

## His Beloved 311

Chapter 311: Compensation requested by President Mu (4) available today\_4

But I was afraid he'd ignore me if I went to see him.

And if I didn't? I was afraid he wouldn't be happy.

However, recalling the morning's events, it wasn't just him who was angry; there was also Secretary Xi's matter that I hadn't settled with him yet. With that thought, I just sat on the couch with my daughter watching SpongeBob.

I realized we were lacking some snacks.

"Can't you serve the fruit yourself?"

Just as Qin Mu was getting engrossed in the show and trying hard not to laugh, Mu Yi suddenly appeared with a delicate fruit platter and gave her an accusing look.

My laughter died on my lips, and I retorted without thinking, "I didn't even know you were planning to serve us fruit."

Mu Yichen...

Though my words were cool, I immediately reached out to take the plate from his hands, "Thanks!"

"You'd better not eat it, it's cut for our daughter."

He said coldly, his eyes full of disdain as he looked at me.

His words would've been better left unsaid; the moment he said them, Qin Mu let out a cold laugh and took a slice of apple to eat.

Mu Yichen...

Huanhuan also curiously looked up at her mother and then clutched the fruit to her chest.

Qin Mu chewed on the apple in her mouth subconsciously, watching her beloved daughter turn into an ingrate and witnessing Mu Yi's smug departure.

"Mu Yichen, don't get too cocky!"

Qin Mu grumbled to herself.

Huanhuan held the fruit and ate for a while, and Qin Mu occasionally sneaked a piece of fruit Huanhuan didn't like into her mouth. Huanhuan was too engrossed in the TV to notice what was missing from the plate, and Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh at her daughter's focus.

A three-course dinner with soup, and Huanhuan's favorite egg custard, it was quite a rich meal.

Finally, the three of us were together again, a bit quiet, yet a little excited.

The two adults, acting childishly, were unwilling to express their feelings, but the child revealed a warm look in her eyes as she watched her parents spending time with her.

That evening, as Qin Mu bathed Huanhuan, she felt as if she were back in the past, when Huanhuan belonged only to her. Oh wait, Mu Yi was there now too.

Lost in thought as she bathed her, it wasn't until Huanhuan splashed water on her face in the tub that Qin Mu snapped back to reality and engaged in a water fight with her.

By Huanhuan's bedside, Mu Yichen leaned casually against the desk, legs crossed, handsomely holding a book of bedtime stories, leisurely flipping through it.

The upright posture of his back subtly leaning forward, his sharp, angular profile, and his calm demeanor all exuded an air of nobility that seemed unapproachable by others.

Gazing down at the book, his long, dark lashes fluttering slightly, he lifted his eyes involuntarily upon hearing the noise from the bathroom, turning to look in that direction.

He wandered over to take a look, and then saw the two of them, both drenched, one bent over inside the tub, and the other outside it.

Huanhuan's big eyes flickered when she saw him standing at the bathroom door, and she quickly crouched down in the tub, a flush of shyness coloring her cheeks.

Qin Mu stopped what she was doing when she saw her daughter's reaction, turned around, and inadvertently put on a show for Mu Yi.

"Can't you just take a bath properly?"

Mu Yi asked softly, a hint of helplessness in his eyes.

Neither mother nor daughter said a word, both thinking they should have closed the door beforehand.

Later, Mu Yichen lay on Huanhuan's bed, telling her a bedtime story, while Qin Mu went back to her own room to take a shower.

I don't know why, but standing in front of the mirror after the shower, looking at my somewhat damp reflection, I suddenly had trouble remembering.

It felt like it had been an eternity since I had truly looked at myself in the mirror, yet surely I used it every day to put on makeup—how could I not have looked?

But was the emaciated woman in the mirror really me?

I saw the trace of sorrow between the brows of the woman in the mirror, the calmness and sadness in her eyes, and suddenly I could hardly recognize her. Was this still the woman who was once so cold and deeply immersed in the fashion design industry?

Later, I went to my daughter's room. She was already asleep. I leant against the doorway, feeling drained as I looked inside. The man occupied the entire length of the bed with his tall frame, lying sideways next to my daughter, gently holding her waiting for her to fall asleep, sinking my heart once more.

After that, I returned to my own room. Mu Yichen, in a glance, just caught the sight of my turning away.

His dark eyes flickered slightly and, upon returning to his own room, he saw me already lying down, eyes closed, looking as though I was about to sleep.

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He went to take a shower, and Qin Mu lay on the bed, quietly listening to the sound of water in the bathroom. In the silent bedroom, she could hear her own heartbeat and her breaths.

She couldn't help but continue to listen. She didn't know if she was happy, nor did she know if he was happy.

When he came out, she quietly closed her eyes, pretending to sleep, feeling him lying behind her, sensing his slightly cool breath, and also feeling that he had no intention of approaching her.

So, she waited quietly, just waited...

Mu Yichen held the back of his head with both hands, his dark eyes looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, until later he turned his head to look at the woman beside him, thinking that she must have really fallen asleep.

He instinctively turned over, propped up his upper body to look at her sleeping face—so still, so gentle.

The night always passed quickly; the sun rose again from the east while they were still holding each other in bed, as if seeking warmth from each other.

But it was the moment they opened their eyes that both of them were shocked, and Qin Mu suddenly let go of his back and leaned back to look at him.

Those eyes, usually calm, now had ripples in them, as if asking, "What's going on? Why am I in your arms?"

And Mu Yichen was also frowning deeply. How would he know why she was in his arms, how would he know what happened while he was asleep?

But the fact that she immediately let go of him made Mu Yichen feel very bad.

"Come here!"

He ordered coldly.

Qin Mu looked at him resistingly, her eyes fairly cold.

"Don't make me repeat it, come to my arms!"

He insisted again, his face freezing over even more.

Qin Mu still didn't speak, just wanted to get out of bed.

Her breathing was unsteady from fear, her hands were gripped tight above her head by his fingers, his breath icy, his gaze devouring her.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked again coldly.

"Was it you in my arms or was it me in yours? Are you resisting because you're tired of it?"

His voice was sharp, and she couldn't help but shiver hard at the core of her heart—tired?

"Why are you silent again? Want to play the mute, is that it?"

He asked again, and seeing she still didn't reply, he lowered his gaze to her appealing lips, watching her motionlessly.

She had her stubbornness, and so did he.

"If you're angry because I moved out of the Mu family's house without discussing it with you, I think there's no need."

Qin Mu turned her head back in confusion to look at him. He hesitated for a moment, restraining his usually indifferent demeanor before asking her again patiently: "Unless you really want to live there forever, do you truly feel it's appropriate to live with the elders indefinitely?"

Qin Mu just looked straight at him, in that moment absolutely certain that he had moved out for her, but...

"You should have at least discussed it with me."

She finally spoke.

"Discuss? How to discuss?"

He asked, unapproachable.

"You should have at least told me you had such intentions. We were together all of last night and this morning."

"Actually, before resolving this issue, I wanted to ask you something else. Why didn't you call me when you came back? Also, why didn't you tell me about mom giving you a hard time?"

"What's there to say? Any difficulties your mom gives me are just for your sake."

She stubbornly retorted, the determination in her eyes provoking anger in others, yet he suddenly laughed weakly.

"So you're angry now because your mother-in-law troubled you for my sake? Have you turned all the anger she caused you against me?"

No wonder you're always so restrained in front of mom, Mrs. Mu; turns out you save all your temper for your husband.

Qin Mu felt that continuing this topic was pointless, and stubbornly avoided his gaze again. She lacked his patience and good temper. He looked at her as if he had already conquered a fortress.

"No reply, so it's over?"

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"Mommy, mommy..."

But suddenly, a rhythmic knocking sound came from the door, along with their daughter's somewhat soft voice.

Qin Mu immediately froze, while Mu Yichen glared resentfully at the woman beneath him, and Qin Mu glared back at him with some bitterness.

"This isn't over!"

He said to her before getting off the bed.

Qin Mu was so angry she clenched her teeth, and when she got off the bed, her foot didn't spare the door; she kicked him out with one swift motion.

There was a loud thump on the floor. Mu Yi bit down on his teeth as well, glaring back over his shoulder at the woman on the bed as he got up, only to see that her defiance seemed even more arrogant.

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He still went to open the door for his daughter first, standing at the doorway in her Snow White pajamas, she looked up at him. All the anger he had been carrying began to dissipate as he picked her up from the floor, because she wasn't wearing shoes and was stepping on the cold floor.

"Good morning, Daddy!"

Huanhuan said as she wrapped her arms around his neck and they entered their warm bedroom.

"Good morning, my treasure!"

Mu Yichen gently kissed his daughter's forehead, then walked to the bed and put her down on it.

"Good morning, Mommy!"

As soon as Huanhuan got on the bed, she turned over and snuggled into her mommy's arms. Qin Mu forced a smile, but her eyes were still on Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen also looked back at her coldly, then flipped open the quilt and climbed into bed.



The three of them lay under the same quilt, continuing to cherish the warmth together.

Mu Yichen was trying to catch his breath. Qin Mu had already been in a good mood, chatting with her daughter about breakfast. Perhaps it was only because his mood was poor that Mrs. Mu's mood improved so quickly, right?

Mu Yichen thought: There's plenty of time today.

Mu Yi made breakfast himself, and after eating, he drove to a meeting alone. As for Qin Mu, she took Huanhuan to the studio.

Christmas seemed to be just around the corner. After arriving at the office, Secretary Xi mentioned this year's Christmas party, and Mu Yichen asked, "Which week?"

"Next week!"

Mu Yi immediately looked up at his secretary, who, full of fear, pushed her glasses up on the bridge of her nose.

"Whoever was preparing it in the past years, let them do it again this year. Just partner with AM," he said indifferently, thinking of the woman who almost drove him mad that morning at just the mention of Christmas.

That woman really liked the holiday. When they were in Paris, she always preferred to stay outside during Christmas, claiming that there was a festive atmosphere.

In fact, back then, all he wanted was to spend a romantic Christmas just the two of them at home! Of course, he still felt the same now.

It was suddenly Christmas again; how should they celebrate this year?

With an extra little one in the mix, Mu Yichen's expression softened a bit as he thought of his daughter.

"Boss, some colleagues have suggested that we could make this year's Christmas event into a mixer," Secretary Xi cautiously interjected, noting his slightly relaxed demeanor.

Looking at her again, Mu Yichen said after a while, "Just handle it amongst yourselves."

He didn't feel it was right to get too involved in such matters. Although he was a married man, there were many single colleagues. The thought suddenly made him feel a lot better.

Ah, superiority can come so unexpectedly.

Qin Mu's studio was also planning a mixer. When she heard about it, she spread her hands and said, "As you wish!"

She was only responsible for funding, after all.

"Qinqin, could you book a nice private room for us at AM?"

A colleague asked.

Normally, such tasks would be handled by Xiaomei without involving her, but now Xiaomei was in Paris taking care of Jian Yan. Qin Mu thought for a moment and then shrugged: "Sure!"

But she didn't have the contact of AM Restaurant's management, and besides, she rarely did this kind of thing, so she wasn't very fluent at it.

Wouldn't it be better to just speak with Mu Yi directly? A call from him could settle this matter quickly.

But the two of them were currently in a cold war; what to do?

She didn't want to lower herself to ask for such a small favor from him, not now.

"Lunch together at AM?"

Qin Mu sent a message to Helian Hao as she went up to work.

"Sure, Chinese or Western?"

Helian Hao, who had just finished making rounds and returned to his office, asked.

"Whatever you like!"

Helian Hao, walking towards the door of his office and looking down at his phone, raised an eyebrow unconsciously at the response. He wondered if this woman had something on her mind.

Qin Mu seemed too casual today.

However, after the two arrived at AM for lunch, Qin Mu hadn't mentioned anything and just let her order. As Helian Hao looked at the menu, she couldn't help but glance up at Qin Mu, "Do you have something to tell me?"

Qin Mu's wandering gaze returned and settled on Helian Hao's face, his eyes slightly unfocused: No, not really!

"Alright! Maybe I'm just overthinking it!"

Helian Hao sighed helplessly and then started to carefully peruse the menu.

Qin Mu tapped on the table lightly with his hand, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly.

After Helian Hao had ordered, she sipped her tea and couldn't help frowning at Qin Mu's actions. To her, Qin Mu definitely had something on his mind.

"Here to catch a cheater?"

Helian Hao followed his gaze to a spot, but saw nothing.

Yet, that mention of catching a cheater made Qin Mu stop his tapping. Catch what cheater?

"If not that, why are you looking around all the time?"

Helian Hao asked, curious.

"I'm looking for someone, but it's not Mu Yichen!"

She wasn't there to look for Mu Yichen, okay? She wouldn't bother seeking him out.

But somehow, the mere mention of Mu Yi seemed to summon him, as right after she uttered his name, Mu Yichen appeared in her line of sight.

Still wearing the same crisply-tailored suit from the morning, as though it had just been ironed, neat and dapper, he was accompanied by two beautiful women and an executive.

Qin Mu couldn't help but give him a few more glances subconsciously, her heart easing slightly because Secretary Xi was there.

But the presence of Secretary Xi reminded her of that incident in Paris.

They had an unsettled score between them, still locked in dispute over the matter of moving out.

Mu Yichen, leading the way, only looked up when he felt a gaze on his face, and his sharp eyes immediately caught sight of his dear wife's face.

"Excuse me for a moment!"

Just as he was about to walk inside, Mu Yichen suddenly excused himself to the clients and then, hands tucked in his pockets, started walking slowly toward the two women.

Helian Hao was taken aback, thinking, oh no, did my jinx guess something correctly?

Seeing the two women and one man following him, Helian Hao instinctively looked up at Mu Yichen.

"You two are out for a meal together, what about Huanhuan?"

"The butler came to pick her up!"

What could she say?

The Mu family's butler had arrived at eleven in the morning, very courteously and euphemistically told her that madam planned to have a meal with the little miss and asked for her accommodation.

Was accommodation even needed?

A grandmother having a meal with her granddaughter was such a trivial matter.

She smiled and sent her daughter off in the car, the butler driving away with Huanhuan, destination unknown.

After her indifferent response, Mu Yichen sighed helplessly. As his hand came out of his pocket, he also brought out his phone, which was ringing.

He answered the call and turned slightly, his hand resting gently on the back of Qin Mu's chair.

Qin Mu felt like chopping his hand off along with the back of the chair, if only she had the courage.

And Helian Hao was completely clueless about what was going on with this couple.

Secretary Xi, on impulse, nodded at Qin Mu, who moved her lips slightly, returning the greeting with her eyes.

The executive's female companion whispered something in his ear, and he politely nodded at Qin Mu, who smiled awkwardly, feeling obligated to return the gesture.

In the one minute Mu Yichen was on the phone, they had, in a way, "met."

After he hung up, he spoke softly, "Tell the kitchen to add a soup for you. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

Mu Yichen put away his phone, one hand still resting on the back of Qin Mu's chair, the other lightly touching the table's edge, leaning in just enough to envelop Qin Mu in his arms.

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Mu Yichen's sharp gaze locked onto the woman's feigned composure, then he looked up at the woman sitting opposite.

"Don't worry! I guarantee she'll drink it all."

Helian Hao felt unnerved under his stare, but being a young lady of her stature and having known him since childhood, she managed to smile calmly and make the guarantee.

Qin Mu looked up at Helian Hao across from her, not speaking, yet her eyes were piercing.

"Thank you!"

Upon hearing Helian Hao's assurance, Mu Yichen straightened up and with the curious glances of the crowd, he introduced his guest: "Let me introduce to you all, this is the prospective young madam of our Mu Family."

Qin Mu...

Helian Hao...

Apart from Secretary Xi, the client and the beauty by his side were also momentarily taken aback.

"However, she's still not quite willing to join our big Mu family. I'm still working hard on it!"

Qin Mu lowered her gaze, allowing him to prattle on with such insouciant ease, even as she sensed his clients' discomfort. But who could ever stop Mu Yi from speaking as he wished? Awkwardness, it seemed, never pertained to him.

"Let's go!"

Without another look at Qin Mu, Mu Yichen walked ahead, his steps confident and his demeanor aloof.

Qin Mu's gaze drifted unconsciously to his retreating figure, her expression composed and without any undue emotion.

Helian Hao, however, couldn't help but sigh heavily, as if a mountain had just been lifted off her shoulders.

"What's wrong between you two now?"

Helian Hao sensed something amiss between the two and couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing!"

Qin Mu replied, picking up her teacup and taking a light sip.

"Nothing, my foot. He came over just now and you didn't say a word, you didn't even look at him."

Helian Hao's perceptiveness was particularly acute at that moment. Even amid the crowd, she felt an exceptional quietude, a sort of deathly silence, and she subconsciously observed the expressions of Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, concluding they must be in a cold war.

But Mu Yichen still knew to look after Qin Mu.

Not long after, the courses were served, including the soup, and the manager even came personally to serve them.

Qin Mu blinked subconsciously, then raised her eyes to thank the manager: "Thank you!"

"Miss Qin, you're too kind. Please let us know if you need anything else," the manager responded with a slight bow.

Helian Hao thought that would be the end of it, but she noticed hesitation in Qin Mu's eyes and couldn't help staring at her intently.

"Actually, there is something I need help with!"

Qin Mu said with a delicately pleasant smile, "Our studio is planning to celebrate Christmas here together; I wonder if I could reserve a private room for around a dozen people?"

Helian Hao had never expected Qin Mu to ask a favor, especially for such a trivial matter.



"Of course, that can be arranged. I will take care of it right away."

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu felt embarrassed to look any further, merely offering another word of thanks.

The manager nodded at her and went to arrange the matter, leaving Qin Mu to let out a small breath of relief.

Helian Hao looked at her incredulously, "What are you nervous about? This entire hotel is yours."

"It belongs to Mu Yichen, not me. It's always been Xiaomei who handles matters like these, but now she's in Paris, looking after Jian Yan, so it's fallen to me. She's truly more suited for this kind of work than I am."

"It's only because you haven't integrated yourself into it."

Helian Hao picked up her chopsticks and spoon, preparing to ladle some fish soup.

Qin Mu, now in better spirits, also served herself a bowl of the fish soup.

"Mu Yichen was worried you wouldn't eat the dishes he ordered; seems his worry was unnecessary," Helian Hao remarked, watching her movements.

"He's always worried unnecessarily. Would I let myself eat poorly?" Qin Mu replied as she sipped her soup.

"Well, maybe. I heard you used to eat takeout and fast food all the time, all that junk food."

No sooner had Helian Hao finished speaking than Qin Mu lost her appetite, looking at her curiously, "Who told you that?"

"Jing Feng, probably Mu Yichen told him."

Helian Hao said dismissively.

Qin Mu...

Their relationship seemed to be very close.

Qin Mu sighed out of helplessness and settled into eating her meal quietly.

In an upstairs corner, a tall figure stood against the wall smoking a cigarette, squinting down at the woman dining below.

She sure had a temper, yet managed to stay calm and collected.

Not long after, the manager approached him and whispered something in his ear. He raised an eyebrow slightly and took another harsh drag of his cigarette, his phoenix eyes half-closed but not hiding the authoritarian look within.

No wonder she hadn't talked back; it turned out she had matters to deal with.

After the manager left, Mu Yichen's thin lips curled in a faint sneer, and the sense of intimidation in his eyes grew as he finished his cigarette and turned to head back to the private room.

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She was sharpening a pencil in the office when she accidentally cut her finger.

Fresh blood immediately began to trickle from the cut, growing into a large drop. She squeezed a little harder, and the blood scattered from both sides of the drop, dripping onto the sketch paper on her desk...Qin Mu...

She had been drawing for a long time.

When Yang Qianxi entered, she saw Qin Mu holding her finger and frowning, lost in thought, her chair turned towards the door.

"Ms. Qin!"

Yang Qianxi instinctively called out, yet she stood at the door, hesitant to enter.

Because she felt the air in the office was as if frozen, making it hard to move.

Qin Mu looked up, her face somewhat pale.

"Do you have a Band-Aid?"

Qin Mu asked softly.

"Yes! I'll go get it right away!"

Only after hearing this did Yang Qianxi understand why Qin Mu had been holding onto her finger; she turned and ran back downstairs.

Not long after, Yang Qianxi returned with a Band-Aid and helped Qin Mu clean the wound before covering it.

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu looked at the cartoon-patterned Band-Aid on her finger. Although she felt a sense of loss inside, she smiled politely and thanked her.

It seemed like ever since her cold war with Mr. Mu, she had been increasingly distracted.

She had no idea how long this cold war would last.

But in a cold war, how could she lose?

So she forced herself to cheer up again.

When she got home in the evening, he was already there with Huanhuan. Qin Mu closed the door, hung her bag on the side, and, dragging her coat behind her, she walked in: You went to pick up Huanhuan?

"Mhm!"

He said indifferently, sitting on the couch, putting a white bow in Huanhuan's hair.

Qin Mu stepped forward, first startled at having spoken to him voluntarily, and then surprised by the hair clip he had put on Huanhuan.

He bought a hair clip for Huanhuan?

"The client's girlfriend gave it at noon today."

Though he didn't look up, he seemed aware of her thoughts.

Qin Mu...

She didn't know how he understood what she was thinking without even glancing at her, and as for that boyfriend and girlfriend, they didn't seem to match at all. But how many married men were a good match with their girlfriends now?

She felt her thoughts were impure, painting the world too dirty, but she couldn't lie to herself by saying that they really looked like a fitting couple.

Meanwhile, the man before her merely lifted his eyes to her Band-Aid-wrapped finger and immediately reached out to pinch it: What happened?

"I cut it by accident while sharpening a pencil."

She said quietly, pretending to be unconcerned while watching his worried expression.

He gently let go of her hand, but his brow remained furrowed.

Was he blaming her for being careless?

Qin Mu didn't know what he was thinking and was afraid she might be overthinking. She sat down on the couch and beckoned to her daughter.

Huanhuan immediately left her dad and ran around the coffee table into Qin Mu's arms.

Qin Mu really wanted to ask if Feng Fanghua was upset that he went to pick up the child, but then she thought, how could she be happy?

Yet he still brought Huanhuan back!

What was he thinking?

Were the three of them happy living this way, alone?

"I'll go cook dinner!"

He didn't stay long, remaining as distant as ever.

Qin Mu looked down at her daughter's small hand in hers, and only after hearing him walk away did she dare look up. Afterward, she began playing with Huanhuan.

After they finished dinner and he was clearing the table, Qin Mu picked Huanhuan up from her chair. As Huanhuan ran to the living room to play, Qin Mu joined him to clean up.

"I'll wash the dishes; you go stay with Huanhuan!"

He had cooked the meal, and it didn't seem right to her not to help out.

"Go prepare the bathwater for your daughter. Be careful not to get your wounded hand wet. I'll wash her later."

His deep eyes looked at her, showing an unspoken frustration, then he instructed her before indicating for her to leave.

Qin Mu filled the bathtub for Huanhuan, and Huanhuan couldn't wait to jump in. The tub was filled with her toys, and as she played, she couldn't resist using a little toy to try and make Qin Mu laugh. Qin Mu then ended their play.

When Mu Yichen finished tidying up and went upstairs, Qin Mu had already taken the initiative to start bathing Huanhuan.

Mu Yichen frowned as he walked over and lifted her from the ground: Didn't I say not to touch water?

"It's just a small cut!"

Qin Mu looked up, uncomfortable being hoisted by the collar of her clothes, and felt compelled to explain.

"Do you know how many people die every day from bacterial infections resulting from small wounds?"

His voice was stern as he questioned her. Qin Mu thought he was overreacting, yet she found herself unable to say what she had wanted to, stuck in her throat.

Chapter 316: Compensation Required by President Mu (5)\_3

She didn't know what to say about him.

Later, he was still in charge of putting Huanhuan to bed while she was sent to shower. However, when she came out after showering, she saw Mr. Mu lying on the bed in the bedroom.

Qin Mu couldn't quite describe how she felt inside, but she just didn't want to get into that bed.

"I'm going to check if Huanhuan has fallen asleep."

She grabbed a towel and ran it through her hair, then, with her head down, she began to walk out.

Mu Yichen said nothing, just quietly watching her humble figure walk out the door. At that moment, his heart felt like a large block of ice had been forcibly stuffed into it – cold and stifling.

Qin Mu went to her daughter's room, saw her little daughter already sound asleep on the bed, unconsciously leaned against the door, sighed with a lack of energy, looked down at the towel in her hand, and then saw the ring on her finger.

Why did she suddenly feel like she wasn't married anymore, like a man and a woman just cohabiting together, with no sense of security?

Why was the sense of security gone again?

She suddenly realized she was such an insecure person. Was it possible that she had allowed a rift to form so easily?

She didn't believe it!

If it had been before, if she fell asleep in her daughter's room, he would have come to carry her back, but tonight...

She kept waiting, but he didn't come.

It was as if he didn't want her anymore.

Immediately, Qin Mu's heart felt as if it had been forcefully scooped out, the pain was indescribable, yet she couldn't make a sound, just silently waiting and listening.

As if it didn't matter whether it was death or the abyss.

Then later, she actually heard the door being gently pushed open. At that moment, her heart almost jumped out with tension. She wanted to open her eyes, yet she kept them tightly shut.

She was like a child fearful of losing something, anxiously waiting for the man's arrival.

With her eyes firmly shut, she felt him come up beside her, shrouding her already dark world even more.

She heard everything – his breathing and his strong heartbeat.

Mu Yichen! Mu Yichen!



These three words were all that filled her heart, yet she didn't know whether to hold on or to let go.

Perhaps she should just let everything play out in a direction unknown to her.

After all, she didn't have a firm grasp on love.

The room was deathly silent. After he returned to the bedroom and closed the door, he gently placed her on the big bed.

He kneeled beside the bed, watching her with her eyes closed, and he could only let out a helpless sigh, "I know you're not asleep!"

Qin Mu...

All her illusions shattered with his words.

"For Christmas, our company is organizing a mixer, and they insist that the boss participates too."

Qin Mu...

He spoke in a low voice from where he kneeled, seemingly without temper, but if you dared refute him, he could become explosively angry.

Qin Mu quietly listened. He always called himself a married man and called her the future young mistress of the Mu Family, and yet he still had to attend some mixer?

Qin Mu felt very defiant inside, but for some reason, felt awkward and couldn't bring herself to say anything.

"I know you've always been unhappy. How about I give you a chance? If you can find a man more suitable for you than me at the mixer, then I will let you choose."

"Mu Yichen, you bastard!"

She sat up abruptly.

His voice was very deep, not joking at all, more like he was signaling the end of their relationship.

If it were before, Qin Mu would thank him, but now, she simply grabbed his pillow and smashed it straight onto his head.

"Do I need to attend your mixer to pick a man? Am I out of suitors?"

She spoke coldly, glaring at him fiercely, and after finishing, she got out of bed and walked away.

"Weren't you pretending to be asleep? Show some guts and don't wake up."

He reminded her in a low voice, his dark eyes so deep and somber, Qin Mu couldn't see them clearly.

"You..."

He was angry she hadn't shared the grievances she suffered at home with him, and she was upset he had moved out without discussing it with her. Mu Yichen really despised her stubbornness, and didn't want to forgive her so easily, lest she never change her habit of digesting all the pain by herself in the future.

Actually, a person could bear all the pain alone, but he was genuinely worried that she would become unwell from bottling it up.

Wasn't her lack of security and fear of loss the result of long-term suppression?

"Call me 'husband'!"

Stubbornly, she kept her mouth tightly shut, unwilling to engage with him, the last bit of reason compelling her to resist.

Lying in bed together later, sharing a blanket yet keeping a distance, with the same breathing and even the same thoughts, but a long time passed without either of them speaking.

Chapter 317: Compensation Required by President Mu (5)\_4

Qin Mu felt she was about to fall asleep when she was just about to turn over, she heard a cold voice beside her, "Go to sleep!"

Qin Mu...

Just go to sleep!

The next morning, Mu Yichen was still the first to get up to cook. When Qin Mu woke up, she saw her daughter beside her, hmm, still lazing in bed, but he was gone already.

He must have gone to cook, right?

After she picked up Huanhuan.

"Your daddy is such a jerk!"

Qin Mu's thumb gently touched her daughter's forehead, and finally, she let out a helpless, wry smile.

"Mommy, what's wrong with daddy?"

Who knew that just as she closed her eyes to sleep a little longer, her daughter suddenly woke up, those innocent big eyes opening wide as if curious about this new world.

"Nothing, he's fine!"

Qin Mu responded softly, her daughter's tender voice temporarily smoothing out all the rough patches in her heart.

At breakfast, Huanhuan was diligently eating the meal her father had cooked. Qin Mu watched her daughter eat, then looked down at her own bowl, only to find the food tasteless.

"Don't like it? Tell me what you want, I'll switch it up tomorrow."

He asked her with a sharp glint in his eyes as he noticed her aversion to the food.

Qin Mu instinctively looked up at him, then raised her eyebrows slightly, "No, it's good!"

Mu Yichen just stared at her as she sipped her congee, yet she was clearly unhappy while eating.

It must be her mood, right?

Otherwise, she could eat instant noodles with great enthusiasm.

"Today I'll take Huanhuan to the office."

"Okay!"

She glanced up, her eyes meeting those of the man with finely chiselled features but utterly devoid of warmth, then she finished her meal and left first.

At noon, Helian Hao invited Qin Mu to have a staff meal at the hospital canteen. Qin Mu looked around at almost everyone in white lab coats and laughed spontaneously, "Why do I feel like I'm the odd one out here?"

"No, you've become a patient."

"That's even scarier!"

Qin Mu's little heart skipped a beat when she heard what Helian Hao said.

"Hahaha, just kidding, you are a doctor's family member."

Helian Hao patted her shoulder lightly, grinning mischievously.

Qin Mu...

Had she ever seen such a mischievous best friend?

Qin Mu turned her head and looked at her playful appearance, for the first time in days she felt life had regained some meaning.

"So you and Mu Yichen just moved out like that? What about the Mu Family? The elders must be unhappy, right?"

Helian Hao whispered to her.

"Unhappy for sure, I haven't seen Huanhuan's grandma these past two days, to be honest, I am a bit afraid to see her."

Qin Mu recalled Feng Fanghua's expression when she asked her questions that morning and still felt a bit frightened.

"Aren't you not afraid of heaven or earth? You dared to offend the head of the Jing Family, but you're afraid of the two Mu Family elders?"

Helian Hao whispered to her.

"How is that the same?"

Qin Mu smiled wryly, her question rhetorical.

Helian Hao then raised her eyebrows in agreement. It wasn't the same.

"How about your relationship with Mu Yichen? Any better?"

Helian Hao thought for a moment and asked again.

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. We still sleep on the same bed at night, we still eat together in the morning, but his expression is always cold."

She said those words, her hand unconsciously touching her face as she held her chopsticks.

"Ha! You two are both stubborn. Are you saying you have no complaints about him?"

Helian Hao asked curiously.

"Yes, I have lots of complaints about him!"

Perhaps because their relationship was so good, Qin Mu didn't feel the need to hide anything from Helian Hao. She expressed her opinion with a face filled with genuine grievances.

"Have you talked to him about it?"

"Talked about it?"

"Yes, if you have complaints and don't talk about them, how can he correct them?"

Helian Hao asked in a low voice.

Qin Mu subconsciously lowered her gaze, her eyelashes fluttering slightly.

"If I talk about it, can he correct it?"

Qin Mu's voice suddenly dropped, then she picked up her spoon to eat.

She suddenly felt that the food at their hospital was tastier than what 'President Mu' cooked. Lately, his cooking seemed to be getting worse.

After dinner, she and Helian Hao went to the office together, only to run into Zhang Rujia there for a gynecological check-up. Both were taken aback, and Rujia was speechless with her mouth agape.

"Xiaohao, how come you work here?"

Zhang Rujia asked with an awkward smile.

Helian Hao and Qin Mu exchanged a glance and then tried hard to hold back their laughter, "Auntie, are you feeling ill somewhere?"

"Ah? No, I'm just here for a routine check-up!"

Zhang Rujia's smile was particularly strained, and her eyes somewhat evasive.

Qin Mu didn't say a word, just lowered her head and stood aside, then feeling it might be awkward to stay any longer, she said, "I should get to work then, let's chat when we're free!"

Chapter 318: Compensation Required by President Mu (5)\_5

"Okay!"

Helian Hao nodded, and Qin Mu, with her head low, bypassed Zhang Rujia to leave.

After Qin Mu had gone, Zhang Rujia made her way to sit down at the desk. Helian Hao was still standing, organizing the desk. He only sat down after seeing her seated, "What's making you uncomfortable?"

"Is it really just a routine check-up, or are you getting too close to this girl? Or does she have some sort of contagious disease?"

Zhang Rujia inquired softly.

"Auntie, I merely invited her to have a meal at our hospital's restaurant, and my relationship with Mumu has always been good," Helian Hao had no choice but to patiently explain.

Zhang Rujia sighed helplessly, "Sigh! Never mind, I can't be bothered with your affairs anyway, and your uncle doesn't let me meddle too much. Write me up a list!"

Zhang Rujia pondered for a moment then suddenly changed her tone.

Helian Hao didn't say much more and simply wrote up the list for the routine check-up seriously.

"Here you go!"

Helian Hao handed the completed list to her. Zhang Rujia held it in her hand, looking at the words, which she barely recognized, but the list of checks seemed particularly long: "Why are there so many items?"



"Older people should always have more items checked, and I've only given you the standard consultation items, so don't worry," Helian Hao said with a smile suddenly.

A nurse came out from the room inside, "Ma'am, please come with me to the inside first."

Zhang Rujia had no choice but to go into the small room inside the office for her check-up while Helian Hao stood by watching the nurse look over the list. He whispered something to her, causing the nurse to glance at Helian Hao with a suppressed laugh. Helian Hao raised his eyebrows slightly, whispering, "Dinner's on me."

The nurse immediately went about her duties with joy.

Later, Helian Hao left and sat back down in his own chair, then he listened to the somewhat unpleasant conversation of the two people inside.

It was most annoying when she had to be checked item by item, and after various examinations, she felt somewhat faint when she came out of the ultrasound room. Sitting aside waiting for the results, she hurriedly called Qin Mingzhu, "Come to the hospital, Mom's feeling a bit unwell."

"Mom, I'm out shopping with my classmates!"

Qin Mingzhu said impatiently.

"When I tell you to come, just come. What's more important, shopping or your mother?"

Zhang Rujia was so angry that she hung up before giving Qin Mingzhu a chance to refuse, but just as she was about to rest, holding her stomach, suddenly a pregnant woman and a rough-looking man approached and stood before her.

"Hey! Auntie, my wife had already taken this spot."

Zhang Rujia, called 'Auntie' by someone, was about to retort, but as she looked up at the ferocious-looking man, she had to stand up, aggrieved, from her spot on the side. All the seats around her were filled, and she had to stand to one side. The corridor kept getting more and more crowded, and she began to regret not having made an appointment for a quieter time.

She had thought the place would certainly be less crowded at noon, but it was not the case.

Qin Mu was drawing in the office while Helian Hao was on the phone, talking to her for a good while, even seeking credit for something.

"How about we all hang out together on Christmas? It's no fun with just Jing Feng and me," Helian Hao proposed.

"Our studio is having a dinner at AM. Why don't you join us?"

"That sounds great!"

Helian Hao agreed without a second thought!

"Then you'd better bring Jing Feng along."

Qin Mu thought, Jing Feng certainly wouldn't agree.

And indeed, on Christmas Day, Jing Feng forcefully kept Helian Hao at home for some exclusive couple time.

Qin Mu found the room reserved by the manager quite nice, though she had to take care of Huanhuan, so she was a few minutes late. When the manager personally led her upstairs, she was full of anticipation, thinking she was joining her studio's banquet, only to find herself amidst strangers inside.

In her arms, Huanhuan blinked innocently, "Mommy, did we go into the wrong room?"

The voice, slow and a bit puzzled.

"Perhaps!"

Qin Mu responded as she was about to leave with her daughter when she suddenly saw Secretary Xi coming out from inside, "Young Madam!"

Finally certain it was her, Secretary Xi came forward, took the treasure from her arms, and held it in her own, "The boss will be here soon, let me keep you and the little miss company inside while we wait for him."

Qin Mu turned to look at the manager, who was just smiling slightly, then nodded his head and took his leave.

Qin Mu...

"Please, Young Madam!"

Secretary Xi said courteously.

As Huanhuan recognized Secretary Xi, she didn't resist being held, finding Secretary Xi's voice soft and mellow, almost too kind-hearted to bully.

Chapter 319: Compensation Required by President Mu (5)\_6

Qin Mu had no choice but to approach, and just before she sat down, the secretary Xi suddenly introduced, "This is our boss's lady, all of you know her, right? No bullying allowed! Otherwise, the boss won't let you off easy!"

The leaders at that table couldn't help but laugh and tease Secretary Xi, "Xi, you're getting more and more disrespectful."

"Then I'll first take the little miss to greet people in other areas."

Secretary Xi was still holding Huanhuan, looking very fond of her, and took Huanhuan to greet other colleagues and made introductions.

Actually, who in their company didn't know Huanhuan? Especially since Mu Yichen had often brought her to the office building recently.

It was a huge banquet hall; the stodgy tables and chairs had been removed long ago, and now there were comfortable sofas and stylish tables, with dim lighting all around, giving off a so-called relaxed vibe.

Qin Mu nodded and greeted everyone before she sat down, and then she answered some inquiries from people older than her about her and Mu Yichen.

When Mu Yichen arrived, he first went to Secretary Xi to pick up Huanhuan, then returned to the table and sat down next to Qin Mu, asking, "Have you been here long?"

Qin Mu just gave him an annoyed look, then realizing that it was not suitable to sulk in such a crowded place, she forced a smile, "Not long, just a little while."

"I've been waiting for you for ages, why did you only just get here?"

"I was outside, got held up by a few phone calls."

He gave a casual explanation, then picked up a glass from the side and took a sip for himself. Qin Mu looked down and saw the glass he put down was hers; she had only taken a small sip and hadn't touched it again.

Because she didn't want to drink herbal medicine again, so she had actually been paying close attention to her health lately.

"When exactly are you two going to let us enjoy some wedding candy? The child is already so big, do you plan to have another to make a pair of flower children?"

One of the older leaders lounged in his chair and asked with the air of an elder.

"You guessed it right, that's exactly what we're thinking," Mu Yichen replied with a relaxed smile.

Qin Mu didn't speak; instead, she was startled by suddenly touching the ring on her hand.

Her heart spontaneously tightened, and turning to look at her daughter in his arms, she said softly, "Huanhuan, come to mommy!"

"Go on!"

Huanhuan looked up at Mu Yichen, and only when he told her to go did she move to Qin Mu's side.

Looking further back, many young men and women were gathered in groups, chatting and drinking in their favorite spots.

Several sofas on the side were already filled to capacity.

It was indeed a networking event.

She noticed that the young executives of the hotel were also present; in less than a year, she felt like she had already met many of his company's executives.

"Our studio is celebrating downstairs in a private room, I've got to take Huanhuan there!" she said, turning to him with a soft voice.

Mu Yichen had just taken another sip of his drink and nodded after hearing her words, "Okay!"

He didn't look at her, just set the glass down and didn't retract the arm he had lazily placed behind her.

After getting permission, Qin Mu nodded to the people around her, "Then I won't bother you all any longer!"

Qin Mu greeted everyone again before standing up, then held Huanhuan to get up.

"I'll do it!"

Mu Yichen suddenly took the little girl from her arms.

Qin Mu looked at him, puzzled. Mu Yichen still didn't look at her, just casually said, "Let's go!"

"You, can you handle it?"

Qin Mu wanted to get angry but had to hold back.

"With these few here, it's enough; I'm not eligible to join any networking event anyway. Let's go!"

Without saying anything more, Qin Mu cast her eyes down and turned to walk ahead.

But she felt something was off.

Had she fallen into President Mu's trap again tonight?

They had just gone out the door when the music inside changed. Qin Mu looked up at Mu Yichen, thinking to herself that as a big boss, he wouldn't really join their little shrimp of a gathering, would he?

"Yichen!"

But before she could say anything, she heard a familiar voice from behind.

Chapter 320: Compensation Required by President Mu (6) Begging for Mercy\_1

"Merry Christmas!"

Jing Qing's gentle blessing shone with a tender and considerate smile on her face.

Qin Mu suddenly felt that her own expression must look really sour and unconsciously let out a soft laugh.

Mu Yichen glanced down slightly and, seeing Qin Mu's expression, thoughtfully looked towards Jing Qing with a smile, "Merry Christmas!"

"Is your company having a party?"

"Yes!"

"Last time I was at your company, I promised a few friends to bring them autographed photos. I happen to have them with me tonight. Can you take me inside to give it to them?"

Jing Qing's voice remained soft as ever.

Huanhuan clung tightly to her father's neck, her eyes harboring a bit of malice as she gazed at the 'beautiful auntie'.

"Of course!"

He said.

"Then I'll go on ahead!"

Qin Mu slightly lifted her eyes.

"Alright! Huanhuan, you stay with me first, and then I'll meet up with you later."

He instructed.

Qin Mu thought to herself, as long as you're happy.

But she couldn't help clenching her teeth.

Jing Qing watched Qin Mu leave without saying much more, just following Mu Yichen back inside.

Once inside, Jing Qing stood by his side, gazing at the lively crowd, feeling inadvertently sentimental and also a bit of warmth. Despite past issues, it had been a long time since they had appeared together in front of so many people.

Even though he was holding another little girl in his arms, when she looked at him, her eyes couldn't help revealing an extra measure of tolerance.

When people curiously looked towards the doorway, Secretary Xi immediately noticed and with a slight movement in her eyes, quickly approached: "Boss! Miss Jing."

Jing Qing amiably nodded to Secretary Xi.

Secretary Xi finally turned her gaze towards the little girl in Mu Yichen's arms.

"Miss Jing mentioned she promised some of our staff autographed photos. She happens to have brought them today. Take Miss Jing to settle this matter, as a Christmas gift for everyone."



Mu Yichen commanded.

Jing Qing, surprised, looked at him again: "Yichen, you're not coming with me?"

"I have someone more important to accompany."

Secretary Xi lowered her gaze and after a few seconds of silence, offered her hand, "Miss Jing, please?"

Jing Qing could only follow Secretary Xi forward, but after taking two steps, she couldn't help but look back, torn, "Yichen!"

"Go ahead!"

He said indifferently, standing motionless by the door while Huanhuan turned back to him and buried her face against the door, unwilling to look at Jing Qing's tender and saddened expression.

"Miss Jing, please wait a moment!"

There was a microphone stand nearby, and Secretary Xi asked Jing Qing to wait there, then she stepped forward, gently tapped the microphone, and started to speak.

Jing Qing watched from the side, and before Secretary Xi finished speaking, she turned around, only to find that Mu Yichen was no longer there.

Her heart clenched painfully at that moment with a mix of humiliation and resentment. She bit down on her teeth, unable to utter a word, only wanting to leave.

"Miss Jing, the boss arranged this as a special treat. Could you please cooperate as a friend of our boss?"

Secretary Xi requested of her, with proper etiquette.

Jing Qing had no choice but to stop and then step forward to stand.

Yes, after what she said to Mu Yichen, she had to follow through. After all, she couldn't let others think she was petty. So, she moved forward again and looked at the crowd below the stage with a sincere smile.

The young men and women were enraptured by her, some fanatically so.

However, it was the older leaders who seemed more interested in Jing Qing's identity as the young lady of the Jing Family, rather than her celebrity status. They were also interested in the love triangle between Jing Qing, Mu Yichen, and Qin Mu.

Truth be told, as senior executives of the corporation, they preferred their boss to marry a woman of equal social status for the benefit of the group's development. But who was their boss? Did he need a woman's support?

When Qin Mu returned, Yang Qianxi immediately gave up her original seat and moved to the side.

After sitting down, Qin Mu picked up a glass of untouched wine from the table, "I am late, so I'll punish myself with a drink!"

Cheers erupted from the crowd, and with a light laugh, she raised her glass to her lips and downed the wine in one gulp.

As they were chatting, the door suddenly flung open from the outside.

"Mr. Mu!"

Yang Qianxi immediately stood up when she saw Mu Yichen, an expression of flustered excitement on her face.

But it wasn't just Yang Qianxi who was excited; all their colleagues were too.

"May I join you?"

He walked in holding the child and after placing the child down, he asked genteelly.

His voice was soft and made the ladies' ears pregnant with delight.

Qin Mu looked at each love-struck face with a helpless sigh; Huanhuan had already run over to her side and snuggled into her arms. Qin Mu chuckled as someone had already poured juice for her daughter and placed it beside her, so she gave Huanhuan the juice to drink.