhood, making it a cautious decision for the girl to marry him.

"That Jiang Family kid is quite good, just seems a bit idle normally, but he's a loyal kid, why wouldn't he be worth entrusting your life to?"

Mu Zihao gave a very sincere evaluation.

"Who told you that a loyal boy is worth entrusting your life to? How many men have destroyed their families just for brotherly loyalty? You haven't seen enough?"

Chapter 1325: The Most Frightening Thing

The old man always feels dissatisfied with his son's attitude. Mu Zihao always likes to think positively about people, which the old man has disliked for a long time. Fortunately, his daughter-in-law has a keen eye; otherwise, he would indeed have to worry a lot.

Mu Zihao was rendered speechless by his father's blocking, but Feng Fanghua spoke up: "Dad, while what you said happens, there are still good marriages. Isn't Yichen and Qin Mu great together?"

"Humph! They are great, but if you say that brotherhood is more important than a woman's place in his heart, I certainly don't believe that."

The old man snorted with laughter. He knows his grandson best; Qin Mu is more important to him than family, let alone brothers.

Besides, Jing Qing was a prime example earlier.

In the past, Mu Yichen considered Jing Qing a sister because of Jing Feng. But later, what Jing Qing did — he only recently crushed Jing Qing's husband's family hard.

When Qin Mu and Mu Yichen came downstairs, they heard everyone talking about past events. But upon hearing them coming downstairs, everyone immediately fell silent. The old man squinted at his newspaper again, Feng Fanghua got up to take care of the children, Mu Yichen walked over casually and

sat on the sofa, and Qin Mu glanced inside, wondering why everyone suddenly scattered; she didn't mind.

"What were you talking about? Why are you hiding it from us?"

Mu Yichen asked softly, his dark eyes lazily glancing at his father and grandfather sitting diagonally across.

"Talking about Jiang Zhiyuan's unsuccessful proposal, the guy must have been quite hit, right?"

Mu Zihao immediately shifted the topic lightly.

"Yeah! He drank too much last night!"

Mu Yichen answered with his eyes downcast, his voice somewhat heavy.

On Sunday, it was raining outside again, so none of the family went out. Rarely did the family spend time chatting and watching TV on the sofa during the day.

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Jiang Zhiyuan got up past ten in the morning, by then An Nan was already sitting on the sofa near the window, working for a while.

With a headache, he pressed his temples hard with both hands and managed to get up, only to see the woman at the window seriously working on her laptop.

Suddenly, his head buzzed, and Jiang Zhiyuan felt a bit dry in his nervous throat.

But An Nan casually looked up at him with a smile: "Awake! Hungry?"

Jiang Zhiyuan...

The look in his eyes was utterly bewildered.

"Don't drink so much in the future! It's bad for your health!"

An Nan said, then placed the laptop on the tall glass table beside her, getting up to walk towards him.

Jiang Zhiyuan instinctively looked at her hand, the diamond ring was still on her finger, his heart felt like a stone had settled, but soon it was lifted again.

"How did I get back last night?"

"Your friends carried you to the car, and when returning, we happened to meet Wang Zhiyuan. He helped me bring you up."

"What?"

Jiang Zhiyuan was utterly shocked, his shouting louder than ever.

"Why are you so surprised? Haven't you known each other for a while? I can't carry you, I happened to run into him and asked for help. Do you want to sleep in the car all night?"

An Nan stood by the bed, looking at him in his inaccessible demeanor, asking, feeling a bit unhappy with his current state.

"I'd rather sleep in the car all night than let that man touch me!"

Jiang Zhiyuan said as he got out of bed, wearing only beach shorts, without looking up at An Nan, heading straight to the bathroom.

An Nan still stood there, holding the corner of the blanket, thinking he was unwilling to look at her because of last night's events?

What a temper, if you have the guts, then just keep being angry.

Jiang Zhiyuan came out from a shower, randomly put on a T-shirt, then looked at the woman who had tidied up the bed and was sitting by the side watching her phone: "I have some things today, I won't be coming over tonight."

"Alright!"

An Nan kept her head down, not looking at him.

That "alright" was so light that Jiang Zhiyuan felt a bit regretful.

Jiang Zhiyuan turned his head to look at her: "What are you looking at?"

"Just chatting with a neighbor, nothing today. He said if you're busy, I can join him for a run at the community gym."

An Nan said, then looked up directly at Jiang Zhiyuan, very straightforwardly.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"What's wrong? Aren't you going out?"

An Nan asked softly, then got up as well, tossing her phone in the middle of the bed, then went around to the wardrobe, opening it to find clothes.

Jiang Zhiyuan slanted his eyes, watching her pick and choose through the pile of clothes, unable to resist frowning: "I have a headache today; maybe I won't go out."

He said as he lay back on the bed, tossing open the quilt An Nan had just neatly made.

An Nan turned to give him a look while searching for clothes: "I've already promised him! You're late in saying."

Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly sat up again, tossing the quilt aside, unhappily glaring at her back: "An Nan, am I your man?"

Chapter 1326: Some People Just Aren't Worth Your Time

"Yeah, who said you're not?"

An Nan turned her head to look at him, having already found the ultra-sexy sports shirt for summer.

Jiang Zhiyuan almost fainted at the sight of it. With her dressed like that going to the gym, wouldn't the men who pretend to be there for fitness end up ogling her a million times with their eyes?

— —

At noon, Jiang Zhiyuan ran over to Zhao Huai's place, thinking of having a few drinks with his buddy, chatting until the sky turned dark and then bright again. But unexpectedly, even the one who opened the door for him was a woman, instantly halving his enthusiasm.

The most terrifying part was that Xiaomei now had the image of a well-behaved housewife, which compared to An Nan, was infinitely more gentle and appealing. Cooking and washing clothes were no problem, and she was astonishingly obedient and docile.

Later, Xiaomei went to the study room herself to play games while the two of them sat in the living room. Jiang Zhiyuan lay on the sofa in his apartment, covering his eyes: "I just don't want to live anymore! Why is there such a huge gap between women?"

Zhao Huai sat quietly across from him, leaning against the sofa back, watching Jiang Zhiyuan's look of utter despair: "Then just stop living, can't even hold onto a woman, proposes and only gets the ring back without agreeing to marriage, you're really a failure."

Even though Zhao Huai was injured, as long as he didn't speak too loudly, he managed without much effort.

"Damn! I'm the failure? I've never invested so much energy in a woman in my life, do you know? I want to spend the rest of my life with her, I want to give her a happy life, this is the first time I've felt this way about a woman, do you understand? How could I possibly fail?"

Jiang Zhiyuan sat up in anger, complained to him for a while hugging a pillow, then dejectedly lay back: "But I prepared like a fool for so long, and she only accepted the ring. I can't even imagine, if you guys hadn't been there, maybe she wouldn't even have taken the ring? So what does our more than a year together actually count as? Romance, or just purely for satisfying physiological needs, for the sake of getting laid?"

Zhao Huai helplessly raised his eyebrows too, having to admit that this guy Jiang Zhiyuan was indeed too miserable. Although if he could marry An Nan, that would be another story. In Zhao Huai's eyes, An Nan was proud and independent, very thoughtful, and a woman too mature about marriage, always considering things thoroughly.

"When are you planning on doing something with the one in the study?"

Jiang Zhiyuan turned sideways to chat with him, holding Xiaomei's SpongeBob pillow.

"We're in no rush, we're still young, it's not too late to wait until An Nan agrees to marry you too."

"Damn! You're too ruthless! But I'm really touched by your intention, if even you get married, I can't possibly stay with my strikingly handsome face in this city."

"But Xiaomei and I are set, I know what's on Xiaomei's mind, do you know what's on An Nan's mind?"

Zhao Huai thought about it, feeling the need to remind Young Master Jiang to really think about some things.

"Damn it! How would I know what she's thinking? I'm not a worm in her belly!—As for her, she seems to be able to see right through me."

Jiang Zhiyuan's face changed dramatically, and the more he spoke, the less confident he felt, unconsciously hugging the SpongeBob tighter.

Zhao Huai frowned, a bit worried that his woman's SpongeBob would get strangled by Jiang Zhiyuan! But that was secondary; the main thing was that it was usually Xiaomei cuddling it, now another man was holding it. Zhao Huai thought it over, and then spoke slowly and earnestly: "Zhiyuan, that's Xiaomei's pillow, could you not hug it so tightly?"

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Jiang Zhiyuan looked down seriously at the soft thing in his arms, and only then realized he was hugging a monster, furrowing his brows unconsciously. He was hugging another woman's SpongeBob?

The next moment, Zhao Huai saw Jiang Zhiyuan throw that SpongeBob aside, then hug himself: "Why didn't you remind me earlier?"

"I did want to remind you earlier, but you looked so lonely, so..."

So he had held back till now.

Zhao Huai continued leaning on the sofa, watching the pitiful Young Master Jiang, feeling truly uneasy.

Jiang Zhiyuan put his hands on his forehead, bent over to bury his face in his legs, speaking with a muffled voice: "The most hateful thing is that today she actually went to the gym with her male friend, do you know what she wore?"

Chapter 1327: Some People Just Aren't Worth Your Time

Actually, it's just an ordinary tracksuit, but for Jiang Zhiyuan today, unless she wraps herself up completely, otherwise, she's just going to tempt other men.

"Sigh!"

Zhao Huai felt a bit powerless to poke fun at him.

"Call Bro Chen and tell him I'm about to die, ask him to come for emergency rescue!"

"Emergency rescue? Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation? Shouldn't I call An Nan instead?"

Zhao Huai looked at him bending over to smell his stinky feet and countered.

"Good idea!"

Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly lifted his head.

So, on this Sunday, it was very special for Jiang Zhiyuan, as An Nan, hearing he fainted, hurried to find him...

In the evening, Qin Mu was chatting with Xiaomei and almost laughed to death. They couldn't believe Zhiyuan would pretend to faint, and An Nan discovered him, leading to unimaginable consequences.

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On Monday morning, the sun shone brightly, filling everyone with a cheerful mood.

After breakfast, everyone went about their own business. Qin Mu went to the studio, then received a call from the hospital saying Wu Jiaojiao's medical bills were overdue.

Qin Mu couldn't help but frown: "I'll come to your hospital later."

Qin Mu went to the hospital with Xiaomei, called Helian Hao, and then they all went to the eleventh floor, the orthopedics department.

In the doctor's office, they looked at Wu Jiaojiao's medical bill together, and then Qin Mu sighed: "Did she ask the hospital to call me?"

"Yes! Miss Wu said all her hospital bills would be paid by you."

The doctor confirmed with Qin Mu seriously, knowing that Qin Mu was a friend of Helian Hao, so he didn't say anything unnecessary.

Qin Mu chuckled: "She thinks quite highly of herself, but with her extravagant ways, I have no reason to cover her medical expenses. She should handle it all by herself."

"If that's the case, I think we can sue Miss Qin's studio for hitting my daughter."

A strange voice suddenly came from the doorway. The three women and the male orthopedic doctor all turned to look at the entrance, where a well-dressed but somewhat pale-faced woman in her fifties stood.

No need to guess, Qin Mu knew it must be Wu Jiaojiao's mother.

"Alright! Feel free to sue or whatever, you mother and daughter can do as you please!"

Qin Mu said softly to her, then stepped forward, handing her the medical bills.

"But as for this medical bill, I have no obligation to reimburse you!"

Qin Mu handed the bill to her, flashed her a sharp, cold glance, and then stepped around her to leave.

"We'll be going now!"

Helian Hao said goodbye to a colleague and then, with Xiaomei, went around Wu Jiaojiao's mother.

"Shameless at such an age, trying to scam for money? Your daughter was the one who hit someone first!"

Xiaomei walked a few steps, then ran back to mutter a few words to Wu Jiaojiao's mother in a low voice.

Wu Jiaojiao's mother's face changed drastically, her eyes flickered. She hadn't expected Qin Mu to slap the bill on her and let her sue, nor did she expect Xiaomei's threat.

But who knew her daughter wanted to hit someone?

At the accident scene, it was the other car that hit her daughter's car.

Before leaving, the doctor pondered, touching his nose, and after some thought, he advised her:

"Ma'am, I heard your family was once a prestigious one; you should know well the background of those young ladies who just left, I advise you not to do that."

Wu Jiaojiao's mother lifted her eyes to look at him, feeling more ashamed. Being reminded by someone twenty years younger about what should and shouldn't be done, yet she had no words, only looked down, troubled by the bill in her hand.

Now, their family was under investigation, her husband hadn't been bailed out, and her daughter was lying in a hospital bed, what should she do?

Qin Mu and Xiaomei didn't go to Helian Hao's office again. The three of them parted in the elevator: "Later we'll go to the clothing factory, won't go over, chat later when free!"

"Okay! Take your time on the way!"

Helian Hao nodded, then exited the elevator when they reached his floor.

Qin Mu and Xiaomei continued down in the elevator, Xiaomei whispered: "Qinqin, I want to see that Wu Jiaojiao!"

"Hmm? Why?"

Qin Mu asked her curiously.

"She caused Zhao Huai's ribs to break, yet she dares to threaten us for money. We should have called the police, we're the ones who should sue, not her."

Xiaomei's complaint sounded quite reasonable.

Chapter 1328: Some People Just Aren't Worth Your Time

"Ignoring her right now is the biggest harm you can do to her, understand?"

Qin Mu's eyes flickered, gently reminding her.

Xiaomei looked at the enthusiastic light in Qin Mu's eyes, then widened her eyes and said to her, "I don't get it!"

For a moment, Qin Mu didn't know how to respond, so she explained earnestly, "Some people, the more you pay attention to them, the more they think they're the center of the world."

"So we just ignore her and let her go crazy!"

Xiaomei seemed to suddenly get it, grinning widely, and Qin Mu nodded seeing her understand instantly, "That's the idea."

The two happily chatted and left the hospital, driving towards the factory.

Qin Mu hadn't been there for a long time; one reason was her trust in the manager, another was her laziness since coming back.

Once they arrived at the garment factory, Qin Mu couldn't help rolling up her sleeves, eager to compete with the skilled craftsman, Xiaomei habitually supported her.

Before Qin Mu left, she asked the factory for a piece of high-quality fabric to make a coat.

Xiaomei looked at the fabric Qin Mu held and couldn't help but ask, "Haven't you stopped taking orders lately?"

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu agreed, not daring to tell Xiaomei because Xiaomei would tell Zhao Huai and Zhao Huai would then tell Mu Yichen.

"Hmm? Then why do you need the fabric, especially such high-quality ones? If David and the others see, they'll be worried you're competing with them again."

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh and asked Xiaomei at the car door, "Are they always worried about that?"

"Yeah! You didn't know?"

Xiaomei asked, looking at the woman opposite her.

"Now I know, and that's great, pressure brings motivation!"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and happily said.

The two drove back to the city, the suburban air was nice, but not as comfortable as home.

That evening, after work, Qin Mu returned home, where the children were playing outside. Seeing her car from afar, they waved to her happily.

Qin Mu glanced over, unable to stop her lips from curling upward.

"Mom!"

"Mom!"

The little ones spoke to her from the slide.

It was six in the afternoon, and as the weather cooled a bit, the siblings couldn't wait to go out.

The younger one always followed the elder, in everything, luckily Huanhuan was still a decently behaved child.

After getting out of the car, Qin Mu walked toward them, "Come inside! It's too hot outside, you'll get roasted."

"We just came out!"

Huanhuan said, pouting in protest to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu couldn't help but give her another look, thinking she's been outside for at least twenty minutes.

Auntie came out with a fan and freshly squeezed juice in hand, "Young Miss is back!"

"Yeah! Why are you outside serving them in such heat? Might as well let them fend for themselves!"

Qin Mu saw sweat on their small faces and couldn't help wanting them to suffer a bit more.

"No way!"

Auntie said with a laugh, fanning the two of them.

Qin Mu had seen enough, it was indeed exhausting.

"Mom, we'll play a bit longer and then head inside."

Huanhuan, seeing Qin Mu with arms crossed, knew she was going to give orders, so she made a promise first.

"A bit? How long is that? Three minutes? Two? Or one?"

Qin Mu checked her watch, raising an eyebrow to ask them.

"One minute!"

The little ones didn't understand time well, habitually shouting out the last option their mom mentioned, and Qin Mu had counted on that, deliberately saving one minute for last.

"Alright! I'll wait here for you, go play!"

Auntie couldn't help but laugh watching, Qin Mu was spot on with handling these two.

The little ones got the permission they wanted and immediately started sliding down, then ran back up the other side, Chengcheng lagged a bit, but kept following her sister.

Qin Mu didn't check her watch again, just watching as Huanhuan slid down and patiently waiting for Chengcheng, who was still a bit timid, but accustomed to their own slide at home.

"Time's up!"

Huanhuan had just sat down at the top of the slide when Qin Mu bent slightly to hold the little one chasing her sister, then reminded Huanhuan.

As she slid down, Huanhuan's eyes were fixed on Qin Mu, disbelieving, those eyes seemed to say: Is one minute really that fast? Mom is too strict!

Chapter 1329: Some People Just Aren't Worth Your Time

So after sliding down, he just sat there and forgot to get up, feeling full of grievances, especially unwilling to listen to mom, but it seemed like there was no other choice.

"Whoever goes in first can have a cold glass of juice."

Qin Mu stood there and said to them very seriously.

This time, the siblings both understood, and Huanhuan immediately got up.

"But madam, is it really okay to drink something cold?"

The aunt watched as the siblings ran into the house and approached Qin Mu to ask.

"A little bit is fine!"

Qin Mu said softly and walked in with the aunt.

Qin Mu thought about how in her childhood in Paris, no one was around to stop her from having cold food, and she turned out fine. Huanhuan even more so; she had given Huanhuan ice cream when she was very young. Only Feng Fanghua would worry if Huanhuan and Chengcheng had more than two ice creams or sodas in a week. Qin Mu and Mu Yichen weren't too concerned since the kids were pretty healthy, saving them a lot of worry.

Before Qin Mu and the aunt went inside, Qin Mu grabbed the aunt's juice; she happened to be thirsty.

So she was carrying her juice to the sofa where those two little ones had already gone to the bathroom to wash their hands and then ran to the kitchen to wait for ice cream.

"What's with these siblings? Suddenly, they're so eager to wash their hands."

Feng Fanghua hadn't seen them go to the kitchen for ice cream, she only saw them go to wash their hands and felt a bit pleased, thinking Qin Mu must have pressured them.

"Oh! Maybe their hands were too dirty, didn't you all go out today?"

Qin Mu quickly changed the subject, fearing Feng Fanghua would nag about the kids eating ice cream.

"I went to the pharmacy with your dad with Chengcheng, and your grandpa stayed in all day."

Feng Fanghua said while glancing at the old man reading the newspaper.

Qin Mu looked at grandpa, put down her juice and quietly walked over to him, going behind him to look at the page of the newspaper he was reading. She didn't see anything on the page worth such serious attention, but upon approaching, she sensed grandpa's foul mood.

It's like this: when their family elder is unhappy and everyone is around, he uses the newspaper to cover his face and sulks.

"Which oblivious kid has come to annoy our beloved grandpa again?"

Qin Mu gently removed the newspaper from his face and softly teased him.

"Humph! Who else but that old thing from the Jing Family came here to pick a fight."

"Oh? Grandpa Jing, you two have been arguing for years, why let it get to you now!"

Qin Mu sat on the armrest of the sofa next to grandpa, put the newspaper behind the sofa, and asked curiously with her hands on grandpa's shoulders.

Feng Fanghua sat aside watching the scene, puzzled, amazed that what she couldn't get out of him in half an hour, Qin Mu managed with a couple of sentences.

"Humph! I wondered what he suddenly came here for, turns out nothing good, barely stayed two minutes, stammering, and the moment he opened his mouth, he brought up the matter of his granddaughter, still thinking about Jing Qing getting married, leaving from their family. What's the point of coming to us with this? Their own family should just do as they like!"

Grandpa had a cold expression, feeling flustered, and his fingers were still pinching on his leg.

Qin Mu suddenly fell silent, so it was because of Jing Qing.

But thinking carefully, what else would Grandpa Jing come over for? If not simply visiting an old friend for tea, it's naturally about his granddaughter. Besides, when he does want to invite someone for tea, he habitually calls people to his home or directly arranges to meet at a teahouse, so...

Feng Fanghua also glanced at Qin Mu after listening, and grandpa looked up at her: "Mumu, does this have anything to do with our family?"

Qin Mu hesitated, then smiled lightly, seeing the anticipation in grandpa's eyes, said nonchalantly: "Of course, it has nothing to do with us!"

Feng Fanghua felt a knot in her heart before realizing that grandpa's afternoon displeasure might not only be from the argument with Grandpa Jing but also from worrying about Qin Mu's feelings.

"Why ask Huanhuan's mom about this, you should be asking your grandson."

Feng Fanghua reminded him.

Grandpa then looked at his daughter-in-law and said: "Really? My granddaughter-in-law can't handle it?"

Grandpa's big eyes glared, clearly resisting the idea.

Chapter 1330: Some People Just Aren't Worth Your Time

Qin Mu understood everything at this moment.

The old man wanted to use her to suppress Mu Yichen, stopping him from interfering in the Jing Family's affairs.

"Can't you really handle that kid?"

The old man, seeing Qin Mu's momentary silence, asked with concern, yet there was a touch of hope in his eyes.

"Let's talk to him when he gets back, okay? I think Mu Zong isn't that hard to talk to."

Qin Mu smiled as she said this, genuinely afraid to speak too bluntly to the old man.

"Mumu, Grandpa is counting on you! Anyway, how many years have passed since the issues between that Jing family girl and the two of you? Let's grant them this once, to show how gracious our family is, okay?"

The old man's tone softened quite a bit, as if coaxing Qin Mu.

Qin Mu could only smile, then hugged the old man's shoulders with both hands, "I'll listen to you."

While the old man breathed a sigh of relief, Feng Fanghua also relaxed a bit but with some worry. Mu Yichen wasn't as easy to talk to as they thought. If Mu Yichen could let it go, he wouldn't have done what he did to Jing Qing's husband's family not long ago.

Later, Qin Mu went upstairs to change clothes. Feng Fanghua followed and stopped her at the door to whisper, "Why agree with your grandpa? What if Yichen argues with you about this later?"

"He's not the type who likes to argue. I'll talk to him properly!"

Qin Mu whispered back to her. Feng Fanghua suddenly felt a bit sorry for her. The old man was clearly putting pressure on Qin Mu on purpose. His health wasn't what it used to be, and the family didn't dare anger him. The old man had seen through this.

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When Mu Yichen came home from work, he saw the whole family sitting in the living room. He walked over and sat down, noticing that everyone seemed a bit silent. Then he turned to look at Qin Mu and found that the woman beside him was also very quiet, excessively silent.

"What's wrong?"

Mu Yichen asked her, lifting his eyes to look at the elders.

"Nothing! Why are you back so late?"

Mu Zihao said.

"Had some tea with Jiang Zhiyuan."

Mu Yichen replied in a deep voice, but couldn't help looking back at Qin Mu, and he looked very close. Qin Mu, feeling his sudden closeness, instinctively leaned back, then nervously smiled at him, "Why are you suddenly so close to me?"

"What's wrong with you?"

In Mu Yichen's dark eyes, it seemed like they couldn't hold a grain of sand as he just looked straight at Qin Mu's face.

They were fine in the morning, but suddenly like this in the evening. They were each busy with their own things all day, but he never expected that Qin Mu only encountered a small problem after returning home.

"It's nothing, just, Jing Qing is getting married."

Qin Mu said while looking down and then raised her eyes to look at him, very seriously, fearing he might change his expression.

But as soon as she said that, his face turned cold, his hand still rested behind Qin Mu, but his eyes scanned the elders, realizing so many people were pressuring his wife to discuss the matter with him.

"Oh? So what?"

Mu Yichen gave a slight smile, his sharp eyes turned back to Qin Mu, he hated it the most when Qin Mu humbled herself.

"How much money should we give as a wedding gift?"

Qin Mu didn't directly say that the grandpa had met with the Jing family grandpa, fearing he'd get even angrier.

Mu Yichen chuckled at that, "Mrs. Mu, you are getting more cunning! I didn't plan on giving any wedding gift for her wedding. Is Mrs. Mu planning to? Did you forget what she did to you before?"

This was said for Qin Mu, but also for the elders who all perked up their ears, waiting for his concession, but he clung to past issues.

"It's been so many years, and she already has someone else she likes."

"So what? Does that mean the fact she almost killed you before is wiped away? Have you forgotten the pain after the wound healed? Forgotten almost being raped by another man? Or almost separating from me?"

Mu Yichen was getting angrier, and his eyes were becoming colder.

Qin Mu just looked at him, watching him get angrier and then reluctantly sighed, "The Jing family grandpa came to see grandpa, deal with it yourself!"

Qin Mu wanted to coax him, but with his temper, she always couldn't control it, like tonight, seeing the thorns in his eyes made her feel as if thorns pricked her heart. After quietly saying that, she got up and went upstairs.

The old man finally straightened his back, frowning unhappily, "What the hell do you mean, kid?"

"What do you mean? Why didn't you come directly to me? Why put Qin Mu in the middle? Do you not know what Jing Qing did to the both of us? Or do my parents not know? Using the position of an elder to suppress the younger generation, you really opened my eyes."

Mu Yichen angrily finished and then got up and turned to go upstairs.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao stayed silent, and the old man sulked for quite some time.

"This is the good son you raised, with a temper even bigger than his father's."

The old man glared at his son and daughter-in-law, then turned his head away, grumbling with displeasure.

"Isn't that just like you?"

Feng Fanghua whispered, not daring to let him hear.

"Dad! Why did the Jing family come to ask us about this? They should have asked Yichen directly. The grudge between that Jing family girl and their marriage can only be decided by Yichen, which shouldn't be a secret."

"But that old guy came to me, what was I supposed to do? Say I can't control my grandson? Or say my words don't have any weight at home?"

After listening to his son's words, the old man got even angrier. He already regretted agreeing to the Jing family grandpa, but with no place to buy regret medicine, he frowned in frustration.

After Mu Yichen returned to the room, he casually closed the door and leaned against the doorframe, watching the woman undressing in irritation, his eyes half-narrowed unconsciously.

Qin Mu wore only her underwear and walked into the bathroom. She had thought today was going relatively smoothly, but now she felt it wasn't smooth at all.

Mu Yichen didn't speak, just watched her walk into the bathroom with her head down, forgetting to take her pajamas.

Mu Yichen thought for a while, then followed her until he leaned against the bathroom door, gently nudging it open a crack.

It's rare for Qin Mu to bathe so unabashedly when he's around.

Mu Yichen leaned against the doorframe, asking in a low voice, "Does Mrs. Mu need help?"

Qin Mu didn't say a single word to him.

"If Mrs. Mu doesn't need help, how about helping Mr. Mu instead?"

Mu Yichen tried to find a topic to chat about.

Qin Mu thought, when you were questioning me downstairs, you probably forgot there would be times when you asked me for help?

"What does Mu Zong want to say, just say it."

Qin Mu turned to look at him, giving a sharp glance then pretending to be straightforward.

"I want to help Mrs. Mu scrub her back! Mrs. Mu, please grant me this!"

Mu Yichen suddenly gave a wily smile, his dark eyes flashing with endless light, making the woman so angry as if her lungs were about to freeze.

"You'd better think about how to placate grandpa! His health isn't good, and after you angered him, he'll probably feel uncomfortable tonight again."

Qin Mu stopped looking at him, only complaining this serious matter to him.

Qin Mu isn't afraid of anything else, she doesn't care how Jing Qing is getting married, or where she's getting married from. She only worries about the Jing family's old man, who's a precious gem in their home, and they all must carefully care for him.

"What if I can coax grandpa?"

Mu Yichen still leaned against the doorframe leisurely, yet with a serious gaze.

Qin Mu stopped her soaping motions, turning to gaze at him.