

His Beloved 721

Chapter 721: Wedding (1) Sword and Blade_3

Don't leave the house even when we argue, then...

Suddenly, a certain night flashed through her mind when they had agreed after an argument that no matter what, they would never turn their backs on each other.

Suddenly, she remembered, after he quietly returned to their room last night.

He didn't sleep on his son's side but went to sleep behind her instead.

She was already sleeping on the edge, so, just barely, there was a little space enough for him to lie on his side.

He still held her in his arms.

Why didn't he tell her about Zhuo Wen's matter?

Was he afraid she'd get angry?

But did he ever consider that not telling her would make her even angrier?

Latter she called Feng Fanghua, and after finding out where they were, she went to look for them.

They were in the pharmaceutical factory's office, and when Qin Mu drove there, the employees of the factory were a bit stunned.

Because they saw Mu Yichen's car, but the person who got out was someone else.

An employee came out and nodded at her, Qin Mu nodded back, "Hello! Could you tell me where the boss's office is?"

"Who are you?"

The employee asked her, puzzled.

"Oh, I'm Qin Mu, the Mu Family's daughter-in-law!"

Qin Mu suddenly thought that nobody knew Qin Mu, but they should know the Mu Family's daughter-in-law.

"Oh, hello! I'm the factory manager, Gao Zengya. The boss and his wife are up there in that building, on the top floor," he said.

Qin Mu was also surprised; the factory manager was still wearing his work clothes.

"Thank you!"

She nodded in thanks to the man and then left.

The factory manager was about to leave but couldn't help shaking his head, feeling somewhat unreal.

Qin Mu went to the office building and discovered that there were actually such nice rooms here.

She knocked on the door, and Feng Fanghua opened it, startled to see her: "You came quite quickly, please come in!"

"Yes! Dad!"

Qin Mu walked in with her, greeting Mu Zihao first before taking in her surroundings.

She noticed the room was filled with old furniture but somehow felt very cozy.

"Mommy!"

Huanhuan, who was playing with toys, happily dashed over when she saw her.

"Good girl!"

Qin Mu instinctively wrapped her arms around her, then picked her up.

"Has Chengcheng had his formula yet?" Qin Mu asked.

"Not yet! I was about to feed him when you said you were coming over, so I didn't," Feng Fanghua explained.

"Then you two talk for a bit, I'll go take a look at the workshop," Mu Zihao said as he stood up from the sofa, not forgetting to wipe his grandson's mouth.

"Okay!"

After Mu Zihao left, Qin Mu put down Huanhuan to feed her son, and Huanhuan stuck out her tongue at the side: Brother is shy.

Qin Mu glanced at her and scolded: Do you think you weren't like this when you were little?

Huanhuan made a face and went back to her toys.

Feng Fanghua sat down on the sofa next to Qin Mu.

The sofas here were all of the old kind, huge and made from dark blue soft leather, with a layer of warm material spread on top.

After sitting down, Feng Fanghua looked at Qin Mu and asked in a low voice, "Why the cold war recently?"

Qin Mu was startled, then chuckled: "I thought you'd gotten used to us being like this."

"Used to it or not, there's always a reason, right? Zhuo Wen has already left, our family should be harmonious, shouldn't we? Does he have another woman by his side? Or did he do something to make you angry? Is it because of Chengcheng?"

Feng Fanghua guessed, considering that after Chengcheng was born, Mu Yichen seemed somewhat repulsed on the surface.

"No, that's not it!"

Qin Mu held back her tears, suddenly at a loss for how to explain to an elder.

"There must be a reason. A cold war can't happen without cause, right?"

"Mom! It's really nothing!"

Qin Mu found it a bit difficult to be questioned this way.

Feng Fanghua looked at her earnestly, becoming more anxious the more she watched, because Qin Mu just wouldn't give a clear answer.

"Why can't you talk to me about it? I can scold him on your behalf if you tell me. Haven't I said before, to treat me like your own mother from now on? That means you should consider yourself as my own daughter, not Qingxin, not Mu Yichen's wife, but my daughter."

Qin Mu's heart surged with emotion, but she could only lower her eyes and say softly, "Zhuo Wen didn't leave."

"What?"

Feng Fanghua thought for a long time but hadn't anticipated this twist.

"Zhuo Wen is still in the city, staying at AM," Qin Mu said softly.

Feng Fanghua...

Even though Qin Mu's voice was soft, her ears weren't failing; Zhuo Wen had told them she was going back to Australia, yet...

She hadn't left.

"Then! What is she doing in Rongcheng? Have you seen her?" Feng Fanghua asked.

"Sort of. But I never officially greeted her. Her fiancé came too!"

Feng Fanghua's eyes moved, confused.

"What's going on here?"

Feng Fanghua blinked, her mind racing.

Chapter 722: Wedding (1) Sword and Blade_4

"I think this matter, you and Dad and Grandpa don't need to worry about, especially since Grandpa and Zhuo Wen's elders have a good relationship. Let's not let Grandpa know and be sad. Also, there have been so many conflicts between us two, this should be easy to get through."

"You're not suggesting Yichen is meeting Zhuo Wen, are you?" Feng Fanghua listened for a while and could only think of this possibility.

"I don't know about that."

Qin Mu finished speaking and lowered her head again.

She indeed didn't know about this.

Feng Fanghua frowned; she was genuinely confused.

"Actually, Zhuo Wen and Yichen... the two of them are like siblings, Zhuo Wen is two months older than Yichen. Mumu, are we overthinking this?"

Qin Mu hung her head and nodded: Mmm! Maybe I am overthinking it.

Feng Fanghua knew Qin Mu didn't believe her, but she herself couldn't be certain either.

To say Zhuo Wen is interested in Mu Yichen, she has never seen that child express it.

To say Zhuo Wen has no interest in Mu Yichen, yet she feels that the child's gaze towards Mu Yichen is somewhat different.

Feng Fanghua felt it was necessary to have a talk with her son, but feared her son might not feel the care from other women at all.

After all, that boy had his mind on this girl before his eyes ever since he was a child, he had long forgotten some girls he played with when he was a kid. So, how would he know if other girls liked him?

Feng Fanghua sighed helplessly.

"In the future, if you and Dad don't particularly want to come out, don't feel obligated to give us space. Being together as a family, it actually feels better."

Qin Mu said to Mu Chengyang after feeding him.

"Your Dad and I, it's not just for the two of you. We, you know, have feelings for this place."

Feng Fanghua said, and looked away; every table and chair here held memories of their youth.

Qin Mu could actually see it, this was where they had worked hard before.

The office building has probably changed long ago, but the furniture here remained the same from the past.

"Back when the two of us returned to the country and first started out here, your Dad actually had a lot of girls around him. Once I even saw a girl wiping sweat off him, and he naively thanked her."

Qin Mu...

"But later I directly fired that girl."

Feng Fanghua said it as a matter of fact.

"Didn't Dad ask why?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"He didn't wait to ask; the girl went crying to find him. But after learning the truth, he had no choice but to let the girl go. Even said he couldn't give her the life she wanted. I'm just amazed by him; thinking about it now, I find it so funny, such a big man, why be so considerate?"

When Feng Fanghua talked about the past, she felt a tinge of jealousy.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh: "Dad is also very considerate towards you now."

"Does he have the nerve not to be good to me? I devoted my youth to him alone, helped him establish his business, bore and raised his children, accompanied him in caring for the elderly and all that comes with it."

Feng Fanghua spoke quickly, but Qin Mu felt as if she was listening to someone's lifetime.

"Yichen takes after me; he's not a child who goes around flirting. Mumu, I think you can be at ease about this, I dare guarantee it to you."

"Mmm!"

Qin Mu acknowledged, now feeling much more relieved.

"If you don't look at him nicely, starting from today, I won't bother with him either. We mother and daughter will deal with him together."

Qin Mu laughed: "Please don't be hard on him."

"No, that won't do; who made him upset you."

Feng Fanghua clasped her hands together, very serious.

—

In the afternoon, Mu Yichen still sent Qin Mu a message: "What time are you coming home?"

Qin Mu, who was at Helian Hao's apartment eating, replied after seeing his message: In the evening.

Mu Yichen had nothing else to say and simply called Qiao Yi and the others; by a little past four, several men gathered in the lounge, drinking.

In the hazy private room, apart from Jing Feng, everyone had a cigarette in hand.

But no one else urged Mu Yichen to look more cheerful.

So, Jiang Zhiyuan suggested, "How about we get a couple of princesses to sing and spice things up?"

"Get your own room."

Jing Feng glanced up, simply reminding him dryly.

Jiang Zhiyuan found this dull: "What's the fun in us guys just sitting around here?"

Nothing but smoking and drinking.

Their collective social life was becoming less and less enjoyable.

"Your wedding dates are almost set; how can you be not happy?"

Jing Feng turned his gaze to Mu Yichen as he asked, ignoring Jiang Zhiyuan's topic.

Chapter 723: Wedding (1) Sword and Blade_5

However, as he changed the subject, suddenly everyone looked toward Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen took a drag of his cigarette, "Do I?"

The crowd...

Qiao Yi leaned forward slightly, with a hint of skepticism, he asked, "Could it be because of Zhuo Wen?"

The moment he brought up this woman, the surroundings suddenly fell silent.

"She might know that Zhuo Wen is still in Rongcheng."

Mu Yichen took another drag of his cigarette, forced to admit the fact as he exhaled a ring of silver smoke vigorously.

"Might? She's known for a long time!"

After hearing this, Jing Feng frowned and spoke up.

The crowd...

Mu Yichen's gaze shifted toward him, puzzled and tinged with indifference.

"You didn't know? Right after Zhuo Wen moved out of your house, she knew that Zhuo Wen had moved into a hotel."

Jing Feng said while playing with a bottle of alcohol.

Of all the people in the VIP room, Jing Feng was the calmest.

The rest were going crazy.

But who could they blame?

Lately, they hadn't included Jing Feng in their outings.

So, the person who ended up knowing about Zhuo Wen was Mu Yichen.

Upon learning the truth, Mu Yichen couldn't help but let out a sneer, then suddenly asked, "So how did she find out that Zhuo Wen was in Rongcheng?"

"It was Qin Mu who asked Xiaohao to please ask me."

"So why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Mu Yichen then got up and lunged to grab the collar of the man who was calmly seated on the sofa.

The two tall men were about to come to blows.

"Hey, hey, hey, we're all brothers here!"

"Don't be rash, for heaven's sake, don't be rash."

The others hurriedly stepped forward to stop the fight.

"Is there still a rift between you and Qin Mu? Weren't you guys open about everything?"

After pushing away his hand, Jing Feng asked with furrowed brows.

Open about everything?

Sometimes that was true!

Mu Yichen then dejectedly sat back down, almost gasping for breath as he leaned back on the couch.

Ever since Zhuo Wen had come to their home, and after the first night, Qin Mu hadn't communicated with him much.

Did she not trust him?

Or did she not want to bother him?

And she went to Jing Feng for help instead.

"She didn't come to me to check if Zhuo Wen was in Rongcheng, she came to me to inquire about Zhuo Wen's working situation here. It turned out that Zhuo Wen had completed her work a month before that, and as for Zhuo Wen staying in the hotel, Xiaohao happened to run into her during a dinner at the hospital."

Jiang Zhiyuan...

He thought to himself, you two really know how to pour salt into each other's wounds, aren't you just speeding up this couple's separation?

Mu Yichen was also shocked, his gaze had changed.

"So, you actually didn't know anything all along?"

Jing Feng looked at him with a pitying expression.

Qiao Yi and the others were also stunned. The last time a group of young people had gathered to give Mu Yichen's son a present and had dinner together, Zhuo Wen had been there, but at this moment, Mu Yichen's expression seemed like he knew nothing at all.

Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai exchanged glances, both dumbfounded.

What exactly had happened?

Mu Yichen went home that evening in a bad mood. Everyone was dining at the time, and after he returned, he went straight upstairs.

Feng Fanghua had wanted to have a chat with him, but then heard from the maid that he had gone upstairs looking quite unhappy.

"He's just being difficult, let's eat!"

Mu Zihao muttered under his breath, obviously mainly addressing Qin Mu.

Where could Qin Mu still have the appetite, "I'll go up and check."

In reality, she didn't go to check but used it as an excuse to leave.

He went to his room and lay down on the bed, and Qin Mu saw him from the crack in the door.

Then she quietly went to the study; the skirt she was drawing last time wasn't finished, so now that there was a little bit of time, she intended to complete it.

Mu Yichen later felt a headache coming on. Hearing the door sound, he said, "Do you have something to say to me?"

There was no response at all.

He raised his hand to his forehead, eyes closed in agitation, brows tightly furrowed: "Got nothing to say? Prefer to talk to someone else?"

Huanhuan stood in the center of their room, listening to her dad say things she didn't understand, unconsciously twisting her little hands together: "Daddy!"

Mu Yichen immediately clambered out of bed.

This is going to be the death of me.

He saw his daughter there, blinking at him, so pure, so unexpected.

Haha!

He had thought it was that woman, Qin Mu.

He sighed involuntarily, then got out of bed.

"How did you get here?"

"Grandma sent me to see if you and Mommy were fighting."

In fact, Feng Fanghua didn't say exactly that, but she conveyed the gist of it perfectly.

Mu Yichen...

"Isn't your mother eating?"

Mu Yichen walked over, scooped her up, and headed downstairs.

Huanhuan shook her head: "Mommy isn't eating."

Mu Yichen, holding Huanhuan, was about to go downstairs when he heard the study door open from the inside.

Mu Yichen turned to look at her: "What does that mean?"

Qin Mu didn't speak, just glanced at Huanhuan, then smiled and said, "Back to the room."

After speaking, Qin Mu quietly returned to her room. Father and son turned their heads to follow her, but only exchanged a look before heading back.

After entering the room, Qin Mu breathed a sigh of relief, closed the door, then looked down at the little girl Mu Yichen had placed on the ground.

"Do you want me to leave?"

Huanhuan, with her big eyes, sensibly asked her mother.

Qin Mu nodded, hands on her hips.

"Got it! I won't tell Grandma that you were not in the room just now."

"No need for thanks for such a huge favor!"

Qin Mu, left with no choice, spoke to her nicely.

After Huanhuan left, Mu Yichen stood to the side, looking at Qin Mu: "So just now..."

"I told Mom to come find you, but then I suddenly remembered I was working on a dress design for a client, so I went to the study to draw for a few minutes."

"So now, just looking at me annoys you?"

Mu Yichen scoffed, his eyes lowered as he asked her.

"We'd better not fight!"

Qin Mu said to him earnestly.

"But isn't that exactly the attitude of picking a fight?"

Mu Yichen sized her up from top to bottom, noticing she was still wearing the clothes from that morning, though she had removed her black coat, but...

Damn it, she's been recovering her figure really well these days.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but look away; if he couldn't have her for the time being, then he shouldn't even look.

Mu Yichen walked towards the inside, pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, uncontrollably putting it in his mouth, holding a lighter to light it.

"We have a no-smoking rule in our room."

Qin Mu immediately stepped forward, plucked the cigarette from his mouth, strode to the trash can beside the sofa, and threw it away.

Mu Yichen turned to look at her domineering manner and felt annoyed once again.

"Why? We've already had kids!"

"Chengcheng is sleeping with us tonight. Do you want him to breathe second-hand smoke? Unfortunately, he's too small. So while he can't fight back, his mother will fight back for him," Qin Mu declared, her hands on her hips, standing firm not far from him, forcefully yet adorably.

Mu Yichen, looking at her like that, just wanted to throw her onto the bed and have his way with her hundreds of times to soothe the hatred in his heart.

"I've noticed you've been getting a short temper lately!"

Mu Yichen observed sharply.

"Really? Could it be that you've just become fed up with me?" Qin Mu pondered for a moment before countering.

Neither of them would back down, just staring at each other, as if their eyes were full of clashing swords and flashing knives.

"I have some serious issues I want to discuss with you."

Mu Yichen suddenly lowered his head, and when he looked up at her again, his eyes were as fierce and alert as a cheetah's.

"Discuss what?"

Qin Mu involuntarily took a step back.

Mu Yichen had already begun to unbutton his shirt, approaching her step by step.

Chapter 724: Wedding (2)_1

"Talk about what?"

Mu Yichen's coercive gaze swept over her, his hands moving to unbuckle his belt.

"Hey! Don't mess around! I can't do it now."

Qin Mu suddenly became a bit stuttering, his movements all too familiar.

"Can't do it? Is it the top part or the bottom part that can't?"

Mu Yichen said, grabbing her collar with one hand. Qin Mu, reflexively led by the nose, was then pushed onto the bed.

"Ah! Mu Yichen!"

A sharp pain shot through Qin Mu, the urgent sensation of being forcefully brought down and yet almost bouncing back up.

But in the next second, Mu Yichen was on top of her, pressing against her, inciting his loss of control.

"Big temper, huh? Bring it on!"

Mu Yichen pinched her chin with one hand, rendering her speechless. How could she possibly get angry?

Her slender jade hands reflexively started slapping at his wrist, but it was like she was scratching an itch for him, utterly unable to inflict any pain.

Instantly, Mu Yichen bit down on half of her lip, pulling it lightly, and the pain nearly brought tears to her eyes.

"It hurts, stop!"

Qin Mu's brows knitted, her chin tilted up, feeling like he would be the death of her.

She was full of anger, but why was he the one throwing a tantrum in the end?

He hadn't uttered a single word about that Zhuo Wen matter and still had the nerve to torture her like this.

Qin Mu raised her hand to cup his face, lifting her head to capture his lips with her own, trying to lessen her own pain.

Mu Yichen hadn't expected her to finally react, involuntarily uttering a moan, but as soon as he let down his guard, she suddenly flipped them over.

Using all her strength, her face went pale as she looked down at the arrogant man beneath her, gently slapping his face: "Bullying me? Hm?"

"So what if I'm bullying you?"

Mu Yichen grabbed her hand, and once again flipped her under him.

Qin Mu felt like her waist would break under his grip, yet she saw him towering above her: "Come on! Tell your husband exactly where you're not resentful!"

"I have nothing to say to you."

Qin Mu actually wanted the words to come rushing out, but they got stuck in her throat in the end.

"Then let me ask you, did you have Jing Feng investigate Zhuo Wen or not?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu's heart skipped a beat, but the next moment she stubbornly admitted it.

"And the reason?"

Mu Yichen pressed on, biting hard on her lip once more.

"She seduced my husband."

Qin Mu answered, stubborn as a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old girl.

"She seduced your husband? Your husband is unaware, how come?"

"I think she did! And by the time you find out..."

The cold dishes would have turned warm.

Qin Mu turned her eyes away from him, her stubborn look gradually weakening.

"Look at me!"

Mu Yichen raised his hand to pinch her chin again, but this time, just as he gripped her chin, Qin Mu suddenly bowed her head, clasping his hands, and without a second thought, she bit down fiercely.

"Get off me! Do you think I could really say it out loud and not be angry?"

Qin Mu was irritable, and after leaving a scar between the web of his thumb and forefinger, causing him to almost gasp for air, she finally managed to push him off and sit beside him, looking at him sullenly with a cold stare.

He lay on the bed looking at the deep bite mark on his hand: "Qin Mu, bite me one more time."

Qin Mu, already fuming, immediately pounced on him like a little wolf dog, starting to mouth his shoulder.

Mu Yichen...

What's this called bringing trouble on oneself?

Why did he have to say that?

His face turned white with pain, but in the end, he went silent, just lying there letting her bite him.

Qin Mu gradually let go of him, then tried to get up.

But the center of her back was suddenly pressed down, and then she felt herself enveloped in an embrace, her face forced against his solid chest.

At that moment, she could still feel his fervent heartbeat, yet her own heart ached.

"Zhuo Wen is indeed still in Rongcheng, but I found out after you did. That day I went to host a dinner at AM, I ran into her and her fiancé. He insisted on contributing, so that's how it happened."

"So if there's nothing between you two, why didn't you tell me?"

Qin Mu asked him.

"What about you? You'd rather go to Jing Feng than to me, right?"

The room suddenly fell quiet, and she couldn't stay lying in his arms any longer.

Mu Yichen still held her gently, while Qin Mu just slid down from his embrace and slipped away.

Qin Mu walked to the door but suddenly turned back to look at the man still lying on the bed: "Perhaps it's because the trust between us isn't strong enough."

Chapter 725: Wedding (2)_2

Perhaps no one wants to admit it, but the fact remains.

At first, everything seemed perfect, as long as two people were in love.

But marriage, or perhaps not just being in love, involves a lot more. In marriage, they would face many things that required mutual trust.

Halfway there, she suddenly turned back, "Mu Yichen, you better go and eat, don't let the elders worry."

Mu Yichen lay on the bed and sighed helplessly. No one else should worry, yet they were both so unhappy.

After Mu Yichen went downstairs, everyone had already finished eating, and Qin Mu was sitting on the sofa, laughing and talking with the elders.

Mu Yichen stood at the top of the stairs, looking at the woman on the sofa with a pleasing smile, "Qin Mu, come here for a moment."

Call her by her full name?

It felt a bit like a big boss summoning a servant.

But he was quite serious.

So when he stood there waiting for her.

Feng Fanghua said softly, "Go ahead!"

"Mommy, be careful or daddy will spank you, oh!"

"Don't talk nonsense!"

Qin Mu was overwhelmed with embarrassment, while Huanhuan already had her little mouth covered, her eyes crinkling with laughter.

Qin Mu sighed helplessly. These were their own children, right?

But no matter what, they shouldn't let things at home become too tense, so she still went to him.

Together, they went to the dining room.

The maid hurriedly served the dinner prepared for Mu Yichen and also brought utensils for Qin Mu, "Madam didn't eat well just now, have some more with us."

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu thanked reflexively but had already lost her appetite.

So later, while he ate, her bowl sat untouched in front of her. She just rested one hand on the table, gently caressing it, and propped her chin with the other, watching him unblinkingly.

"Why aren't you eating?"

Mu Yichen asked her, also glancing at her.

"Not hungry."

Qin Mu muttered and continued to watch him.

For some reason, she felt he was too calm now.

Qin Mu slightly lowered her eyes and saw several deep bite marks on the webbing between thumb and forefinger where he held the spoon...

"Cough!"

Qin Mu reflexively looked down, feeling a discomfort in her throat.

"Something wrong?"

Mu Yichen's dark eyes scrutinized her, suspicious of her behavior.

"Nothing!"

Qin Mu grabbed the back of her neck and awkwardly turned her eyes away.

When Mu Yichen went to eat again and saw the bite marks on his hand left by her, he glanced at her again, "Seems I'm not the only dog here."

"Yeah! If you admit you are one."

The whole family is!

Qin Mu naturally didn't dare say those last four words, but she still cast a sharp glance at him, only to immediately lower her gaze upon meeting his eyes.

This meal was excruciating.

After dinner, Qin Mu saw Feng Fanghua pick up her son and immediately said, "Mom, give Chengcheng to me!"

"Let the little guy sleep with me tonight. Your father and I want to cuddle him," said Feng Fanghua to her.

Qin Mu...

"I also want to sleep with grandpa and grandma."

Huanhuan chimed in.

Qin Mu...

"Huanhuan, don't you like sleeping with mommy and daddy?"

"I don't want to."

Huanhuan looked disdainfully over her shoulder and then at her grandfather's lap.

Qin Mu turned around and saw Mu Yichen standing behind her, her heart involuntarily skipped a beat.

If they were to sleep together that night, they would surely argue.

"Huanhuan, if you sleep with mommy tonight, there's a reward, oh!"

"What's the reward?"

Huanhuan's face lit up at the mention of a reward, her excitement nearly making her jump.

"This reward will be whatever Huanhuan requests, and mommy will fulfill it, how about that?"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and then offered more leeway.

Huanhuan was immediately intrigued, but she glanced behind her mother again and timidly looked at the figure behind her, not daring to agree.

Qin Mu turned to look at Mu Yichen, who walked towards the upstairs without expression.

"You should go rest too, you've just finished your confinement. Stop moving around so much."

"Yes!"

Qin Mu agreed, then continued to signal Huanhuan with her eyes.

"Huanhuan, you'll sleep with us tonight."

Feng Fanghua added.

Qin Mu felt a surge of despair.

But the two of them had just had a fight, and it was too soon to be together again.

She subconsciously wanted to go to the study.

But Mu Yichen was already waiting for her at the top of the stairs.

As soon as she went upstairs, she saw him, "What are you doing here?"

"Greeting Madam Mu's grand arrival," Mu Yichen said, his dark eyes gazing at her intently, as if he wanted to devour her whole.

Chapter 726: Wedding (2)_3

Qin Mu subconsciously slipped his hands into the back pockets of his pants and then, touching his own behind, he walked away.

Uh-huh, there was always this feeling of being about to get kicked.

After returning to the room, he quietly closed the door behind him but didn't hurry forward, instead walking slowly.

Qin Mu reached the sofa to look at him, nearly blurting out, "I'll sleep on the sofa tonight."

Because he had remembered the promise they had made before, no matter how much they argued, they should never sleep back to back, let alone stay out all night, so...

Endure it!

Qin Mu sat on the sofa and happened to see his phone, so he picked it up and started fiddling with it.

Mu Yichen stood to the side watching: "Zhuo Wen is getting married!"

He said in a low voice.

Qin Mu's gaze faltered, and then he looked back at his phone screen.

"I didn't tell you because I was afraid you'd overthink it."

Mu Yichen added.

"I don't think there's any need for us to argue over an imaginary third person. She has a good relationship with her fiancé. I know that some past incidents have caused you to lack trust in others, but..."

"Do you think I'm mentally ill?"

Qin Mu looked up at him, his piercing gaze meeting his ink-like deep eyes.

Mu Yichen was suddenly at a loss for words, watching her burst of anger and the flickering of tears in her eyes.

"What do you think I'm afraid of?"

Qin Mu asked him, deeply hurt by his earlier words.

"Want to argue?"

Mu Yichen asked her in a low voice.

Qin Mu's eyebrows knitted together. These three words seemed light, but they were, in fact, heavy.

"I'm going to take a shower!"

Mu Yichen declared.

But as soon as he reached the bathroom, he heard the door of the room being forcefully closed. She had left.

The promise to never sleep in separate beds turned out to be worthless at times.

Mu Yichen gently closed the bathroom door, actually quite angry at Qin Mu's behavior.

But thinking about how difficult their journey together had been...

Qin Mu went to the study, only to find Grandpa there, reading a book with his reading glasses on. The old man also looked at her curiously.

"Grandpa! I'll be leaving soon!"

"No, Mumu, come here. My eyes aren't clear anymore; why don't you help me read for a while?"

Qin Mu, having no place to go, immediately nodded and went over.

Then, she began to read to the old man, who relaxed seeing the granddaughter-in-law's face no longer as sad as when she had entered.

Only after Qin Mu finished reading the Chapter did Grandpa ask her affectionately, "Did Yichen bully you again?"

Qin Mu gave a resigned smile: "No! Grandpa, don't worry about us."

"Silly girl!"

The old man still looked at her with doting eyes. Suddenly, Qin Mu couldn't help but throw herself into his arms, "Grandpa, could it really be that there's something wrong with me?"

"There's nothing wrong with my precious granddaughter-in-law. It's that boy Mu Yichen. Wait until tomorrow, and I'll teach him a lesson for you, okay?"

The grandpa gently patted her shoulder.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu agreed, feeling somewhat comforted in her heart.

The grandpa didn't know how his grandson could have upset his girl so much, it seemed like she had been holding it in for several days now.

But Qin Mu didn't cry for long. By the time she returned to the room, an hour had passed, and Mu Yichen was waiting for her at the door, his heart aching and anxious at the sight of her red-rimmed eyes, though he pretended not to notice.

Qin Mu hadn't expected him to be standing at the door in pajamas, casually scrolling through his phone while waiting for her?

After she entered, Qin Mu felt as if a knife were pressed against her back again.

"Did you go to complain to Grandpa?"

Mu Yichen asked her.

Qin Mu didn't say a word to him; she just grabbed her pajamas and headed for the bathroom.

Mu Yichen...

It was really because it wasn't the time, and if he forced her in any other way now, she would probably feel even more wronged and even more convinced that he was bullying her, which would kill the mood completely.

So Mu Yichen could only restrain himself.

Thankfully, no matter how much they fought, they were still in the same room.

After her shower, Qin Mu returned to bed but directly took the spot farthest from him, sticking to the edge of the bed, she covered herself with the blanket and lay sideways to sleep.

Mu Yichen just felt a good portion of his blanket fall off.

Yet, he could only let her pull it away.

No matter how much she ignored him, he couldn't really leave her behind.

All his life, he was the one who got left behind.

So Mu Yichen bowed his head again and continued to check his emails on the phone until a message came through: "We're going mountain climbing tomorrow, do you want to come along?"

Mu Yichen thought of Qin Mu and replied: "I'm not free."

Zhuo Wen guessed something, so even as he lay on his bed, he sent another message back: "Did your wife find out we're still in Rongcheng? Is she upset over nothing again?"

Chapter 727: Wedding (2)_4

Mu Yichen didn't look back; he didn't particularly like hearing that.

Things he didn't like to hear, he would usually pretend he hadn't heard.

"Zhuo Wen asked us to go hiking, shall we go?"

Mu Yichen asked deliberately to provoke her.

The two of them just lying there without talking and then going to sleep—he wasn't willing to let that happen.

After hearing that, Qin Mu ignored him even more, so angry that her stomach was about to explode.

The room grew lonely, filled with those oppressive particles in the air, feeling like an incident could happen any minute.

"Not speaking is as good as consent? I agreed?"

Qin Mu turned around, grabbed her pillow, and threw it at him: "Mu Yichen, you jerk."

"Hmm! That phrase has become your catchphrase."

Qin Mu felt so frustrated that she almost spat out a mouthful of old blood.

He caught the pillow she threw at him with ease, then placed it beside himself: "Do you still want it?"

"I don't want it anymore!"

Of course, Qin Mu wanted it, but since he asked like that, she could only respond in that way, then lay down again in her original spot, on her side.

She was suppressing a certain impulse within her heart; she used to be hot-headed and easily provoked by others, but now...

"You don't need that kind of pillow since you have me, your flesh and blood pillow."

Mu Yichen said and lightly kicked her buttocks with his foot.

Qin Mu was already on the edge of the bed, so...

Thump!

She fell off the bed.

Qin Mu was stunned, initially clueless about what had just happened, but then she couldn't help but start crying out of grievance: "Mu Yichen, if you want to break up, just say so."

She got up, looking at him with tearful eyes.

"I swear, if I had even the slightest thought of breaking up, may lightning strike me down."

He crawled over to her, very solemnly swearing as he lay beside the bed, showing her two fingers.

"How can there be thunder in the winter?"

Qin Mu asked him, her chin still creased with frowns.

"Good point! Are you hurt from the fall? Come on, get up."

Mu Yichen extended his hand and pulled her up. Just as he rolled over, pulling her to lie on top of him, Qin Mu was a little breathless but didn't want to cry anymore, so she stubbornly lay on his chest, pounding it with force for a while.

"Who told you to lie on the edge?"

Mu Yichen asked her softly as he held her, stroking her back.

"Mu Yichen, when did you start being so friendly with other women?"

Qin Mu asked him with her chin resting against his chest.

She really didn't know when he had started being so nice to other women, as if they were just friends.

"Do you really think your husband is Tangseng, appetizing to every demon wanting a piece of his flesh?"

Mu Yichen held her and asked, reaching to touch her buttocks: "Did your bottom get hurt from the fall?"

But suddenly, Qin Mu couldn't say anything.

Since Mu Yichen said so, what else could she say?

"Let's sleep."

Qin Mu muttered.

As soon as Mu Yichen let go of her, she cuddled her pillow and lay on her side next to him but was still facing the window.

"Didn't we agree that no matter what, we shouldn't turn our backs on each other?"

Mu Yichen gently reminded her.

"I just want to be on this side now, it's comfortable."

Qin Mu felt that if she stayed in his arms any longer, she would suffocate.

And so, it was.

That night, they lay beside each other until just as she was falling asleep, Mu Yichen placed his hand on her waist, and then she didn't know anything more.

Mu Yichen drove out in the middle of the night, calling Jing Feng's phone, and arranged to meet up with him.

The two of them had a couple of drinks at the club, and Jing Feng asked, "Because of that Zhuo Wen?"

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen had to admit.

"Women might be more suspicious, but if this Zhuo Wen really has no nefarious intentions towards the Mu Family, why keep staying at the Mu household under the pretense of work even after the work was completed? And why say she was leaving Rongcheng when she was actually staying?"

Jing Feng thought it over, considering Zhuo Wen indeed capable.

"Zhuo Wen mentioned that she said she was leaving because she was afraid Qin Mu would misunderstand her again. As for why she used a pretext to stay at the Mu Family, that still needs to be uncovered."

Mu Yichen spoke of uncovering the truth, clearly already dissatisfied.

If everyone had to be exposed to admit to what they did, then indeed, that person is not likely to be a good person.

Mu Yichen seemed to suddenly understand something.

"What I'm curious about is, if Zhuo Wen had booked a single room with her fiancé, what's their deal if she's taken a liking to you? Is it all an act? Or does she plan to marry her fiancé if she can't win you over, as if it's not 'you or nothing'?"

Jing Feng looked at his glass, puzzled.

Mu Yichen furrowed his brow, the light flickering.

After he and Jing Feng talked through Zhuo Wen's whole story, he suddenly realized how many problems there were.

He had originally thought that Zhuo Wen had her own way of doing things, but how could such a woman be one who aimed to ruin his marriage?

Zhuo Wen's demeanor was loftier than Qin Mu's.

But now it seemed he was mistaken.

"If you want to know, it's actually easy."

Mu Yichen's dark eagle eyes peered at his left hand.

Chapter 728: Wedding (3)_1

But unexpectedly, she came up empty-handed.

That day, Zhuo Wen sent another message to Mu Yichen. At that time, Qin Mu was helping the maid gather dirty laundry to wash, and when the message suddenly flashed on the phone on the bed, she reflexively looked over.

On the milky white bedsheet, his black phone was particularly conspicuous.

The screen displayed a message that flashed by: "Brother-in-law invites you out for a drink at noon."

Qin Mu still held his clothes in her hand, and upon seeing that message, she couldn't help but sigh.

The maid finished gathering the rest and, seeing Qin Mu staring blankly at the phone, called out to her, "Young Madam, should this one be taken to wash?"

Qin Mu then came back to her senses and handed the coat to the maid.

After Mu Yichen finished his shower and came out of the bathroom, he saw Qin Mu handing the coat she had prepared for him today to the maid and reminded her, "I need to wear that piece later."

Qin Mu glanced at the coat the maid had just taken and took it back.

After the maid greeted them and left, Mu Yichen's dark eyes looked at her, slowly walking towards her: "What's wrong?"

"Your brother-in-law is asking you out for a drink."

Qin Mu said softly, then gently placed the coat on the bed and turned to leave.

Mu Yichen...

Brother-in-law?

Since when did he have a brother-in-law?

Qin Mu went to the studio, and Li Yu finally caught up with her, even specially preparing baby's breath flowers.

Qin Mu looked at the white baby's breath wrapped in blue paper, her gaze lingering briefly.

Li Yu stood behind her and leaned in to see her expression: "Don't like them?"

Qin Mu raised her hand and slowly accepted the bouquet: "Thank you!"

Li Yu walked around to sit down across from her at her desk, asking curiously, "Is it that you didn't want to see me? You know, I am the idol of countless young girls."

"But I'm not a young girl anymore!"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes and after speaking to him, stood up to place the flowers in the vase that had been empty for a day, then turned to pour water into it.

Li Yu waited for her in her office, the sight of Qin Mu after having a child was simply captivating.

But actually, she was quite charming when she was pregnant too.

Qin Mu came back, set the vase on the desk, and sat down.

Li Yu looked at the antique blue and white porcelain vase, unintentionally frowning slightly: "This is an antique blue and white porcelain vase, wow! It must be quite valuable, right?"

Suddenly, Li Yu reached out and gently caressed it.

Qin Mu then looked up at him: "You understand antiques?"

"Not really, but I have a relative who runs an antique shop."

As Li Yu spoke, his eyes lingered fondly on the vase, his hand caressing it gently, growing more tender with each stroke.

Qin Mu believed his word, didn't inquire further, and again brought up business: "Lida's designs for men's suits are always quite sought after in the circle, so rest assured, it definitely won't let you down."

"Hmm! I'm not worried about that. I just haven't seen you for a long time and thought I'd come say hello."

Li Yu said, his gaze finally leaving the vase.

Qin Mu looked up at him and smiled: "As long as the pay is good."

"So, as long as you're paid, you'll do anything?"

Li Yu asked softly, his tone light yet serious.

"As long as it does not go against morals or the law,"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and replied decisively.

"Can you do me a favor?"

"Hmm?"

Qin Mu looked at him curiously.

"Play the role of my first love."

Qin Mu...

"I mean in a play! Name your price."

Qin Mu felt moved, but then she thought of the message that popped up on Mu Yichen's phone and how many similar messages had popped up lately: "Okay!"

Li Yu had not expected her to agree.

"If it's in Rongcheng!"

Qin Mu added.

"It's in Rongcheng, and if you act well, it shouldn't take too long."

Li Yu was surprised but knew to seize the opportunity.

"Then contact me when the time comes!"

Qin Mu nodded, seeking some excitement in her uneventful life.

What Qin Mu didn't know was that the shoot was at AM.

Three days before the wedding, she was at AM playing Li Yu's first love in a drama with him, acting out a reunion, a lonely get-together.

Mu Yichen and Jing Feng happened to go there to eat, heard his wife was there and rushed over, then the two men watched from a corner as Li Yu and Qin Mu had their elevator reunion.

Without any dialogue, there was only the meeting in their eyes.

Surrounded by various filming equipment, the two sat at a café window, the woman not looking at the man, only the man facing her, twirling a cigarette in his hand, and asked in a low voice, "What have you been doing these years?"

Chapter 729: Wedding (3)_2

"It's still the original job!"

Qin Mu replied softly but still did not look at Li Yu.

However, the cameraman easily captured the expression in her downcast eyes.

"It suits your temperament, always preferring to stick to one thing,"

Li Yu suddenly laughed lightly, sounding very much like an old lover.

Qin Mu suddenly looked up, but still slowly.

"Not everything!"

She said, looking at him.

"Hmm?"

The surroundings were quiet, and when Li Yu asked again, Qin Mu said with a low chuckle, "The part about sticking to one thing!"

The two of them just looked at each other like that, one minute, two minutes, three minutes...

The director didn't call cut, and both of their gazes held onto something they couldn't let go.

Qin Mu's hand gently touched the coffee cup's handle, holding her breath as she looked at Li Yu sitting across her, no, she was looking at Mu Yichen.

After the director's "cut," she finally lowered her eyes, then stood up politely to thank the crew for their hard work.

Li Yu stood up as well but took the lead in applauding her.

"Didn't expect that though you're not professionally trained, you're a naturally talented actor, getting it right in one take. Even many professional actors find that hard to achieve."

Li Yu walked up to her side, his hand dropping and then casually sliding into his trouser pocket, his gaze deep in that moment.

Qin Mu smiled faintly, "As long as you're serious, that's enough."

At least, that's what she believed.

If you're serious, there's nothing you can't do.

But no one knew what she was thinking at that moment.

Or perhaps it was because she had felt that way herself, which is why she could so accurately grasp the mindset of a girl in her first love.

"Since you have other scenes to film, I won't bother you any longer,"

Qin Mu said.

"Sure! I'll treat you to meal another day, please grace me with your presence,"

Li Yu said to her.

Qin Mu nodded, greeted the rest of the crew, and then left.

She ran into Mu Yichen at the door; he was smoking a cigarette, having just taken a hard drag, and was slowly exhaling the smoke when he saw her come out.

"That was well played!"

Mu Yichen's wicked gaze fixated on her, his voice light, but his eyes had the intensity of someone ready to devour.

Qin Mu coughed slightly from the smoke he exhaled, but she did not stop him, just lowered her head and walked out.

Jing Feng was also at the stairway entrance. Qin Mu glanced at him, smiled unconsciously, and continued walking out.

"Let's go eat!"

Mu Yichen, holding his cigarette, passed by Jing Feng and casually mentioned.

Jing Feng followed him.

Of course, Qin Mu was intercepted by Mu Yichen, and the three of them found a private room to dine in.

Since everyone knew each other well, and it wouldn't be an exaggeration to call them family, nobody pretended to be in a good mood.

Jing Feng was there just to eat, so he didn't care how sour the two of them looked.

It's just that Mu Yichen kept blowing smoke in Qin Mu's face, which made Jing Feng a bit angry.

He thought if that were his sister, he'd have thrown a punch at Mu Yichen.

But Qin Mu wasn't his sister.

When Jing Feng thought of this, he actually felt a bit sad.

But in the end, he just bowed his head, drank tea, and waited for the food.

"Jing Jian, you're on annual leave lately, right?"

Qin Mu suddenly asked him.

"Yes!"

Jing Feng looked up at her, actually not used to her addressing him that way.

"I haven't had the chance to say thank you in person for last time."

Qin Mu said as she picked up her water glass.

"Don't mention it!"

Jing Feng responded accommodatingly.

Mu Yichen looked on from the side, squinting his eyes and smiling with disbelief, his wicked gaze as if someone was defying the heavens and he was the heavens.

"Xiaohao will still be needing Jing Jian's care,"

Qin Mu said after they clinked glasses.

Mu Yichen took a forceful drag of his cigarette, then took a long time to blow out that silvery smoke, his heart seemingly turning to ash.

After the food arrived, Qin Mu kept quiet and bowed her head to eat.

Mu Yichen and Jing Feng had a bit to drink, then Jing Feng asked, "Can't drink even a drop now?"

Qin Mu looked up at him, and after seeing his swaying wine glass, she nodded, "Right! You can't during the breastfeeding period."

Jing Feng nodded; he knew that being pregnant wasn't easy, but he didn't realize that being a nursing mother was also tough.

The child was already a month old, but she still had to continue with various dietary restrictions.

If a man couldn't touch cigarettes and alcohol for a long period, he'd probably go mad or something close to it.

So, is it that women inherently have better self-control than men?

"Why did you suddenly go into acting? Was it as an extra or something?"

Chapter 730: Wedding (3)_3

Jing Feng asked again.

"Guest-starring as his first love."

Qin Mu said.

While eating, Jing Feng heard the words "first love girlfriend" and couldn't help raising his eyebrows, holding back a smile, "This is really quite the drama."

"If neither of you have ever dated other girls, wouldn't you feel like you're missing out?"

Suddenly, Qin Mu asked like a typical little sister.

Jing Feng glanced at Mu Yichen and, seeing Mu Yichen almost driven mad by her, chuckled, "I don't think so."

"You don't think so? How can you not? Who sleeps with only one woman in his entire life and actually finds it damn satisfying?"

Suddenly, Mu Yichen turned to Jing Feng and asked quite displeased.

Jing Feng...

Qin Mu...

The waiter came over to serve more dishes, and for a moment, the private room fell silent.

"So this is what President Mu thinks? We really are of one mind. I feel the same way,"

Qin Mu nodded, agreeing with him earnestly.

Mu Yichen had already clenched his fists under the table.

"The male protagonist in the script reflects internally at the age of twenty-six upon seeing his first love from when he was twenty. He misses her, but at the same time, he can't let go of the forest beyond. He can't commit to one person for life, believing that life is full of beautiful scenery; how can he forsake a

magnificent forest for just one tree? Thus, even though he regrets breaking up, his unwillingness to halt his steps leads to quite the dilemma, doesn't it?"

Qin Mu explained to the two of them.

Jing Feng just listened quietly, and after finishing, he looked at Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen's commanding gaze fixed on the woman sitting across from him, as though he could shoot her dead with his eyes.

Clearly, she spoke so calmly, as if merely telling them a story.

Qin Mu smiled slightly, "If Mu Yichen regrets it now, there's still time! Once the wedding is over, I won't allow you to flirt with other women anymore!"

Her glistening eyes looked at him, kindly reminding him.

Mu Yichen sighed involuntarily and also chuckled sarcastically, "Oh? Are you saying you don't want this wedding anymore?"

Qin Mu suddenly found herself speechless, as if her throat was blocked.

Jing Feng gently put down his chopsticks; the meal was definitely no longer enjoyable.

So he sat back and silently observed their sharp exchange.

"If not, that's also fine, everyone can remain free."

Qin Mu nodded, maintaining her smile.

"I think so, too! This wedding is absolutely unnecessary, so tell your master to roll back to Paris from Rongcheng, I don't want the wedding dress he made."

"And you don't want the suit I made either, do you?"

He suddenly stood up, turned around, and then suddenly looked back, kicking the table leg fiercely.

Sitting there, Qin Mu coldly questioned, anger rising in her eyes because of his fury.

Mu Yichen was stunned for a few seconds before he lifted his hand and then slammed it down forcefully.

She even heard the sound of his hand hitting his pants, and then she heard him say, very clearly and deliberately, "What do I want? You've made suits for all the men in the world; do you expect me to be touched to tears when I receive a suit you made?"

Qin Mu's gaze lifted to meet his, nearly thinking she was hallucinating as she saw the sharp light in his eyes.

Once again, the private room fell quiet, devoid of any sound.

Naturally, Jing Feng wasn't about to say anything at this moment, just as they both lowered their heads.

"Ding ding!"

The door was knocked from the outside.

The waiter entered with more drinks, "Young Master Mu, Young Master Jing, you..."

"Out!"

Mu Yichen bellowed.

The waiter immediately went out and closed the door behind them.

Jing Feng lowered his head and sighed helplessly.

Watching the two of them argue was like watching his own younger siblings fight; Mu Yichen was truly like a child, frustrating to behold.

As for Qin Mu...

Jing Feng speculated that she was purposely provoking Mu Yichen or acting petulantly by guest-starring for Li Yu. But now, whatever they were thinking inside, they had turned the situation very sour.

Jing Feng picked up a cigarette from the table and toyed with it in his hand before looking up at them, "We can't eat this meal! How about we get together another time?"

The dishes on the table had lost their appeal because of Mu Yichen's kick.

After hearing Jing Feng's words, Mu Yichen gradually calmed down a bit, especially as he looked down at the table which had been shaken.

As for Qin Mu, she still sat there quietly.

To have a good, hearty fight—