

His Beloved 731

Chapter 731: Wedding (3)_4

"I'll be leaving first!"

Jing Feng saw that neither of them was speaking, so he got up and left first.

Instantly, only the two of them remained in the private room. After Jing Feng went out, he instructed the people outside, "Don't go in no matter what kind of noise you hear from inside."

"But what if they really start fighting?"

The waiter and the manager were both somewhat worried.

"Yichen may be a beast, but he's not an animal."

Having said that, Jing Feng patted the manager's shoulder lightly and left.

The manager and the waiter exchanged glances, then sighed helplessly.

However, there was no sound coming from inside for a long time.

Half an hour later, Mu Yi emerged from inside, "Clear the dishes."

The manager and the waiter were still waiting there. Hearing the instruction to clear the dishes, the manager didn't care about his position anymore and hurried to help with the task.

At this time, the two inside were still sitting in their original spots, still giving each other cold looks, but they weren't arguing anymore.

As soon as the hot dishes were served, both of them sat down properly to eat. Neither spoke to the other, and there were no further questions.

The waiter still gently closed the door behind them as he left.

Softly asking the manager, "They're okay, aren't they?"

"Didn't Jing say so? Yichen is a beast, not an animal. Besides, how could Yichen bear to hurt the young madam?"

The manager thought it over and over, considering it repeatedly; it must be just a lovers' quarrel, they'll make up at the bed's end after fighting at the bed's head.

But inside, as the meal came to an end, Yichen put down his chopsticks, "Don't ever casually become someone's first love girlfriend again!"

Qin Mu gave him a glance, "I went to make money, not to be someone's pretend girlfriend."

"Do you lack that bit of money? This whole hotel is yours; do you need that bit of money?"

Mu Yi gripped the wine glass tightly, and heavily placed it on the table, his words carrying an especially heart-stirring force.

"Exactly how much wealth do you plan to give me?"

Qin Mu thought about it and asked before she could let out a laugh.

"A lot! More than you can imagine."

Yichen was still keeping a cold face, yet he still said those words to her.

Qin Mu thought about it; even if he was secretly contacting other women behind her back, he probably wouldn't give them as much money, right?

He wouldn't open a hotel in another woman's name or do other things for her, would he?

She poured herself another bowl of soup and then continued eating.

Mu Yi's sharp gaze lifted to see her finally eating properly, and the anger in his heart unconsciously dissipated by half.

Actually taking on a role and becoming someone else's first love girlfriend.

She was his first love girlfriend, and only his—didn't she know that?

Jian Yan was still in the studio, helping her adjust the wedding dress, with Xiaomei standing by. Xiaomei couldn't do anything, and when she heard someone knock on the door, she immediately went to open it, thinking that at last, she didn't have to continue this awkward interaction.

"Qin Mu, why are you here?"

"I came to see if Jian Yan needed help."

Qin Mu said as she entered.

"Oh, then you take a look, I'll be leaving!"

Xiaomei's voice wasn't loud, but her eyes expressed that she had had her fill of staying there.

Qin Mu watched her leave before closing the door, heading over to the mannequin, and seeing him seriously altering it, she couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh, "Master, you've really worked hard."

Jian Yan's face held no expression, but his words were pleasing, "Indeed, it's been tough, but I only have one apprentice like you."

Qin Mu felt moved, having a man other than Mu Yi who cared so much about her, and he was the master she admired the most.

His handwork, each stitch and thread, was so exquisitely meticulous.

"Didn't you go to do a cameo for some show? How did you come back so soon?"

Lifting his eyes to look at her for a moment, Jian Yan asked.

"Hmm! One take, super quick!"

Qin Mu said with some pride.

"It's a pity that you weren't willing to pursue that career, otherwise you'd probably be a hot actress by now," Jian Yan said, his gaze already fixed back on the wedding dress.

"Being an actress involves dealing with too many issues; I definitely couldn't stand that sort of extreme lifestyle," Qin Mu said.

Jian Yan glanced at her, thinking it was good that she always knew what she wanted.

"So why suddenly do a cameo for someone else?"

Jian Yan still questioned her, as a master, how could he not understand his own disciple.

"I was idle anyway, playing around occasionally is okay," Qin Mu feigned nonchalance.

"As long as you're aware of your own limits, that's fine. With your wedding to Mu Yi approaching, try not to argue during this period, okay?"

Jian Yan finally stood up straight, still holding a thread in his hand.

Qin Mu didn't look at him, her eyes fixed on the wedding dress, and she said softly, almost entreatingly, "We almost broke up today, we fought to the point of calling off the wedding."

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After speaking, the pain in the depths of his heart grew even more intense.

"You can say such things, and Mu Yichen can too?"

"Who says he can't? He was the one who started it."

Qin Mu listened to Jian Yan place so much trust in Mu Yichen and walked over to sit down on the sofa across from her.

In Jian Yan's eyes, she seemed like a little girl who had been greatly wronged, desperately needing someone to coddle her.

But he...

After confirming his feelings time and again, showing restraint over and over, he finally just stepped back, leaned against the front of his desk, and watched her calmly.

"Haven't you two always argued easily since you were kids? Every time, do you end up as upset as this?"

Jian Yan suddenly asked, even with a smile.

Qin Mu looked up at him.

"Have you ever won?"

He asked again.

"Hm?"

"The arguments!"

Jian Yan reminded.

Qin Mu almost cried but instead laughed.

"Who says I haven't won? In the end, he always made up with me."

Qin Mu lowered her head, stubbornly finished her sentence, and then fell silent.

Indeed, after every argument, no matter how fierce or vicious, wasn't it always him who made up with her?

So tenderly.

Only this time, they weren't arguing, they were lacking trust in each other.

Indeed, a rift had formed between them.

"I think Zhuo Wen is trying to stir up trouble between us, I think Zhuo Wen is trying to get involved with us, but what does he think? He believes Zhuo Wen doesn't even fancy him, doesn't see him as a man to date, Zhuo Wen calls her own fiancé 'brother-in-law' in WeChat messages to Mu Yi, I don't think that proves Zhuo Wen is uninterested in Mu Yi, it's just that Zhuo Wen is more clever in her approach."

Later, not sure what happened, Qin Mu felt as if she were pushed to a point of no return by some situation and finally voiced her own thoughts to Jian Yan.

"Have the two of you talked it over?"

Jian Yan was still leaning there, still maintaining his stance without change, still so composed and serene.

"We did! But he thinks I'm too sensitive, that it's my lack of security that's making me think that way."

Qin Mu nodded, and as she spoke again, another wave of stomach pain hit her.

"Then don't argue anymore. Don't you always say to never let your enemies rejoice? Always remember this saying."

Jian Yan reminded him in real-time.

Qin Mu thought for a moment, then nodded again.

In Jian Yan's eyes, she looked like a wounded child at that moment, seemingly covered in thorns, but in reality, she was just too certain of her own opinions.

As for Mu Yichen—

That evening, Jian Yan asked Mu Yichen to meet him, and the two men encountered each other outside the studio building.

After Mu Yichen got out of his car and saw Jian Yan smoking there, he remembered that Jian Yan had been prohibited from smoking since his surgery, yet he was smoking now.

Mu Yichen knew his troubles might be related to him and Qin Mu, but still, he closed the car door and approached.

A bright moon hung in the sky, illuminating the area below.

The two men, both clad in light-colored overcoats, started to fight; Jian Yan punched Mu Yichen in the stomach, causing him pain, and instantly Mu Yichen was about to hit back at Jian Yan.

But he didn't.

Because Jian Yan couldn't withstand a punch from him, yet Jian Yan didn't appreciate it, and instead landed another punch toward his face.

"Tomorrow I'll take her away. This wedding, I'll refuse for her."

Jian Yan said.

"You're rejecting me on her behalf?"

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen was struck to the ground by him, and when he got up, he touched the bleeding corner of his mouth but looked fiercely at the man opposite him.

Jian Yan's gaze was one of disdain. He was panting but very disappointed with the younger man in front of him.

"Do you think just because you are her mentor you can do this? You've only been involved with her for a few years. Do you think you can make decisions for her just because you hold her in your heart? She doesn't have you in her heart, you can't take her away from me."

Mu Yichen hunched slightly, his hand pointing fiercely at the ground, teeth clenched, reading each word deliberately.

"We'll soon find out who is qualified."

Jian Yan told him, in contrast to Mu Yichen's anger, he was too calm.

"Mu Yichen, you can't even trust her, how can you still tell me you love her? Ask your heart, in all the years you've been together, aside from making her suffer, what have you given her?"

Jian Yan asked him again.

"I've given her a lot, do you want me to list everything one by one? Master!"

Mu Yichen let out a laugh as he uttered the word "master".

"Good, the night is long, take your time to tell me!"

"Jian Yan, do you really want to break up your disciple's happy marriage? You finally can't control yourself, can you? You want to fight with me, don't you? Just because we're having a few small issues right now, you think you have a chance?"

Mu Yichen asked Jian Yan, looking at Jian Yan's composed manner, he was really furious. Not only had he been punched twice upon arriving, but he was also told that his wife was going to be taken away.

Mu Yichen felt it was the most ridiculous thing in the world, not even Qin Mu's father had treated him like that.

"I'm telling you, don't even think about it!"

"Then why don't you trust her?"

"You know nothing, what right do you have to say I don't trust her? Why isn't it that she doesn't trust me?"

Mu Yichen spread his hands, unable to understand why it must be his fault.

"Because I believe in her."

Jian Yan said in a soft voice.

"This woman, in this lifetime, even if I have to bind her, I can only bind her in Rongcheng, under my watch. Jian Yan, no matter how much you trust her, no matter how much she admires you, you can't be anything more than a mentor."

"Alright, I'll ask you one last time, tell me, do you love her or is it just habit? Don't rush to answer, think it over first! She's a person, not your pet, to bind?"

Jian Yan's eyes were clear as he looked at the man in front of him and couldn't help laughing to himself.

"I don't care whether she's a person or a pet, I just know I won't let her leave me in this lifetime, no matter how big the rift between us might grow."

All of a sudden, Mu Yichen felt exhausted. He loved her, maybe his way of loving her was somewhat inappropriate, but their wedding was imminent. The last postponement was because she gave birth prematurely, this time, he wouldn't allow for any accidents.

Qin Mu was standing outside the car.

Mu Yichen had probably forgotten that he brought her along.

Qin Mu had always known he was possessive, but only now did she realize the extent of it.

Their issues were not just about trust, there were other problems between them.

Mu Yichen indeed loved her very much.

She had been feeling tired lately, and now, her heart was even more exhausted.

Qin Mu opened the car door, took out her cellphone from inside, and then turned and walked back.

She would rather wander aimlessly than listen any longer.

At that moment, someone finally seemed to remember her existence.

Mu Yichen turned around in shock, watching her fragile figure walking back, suddenly cursed under his breath, and then ran towards her.

And Jian Yan, having seen Qin Mu's figure as well, merely sat down dejectedly on the steps, watching quietly as the man and woman chased each other in the darkness.

Mu Yichen grabbed Qin Mu's wrist: "Let's talk about anything we have to say at home."

Qin Mu turned, her piercing eyes filled with resentment as she looked at him.

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"Do we have to do this here?"

Mu Yichen looked at her stubborn gaze, feeling irritated.

"I'd rather do it here!"

—

Qin Mu was still the same headstrong Qin Mu. After saying those words, she looked towards the woods next to her.

Her heart panicked and, without thinking, she took a step back, looking down at her feet.

"Fine! If you want to stay here, stay here. What I just said to Jian Yan was all said in anger. You should know better than anyone how I feel about you."

Mu Yichen nodded, his hands gripping his solid waist from inside his overcoat, flipping the coat back a bit.

"I know better than anyone, but I also don't know. You always say you'd tie me to your side if you had to. Do I have human rights with you?"

Qin Mu looked at him with tearful eyes, her raised finger poking forcefully at the center of his chest.

"If you plan to run away at the wedding and I find out, then you'll have no human rights at that time."

The night was hazy, and everything seemed blurred.

Qin Mu just gazed up at him like that.

It was as if they were back in the past, where he was an altitude she could never reach.

Qin Mu stared at the ruthless look in his eyes, felt her heartbeat growing more and more intense, then her eyes became desperate, and she turned and walked back.

Her steps got bigger, and she even started to run.

Was this a tragedy?

Did he not feel that they were equals? In his heart, she always had to listen to him, he was the king, and she was just an inconspicuous consort that pleased him?

No! She never was.

Qin Mu ran harder and harder until she was panting and her throat began to hurt.

But the tears gradually disappeared.

She ran to the end of the street, stopped when she was tired, and seeing a taxi approaching, she immediately hailed it.

Mu Yichen's car slowly followed behind the taxi she was in.

As the night deepened, everything grew quiet.

Qin Mu silently shed a few tears in the car, but by the time she got home, she was back to how she had been when she first left.

Mu Yichen's car pulled up beside her after the taxi left.

"Get in!"

He pushed open the passenger door from his side, fixing Qin Mu with a sharp look.

Qin Mu got in, but when she closed the door, a mist clouded her eyes again.

After getting out of the car, Mu Yichen walked around to her side, hooking her shoulder.

Qin Mu reflexively looked at him, noticing the injury at the corner of his mouth for the first time, feeling a twinge of pain for him but then immediately retracted her damned subconscious sympathy.

Mu Yichen firmly embraced her as they entered the house, but by then the elders had already gone to sleep, so Qin Mu immediately turned around and escaped him without any warning.

"You hurt the corner of your mouth. Go and take care of it."

Qin Mu said in a low voice.

Mu Yichen...

She ran upstairs, and he...

When he looked at the window and saw the reflection of that ghastly man on the glass, he finally had to touch the corner of his mouth.

It really freakin' hurt.

That night, they slept back to back, without touching each other, until dawn.

The next day Qin Mu drove to the studio. Jian Yan, seeing her red eyes, asked her, "Have you decided?"

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu nodded her head, not wanting to talk much.

Jian Yan sighed helplessly as he looked at her like that.

"Regardless of what your future holds, right now you can't let go of each other, so why make yourself unhappy? As for the other women, if you really care that much, why not go and talk to her yourself?"

After a night of thinking, Jian Yan felt there was no need for Qin Mu to let herself be so defeated.

"Why should I go talk about the peach blossom debt he's incurred?"

Qin Mu's voice was low, her brows drooped but resolute, and her voice was stubborn.

Jian Yan heard her voice was hoarse, so he picked up the glass of water Xiaomei had poured for her on the desk and handed it to her.

Sitting in the couch, Qin Mu lifted her hands braced against the armrests, "Thanks!"

Jian Yan stood there looking at her, and in that moment, he suddenly wished he could protect the one he loved.

But then, the image of what Qin Mu needed appeared in his mind—she didn't need him. Could keeping her by his side make her happier than she was now with Mu Yichen?

That damned rationale!

Jian Yan turned back to his desk, and although he appeared calm and collected when he looked at her again, inside he was extremely anxious.

Mu Yi and his son had already been busy all day at AM, with Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai also following along. When they had a free moment, the three of them found a corner to smoke. Zhao Huai said, "Brother Yichen, Xiaomu will definitely attend the wedding, right?"

Chapter 734: Wedding (4)_2

Jiang Zhiyuan, for the first time in his life, was choked by smoke, his eyes tearful as he watched Zhao Huai.

After hearing that question, Mu Yichen nearly stuffed the cigarette he was holding into Zhao Huai's mouth.

"What's going on? Are you still in a cold war with Xiaomu?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked, his expression a bit exaggerated.

"How would I dare to be in a cold war with her!" So damn proud.

The annoyance in Mu Yichen's eyes simply couldn't be described in words.

"I heard from people at their studio that Xiaomu has been unhappy these past few days."

Zhao Huai spoke to Jiang Zhiyuan, while Mu Yichen stood between them.

At that empty stairwell entrance, three men leaned against the wall.

"Could it be pre-wedding jitters?"

Jiang Zhiyuan had heard of this condition, and although he had not married yet, he believed he was already suited to diagnose it.

"I'm afraid it's not that!"

This time, Zhao Huai looked at Mu Yichen.

"Who told you she was planning to run away from the wedding?"

Mu Yichen had smoked nearly half the cigarette before he suddenly remembered to ask.

"Uh, it was someone from their studio."

Zhao Huai thought for a moment, not daring to betray Xiaomei, but...

"Haha, isn't the person from their studio that Xiaomei girl? Aren't you the one hanging out with her?"

Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't help but mock.

"We didn't work out, we're more like brothers now, so we now refer to each other as brothers."

Zhao Huai hurriedly explained, fearing Jiang Zhiyuan and the others might still misunderstand his pursuit of Xiaomei.

After hearing this, the corner of Jiang Zhiyuan's mouth twitched, he cursed in his mind, but he didn't voice it out loud.

With a somewhat pained expression, Mu Yichen pinched the bridge of his nose: "You go follow her."

He was speaking to Zhao Huai, who blinked unconsciously upon hearing this: "Huh?"

"Follow your Xiaomu sister!"

After saying this, Mu Yichen stood up and left, extinguishing his cigarette in a trash bin by the door as he passed.

Zhao Huai...

Jiang Zhiyuan: "Damn, it really might be possible. If Xiaomu actually runs away from the wedding, things will sure be interesting for our Yichen bro tomorrow."

"Interesting? Our brotherhood might be headed for ugly days ahead, and you can still laugh?"

Zhao Huai glanced at Jiang Zhiyuan, giving him a kind reminder, then went to follow Qin Mu.

Jing Feng and Qiao Yi, having finished their tasks, rushed over and, noticing Mu Yichen's unhappy face, looked at the person beside him. Jiang Zhiyuan moved closer and whispered in their ears: "Xiaomu is planning to escape the wedding."

Jing Feng and Qiao Yi...

"Escape what wedding? We'll keep an eye on her to ensure that not even a fly can get away from us."

Qiao Yi, seeing that Mu Yichen looked a bit upset, thus spoke.

"Just let the fly go!"

Jing Feng patted Qiao Yi's shoulder, struggling to hold back a laugh.

Qin Mu escape the wedding?

Jing Feng didn't believe it.

After being entangled for so many years, if she were to run away at this juncture, Qin Mu wouldn't be content.

"In my opinion, what we need to do is to prepare well for the wedding. If Qin Mu wants to escape, I reckon I'd be the first among us to know the scoop," Jing Feng said.

Mu Yichen gave him a look, and at the same time, his worries eased.

Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi stood side by side, looking skeptically at Jing Feng and Mu Yichen.

Then, the staff came to find them, and they were off again.

And Zhao Huai's car arrived half an hour later at the bottom of Qin Mu's studio building.

He took out his phone and sent a picture in a WeChat group—it was a picture of Qin Mu's car.

It meant she was at the studio.

After checking his phone, Jiang Zhiyuan went to relay the message to Mu Yichen, who actually let out a hidden sigh of relief. He was indeed afraid, scared that she might get carried away thinking of escaping the wedding.

Recalling her quirky temperament, what wasn't she capable of doing?

But later, Jing Feng's words indeed had a comforting effect on him.

Jing Feng also became a bit worried, so before going to help, he quietly sent a message to Helian Hao who was just arriving downstairs at Qin Mu's studio.

Reading the message, Helian Hao couldn't help but chuckle, replying to Jing Feng, "I guarantee, she'll be at the wedding."

Qin Mu and Jian Yan were in the office, drinking tea. After Helian Hao went up and knocked on the door, which was open, she greeted them and casually mentioned, "I brought a friend over."

The two looked curiously behind her, then saw Zhao Huai.

Qin Mu and Jian Yan...

"Hi!"

Zhao Huai was actually a bit embarrassed, but since he was discovered, he could only come up, finding it more comfortable here.

So, the office suddenly became quite crowded.

"Yichen bro is worried you might run away from the wedding, so he specifically asked Zhao Huai to watch over you," Helian Hao leaned back on the couch, stroking her belly and said to her.

Chapter 735: Wedding (4)_3

Qin Mu laughed, "Elope? Am I that stupid?"

This man worth who knows how many billions, would she elope?

Wouldn't that make her the dumbest woman in the world?

If she were to leave, it would be after the wedding.

Zhao Huai didn't expect Qin Mu to be so clear-headed, thinking she would leave in a huff.

"Ha-ha! It seems we all underestimated you."

Zhao Huai gave an awkward laugh.

"I never thought about eloping. The wedding has been in preparation for so long, and if I elope, wouldn't that just make all those women eyeing him happy?"

Qin Mu thought to herself, 'I wouldn't want to excite those women so much they can't sleep at night. That's not good for their skin.'

"Have you tried on the wedding dress?"

Helian Hao asked Qin Mu.

"Yeah! I've tried it on!"

Qin Mu responded.

"So annoying, you tried on the wedding dress without waiting for me."

Helian Hao immediately said.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh, "I wanted to surprise you, let you see my stunning beauty at first glance tomorrow."

How could Zhao Huai have imagined that the woman who was cold-warring with Mu Yichen could still joke like this in front of friends?

Stunning beauty?

It really was something to look forward to.

Jian Yan had been silent all along, Zhao Huai glanced at him, "I didn't expect JY to attend the wedding."

"Worried I might scoop up the bride?"

Jian Yan stretched his long legs, asking with a laugh.

Zhao Huai...

Could he admit that he was indeed very worried?

And at the beginning, it seemed this big shot wasn't included in the guest list.

"As a teacher and a friend, Jian Yan has every reason to attend the wedding. As for scooping up the bride, do you think if he wanted to, it would be any of your brother Yichen's business?"

Helian Hao turned to look at Zhao Huai as he spoke.

Zhao Huai...

Zhao Huai thought to himself, 'You traitor, have you forgotten which side you're on?'

Qin Mu was also shocked by Helian Hao's words, and couldn't help but turn to glance at Helian Hao, who also looked back at her, chuckling, "Just kidding."

Qin Mu...

Jian Yan, however, bowed his head, just looking at his own fingernails, which needed trimming.

"But where are you staying tonight? Your dad's place or here? Or perhaps at the Mu Family?"

Finally, Helian Hao remembered this important matter.

Qin Mu sighed, "Qin Family!"

Actually, when she set up her studio here and when Mu Yi proposed the wedding, she indeed wanted to marry out from this place, but now...

— —

Zhuo Wen and her fiancé went downstairs for lunch at noon, and upon hearing that Mu Yichen and the others were dining, they went to say hello. On the way, her fiancé, with his arm around her waist, asked her, "So they're really going to have their wedding tomorrow."

"Isn't it not tomorrow yet?"

She whispered in reply.

"Yeah! Less than twenty hours to go."

Her fiancé reminded her.

Zhuo Wen suddenly thought that if she could stop their Christmas wedding, couldn't she stop tomorrow's as well?

After arriving at the private room, Zhuo Wen's fiancé knocked on the door, and a waiter came to open it, nodding his head after seeing them.

"We are friends of Young Master Chen, come to offer our congratulations for the wedding."

Zhuo Wen said.

"Please wait a moment."

The waiter said as he closed the door, bowed to Mu Yichen, and then said something.

Mu Yichen lifted his downcast eyes, then looked at the few seated.

A minute later, the waiter opened the door again: "Both of you, please come in!"

There happened to be an empty chair inside, Zhuo Wen let her fiancé sit down, and then casually sat on one of his legs, holding a wine glass while saying with a smile, "Back in the day, I was unbeatable in Australia."

"Indeed, and that's why, while everyone else was fine, she ended up drinking herself into the hospital,"

Her fiancé said with a laugh.

Everyone...

This was clearly no simple woman.

"What can I do? In a profession like mine, the competition is fierce. If I can't even afford to drink, how can I have a future?"

"But shouldn't you win over clients with your abilities?"

Qiao Yi asked, puzzled.

"Abilities? Abilities are just an aid. Do you think I have such a strong support like our Madame Mu to back me up? Sigh!"

Zhuo Wen said as she glanced at Mu Yichen, then shook her head helplessly and drank more.

The crowd looked at Mu Yichen, feeling that this woman didn't just accidentally mention him.

"My grandfather's health isn't good, so he asked me to represent him at your wedding."

Zhuo Wen said to the man diagonally opposite, although they were separated by several people, it seemed like her eyes were really close to Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen slightly raised his eyes: "Hmm!"

"Even so, as an elder sister, to not receive a wedding invite from my younger brother is a bit excessive, don't you think?"

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Zhuo Wen suddenly said another sentence.

Mu Yichen had no choice but to look up again.

"That's because only one invitation is sent out per family, and didn't you say you would return after Christmas?"

It was Jing Feng.

He suddenly asked a question.

Zhuo Wen looked at him, not familiar with the young master, but aware that he had once investigated her.

"Yes, I was going back, but my husband came, didn't he? We just want to eat, drink, and be merry for a while and attend Di Di's wedding casually. Don't know what this handsome guy thinks about my reasoning, is it appropriate or not?"

Zhuo Wen suddenly raised her hand and looped it around her fiancé's neck, her gaze fixed steadily on Jing Feng, who was sitting beside Mu Yichen, as she asked.

"You may not know if it's appropriate, but we don't think so," Jing Feng continued, perhaps accustomed to reading people, he didn't mind in the slightest how others faced him with their expressions; he only cared about what mattered to him.

"Since you are staying, why not contact Mu Yichen's wife? Weren't you starting off claiming to be good sisters? Why suddenly contact her husband behind her back?"

Qiao Yi also asked; this woman might seem sharp, but she wasn't likable to men.

"Isn't that because Mrs. Mu doesn't like me? Besides, what are you all doing now? I came to offer congratulations, but you're interrogating me? I don't feel I've done anything wrong. Since she doesn't treat me as a friend, why should I force a smile? I've known Mu Yichen not just for a day or two; do I have to go through that woman for everything?"

Zhuo Wen also became angry.

"If you're not sincere in your congratulations, you shouldn't attend tomorrow's wedding."

Jiang Zhiyuan took a drag of his cigarette, then squinted through the smoke at the woman beside him.

Zhuo Wen's face completely fell.

She hadn't expected that Mu Yichen's best friends would confront her like this in front of him.

"It seems you are not favored among Mu's friends, so you'd better love me sincerely from now on. But you all look down on me this much? To humiliate her in front of me, is this really appropriate?"

Zhuo Wen's fiancé suddenly spoke, and then he helped Zhuo Wen to her feet, standing up himself.

"Brothers, see you at the wedding tomorrow."

Zhuo Wen's fiancé's face turned cold, he looked at the seated guests and then, pulling Zhuo Wen with him, turned and walked away.

As Zhuo Wen left, she kept unwillingly twisting her head to look at Mu Yichen. In fact, she hoped that Mu Yichen would apologize to her, so her fatigue of this period wouldn't be in vain.

But there was nothing!

After the two of them left, Jiang Zhiyuan asked, "This woman seems to be stirring trouble, but she isn't planning to snatch Brother Yichen, is she? It seems her fiancé dotes on her quite a bit."

"Her fiancé's family is a well-known underworld dynasty in Australia," Qiao Yi suddenly spoke, and the room quieted down again.

Jiang Zhiyuan instantly regretted his previous words, wondering if that man would have him killed? Although he had some friends on the streets, the other was from an underworld dynasty.

—

That night, Qin Mu went to the Mu Family to feed her son, then headed to the Qin Family; Mu Yichen returned home to find her already gone.

The next day, when the two of them met again, they were at the Qin Family.

Her head shrouded in red veiling, she was lifted by Mu Yichen amidst screams, cheers, and applause, carried from the Qin Family home.

In the ultra-luxurious wedding car, Jiang Zhiyuan acted as their driver, frowning unconsciously as he watched the two behind him not interact at all through the rearview mirror, "At least pretend for the sake of appearances, don't you see the camera up front?"

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen both looked up at the front simultaneously but still put on no act.

It was really too tiring.

Outside the hotel, a crowd had been waiting, with dozens of media outlets surrounding the area, high-end cameras on standby.

The white carpet stretched over the green lawn; as the man in the black suit led the woman in the white wedding dress out of the car, walking towards the petal-strewn carpet, the cameras slowly began to move.

By then, Qin Mu's vision was once again obscured by the white veil, a gentle breeze blowing, preventing her from seeing clearly, focusing only on her steps and his shiny leather shoes.

Today, Mu Yichen was wearing the suit she had designed, though it was his first time wearing it. The two had been at odds, so he had not worn it before.

Qin Mu knew his measurements—all the fine details of his body were known to her, perhaps because of her profession; she could easily master those measurements, so now the suit fit him perfectly, worn on his tall and straight frame.

The guests were all formally dressed, the men mostly in suits, ladies in beautiful dresses, standing to both sides of the white carpet to clap and celebrate for them.

Chapter 737: Wedding (5)_1

He held her hand so tightly that it hurt.

But she didn't pull away. She just let him hold on to it as they walked toward the master of ceremonies ahead.

When Qin Mu saw the master of ceremonies, she froze for a moment, and then couldn't help but burst into laughter.

It was evident that Jian Yan was also struggling with his solemn duty. His brow was furrowed with tension, and he even cleared his throat, with the words "I am so unwilling" written all over his eyes.

Mu Yichen gripped her hand and wouldn't let go, especially when they reached Jian Yan's side.

Qin Mu had no choice but to look up at him. Through the layer of red gauze, Mu Yichen barely made out her expression, and finally remembered that he had to let go of her for a moment.

Jian Yan, serving as the master of ceremonies, took a step forward and finally began, "Good morning, everyone, I'm Jian Yan!"

Skipping further self-introduction and after quickly glancing at his script, he began the wedding ceremony he would host this day—the only time in his life.

"Honored guests, good morning. Today is December 28, 2016. In the cold of winter, we come to this thrilling moment. Mr. Mu Yichen and Miss Qin Mu's wedding. Ah! These two fight every other day and have big quarrels every three. Who would have thought they'd still walk down the aisle into the sacred halls of matrimony?"

That line wasn't in the master of ceremonies' script, and after he said it, he couldn't help but laugh to himself.

The audience suddenly burst out laughing as well.

Qin Mu was shocked at first, then couldn't help but lower her head.

Were they that incessant in their quarrels?

All the relatives and friends were sitting below, their most honored guests. To tease them at this moment...

Oh, Master!

Qin Mu inwardly complained, while Mu Yichen looked much calmer, his gaze fixed on his bride.

This day, he had finally longed for it.

Despite concerns that the wedding would be delayed, worries she might run away, at last, there she was right in front of him.

"We must still wish them well, for they're a couple who would rather cling to each other in misery than let go for a lifetime."

Jian Yan looked at the pair of newlyweds beside him, sincerely moved.

This unconventional master of ceremonies...

Jian Yan had read the script meant for the host, but those lines describing how beautiful the bride is and how handsome the groom is felt unbearably trite to him. Did they even need saying? Anyone who wasn't blind could see it for themselves.

Elders and friends were seated in the front; behind were younger brothers and sisters and some business associates. Of course, many guests had come from Qin Haiming's side as well.

Zhuo Wen and her fiancé sat in the front row, on the third row to the right. Zhuo Wen had an exquisite makeup look, but her face was mostly expressionless.

Her fiancé looked at her and said, "Let's get married when we get back, shall we?"

Zhuo Wen glanced at him and replied, "What's the rush with getting married?"

Her fiancé didn't say anything and just looked forward again.

"Mr. Mu, please place your right hand over your chest. I must ask you solemnly, do you take Miss Mu beside you as your wife to love her, cherish her, accompany her, respect her for all the days of your lives?"

He emphasized the word "respect" particularly clearly.

Although Mu Yichen didn't turn his head, he clearly understood the implication.

"I do!"

Mu Yichen looked at Qin Mu who had not yet lifted her veil, his voice deep.

Qin Mu looked into his eyes and knew that in this moment, he was utterly sincere.

"Now, would the bride place her right hand over her chest as well? I must ask you seriously, do you take this man, who has grown up with you and is so stubbornly untamed, as your husband, to honor him, love him, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, and never to give up on him for all the days of your lives?"

Jian Yan then looked at his disciple, even though he knew her answer.

"I do!"

Qin Mu looked at Mu Yichen, equally stubborn and persistent, her eyes filled with excessive sincerity, which made Jian Yan lower his head.

The background music was Wang Fei's "I Am Willing."

Late on, Jian Yan watched the audience below, sharing an unspoken understanding and a laugh, then he announced, "All right, now I invite the groom and bride to exchange rings, and then the groom may lift the bride's veil and kiss your bride."

After he finished speaking, Jian Yan stepped back.

Xiaomei and Zhao Huai brought up the rings Mu Yichen had prepared earlier.

Since she was still wearing the plain ring from their registration, Mu Yichen put the new ring on her right hand.

Similarly, after Qin Mu put on the ring, she felt a gust of wind brush her face. She was a bit unclear in her head, until suddenly he leaned down, pinched her chin, and came close to block her line of sight. He then brazenly demonstrated his kiss before everyone.

Chapter 738: Wedding (5)_2

The applause erupted from the crowd below, and the young people joined in enthusiastically.

The elders below were all very moved. Feng Fanghua held her grandson in her arms, while Mu Zihao held his granddaughter, the two sitting closely together.

The senior patriarch took his place as the eldest elder, with the Jing family patriarch beside him. Seeing the two finally get married, the expression in the eyes of the Jing family patriarch also gained a sense of calm.

Some things, after all, were coming to an end.

Although Jiang Yan and Mu Qingxin had only arrived last night, they didn't miss the wedding. Holding their son, they were both very happy and touched, especially Mu Qingxin, who usually appeared indifferent but now leaned on Jiang Yan's shoulder and whispered, "Ayan, this is the funniest wedding I've ever seen."

Because of the master of ceremonies.

But while saying it was funny, her eyes were brimming with tears.

Jiang Yan wrapped his arm around her, and as he looked at the kissing couple on stage, he couldn't help but sigh. Childhood sweethearts? Did childhood sweethearts really need to spend decades to be sure of each other's hearts?

Wen Runuan stood aside, not sitting down, and after the ceremony, she said to the man beside her, "Shall we go back? I've already spoken to Qin Mu, we'll go straight to the hotel for dinner tonight."

"Mm,"

Director Zhang agreed, and then the two of them went home to pick up their children.

With the New Year fast approaching, everyone was actually quite busy.

But this wedding, which arrived as expected, made the year different from any other.

It also became the biggest news in Rongcheng before the New Year.

Colleagues from the studio, including Mu Yichen's secretary, Xi Meng, were sitting together.

As colleagues, although they all sat in the back, they all offered their sincerest blessings.

Secretary Xi didn't even know she would get to attend the wedding. The event was filled with big names, but Mu Yichen still gave her an invitation and told her not to worry about the gift money.

Jing Feng and Helian Hao, as their two best friends, naturally sat in the second row. However, Jing Feng later glanced backward and saw a delicate figure standing in the back of the crowd, wearing a deep hat, a beautiful coat, and a dress. She quietly left after the ceremony was completed.

In the blink of an eye, a year had passed.

Jing Feng couldn't help but bow his head on this joyful day.

Helian Hao looked at him, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing!"

Jing Feng replied, taking her hand and placing it on his lap.

Soon, it was time for the bouquet toss, surrounded by beautiful unmarried girls and some boys who were egging them on.

The bouquet was snatched by Secretary Xi, who instantly became the center of attention. Holding the flowers, she was so stunned that it took her a while to recover from the shock amid the cheers of the crowd.

After lunch, they rested in the hotel room in the afternoon, in the same old way, in the room Qin Mu had stayed in before.

After the two of them entered, Mu Yichen took off his coat and placed it aside, then turned to see her walk straight in.

He stood at the bedroom door, only to see her turn around and lie down on the bed, arms outstretched as if she was extremely tired.

It was lucky that the wedding had not been held when she was pregnant. Otherwise, apart from the nerves, just standing for so long would have made her legs swell from fatigue.

Mu Yichen slowly walked over and used his knee to pry open her knees.

He gradually gathered up her dress from her legs. Qin Mu had been lying there, staring at the ceiling with wide eyes when his sudden suggestive actions made her immediately look at him.

Today she had worn fake eyelashes, which were already uncomfortably hard, and as she glanced down at Mu Yichen, it seemed like her top and bottom lashes were tangling together, making it uncomfortable.

"What are you doing?"

Mu Yichen didn't speak but simply knelt at the edge of the bed and continued lifting her dress.

"Hey! Don't mess around, I'm already so tired."

He had been holding back for a few days, thinking to wait until the evening.

But after a moment's thought, Mu Yichen figured there was no need to wait for the night, so his hands went straight into her shorts.

Qin Mu...

"Mu Yichen, stop messing around."

She immediately got up, but he had already...

Qin Mu...

They had not even communicated for the past couple of days. When Qin Mu went to the Qin family, it was Feng Fanghua who informed him, and he did not call to ask whether she could sleep comfortably there. He was just busy arranging things for the wedding.

Apart from the script he was told to say at the Qin family earlier that day, there was also the "I do" he said at the wedding ceremony.

They hadn't been together for several months, and actually, Mu Yichen had also reached his limit.

Chapter 739: Wedding (5)_3

Of course, if her body still didn't allow it, then he was still willing to hold back.

But now...

She was perfectly fine on her own in front of him, and from the moment he saw her covering her face with a veil today, he had thought about it.

The door to the resting room was timely knocked, causing Qin Mu, who was shocked and wanted to get up but couldn't, to stay put.

The two of them were in such an awkward position at the edge of the bed.

Mu Yichen was incredibly frustrated, having just taken off his belt, preparing for foreplay.

After pulling up his trousers, Mu Yichen glanced at her and saw her face was as red as a monkey's butt, unconsciously he let out a disheartened sigh and then turned to open the door.

"Is Mumu inside? Take the chance to feed Chengcheng while you're free."

Feng Fanghua and Mu Qingxin stood at the door, and as soon as he opened it, the mother and daughter, muttering, walked in with the child.

Mu Yichen...

Feed the child?

Today was his big day, yet his mother and his younger sister were only concerned about the child. Couldn't they consider his feelings for a moment?

Mu Yichen stood by the door, desperately wanting to smoke, but when he reached for his waist, he discovered his jacket was inside.

So, he followed them in.

Feng Fanghua wanted her to breastfeed the child, so she had no choice but to take off her wedding gown.

Then when Mu Yichen walked in, he saw...

"Qin Mu, do I really have to call you sister-in-law from now on?"

Mu Qingxin sat by and asked while watching Qin Mu feed the child.

"No need, just calling me Qin Mu is fine."

Qin Mu replied softly to her.

"You two are the same age, why make it so formal? I think it's more like family if you call each other by your full names."

Feng Fanghua said, sitting on the couch on the other side.

"That's true! But Mom, we're not just like family, we are family."

Mu Qingxin said this with a sort of pride.

Qin Mu glanced at her, surprisingly finding Mu Qingxin so openly acknowledging her.

Mu Yichen went in to grab his jacket, "I'm going to step out for a smoke, and then I'll take the child away after."

His eyes were somewhat indifferent and somewhat helpless.

Mu Qingxin couldn't help but look at Qin Mu with a suggestive gaze after her brother left, "Hey, were you two just doing that thing?"

Upon hearing that, Qin Mu's ears instantly went hot.

Their elders were still present.

"Don't talk nonsense," she cautioned her like a little girl, in a low voice.

But her eyes had already betrayed her.

Mu Qingxin let out a sigh, "No wonder, after all, it's the honeymoon period."

"Honeymoon period? Didn't they have their honeymoon years ago?"

Feng Fanghua, thinking of how grown-up Huanhuan was, couldn't help but remind them.

Suddenly, the two girls felt a bit embarrassed, and Mu Qingxin cleared her throat, "Mom, how can you be so clueless?"

"Clueless about what?"

Feng Fanghua asked.

Mu Qingxin looked at her mother with a pair of 'innocent' wide eyes, almost unable to believe her own.

Qin Mu also kept her head down, not daring to speak any further.

Later, the two of them left with the child because Mr. Mu had gone to the living room for a smoke, and then he kept standing outside waiting.

"Bro! Sorry to disturb you guys, haha."

Before leaving, Mu Qingxin didn't forget to tease Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen only looked down at his sister until the smile on her face disappeared.

Afterward, the room again contained just the two of them, Qin Mu was energetically pulling the zipper at her waist, accidentally squeezing the fabric, making it stuck, neither up nor down.

She stood up, continuing to tug at the zipper while twisting her body towards the direction of the bathroom.

"What are you doing?"

Mu Yichen suddenly turned and came in, asking as he stood by the door.

"Come here!"

Qin Mu turned her head to look at him, thinking since he was still here, why was she exhausting herself, and so she commanded.

Mu Yichen walked over, and Qin Mu turned around: "Help me pull down the zipper and then pull it back up."

Mu Yichen looked down.

Because of the wedding, she wore a red undergarment inside today, even though he only saw a little bit, it still drove him a bit wild.

"You're wearing this one tonight?"

He asked, and then he moved his legs closer to her, his hand lifting the zip.

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu felt him pull with force, and the zipper smoothly went down, but instead of pulling it back up, he unlatched it all the way.

"What are you doing? I have to go do my makeup soon."

Qin Mu knew what he was up to just by looking at him and tried to back away immediately.

Mu Yichen simply held her in his arms, his voice deep as he spoke to her, "I want to see what you're wearing inside."

Usually, he knew what she wore on the inside, but since they hadn't been together last night, he was genuinely not sure.

"Don't!"

Qin Mu tried to escape at once, her hands pushing against his chest to free herself.

Chapter 740: Wedding (5)_4

"If you keep resisting, something bad might happen."

Mu Yichen warned her, and then began to slide her gown down from her shoulders.

Qin Mu...

"What kind of bad thing?"

Qin Mu's hands guarded her own shoulders to prevent his success while she asked quietly.

"For example, the wedding dress your master sent you might get ruined."

Immediately, Qin Mu's hands lost their strength.

Mu Yichen let out a smile, no, a wicked one.

"Now—"

"Go to the bed!"

Qin Mu said seriously, then turned to head to the bed.

"I'll carry you!"

Mu Yichen suddenly declared.

Qin Mu looked up at him in shock, but he effortlessly picked her up in a bridal carry.

Somehow, her eyes grew moist.

Qin Mu gazed at his sharp features, at his cold visage.

Was he no longer capable of smiling?

Thinking back to what her master had asked him that night, and his response, Qin Mu lowered her head again, restraining the turmoil in her heart, forcing back the mist in her eyes.

"If I think about it, although it's always you who comes to me, from childhood to now it seems like you've always been the one who calls the shots, like I've always listened to you."

"Are you trying to say you're like a little lapdog?"

Mu Yichen set her down on the bed, responding to her soft voice with a question of his own.

"You're the lapdog!"

Qin Mu muttered.

Even if she had always listened to him, she too was a person, a living, breathing, temperamental human being.

She certainly wasn't foolish enough to compare herself to any random cat or dog.

It was just that upon further thought, she felt somewhat saddened.

There had never been anything like fairness between the two of them, he had always been the executor, the one to give the orders.

His hand had already slipped under her dress, wickedly telling her that he wanted her to do it with him while still wearing the dress.

In truth, whether she wore it or what she wore didn't matter, if he liked it, she would feel good about it, would be able to find the feeling.

Mu Yichen suddenly flipped her beneath him, "Stop thinking such nonsense. There's nothing to question about men being stronger than women. All you need to know is that there's nobody else in my heart, and it's not possible for anyone else to have my body either."

A few seconds passed before Qin Mu couldn't help but let out a laugh, "You think you're giving me quite a lot, don't you?"

"If you feel it's not enough, I'll continue to work hard in the future."

Mu Yichen spoke, but rather than kissing her lips, he placed his mouth directly on her elegant neck.

She had actually put powder on her neck that day.

But it seemed that didn't matter anymore.

He was irritated.

—

That evening, at the grand banquet, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen happily played along with the professional host.

Mu Yichen even knelt down to her in public, making a promise.

"In the future, for as many years as we live, we'll be together. And when we die, let our children bury us in the same grave."

For some reason, the people around them didn't dare to laugh immediately.

It wasn't until Jing Feng led the applause that others slowly began clapping and then cheering.

Such a declaration made Rongcheng buzz for days and became the ultimate tool for proposals.

But Qin Mu, she detested his public declaration that night.

Helian Hao and Wen Runuan stood together, with Wen Runuan whispering into Helian Hao's ear, "What's up with Young Master Mu?"

"Who knows? They've been at odds not just for a day or two."

Helian Hao exhaled helplessly, annoyed by their current situation.

Afterward, they laughed together, and Qin Mu even tip-toed to kiss his neck.

Um!

She left a trail of deep bite marks on his neck.

Mu Yichen held her by the waist, no, he gripped it.

As her teeth bit increasingly harder into his neck, the grip of his hand grew tighter.

Perhaps the skin on his waist was already reddened.

But it didn't matter.

"Now let's have the bride and groom tell us their love history, shall we? I hear you've been childhood sweethearts, but there must have been someone who made the first move, right?"

The host interacted with the audience, bringing about laughter, with some assuming it was surely Mr. Mu who took initiative, while the girls suspected it was Qin Mu who first seduced Mu Yichen.

"So who was it that broke through that layer of 'window paper'?"

The host, holding a microphone, stood beside the couple.

Mu Yichen looked at Qin Mu, who was just watching the audience, maintaining her perfect composure.

"It was me!"

Mu Yichen thought for a moment, then spoke into the microphone.

His admission was prompt, eliciting immediate whistles from the audience.

"When was it? I heard that you both traveled to Paris together when you were very young, so it must have been a confession in Paris, right?"

The host kept probing.

Everyone seated below listened attentively, as if this were a topic of great curiosity.

"The first time I kissed her was in Paris when she was thirteen, I suppose!"

Mu Yichen answered, then turned to look at Qin Mu as if seeking her confirmation.

Qin Mu's eyes shone like starlight as she smiled and spoke into the microphone, "I can't remember clearly. It was a dark night on the way home, a domineering CEO-style taking. But back then, Mu didn't tell me he liked me."

For some reason, the atmosphere turned awkward.

"Oh? Is there anything Mr. Mu would like to say to the bride? It seems that the bride is not very satisfied with your answer."

The host kept smiling; he had seen a lot of such scenes.

"I probably haven't properly confessed before getting the marriage certificate, but leaving my family to follow a girl since my teens, I think that's already the longest confession.—Don't you think?"