

His Beloved 65

Chapter 65

The men all wore head coverings, each one burly.

Mu Yichen had a bad premonition as he was driving back, and just before he was about to pass by the motorcycles, he saw them out of the corner of his eye.

Before he could fully stop the car, he noticed the large glass window on the first floor was broken, the darkness of his eagle eyes instantly turning into a thin line.

In his mind, countless illusions flashed, but he had only one thought in his heart.

That she was still alive.

As long as she was still alive, as long as she had a breath left.

As long as she didn't abandon him.

"Qin Mu!"

The man, who hadn't even shut the car door, ran to the entrance and shouted, his face dark as storm clouds.

He had never been so panicked before, not even when other boys confessed to her.

Feeling as if he was about to lose her, he looked inside in terror.

Everything was shattered!

The impeccably clean floor was now a mess, strewn with glass shards.

All the transparent glass she liked so much was broken.

Those glasses were made of special materials; he could imagine the force those people must have used.

But where was his woman now?

"I'm okay!"

That voice sounded fragile yet feigned strength.

She raised her hand, revealing herself behind the sofa on the first-floor landing.

Though her voice was weak, Mu Yichen, whose heart had been hanging by a thread, was immediately relieved and rushed over to kneel in front of her.

Looking at her pale face, he couldn't help but clutch her hand tightly.

"Are you hurt anywhere?"

Even though her clothes were clean, he couldn't help but check her all over.

"No, they didn't hurt people, they just smashed things!"

Qin Mu, looking at Mu Yichen's anxious demeanor, raised her hand to stroke his face gently.

Her voice was soft and warm; she could only calm herself for this man who was likely so worried his heart might burst.

That was exactly what they had said when she rushed out to find the first floor being smashed to bits by five men wearing blue T-shirts and headcoverings, wielding clubs, and those men had warned her not to come downstairs; they were only there to smash things.

Qin Mu then sat on the stairs, silently listening to the destruction.

After they finished with the first floor, one of the men said "let's go," and they all left.

It was only then that she hugged her knees, feeling afraid like a startled little girl.

Afterward, she came down from the stairs, wanting to tidy up but realizing she didn't know where to begin, so she just collapsed on the sofa, pondering the cause of this incident.

The light reflected off the glass shards on the floor, dazzlingly bright; the glass coffee table in front of the sofa was also shattered, but Mu Yichen knelt there, looking at the serene woman in the sofa.

He knew she was frightened, despite her composed appearance.

Qin Mu just remembered the sound, so distinctly clear.

Before, she had only seen such scenes of shattered glass in TV dramas; today, she witnessed it firsthand, and the sound was incessant.

She was a bit disheveled and her laughter lacked strength: "Who do you think did this?"

"I will find out, don't be afraid, I will be here!"

He hated how much, just moments ago, had Qiao Yi not suddenly called him about Jiang Zhiyuan getting into a fight and into trouble, this might not have happened—at least he would have been there, and she wouldn't have had to face it all alone.

But he hadn't been there, and she witnessed everything herself.

He held her hand tightly, simply wanting to give her a greater sense of security.

"Yes! With you here, I'm not afraid!"

She leaned on his shoulder, having been truly afraid just now; every time a piece of glass shattered, it was like a bullet hitting her heart.

So when the first floor had been completely smashed, her heart shattered too.

The entire first floor had been all glass, clear and transparent; she imagined those people must have found it very satisfying to smash.

But she was not only afraid, she was also wondering, who had she angered?

Jing Qing?

Qin Mingzhu?

Since returning to the city, she hadn't made enemies with anyone else but these two.

But were they, both girls, really that vicious and cruel?

She couldn't bear to think that they, with their beautiful faces and dazzling family backgrounds, could be so malicious.

Or could it be someone else, a competitor in the same industry?

It was a passer-by who recorded a video and uploaded it online, exposing the incident to everyone's surprise.

Even tonight when the two of them went to the Mu Family to pick up Huanhuan, they were ruthlessly rejected.

"If Huanhuan goes back with you, can you take responsibility if something happens to her?"

It was well past ten o'clock at night, but Ms. Feng was very alert, sitting on the sofa, every word she uttered was for the sake of her precious granddaughter, and Mu Zihao, sitting next to her, had his head lowered, seemingly deep in thought as if considering some important decision.