

His Beloved 1331

Chapter 1331: Forceful

"Hopefully, you can coax him!"

Qin Mu said to him, then continued lathering her entire body with foam.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but squint his eyes as he watched the woman in the bathroom. How is his self-control so good now? He had been watching her take a bath for several minutes without rushing in.

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Mu Yichen was really afraid that the old man would get so angry he'd end up in the hospital at midnight, so after dinner, while Qin Mu accompanied Chengcheng and Huanhuan reading storybooks, he went to the old man's room.

Usually, after dinner, the old man would sit in the living room and watch the news for a while, but today he went back to his room right after eating.

The old man didn't even lift his head when he heard someone push the door open, knowing it was his precious grandson, he just let out a cold snort.

After Mu Yichen came in, he gently closed the door, then walked over with a light smile and sat down by the bed: "Do you care where Jing Qing gets married?"

"What does that have to do with me?"

The old man frowned, twisting his neck to speak to Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen put both hands in his pockets, his long legs naturally bending vertically downwards, and his dark eyes looking at the old man, very measured: "If that's the case, why get so angry over someone who doesn't matter? I'll talk to Grandpa Jing myself, I'll take on the villain role."

Only after hearing this did the old man's expression show some change, he turned to look at Mu Yichen, though his eyes were still somewhat disdainful: "You'll do it? How will you do it?"

"Don't worry about that, it's just that since this old man came to our house, both you and Qin Mu hold grudges against me, I really need to talk to him."

Mu Yichen said in a slow and steady manner.

"You're just being reckless, do you want to anger him into fainting like before?"

The old man was aware of how his grandson had previously angered the Jing family's old man into going to the hospital, so he hurriedly cautioned.

"Even if it means he ends up in the hospital, I can't let my own grandfather be troubled!"

Mu Yichen spoke with reason and emotion, his dark eyes and sincere attitude inexplicably softened the old man's heart.

"Grandpa, in the future, please don't involve Qin Mu in such matters, she listens to everything you say, but you shouldn't use that to your advantage. You might not know how many times Jing Qing stabbed her in the back in the past. After Jing Qing faked her death, I promised myself that I'd never let her meddle in Jing Qing's affairs again. I can't keep reopening her wounds just because she loves me."

Mu Yichen's brow furrowed slightly, his tone was humble, but every word he said was earnest and cautious.

He was very angry inside, angry that his grandfather forced Qin Mu to say such things to him, but he couldn't let that affect how he treated his grandfather. This was the elder he respected the most, and he could only talk to him in this heart-to-heart way.

The old man's brows unconsciously knitted together as well, his gaze lowered, breathing laboriously as if tired.

"If it's impossible, you shouldn't go to that old man, your eight characters don't match now, I'd better go myself."

The old man said.

"You'd better not meddle in this matter, the Jing family can't do anything to me, but they have ways to deal with you."

Mu Yichen couldn't help but chuckle softly as he spoke.

"Rascal, you really think you're something!"

The old man's gaze sharpened, rebuking him unhappily.

"In any case, don't concern yourself with this matter, I'll try my best not to hurt our relationship."

Although, it's impossible not to hurt the relationship.

But everyone has their own limits.

"Qin Mu is afraid you're angry, so she's still not willing to talk to me. I'll first calm you down, then go back to coax your granddaughter-in-law, don't overthink it, get some rest early."

After Mu Yichen finished speaking, he also let out a long sigh, then stood up.

"What's the rush to sleep so early? There's a news broadcast at ten, I'll watch it before going to bed, stop making me sound like a child, hmph."

The old man muttered, and before Mu Yichen could leave, he was already heading out with his reading glasses in hand, head lowered.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but chuckle softly, suddenly glancing at the window in his grandfather's room, seeing the pitch-black sky from outside, in the stillness of the night.

When Mu Yichen went to his daughter's room, he saw the two little ones, one sitting on the carpet with their mother, and the other already asleep in her mother's arms. Qin Mu was still softly telling stories to Huanhuan, who was listening intently, and Qin Mu, noticing her earnestness, felt too shy to stop.

Only when Mu Yichen walked over did he interrupt Huanhuan, who looked up, a bit lazily tilting her head to gaze at her father: "Daddy!"

Chapter 1332: Forceful

"Hmm! Your brother is already asleep, why aren't you?"

"I still want to hear Mommy finish the story, but Mommy never finishes it."

When Mu Yichen squatted down, he heard Huanhuan say that with such a helpless tone, like a very sensible little daughter.

Mu Yichen turned to look at Qin Mu, who was holding a child and still holding a storybook, and suddenly felt her wrist aching. So were they both just misunderstanding each other? Turns out they were both waiting for each other to call it a night.

"Give Mu Chengyang to me!"

Mu Yichen said nothing, he just took his son from his wife's arms.

After Qin Mu handed Chengcheng to Mu Yichen, Huanhuan looked up at her mom: "Mom, are we going to sleep too?"

"Of course!"

Qin Mu responded softly.

Huanhuan turned her head to watch her father leave the room, then quietly climbed to Qin Mu's ear:
"Mom, can we finish the story?"

The man already outside the door didn't hear what they were saying, but actually, even though Huanhuan was speaking in Qin Mu's ear, her breath kept making Qin Mu quite uncomfortable, and her voice wasn't very quiet.

Qin Mu thought to herself, is she really whispering, whispering.

"Then let's talk about it in bed!"

Qin Mu softly suggested.

Huanhuan nodded and turned to climb onto the soft bed herself.

Qin Mu watched her climb quite quickly, this little girl has learned quite a few skills over the years.

Huanhuan automatically lay inside, leaving the outside spot for her mom, and quietly waited for her mom to continue the story beside her.

Later on, Mu Yichen was standing outside the door, everything around was very quiet. Even though the TV on the first floor was on, because the house was big enough, the sound didn't quite reach upstairs. The soft voice of the woman telling the story in the room reached his ears.

Qin Mu read more than half of the book, Huanhuan lay beside her listening, getting sleepier and eventually falling asleep by accident.

Mu Yichen glanced inside, then quietly walked in. Qin Mu tucked Huanhuan in properly, just about to get off the bed when he suddenly picked her up.

Being lifted into the air was a little nerve-wracking until she saw his face, then she relaxed a bit: "Why were you waiting outside?"

"Waiting for Mrs. Mu!"

Mu Yichen replied softly, carrying her quietly out.

Qin Mu gazed at the man holding her, her eyes tender but sharp: "Did you manage to please Grandpa?"

"Yes!"

How could dare not to please him?

The patriarch at home, the whole family serves him.

"Still quite resourceful, what about the matter of Jing Qing's marriage?"

"If she wants to bring the child back quietly to her parents' home, that's her business, but not anything else."

In Mu Yichen's heart, there was no room for negotiation.

Last time at the old man's birthday, Jing Qing returned discreetly, but at the banquet that night, it was quite high-profile, a person reported dead in the newspaper shouldn't exist.

"I'm not keen on getting involved in this matter, truthfully, these things mean nothing to me."

"Really mean nothing?"

Mu Yichen gave her a glance.

"With you, nothing else matters!"

Qin Mu looked at him, actually a form of confession.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes looking ahead, listening to Mrs. Mu's confession, he felt endless strength in his heart.

The two went back to their room and directly got into bed. Mu Yichen hugged her in his arms, and softly said: "In the future, if Grandpa and Mom and Dad ask you to do things you shouldn't be doing, just tell me in advance, I'll act with you in front of them, and then talk with them alone, okay?"

"Wouldn't that make me two-faced?"

Qin Mu felt a bit disagreeable.

"Better than us fighting as a couple."

Mu Yichen hugged her and reminded.

"I reject your way."

She was as straightforward as a fool, but Mu Yichen pressed his forehead against hers, looked at her as if she were a fool, but didn't call her one.

Qin Mu only saw in his eyes the full love he had for her, didn't even realize he was saying she was silly with his eyes.

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The next morning Mu Yichen personally went to the Jing Family once, and the maid at Jing Family was a little excited to see Mu Yichen after such a long time, receiving his gifts at the door, warmly greeting him: "Young Master Chen, it has been a long time since you last came, please come in! Master, the young master from the Mu Family has come to see you!"

The maid hurried inside to tell the old master, while Mu Yichen unhurriedly followed behind to their living room.

Every time Mu Yichen came, he always found their place a bit cold.

Chapter 1333: Overbearing (Part 3)

Jing Feng happened to come down from upstairs. When he heard that the young master of the Mu Family was here, he thought he had heard wrong. But when he saw Mu Yichen walk in, he had a bad feeling and frowned, asking: "Why have you come?"

"I've come to apologize to Grandfather!"

Mu Yichen glanced up, seeing Jing Feng there too. Was this good or bad? Mu Yichen looked slightly troubled, but soon regained his composed and calm demeanor.

The old man was sitting on the sofa, squeezing a newspaper while reading it. Even when he heard them walking together, he didn't put the newspaper down, maintaining his authoritative posture, expecting others to show respect.

"Grandfather, how's your health since you came in?"

It had been several months since Mu Yichen had last seen the old man, but seeing him unchanged for decades made Mu Yichen feel slightly hurt in his self-esteem.

The old man glanced up, then slowly put the newspaper down: "Sit down! Jing Feng, you sit too!"

Jing Feng saw the old man's determined gaze, his heart speculating somewhat, then sat beside him along with Mu Yichen.

"You're not here to pay respects, are you? If it weren't for your feelings with Jing Feng, you'd probably never step foot into the Jing Family's door again, hmm?"

The old man was very clear-minded. He had just visited the Mu Family yesterday, and today someone from the Mu Family came, not the old one but the young one. The old man weighed the reason for Mu Yichen's visit, clearly angry inside but suppressing it, because even at his age he had to ask favors from someone so young.

"Grandfather went to the Mu Family yesterday and had tea with our old man. Our old man talked to me, and today I've come specifically for this matter."

Mu Yichen saw the old man's straightforward manner, not beating around the bush.

Jing Feng sat quietly on one side, listening to their exchange, not speaking the whole time.

Some things, whether he speaks or not, are the same to Mu Yichen.

"So you're not planning to leave this path?"

The old man frowned at him, finding it hard to smile, just seriously staring at Mu Yichen with as slow a tone as possible.

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen saw the old man's clear perception and spoke directly.

The old man's expression suddenly changed, lifting his head to ponder aloud, then felt the urge to rebuke him; depending on his temperament from previous years, he would have picked up his cane to strike Mu Yichen by now. But now he couldn't, because he understood Mu Yichen's disposition, and couldn't act on a whim like before; Mu Yichen was no longer the child he could scold as he had before.

Jing Feng lowered his eyes, not wanting to look at anyone any longer, sensing a storm might be on the horizon.

"Then why did you come here?"

The old man gritted his teeth, still unable to resist wanting to hit him.

"Because you are an elder, I have a proposal, I wonder if you would be willing to hear it!"

Mu Yichen saw the old man pale, genuinely worried the old man might be angered to death by him, asked gently.

"A proposal? I just want my granddaughter to be married from our family house, what proposal do I need? All I need is for you, this unruly boy, not to cause trouble on my granddaughter's wedding day."

The old man couldn't help but pick up the cane next to him and tap it on the ground.

"How about buying a house locally, let her marry from the local Jing Family residence, like that?"

Disregarding the old man's anger, Mu Yichen made the proposal.

"What?"

The old man's brow furrowed tightly, completely not understanding Mu Yichen's meaning, extremely furious.

Jing Feng's brow also furrowed, realizing Mu Yichen wished the news of Jing Qing's marriage not to spread in Rongcheng, as if Mu Yichen hoped everyone treated Jing Qing as if she was already dead in Rongcheng.

Jing Feng felt a bit annoyed at this, Mu Yichen turned to look at him: "I am indeed very opposed to your sister repeatedly making high-profile appearances here, so this is my biggest concession."

Jing Feng then lifted his eyes to look at him, his expression very serious.

"You unruly boy, do you know what you're saying? Our Jing Family is also a noble family, granddaughter's marriage is such a big matter, you..."

"Your granddaughter orchestrated a play years ago, ending our quarrel with her death, this is her fate, her self-imposed fate."

Mu Yichen, unhappy with the old man's use of prestige to talk, finally showed some coldness.

The old man's heart skipped a beat.

Mu Yichen saw the old man suddenly fall silent, so he slightly restrained his temper, lowered his gaze, hiding the agility in his eyes: "Of course you can find a good excuse, such as the distance from here to that place is too far, so to catch the auspicious time, favorable timing, my parents, and anyone from Rongcheng that you wish to invite, I will invite them all for you."

Chapter 1334: Overbearing (Part 4)

Last night, Mu Yichen had already planned his course of action, but now it seemed inappropriate to Mr. Jing and Jing Feng.

"In short, you just want everyone in Rongcheng to see my granddaughter as a joke."

"A joke? She brought that upon herself!"

"Now you're living a happy life with your wife, yet you still want to make life difficult for my granddaughter who only got married in her thirties? Mu Yichen, you really are a narrow-minded man."

The old man knew there was no room for redemption; he was heartbroken, disappointed, and even the anger had been drowned out by disappointment.

"Once you've figured this out, feel free to find me, and let Jing Feng know as well. I have matters to attend to, so I must take my leave!"

After finishing his words, Mu Yichen stood up, adjusted his suit slightly, and left resolutely.

The grandfather and grandson, one lowered his head in silence, while Jing Feng looked worriedly at his grandfather's excessively angry expression.

Mr. Jing almost shed tears but ended with a rueful laugh.

"In my entire life, I've never felt so humiliated as I have in the past few years. Xiaofeng, grandpa is truly getting old! I can't help you and your sister anymore!"

The old man slowly sank into the sofa back, leaning his head against the top of the sofa, his eyes full of helplessness.

Jing Feng slightly lowered his head: "I'll talk with Xiaoqing about this. If she truly understands, she shouldn't be thinking about things she shouldn't."

"She's just an ordinary girl!"

The old man sighed, feeling a bit unwilling to burden his granddaughter.

"She's not an ordinary girl; she's a child of the Jing Family. She should take on responsibility."

After speaking, Jing Feng intended to call Jing Qing, but seeing his grandfather's state, he dared not leave.

"Grandpa! Actually, you could think about it another way. I think Yichen's proposal is quite good; otherwise, this marriage for Xiaoqing has indeed been long in coming. I recently bought a house over there precisely for when you and mom and dad visit her in the future."

"The house you bought? Where did you get so much money?"

The old man then looked up at his grandson.

"You forgot, I'm a shareholder of AM!"

Jing Feng chuckled quietly and said softly.

Only then did the old man realize that their family had a hidden source of wealth.

But he still hoped to follow the tradition of having his granddaughter marry from their own home.

"Go call Xiaoqing first, don't force her. A girl getting married should be happy."

"Got it!"

After the old man nodded, Jing Feng got up and left.

Helian Hao had been upstairs the whole time, listening to all the conversation downstairs but didn't appear. When Jing Feng went up, he saw Helian Hao standing at the corner with an empty cup in hand.

"It seems the talk didn't go well!"

Helian Hao whispered to him.

"Not necessarily!"

Jing Feng naturally put his arm around her waist and led her into the room, clearly not suitable to go downstairs to refill her cup now.

"Not necessarily? Would Grandpa agree for Jing Qing not to marry from home?"

"Since it's quite far, why not settle over there first? The wedding doesn't have to be so long, and conveniently, mom and dad worry about unexpected changes. If we go over, that worries would lessen, wouldn't it?"

Hearing Jing Feng's analysis, Helian Hao became slightly excited; she also didn't want Jing Qing to host a grand wedding in the city, with citizens gossiping about it.

"Sounds reasonable, should we tell mom and dad?"

"Of course!"

Jing Feng said to her and took out his phone to call Jing Qing.

Helian Hao then quietly sent a WeChat message to Qin Mu: "Jing Feng is calling Jing Qing, it seems they won't be marrying from the city."

Qin Mu, who was in the studio making a coat for Mu Yichen, saw the phone light up while cutting fabric. She glanced at it with calm eyes, without any ripple.

"Hmm!"

After receiving the single-word response, Helian Hao put down her phone, thinking Qin Mu had truly let it go.

Qin Mu continued to diligently make the clothes for Mu Zong. Now, for her, nothing was more important than the task at hand.

Qin Mu wondered what Mu Zong's reaction would be when he saw this outfit?

She had lunch in the studio; it was too hot, and she didn't want to take even one more step, so she ordered food to be delivered to the studio, while the others preferred freshly made food outside.

Suddenly in the afternoon, it began to rain; those who went out to eat from the studio got caught in it, even running back quickly.

Qin Mu had long resumed her work upstairs, as if such weather made working more suitable.

When the phone rang, she didn't look before answering, holding the scissors in her other hand: "Hello?"

Chapter 1335: Who Do You Wish It Was

"It's Jing Qing!"

The person on the other end of the phone introduced herself calmly.

Qin Mu looked down at her hand holding the scissors and let out a barely audible sigh.

"Long time no see! How have you been these past few years?"

Jing Qing asked her softly.

"Without you, it's been pretty good!"

Qin Mu replied courteously, then put down the scissors and walked towards the window with her arms folded.

The thunder suddenly roared, and when Qin Mu looked up, she saw a flash of lightning in the distance. The voice on the other end asked, "Is it raining over there?"

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu responded, then turned around, leaning against the window, continuing to listen to the woman inside speak.

"I'm getting married, you probably know by now, right?"

"Yeah!"

"How about coming to my wedding?"

Jing Qing suggested to her.

Qin Mu's heart tightened, and she thought for only two seconds: "Not really! I don't plan on leaving Rongcheng anytime soon."

"I'll send you an invitation, you don't have to bring Mu Yichen, and you don't need to worry about me doing anything else at the wedding. I value this wedding a lot, I will play the role of Zhen Jie's bride well."

"Play the role?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but mutter these words, very lightly, yet very important.

"Yes! I've chosen this man, I no longer believe in love, but I believe in long-term marriage. The reason I'm inviting you is actually very simple, I don't want people to say that after all these years, the two of us still can't let go of our grudges."

Jing Qing said to her on the other end, her voice clearly audible in this quiet office, at this quiet window, because Qin Mu, leaning against the window, was breathing so softly it was almost inaudible.

"Let go of our grudges? You and I, that's never going to happen!"

Qin Mu chuckled softly, and when she said it, it wasn't with hatred, but so casually, calmly, unbelievably.

"I'm begging you?"

Jing Qing said again, resorting to pleading with Qin Mu as she remained unmoved.

"It's no use!"

Qin Mu said.

"I just called Mu Yichen!"

Jing Qing was furious, and suddenly said to Qin Mu on the phone.

Qin Mu didn't say anything, thinking to herself that she didn't care if she called him or not.

Later, Qin Mu hung up the phone, suddenly feeling like she was really stubborn, even though Jing Qing had lowered herself so much, but why should she do something she doesn't want to do just because someone else lowers themselves?

By the time work was over, the rain was still drizzling, but everyone went out with their umbrellas and drove away.

Xiaomei ran upstairs: "Qinqin, I'm off work!"

"Yeah! Go ahead!"

Qin Mu was still leaning against the window there, listening to Xiaomei come in and then looking over, speaking to that happy woman.

"So I'm leaving, aren't you leaving?"

"I'm waiting for Mr. Mu to pick me up!"

Qin Mu looked at the rain outside seeming to stop, feeling a bit disappointed.

"Can I drive your car?"

Xiaomei immediately perked up, but after asking this question, she immediately hesitated again.

Qin Mu looked at her with difficulty, but still understandingly smiled, yet Xiaomei's smile froze on her face, she had no choice but to scratch the back of her head: "Then I'll drive the little car, see you tomorrow!"

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu responded to her softly, and Xiaomei turned and happily left, eager to get to Zhao Huai's apartment, where they had been snuggling under the covers all night recently. Even though it was inconvenient for Zhao Huai, it hadn't stopped them from enjoying it.

Just as Xiaomei drove away, Mu Yichen's car stopped downstairs at the studio.

Qin Mu went downstairs, locked the door, and got into Mu Yichen's car. At this point, it was just a light drizzle, feeling pretty refreshing on her body.

Mu Yichen adjusted the air conditioning in the car a bit to avoid her catching a cold.

Qin Mu got in and fastened her seatbelt, and they headed home.

Mu Yichen wasn't in a hurry to talk to Qin Mu about going to the Jing Family today, and Qin Mu wasn't in a hurry to tell him about Jing Qing calling her in the afternoon. It felt like these matters had become trivial, even though they were still involved, it seemed not very important.

Along the way, they passed the place where he used to often buy roasted sweet potatoes, Mu Yichen saw the old man still standing there, holding a ragged parasol, his eyes showed emotion, he softly said to Qin Mu: "Look at the roadside over there."

Qin Mu looked at him puzzled, then curiously looked out the window.

"The roasted sweet potatoes you used to eat came from that old man."

Qin Mu couldn't see clearly that person, but still told him: "Then let's buy some, it's been a long time since I had them!"

Chapter 1336: Who Do You Wish It Was? (Part 2)

It seems that after summer arrives, I don't really like eating hot things, so I haven't bought roasted sweet potatoes for a while.

But there seems to be a certain sentiment towards roasted sweet potatoes.

Mu Yichen pulled over and parked the car. Without an umbrella, the two of them got out and went to buy some roasted sweet potatoes from an old man, who thought he wouldn't make any sales today. He was very happy to see them, gave them a discount, didn't take their small change, and cheerfully looked at Qin Mu: "So you're this boss's little wife, you're really pretty!"

"Thank you! Your roasted sweet potatoes are very delicious!"

Qin Mu, feeling a bit shy, responded to the old man like a little girl while holding a bag of roasted sweet potatoes.

"Glad you like them! Come again next time, I'll give you a discount."

"Okay! But please don't call him boss next time, just call him that boy."

"Uh!"

The old man was startled by Qin Mu's words but still very happy, as they didn't mind him being an old man.

"My surname is Mu!"

Mu Yichen introduced himself to the old man again, even though he had introduced himself before, but the old man had forgotten.

"Then I'll just call you Mr. Mu, calling him that boy is too disrespectful!"

The old man said cheerfully, feeling a bit shy.

"Mm! My name is Qin Mu, you can just call me Qin Mu or Xiaomu!"

"Qin Mu? Mr. Mu..."

The old man subconsciously murmured their names and surnames, then looked at them with a very blessed gaze.

After Qin Mu and Mu Yichen left with the roasted sweet potatoes, the old man sighed: "Even their names carry affection, Qin Mu, Mr. Mu..."

After the two of them returned with the roasted sweet potatoes, the rain had completely stopped. The aroma of roasted sweet potatoes quickly wafted into the living room. Feng Fanghua was at home with the children. When she smelled the aroma, she craned her neck to look outside.

"We're back!"

Qin Mu tilted her head to look towards the living room, where only Feng Fanghua was: "Mom, are you home alone?"

"Chengcheng and Huanshuan are playing in the playroom, did you buy roasted sweet potatoes?"

"Mm!"

Qin Mu walked over while holding them, as she couldn't resist eating one in the car.

"Oh! It's been so long since I've had these delicious things! Why did you buy so many?"

Feng Fanghua was really excited, but seeing both of them holding so many, she thought it was a bit exaggerated.

"Mu bought them!"

Qin Mu responded, sitting there and taking out one that wasn't very large but was quite soft for Feng Fanghua. Feng Fanghua took a tissue to wrap the roasted sweet potato, and then looked at Mu Yichen but didn't ask further, thinking in her heart that her son must have noticed the old man having a hard time outside in this weather.

Mu Yichen wouldn't say something sentimental like feeling sorry for the old man for selling things in the rain, he just sat beside them watching them eat.

The little one seemed to smell the aroma and soon ran out, but Huanhuan didn't seem to like roasted sweet potatoes much, while Chengcheng had a bit, found it quite sweet, and took a few more bites.

Huanhuan watched everyone eating so deliciously and couldn't help moving her mouth slowly, disdainfully: "Eww, it looks like shit!"

Chengcheng didn't understand at all, and continued eating with his little spoon, but Qin Mu and Feng Fanghua...

Could no longer eat.

Huanhuan saw the expressions of her grandma and mom and suddenly laughed mischievously. When she noticed her mom and grandma both looking at her, she was afraid she was laughing too smugly and quickly raised her hand to cover most of her face.

"This girl is really—"

Feng Fanghua always doted on her, and couldn't even bring herself to scold her; when the words stopped, the doting gaze didn't.

"Huanhuan, you should go play! I noticed the roses outside are blooming nicely, why don't you ask Grandma Zhang to take you to cut a few branches, okay?"

"Flowers? Okay!"

Huanhuan immediately stood upright like a good student, placing her hands behind her back while responding to her mom, then turned around to find Aunt Zhang.

"I want to go too!"

Chengcheng got anxious as soon as his sister left, put down the spoon, and ran after her.

"Sister, wait for me, sister..."

Chengcheng called out anxiously while chasing.

"This boy, always running after his sister."

Feng Fanghua looked at her grandson's back, still a bit worried he might fall, with an anxious expression in her eyes.

Mu Yichen also glanced over. It was true his son liked running after his sister, but it was okay since it was his own sister. If it were other people's girls, Mu Yichen would have been upset.

"By the way, did you go to the Jing Family? How did you talk to their old man?"

Chapter 1337: Who Do You Wish It Was? (3)

Feng Fanghua later suddenly remembered the important matter and asked her son again.

It was only then that Qin Mu remembered the call with Jing Qing and turned to look at Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen sat there with his legs crossed, facing Qin Mu, his hand resting on the sofa behind her. After hearing Feng Fanghua's words, his eyes moved slightly, lost in thought for a moment, because he inadvertently caught the look his wife gave him, causing him to pause involuntarily.

"The issue is resolved. As for the details, you'd better not know!"

Mu Yichen thought for a moment and then seriously said to Feng Fanghua.

Feng Fanghua hated it when Mu Yichen was so blatantly dismissive of her and immediately said to Qin Mu, "Look at your husband, so arrogant and dismissive, even to his own mother."

Yes, blatantly dismissive indeed!

Qin Mu smirked after hearing that and then asked Mu Yichen, "Yichen, are you also dismissively brushing me off?"

Mu Yichen...

Feng Fanghua was also startled by Qin Mu's seemingly joking, yet not so joking words, and glanced at Qin Mu again.

"Mrs. Mu, you really know how to joke. How could I dismissively brush off the two most important women in my life? I just seem to have forgotten the specifics of what I said."

Sometimes that happens, the process easily forgotten, but at least the result is remembered.

"Oh!"

Qin Mu nodded, smiling lightly, as if understanding him.

Mu Yichen gazed at her with deep eyes, feeling that she did not truly trust him.

"Mom, what are we eating tonight? Are Dad and Grandpa coming back for dinner?"

Qin Mu changed the subject, happily asking about dinner.

"The kitchen is already preparing. I'll go take a look! Your dad and grandpa are out meeting friends, and they won't be back for dinner."

Only then did Feng Fanghua remember the dinner and immediately got up to head to the kitchen.

Qin Mu didn't expect Feng Fanghua to leave so suddenly, but she turned to look at Mu Yichen in the next moment, and Mu Yichen, startled by her sudden glance, asked, "What's wrong?"

The "what's wrong" came out reflexively, as if under the pressure of her gaze.

"Nothing! Why are you so nervous?"

Qin Mu chuckled, seeing him so tense, placed her hand on his shoulder and then stood up, "I'm going out to check on those two little rascals, make sure they haven't cut all my flowers!"

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu turned around and left, while Mu Yichen remained seated there, feeling something seemed a bit off?

His wife has been quite sharp lately.

After dinner, Feng Fanghua didn't want to stay with the two of them and took the kids out to play. Qin Mu found herself pulled onto the sofa by Mu Yichen, who asked her, "Why is Mrs. Mu so strong today? Who upset you?"

"Upset me? No one upset me. Why do you suddenly ask that, Mr. Mu?"

The two of them were clearly cuddled together, with Qin Mu's legs resting on his, and her body in his arms, her hands holding him. Mu Yichen was also holding her with one hand and warming her feet with the other, yet the way they spoke seemed unusually distant.

"What did Helian Hao say to you?"

Mu Yichen asked her in a low voice, having heard from Jing Feng that Helian Hao was upstairs then.

"Xiaohao just told me you went to the Jing Family and gave the old man some advice, and Jing Feng seemed to quite agree with you."

"Hmm!"

Mu Yichen nodded, his hand moving from her feet to hold her hand. Qin Mu looked down, and as soon as she saw it, she slapped the back of his hand lightly.

Mu Yichen...

"Is it dirty?"

Qin Mu looked at him, upset, and skeptically asked, frowning.

"It's all yours anyway, why would it be dirty?"

Mu Yichen, childishly, grabbed her hand, refusing to let go, while Qin Mu immediately wanted to push him away in distaste. The two tussled back and forth, tumbling onto the sofa in a playful struggle, and when the maid came out and saw them, she quickly retreated.

"Hey! Mu Yichen, where are you putting your hand?"

"In your mouth!"

"You're too much! How can you put the hand that's touched your foot in my mouth?"

Qin Mu argued angrily with him.

"Not the one that touched mine, but the one that touched yours is fine!"

Mu Yichen pulled her back up again, and seeing her panting from exhaustion, he said to her.

Qin Mu was annoyed, knowing he didn't mind the dirt, but she still didn't like him touching her hand with the hand that had touched her foot; it was even worse than if he had touched her face.

"There's something else I need to tell you, shall we go back to the room first?"

Mu Yichen suddenly became serious, with no hint of joking in his dark eyes.

Qin Mu looked at his expression, having already guessed what he was going to say, but she still nodded.

"Carry me!"

Qin Mu, barefoot on the sofa, didn't want to move.

Chapter 1338: Who Do You Wish It Was? (Part 4)

Mu Yichen didn't complain at all; after all, she wasn't heavy. He just carried her out of the living room.

After returning to the room, Mu Yichen placed her on the bed. Qin Mu sat in the middle, while he was already lying comfortably beside her, lying on his side.

"Jing Qing called me this afternoon."

This was a trivial matter, and normally Mu Yichen wouldn't mention it, but today he felt strange, like if he didn't say it, he wouldn't sleep well tonight.

The room was very quiet, and in the quietness, President Mu's voice carried a hint of loneliness.

Qin Mu listened attentively, then nodded: "Oh! She called me too!"

Mu Yichen originally kept his eyes down, not daring to look at her, afraid she was angry. But hearing Qin Mu's words caught him off guard.

"Moreover, she also told me she called you!"

Seeing the surprise in his dark eyes, Qin Mu added another sentence.

Mu Yichen was suddenly not very happy. No wonder he felt something off with Qin Mu today; the problem originated here.

"Now, let's hear it from you first. What did she say when she called you?"

Qin Mu originally thought she wasn't curious, but later realized that she was quite curious after all.

Mu Yichen's sharp gaze looked at her, suddenly feeling that he couldn't just gloss over tonight, so he told her everything.

After hearing it, Qin Mu was a bit angry — not at Mu Yichen, but at Jing Qing. How dare Jing Qing be dissatisfied with Mu Yichen? It was outrageous.

"From now on, don't answer her calls!"

Qin Mu said angrily to him.

"Okay! Now, tell me what she talked to you about?"

Mu Yichen saw his wife standing up for him and quickly changed the subject.

"She said she hoped I could attend her wedding, even if I didn't bring you."

"Oh?"

"But then she said some useless things. Initially, I was considering going, but after what she said, I wasn't happy to hear it, so I just refused directly!"

Qin Mu told him with a bit of temper.

"What did she say to you?"

Mu Yichen asked with a furrowed brow, fearing she might have said something inappropriate to his wife.

"Hmm..., I seemed to forget!"

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at the light on the ceiling, and after a while, she explained to Mu Yichen with some disappointment.

Mu Yichen...

"What? You're allowed to forget, and I'm not?"

Some words, more or less, have this forgettable nature.

"Mrs. Mu is also brushing me off!"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh lightly, looking at her with dissatisfaction and helplessness.

"Mrs. Mu wouldn't dare brush off President Mu, just being truthful!"

Qin Mu leaned into his arms, her bright eyes carrying some seduction.

"Really? I'm not sure if Mrs. Mu is being truthful, but I'm quite sure Mrs. Mu looks pretty eager right now."

Mu Yichen suddenly grabbed the hand Qin Mu reached under his shirt, his dark eyes burning as if to ignite her.

Qin Mu's face felt a bit hot, but it couldn't stop her from loving him.

"Mu Yichen! Be careful, I might not let you sleep tonight!"

Qin Mu raised her chin, proudly threatening.

"Then don't sleep!"

Mu Yichen suddenly grasped her hand, his other arm wrapped around her waist, and with a flip, pinned her under him.

"Daddy, Daddy! Mommy, Mommy!"

Before sleeping, the two little ones deliberately knocked on their door, taking turns yelling.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu...

They lay on the bed, neither daring to speak, Mu Yichen remembered he forgot to lock the door, frowning unconsciously.

The nanny coaxing them quickly came to fetch them, leading them to their room, quietly telling them not to shout.

Huanhuan couldn't help but shout as she walked away: "Daddy, Daddy, there's an auntie looking for you!"

"Daddy! There's an aunty looking for you, looking for you..."

Chengcheng mimicked, though he couldn't articulate well since he didn't hear it clearly.

Feng Fanghua followed them up, hearing this, she couldn't help but raise her voice, yelling: "If you two keep causing trouble, I'll hand you over to another nanny!"

The two little ones finally stopped, afraid of being sent away.

Mu Yichen and Qin Mu were still in that position, unmoving, but Qin Mu couldn't help but ask: "Is there an auntie looking for you?"

"I don't know if the auntie is pretty, or if she's soft here!"

Mu Yichen's hand was inside her shirt, seriously pondering as he asked her.

Qin Mu's sharp eyes stared at him, seeing his earnest mischief, she adored it.

Chapter 1339: Who Do You Wish It Was? (5)

"Does Mu always like the soft ones?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Mu always likes this kind!"

Mu Yichen pinched inside, whispering to her.

Their eyes met like they wanted to blend into each other's veins.

— —

The next day at noon, Wen Runuan finally found some free time and immediately invited Qin Mu to have fish soup together. The weather outside was sunny and scorching.

The two arrived inside and habitually sat in an inconspicuous spot. They ordered food and started chatting.

"I haven't been here in a while, but it seems luck is on my side today—no one to fight over seats with me?"

Wen Runuan was in a good mood, glancing around. Despite the crowd, it was quite peaceful today.

"Did getting your seat taken last time cast a shadow over you?"

Qin Mu asked her curiously.

"A little! But those two big girls seem to be having a rough time now, which comforts me!"

Wen Runuan joked with her and then looked at her: "How have you been lately? Busy?"

"Not busy. I've stopped taking jobs recently, so you could say I'm quite idle."

"Really?"

Wen Runuan was a bit in disbelief that a workaholic would be willing to take it easy.

However, Qin Mu didn't want to be too busy this year.

"Yeah! The studio's development is going well, the designers' works are selling well, so I want to take a break. Some friends might get married this year, and if they don't mind, I might help them design wedding dresses and such."

Qin Mu actually wants to free the time for Xiaomei and Zhao Huai's attire, and also Jiang Zhiyuan and An Nan; she hopes they become family this year too.

"Sounds like you're not all that idle. I was thinking of asking you to design a couple of outfits for me!"

"Sure!"

Qin Mu agreed without hesitation.

"Really? But I kind of don't want to burden you. Anyway, the designers at your studio are quite skilled, and I love their designs. I asked you out today not to talk about this, mainly because I've missed you for so long."

Wen Runuan chuckled lightly and even poured her a cup of tea.

"It's been a while since we last met. I heard you've been busy with a movie lately?"

"Yes! Collaborating with Li Yu, the lead actress is from our company, all supporting actresses are from theirs. Speaking of it makes me a bit angry. Ever since he founded his own studio, whether making movies or TV dramas, even microfilms, he must include their own actors."

Wen Runuan seemed genuinely upset talking about it, initially planning to cast a couple of her company's artists for minor roles, but... they got pushed down to the tenth spot or further.

"Li Yu does have a heavy focus on his career. But, how are things between him and Li Man?"

Qin Mu suddenly remembered giving Li Man some bad advice the last time they met.

"Not much really. Li Yu is currently filming and working endlessly. Hardly sees his girlfriend. Whereas Li Man is busy with the company stuff and still seeing the handsome guy from our company."

"Ah?"

"It's not Li Man falling for our company's handsome guy, but our handsome guy got attracted by her cold demeanor, claiming he likes her never-turn-back personality. No matter what I say, I can't pull him back; he's still following Li Man around."

This is...

"Nine out of ten, this kid will be swayed to Li Yu's side! I've already given up!"

Wen Runuan speaks about it, feeling a bit heart-sore.

"This seems like losing your wife and soldiers too?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but ask her softly.

"Exactly! Otherwise, I wouldn't be that angry with Li Yu, but he seems completely unaware of his sister's activities."

Wen Runuan wanted to vent, wondering if men are really so careless in relationships?

"Or maybe he's just pretending not to notice?"

Qin Mu feels Li Yu understands everything, probably playing dumb intentionally.

"I hope so! Whatever! Let's not talk about them, let's talk about you and Mu. You two are doing well lately, right?"

"Quite well!"

Qin Mu thought about last night; it was more than just 'quite well.'"

"Your rosy complexion shows how well you two are doing. But of course you are—you grew up together, the kind of childhood love where Mu's affection for you naturally speaks more than any outsider could say."

Wen Runuan observed Qin Mu, always feeling that she carries some sparkling qualities, suddenly recalling her husband mentioning coaxing Qin Mu into acting. Mr. Zhang truly believes Qin Mu is highly malleable and could potentially win many awards if given the chance.

But are these shining qualities because a man is steadfastly supporting her? Could it be his love that makes her so confident and charming?

Wen Runuan has always felt she's not lacking in love, as Mr. Zhang genuinely loves her, but looking at Qin Mu, she sees someone who receives the kind of adoration most women could never obtain from the world.

"You're quite the entertainment circle couple with Mr. Zhang too!"

Qin Mu wasn't hearing this kind of compliment for the first time, but seeing something elusive in Wen Runuan's eyes made her say this to remind her.

"True! But life is still hard, still a burdened journey."

Wen Runuan said and shook her head.

"Is the entertainment industry possibly the most glamorous yet most exhausting world?"

Qin Mu curiously asked her.

"I'm in a fatigued phase now, sometimes wanting to quit. But if I exit, which woman will rise to take my place?"

Wen Runuan murmured, her gaze growing heavier.

Qin Mu didn't probe further, and just then, their food arrived, prompting them to start their meal, focusing mostly on the fish soup.

After the meal, Qin Mu went upstairs, lying on Mu's bed, easily falling asleep.

In her dreams, she suddenly returned to the past, during her third year in university when a few girls were revising in the library for exams. A classmate ran in from outside to find her: "Qin Mu, a Chinese boy is looking for you."

At that time, the mention of a Chinese boy made Qin Mu think only of Mu Yichen—and it indeed was him. That evening he was wearing simple jeans and a black T-shirt, under a bright moon, waiting for her. She was quite excited that night, but as she hurried up to him, he was just answering a call, sweet-talking a girl on the phone. Qin Mu stood quietly behind, forlornly watching his tall silhouette.

Mu Yichen finished the call, turned, and saw her somewhat lost eyes, then strode up to her.

Qin Mu instinctively stepped back, but Mu Yichen still reached her and habitually raised a hand to grab her wrist. Qin Mu instinctively moved her hand behind, nervously yet a bit angrily asking him: "Why is it you?"

At that time, she frequently saw him in suits at major events on various domestic websites and found his casual dress a surprise.

Of course, what unsettled her most was his recent gentle coaxing of another girl.

"Whom do you wish it was?"

Mu Yichen caught her naturally dropped hand and coldly dragged her towards his car.

Chapter 1340: A Lifetime to Love Only One (Part 1)

That year, the wind on that night was cooler than it is now.

He drove her around most of Paris in his sports car, finally stopping at a hotel entrance.

Back then, Qin Mu was not yet used to going to a hotel with a man, but that day he dragged her in forcefully.

He said, "I can take you back to school right now, but I'll be returning to China in two hours. Are you sure you want to act spoiled with me now?"

She didn't dare! She didn't dare to lose her temper because of his affection, because those two hours were too precious for them at the time.

She didn't know how long he had waited at the school gate before finding someone to call her, but she was sure it must have been a long time.

So, later she went into the hotel with him. At that time, a Chinese boy pulling a Chinese girl into the hotel drew a lot of curious glances from others. People were probably speculating about their

relationship. Back then, in others' eyes, President Mu was no longer just a dashing young man but a somewhat accomplished leader.

In her dreams, because she recalled the past, her eyes got wet. When she felt very wronged, she turned around and bumped into a warm embrace.

She thought she was dreaming and clutched that warm embrace, sobbing softly.

Who said he only pampered her, who said he only loved her? When he loved her, how much burden and sorrow was attached, only she and the person involved knew best.

When he wasn't gentle, he was domineering.

— —

Mu Yichen frowned as he watched the woman crying uncontrollably in his arms, unable to resist gripping her shoulder, "Qin Mu, Qin Mu..."

Qin Mu wiped her tear-filled eyes, groggily looked up, and then met the eyes of the present Mu Yichen.

No jeans, no black T-shirt, not the domineering and cold Mu Yichen of that time.

"Mu Yichen!"

Qin Mu's voice carried a hint of doubt, making Mu Yichen frown even more.

"What's going on?"

Mu Yichen asked her nervously.

"Why are you here?"

Qin Mu came to her senses, crawled out of his embrace, sat up, and wiped away her tears forcefully, her voice still a bit hoarse.

"Who did you think it was?"

Mu Yichen asked, his dark eyes already lit with a spark of anger.

"I had a dream!"

Qin Mu mumbled to him.

"Dream about what?"

Mu Yichen sighed lightly, wanting to lose his temper with her, but how could he be mad about what happened while she was asleep? He just wanted to find whoever made her cry in the dream and tear them apart in every possible way, just to let them taste the agony.

"You!"

"Who?"

"You! I dreamed about you!"

Qin Mu looked at him nervously, her voice very soft but clear.

The entire bedroom fell silent instantly. President Mu was obviously troubled; he had just thought about torturing that guy variously, but now, he didn't know what to do.

"Why did you dream about me making you cry like this?"

Mu Yichen asked her, puzzled.

"I dreamed about my junior year."

"Junior year? What happened that year?"

Mu Yichen couldn't remember; he visited her many times during that year. Which trip? Which time?

"The time you took me to the hotel, you scared me!"

Qin Mu looked at him with a hint of grievance, suddenly feeling a bit embarrassed. How could she have a nap and dream about such distant things?

It must have been because she wanted to rebuke Wen Runuan earlier but didn't dare, and then she did it in her dream.

But it seemed she cried quite a bit; her throat was still hoarse, and she felt humiliatingly embarrassed.

Mu Yichen was suddenly speechless, that time at the hotel?

Before they had any relationship?

In the upscale hotel room, a girl asked a man smoking at the window out of frustration, "You got a girlfriend?"

The Mu Yichen of that time, well, he knew how to break her heart.

"Yes!"

Just a slight 'yes' wounded Qin Mu at that time beyond recovery.

However, Qin Mu back then dared not show her sadness too much in front of him. His dark eyes always stared intently at her face, seemingly waiting to see her embarrassment. So at that time, she secretly clenched her pant fabric tightly and endured that humiliation.

Yes, at that time, him saying he had a girlfriend was a humiliation to her, at least that's what she felt.