

His Beloved 161

Chapter 161: We Got Married (3)_2

Mu Zihao discussed the matter with Feng Fanghua.

"I don't think they're necessarily unwilling to let Jing Qing become Huanhuan's stepmother, but I dare not let Jing Qing take on that role. Just thinking about how she treated that girl before makes me afraid. She dislikes children so much, how could she treat them well?"

"So, after weighing it up, the child's mother is still the most suitable, right?"

"It's really not that I'm looking down on her. If it weren't for the two of them getting married in secret, I would truly not agree to this marriage. That girl appears to understand the rules in front of us, but who knows what she might be like in front of our son. You can see how distraught and tormented he is by her every day."

"I was tormented by you back in the day, and yet I wouldn't give a second glance to any other woman."

Mu Zihao recalled those helpless days when he was younger, and even now, with her hair turning white, he still found her the best.

"Hmph, your parents also disapproved of me, said I was too fierce."

Feng Fanghua remembered those past events very clearly.

"Yes, I see some similarities between that girl and you. If it weren't for that incident with her mother, she probably wouldn't have turned out like this. Deep down, she longs for family and warmth; she's just too scared to seek it."

"Are you saying that if her mother hadn't died, she would have the courage?"

"What would she not dare to? Have you forgotten how she used to eat lollipops on your lap when she was little?"

When Feng Fanghua brought up Qin Mu's habit of eating lollipops on her lap as a child, she immediately thought of her own granddaughter.

Although Huanhuan resembled Mu Yichen quite a bit, she had to admit that Huanhuan looked strikingly similar to Qin Mu, especially their beautiful foreheads.

"It's just a meal, isn't it? Let's eat!"

Feng Fanghua couldn't argue with him, so she accepted her fate.

On their way back, they made a detour to the studio where Mu Yichen waited for her outside.

The lights inside were on, and he sat in the car, watching her silhouette enter through the large glass screen, then retrieve a large box from beneath a table.

Later, the lights on the first floor went out, and she came out and got into the car.

Mu Yichen unconsciously glanced at the box she placed in the back, "What's that?"

"A gift for Huanhuan's grandma."

Mu Yichen looked at her again unconsciously, a smile forming subconsciously on his face.

"I'm not doing this for you, but I really appreciate her for taking care of Huanhuan."

Mu Yichen didn't need to say much; could he not understand her heart?

The car hit the road again, and by the time they reached home, it was already quite dark.

The butler was still standing at the door, waiting for them. As he saw Qin Mu getting out of the passenger seat, the butler unconsciously straightened his neck.

"Young master, young madam!"

His greeting was as polite as usual.

Qin Mu nodded to him politely and was led by Mu Yichen into the house.

"We're back!"

Mu Yichen announced their arrival to the older couple on the sofa.

"Uncle, auntie, hello!"

Qin Mu was brought before them by Mu Yichen and immediately freed her hand from his, holding the straps of her purse while she greeted them.

Feng Fanghua glanced at her, and seeing her face had thinned considerably, she frowned unconsciously. She had heard that Jing Qing was very busy lately but hadn't expected that she would wear herself out to this extent.

"Why have you lost so much weight?" Mu Zihao blurted out directly.

"The studio has been quite busy lately; everyone has lost some weight."

Qin Mu spoke softly and took a step forward: "I designed a cheongsam during my free time; I hope auntie won't disdain it."

Gently placing the box on the coffee table, she stepped back.

Feng Fanghua glanced at her again from the corner of her eye, then looked at the box that seemed to be of decent quality, raising an eyebrow, "I don't just wear any cheongsam."

"The fabric is passable; I personally embroidered the decorations because I can't trust anyone else's craftsmanship."

She knew Feng Fanghua was particular and, of course, anything meant for her daughter's grandmother had to be the best.

"A child's good intentions and you're still picky?"

Mu Zihao reminded gently from the side.

"Alright, alright. I'll accept the gift. Go wash up; let's have dinner."

Feng Fanghua didn't want to give her face, so she responded coldly.

"Daddy, Mommy!"

Huanhuan, who had just washed her hands in the restroom with her auntie, ran up to Qin Mu and Mu Yichen upon seeing them.

The mother and daughter hadn't seen each other for several days and were especially affectionate upon meeting, hugging tightly, neither willing to let go.

Huanhuan also waved her little hand at Mu Yichen, who leaned in close, and she immediately planted a big kiss on his cheek.

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The cloying sweetness warmed Feng Fanghua's heart.

During the meal, Huanhuan sat between Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, sipping her soup and watching them both with a silly smile.

Feng Fanghua watched from the front and suddenly felt a sense of guilt.

Thinking back to the words she had said to Qin Mu and the things she had done, she looked up at Qin Mu again. Seeing no trace of resentment on his face, her struggle intensified.

"You two should come back more often. That's when it feels like a real meal. Otherwise, the three of us at home is just like filling our bellies," Mu Zihao said.

Qin Mu laughed involuntarily at the word "filling bellies," and though she didn't dare to promise directly, she would definitely come if they asked, no matter how busy she was.

"Yichen, you too. How can you take care of your wife like this? Weren't you going to cook for her yourself?"

"Uncle, it's not his fault. I can't eat when I'm busy at work. We'll have a two-day holiday at the studio, and I'll make it up," Qin Mu said quickly, then took a sip of her soup.

Mu Yichen leaned close to her ear and whispered, "Seeing how concerned my dad is about you, you can tell he recognizes you as his daughter-in-law!"

Qin Mu glanced at him and refrained from frolicking in front of her elders, simply smiling and then bowing her head to eat.

After the meal, Huanhuan clung to Qin Mu in her arms and didn't leave. Even though she was too sleepy to keep her eyes open, she didn't dare let go, muttering softly, "Mommy, Huanhuan is so sleepy!"

"Would you like grandma to take you to sleep?"

Feng Fanghua immediately straightened up and asked her softly.

"Hmm, Huanhuan wants to sleep with mommy and daddy tonight."

Huanhuan weakly looked up at her own mommy, clutching Qin Mu's sleeve, afraid to let go.

Qin Mu's eyes moistened in an instant, yet she managed a faint smile, "How about..."

"Then you take her upstairs to sleep!"

Qin Mu was actually about to suggest taking Huanhuan back to the apartment for a couple of days, but before she could say it, Feng Fanghua told her to take Huanhuan upstairs to sleep.

Qin Mu nodded and had to carry her upstairs.

Back in Paris, no matter how tired or late it was, she would always go home to accompany Huanhuan to sleep, but after returning, ever since Feng Fanghua found out Huanhuan was her granddaughter...

Actually, Qin Mu wanted to give Huanhuan a comfortable life, yet she didn't want to leave Huanhuan either.

But respecting elders is important, and one should always accommodate them, especially since they treated her daughter well and did not prevent her from seeing her.

However, sometimes she wondered how long this kind of life would last?

Now that she was living in the studio she felt at peace, but it was not warm at all.

Just like Mu Zihao said, eating was merely for filling the belly.

Maybe this was destiny!

If it was destiny, she would accept it!

Fortunately, even so, she was not alone. She was content.

After Huanhuan fell asleep, she stood on the staircase, wanting to go down, but to her surprise, there was no one on the sofa downstairs.

Qin Mu was moved and instinctively looked towards their bedroom. Mu Yichen had finished bathing, was wearing pajamas, and wiping his hair as he came out: "What are you waiting for?"

Qin Mu...

"Aren't we going back to the apartment?"

"It's too late!"

Once inside the bedroom, Qin Mu was still anxious: "Are we staying here tonight?"

"Haven't you stayed here before? Why are you acting like you're sneaking in?" Mu Yichen asked.

Qin Mu didn't dare to say anything, just moved her mouth slightly, and then went to take a bath.

He had already filled the bathtub for her. Qin Mu looked back at him standing outside with his arms crossed and leaning against the door frame, his eyes peach-blossom like.

"Thanks a lot!"

"You're welcome!" Mu Yichen replied indifferently, standing by the door without any intention of leaving.

Madam Mu had no choice but to turn back, push against his chest with her hand, and close the door.

It had been several days since her last bath, and all her weariness began to dissipate as she lay down in the tub.

She suddenly felt drained, staying foolishly in the water, her eyes gradually empty.

She no longer had any control over her decisions.

People thought that she was the one making decisions regarding everything with Mu Yichen.

That night, lying on him, Qin Mu couldn't help but succumb, gently kissing him, caressing him.

"Mu Yichen!"

"You are the most charming man I have ever seen!"

She kissed his lips softly, her eyes tenderly looking at him, her voice even softer and gentler, making listeners think they were hallucinating.

She moved gently, kissing his chest, her hands igniting fire as they teased over his body.

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The night was serene, and their love had just begun.

In another bedroom, Feng Fanghua changed out of the cheongsam designed by Qin Mu at Mu Zihao's request.

Feng Fanghua's figure had always been well-maintained, and as a typical Eastern beauty, the purple cheongsam showcased her excellent physique to perfection.

She turned around twice, looking downwards at her waist and legs, and gently touched the fabric across her chest. It was the work of a skillful person; the texture was utterly authentic. Feng Fanghua, having worn so many expensive cheongsams, naturally knew this.

"This girl does have some talent."

"More than that, even the color and thread used for these delicate patterns that are embroidered on it are on par with our domestic luxury brands."

"Is it really that good?"

Feng Fanghua turned to look at him, skeptical.

"Humph, don't believe me? Try wearing this cheongsam to the charity banquet in a few days and listen to what those critical madams have to say."

"If it ends up being embarrassing, don't blame me for falling out with that girl ruthlessly."

Feng Fanghua said.

Mu Zihao sat confidently in the chair by the bed with a smile: "Come find me then."

"Humph, you think I wouldn't dare to?"

Feng Fanghua's eyebrows raised. For many years, the two had interacted in this manner, and unbeknownst to her, Mu Zihao had long grown accustomed to her way of speaking.

Later, Feng Fanghua changed into her pajamas but still meticulously folded the cheongsam, her hands involuntarily caressing the stitching.

Qin Mu had said it was handmade by her.

Mu Zihao looked at Feng Fanghua's expression and couldn't help but sigh, recalling the time when he and Feng Fanghua had abruptly told Qin Mu to leave, which had been rather inappropriate.

And she left without saying a word; there was no questioning or blaming, which made him feel deeply guilty.

Latterly, Jing Xianzong had still cut off business with his son, and now there was dealings between the Jing Family and his family, but the relationship had deteriorated from before.

Even outsiders, knowing about Mu Yi's and Qin Mu's affair, speculated that the Jing Family and the Mu Family would fall out, so rumors were spreading that the two families were going to break up. Under such circumstances, their relationship was deteriorating day by day.

In their hearts, they also felt the connection with the Jing Family was steadily heading into a chasm.

Perhaps it was inevitable that they would eventually fall out with the Jing Family. Mu Zihao only hoped that even if his and Jing Xianzong's, including the old master's relationship dissolved, his son would still remain as close with Jing Feng as before. After all, they had grown up together and had always aided each other. Considering Jing Feng's character, Mu Zihao felt he was still reliable.

Feng Fanghua had no idea what Mu Zihao was thinking. She just approached him and said: "Your son moved in without even asking me."

"Humph, isn't that what you tacitly agreed to? You claimed you were tired and wanted to head back to your room early."

Feng Fanghua...

She just wanted to try on the cheongsam.

— —

The next day.

Qin Mu had not gotten off Mu Yi's body until twelve o'clock the previous night. At first, she did not want to; later, she wanted to but couldn't, and finally, after much effort satisfying him, but...

The aftermath of indulgence was feeling even weaker the next day.

Mrs. Mu could hardly get out of bed the next morning, although she still instinctively tried to rise.

As soon as Mu Yi felt a cool breeze blowing into the blankets, he immediately pressed her down again:
"Stay and sleep with me a little longer."

"I really can't this time!"

"Resistance is futile!" His hoarse voice carried an insistent gravity.

Qin Mu helplessly lay beside him, watching as he closed his eyes and unintentionally her wait began.

In truth, she quite enjoyed this feeling.

If, after many years, he could still cling to her like this, letting her stay with him in bed until the sun was high, she would be more than willing.

But, would they ever reach such a day?

It was only after he fell asleep again that she quietly got out of bed.

There were still clothes of hers here; she gently opened the wardrobe, picked out a dress, and quietly went to the bathroom.

After washing up and changing clothes, she went to Huanhuan's room. Intending to wake Huanhuan to help her with her hair, she gently pushed open the door only to find Huanhuan already dressed and sitting at the edge of the bed, with Feng Fanghua standing by, combing her hair.

It was like...

Qin Mu tiptoed over: "Auntie, let me do it!"

"No need!"

Feng Fanghua, without even giving her a glance, continued to braid her granddaughter's hair.

Qin Mu just stood there watching, and as time passed, her gaze gradually unfocused, as if she had been transported back more than ten years.

As a child, she had been lazy, and her mother would kneel on the bed with one leg, combing her hair in an awkward posture.

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Back then, she suddenly took an interest in looking pretty and grew out her hair, her mother's hairdressing skills weren't very good, often leaving her hands stiff from braiding her daughter's hair.

In the blink of an eye, so many years have passed.

Qin Mu instinctively looked toward Feng Fanghua, this elder with a sharp tongue and a soft heart, and her lips slowly curled into a smile.

Feng Fanghua glanced at her, "Why are you looking at me for? I'm not your mother."

Although the tone was unpleasant, Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh, "How did you know I was thinking about her?"

"Hmph, whatever you're thinking, I know it clear as day, I just don't love to burst your bubble. Besides, I have my own kids to take care of, I don't have the energy to fuss over you."

Qin Mu fell silent again, because she truly didn't know how to continue.

Feng Fanghua didn't speak either, because what she said was the truth; even if it was harsh, that was just her nature, she couldn't hold back the honest, albeit tough words.

Later, Feng Fanghua left first, she followed behind holding Huanhuan, unable to resist kissing Huanhuan's face and happily followed Feng Fanghua out.

At breakfast, Mu Yichen didn't get up, it was just the four of them eating.

"What are your plans for today? Are you going to continue resting at home or go out?"

Mu Zihao asked while eating freshly made fried dough, a spoonful of porridge in his other hand.

"I want to take Huanhuan out for some fun."

When Qin Mu said this, her eyes subconsciously sought Feng Fanghua's approval, cautious, hopeful.

"Bring her to me in the evening!"

Feng Fanghua said with a single sentence.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu wouldn't dare let Huanhuan sleep with her, she agreed immediately.

Later, Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao went to attend a friend's second wedding, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen took Huanhuan to her mother's grave.

Huanhuan held a handful of small white flowers, gently placing them in front of her grandmother's tombstone, then retreated back to her parents' side, holding their hands.

"Mom, I'm here to see you!"

She said softly, then looked down at her own daughter.

"We are all doing very well, how about you?"

Her voice was light, calm. Mu Yichen and Huanhuan stood by quietly, at this moment they were simply accompanying their most important person.

Later, the three of them went to Dinosaur Park, Huanhuan's voice was hoarse from shouting but she was reluctant to leave, still pulling Mu Yichen to move forward.

Qin Mu followed quietly behind them.

"Daddy, look, it's breathing fire!"

Even if fake, it could still breathe fire.

Huanhuan's eyes were particularly wide, very dark and shiny, truly adorable.

Mu Yichen lifted her up so she could see more clearly.

That day, Dinosaur Park was crowded, later someone recognized Qin Mu as the girl from the perfume advertisement, they pointed and talked about her from behind, and later someone even approached her: "Excuse me, are you the spokesperson in that perfume ad on Channel Two? You're called Qin Mu, right?"

Qin Mu...

Back then, she had not chosen a stage name for herself as she aimed to lay a foundation for future work, and now, being called by a stranger felt oddly uncomfortable.

Then more and more people gathered around her, with some holding up their phones unsure if they were recording video or taking pictures.

"We really love the ads you shot, we even looked you up online."

"Yes, Baidu says you've done lots of big ads abroad, all luxury products regular folks can't afford."

"You're really pretty, you look even better in person than on TV."

"Right, your skin looks so soft, like you could squeeze water out of it, I really want to touch."

A child's mother said with a smile, her eyes genuinely eager to touch.

Qin Mu subconsciously smiled: "Well, go ahead and touch!"

"Really?"

The child's mother couldn't believe it, yet she was already stepping forward.

"Is that a real offer?"

Mu Yi suddenly came back, with one hand still carrying Huanhuan, and with the other he took her hand and shielded her as they walked out.

Qin Mu had just responded instinctively, thinking that the woman wouldn't really touch her.

"Hey, who are you?"

"Yeah, who are you?"

"I'm her man!"

The crowd...

As they walked away, those people were still discussing: "That girl has a husband?"

"Maybe a boyfriend?"

"But didn't you see they're both wearing rings?"

"Right, and the man was holding a child, who looked quite like both of them."

"She looks so young, and she's already married!"

"And her husband is so handsome too!"

"Hey, did you notice her husband looks a lot like a big shot from our city?"

A mother mentioned while showing the video on her phone to the people around her.

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Then a group of people surrounded that mother, while the children, already impatient from waiting, had run off to look at the sights on their own.

"Mu Yichen? The young tycoon who runs that huge pharmaceutical conglomerate, and also deals with hotels and real estate?"

"My God, it really is him, look, they're identical!"

How powerful is the age of information?

It lets people learn everything about a celebrity in minutes.

By the time they ran out to chase after them, their car had already left. Mu Yichen's face didn't look too good, and Qin Mu instinctively looked at him, "Are you unhappy?"

"If we weren't secretly married, today I would've let those people know, I am your man."

What's the difference?

He said he was her man, and even had a child in his arms.

Qin Mu looked away, thinking that those people must have guessed as much.

What she didn't expect was, others recognized her as an advertising model, but didn't recognize her as the girl rumored to be involved with another man, nor did they recognize her as the daughter of the mayor of Qin City.

However, meeting with the mayor of Qin City on several occasions with many people around seemed to attract no media attention; after all, how could the mayor's banquets invite the media.

It just struck her suddenly thinking about Mrs. Yang. Later, she overheard a socialite who was presumed to have gone to collect a dress mentioning that Mrs. Yang and the mayor's wife were having coffee together in a café, and apparently, the mayor's wife had pushed a card in front of Mrs. Yang.

Because it was lunchtime, the three of them simply went to the hotel. It was almost the same as being at home, but Huanhuan was particularly happy because she seldom visited this place.

As for the two of them, Qin Mu joked, looking at Mu's mood, "Should I also wear a mask when I go out in the future? Wrap myself up tightly to avoid being recognized."

"Necessary!"

Qin Mu was actually just trying to make him laugh, but seeing his serious response, she suddenly felt deflated.

"I think I need to keep you locked at home."

Qin Mu...

Wrapped his arm around her as they stood by the window, "Dare to jump down from here with me?"

After saying that, he turned to look at her.

"No way!"

Qin Mu's heart tightened, instinctively chickening out.

Mu Yichen looked at her about-to-laugh demeanor, but remained unmoved, watching her seriously.

"I haven't lived enough yet!"

Qin Mu had to explain.

He sighed helplessly, "Me neither!"

...

Qin Mu felt the air around her freeze with their idiotic exchange.

At lunch, the manager personally served them their meal, cheerily asking, "Did Mr. Mu and the young madam go to Dinosaur Park today?"

The two of them instinctively glanced at him and then at Huanhuan, with Qin Mu even saying to her daughter, "Can our Huanhuan already pass messages?"

"It wasn't the young miss who said it; it appeared on Weibo. Someone posted a video of you three at Dinosaur Park, and it's now in the top three on the trending searches."

After finishing serving the meal and speaking, the manager nodded his head and left.

Qin Mu immediately turned on her phone on the table, opened Weibo, went to the trending section, and then...

It really was the two of them and Huanhuan, and it even captured the part where Mr. Mu said he was her man.

Qin Mu was shocked to hear his voice on the video and covered her mouth.

As for Mr. Mu, he remained calmly seated as if unfazed.

"What should we do now?"

"Isn't this great?"

"Great?"

Mr. Mu laughed softly, then picked up his wine glass and drank alone.

Qin Mu...

What part of this is good?

Huanhuan, hearing her father's voice, couldn't help but lean over to look, and upon seeing herself in the video, she exclaimed in surprise, thinking she was on TV.

Just like that, everyone in the city learned that the two of them were a husband and wife; it saved him the trouble.

That's what Mu Yichen thought, and suddenly his appetite improved!

Qin Mu, however, felt a little uneasy; it seemed too easy to rank on the hot search list, didn't it?

After lunch, the two adults took the child for a nap upstairs. Later, Qin Mu received a call from Jian Yan and quietly left the room to sit on the sofa in his office and talk to Jian Yan over the phone.

"This incident happened suddenly, and from what you've said, it seems very likely that someone is deliberately targeting you."

"It's just the same few people, don't worry, this will all be sorted out."

Qin Mu could guess who had the clout to target her?

A woman with a special relationship with Mr. Mu wasn't someone anyone dared to offend; with the process of elimination, the answer was easily found.

Mu Yichen lay in bed, but couldn't sleep. He listened to her leave, to her talking on the phone with Jian Yan, and sometimes he really wished she didn't see him as Mu Yichen, but just as any man she could confide in and speak her truths to.

For instance, he was quite envious of Jian Yan.

Later, his phone also rang. He instinctively glanced at his daughter beside him, gently pressing her shoulder with one hand while swiftly picking up the phone with the other to answer the call.

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Qin Mu heard some movement inside and then went back in; he had woken up.

Mu Yichen gently got up from the bed, and as Qin Mu again sat next to her daughter, he looked at her once before going out to answer the phone. Qin Mu then lay down again, watching Huanhuan sleep so soundly that she couldn't help but smile.

"The Jing Family patriarch is on the phone; he said he's going to come over later."

Having finished the call, Mu Yichen went back in to inform Qin Mu.

"Should I take Huanhuan away?"

"No need, just stay here."

Mu Yichen's eyes, dark as pitch, looking at her, showed not the slightest intention of avoiding her.

Qin Mu didn't say anything more. Before long, she heard the door of the outer office open as the manager personally greeted the old patriarch upstairs, served tea, then left.

In the office, an old man and a young man sat on the couch, with the tea on the table untouched.

The old man still held his cane: "What's wrong with you, lad? Weren't you getting along fine with Xiaoqing before? How come as soon as that girl came back, she changed her ways?"

"When have I ever been with Jing Qing? It was just helping from beginning to end; wasn't it you who said she was having a tough time in the entertainment industry and asked me to back her up?"

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes and let out an involuntary shallow laugh as he started to quibble with him.

"Not even a bit of true feeling? Xiaoqing has deep feelings for you."

The old man couldn't help but speak well of his own granddaughter, seeing his stubborn manner. Today, after Jing Qing saw the video of Qin Mu on the web, she called and cried to him in grievance. It pained him so much that he had to come to Mu Yichen immediately.

"As for her, if you ask about affection, that would be sibling affection."

Mu Yichen's lips curved up slightly; that was as far as he could go with the conversation.

In truth, he grew up in the same court with Jing Feng, Jing Qing, and Jiang Zhiyuan, all the same age. Naturally, their feelings for each other were special, but that didn't mean special feelings could become his weakness.

"You give me a straight answer, boy; do you want our Xiaoqing or that woman?" The old patriarch was obviously a bit impatient. Brotherly and sisterly affection is not what he wanted.

Mu Yichen looked up at the old man, his eyes solidly cold and resolute.

And Qin Mu, lying on the bed inside with her daughter, quietly listened through the door.

"Even if you ask me a million times, the answer will not change; I don't have the kind of feelings for Jing Qing that you want."

Mu Yichen replied promptly, still giving the old patriarch due respect.

"What is Xiaoqing lacking compared to that girl? Our two families have had this relationship for decades. Xiaoqing has adored you since she was a child, and let me tell you, even if Xiaoqing knows that girl has given you a daughter, she would treat that girl as her own. And once Xiaoqing marries into the Mu Family, she could give you a son."

"Deciding to have sons or daughters is up to us?"

Mu Yichen laughed involuntarily, ignoring the rest of the old man's words.

"Regardless, Xiaoqing can bear you children, isn't that enough? She has no second thoughts about you. Even amidst the entertainment industry's dye vat, have you ever seen her involved in any scandals? On the contrary, look at that girl who just came back a few days ago; scandalous rumors with Liu Jingyuan are already circulating."

"As for why Qin Mu got involved in such rumors with Liu Jingyuan, you might want to go back and ask your granddaughter about that."

The voice of Mu Yichen was calm, yet cold.

Qin Mu, listening inside, lost herself in thought.

He knew everything, he believed her too. That truly was enough.

But the more he considered for her, the more uncomfortable her heart became.

"What do you mean by that?"

At Mu Yi's words, the old patriarch knitted his brows and jabbed his cane on the floor, his face growing even colder.

"Grandfather, you've always been the patriarch I respect the most. But certain things are as they are, and you must be clearer about them than I am."

Mu Yichen said as he stood up from the couch and, suppressing his inner turmoil, walked to the window to view the city's bustle in the distance and the indistinct roads below.

It turns out the relationship between the Jing Family and the Mu Family was so frail, with no marriage alliance, then it shall end.

This relationship was fragile, it seemed even more fragile than his and Qin Mu's.

All of a sudden, he found a bit of dignity again, and his heart no longer felt so suffocated.

"You care for your own granddaughter and use her to intimidate Qin Mu. Let bygones be bygones, but it can't happen over and over again; otherwise, you don't deserve to be respected by the younger generation anymore."

His words were heavy, although still delivered with a casual air, but each word weighed deep.

The old man snorted, standing up and looking slightly askance at his back: Lad, are you threatening me? You're still too green!

"We'll see about that!"

Mu Yichen also turned around, his composure laced with ruthlessness!

"We'll see? Then we'll just have to see. If you can't marry Xiaoqing, our families' relationship is over. I, as a grandfather, naturally have to seek justice for my granddaughter."

The old patriarch said all the nice words he could, laid down the harsh ones, and then walked away.

"We shall wait and see!"

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"Wait!"

The old patriarch immediately turned his head at the familiar voice, his gaze fierce.

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"We're married! Since before the New Year!"

Ms. Mu said earnestly as she walked out from inside, addressing the old master.

The old master didn't speak for a long time, his frown deepening.

Soon he suddenly clutched his chest, a pang of heartache overtaking him.

——

Later, the old master was safely sent out of the hotel, got into his own family's car, and left. The two of them stood in the office facing each other. Mu Yichen looked at her with an expression that was hard to comprehend.

"At least we can tell him that if he does something excessive to us again, we have a legitimate reason to resist, right?"

Scared by that look in his eyes, Qin Mu felt a bit of panic and instinctively explained.

He suddenly laughed: Come here!

Qin Mu stepped forward, her toes already touching his. Mu Yichen didn't speak, just quietly gazed at her.

Feeling unsettled by his stare, she looked into his dark eyes and unconsciously opened her mouth to say something, only to be silenced as he held her face in his hands.

It was completely an accident.

Because of the old master's aggressive demands, because he stood by her with all his might.

As a woman, she felt she wasn't entirely without conscience.

If their marriage could stop the Jing Family's relentless pursuit and make things easier for him.

Maybe Jing Qing would hate her even more knowing they were married, but the Jing Family should let go of the matter between Jing Qing and Mu Yichen. This was also something she had done for him.

If the Jing Family gave the Mu Family trouble in the future, putting aside what might happen between the two families, at least public opinion would side with the Mu Family as the Jing Family would be reacting over a rejected proposal.

If, unfortunately, their affair was made public, so be it.

They did indeed have a marriage.

If not, she would be even more relieved.

It was like a gamble, about whether to give up or continue.

Huanhuan was still asleep while he held her, moving towards the sofa while kissing her.

"Mu Yichen!"

"Want to wake up your daughter?"

He just asked the question and then disregarded her feelings.

It was like waging a war, but a war only for one.

Later, he sat on the sofa with a hint of weariness on his face.

Qin Mu, however, had returned to her room. Huanhuan had already woken up. She lay there with Huanhuan who turned around and also looked at her, mother and daughter suddenly bursting into laughter.

"You're awake?"

"Mommy, where's daddy?"

"He's outside handling business!"

Qin Mu thought about it. If it hadn't been for Huanhuan suddenly waking up and calling for her, he probably would have tormented her for a while longer.

Suddenly she couldn't help but laugh. Where would his temper lead him?

It was strange to say, but sometimes the two could sense each other's thoughts.

That time, he probably sensed her intention to give up, which was why he suddenly made things difficult for her.

In the evening, the couple took the child back to the Mu Family home. Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua had already returned. The coffee table in front of the sofa was set with desserts and cut fruits. They had only eaten a little when they saw their granddaughter return and immediately set down the fruit picks: "Our little treasure is back."

Feng Fanghua said, hugging her precious granddaughter who ran into her arms to act spoiled.

"Grandma, Huanhuan missed you so much."

Huanhuan said sweetly.

"And did you miss Grandpa?"

Mu Zihao also asked softly.

"Huanhuan missed Grandpa very much."

Huanhuan said and then threw herself into Mu Zihao's arms, delighting both elders immensely.

Mu Yichen and Qin Mu sat on the adjacent sofa, watching the three generations get along so well that Mu Yichen breathed a sigh of relief. However, his expression was still somewhat frosty because of Qin Mu's actions that afternoon in the office.

"The old Jing Family master came to find me at the hotel today."

Mu Yichen still decided to speak up about the incident.

The elders looked at him, waiting for him to continue.

"I've told him about our marriage certificate."

Mu Yichen continued.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao both inhaled sharply: "What did he say?"

"He was very angry. He said we'd see about that."

Having heard that from their son, Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao exchanged glances and it took them a while to calm their emotions.

"That old master always saw you as his grandson-in-law, whether in public or private. Now that he knows about your marriage to Qin Mu, his pride must be hurt."

Mu Zihao reflected.

"Yes! He was so angry that he felt a pain in his chest, but he still managed to leave the hotel in good shape."

In truth, if the old master had collapsed in the hotel, it would have been difficult for Mu Yichen to explain to Jing Feng.

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Fortunately, the old man was still quite robust and had enough of a temper to endure.

"Sigh, what do you plan to do next?"

Feng Fanghua asked again, her eyes bored when she looked at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu didn't dare to say much, but Mu Yichen turned to her with a cold look, "See her!"

Everyone who heard that looked at Mu Yichen, and naturally, Qin Mu did too.

He was passing the problem to her?

"Who knows what the future holds? But now that the Jing Family knows about your marriage, you should all move back here."

Qin Mu looked up in surprise at the couple opposite her.

Feng Fanghua also looked at Mu Zihao: Just let her move back in?

"We've come to this point already, and besides... we didn't think things through at the beginning. Asking you to move out was a mistake on my and your aunt's part, no, your mother-in-law's judgement was poor."

"You asked her to move out?"

Mu Yichen immediately frowned.

"So what if we asked her to move out? Even now, I'm not willing to let her move back because her relationship with the Jing Family was severed so abruptly; is it worth it?"

Feng Fanghua retorted immediately when she saw her son frown.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but sneer, "Mrs. Feng, is it up to me or you to decide what's worth it?"

"Whoever wants to decide can decide, Huanhuan, let's go. Follow grandma to the kitchen."

Feng Fanghua, irritated by her son's tone, immediately got up and took her granddaughter to the kitchen.

Mu Yichen then turned to berate his own woman: And you? Don't you plan to say something to me?

"Mu Yichen!"

What else could Qin Mu say? In his home, in front of his family, she just wanted to remind him not to be so hot-tempered.

"I've said it before, don't leave me for anything or anyone again. Did you take my words as a mere breeze?"

After finishing his words, he got up and went upstairs.

She just watched his resolute back, and for a moment, a chill seeped into her stomach.

But what could she say?

Tell him, his parents were afraid to break with the Jing Family, so they had sent her away to smooth over the relationship between the two families?

Or tell him, his parents didn't think highly of them as a couple and hoped they would divorce?

Mu Zihao sighed helplessly: This kid often loses his temper with you, doesn't he?

Qin Mu didn't know how to reply and just laughed unconsciously.

"The kid is good to you, that's why he loses his temper. You know that, right?"

Mu Zihao reassured her again.

Qin Mu nodded: I know!

She always knew, all his temper, was because of her.

"I know you are a good child. It's beyond my and your mother-in-law's expectations that you would bear such grievances without a word. Mumu, maybe it's our fate. Please settle down here."

Qin Mu didn't dare to speak, she just subconsciously lowered her gaze to stare at her ring.

"Don't you know your mother-in-law by now? She's all bark and no bite. The cheongsam you gave her yesterday? She put it on as soon as she got back to her room last night, didn't even want to put it away when going to bed."

This indeed surprised Qin Mu.

"If she likes it, I'll make them for her often."

She unconsciously promised happily.

"Yes! So settle down here and be at peace, don't live alone in the studio anymore, it's too bleak."

Mu Zihao said.

"Mom!"

Just as the two had spoken a few words, Feng Fanghua returned with Huanhuan, who had something in her mouth, munching while calling to her.

Qin Mu, looking at her daughter rushing into her arms, couldn't help but take an extra glance at her: Don't run while eating, understood?

"Mm!"

Huanhuan nodded vigorously, her face full of happiness.

"Are you implying that I didn't teach Huanhuan well?"

Feng Fanghua asked as she sat down.

Qin Mu...

"I've already settled it with Mumu, she'll live here from now on. Henceforth, our family must not be disunited; we have to work together to make our days better."

This was directed by Mu Zihao toward both Feng Fanghua and Qin Mu.

"But when trouble comes, we'll see if you can still be as breezy as you are now."

Feng Fanghua didn't chase her away, but glanced at Qin Mu as she left those words.

Later, no one dared to call Yichen to dinner, for the servants had heard him flare up earlier. Qin Mu wanted to send Huanhuan, but Feng Fanghua said: Go yourself if you want to, don't use my granddaughter as an excuse.

So she had no choice but to go upstairs herself. She was about to knock on the door when she lifted her hand and realized it led to his bedroom. Thinking that he might be lying on the bed sulking, she gently turned the doorknob.

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The door wasn't locked, she opened it easily, and then slowly poked her head in to look inside.

As expected, he was lying on the bed reading a book, and upon seeing her enter, he gave her a cold glance before returning his gaze to the book.

Qin Mu closed the door behind her and walked forward, saying as she saw his expressionless face, "How about I satisfy you first, and then we go downstairs to eat together?"

Mu Yichen still ignored her.

"Anyway, I don't care if your mom misunderstands me even more, as for the delay in dinner time, if she blames me, I'll just bow my head and accept it without blaming you!"

"Do you think I care about you?"

He tossed the book aside and, after a cold remark, immediately grabbed her hand and pulled her onto the bed.

She felt her waist hit by the bed, but the next moment, he was pressing her down.

By the time the two of them came downstairs, it was almost half an hour later. Feng Fanghua was feeding her granddaughter and had no mood to care about them, but Mu Zihao whispered, "Hurry up and sit down to eat."

Qin Mu felt a little weak, but obediently sat next to Mu Yichen.

Brother Chen's face might still be cold, but it was obvious he had indulged in the ultimate pleasure.

Feng Fanghua couldn't bear to see her son like this, and when Huanhuan was almost done eating, she asked, "What's this? Is our young master planning to challenge his own mother with this attitude?"

"I wouldn't dare!"

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes, his voice lackluster yet stubborn.

"Hmph! Is there anything you wouldn't dare? You even went and handled such a big event as marriage all by yourself."

Feng Fanghua continued to ask, and as for the delicious dishes below her eyelids, she had no interest in them tonight.

"So what? Should the two of us go and get a divorce now to satisfy you?"

Feng Fanghua...

Mu Zihao...

Qin Mu couldn't help but turn to look at him, and Mu Yichen immediately turned to look at her, too. Upon noticing the uncertainty in her eyes, he immediately said to her, "You might as well give up that idea, you won't be getting a divorce in this lifetime!"

Qin Mu...

"I can't eat this meal!"

Feng Fanghua couldn't stand her son being good to Qin Mu in front of her and immediately put down her chopsticks.

"Grandma!"

Just as everyone was worrying and thinking of comforting her, Huanhuan took a spoonful of vegetables and stood up to feed it to her mouth.

Feng Fanghua's heart of stone instantly softened.

"The only good thing you two did was to give me such a precious little one."

Feng Fanghua lifted Huanhuan onto her lap, her entire demeanor softening.

Qin Mu thought to herself with relief: Thankfully, thankfully, there is at least one thing that satisfies you.

"In the future, they'll do one or two more good deeds like this one, don't be angry anymore."

Mu Zihao personally served her soup, hitting Feng Fanghua's heart.

Qin Mu listened by the side, her insides trembling with fear, but still she couldn't help but stand up: "Let me do it!"

Mu Zihao saw his daughter-in-law offering help and immediately gave her the opportunity.

The meal eventually finished quietly, but everyone ate well.

After dinner, the family watched gossip news together. Mu Zihao saw a female celebrity being rumored with a male star and remarked, "The entertainment industry these days is truly different from before."

"You seem to know a lot, don't you? What? You were very familiar with the entertainment industry back then?"

Mu Zihao was choked by Feng Fanghua's comment and swallowed his frustration.

Their son chuckled indecently, finally lightening the heaviness that had lingered in the house all evening.

"Mom, what did you say to our young madam that made her leave so easily without a word to your son?"

"I told her that I didn't want her to drag our family down, and I said I wanted you two to divorce. What about it? What are you going to do to your mom?"

Mu Yichen leaned back in the sofa, his smile faintly subsiding as he straightened slightly but remained silent, his dark eyes glancing at the woman beside him.

This time mother and daughter openly discussed the matter. There were no fights, just casual conversation as if discussing household matters, though the atmosphere still went cold for a minute or two.

Afterward, Mu Yichen placed Qin Mu's hand on his knee. She instinctively looked at him, but his eyes were on the television, not on her.

However, Qin Mu couldn't shake the feeling that he felt sorry for her.

So she let him hold her hand without pulling away.

Feng Fanghua was soon out of sight and out of mind, going to cuddle with Huanhuan to sleep.

Late into the night, only the two of them remained in the living room. The auntie warmed up two cups of milk and brought them over: "Do the young master and young madam have any other instructions?"

"No, that's all. You should go rest early," said Mu Yichen, looking at the TV, speaking in a low voice.

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"Good night, young master and young mistress."

The aunt greeted them and left, leaving only the sound of the television in the living room. Qin Mu had been sitting beside him the whole time but never disturbed him while he watched the news.

"Heaven is fair after all,"

Mu Yichen suddenly remarked, his eyes shining like stars.

Qin Mu turned to look at him and listened as he continued, "If you are not good to me, there will naturally be someone to make sure you don't have it easy either."

Qin Mu...

"Time to sleep!"

He picked up the remote, turned off the TV, then stood up, his eyes low as he looked at her sitting on the sofa.

"Any other questions?" he asked.

In this silent space, his voice was both indifferent and haughty.

"No!"

Qin Mu stood up, leading the way without much thought.

In fact, Qin Mu hadn't slept well in the early part of the night, but she quietly left bed after he had fallen asleep and sneaked into her daughter's room.

Now finally able to cuddle with her daughter, she felt a secret joy, watching as her daughter quickly fell asleep unconsciously.

It was as if she had once again become a child with a home.

In her dreams, she couldn't help but curve her lips into a smile.

Therefore, Yichen became exceedingly irritable the next morning when he couldn't find his woman.

Feeling uneasy when he couldn't touch her, he opened his eyes to find her side of the bed empty, though her cell phone was still on the nightstand, so...

He almost immediately guessed she had gone to see Huanhuan, but he didn't know when she had left. Since her side of the bed was cold, that meant she had been gone for quite some time.

This woman, allowed to return, had started to be restless by his side.

Later, Mrs. Mu was dragged back by him and threatened.

Mrs. Mu...

Sigh, the person being tormented early in the morning is actually quite happy, but also a bit anxious.

Because breakfast was at eight and it was already past seven, she was afraid Yichen would delay, yet she dared not openly urge him to hurry.

"Give Mrs. Feng another surprise, and she'll have no time to scold you again."

"Hmm?"

"Give her a grandson."

Mrs. Mu believed that having a child was something that needed deep consideration.

"Maybe we can talk about it later?"

But in the heat of the moment, it was really not easy to broach the subject carefully, so she suggested.

President Mu didn't say anything else and simply put on the last condom from the drawer.

However, he suddenly noticed the texture of the condom wrapper felt a bit abrasive, as if...

He didn't inspect it closely, fearing she'd become suspicious, so he quickly unwrapped it and used it.

Those who do something they feel guilty about often become paranoid, but Yichen...

Was no exception.

All day, he felt his heartbeat racing, and he would think of it during meetings and meals.

Always afraid she'd notice something amiss.

Qiao Yi and his secretary joined him for lunch and noticed he seemed off, so they couldn't help but ask him, "Did you overdo it last night again?"

Mu Yichen looked up at him when he heard the question and didn't understand at first, but after Qiao Yi blinked, he retorted, "Do you think I overdo it as easily as you do?"

The secretary, Ms. Xi, sitting between them, felt immense pressure and hardly dared to lift her head.

"Ms. Xi, does your boyfriend overdo it?"

"My ex-boyfriend? I've forgotten!"

Ms. Xi could no longer clearly remember the past, barely recalling that man's eyes.

Qiao Yi didn't expect such an answer and laughed involuntarily, shifting the focus to her: "Honestly, you've been at the company for years and I haven't seen you with any man. Are you not interested in men?"

"This seems unrelated to Qiao Tezhu, right?"

Although Ms. Xi's voice was still suppressed, it was evident she wasn't pleased with being questioned by a man in such a manner.

Mu Yichen, seeing Qiao Yi's smug expression, couldn't help but sigh softly and returned to his meal, sending a message to his woman.

Left out in the cold by Ms. Xi, Qiao Yi sought compensation from President Mu: "I heard that the Jing Family's old master visited your hotel yesterday, and he was there to see you."

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen responded while texting Mrs. Mu, not finding this matter too sensitive to discuss.

Ms. Xi couldn't help but perk up her ears, listening to the gossip while eating.

"But weren't you and Xiaomu together yesterday? I heard the old master was helped out of the place. Was he upset by you or by Xiaomu?"

"Both of us!"

Mu Yichen said as he sent another message to Mrs. Mu: "Qiao Yi is really annoying."

Mrs. Mu replied: "He's your brother."

"Still annoying!" Mu Yichen shot back.

Qiao Yi, completely oblivious to the couple's exchange, kept asking since he knew he was messaging Mrs. Mu.

"You two? Does Xiaomu dare to talk back to the Jing Family's old master?"