

His Beloved 741

Chapter 741: Wedding (6)_1

"They won't start fighting, will they?"

Wen Runuan was really worried, seeing them both smile while answering the host's questions, yet the smiles felt colder than the December weather.

"They shouldn't, they both care about their face."

Helian Hao said, but felt uneasy inside.

While most people were snickering that the groom's long-winded declaration of love was too literary, Qin Mu simply cooperated by saying, "I think what Mu Yi said is quite true!"

In this situation, Qin Mu addressed him as Mu Yi.

If it wasn't for the fact that she was smiling so prettily, everyone would think they were having an argument, but at that moment, everyone thought it was their term of endearment.

"Thank you, Mu Yi, for so many years of company."

Qin Mu continued to say with a smile.

Mu Yichen turned to look at her, clearly smiling, but the captivating look in his eyes felt like a knife to any woman who saw it.

But even if there was a knife stabbed in her heart, right then Qin Mu could still smile very beautifully.

Today was their wedding, after all!

Something they had waited for so long and had finally arrived.

"How do you usually address each other? Do you call each other husband and wife at home, or sweetie or darling?"

"He is more used to calling me Mrs. Mu."

Qin Mu held the microphone with both hands and cooperated with the answer.

"That's because she likes to call her husband Mu Yi."

Mu Yichen immediately said, his sharp gaze sweeping the crowd, seemingly with a smile.

"Wow, I didn't expect you two to be such interesting people. At first, I thought Mrs. Mu, being literary, would be quite shy."

The host focused attention on Qin Mu.

"Shyness won't pay the bills," she said with a slight smile, her voice light.

Yet everyone present heard her.

"Wow, Mrs. Mu is not someone who lacks money, Mu Yi's wealth is beyond calculation."

The host immediately jested.

"What does Mu Yi's wealth have to do with me?"

Qin Mu replied.

The host...

Mu Yichen turned his head to look at her, smiled softly, and said affectionately, "Speak nicely."

She still held the microphone, didn't she?

Now, so many people around heard it.

Mu Yi's power was immense.

Some girls had already blushed, whispering something to their friends nearby.

A million wildebeests stampeded through Qin Mu's mind, but she just chuckled and nodded, saying no more.

Mu Yichen then explained to the friends and family below, "We've had some minor disputes lately, but as JY said this morning, it's normal for us to quarrel, so no one should be alarmed."

Qin Mu didn't expect Mu Yi to be able to control the situation so well.

The host took over again: "The new couple has made the atmosphere quite tense, so how about letting the bride and groom kiss for ten minutes before we start the next segment?"

Immediately there were loud shouts from below, as if the host was following the will of the people.

"If we were to kiss like that for ten minutes, we'd probably need to clear the room!"

Mu Yichen said.

But he quickly turned his head and kissed the woman beside him, who maintained a smile.

The microphone nearly hit Qin Mu's chin.

Was this like shooting a TV drama?

After a brief contact, Mu Yichen took the microphone and said, "Next segment."

The crowd hadn't even had time to react.

"These two really..."

Helian Hao was almost driven to a heart attack by them.

Mu Qingxin suddenly walked behind them, wrapping her arms over their shoulders, "What's up?"

"We were worried your brother forgot that there are many guests present."

Helian Hao kindly reminded.

"Hehe! But why are they arguing? Is it because of Zhuo Wen? But doesn't Zhuo Wen have a fiancé already?"

Mu Qingxin didn't understand and turned her head to look for Zhuo Wen and her fiancé's seats.

Under the dim and changing lights, Mu Qingxin finally found the two of them; Zhuo Wen was whispering something to her fiancé's ear, clearly very happy based on their expressions.

But why did it feel to Qin Mu like Zhuo Wen was the third party destroying their relationship?

"Looks can be deceiving!"

Wen Runuan replied with a smile.

"Sigh! These women can really act."

Mu Qingxin sighed and continued to embrace them both, looking up at the stage.

Qiao Yi and Jing Feng suddenly jumped onto the stage, and with the help of the host, they started to tease Qin Mu and Mu Yichen.

That night, after the wedding banquet ended, their friends didn't go home but went upstairs to the club.

Qiao Yi and Jing Feng followed, and Mu Qingxin and Jiang Yan were also there, clearly intending to tease them.

Chapter 742: Wedding (6)_2

"Let's call it a night!"

Mu Yichen responded, truly exhausted.

"Just now, none of us brothers properly toasted the two of you, no matter what, you can't dodge this. Besides, we're already at the private room's door."

"She can't drink."

Mu Yichen looked inside; Qin Mu was taking off her shoes, having worn an especially thin pair of high heels today, which were practically killing her.

"I know she can't drink, but the groom can, right?"

Jiang Zhiyuan smiled, then several men pushed Mu Yichen aside and leaped inside.

Qin Mu was startled.

In the opulent private room, the sound system was turned on, and the waiters had already brought in various types of liquor and fruit platters.

Later, Mu Yichen sat on the sofa, watching as Jiang Zhiyuan actually started a dance-off with Qin Mu.

Qin Mu had changed into a simple dress that came down to her knees.

"Qingxin, come join in!"

Qin Mu, rarely this happy, then pulled Qingxin, Wen Runuan, and Xiaomei, and they all began to have fun together.

Helian Hao, being pregnant, just sat on the side watching them play.

But seeing Qin Mu so happy, she finally felt at ease.

Mu Yichen sat next to her and couldn't help but light a cigarette, but when he saw Helian Hao, he was about to snuff it out again.

"It's fine!"

Helian Hao whispered to him.

Mu Yichen then took another puff and squinted at the woman dancing with her friends in front of him.

"Jing Feng! As a child, you said you'd treat me as your sister. Now that your sister is getting married, shouldn't big brother offer his sincere blessings? Plus, you married my best friend."

Qin Mu joked, actually feeling flushed from exhaustion. However, the room lights were dimmed, so she didn't feel anything.

Jing Feng reluctantly let go of Helian Hao's hand, letting her sit by herself on the sofa, and moved forward, one hand holding his drink, the other on Qin Mu's shoulder.

"Big brother hugging his little sister's shoulder won't upset the brother-in-law, right?"

Jing Feng first asked the man sitting on the other side of his wife, before he continued with a smile, "Indeed, when we were kids I said this girl was my sister, told her to come to me if she had any trouble. But when she came back from Paris, I made her suffer a lot because of my own sister. Little sister, let your big brother apologize to you tonight."

Jing Feng said, raising his glass.

Qin Mu actually wanted to drink too.

"Isn't this too polite?"

Qin Mu asked him.

"Mu Yichen, when this girl just returned to the country, you said she could marry along with me, I truly thought you were going to marry my biological sister, not this sister. You really had me fooled."

Jing Feng, holding his drink, stretched out a finger pointing at the man sitting helplessly in the sofa across from him.

Mu Yichen smiled back at him, a smile that was somewhat faint.

"Only later did I find out that this guy was going to marry this girl!"

Jing Feng said, then turned to look at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu smiled, then whispered something into Jing Feng's ear.

Jing Feng's gaze suddenly became a bit distant.

After Qin Mu finished speaking, she left him and said to everyone, "How about we have Jing Jian give us a dance?"

The crowd immediately cheered. The last time Jing Feng danced was at his own wedding.

"Today I'm just a supporting role. Let the main characters take the stage."

Jing Feng looked towards Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen was about to stand up when Qin Mu said, "No, no, no, right now, you guys are the stars here."

Mu Yichen settled back into the comfortable sofa, his mood somewhat gloomy.

All evening, he counted the few times she looked his way very clearly.

Jiang Zhiyuan ran up and had a playful dance-off with Jing Feng for two minutes. Jing Feng surrendered, returning to his seat, then Jiang Zhiyuan immediately pulled Wen Runuan to the center.

It didn't matter if President Zhang was unhappy, Jiang Zhiyuan just smiled at Wen Runuan.

Wen Runuan smiled helplessly but went along with everyone and danced.

Later, Jian Yan arrived too, but after offering a few congratulatory words, he just sat on the sofa watching them play.

Eventually, Mu Yichen, having no choice, had a drinking contest with Jiang Zhiyuan and Jing Feng, and it wasn't until around one or two o'clock that they dispersed.

Then, finding this private room empty, they went in to sleep.

They left late. Qin Mu turned her head to look inside, Jian Yan was still sitting there. She gazed at his silhouette, thought for a moment and called out, "Jian Yan."

Jian Yan turned around, his hollow eyes meeting Qin Mu's.

"I might not be able to see you off tomorrow."

She was a bit tired, the man on her was too heavy.

"Okay! Go get some rest."

Jian Yan agreed, at this time the lighting in the room was still dim, but the music had stopped.

Chapter 743: Wedding (6)_3

"Don't drink alcohol! And cut down on the cigarettes."

Qin Mu was afraid he couldn't control himself, so she made a special reminder.

Jian Yan let out a laugh as Qin Mu carried Mu Yichen away.

The staff were waiting outside and immediately came forward to help when they saw her exit.

Qin Mu cursed him as a pig in her mind, intending to hand him over to the staff, but he held onto her neck tightly.

Qin Mu had no choice but to take him upstairs herself.

They finally returned to their hotel room.

She sighed unconsciously at the sight of the room, with roses strewn all over the floor and a heart-pierced by an arrow arrangement on the bed in the bedroom.

She thought, who has the energy to appreciate all this when they're so exhausted?

"Young Madam, all of this was personally prepared by Mr. Yichen."

As the hotel's room manager left with the staff, Qin Mu's gaze fell on the man lying next to the bed.

When did he come to prepare this?

He did leave for a while in the evening, but...

She had only fantasized about the moment of putting on the white dress, never considering that it would be merely a fleeting joy; the entire day after was nothing but utter exhaustion.

Qin Mu looked up at him.

His eyelashes fluttered slightly, and he simply looked at her calmly.

Qin Mu froze, her heartbeat slowing down for a moment.

"Mrs. Mu."

"Psh!"

Qin Mu thought to herself, aren't you supposed to be drunk?

"If I didn't pretend to be drunk, they wouldn't have dispersed."

"Since it's all family, wouldn't it be nice to let them have their fun?"

"Are you joking with me?"

Qin Mu looked up at him.

"Today is our wedding night."

— —

After dawn, Qin Mu came out and ran into Zhuo Wen; she only wanted to see Jian Yan, but Zhuo Wen happened to be coming out from a few doors down.

The two women looked at each other, this time, they had to confront each other.

Zhuo Wen stepped forward: "Congratulations, you finally became Mrs. Mu as you wished."

"Thanks!"

Qin Mu didn't even look at her, replying with just two words out of courtesy.

"Won't you ask why I'm still here? Won't you ask when I'm leaving?"

"Better never to leave."

This time, Qin Mu looked at her.

Zhuo Wen looked back, not understanding.

"Only then will I have the chance to rip off that fake skin from your face."

Qin Mu's sharp gaze locked onto Zhuo Wen's eyes, causing Zhuo Wen's face to turn pale, but she turned her head away quickly and sidestepped to avoid facing her: "What right do you have to say that? Don't tell me it's because your own father had an affair, you think that all married men in the world will cheat on their wives behind their backs?"

"No! I just think that cunning women, like the one responsible for my mother's car accident, are not in short supply, especially those like Miss Zhuo who appear so aloof yet are actually despicably cheap to the bone. As the rightful wife, I certainly have to be cautious,"

Before Qin Mu could finish speaking, Zhuo Wen, having heard a few words such as 'despicably cheap,' couldn't help but step forward, her hand raised to slap Qin Mu. However, Qin Mu's sharp eyes immediately caught her motion, her hand quickly intercepting Zhuo Wen's forceful wrist. Qin Mu looked at Zhuo Wen's furiously pale face with a smile, admitting to herself that she had indeed become angry because Zhuo Wen had brought up her parents, so she had deliberately used such words to retort Zhuo Wen.

"You're going too far, Qin Mu,"

Zhuo Wen said.

"Really? I don't see everyone as a rival. Or is it that Miss Zhuo is already backing down so quickly?"

Qin Mu's keen eyes stared at her.

"We'll see about that!"

Zhuo Wen shook off Qin Mu's hand.

"Zhuo Wen! Remember my words."

Having said that, Qin Mu was about to leave when she passed by Zhuo Wen.

Yet, Zhuo Wen suddenly grabbed Qin Mu's wrist, pressing her up against the wall, one hand beside Qin Mu's shoulder, calming down the anger inside her as she directly looked at the equally tall Qin Mu with a smile: "Qin Mu, I've said it many times, I really have no interest in your husband. I'm staying here because of my fiancé, who's avoiding some trouble in Australia so we're lingering here."

"There are too many lies; even if you're telling the truth now, I won't believe it anymore. Besides—"

Qin Mu raised her hand; the scarf wrapped around Zhuo Wen's neck didn't look very flattering to Qin Mu, so she gently tugged at it, then looked straight into Zhuo Wen's eyes.

At that moment, Zhuo Wen was truly infuriated by her, knowing what Qin Mu hadn't finished saying.

Jian Yan's flight was early at seven in the morning, and despite her rush, Qin Mu was still late.

Actually, Jian Yan would have preferred not to see her.

Qin Mu spent a lot of time thinking in a coffee shop next to the airport, and the morning quickly passed.

Her phone was still on her bedside.

When Mu Yichen woke up at half past ten, she wasn't there, but her phone was ringing. He reached out to grab her phone and answered, pinching the bridge of his nose: "Hello?"

"Mr. Mu? Is Qinqin not there?"

"She should be in the washroom, I'll call her for you."

Mu Yichen was about to go to the washroom himself, so he left the phone on the bed and went to look for her.

However, when he pushed open the door of the washroom, it was completely empty and she was nowhere to be seen.

A frown briefly crossed his brows before they knitted tightly together again.

She was not in the living room either, nowhere to be found.

— —

The hotel staff mentioned seeing the young madam leaving before seven in the morning. Mu Yichen thought of Jian Yan's departure for Paris today.

Had she gone to see him off, or had she left with him?

She had long since been reluctant to stay with him, so even her sighs were half-hearted.

But what about their child?

Had she given up on everything?

Upon thinking of the child, Mu Yichen's dejected sitting figure immediately stood up again, standing ramrod straight.

"Huanhuan? Huanhuan is playing with her little brother. She seems very happy today, always cajoling her brother,"

Feng Fanghua chatted happily a bit more, unaware that the person on the other end had hung up early. After putting down the phone, she turned to her husband sitting beside her: "This kid doesn't come back in the middle of the day and just leaves it at that, but what about all those strange questions he asked?"

Mu Yichen dressed in his shirt, hearing someone knocking at the door from outside, and they were knocking quite forcefully.

"Daring to be angry with me after disappearing all morning,"

Mu Yichen grumbled deeply, looking down as he walked towards the door.

Chapter 744: After the Wedding (1)_1

Qin Mu had calmed down by the time she rushed back to the hotel from the airport.

The hotel lobby manager came down from upstairs and happened to see her returning from outside, so he went over to greet her, "Young Madam."

"Hmm! Is Mr. Mu awake yet?"

"He is, he just ordered a meal."

The manager replied and walked with her to the elevator, pressing the button for her.

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu said to him as she entered and then the elevator doors closed.

AM, love and admiration.

Qin Mu didn't know why the name of the hotel came to mind. The elevator continued upward, her sharp eyes also lifted, and she slightly pursed her lips.

Despite having put on lipstick before leaving that morning, now it felt a bit dry.

Qin Mu took the room card out of her pocket, walked to her room door, and pushed it open with her head down.

Then...

On the sofa, a woman was entwined on top of a man, whose shirt was still unbuttoned.

Qin Mu had just closed the door and turned her head to see the woman straddling the man on the couch, and it felt as though a mouthful of blood had lodged in her throat.

Mu Yichen was startled by Zhuo Wen's sudden movement. Just as the door sounded, Zhuo Wen had suddenly pounced on him; only the bottom two buttons of his shirt were done up.

Mu Yichen turned his eyes to see Qin Mu standing at the door, struggling with anger and grief. The next moment, he pushed Zhuo Wen off of him, stood aside furiously, and glared at the woman knocked down on the other side of the sofa: "What are you doing?"

"Playing dumb? Weren't you quite happy just now?"

Zhuo Wen smiled faintly and then turned her eyes to Qin Mu at the door, stood up from the sofa, and gently gathered her long hair with both hands.

It was provocation!

Qin Mu stared straight at the shameless woman, her eyes flashing through myriad emotions in a moment's time.

The sudden silence in the living room, Zhuo Wen's voice so wanton, so painfully goading the blood within her.

"That's right, it's exactly what you see, I'm with Mu Yi now! I've liked him for a long time. If it weren't for public opinion, we would have gone public already," Zhuo Wen said, and then sighed deeply.

Mu Yichen just quickly did up his shirt buttons, and his brows furrowed upon hearing Zhuo Wen's last sentence, his gaze even more terrifying.

Qin Mu had warned him before, but he hadn't believed her.

Qin Mu didn't speak but just nodded, tears in her fierce eyes as she glanced aside. The corner of her mouth curved slightly. She was feeling tumultuous inside, especially after Zhuo Wen's provocation.

But she knew she couldn't afford to be too reckless, yet she needed to do something.

If she just walked away at this moment...

She looked up again, her sharp gaze piercing the tall man, and then she realized if she left like this, she would be letting this despicable pair off too easily.

So she suddenly smiled, hands on hips, pondered aloud in front of them, and then strode forward.

"Who initiated it?"

Qin Mu asked fiercely, chin lifted as she looked at the man.

Next to the fruit bowl on the coffee table by the sofa, there lay a particularly brand-new fruit knife.

Qin Mu, in a flurry, walked there while vigorously undoing the buttons of her coat, took it off, and threw it on the ground carelessly, then quickening her pace. Her white shirt was tucked into her black trousers. As she bent over to pick up the knife, her slender waistline was immediately visible.

Her figure hadn't been ruined by pregnancy. Instead, she had restored it soon after having her baby. She was always serious and scrupulous about everything, never knowing she would have such an opportunity.

Her delicate hand grabbed the brand-new fruit knife with the black handle.

"I'm asking which one of you initiated this?"

Qin Mu glared at them coldly, appearing ready to stab whoever confessed.

At this moment, she wished there was a professional camera set up here, recording all her actions to be posted online, to let all those damned, cheap women who lusted after her man know all about Qin Mu's 'good nature.'

"Calm down a bit, put the knife down first."

Zhuo Wen was so frightened her stomach tightened, and her throat felt sore, her voice weakening involuntarily.

"Calm? To hell with being calm, I've never killed anyone in my life, Qin Mu!"

Qin Mu roared at her furiously, deciding to forget everything else. Her mother hadn't killed the mistress and instead died herself; she must stab this woman to death. Even if their marriage had no future, it would be worth it.

At this moment, Qin Mu's tear-filled eyes were agitated and resolute.

"You're absolutely insane!"

Chapter 745: After the Wedding (1)_2

Madwoman?

Zhuo Wen's legs gave out and she collapsed back onto the couch, her eyes bulging as Qin Mu's knife hovered in front of her, she hugged her head and shrank into the couch, screaming, "Ah..."

At this moment, appearances and such were bullshit to Qin Mu.

But who could care about appearances at a time like this? Zhuo Wen was scared to death too, wanting to escape, but Qin Mu had already blocked the way.

"No way!"

Mu Yichen timely embraced her from behind.

"Let go of me, believe it or not, this grandma will chop off your hand?"

Qin Mu turned her head to look at him and shouted.

"Even if you chop off my hand, you can't chop her."

Mu Yichen held her tightly, even causing her little stomach to hurt from the pressure.

Qin Mu, however, looking at him like that, suddenly couldn't help it and her eyes blurred with tears, her face streaming with tears in a matter of seconds.

"You bastard, do you love her that much?"

Qin Mu clenched the knife handle in one hand, pointing downwards, and with her other hand tried hard to pry his slender and strong fingers open.

Qin Mu, gritting her teeth with rage, exhausted from the effort and still unable to break his grip, angrily yelled, "Mu Yichen, let me go."

"If I let you go, we're all finished."

Mu Yichen couldn't help but smile bitterly, thinking to himself, how did you suddenly become so strong? I'm barely able to restrain you.

"Qin Mu, have you gone mad? Killing someone means going to prison."

Zhuo Wen, terrified by the knife in her hand, grabbed the armrest of the couch to pull herself up, swallowed nervously, and seeing no other way out, managed to crawl onto the couch.

"Even if it means going to prison, I'll stab you to death first."

Qin Mu roared, then thrust forward powerfully, her hands gripping the long knife handle tightly—the kind of long knife actually used for cutting watermelon.

"Stab me to death? We've done everything that needed to be done, if you kill me, will he be yours?"
Zhuo Wen jumped down after finishing her words.

"Bitch, stop right where you are."

Fearing she would escape, Qin Mu struggled even more fiercely, shouting loudly.

Zhuo Wen's high heel broke, and she knelt on one knee to the ground, crying out in pain as she spoke those words.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu...

But Zhuo Wen still got up and hobbled out the door, and Qin Mu immediately roared again, "Bitch, stop right there."

She truly wasn't rational at this moment, she didn't want to be rational anymore, if being rational could make everything go back to before this morning.

Qin Mu's face was already flushed with anger, appearances and such were bullshit to her right now.

Her throat was hoarse from shouting, but Zhuo Wen had run away, Mu Yichen was still holding her, and she was out of strength, only able to plead, "Let me go, let me go!"

She cried, sobbing like a child, overcome with grievance.

Mu Yichen still held her tightly, his heart aching for her, unable to let her go.

Mu Yichen thought she had given up everything here and boarded the plane with Jian Yan.

"You bastard."

Her voice was raspy with tears, crying out.

In the huge living room, only her crying was left.

Qin Mu gripped the knife handle pointing downwards with one hand, gently pressing against his shoulder, and with the other, she hit him hard.

"Listen to me, no matter how angry you are, take it out on me."

He faced her, embracing her tightly.

"I'm going to kill her, I'm going to kill her."

Qin Mu's voice was hoarse from screaming, repeating hysterically, her eyes already obscured by tears.

"Killing someone means prison! And nothing happened between me and that 'bitch.'"

He tried to soothe her while he couldn't help but want to laugh, hearing her talk about killing someone.

"Nothing happened? Nothing happened and you look like this? You're still laughing? You can still laugh?"

Qin Mu looked up at him, disbelieving, then grabbed his shirt and slapped him hard on the chest, seeing the lipstick mark on his neck, her anger intensified, and she forcefully pushed him away.

Mu Yichen let go because he didn't want to hurt her, but never expected Qin Mu's knife to accidentally cut himself.

Qin Mu also startled, the knife immediately dropped to the floor, with a tear from her eyelashes falling onto her face, sliding down to her chin.

He simply took off his shirt to cover the wound on his arm: "I'm fine."

He was very calm, finally, his whole heart was preoccupied with this girl who was enraged.

She had never been this angry before, and he never thought he would push her to this point one day.

He had said some inappropriate things, he looked very chauvinistic, and indeed, he wanted to keep her tied to his side forever, but actually, what he preferred more was for them to live in loving companionship.

Chapter 746: After the Wedding (1)_3

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at him and gradually calmed down, but then she lowered her gaze, no longer wanting to see him.

She had made it clear that there was something wrong with that woman.

She didn't know why Zhuo Wen was in this room, nor did she know why Zhuo Wen was on him; she didn't know if anything had happened between them.

She didn't even care anymore, willing to let go of everything.

Looking at him, she couldn't muster any strength.

They were no longer the children they once were.

Thinking of her actions just now, she unconsciously scoffed at herself, then raised her hand, her head bowed, palm pressing against her tearful eyes and forehead.

Her head hurt like hell.

She was already irritable enough.

She had sat in the café for so long, thought so much, and just when she had finally convinced herself to carry on as usual, she returned to see all this.

She had wanted to ask him if he had a headache from drinking too much, had even planned to have a meal with him and then go home to see the elders.

In her pocket, she had even prepared medicine to treat post-drinking headaches.

But now, she couldn't bring herself to say any words of concern to him.

She couldn't bring anything out, only feeling that since Zhuo Wen arrived at the house, she had made things clear to him; but she felt there were still so many unresolved issues between them.

Suddenly, she was terribly frightened.

She didn't know how many more conflicts they would have.

She didn't know what she should do if he really had done something with Zhuo Wen.

Really kill Zhuo Wen?

And then go to prison?

What about the children?

Once, she had resented her mother for dying and leaving her alone in this world.

Just now, she had nearly made the same mistake.

She suddenly hated herself for being so uncollected, so irrational.

After much turmoil, she finally lifted up her tearful eyes again.

"You're fine, but I have a problem."

Her voice was still hoarse, not as hysterical as before, tough and sad.

Wiping away her tears, she shook her head in denial, unwilling to admit: "Mu Yichen, I don't want to see you anymore."

Mu Yichen tried to come closer, but Qin Mu immediately raised her hand: "Don't come near me. For the time being, I really can't bring myself to be calm. I want to move out of the Mu Family temporarily."

She didn't even look up, just refused to have any more close contact with him.

It felt as though the heating in the living room had suddenly stopped.

The air grew still.

She walked past the sofa to leave, picking up the coat that was on the floor.

When she stood up, she took a deep breath, unable to see the road ahead clearly.

"I'll move out!"

Mu Yichen spoke in a deep voice as she approached the doorway, his dark gaze fixed intently on her slim retreating figure.

Qin Mu stopped for a few seconds, the coat draped over her arm, and then, with force, she opened the door.

The children needed her, and she knew she couldn't go far.

If he was willing to move out, that was for the best.

"Whatever happens, don't wander off and worry our parents. As long as you promise me that, I'll move out."

Mu Yichen reminded the woman about to leave one last time.

In his deep voice, exhaustion was evident.

Qin Mu held her breath and, even after hearing his words, didn't turn back; after leaving, she closed the door behind him.

Mu Yichen knew she had agreed, but when he looked down at his shirt, thinking of how Zhuo Wen had touched it, he was so angered that he immediately took off the shirt from his arm and furiously threw it on the ground.

He had someone eavesdrop on Zhuo Wen's room, but nothing unusual happened there.

He thought that Qin Mu must have made a mistake, given that Zhuo Wen had always had a good relationship with her fiancé.

It wasn't until just now that he realized how truly inscrutable women can be.

Never try to analyze a woman with a simple mind; that's absolutely wrong.

Afterward, he showered and treated his wounds himself.

On the floor, the knife still lay there, dried bloodstains on it.

Qin Mu stood in front of Zhuo Wen's room, with Wang Yin, the manager of the guest department, and two male attendants following behind her.

"Come in ten minutes after I exit," she said to them before pushing the door open.

"Okay!"

"Don't tell Mu Yichen!"

Qin Mu added seriously, and after receiving assurances from Wang Yin and the butler, she pushed open the door and entered.

If Mu Yichen knew, he would surely try to stop her.

If she couldn't kill Zhuo Wen, then at the very least, she couldn't let Zhuo Wen get off so easily.

Chapter 747: After the Wedding (1)_4

Zhuo Wen should pay a price for the trouble she's caused for her and Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu knew Zhuo Wen's fiancé wasn't around, which is why she was even more confident in dealing with Zhuo Wen.

After entering, Qin Mu gently closed the door and then looked down to see a silver golf club standing upright in a long tube, and couldn't help but let out a light chuckle.

Her eyes were calm yet ruthlessly resolute, her slender fingers casually picked up one club to hold in her palm, and then she walked inside.

Outside the door, Wang Yin anxiously waited with two attendants, taking deep breaths over and over again. She thought, Qin Mu might do something bad, but she couldn't stop her.

That was because she saw Zhuo Wen enter Mu Yichen's room, and when Qin Mu came to find her, she guessed the possible reason. Having experienced a similar situation with a mistress, she immediately agreed to Qin Mu's request.

All that needed to be shut off had been, all that needed to be cleaned up had been, and all that needed to remain silent had.

They waited anxiously outside.

Zhuo Wen was packing up inside by herself when Qin Mu walked over and saw the bedroom door open.

Zhuo Wen thought it was her own fiancé, so she kept her head down as she packed, saying, "That woman Qin Mu is a lunatic; she actually took a knife to kill me. We can't stay here anymore. Let's go now."

Zhuo Wen tried to stuff clothes into her suitcase, unable even to calm down enough to fold them.

Zhuo Wen was agitated, and even a bit out of control, "If we don't leave now, I'm afraid she'll come looking for trouble. In Rongcheng, we can't provoke her."

Standing at the doorway, gripping the golf club, Qin Mu watched Zhuo Wen's pre-escape behavior and unconsciously licked her own lips, leaning against the door frame with the thought, so you know you can't provoke me in Rongcheng? But it's too late now that you realize it.

Qin Mu bit her lips as she scrutinized the woman in front of her, a woman beautiful enough to take one's breath away, but a villainess nonetheless.

Qin Mu scoffed, her delicate gaze devoid of any warmth.

With no response, Zhuo Wen turned to look.

Then, she froze completely, "You, how could you...?"

"How could I come in?"

Qin Mu played with the golf club in her hand, glanced at Zhuo Wen casually, and then looked back at the club, her eyes devilishly as if she had touched poison.

"Is there anywhere in AM where I am not allowed to enter? Or did Miss Zhuo have a moment of stupidity despite being smart all her life?"

Qin Mu looked at her again and then tilted her head slightly.

Zhuo Wen, watching Qin Mu's arrogant demeanor, felt her heartbeat quicken.

"What do you want?"

Zhuo Wen's throat felt drier as she asked nervously.

"What can I do? Just venting for myself. I've found that Miss Zhuo's face is quite round, seemingly full of collagen. If I were to strike it, it would probably feel quite comfortable," Qin Mu said, touching the bottom of the golf club.

"Don't mess around, there are cameras here," Zhuo Wen said as she clutched her clothes and backed away slightly.

"If I were afraid, I wouldn't have come here," Qin Mu said, then stood up straight and slowly walked towards Zhuo Wen step by step.

"I am about to return to Australia. Is there really a need to be so ruthless?"

Zhuo Wen frowned deeply, her face pale as paper.

"Leave now? Why not stay a few more days?"

As soon as Qin Mu finished speaking, the clothes fell from Zhuo Wen's hands, and she just stared dumbly as Qin Mu suddenly raised the golf club.

"I hope you will stay a few more days!"

Qin Mu had never thought she was so accurate at golf, but apparently, hitting a face, she was dead on.

She felt the golf club hook under Zhuo Wen's chin, and Zhuo Wen was sent flying onto the bed, then lay there motionless.

Qin Mu had measured her strength, but that stroke indeed was fast, accurate, and ruthless!

Indeed, it was beautiful!

The blow wasn't lethal for Zhuo Wen, but after stirring up so much trouble in Rongcheng, Qin Mu had finally vented on her own behalf.

"A bitch will always be a bitch," Qin Mu tossed the club aside, watching the unconscious woman on the bed with cold eyes, her words very light, almost as if she were muttering to herself.

She couldn't be bothered with Zhuo Wen, so she turned and indifferently walked out.

Her figure was upright; her heart was stubborn; she had never been so humiliated, not even when she was being schemed against by Yang Qianxi and the others had she ever felt so demoralized.

"It's done!"

Qin Mu left the room, took a breath before showing a perfect smile to Wang Yin and the attendants waiting at the door, and said refreshingly.

"Are you okay?" Wang Yin asked with concern.

"I'm very good, just that she isn't. Take her to the hospital, and whatever she says, stick to the story that she hurt herself playing around," Qin Mu ordered, nodding seriously. It wasn't that she wasn't nervous, but the rational part of her insisted on restraint.

She lowered her head, gripping the sides of her waist tightly with her hands, only then looking forward again, very close to their guest room.

"Yes!"

Wang Yin responded composedly.

In her heart, this was the real Qin Mu, with clear love and hate, daring to fight and kill.

Wang Yin remembered Qin Mu as she was when she first arrived in Rongcheng.

"Thank you for your hard work!" Qin Mu said as she walked past them towards the elevator, feeling extremely elated inside.

As she neared the elevator, Qin Mu suddenly turned around, walking backward she commented, "The guest room where Mr. Mu stayed, starting tonight, accommodate other guests."

Chapter 748: After the Wedding (2)_1

"From the back door!"

After Wang Yin led people in, she looked at the woman lying on the bed as if dead, her skirt wrinkled unattractively at her behind, and after instructing the two attendants behind her, she left first.

She knew that this kind of woman was absolutely not qualified to get into a car from the hotel's main entrance.

Qin Mu left the hotel and drove directly back to the Mu Mansion in Mu Yichen's car.

She felt that what she had experienced today was enough to remember for a lifetime.

As soon as she returned to the house and entered, she heard the sounds of a family chatting and laughing. Qin Mu walked up and greeted them, and upon seeing the three little babies of the family, she couldn't help but smile and say, "Our family is really warm."

Mu Qingxin looked up at Qin Mu somewhat uneasily, Qin Mu's words feeling like they had neither beginning nor end, and Mu Qingxin blinked, "Wow, what did you just go through?"

Mu Qingxin noticed that Qin Mu's face looked as if she had just survived a great disaster.

"Nothing! I just played a game of ball, feeling pretty good, 'Grandpa, mom and dad, I'm going upstairs to change my clothes."

Huanhuan watched her going upstairs to change clothes and suddenly dropped her toy to run to her from beside her grandparents.

"What's wrong?"

Qin Mu bent down, looking into her daughter's eyes that resembled someone else's.

"Hug."

The walls around Qin Mu's heart, suddenly collapsed.

Her eyes immediately burned by the hot atmosphere, then she bent down and picked up her daughter, forcing a smile, "Go with grandpa and grandma to take care of your little brother. Mom will come after changing clothes."

"Okay!"

Huanhuan wrapped her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her on the face.

Qin Mu then set her down, touched her head, and walked away.

However, as she climbed the stairs with sure-footed steps, her tears fell one by one.

Those tears, like beads fallen from a string, were stubborn and heavy.

She didn't know why her daughter made such a heartwarming gesture all of a sudden, but she just started to feel sad.

When she returned to her room and the door closed behind her, she bit her lip hard, but her face was already streaked with tears.

In the end, she couldn't control herself and bowed her head, beginning to sob softly, even shaking a little.

"Strange, why is she the only one who came back? What about her brother?"

Mu Qingxin asked, then the phone beside her rang. Fearing to disturb the baby's rest, she hurriedly picked it up.

"It's my brother!"

She whispered to the elders while picking up the phone.

The living room suddenly became quiet, then she answered with a, "Hello? Brother?"

"Did your sister-in-law come back?"

Mu Yichen was still in the hotel, but at that time, he was already in the office.

"She came back already, said she was going upstairs to change clothes, but it's been over half an hour and she hasn't come down yet."

Mu Qingxin's voice sounded somewhat complaining as she spoke.

"Mm! Have her rest well at home, and if she's not going out, don't disturb her until it's time to eat."

Mu Yichen instructed seriously before hanging up the phone.

Mu Qingxin wanted to ask what had happened, but there was no time to ask.

Everyone was still playing happily last night.

"What on earth happened?"

Mu Qingxin turned after putting down her phone to look at her husband.

"I'm afraid only they know."

Jiang Yan replied somewhat helplessly.

"Weren't they still..."

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but murmur, puzzled.

"At the wedding yesterday, that girl from the Zhuo Family was there too, it probably has something to do with that."

"Mom and dad, can you help us take care of the kids, we're going to the hotel."

Mu Qingxin said as she pulled Jiang Yan with her to the hotel.

After they left, Feng Fanghua sighed helplessly, "What on earth does this precious daughter of yours want to do?"

"She's just concerned about her brother's and sister-in-law's love life."

Mu Zihao replied with a laugh.

The old master was sitting inside reading the newspaper with reading glasses, "At the wedding yesterday, the old man from the Jing Family said something to me, he said, 'Ah, these two young people have finally come full circle, saving others trouble. But why do I feel like they still have a long and bumpy road ahead?'"

These words were truly thought-provoking.

In the evening, Mu Yichen didn't come home, and Mu Qingxin went to knock on Qin Mu's door.

"Applying for a chat?"

Mu Qingxin proposed to the woman in bed coaxing her son to sleep at the doorway.

"Come on over!"

Qin Mu said softly, hugging her son a little tighter in her arms to make room for Mu Qingxin.

As soon as Mu Qingxin got into her bed, she couldn't help but say, "It's great that Mu Yichen isn't home, I can even sleep in his bed!"

Chapter 749: After the Wedding (2)_2

Qin Mu looked at Mu Qingxin's smug little expression and chuckled.

"Qin Mu, did you know that Zhuo Wen has been hospitalized?"

Rolling on her side to face Qin Mu, Mu Qingxin propped her head with one hand and, while asking, her eyes were fixed intently on Qin Mu.

"What are you trying to say?"

Qin Mu asked her.

"Rumor has it that my brother was the one who hit her."

"Your brother doesn't hit women, does he?"

Qin Mu's eyes shifted slightly, then she asked casually.

"Yeah! Logically, that's the case, but who knows if there might be exceptions? If it really was my brother who did it, then he would probably face a lot of social backlash. If our grandfather finds out, he might beat him half to death."

"He's not coming back today."

Qin Mu thought for a moment, then said quietly.

"He might not come back today, but he will tomorrow night. It's Chinese New Year's Eve, and our grandfather definitely won't let it slide because of that. Zhuo Wen's grandfather and our family's old man are as close as brothers. Just think about it."

Mu Qingxin got up, leaned towards Qin Mu, and whispered looking at the little nephew in Qin Mu's arms.

Tomorrow is New Year's Eve, and he will definitely come back tomorrow night.

Qin Mu lowered her gaze and gently patted the little one in her arms, silent.

"Ah! The hotel staff are pretty tight-lipped too, not spilling a single word."

Mu Qingxin sighed as she spoke, as she had indeed tried various ways to get information today. However, even as Yichen's own sister, she got nothing from them.

But she wasn't the only one feeling upset. Later that evening, Mu Yichen and Jiang Zhiyuan had agreed to go for drinks. Wang Yin, along with the cleaning staff, had already been waiting at the door, and upon seeing them, he could only say, "No need to clean."

"President, the lady of the house says this guest room will be receiving other guests starting tonight."

"Say that again?"

Mu Yichen, thinking he had misheard, turned around to look at the empty corridor, his eyes filled with annoyance.

"The lady of the house says this guest room will now be reopened to receive guests."

Although Wang Yin was very nervous, she still informed him since the room had already been arranged for other guests.

Mu Yichen...

He still went out to drink, just feeling very vexed.

That woman could be so heartless, knowing full well his special fondness for that room.

In the private room downstairs, Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan had already ordered food and were waiting for him. As soon as he arrived, Jiang Zhiyuan instructed the server: "Pour the wine!"

The server nodded promptly, then went to get the wine bottle to pour for them.

Mu Yichen draped his coat over the back of the chair, walked over and sat down, his expression somewhat sour.

"What's wrong? Not having fun in your newly-wedded bliss?"

"Or did you have too much fun?"

Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi teased him, a kind of joking Zhao Huai wasn't very good at.

"Hmph! Fun? Who did I have fun with?"

Mu Yichen laughed, their astonished expressions visible to him as he recounted the day's events and then took a big gulp of wine himself.

Qiao Yi, Jiang Zhiyuan, and Zhao Huai exchanged looks before leaning forward slightly: "Xiaomu hit Zhuo Wen?"

"Xiaomu is actually that violent?"

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?"

All the surveillance cameras were turned off, but the one Mu Yichen had someone install was inadvertently left on.

Although they couldn't see anything, they heard everything clearly.

Plus, Wang Yin had confirmed his suspicions that afternoon.

"Hahaha! Our Xiaomu is so impressive, really well done."

Jiang Zhiyuan laughed heartily, truly amused as he slapped the table.

"Thought we're going to be schemed against again."

Zhao Huai let out a sigh of relief as if it were a close call.

Mu Yichen...

"In our view, there is indeed something off about Zhuo Wen."

Qiao Yi spoke in hindsight.

Mu Yichen turned to look at him, scoffed derisively and wished he could smash a wine bottle over his head.

"Indeed something's off? Why didn't you say so earlier?"

Mu Yichen asked Qiao Yi pointedly.

"How could I dare say anything out of line to the boss, not knowing if that's exactly what you wanted in your heart."

Mu Yichen picked up the wine glass and with a 'bang',

smashed the glass on the floor, startling all three of them and suddenly silencing the room.

Jiang Zhiyuan turned his head, gesturing to the server.

The server hurriedly went to get the cleaning tools.

Mu Yichen, however, was quite furious.

"Not a single person ever told me there was something wrong with this woman, okay? Now you come to me saying you always knew she was no good? Is this how you be friends?"

Mu Yichen stood up angrily.

This meal, he couldn't stomach.

He immediately got up and left.

On the long night drive back to the apartment by himself.

She wouldn't let him return to Mu Mansion, he could only go home.

As for the three men left in the private room, they remained silent for a while.

Chapter 750: After the Wedding (2)_3

Zhao Huai poured himself a glass of wine, "It really is like being in the company of a tiger."

"This time, things might have really gone wrong; Xiaomu had been pushed to the point of pulling out a knife."

Jiang Zhiyuan didn't dare to make any more sarcastic remarks.

"Yeah! Trouble really has erupted. But shouldn't we remind Yichen that Zhuo Wen's fiancé is from the black society?"

Zhao Huai asked again, looking at his two elder brothers.

When Jiang Zhiyuan exchanged glances with Qiao Yi, they initially wanted to say that Yichen already knew, but on second thought, with that guy currently being so furious, might he have forgotten?

They, having foreseen the danger but not informing Yichen—if something happened to Xiaomu, it wouldn't be just Yichen wanting to kill them, they'd feel compelled to take their own lives.

"Let's give him a call."

Qiao Yi, as the oldest among them, said to Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai.

Seeing Qiao Yi looking at him, Jiang Zhiyuan turned to look at Zhao Huai—this was a phone call he dared not make.

"Or, should we just send a message?"

Zhao Huai knew that his two elder brothers didn't dare to bear the responsibility alone.

None of the three wanted to take the lead, so they reached a consensus and each sent him a WeChat message.

In fact, Mu Yichen had already arranged for people nearby his home the moment he learned that Qin Mu had injured Zhuo Wen. Moreover, Rongcheng wasn't Australia, and it wasn't Zhuo Wen's fiancé's turn to act arrogantly here.

Mu Yichen glanced at his phone; after all, three messages were sent in a row, and he had seen them all.

The car slowly returned to the apartment, and then he sent a message in the group, "You all go to the Mu Family tonight and stand guard. If anything happens to Qin Mu, I'll hold you accountable."

All three were startled by the sound of his voice, and they didn't dare to drink any more, quickly leaving the private room.

At the hospital, as soon as Zhuo Wen woke up, she had been constantly asking the nurse to call the police for her, claiming she wanted to report a crime.

The nurse thought she had gone mad.

Zhuo Wen's fiancé stood by the window, looking at her ruined half-face, and couldn't help but yell, "You're in this state now, what are you calling for?"

"I'm feeling wronged!"

Her face was completely distorted, and her voice sounded muffled and unclear.

"Once the swelling subsides, a bit of fixing will make it all right."

Zhuo Wen's fiancé hadn't expected Qin Mu to be so merciless. She looked like such a weak girl, yet her blow had such force.

Zhuo Wen's face had already been filled before; it goes without saying that even a baseball bat, let alone a slap, would make it look terrible.

But Qin Mu didn't know that, and that one hit almost ruined Zhuo Wen's entire face.

"You must avenge me, she's beaten me to this state; you can't just stand by."

Zhuo Wen started crying again, and it even hurt to cry.

"I'd like to help, but I need the courage. Mu Yichen threatened me, saying if I dare to make a move, he'll send me straight back to Australia."

Zhuo Wen's fiancé was also struggling to protect himself. If he returned to Australia, his enemies there would definitely find a way to kill him. He could only hide here, and he was alone in Rongcheng, without any backing.

"Then, I want to meet the Mu Family's old master. Where's my phone?"

Zhuo Wen said again, holding her face that was swollen like a pig's head.

"Mu Yichen also said that if you dare to call the Mu Family's old master, he will definitely not spare the Zhuo Family. Your family's dark history in Australia, especially the illegal transactions your brother is currently involved in—you know."

Zhuo Wen looked up, her big dark eyes full of helplessness.

"This is just for now. I guess Mu Yichen will soon come to see you, or send someone to see you."

"Why?"

"He installed a surveillance system in our room, and he heard everything we said this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"It means that we're now at his mercy, so you'd better hope you recover later rather than sooner."

Zhuo Wen's fiancé spread his hands; he was living as miserably as a rat crossing the street.

He felt like he was experiencing a period of endurance and hardship, but in reality, he had been living like this for almost a year.

After Mu Yichen returned to the apartment, he went upstairs, took a shower, and went straight to bed.

It was, after all, their cozy little nest.

He turned over, held her pillow in his arms, and clutched it tightly.

In the darkness, his eyes were uncharacteristically clear.

He thought about Qin Mu's excessive behavior at noon and couldn't help but smile a little.

Like a child, she was stubborn, almost maniacal—a side of her that had become rare.

Over the years, she had always been especially calm and composed, and so very gentle.

Gentle?

She was becoming gentler and gentler?

And then?

He thought of the damned woman who had entered their room today under the pretense of saying goodbye but had suddenly thrown herself at him.