

## His Beloved 691

Chapter 691: Pampering (2)\_4

"I just wanted to look at the phone!"

Qin Mu answered truthfully.

"Damn phone!"

Mu Yichen's fist hit the bedsheet next to her head.

The bed bounced a little at that spot.

Immediately, Mu Yichen rolled off her, "Go ahead and look at your phone, but remember not to crawl into my arms again when you sleep tonight."

Qin Mu...

"Husband!"

Qin Mu immediately turned her head to call him.

The man getting out of bed looked back, pretending to be indifferent, "Hmm?"

"I don't want to look at the phone anymore!"

She said with an innocent smile.

"What do you want to do then?"

Qin Mu's mouth straightened into a line, and it took her a long time to suppress the words "do you" that almost slipped out, then she softly said, "Love you!"

Mu Yichen returned to the bed and lay down beside her.

Last night he had wanted to ask for her help, but she was too sleepy and had fallen asleep after touching him a little.

This morning, Director Mu certainly wouldn't let her off.

— —

By the time the two of them went downstairs, it was already half-past eight. Feng Fanghua and Huanhuan were drinking bird's nest soup, and upon seeing them, they called the maid to serve them as well.

"I'll pass. I have a meeting soon and need to head out immediately. Give it to the young mistress instead, since she's not working today."

Qin Mu blinked, wondering since when she didn't have to work?

"Didn't you say your leg hurt?"

Mu Yichen answered her with that look in his eyes.

Qin Mu...

"Leg pain? What happened?"

Feng Fanghua asked worriedly, looking at Qin Mu.

"It's nothing, nothing at all!"

Qin Mu denied it immediately.

"Anyway, she'll stay home to rest for the day, I'm off to work."

As he spoke, Mu Yichen looked towards his daughter.

"Bye daddy!"

Huanhuan said to him, then turned around to play.

Mu Yichen left with a smile.

He thought to himself, it wasn't bad at all for a daughter to be independent-minded.

However, if she grew up to run away for years like Mu Qingxin and even brought a man back with her when she returned, hmph!

After Mu Yichen left, Feng Fanghua was still worried. Just as Qin Mu had taken the bird's nest soup handed to her by the maid, she heard Feng Fanghua ask, "What exactly happened? Did you get tired from going to work yesterday?"

"Oh, it's not that!"

Qin Mu hurriedly responded. How could she say it was from being tired in the morning?

"What's wrong with the young mistress?"

The maid, with clasped hands by her side, also inquired with concern.

"Mommy's leg hurts!"

Huanhuan said, and then, clutching her doll, she went over to Qin Mu, set the doll aside, and began to massage Qin Mu's thigh.

Qin Mu...

"Could it be because the stomach is growing now, so it's pressing down and causing leg pain?"

The maid suggested thoughtfully.

"That's possible indeed, or it could be a calcium deficiency. This is serious for a pregnant woman. I'll call Dr. Zhang to come and have a look at you."

"No need, Mom, really! It's just that I was busy in the studio for a while yesterday, and only today I felt a bit uncomfortable, but it wasn't pronounced, and it's much better now."

Qin Mu nervously stopped her, then looked down at her little daughter who was massaging her legs and felt even more...

Mu Yichen was practically trying to get her killed.

"I told you not to overwork yourself! Didn't you start doing things again because you couldn't sit still?"

Feng Fanghua thought of her habit of wanting to snip and sew whenever she saw fabric, and frowned.

Qin Mu...

"Yes!"

She could only nod in agreement, her voice very soft, very soft.

She couldn't possibly tell everyone that it was because Director Mu had her doing 'whatnot' in bed that morning.

The elders, of course, would never think in that direction, naively assuming she was simply tired from work.

After finishing the bird's nest soup, Feng Fanghua asked her to rest upstairs, so Qin Mu lay on the sofa holding her phone and scrolled through the screen.

There was no information about them.

As she pondered why, her phone suddenly rang. She looked down to see the name "Director Zhang" and immediately picked up, "Hello?"

"Just as you expected, between last night at 11:30 and 1:00 in the morning, the internet intercepted no less than ten gossip posts about you."

"Can we confirm it was their press doing this?"

"The location is an internet café in the Southeast District. I didn't verify who it was, but you can guess, can't you?"

Director Zhang sat in his office, looking at the intercepted gossip news and talking to her.

After all, when Director Zhang's child was born, they still gave a generous gift, so he didn't hesitate to help with this small favor.

"Hmm! But it would be best if we could catch her spreading rumors."

"Then, for the rumors to spread, there's got to be another occurrence. I think she will probably continue this in the next few days. Actually, you could have Mu Yi handle it, or just track her directly, it would be easy to catch her."

Director Zhang's reminder made Qin Mu realize she had been neglectful lately. Right, just tracking her directly would do the trick, wouldn't it?

"Also, these news articles, do you want to take a look? This woman's prose is pretty good."

"No need, give them to Director Zhang for your downtime!"

Qin Mu joked. She could actually guess what Le Yuanyuan would write—if praising didn't work, then it would be slander.

She had encountered plenty of this kind of thing abroad while shooting advertisements.

She hadn't cared then, and cared even less now.

But such people couldn't be allowed to run rampant. She had to resolve this quickly.

Chapter 692: Pampering (3)\_1

This kind of trouble, if not resolved as soon as possible, will haunt you in the future.

— —

After Mu Qingxin's heartfelt apology, Qin Mu went to the studio to find Mu Yichen and asked, "Have you been busy lately?"

Sitting on the couch with his legs crossed and seriously checking his phone emails, Mu Yichen looked up, "Hmm?"

"Nothing!"

Qin Mu could only smile wryly, seeing how he was right there with her, but his eyes were glued to his phone.

Qiao Yi said he was actually extremely busy recently, but he still managed to come home on time every day and even found time to visit her office for some alone time with her. Qin Mu just quietly watched him.

Qin Mu walked over to sit beside him, gently placing her hand on his shoulder and resting her chin on it too, looking down at the emails on his phone while silently sighing to herself. She then asked him, "What's for dinner tonight?"

"What would you like to eat?"

Mu Yichen turned his head and asked her, his deep gaze falling on her delicate lashes.

"Hmm! As for me! I feel like having hot and sour soup!"

Mu Yichen looked at Qin Mu with tenderness in his eyes and couldn't help but gently kiss her forehead, "Okay!"

Qin Mu closed her eyes, feeling his kiss, then leaned on his shoulder. He continued to check his phone emails, and she casually picked up a newspaper to read.

It wasn't until Xiaomei knocked on the door that Qin Mu lifted her eyes; Mu Yichen was still intently looking at his phone.

Xiaomei made a mouth gesture to Qin Mu, who glanced at the door and then whispered to the person beside her, "I'll step out for a bit; I'll be back soon to keep you company."

"Hmm!"

Mu Yichen responded, not expecting Qin Mu to suddenly kiss him. He turned to her, lifting his hand to mess with her hair.

"Stop it! You've messed up my hair!"

Qin Mu covered her head and protested, then stood up, hands on her hips.

After leaving, Qin Mu gently closed the door behind him and then walked downstairs with Xiaomei, who linked arms with her, ostensibly as a supportive gesture.

"Does that newspaper have some kind of issue?"

"Did you get everything I asked you to fetch from Runuan?"

Qin Mu didn't answer; she just asked in a low voice and slowly made her way downstairs.

"Yep! Just brought it back, it's on my desk," Xiaomei responded while escorting her outside.

After going downstairs, Qin Mu saw the newspaper's president sitting in their visitor's lounge, surprisingly without Le Yuanyuan. Qin Mu turned to Xiaomei, who said, "Didn't I make myself clear? It's Le Yuanyuan's boss who has come over."

Only then did Qin Mu understand Xiaomei's earlier comment about the newspaper's people possibly being sick, but still, she decided to walk over.

"Mrs. Mu!"



The newspaper's president immediately stood up to greet her when he saw her approaching.

"Hello! Please, have a seat!"

Qin Mu smiled in response and then also took a seat beside him.

"Go and make a cup of tea for President Zhang," Qin Mu instructed Xiaomei, who nodded and went to make the tea.

President Zhang felt relieved to see Qin Mu treating him with courtesy, not as heavy-hearted as when he had first been sitting there.

"May I know if President Zhang has come to see me... for the interview matter?"

Qin Mu guessed, noting the evasion in President Zhang's eyes, and suddenly wasn't sure about the purpose of his visit.

"Oh! No! I'm here because of Yuanyuan's issue," President Zhang said, his demeanor surprisingly humble, as if he had given up on his initial intent after understanding Qin Mu's standpoint.

Hearing him say that he came regarding Le Yuanyuan's issue, Qin Mu became even more focused on the conversation.

"To be honest, I would really like to conduct the interview with Mr. Mu and Mrs. Mu. It would be a good promotion for you as a couple, and for our newspaper, it's the most beneficial way to enhance our value. But since Mr. Mu and Mrs. Mu are not inclined towards such an arrangement, I have no choice but to let it go. However, if Le Yuanyuan does anything to harm you or your family unilaterally, that has nothing to do with our newspaper," President Zhang suddenly became serious, a different demeanor from when she last saw him.

Qin Mu found the man rather heartless.

"Yes!"

But since he had come to clear the air.

"Zhang Zhiyuan, what are you talking about?"

When Le Yuanyuan appeared was unknown, but upon hearing the voice coming from the other side of the lounge, Qin Mu and Zhang Zhiyuan turned their heads to look. Le Yuanyuan, incredulous and with her large, watery eyes, gazed at the man sitting on the couch.

Zhang Zhiyuan, clearly not expecting Le Yuanyuan's sudden appearance, looked somewhat embarrassed as he watched her approach.

Chapter 693: Pampering (3)\_2

"It has nothing to do with the newspaper? Everything I did was for our newspaper."

Le Yuanyuan clarified with a broken heart. In her heart, Zhang Zhiyuan knew everything; she had given so much for the newspaper, even sacrificing her reputation, simply wishing to see the newspaper thrive and hold an unshakable position in Rong City.

As an onlooker, Qin Mu naturally wouldn't intervene at this moment and was silently watching.

"Yuanyuan, let's go back and talk about this!"

Zhang Zhiyuan stood up, nodded at Qin Mu and was ready to leave.

"Go back and talk? How can I go back? Didn't you say you would marry me if I got this exclusive interview? Now you say I have nothing to do with it, how can I go back?"

She kept repeating the words "how can I go back," never having imagined that the man she trusted would see her as so worthless.

"Yuanyuan! Be rational."

The man with the big belly and slight baldness, wearing an ill-fitting suit with sleeves that were a bit too long, yet Qin Mu could still see his trembling, insecure fists.

Was he restraining some kind of emotion?

And Le Yuanyuan, her eyes already blurred by tears at this time.

She thought he would support her!

She believed he would always stand by her side.

But now, he actually came here to tell Qin Mu that everything she had done had nothing to do with the newspaper.

"Rational? Zhang Zhiyuan, I've been with you for three years. Do you think I've been working so hard just for the newspaper? It's all because I fell in love with you."

Le Yuanyuan suddenly broke down, crying out those words.

Qin Mu looked down quietly, listening. They should both be around the same age; this Le Yuanyuan was a university classmate of Mu Qingxin.

"I know! That's why I said we should go back and talk."

Zhang Zhiyuan walked out from the reception area's sofa, towards her, trying to take her hand.

"Three years of youth, all dedicated to you, to your newspaper, and for these three years, I even gave up meeting with friends... but go back and talk? What is there left to talk about?"

Xiaomei, carrying tea, came out and, seeing the situation outside, stood still.

The other colleagues were all curiously watching the scene; whether or not they understood the words, the changes in expressions between the man and the woman told even a fool that they were arguing.

"You insist on discussing this here? Do you want me to expose, in front of everyone at JY, your efforts to destroy Mrs. Mu's reputation? Do you want me to tell everyone about the things you've been quietly doing lately?"

Zhang Zhiyuan trembled, deeply disappointed with the woman before him.

"Zhang Zhiyuan, you bastard!"

Le Yuanyuan was shocked, and on impulse, she grabbed her bag from around her neck and hurled it at his head.

Zhang Zhiyuan dodged, and the bag flew past his head towards the sofa.

Qin Mu was startled and quickly dodged backward; the bag whizzed past her, eventually landing behind the screen.

Xiaomei, frightened, dropped her cup of tea and immediately ran to Qin Mu, "Qinqin, are you okay?"

"This is not the place for you to argue. If you want to fight or kill each other, please go outside."

Qin Mu stood up from the sofa; although she wasn't hurt, she was still shaken, and her face turned serious.

Le Yuanyuan and Zhang Zhiyuan both startled at her expression.

"Mrs. Mu, I am truly sorry!"

Zhang Zhiyuan said, then turned back to Le Yuanyuan, suppressing his anger, he sharply warned her.

Although his voice was not too loud, his anger was clearly visible.

Le Yuanyuan, too, was frightened by the recent turn of events. After a moment's thought, biting back her grievances, she walked towards Qin Mu.

"Le Yuanyuan!"

Zhang Zhiyuan grasped her wrist to stop her.

"What are you doing? I'm going to get my bag."

Le Yuanyuan shook off his hand with a look of grievance, reminding him.

"I'll get it!"

Zhang Zhiyuan, as if afraid she might do something drastic, turned around to fetch the bag for her.

Le Yuanyuan clenched her teeth watching him walk away, then looked at the glass water cup on the coffee table.

Then she glanced at the man going to retrieve the bag at the window; she strode towards the coffee table, picked up the water cup and, without waiting for Zhang Zhiyuan to get up, hurled the glass cup viciously at his head.

Qin Mu and Xiaomei, standing together, were stunned.

This woman had such a fierce temper.

And Zhang Zhiyuan slowly stood up from the ground, still holding her bag in his hand.

The cup fell onto the floor with a not very crisp shatter, and blood flowed from Zhang Zhiyuan's head, quickly increasing in speed.

#### Chapter 694: Pampering (3)\_3

That originally greasy face now looked even more horrifying, and both Qin Mu and Xiaomei were too scared to speak. Le Yuanyuan, however, stepped forward, her tears streaming down uncontrollably.

"Zhiyuan, are you okay? Zhiyuan, I didn't do it on purpose, how are you feeling, Zhiyuan?"

"You crazy woman, get out of here!"

Zhang Zhiyuan angrily raised his hand to push her away.

Xiaomei and Qin Mu hurriedly moved away, while other colleagues also slowly stood up.

"What's going on here?"

When Le Yuanyuan was pushed toward the sofa and nearly bumped into Qin Mu, Mu Yichen came down from the staircase, his deep voice sounding as if it came from hell itself.

Suddenly, the room fell silent.

Zhang Zhiyuan clenched his fists several times before awkwardly lowering his head: "I'm very sorry!"

Le Yuanyuan, however, was clutching her arm that hurt terribly from hitting the corner of the sofa. She stood up straight again and looked at Zhang Zhiyuan with wounded eyes: "You bastard, grandson!"

Le Yuanyuan picked up something and threw it at Zhang Zhiyuan.

Qin Mu watched as her own cup was snatched by Le Yuanyuan. While retreating to a safe place with Xiaomei, she shouted: "Stop it!"

But it was too late, Le Yuanyuan had already raised the cup intending to smash it down on Zhang Zhiyuan, who had no choice but to flee, with Le Yuanyuan chasing after him, hitting him with whatever she could grab.

"I said stop it!"

Qin Mu shouted angrily, out of breath, her hands on her hips.

Mu Yichen walked over to stand by Qin Mu's side, then pulled out his phone: "Hello? I need to report a fight, this is 17 Rigus Road, JY Studio. I'm Mu Yichen!"

After Mu Yichen hung up the phone,

the entire first floor finally returned to calm.

Le Yuanyuan finally caught up with Zhang Zhiyuan, but upon hearing that familiar, cold voice, she stopped her assault and turned back to look at him.

Zhang Zhiyuan was overcome with embarrassment.

"Private conversations are too much hassle, let's just call the police. If you two want to be treated leniently, then at the very least, you should clean up the mess you made, and then pay compensation."

After speaking, Mu Yichen walked over to the sofa with Qin Mu and sat down.

Ten minutes later, the couple sat on the sofa watching the two clean up. Zhang Zhiyuan then sat down on the ground exhausted, trying to endure the pain from where the cup had hit him on the head. The emotions had compounded, and he was beginning to feel overwhelmed, everything in front of him blurring.

Le Yuanyuan immediately felt a pang of regret at the sight and looked towards the man on the sofa still staring at his phone. She then had no choice but to lower her head and finish cleaning up.

"There are still shards of glass over there! Our Qinqin is pregnant and can't afford these minor injuries, sweep it all clean."

Xiaomei stood to the side giving orders, her large eyes staring unflinchingly at the woman sweeping with the broom.

Le Yuanyuan, who usually never did such chores, had no choice but to clean diligently.

"Mr. Mu, Mrs. Mu, could we possibly not call the police? I'll compensate double for everything I broke just now, please? Once it's taken to the police station, many things that are simple will become complicated."

After pondering, Le Yuanyuan straightened up and suggested to Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes: "What did you say?"

In just a second, he lowered his gaze back to his phone, while Qin Mu was drinking water that Mu Yichen had suggested to calm her nerves. So, she obediently drank her water and kept silent.

Le Yuanyuan...



"Sounds like a habitual offender, doesn't it? Your tone seems quite familiar with the police station!"

Xiaomei couldn't help but make a sarcastic comment, her dark eyes continuously fixed on her.

"What's there to be curious about with our line of work?" muttered Le Yuanyuan, as she finished cleaning.

She put the cushion, the newspapers, and everything else back in their places, then stood opposite the couple: "But this time..."

"Is there a fight here?"

The nearby police officers arrived, two handsome female officers.

Qin Mu glanced up, her gaze involuntarily drawn to their uniforms, which looked incredibly stylish.

The two female officers glanced at Mu Yichen and Qin Mu, then toward the chubby man sitting against the wall with blood still drying on his head, and the woman standing beside the sofa looking nervous.

"You two, come with us."

Hearing the officers' words, Le Yuanyuan anxiously looked at Qin Mu: "Mrs. Mu!"

"Go and give Le Miss the item I asked you to retrieve."

Qin Mu turned to the young woman standing beside her and instructed.

Chapter 695: Pampering (3)\_4

"Okay!"

Xiaomei immediately went to fetch a thick document bag for Le Yuanyuan, and then they were taken into a police car.

"Really don't know whether to call that woman hateful or pitiful."

Xiaomei muttered this after they were taken away.

Qin Mu said with a smile, "A pitiful person must have a hateful aspect, don't think too much about it. Go buy me a crystal cup that's exactly like the one I used before."

"Roger that!"

Xiaomei didn't dare to delay, but before leaving she still said to Qin Mu, "Then I'm going to drive your little car, okay?"

Qin Mu didn't say anything, only gave her a look before going back inside.

Xiaomei had her own spare keys, so she left in the car.

"Shall we go home?"

Qin Mu walked back to the reception area; since it was a battlefield just now, she didn't want to stay there at all.

"Come and sit down!"

Mu Yichen put down his phone, crossing his legs with an assertive aura.

Qin Mu walked over and sat down, feeling a bit guilty unconsciously, but she couldn't recall what she had done wrong.

"What's wrong?"

She snuggled up close to him.

"Have you been tracking Le Yuanyuan recently?"

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu nodded; she hadn't told him about this, so now that Mu Yi knew, was he planning to confront her?

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Mu Yi asked her earnestly, his low voice was captivating.

Qin Mu's eyes fell, and her lashes fluttered.

"I was planning to tell you after you weren't busy anymore. Plus, I hadn't expected that they would meet in the studio today, or that it would end with heads split and blood flowing."

Frankly, she found the whole scene spectacular!

In her heart, she gave the encounter a perfect score.

Mu Yichen, seeing how she was being humble, wasn't too angry. He understood that she was worried about his schedule, but it still made him feel distressed.

"No matter how busy I am, many things can still be discussed with me first, okay?"

"Understood!"

He gently hugged her head against his chin, his deep and powerful voice speaking to her before lightly kissing her forehead.

That sight made other onlookers feel heartache.

A wail from the heart of a single dog.

"Why so silly?"

Mu Yichen looked down at her, rubbing her hair while chiding her.

"Hey! Mu Yi, your wife is already in her twenties!"

Qin Mu always felt that him touching her hair had been going on for years.

From when she was a child, that was okay because she was little, but now that she was a mother, it was odd to still be treated that way—especially since her hair could get messed up easily!

And...

Qin Mu suddenly remembered all her staff members were there, and in her embarrassment, she pulled his hand away from her hair: "That's enough."

"Aren't you still that same fool?"

Mu Yichen reminded her as he continued to rub her hair despite her resistance.

Qin Mu was nearly at her breaking point.

By five o'clock, Mu Yichen drove her home.

— —

Autumn was passing in the blink of an eye, and Qin Mu's belly was growing larger and larger.

Qin Mu saw Le Yuanyuan again in the hospital; Le Yuanyuan was there for an abortion, and she for a prenatal checkup.

Qin Mu deliberately went a bit later, waiting for Helian Hao to finish work, but unexpectedly, Le Yuanyuan was following behind Helian Hao as he came out of the operating room.

Helian Hao said to Qin Mu, "Have you been waiting long?"

"No!"

Qin Mu was just curiously observing Le Yuanyuan, who lowered her head in embarrassment upon seeing her.

"This Miss Le came for an abortion, messed up with the wrong guy."

After chatting with Le Yuanyuan on the operating table, Helian Hao felt quite sympathetic towards Le Yuanyuan's misfortune.

Yet, the words "abortion" made Le Yuanyuan feel so ashamed she wished she could disappear.

"Mrs. Mu!"

Le Yuanyuan thought it over and still greeted her.

Qin Mu replied softly, "Hmm!"

Le Yuanyuan's face looked awful, and Helian Hao said, "Go lie down in the ward for a bit, you can leave after half an hour."

"Okay!"

Le Yuanyuan agreed.

"I'm going to wash my hands, hang on a minute!"

Helian Hao excused himself to Qin Mu before leaving.

Le Yuanyuan approached Qin Mu and said, "Mrs. Mu, I'm very sorry for what happened in the past!"

"If it's in the past, let's leave it there!"

Qin Mu said softly.

"I've already resigned."

Le Yuanyuan added.

Qin Mu looked at her with sharp eyes, saw her shaky appearance, and after a moment of pondering, she spoke again, "You should go lie down for a bit, we can talk about everything else later."

"Actually, there isn't much to talk about, I just feel disgusted by my past self."

She was very grateful that Qin Mu had spared her last time.

"If you had continued trying to ruin me back then, I was actually already prepared to retaliate. The proofs you had, I have backups of them all."

Chapter 696: Pampering (3)\_5

Qin Mu's eyes were calm as she looked at her, her muted voice reminding her.

Le Yuanyuan looked up at her, startled, but ended up just smiling, "Then I'll go out first!"

Helian Hao also came out from the inside washroom, and looking at the Helian Hao who had just left, she whispered, "Do you know her?"

"Sort of!"

Qin Mu smiled.

"Actually, I also think she looks very familiar."

But she really couldn't recall who it was.

At noon, the two of them went out for lunch together, and Helian Hao said, "My mother and my mother-in-law are on the same side for the first time, insisting I take a break for now. They say things like how can a pregnant woman perform abortions on others, isn't that equal to committing a sin? Even if it's a caesarean section to hold a baby, but that bloody scene is also harmful to the fetus inside, and so on. Anyway, they just use various excuses to get me to take a break."

"Actually, what they say makes sense. I've always wondered how you ended up choosing this profession."

Qin Mu thought about the little girl who used to put wildflowers in her hair, wondering how she grew up to have the courage to pursue this profession.

"Hehe! Angel in white, it sounds so beautiful, so I chose it."

Helian Hao pondered for a moment.

But Qin Mu couldn't agree.

"Let's talk about something serious. Your wedding with Mu Yichen is still decided for Christmas? Not changing it?"

This matter, they had not mentioned it for a while, but the family kept preparing.

"I guess so! We haven't talked about it! But it seems like the family has always been preparing!"

Qin Mu thought for a while, occasionally hearing the elders discussing the guest list and menu.

"Sigh! If it has to be Christmas, we might as well wait another year. By then, the baby will be bigger, and you can have a wedding with ease. Look at you now; your stomach is already like this!"

Helian Hao said this while lifting her head and touching Qin Mu's belly.

Qin Mu looked down at her own stomach and smiled helplessly.

"As long as Mu Yi is happy, that's fine!"

Qin Mu said.

She could actually do without a wedding altogether, but since Mu Yichen wanted one, since Mu Yichen wanted to give her a wedding, she felt that they should just go ahead with it.



Plus, she thought there probably wasn't such a thing as an easy wedding. Having the wedding this way might be better, since at least no one would dare to trouble her. If they waited until the baby was born, people might want to prank them in the bridal chamber, and having seen so many videos of wedding pranks online, she was honestly a bit scared.

"You just want him to be happy? You don't wish for it at all?"

"Rather than having a wedding, I look forward to a simple, quiet life."

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile as she answered her.

Helian Hao shook her head repeatedly but didn't have the heart to criticize her further.

Because how could Helian Hao not understand? The simple, unostentatious life that Qin Mu liked, she liked it not because she was showy or boastful. It was because her heart wasn't completely free of shadows.

After entering November, it really got cooler. All the air conditioners in the house were turned on. Qin Mu sat on the couch, feeling her belly being gently nudged by the little one inside.

Feng Fanghua and Huanhuan sat on either side of her. Huanhuan was so mesmerized that she didn't dare to touch.

But Feng Fanghua happily reached out to touch Qin Mu's belly; the little one, because of her sudden touch, stopped moving, but after a few seconds, began to move again.

"My little grandson must be so endearing!"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but exclaim excitedly.

This was the Nth time Feng Fanghua had said this since Qin Mu got pregnant.

It meant countless times.

Huanhuan gazed at her mother's undulating belly, looked worriedly at her mother, her big eyes shimmering with tears, as if she was about to cry.

"Mommy, does it hurt?"

Huanhuan asked nervously, with a hoarse voice, looking up at her pitiful mother.

"It doesn't hurt! It's just that your brother is dancing in Mommy's belly. Huanhuan, do you want to touch?"

Qin Mu questioned her in return.

"No! Huanhuan hates having a little brother, he makes Mommy very tired,"

Huanhuan stubbornly said, anger flashing in her eyes before she jumped off the sofa and ran inside.

Feng Fanghua watched Huanhuan's obstinate little figure with some concern, "This little girl is actually quite sensible, she even knows how to be sympathetic towards you! But she's been like this recently, no matter what advice we give her, she doesn't listen. What should we do?"

"It's fine! It'll be better after the baby is born,"

Qin Mu had read many such stories on Baidu and besides, Huanhuan was genuinely worried about her, so Qin Mu didn't really mind. She guessed that once she returned to her normal self, Huanhuan would cheer up again.

For now, it seemed Huanhuan was just frightened.

"I hope so!"

Feng Fanghua sighed softly. Yet, when she looked at Qin Mu's belly again, she couldn't help but reach out with a smile, "This little guy sure has a strong kick."

"He'll be even more lively after a while,"

Qin Mu thought to herself, feeling that the real challenge was just beginning!

Late at night, after Qin Mu and Huanhuan had gone to sleep, the family gathered together. Upon descending the stairs and seeing everyone waiting for him, Mu Yichen sat down and asked, "What's up?"

"About your wedding, you really want to hold it on Christmas? Are you certain about that?"

Mu Zihao was the first to ask his son.

"Yes! It's settled!"

Mu Yichen's brows were slightly furrowed, his voice low.

"Your wife is in this condition, are you truly certain? Don't you want to ask for her opinion?"

The elderly Mu pondered before asking.

"My opinion is her opinion! On that day, she just needs to show up, she's not the type to shy away from work anyway."

Mu Yichen had thought it through; he knew that Qin Mu would be tired on that day, but he also knew she wasn't the kind of person to be knocked down by a bit of fatigue.

"She might be up for work now, but when it comes to eight or nine months, do you still expect her to work? By then, her belly will be sticking straight out, and the baby could be ready to be born at any moment,"

Feng Fanghua recalled her own pregnancy and reminded him.

Mu Yichen looked up at her, his expression growing silent.

The baby's growth seemed to have accelerated once Qin Mu was six months along.

Lately, the little one had been increasingly active inside his wife's belly. Although he was already a father of one child, during Huanhuan's time, he wasn't by Qin Mu's side. He might have occasionally seen expectant mothers on the street, but he had never lived with a pregnant woman so closely and felt the changes as he did now.

Thus, he really didn't know how big Qin Mu's belly could get before giving birth to their son!

Therefore, he also felt quite a lot of pressure lately.

But when it came to his own nerves and stress, he could not express them in words.

If the wedding preparations were already in progress, then he might as well let fate decide. If she was able to attend, then they would go ahead with it, if not, they would postpone.

"You'd better still ask Mumu for her opinion!"

Mu Zihao thought for a moment then added.

"I'm afraid she won't have an opinion! When has she ever voiced her opinion on domestic matters?"

Feng Fanghua felt her husband was troubling their son, so she spoke up on behalf of him.

Mu Yichen laughed without meaning to; in these increasingly cold days, he suddenly felt very content.

"Grandfather has a few old comrades who will definitely want to come. Since you don't plan on changing the date, send the invitations early so they can prepare."

The elderly Mu considered before saying.

"All right! I'll have someone draw up the list tomorrow, and I'll send someone to deliver them personally."

The elderly Mu always treated his old comrades even closer than brothers, whether they were across oceans or not. Therefore, the Mu family would send someone specially to deliver the invitations.

Mu Yichen stepped outside to smoke a cigarette before returning to the room. In the dark room, he sat for a long time next to her, gently holding her

Chapter 697: Pampering (4) What's there to accompany her?\_1

The night was deep and silent.

In the quiet room, there were effectively three people lying on a single bed.

Qin Mu frowned even in her sleep, as if she wasn't sleeping deeply.

Mu Yichen lifted his hand to touch her face and unintentionally cast his eyes downward, landing upon Qin Mu's belly.

It was that little guy bullying his wife again!

Mu Yichen scowled, thinking to himself that he really wanted to pull that little guy out and kick him a couple of times to avenge his wife.

The feud between father and son seemed to be officially forged at that moment.

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When Qin Mu opened her eyes in the morning, she saw the man sitting on the edge of the bed buttoning up his shirt and said in a husky voice, "Help me call Xiaomei, I won't be going over today."

"Mm!"

Mu Yichen finished fastening the last two buttons, then went to find her phone to call Xiaomei.

Qin Mu lay on her side in bed, sleeping, unable even to lie on her stomach.

During the latter half of the night, she had a nightmare, dreaming that Mu Yichen had left her, and thus she hadn't slept well afterward.

After Mu Yichen went to work, Feng Fanghua saw that Qin Mu still hadn't gotten up and went to their bedroom, where she saw the sleeping girl looking pale. She couldn't help but feel worried as she sat beside her and lifted her hand to touch her forehead.

"Mumu?"

"Mom! Mom! Mom! Don't leave me, don't leave me, mom..."

Qin Mu muttered under her breath, her voice quite muffled.

But in that moment, Feng Fanghua's hand trembled on her forehead, and she just stared straight at the girl lying beside her.

Almost twenty years, and she still dreams of her mother constantly?

Feng Fanghua sighed helplessly, stroked Qin Mu's forehead firmly, the corners of her eyes wrinkled with silent tears.

Normally, Qin Mu would never see this sentimental side of her, but at that moment, she simply couldn't contain herself.

Feng Fanghua recalled when she was pregnant, her own parents still alive, and she acted spoiled before her mother every day, always asking for this or that, or intentionally bossing her mother around.

Yet looking at the girl before her, she sadly had lost her mother early, unable to enjoy the care her own mother gave her during her pregnancy, and she hadn't felt her mother's love since she was eight.

Feng Fanghua used to think that everyone experiences pain, and she had never wanted to pity Qin Mu.

But today, she couldn't help feeling distressed, and raised her eyes to wipe the tears from the corner of her eyes.

Qin Mu opened her eyes to see Feng Fanghua with her back to her, raising her hand as if wiping away tears.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

Qin Mu asked in a hoarse voice.

"Ah, nothing! I'm fine!"

Feng Fanghua, startled by her voice, stood up while wiping her tears, "If you're not feeling well, sleep a bit more; I'll have the maid bring your breakfast up in a little while."

Feng Fanghua didn't look back at her again and left after speaking.

After Feng Fanghua went downstairs, Mu Zihao happened to come out of the study and quickly approached her upon seeing her moist eyes: "What's this about?"

"That girl is dreaming about her birth mom!"

Feng Fanghua suddenly felt distressed and became tearful again just seconds after saying those words.

It seemed she couldn't help but cry because she was by Mu Zihao's side.

"What's all this? When did you become so emotional, hm?"

Mu Zihao was pained and unsure how to comfort her.

"How can you be so silly? It's been so many years! Did that woman think of her daughter when she went to crash into those people? But this foolish girl has lived in that shadow for so many years!"

Feng Fanghua murmured; in her eyes, Qin Mu's mother was good but also truly selfish.

Not only was she young, she had a seven-year-old daughter.

Yet she left so recklessly, just like that.

"Sigh! Stop thinking about it, it's been so long!"

Mu Zihao hugged her and soothed her gently.

"It's been a long time, indeed, but has that girl let go? Such behavior always makes me feel like I've wronged her, yet she's never asked me for anything. How do I give to her?"



Feng Fanghua spoke more and more distressfully and eventually felt aggrieved.

Qin Mu stood at the top of the stairs, listening; she dared not descend, fearing that confronting them then would only lead to awkwardness.

She returned to her room but couldn't help but take a deep breath.

She didn't know why, but every important day, she would dream about her mother.

Feng Fanghua said her mother was selfish, and she too had resented her, but she had been even harsher, directing all her resentment toward Qin Haiming.

Later, the maid prepared her breakfast and sent it up; she only managed a few bites before lying back down to rest.

Chapter 698: Pampering (4) What's there to accompany her?\_2

Suddenly, she realized that this pregnancy didn't seem as strong as the first one.

Was it because she had family around, so she became more sentimental?

In the afternoon, Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua took Huanhuan out, and she stayed in the living room to play chess with Grandpa, who said he was holding her to ensure she had no chance of turning the game around.

"How about I introduce you to a friend?"

The old master asked her after taking one of her pieces.

"What kind of friend? A boyfriend or a girlfriend?"

"Aren't you afraid Yichen will fall into a vat of jealousy? And you still dare mention a boyfriend?"

The old master seemed to be joking, but he was also speaking sincerely.

"Even if he gets jealous, he knows in his heart that there won't be anyone else for me."

When it came to this matter, Qin Mu was actually quite confident.

"Hmph! You sure have confidence in that boy."

"In a few days, a comrade's granddaughter is coming back from overseas for some work. They've sold their house here, so I've asked her to stay with us for a few days."

The old master instructed.

"Oh! Okay!"

Qin Mu nodded after hearing this, but then she turned to look at the old master: "Grandpa! Are you introducing a friend to me? You're not trying to make a move on Mu Yichen again, are you?"

Qin Mu originally wanted to hold back from asking, but what if a beauty capable of overthrowing states came along and swooned her husband?

"Of course not! She's already got a fiancé!"

Grandpa said.

"Oh!"

Qin Mu sighed with relief.

Two days later, the comrade's granddaughter arrived at their home.

It was a Saturday afternoon; it was slushy snow outside. The girl entered wearing a caramel-colored coat.

Mu Yichen personally went to pick her up, and the two of them were chatting as they walked into the house.

At that moment, Qin Mu began to feel uneasy.

After the girl greeted everyone and gave out gifts, she then said, "Actually, I was planning to stay at a hotel, but I heard Grandpa insisted! I promise I won't be a disturbance for too long."

"What are you talking about? We're family. What's all this talk about being a disturbance?"

Old master said cheerfully, also complimenting the girl for looking like grandfather.

"If she looked like Grandpa, wouldn't she be rather plain?"

Mu Yichen, sitting next to Qin Mu with his legs crossed, arm resting behind her, chimed in.

"Yes, Grandpa! Everyone says I actually look more like my mother!"

The girl followed up on Mu Yichen's comment.

"Oh, am I mistaken?"

The old master was still very happy, as his old comrade had sent a memento from their days working together.

"Hello! Let's get properly acquainted. My name is Zhuo Wen, and whenever I'm back in the country, I always come to visit. It's just that back then, Mu Yichen hadn't won you over yet."

Zhuo Wen extended her hand, politely and lively chatting with her.

"Qin Mu!"

Qin Mu extended her hand too, but only lightly clasped hers.

"You're really beautiful! No wonder Mu Yichen was reluctant to return to the country for so many years."

Zhuo Wen said, throwing a glance at Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu suddenly realized, they seemed quite familiar?

Observing the expressions on everyone's faces more carefully, they indeed appeared to know each other well.

Mu Yichen's deep eyes were already looking at his wife, his hand gently pressing down a strand of hair that was sticking up on her head.

"Oh! You two are really lovey-dovey!"

Zhuo Wen sounded like an older sister.

She was the same age as Mu Yichen, but she had studied in Australia.

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile awkwardly, taking his hand from her head and placing it back on his leg.

Mu Yichen's gaze remained fixed on Qin Mu's face, and the smile finally began to fade.

"Xiaowen is now a well-known designer in Australia."

Feng Fanghua introduced to Qin Mu.

"Really?" Qin Mu asked with a smile.

"Yes, if there are any good projects in the future, be sure to refer them to me."

Usually more grounded, Qin Mu's inner child wondered, "I'm not going to invite you to Rongcheng to bother me."

Strangely, or perhaps it was a woman's sixth sense?

Qin Mu always felt that this Zhuo Wen wouldn't become her friend, even though Zhuo Wen was so generous and beautiful, and had given her a valuable gift.

Later, Qin Mu felt her cheeks aching from smiling, so she used fatigue as an excuse to go upstairs.

Hmm!

A bit inhospitable!

A bit improper!

But why should she pretend in front of someone else for so long?

Since they were going to be living together for a while, it might be better to let the other person get used to her true temperament sooner.

Qin Mu wasn't vain, but she wasn't self-deprecating either. She felt that a few hours were enough to tell whether someone was a friend or a foe.

After she went upstairs and caught her breath, Mu Yichen followed."

Chapter 699: Pampering (4) What's there to accompany her?\_3

Turning around, he saw him closing the door and coming over, so he asked, "Why aren't you staying with Miss Zhuo?"

"What's there to accompany her for?"

Mu Yichen said, then walked past her to the bed and lay down directly on it.

Qin Mu felt that Director Mu was in quite a good mood today.

"Honestly, Mu Yichen, you're happy that Zhuo Wen is at the house, aren't you?"

She had never seen him smile like that at any other woman.

Mu Yichen propped himself up on the bed with his arms, lifted his upper body to look at her, "They say pregnant women are particularly prone to fanciful thoughts, and I believe it!"

Qin Mu...

He lay down again, "Come and lie down!"

"I can't lie down as easily as you can, I'd better sit!"

After saying this, Qin Mu walked over to the couch and sat down, then lowered her head to fiddle with her fingers.

Honestly, she really didn't like this guest at the house.

But everyone seemed so happy.

Mu Yichen sat up again, and when he saw she was genuinely upset, he stood up, went over, sat beside her, wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and asked her seriously in a low voice, "Don't you like her being at home?"

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu responded.

"Then I'll ask her to leave!"

Mu Yichen said.

Qin Mu turned to look at him upon hearing his straightforward statement.

Mu Yichen didn't move but kept looking at her.

The air suddenly became awkward.

Qin Mu knew he would not do such a thing, but he indeed let her down.

"How about we move back to the apartment in a couple of days?" he pondered, realizing she truly disliked the situation and thus made a decision.

"Hmm!"

She responded blandly again, but unintentionally chuckled, then looked out the window, "What's with the weather today? Did you feel the ground was dirty on your way back? Rain mixed with snow?"

She supported her waist with her hands, carrying her large belly and slowly walked towards the window.

Mu Yichen still sat there, one hand resting on the back of the couch, his sexy fingers tapping lightly a couple of times before immediately turning his head to look at Qin Mu's figure.

She had always been very sensitive.

In the few years since she came back, he had been working hard to prevent her from feeling uncomfortable.

So...

He absolutely couldn't let his efforts go to waste.

That's why he didn't talk to Zhuo Wen during dinner like he did in the afternoon.

Zhuo Wen, being perceptive, naturally noticed the change and refrained from speaking much.

The old master didn't think too much of it but Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao sensed something subtly off.

"I hear your master is JY! That master is as elusive as a dragon, it's impressive that you could become his apprentice,"



Zhuo Wen began speaking to Qin Mu.

"Hmm! Actually, I'm not that impressive, it's more that Director Mu is impressive."

Qin Mu spoke, then turned to look at Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen just smiled faintly: Do you really think Jian Yan can be bribed with money? I am just part of your additional conditions.

"Additional, but the only one."

Mu Yichen looked at Qin Mu, Qin Mu also looked at him, and then turned to Zhuo Wen.

"Oh my! That's just too sweet! Too bad my fiancé isn't here, otherwise, I'd make you two taste the flavor of being tormented,"

Zhuo Wen couldn't help but laugh while saying this to them.

"Xiaowen, when did you get engaged?"

"Not engaged yet, Auntie!"

Zhuo Wen answered Feng Fanghua's question.

"Oh? But you already have a fiancé, don't you?"

Feng Fanghua asked curiously, suddenly feeling a little worried.

"We plan to get engaged once I return, and by the way, I'm already wearing my engagement ring!"

Zhuo Wen said, lifting her hand to show off her diamond ring.

Feng Fanghua then seemed relieved.

"Even though mutual affection between two people is more important than anything else, without marriage, how can you form a family? Isn't that like saying it could end at any moment? You must get married."

The old master, as part of the older generation, also seemed somewhat traditional in his thinking.

"Yes! You're right! My grandfather said the same, so we're planning to get engaged by the end of the year, and maybe we'll get married before May Day after the new year!"

Zhuo Wen agreed, not contradicting the elder at all.

Her arrival had suddenly made the house lively.

Huanhuan, eating her meal, glanced at the pretty aunt, feeling like she seemed radiant when she smiled.

So she deliberately knocked over her little bowl.

Chapter 700: Pampering (4) What's there to accompany her?\_4

Everyone's gaze finally shifted to her.

Qin Mu turned to the little girl by her side who had spilled her bowl and immediately picked up a napkin, worried, "Did it burn you?"

"Ouch, my darling, did you get burned anywhere?"

Feng Fanghua, who sat on the other side of Huanhuan, also asked with concern.

The elders were all very anxious about her; Huanhuan shook her head, then made a face at Qin Mu and continued to pretend to be pitiable.

Qin Mu, with her sharp eyes, saw her daughter's expression and was at a loss for words.

But inwardly, she couldn't help but give the little rascal some silent praise.

Zhuo Wen was obviously too eye-catching, able to chat well with anyone, which made Huanhuan quite impatient.

"Sister Zhang, quick, take the young miss to change her clothes."

"I'll go!"

After Feng Fanghua finished speaking, Qin Mu stood up and extended her hand toward her little daughter.

Huanhuan looked at her, feeling a bit nervous, but still handed her hand over.

"I should go too!"

Mu Yichen also got ready to stand up.

"There are guests here! I'll go, it's not a big deal!"

Qin Mu whispered to him and then took Huanhuan upstairs.

The dining room suddenly wasn't as noisy as before, quieting down.

But as soon as the door to Princess Huanhuan's room upstairs closed...

"Tell me! Was it intentional just now?"

Qin Mu stepped back slightly because standing too close would block her daughter's line of sight with her belly.

She questioned Huanhuan sternly.

"Yeah! I dislike that aunt!"

Huanhuan nodded, thought about it, and still decided to tell her mother, feeling that her mother probably also didn't like that aunt.

"Fortunately, the rice just now wasn't hot; what if it had burned you? If your delicate skin got hurt, Mommy would be heartbroken."

Qin Mu finally squatted down and caressed her little nose as she spoke.

"Mommy, why does that aunt have to be at our house?"

Huanhuan grumbled.

"Because she's a guest of our family! She's the granddaughter of your great grandfather's friend, and they have a very good relationship."

"But, she could stay at a hotel!"

Huanhuan blinked her big eyes.

"There are many things you're too young to understand, but you're not allowed to do such things again, understand? It's absolutely not okay to hurt yourself because you're angry at someone else, okay?"

Qin Mu pressed her shoulders and earnestly advised her.

"Oh!"

Huanhuan agreed, thought for a moment, and realized her leg was actually burned a little just now. She decided it would be better to listen to her mother from now on.

Huanhuan said she was already full, so Qin Mu didn't accompany her downstairs, but directly prepared a bath for her and changed her into pajamas for bed.

When Mu Yichen came over, mother and daughter were at the end of a storybook.

Huanhuan sat inside, her black hair draped over, listening intently as her mother read to her.

After finishing the last few sentences, Qin Mu looked up, and Mu Yichen was already standing not far away.

"Why have you come up too? You're not going to ask me to go downstairs and entertain the guests, are you?"

"Zhuo Wen has already gone back to her room," Mu Yichen reminded.

Qin Mu hadn't expected Zhuo Wen to return to her room so soon and thought she'd have to chat until midnight.

"Oh!"

Qin Mu then wondered if she was being too petty.

What if the girl was actually nice?

Yet no matter what, she couldn't quell the irritation deep inside her heart.

The couple lay in bed, and after a while, Qin Mu felt insecure for the first time in a long time.

"When did you meet Zhuo Wen?"

"After coming back from Paris! She did a project here once and came to visit Grandfather." Mu Yichen recalled the first time he met Zhuo Wen as he lay with one hand behind his head and the other around Qin Mu's shoulder.

"Oh!"

Qin Mu, hearing his calm explanation, suddenly felt like she had nothing much to say.

She thought to herself that she must be too petty and too sensitive!

Yes! The problem was with her!

Could it be that pregnancy was making her this unreasonable?

Qin Mu felt troubled, with an added sense of frustration, especially when she struggled to turn over in bed.

Suddenly having another woman in the house, one as beautiful as a fairy and such a good conversationalist, who seemed to say things that the elders all liked, unlike herself, as inexpressive as a rock.

Qin Mu felt she was going mad, lying awake in the middle of the night. She eventually sat up.

It wasn't until nearly two o'clock that she managed to lie down, with her half-finished drawing and a pen still on the floor.

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In the morning, the Mu Family home bustled with activity again.

Just after six o'clock, Zhuo Wen was already up, practicing yoga outside the window.

The old master watched from inside the window and let out a chuckle, "Youth really is wonderful!"

"But Dad, having Zhuo Wen stay at our house, are you trying to incite a civil war on purpose?" Mu Zihao had stood behind him for a while and, after thinking all night, couldn't help but raise the concern.

"What are you talking about?"

The old master turned his head, looking puzzled at his son.

"Your grandson, your granddaughter-in-law, their relationship has just stabilized not long ago, and suddenly having Zhuo Wen stay over at our house, and with her way with words, do you think your granddaughter-in-law would be happy?" Mu Zihao explained.

"Don't paint my granddaughter-in-law as so unreasonable. Mumu is a sensible child!"

The old master huffed, speaking as if defending, and returned his gaze to the window!