

His Beloved 521

Chapter 521: The water is very deep! _1

"Mu Yichen, you bastard! Bastard!"

Qin Mu pounded his chest with heartache, pushed him angrily, stepped back twice, and couldn't help but look at him with tear-blurred eyes in question.

Why did he treat her this way?

What if he got sick?

Even if there really was no possibility between them, even if they were bound to break up sooner or later, at the very least, he had to be alive for her to have the strength to keep trying to live.

Did he truly think that after a year of entanglement, she could still regard him as just her childhood crush?

Beyond the simplicity of their past bedroom relationship, and more than just innocent childhood sweethearts, there was something else between them.

They had marriage, a family, a baby; they were no longer people who could just let themselves fall ill or give up on themselves at any moment.

She was persisting, so why did he treat himself this way?

She suddenly remembered the times when she couldn't accept the truth and even considered suicide. She was terrified of letting him down, scared that she was no longer worthy of him, but later, she thought of their two children and realized they needed each other to survive.

But at this moment, she was just terrified of him leaving her.

Mu Yichen didn't speak, just looked at her with her eyes brimming with tears, her angry yet endearing appearance piercing his heart, and then he stepped forward, grabbed her arm, pulled her into his embrace, and held her tight.

"Mumu! Forgive me!"

He murmured in her ear with sorrow.

Qin Mu couldn't say anything, just instinctively held his icy back tightly, her face pressed against his cold chest.

They were both terrified of losing each other!

It's as if they had lived all these years, just because they knew of each other's existence!

"Mu Yichen, I won't allow you to hurt yourself again! Do you hear me?"

Her voice was hoarse as she issued him a low command.

"Silly girl! I was just taking a shower!"

He chuckled bitterly and then hugged her even tighter.

His voice was hoarse because he had spent too long in the cold water just now.

But at this moment, Mu Yichen didn't care about such things; all he knew was that she worried about him, she was anxious for him!

Qin Mu hugged him tightly, her voice low and pained, "Who takes a shower with water that cold?"

She was worried about him like a child, her heart aching, and despite trying to hold back, she still couldn't help but ask.

"Some do!"

He said, then slightly distanced himself from her, unable to resist cupping her face.

His dark eagle eyes were now tender as water, both chilly hands cradling her face, then he leaned in closer, pressing his forehead to hers: "Worried about me that much? Yet you still managed to stay away from me for so long!"

Qin Mu held her breath, tense. At that moment, she could feel his breath on her face, feel the fiery intensity of it from within radiating such heat, yet his body was still so cold. She worried he might catch a cold, grasping the towel tightly with the intention to wrap him up completely.

Mu Yichen ignored the chill on his body and insisted on picking her up from the ground.

"I'll take you back to bed! Did I disturb your nap just now?"

His voice was so gentle! And it burned right to the soul!

Qin Mu just looked straight at him, suddenly unable to do or say anything at that moment.

"Mu Yichen!"

She sensed what he was about to do, and she knew what he wanted to do.

"Shh!"

After laying her down on the bed, his finger gently pressed onto her lips.

His hair was still dripping water, Qin Mu raised her hand to gently touch his hair, her eyes full of concern: "Go dry your hair first!"

Her voice, surprisingly, was as hoarse as his.

His lips lightly touched her warm forehead, eyelashes, nose, and then landed on her soft lips.

"Baby, if one day I asked you for a divorce, remember, it would definitely not be my intention!"

He murmured softly into her ear amidst her confused and enchanted state.

Qin Mu heard a loud noise inside her heart.

Divorce?

He...

Had confirmed that he had a relationship with Yang Qianxi?

Qin Mu's heart shook violently, and she couldn't help but shake her head vigorously, her arms tightly wrapped around his neck.

"Mu Yichen, don't say such things to me!"

She pleaded, humbly!

"Silly girl! I am still the Mu Yichen who loves you the most, and that will never change!"

"I know! I know!"

His voice regained warmth, while Qin Mu's remained raspy.

They rested their foreheads against each other, Mu Yichen feeling the tear streaks between his fingers, imagining how salty they must be, so he kissed away her tears to taste their flavor.

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Mu Yichen went out again in the evening. After dinner, Qin Mu returned to her bedroom to lie in bed. It was only when she saw the caller ID "Xiaohao" on her phone that she picked up, "Hello?"

Since she had cried in the afternoon, her voice still had a soft and tender touch to it.

"Mumu! I have some bad news for you!"

"What is it?"

"Yang Qianxi is pregnant!"

Helian Hao's voice lacked strength and was very low.

Qin Mu's hand holding the phone suddenly lost its strength and the phone slipped from her palm. She stared vacantly ahead, her gaze empty.

"Mumu! We don't know for sure whose child it is in her belly. You must stay calm and not do anything foolish, understand?"

Helian Hao said anxiously through the phone.

She had known about this a few days earlier but had not dared to tell Qin Mu, agonizing over it for a long time and struggling internally before finally deciding to tell Qin Mu today.

Qin Mu could no longer make out the woman's voice coming from the phone on the bed. It seemed as if a black cloth had suddenly been draped over her vision, utterly dark!

"Xiaohao, I want to see her! In secret!"

"Okay! I'll arrange it!"

Later, Qin Mu picked up the phone again, pressed down all the tumultuous emotions in her heart, and tried to speak calmly.

Helian Hao agreed immediately, so the next day Zhao Huai took her to the hospital. On the way, Zhao Huai said, "Yichen was with me all last night, don't overthink it."

"Does he know about Yang Qianxi's pregnancy?"

Qin Mu asked!

Zhao Huai suddenly fell silent, and with that, the car became eerily quiet.

"He mentioned divorce yesterday, and I didn't even think about it!"

She suddenly laughed, but her eyes were full of tears.

"Yang Qianxi is pregnant, but whose child it really is, is yet to be determined! Yichen probably didn't tell you because he has yet to find evidence to prove his innocence. He was unconscious that night. Can a man who has passed out really have the ability to be intimate with a woman? Besides, there wasn't even a surveillance camera there, who knows what really happened that night or didn't?"

After contemplating for a long time, Zhao Huai decided to say something.

After hearing his words, Qin Mu slowly lifted her eyes to look at the back of his head, "What was Mu Yichen doing last night?"

"We've actually been busy with a big project for over a month, but it's not convenient to tell you right now. It's for your safety, so you just wait patiently," Zhao Huai said.

Qin Mu wanted to wait patiently, but how could she be at peace.

When the car arrived at the hospital, Qin Mu merely gazed at the entrance from afar and suddenly lost the desire to go in.

"Forget it! Let's go home!"

She suddenly said disinterestedly.

Zhao Huai turned to look at her, "Xiaomu, this really won't do! If a pregnant woman is too sad, the baby born will also be sad. Do you want her to be unhappy from the moment she is born?"

Zhao Huai really felt sorry for Qin Mu, a young girl who had to bear so much.

Zhao Huai thought if she were just a girl from an ordinary family, living a normal life, with a stable job after graduating college, pursued by a few boys, then picking one to marry and have children with, at most dealing with a few love rivals; how could she possibly endure the treacherous life within wealthy families, being hurt again and again.

Zhao Huai then took her back to the house. Upon returning, Qin Mu heard that Feng Fanghua was also back but was lying in bed with a bad back, so she went to see her.

"Weren't you at the studio?"

"It feels better to be at home! How's your back?"

Qin Mu approached and asked softly.

"Ah! My back has always been bad, and it's probably going to rain soon, so it's even worse!"

Feng Fanghua was lying in bed reading the newspaper. When she saw Qin Mu sit down, she put the newspaper aside, "Huanhuan is with your father and grandfather, don't worry about her."

"I've always been at ease with her staying with you! Shall I give your back a rub?"

Qin Mu offered and began to massage. Feng Fanghua initially wanted to stop her, but it was so comfortable that she did not ask her to stop.

"Where did you learn these skills?"

"We, designers, are always drawing. Many colleagues in the studio suffer from backaches and shoulder pains, so we learned from each other. Whenever someone is in discomfort, we help out with a massage to alleviate it."

"They say that foreigners pay a lot of attention to health preservation, and it seems to be true!"

Feng Fanghua murmured after hearing her words, and Qin Mu smiled lightly.

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"You're having a boy this time, aren't you? You haven't had much of a reaction lately."

"Xiaohao says so, but we'll have to wait until the baby is born to be sure!"

Qin Mu didn't want to argue about this issue and simply told her what Helian Hao had said.

"That girl told you, it can't be wrong! To think you, without making a sound, became our Mu Family's great hero. Don't blame me for not being happy about it, you took Yichen abroad since he was young, and I've held some resentment towards you."

"I understand!"

If some woman had taken her son away, she guessed her temperament would not be much better than Feng Fanghua's, and allowing that woman into her home would truly be an act of mercy.

"You understand everything, but your temper is not good!"

Feng Fanghua said.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh again: "Mom, I think our tempers are quite alike!"

Qin Mu's remark, neither light nor heavy, would normally not matter, but upon hearing it, Feng Fanghua was suddenly too angry to speak.

Mu Zihao always said they had similar tempers; she didn't agree in her heart, and now that Qin Mu herself said the same, she disagreed even more.

"Hmph! It's true that birds of a feather flock together!"

Feng Fanghua humphed, and although she was not convinced, in her mind, the fact was already set.

Little did she know that just yesterday her son was discussing divorce with someone.

Qin Mu, massaging her waist, felt that Feng Fanghua did not have much flesh on her waist and unconsciously felt a bit of heartache.

"Mom, you should eat more regularly!"

"I need to keep my figure, or do you think your dad would still like me so much?"

Uh!

Qin Mu suddenly found herself at a loss for words, thinking that if she still needed to maintain her figure at her age, then her—a younger woman...

Shameful!

"What happened between you and Yichen, that led to your separation a while back? Was Jing Qing stirring trouble between you two again?"

"It wasn't troublemaking! She did something major!"

Qin Mu, unable to explain clearly, only mentioned it this way.

Feng Fanghua, lying on the bed with her hands propping up her chin, hummed: "If she keeps acting this way, she's just destroying herself! Just the other day, your grandfather was still talking about going to the Jing Family to seek justice for you!"

Qin Mu suddenly became quiet!

It wasn't that Feng Fanghua had said something wrong; it was simply that she was unaware of what Qin Mu might be like if Jing Qing destroyed herself.

She wondered what she and Mu Yichen would be like then!

Truth be told, Zhao Huai had eased her mind today. Zhao Huai said the child might not necessarily be Mu Yichen's, and Qin Mu also thought the child might belong to someone else, especially since Mu Yichen had been knocked unconscious at the time—how could there have been any reaction?

She suddenly thought of herself, remembered Wang Mingyu saying he had been drunk that night, and then suddenly felt a tightness in her chest.

"Qingxin is returning in a few days; stay here throughout this period!"

Ever since Qin Mu came back, Feng Fanghua had been honestly looking for a reason to have Qin Mu stay.

In the evening, Qin Haiming went home, and the old Master immediately asked him to stay for dinner, which Qin Haiming agreed to as he wanted to spend more time with Qin Mu.

After being called downstairs, Qin Mu sat in her place on the sofa, a spot designated for the younger generation, and didn't move. After chatting with the old Master for a while, Qin Haiming looked towards Qin Mu: "Have you been okay these past few days?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu responded softly.

"You can rest assured about her at home! There's nothing else I can manage, but I promise that I'll take good care of her health."

Feng Fanghua assured Qin Haiming.

"Indeed! I see that she has gained some weight these past few days since she came back than when she was with me."

Qin Haiming spoke with a laugh, showing a somewhat embarrassed expression.

"This has to do with diet, and it also relates to the locale!"

The old man said proudly, thinking to himself that it was all thanks to his grandson.

"That's right!"

Qin Haiming gave a face-saving reply and looked towards Qin Mu, sensing that she was unhappy.

"Mingzhu has been discharged from the hospital, so you don't have to worry anymore."

Qin Haiming, fearing she was thinking of Qin Mingzhu, mentioned it to her again.

It was only after hearing the name Qin Mingzhu that Qin Mu lifted her eyes to look at him, but there was a hint of indifference in them.

"What's wrong with your daughter? Right, she must have gone home by now, hasn't she?"

"She is currently living with her mother; her mother and I... we've separated!"

As Qin Haiming spoke these words, his face was more awkward than usual, but as someone who had weathered major storms, he spoke calmly.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao exchanged glances, having heard about the Mayor of Qin City separating from his wife, but only today did they feel it was true.

"It's all for Mumu's sake, isn't it? You've had it tough!"

Feng Fanghua said.

"It's not for Mumu; it's that we have many different views. It's better not to talk too much about it!"

Mu Zihao said, looking down, before he put an end to the conversation himself.

Since he put it that way, no one else asked any further questions.

"Couples, eh! If they get along, they stay together; if not, let it be, and nobody is allowed to mention this matter again!"

The elderly gentleman finally gave the order.

Later, when the two of them were washing their hands in the restroom, Qin Haiming said, "The child is Wang Huanyu's, did you know about this early on?"

"I only thought of it that night, but at the time, I felt there was no need to say anything, so I just..."

"I know! You've always been a man who doesn't pry into other's business, but this time with Mingzhu—sigh! The Wang Family is currently unable to save themselves, and if Mingzhu really ends up with Wang Huanyu, who knows if it's a blessing or a curse."

Qin Haiming mumbled as he dried his hands.

"The Wang Family is in trouble?"

"Very much so!"

Qin Mu could hardly believe it; she had heard from Mu Yichen not long ago about the solid foundation of the Wang Family, which was much deeper than that of the Jing Family.

"You may not know some things now, but if you really want to know, just ask your husband!"

Was it Mu Yichen again?

Qin Mu looked at him incredulously.

It wasn't until everyone had settled down at the dining table that Mu Yichen finally came home. Seeing Qin Haiming, he nodded, "Father-in-law is here too!"

"Hmm!"

Qin Haiming nodded, Mu Yichen handed his coat to an attendant by his side, and then sat down next to Qin Mu.

"Daddy, why are you only back now?"

As soon as he sat down, the little girl sitting opposite him asked.

"Daddy has been a bit busy with work lately; I will come back earlier in a few days to spend time with Huanhuan!"

"Okay! Huanhuan will wait for you!"

Huanhuan agreed, and everyone couldn't help feeling cheerful seeing her so understanding.

However, Qin Mu was looking at Mu Yichen, full of questions.

Mu Yichen turned and glanced at her, "What's wrong? Not hungry?"

"No, that's not it!"

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Qin Mu's voice was very soft.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes fixated on her until she picked up her chopsticks to eat.

Feng Fanghua quietly observed the couple, suddenly realizing that although they had been together recently, they hadn't reconciled. She looked unconsciously towards Mu Zihao.

Mu Zihao, having caught his wife's glance, curiously looked back at her.

Feng Fanghua didn't say anything, just lowered her head to eat, thinking some things are better discussed when the younger ones are not around.

After dinner, Feng Fanghua had the kitchen prepare some beautifully cut fruit and bring it to the living room.

Qin Mu, once in the living room, had hardly spoken, just quietly eating her fruit, knowing it was prepared for her, or more accurately, for the little one in her belly.

Later, Qin Haiming stood up to leave, and Mu Zihao accompanied Mu Yichen to see him off.

Upon their return, the elder suggested, "Go get the chessboard, let's have a couple of games."

"Sure!"

Mu Zihao was about to sit down, but upon hearing this, he smiled in agreement and asked the staff to fetch the chessboard from the study.

"Mumu, would you like to join Grandpa for a couple of games?"

Just as Mu Zihao was about to join the elder at chess, the elder had someone else in mind.

When Mumu was called, she reflexively lifted her gaze, then set down her fruit plate, "Okay!"

She had been studying recently, not particularly for accompanying the elder, but she could manage a few moves.

An out-of-favor Mu Zihao sighed helplessly, "Dad, you really play by your own rules!"

"What rules should I follow? I'm at such an age; I just want to play chess with the youngsters."

At the elder's words, Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh, then rubbed her hands together and began setting up the chessboard.

Mu Yichen, who had been sitting beside them, also quietly moved to the opposite side, staying behind his wife.

Huanhuan, seeing Grandpa and Mom play chess, also grew curious and came closer, reaching out several times, only to be pulled back and embraced by Mu Yichen.

Seeing this, Feng Fanghua sighed, "Huanhuan, come to Grandma, let's go take a bath and then Grandma will tell you a story!"

"Okay!"

Uncomfortable with Mu Yichen's chin digging into her, Huanhuan was finally able to escape.

Mu Yichen, feeling his daughter's lack of interest, was too preoccupied to be heartbroken and instead concentrated on watching Qin Mu play chess with the elder.

Mu Zihao also crowded closer, not understanding why the elder had suddenly asked Qin Mu to join him in chess but felt he had chosen the wrong opponent, so he waited for his turn to take over.

Little did he know, Qin Mu was quite meticulous, and far from appearing clueless, she eventually gave the elder quite the challenge in moving his pieces.

The elder frowned, chess piece in hand, puzzled, "Didn't you say you didn't know how to play chess before?"

"I've been learning recently," Qin Mu said with a cunning smile.

Upon hearing this, the elder didn't reply, but his expression showed he was quite proud.

Mu Yichen didn't know Qin Mu had learned chess and gave her an extra glance before whispering, "Shall we have a game later?"

"I learned it for Grandpa!"

Qin Mu's slow voice shattered Mu Yichen's heart.

The elder couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Sigh! Dad, stop laughing; they're distracting you, and you're about to lose!" Mu Zihao gave a friendly warning.

"Jinx!"

The elder immediately gave his son a look.

Mu Zihao...

In the end, the elder won, stretching with satisfaction, "Xiaomu, are you convinced?"

"Sigh! I'm not yet skilled enough. Grandpa, surely you didn't choose me for some easy wins?" Qin Mu teased.

The elder...

"So that's it!"

Mu Zihao had an epiphany after hearing Qin Mu's words because when he played chess with the elder, his father rarely won, so today he had changed opponents.

"I was about to compliment you, son, but take your wife up to rest!" The elder, having his thoughts exposed, quickly urged the two to go upstairs.

"Understood!"

Mu Yichen, who had been watching quietly at the side, now stood up promptly and at the same time reached for Qin Mu, "Let's go, wife, Grandpa asked us to rest."

Qin Mu propped her chin with her hand, "I want to watch Grandpa and Dad play, to learn a bit more!"

"Let's go, you!"

Seeing her pay him no mind, Mu Yichen bent down, wrapped his arms around her from behind, and lifted her up, carrying her as she was bound against him.

The grandfather and son, their eyes lifting slightly, watched the young couple ascend the stairs with a secretive glance, the elder humming, "You're winning against a little girl; does that seem right?" Mu Zihao spoke while setting up the chessboard.

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""Don't you always say there's no father-son relationship at the gambling table?"

The old master threw his son's often-used words back at him.

Mu Zihao smiled helplessly.

Qin Mu was dragged back to the room and pushed forcefully outwards. Mu Yichen immediately raised his hands and stood to the side, looking afraid of hurting her.

"What are you doing?"

Qin Mu asked him, raising her eyebrows.

"Grandpa told us to come up and rest!"

"Since when did you, President Mu, become someone who follows orders?"

Qin Mu asked him.

"I do listen to some things, especially the words of my elders!"

He looked particularly sincere.

Qin Mu stared into his eyes, yet her gaze clearly said, 'I don't believe a word of it!'

"May I come a little closer?"

The room lapsed into silence for several seconds before he asked her in a suddenly low and serious voice.

Qin Mu saw a faint weakness in his eyes, like a glimmer of light.

As her heart trembled, she suddenly laughed, tears seemingly on the verge of falling. She turned her head towards the window but stepped closer to him.

"Mu Yichen, I don't care!"

She reached out, wrapped her arms around his waist, and buried her face deeply in his embrace.

Mu Yichen felt as if his heartbeat might stop at that moment, as his gaze directed towards the door, and he gently placed his hands on her.

"Let's sleep together tonight!"

Qin Mu whispered to him.

Mu Yichen looked down, his gaze tender but hidden behind long lashes.

His lips planted a gentle kiss on the top of her head: "Mhm!"

He was never so well-behaved with her, as if even touching her was a crime.

Qin Mu stripped herself bare in his arms, looked up at him, and asked, "Do you care? If I've slept with Wang Mingyu?"

"I don't care!"

He looked at her and replied after a few seconds.

Qin Mu knew that neither of them didn't care, but that they both couldn't afford to care, so she clung to him tighter.

Nothing happened; they just held each other's bodies.

"Zhao Huai said you guys are working on a big project lately. Mu Yichen, no matter what you do, I just hope you stay safe by my side."

She said softly to him, nestled in his embrace.

"Of course, I will be fine, but some people might be in trouble!"

"Have you figured it all out?"

"Jing Qing had someone knock me out and took me to Meilin's house without realizing that Yang Qianxi knew her plan and drugged her drink."

He said quietly.

Qin Mu lifted her gaze in disbelief. Could it be true that Yang Qianxi, who seemed unable to stir much trouble, had really set Jing Qing up?

"Did you call Yang Qianxi?"

"Yes!"

"So Yang Qianxi gave you the address and then called Qin Mingzhu. She knew Qin Mingzhu hated you enough to be manipulated, leading to the conflict between the brothers over you."

Qin Mu looked up at him, incredulous at what he was telling her.

Then she leaned softly against his chest: "So, does that mean we were all played? You, me, Wang Mingyu, and Jing Qing!"

"Yes! Jing Qing is in the next room; the drug was rather potent, so she took longer to wake up."

"Last night, someone quietly went to Qin Mingzhu's apartment. Qin Mingzhu herself admitted she colluded with Wang Huanyu to spike Wang Mingyu's drink with a drug that would make him lose his inhibitions."

Qin Mu suddenly held her breath, daring not to ask any more questions.

She had been knocked out that night; so, had she and Wang Mingyu...

"Mumu, I truly don't mind."

Qin Mu couldn't lift her head; she pressed her face against his chest, gripping his arm tightly, the light in her eyes hard yet seemingly fragile enough to shatter with one touch.

"Yang Qianxi has admitted there was one night between us, but I've consulted with a doctor. Under those circumstances, it's impossible that anything happened between us."

He looked down at the woman in his arms, her eyes moist, with tears rolling down her cheeks and onto his chest.

Qin Mu lifted her hand to her tear-streaked cheek, then turned away, unable to face him.

It was better not to speak of these matters; discussing them made it too difficult to remain unaffected.

This night, this conversation, cleared many lodged words from their throats!

The room fell silent once more.

Outside, rain began to fall quietly!

The raindrops pelted the window with no mercy, blurring all light beyond recognition.

The next day, Mu Yichen left early again, causing Qin Mu's heart to race.

Not seeing him there made her feel particularly uneasy!

Although Mu Yichen had shared so much the previous night, he had conspicuously not mentioned what he was currently working on. She worried that his many enemies would harm him once more.

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She couldn't help herself and leaned on his pillow, her hand gently stroking the side, but when she tried to find his scent, she inadvertently touched something very thin.

A piece of paper!

It was a letter!

She looked up to see the strong and vigorous characters on the paper, as if they were about to burst forth from the page.

"Good morning! Don't think too much! Love, Yichen!"

As if all her bad moods vanished in that instant, she rested her hand under her chin and looked at the words on the paper with ease and composure.

His writing was truly beautiful, full of energy and wildness, much like him.

Qin Mu gazed straight at them, mesmerized.

After breakfast she went to the study to sketch and vaguely heard guests arriving downstairs. She glanced up but ultimately didn't allow herself to go out.

The weather was poor today, so the whole family gathered in the living room to watch TV and chat. Huanhuan wandered around the living room, stopping here and there, and when the visitors arrived, she went over to her grandmother, leaning against her legs.

Jing Xianzong, accompanied by Jing Qing and Jing Feng, came over, being extremely polite.

The arrival of this trio surprised the Mu Family, and everyone speculated something, as Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua rose to greet them. Only the old master sat dominantly on the sofa, his eyes—weathered by time—staring at Jing Xianzong's face.

Jing Xianzong's manner was not merely polite today; there seemed to be something subservient in his gaze.

Although Mu Yichen hadn't told the family what exactly happened last month, by now, if they as a family couldn't guess, they wouldn't deserve to be called one.

"Is Xiao Feng still working at the prosecutor's office? He should be promoted by now, right?"

"He should be moving up again this autumn!"

Jing Xianzong answered for his son, his voice low and humble.

"Xiao Feng is a promising and obedient child, not like our Yichen, who goes west when told to go east."

The old master chatted casually from the sofa.

"Yichen isn't interested in politics, but that's not a bad thing. The political arena these days is cutthroat, and, after all, there's no match for the glamour of businessmen."

Jing Xianzong continued to play along with the conversation.

Jing Feng didn't even know why he came; he just sat there cooperatively.

When the servant came to pour tea, he whispered a question: "Is Qin Mu here?"

"The young mistress is upstairs working on designs!"

"Xiaohao asked me to bring something for her; I'll go deliver it."

Upon hearing this, Jing Feng nodded and, after exchanging words with the elders, stood up and headed upstairs, as he was well-acquainted with the Mu Family's home.

Jing Qing was unhappy to see Jing Feng leave, but considering they were not in their own home and given the current circumstances, she had no choice but to bow her head and hold back, listening to her father chit-chat with the old master of the Mu Family.

Once Jing Feng left, the old master turned to Jing Qing: "Young lady, are you unwell?"

Startled by the question, Jing Qing lifted her eyes nervously: "Not at all, Grandfather!"

Her smile was somewhat awkward.

The old master raised his eyes slightly, then let them fall, with just a shallow smile: "The young lady seems to have her concerns too! I heard that she was recently close with a second-generation official from the capital; didn't work out?"

Jing Xianzong, after hearing this, laughed embarrassingly and replied for his daughter: "This girl has high standards; she wasn't interested in him!"

Jing Xianzong looked embarrassed, for lack of a better term.

Jing Qing kept her gaze lowered without speaking again, not knowing whether it was out of grievance or fear, her eyes became slightly moist.

"Old Master, Zihao, sister-in-law, I've brought Xiaoqing here today, actually, as we have an urgent matter to ask for your help!"

Jing Xianzong knew that idle chatter wouldn't solve anything, and since the Mu Family wouldn't be the first to ask their purpose, he had to open his mouth first.

"Oh?"

The old master lifted his eyelids slightly, eyes narrowing.

"Xiaoqing got herself into trouble and angered Yichen. I'm here because I had no other choice but to shamelessly ask for your help in persuading him. After all, our two families almost became one, and even without that tie, we've been friends for many years, haven't we?"

Feng Fanghua kept her gaze down without speaking; she felt somewhat indignant internally. During that period, the Jing Family, knowing about Mu Yi's marriage to Qin Mu, had given several of Mu Yi's deals to others. Now they come talking about friendship?

And although she didn't know how much her son and daughter-in-law had suffered, if it were just a petty quarrel, the young couple wouldn't have gone nearly two months without seeing each other.

Mu Zihao smiled slightly: "They've all grown up together; what's there that's so serious it requires us elders to demean ourselves to plead with them? Xiaoqing, you've always been good at organizing drinks and such for them. Can't you handle this little matter?"

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Mu Zihao genuinely took it to heart and stared at Jing Qing intently as he asked.

Jing Qing slightly lifted her eyes, clearly wanting to cry but instead, she laughed: "Uncle, Yichen has changed, he's not the Yichen we used to know!

"Xiaoqing, don't talk nonsense!"

Jing Xianzong immediately cautioned her. Before coming, he had said that they shouldn't utter a single unnecessary word, but Jing Qing just couldn't control her temperament.

"Dad told me not to speak, but I couldn't help it because I consider Uncle and Auntie as my own family. The moment Qin Mu returned, he had already forgotten all of us childhood friends."

Jing Qing said aggrievedly.

Mu Zihao's brows also slightly furrowed: "I know this young man; since childhood, he has always cared more for Mumu than for anyone else. Even we, as parents, have to take a back seat to Mumu. But to say he has forgotten us, I can't believe that! My son, Mu Zihao, is still very loyal."

Jing Qing didn't expect Mu Zihao to praise his son so highly, as he rarely did so in front of so many people.

Jing Qing's eyes filled with panic.

"The girl has been unwell lately, her mind isn't clear either. Yichen, of course, is a child with strong feelings. But Zihao, regarding the matters between our two families, can we discuss them privately? Yichen is currently collecting some things... You also know my father has always valued reputation the

most. So, ah! What do you think if I have Xiaoqing apologize to them in front of everyone, even if it means kneeling and kowtowing, just that this matter doesn't escalate further, okay?"

Jing Xianzong pondered deeply and blurted out everything he wanted to say.

"I don't understand what you're saying. What is Yichen doing?"

Mu Zihao looked at his father before asking seriously again.

"Girl, what on earth did you do to actually anger my grandson? Hmm?"

The old master didn't bother with the young people's nonsense; he had heard that previously the Jing Family patriarch had often made things difficult for his grandson's wife. So, when the Jing Family came to them this time, he naturally wanted to seek justice for his granddaughter-in-law.

"Grandfather! I didn't do anything, I—"

Thinking of last month's events, Jing Qing closed her eyes in frustration and shook her head repeatedly: "I wanted to do it, but I achieved nothing. It was my assistant, no, Qin Mu's assistant, who had a conflict with Qin Mu and turned to me. Then she schemed against Yichen, slept with him, and Yichen thought it was me so now... He's in the middle of doing something that could crush the Jing family, Grandfather, please think of a way to persuade him, okay? You've always known that in this life I've only ever loved him, and he really shouldn't be so heartless and ruthless towards the Jing Family for this!"

Jing Qing, growing agitated while speaking, squatted down in front of the old master, held his hand, and looked up at him pleadingly.

"Girl, you haven't told the truth to Grandfather, have you?"

The old master spoke to her very seriously.

Jing Qing began to cry: "Grandfather! I really didn't do anything, I am also a victim!"

She hugged the old master's knees, resting her head against them and crying fearfully.

"If you didn't do anything, given the years of friendship between our two families, and the close brotherly bond between that young man and your brother, would he be as unsympathetic as your father says?"

The old master spoke in a lowered voice, but still with authority.

"But I was also drugged, I wanted to have him, but I got nothing."

Jing Qing looked at the old master and spoke earnestly.

"You were also drugged? What do you mean by that?"

The old master suddenly frowned and asked.

"This girl initially planned to trap Yichen and force him, but was outsmarted by a woman named Yang Qianxi, who seems to have then—"

Jing Xianzong found it difficult to continue with such words, and ended up sighing helplessly.

Everybody...

No wonder the young couple hasn't seen each other for over a month; so it turns out...

Feng Fanghua, the thought of her son being defiled made her suspect that's why her daughter-in-law couldn't accept it; it was hard for her to accept too, right?

She also seemed to finally understand why the young couple had been at odds lately.

"Actually, this isn't really a big deal, but Yichen is now taking the Jing Family alongside the Wang Family—"

"Xianzong, if this isn't a big deal, what is a big deal?"

The old master didn't let Jing Xianzong finish, interrupting him with a temperate yet severe question.

Though his voice wasn't as cold and hard, Jing Xianzong could clearly see that the old master wasn't inclined to show him any face.

"The Wang Family? What does the Wang Family have to do with this?"

Feng Fanghua curiously inquired upon hearing the unfamiliar term.

"That young man from the Wang Family is said to be involved in this too. You didn't know anything? They didn't tell you, the couple? Have both of them been schemed against?"

Feng Fanghua opened her mouth, but couldn't force out a single word.

Both father and son alike were shocked.

"Hmph! With such a serious matter, you still have the nerve to come to our house asking for sympathy? What face do you have?"

The old master, enraged by Jing Xianzong's words, slapped the armrest of the sofa, questioning loudly with a stern tone.

"You treat them like what, they are a married couple with a child, what you're doing is simply—get out, all of you! I don't want to see anyone from the Jing Family ever again!"

The old master stood up, lowered his head, and pointed outside, telling them to leave.

Chapter 528: The answer is revealed_1

"Grandfather!"

Jing Qing slowly stood up, looking at him in disbelief, calling out to him as if she had suffered a great injustice!

She wondered how this could be the same elderly man who had doted on her, loved her, and always greeted her with a smile.

"Don't call me grandfather! If you really regarded me as your grandfather, how could you do such despicable things to my grandson and his wife? To think you are from a reputable family!"

The old man said angrily, and after speaking, he turned around and walked past the sofa to the interior.

Feng Fanghua also stood up slowly after the old man left.

"Auntie, do you think the same as Grandfather?"

Jing Qing asked Feng Fanghua with sadness.

"Ever since Qin Mu came to our family, I have been deliberately making life difficult for her in order to get along with your family. I thought that a prominent family like the Jing Family would be sensible, but Xiaoqing, what am I supposed to say about you today?"

Feng Fanghua sighed in disappointment.

"What about Qin Mu? She's been dominating Yichen since we were kids, why does she get to? Aren't I the one who was pre-arranged to be your family's daughter-in-law?"

Jing Qing stubbornly pressed her for answers.

"Yes! I did intend for you to be my daughter-in-law, but I believe my son has made his relationship with you very clear to you, and besides, Xiaoqing, can't you really tell the difference? Whose words should you trust between what the elders say and what the man you like says? Other than following your own heart to feel whether that man loves you or not..."

Feng Fanghua struggled to continue speaking several times, thinking perhaps she was really at fault and that she would never dare to speak carelessly again in the future.

"It's also our fault as elders for causing the children to be misled. Xianzong, when Yichen returns, I'll talk to him, but as for how things will turn out, I can't promise you anything."

Mu Zihao thought for a while with his head bowed, and finally spoke calmly to Jing Xianzong.

Upon hearing these words, Jing Xianzong finally felt he had an out, nodded, and said, "With your words, I'm already quite satisfied. I leave everything in your hands!"

After Jing Xianzong finished speaking, he turned his head to Jing Qing and said, "Let's go!"

"Uncle, Aunt, how can you treat me like this? Didn't you used to like me so much? How much you hated Qin Mu, have you forgotten?"

Jing Qing didn't want to leave. As Jing Xianzong reached for her wrist, she dodged it and continued staring straight at the elderly couple, reminding them again.

"What we liked was the gentle and sensible Xiaoqing, not the Jing Qing who lost herself over a man and did so many vile and despicable things. Don't you understand? Xiaoqing, you're no longer a teenager. You should be able to tell right from wrong. What do you expect us to do?"

Feng Fanghua truthfully hadn't expected Jing Qing to turn out like this today. If she had known Jing Qing's heart was so twisted, she would never have dared to say the girl was fit to be their daughter-in-law all those years ago.

"If it was just a minor quarrel between you two, we as parents could scold our own child regardless of right or wrong, but my daughter-in-law is pregnant. My son and his wife have both suffered great humiliation because of this. Jing brother, she's young and doesn't understand; what if it happened to your children—"

Feng Fanghua started tallying up the score, becoming fierce as any ordinary housewife would.

"Last year, the old man from your family simply smashed Qin Mu's studio in Rongcheng because she was getting close to my son. Your daughter has harmed her multiple times, and just a few days ago, my father spoke of Qin Mu's mother. Back then, it was my wife and I who were closest to her, but now—how can we bear to see that girl wronged again and again?"

Feng Fanghua's eyes widened, seemingly furious, tears almost spilling out.

"Let's go!"

"Dad!"

"I said let's go!"

Jing Xianzong always cared about his reputation, but on this day, at the Mu Family, where he thought he would never be embarrassed in his life, his daughter had made him lose all face, and he couldn't wait to leave even for another second.

"Dad, you—"

"Are you leaving or not?"

"I need to talk to Yichen myself, I—ah!"

Jing Qing shook her head vigorously, refusing to believe that Mu Yichen had no lingering feelings for her, but Jing Xianzong slapped her across the face, and Jing Qing's cheek instantly burned hotly, half of her face numb and flushed red.

Her tears immediately fell, and in that moment, she was unable to speak.

It was also at this time that Qin Mu came down the stairs with Jing Feng, just in time to witness the scene.

The sound of Jing Feng running down the stairs still managed to draw everyone's attention. Jing Xianzong shook with anger, and only said to Jing Feng, "Take your sister away!"

Chapter 529: The answer is revealed_2

He walked out first.

Jing Feng stepped forward with a helpless look at his sister, then turned to glance at the two elders standing there, and pulled Jing Qing along, "Come with me!"

Before being pulled away by him, Jing Qing covered her face and glanced upstairs, just in time to see Qin Mu standing there.

Although Qin Mu's face was calm and showed nothing, in Jing Qing's eyes, Qin Mu's proud stance as she witnessed her being slapped was humiliating. This humiliation deepened Jing Qing's hatred towards her.

Qin Mu didn't come downstairs because the situation had developed beyond her control. She just heard the maid say that the old master was very upset, so she went to her grandfather's room.

The old master heard the knock and sighed heavily in discomfort, composing himself before saying, "Come in!"

"Grandfather!"

Qin Mu opened the door and walked in, looking worriedly at her grandfather's pale, angry face.

"Grandfather, are you alright?"

The old master, sitting on the sofa, managed a strained smile at the sight of his granddaughter-in-law's calm face, "Mumu, how do you manage to restrain yourself like this, huh?"

"Grandfather! I'm not holding back!"

Qin Mu said softly, standing aside with her head lowered.

"No? You two have faced such a big incident, and you haven't mentioned a word to the family. That Jing Qing is taking advantage of her grandfather's support, but— You have a grandfather too, who could also support you. Mumu, come here!"

The old master motioned for her to sit beside him.

After Qin Mu sat down, she looked up; she roughly understood that the old master wanted to protect them and take their side.

"Grandfather, there are some things that we just can't bring ourselves to tell you and my parents, but please don't worry about us, we will overcome all difficulties."

Qin Mu's voice was soft, yet firm.

The old master looked into her determined eyes and sighed involuntarily; he probably understood why Qin Mu was reluctant to speak. She had become accustomed to loneliness.

"Alright, don't you still have drawing to do? Go on! Don't worry about me!"

The old master then looked down with a faint smile, bidding her to leave.

After Qin Mu returned to the study, the old master called his son to his room.

Mu Zihao closed the door and stood at the side: "Dad, are you okay?"

"Yes! But Zihao, don't get involved in this matter. Let Yichen handle it however he wants to, alright?"

"We can't underestimate the power of the Jing Family and the Wang Family, and he is just a businessman—"

"If he can't breathe easy, do you think he'll let those two families off?"

The old master turned and asked his son.

Not only did the old master know, but Mu Zihao was also well aware of Mu Yichen's personality.

Having suffered such humiliation this time, Mu Yichen was bound to seek revenge.

Mu Yichen returned home in the afternoon, and upon hearing that the Jing Family people had been over, he was about to go upstairs, but the elders kept him in the living room.

"I heard Qin Mu was—, is it true?"

Feng Fanghua struggled to utter some words but still longed to know the truth.

"What do you want to do?"

Mu Yichen raised his eyes to inquire of Feng Fanghua, "If it's true, what do you want to do?"

"Can't I even ask now? Such a big incident happened, and you kept the elders in the dark, do we not even have the right to ask about it?"

Feng Fanghua retorted angrily, for she saw distrust in her son's eyes.

"What else are we supposed to do? Should I or my wife come tell you that we've been schemed against, raped?"

Mu Yichen looked at her with questioning eyes. How could anyone say such things, especially to an elder?

"What kind of attitude is that? Now you're causing such a scene, if you're not careful, your father's and my lifetime of efforts could be gone. And you still have the nerve to be angry."

"Don't worry, even if I die, the wealth of you and Dad will remain."

"You..."

Mu Yichen didn't say another word, and simply stood up and left.

Feng Fanghua was left gasping for breath in anger. She had originally intended to gently inquire about the matter, but for some reason, the conversation had escalated into an argument.

"What are you doing? Didn't we agree not to interfere in this matter?"

Mu Zihao asked Feng Fanghua in a low voice.

"I was just asking casually; who knew he'd react as if covered in thorns."

Feng Fanghua still felt her chest pounding painfully.

"Sigh! We shouldn't mention this issue, it's better left alone."

The old master sighed; he couldn't help but feel that the young couple was very pitiful.

Qin Mu had just woken up from a nap when she opened her eyes to see him sitting beside her, and she sat up excitedly: "You're back!"

"Yeah! Did the Jing Family people give you a hard time?"

Chapter 530: The answer is revealed_3

He simply acknowledged with an "Okay" and immediately asked if she had suffered.

"No! But it seems like mom and dad didn't leave them much face in front of grandpa."

"Is that so?"

Mu Yichen asked curiously.

Qin Mu nodded, "Yeah, you—wouldn't happen to—"

"Just now mom asked me about the incident last month, and I—"

Mu Yichen didn't continue, helplessly raising his eyebrows.

With one small gesture, Qin Mu understood completely, then lay there again and spoke softly to him, "Apologize to mom later."

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen agreed, raising his hand to gently stroke her hair.

"Your dad divorced Zhang Rujia!"

He suddenly said, his dark eyes staring straight into hers.

Qin Mu looked at him in surprise, "Divorced?"

"Once your dad found out about what happened back then, he couldn't tolerate her any longer."

Mu Yichen's dark, ink-like eyes continued to stare at her as he spoke.

"I guess Zhang Rujia never expected that the man she once had would be found by you, right?"

Qin Mu wanted to laugh, but realized there was nothing funny about it, feeling only that if one doesn't live life genuinely at least once, it's truly sad.

If you hold onto false hopes to get something that wasn't yours to begin with, eventually you'll lose it, and by then, you'll be left with nothing of value.

She didn't know what would become of Zhang Rujia in the future, but she thought, without Qin Haiming, whatever Zhang Rujia wanted to do probably wouldn't be so easy.

"Are we going back to the apartment?"

He asked her.

Even though it was much bigger here than their apartment, they weren't as happy here as they were in their apartment!

"Mom said Qingxin will be back in a few days, how about we wait until after Qingxin has come and gone before we leave?"

Qin Mu tried to ask him.

"Up to you! Just let me know if you're really annoyed, and we'll leave!"

He told her, each word serious.

Qin Mu lay on her side looking at him, reached out her hand, and grabbed his, "Mu Yichen!"

"Hmm?"

He answered with a muffled voice.

"Or is there something I can do?"

She quietly asked!

"Just focus on your pregnancy and don't overthink!"

He said to her as he touched her forehead.

Qin Mu couldn't help but curve her arm around his neck, pulling him closer, "Just that?"

"Yes!"

She let out a light laugh, after his earnest "Yes."

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes, gazing tenderly into her gentle eyes before slowly shifting his gaze to her soft lips, his hand gently cradling her face, his thumb lightly stroking her lips.

Qin Mu held her breath, silently watching the deep affection in his eyes.

Suddenly, she remembered that embarrassing morning, and then, with more force, she hugged him.

Mu Yichen lowered his head, lightly kissing her hair, her neck.

Qin Mu held him tight, not wanting to let go, wishing that it had all been a nightmare and that upon waking they would still be their old selves.

It was already not easy to love, so why did fate have to create so many obstacles for them?

——

The next day, Qin Mu was driven to the studio by Zhao Huai, who sighed helplessly, "Xiaomu, that kid has been following us nonstop, should we shake him off or shall I stop the car and give him a good beating?"

Wang Mingyu?"

Qin Mu, who was sitting in the back, turned to look behind.

"Indeed, that kid. With such a big mess at home and he acts as if nothing happened, just circling around you all the time, not even considering if he's worthy."

Zhao Huai was utterly annoyed by Wang Mingyu.

"Ignore him, and if you're free later, help me keep him out of the studio. I don't care about anything else."

Zhao Huai looked at the woman in the backseat through the rearview mirror, a smile in his eyes, "Understood!"

Qin Mu thought that although Wang Mingyu was innocent, he didn't need her pity, right?

After arriving at the studio and getting out of the car, she knocked on the window of Zhao Huai's car, "I'll have Xiaomei bring you a cup of coffee!"

"Thanks, Xiaomu!"

Qin Mu smiled lightly and then turned back into the studio, asking Xiaomei to grind a cup of coffee for the person outside the car before going to her office.

Zhao Huai didn't get out of the car; Wang Mingyu's car was parked not far behind, but he also hadn't gotten out, so Zhao Huai felt a bit annoyed, as if the reason for a fight wasn't sufficient.

"Handsome guy!"

Xiaomei walked over, holding a white cup with the aroma of coffee wafting from it.

Zhao Huai was about to smoke but immediately put the cigarette behind his ear, grinned as he took the coffee from Xiaomei, and cheerfully said, "Thanks, Xiaomei!"

"Don't mention it, you take care of Qinqin for me, making you a cup of coffee is the least I could do. But I'm really curious, what exactly do you do? Driver? Bodyguard?"