

His Beloved 771

Chapter 771: After the Wedding (8)_2

Mu Yichen couldn't help but imagine the day in the future when the two of them would reconcile, fantasizing about the moment she would throw herself into his arms, crying like a fool.

It seemed like she didn't even want him near her now.

The more Mu Yichen thought about it, the colder his heart felt.

That evening, Jiang Zhiyuan didn't dare to stay for dinner, and he sent a message to Qin Mu before heading home, "Xiaomu, are you sure you don't want to check on Yichen at the apartment? I think he's gone mad, talking to himself and saying all sorts of nonsense."

At that time, Qin Mu was nursing the child, so she didn't even look at her phone. It was only later that night when she finally did, and upon seeing Jiang Zhiyuan's message, she couldn't help feeling a bit sour.

He wouldn't be alone in the apartment, not even eating properly, would he?

But why should she still care about all that?

After thinking it over, Qin Mu tossed her phone aside again and went to take a shower.

Only when she came out from her shower, did she receive a video call invite from Mu Qingxin.

Qin Mu assumed it was just Mu Qingxin, so she answered the video call immediately, only to be greeted by the sight of Jiang Yan as well, wearing only a sexy nightgown, and she instantly threw the phone onto the bed.

"Sorry, sorry, Ayan just wanted to say hi, and now he's leaving," Mu Qingxin quickly said, a bit startled, she rapidly shooed Jiang Yan away.

Then, the two women sat on the bed and chatted. Mu Qingxin couldn't help laughing, "Doesn't this nightgown look very similar to one you have?"

"Of course, it does, isn't that the one I gave you?" Qin Mu replied.

"Hehe! Yes, I thought you had forgotten," said Mu Qingxin.

How could Qin Mu forget? Mu Yichen had even lectured her about it, saying that if it was something given to her, how could she let someone else wear it? Not even her sister.

Why think of him?

Qin Mu felt it was just adding to her troubles, and then asked Mu Qingxin, "What do you want?"

"You still haven't reconciled with my brother, have you? No matter what, you shouldn't let him stay alone at the apartment," Mu Qingxin said, still showing concern for her brother, but she couldn't get mad at Qin Mu, so she just gave a gentle reminder.

"I didn't tell him to stay at the apartment, he went there himself," Qin Mu replied, lifting her hand to adjust the hat on her head.

She was too tired to even bother drying her hair.

"As if he would go sleep at the apartment on his own. Who are you trying to fool? Everyone in the Mu Family knows his temper; wherever you are, he is there. That's my brother, that's the eldest son of the Mu Family," Mu Qingxin retorted.

Qin Mu...

"You're worried about him, aren't you? Why then let him stay by himself?" Mu Qingxin continued to probe.

"How do you know I'm worried about him? Why should I worry about him?" Qin Mu asked back.

"If you weren't worried, why did you use my phone to message him when I fell asleep?" Mu Qingxin asked.

Qin Mu...

"Don't think I don't know. That night, my brother messaged me to check up on you. I was asleep, and you replied on my behalf. I saw it the next morning," Mu Qingxin pointed out.

Suddenly, Qin Mu found herself at a loss for words, even though she knew she had replied simply so he wouldn't disturb the sleeping Xiaomu.

"My brother is a grown man; he can't be attentive every moment. If you keep tormenting my brother, I'm really going to get angry and cut ties with you for good," Mu Qingxin threatened.

Qin Mu laughed, a bit startled, "Mu Qingxin, weren't you always proclaiming that the person you hated most was me? I should be afraid of cutting ties with you?"

This time, it was Mu Qingxin who was left speechless.

"Oh, my brother truly has only you in his heart."

"If Jiang Yan only had you in his heart but invited another girl to stay at his house, would you be happy?" Qin Mu asked her, placing her phone aside and starting to massage her face.

"But Zhuo Wen wasn't invited by my brother, right? Wasn't it Grandpa who invited her?"

"If your brother didn't want her to stay at the house, couldn't he have sorted it out in a matter of minutes?" Qin Mu asked again, then lay down on the bed to start her pre-sleep yoga.

"But, my brother must be trying to avoid upsetting Grandpa, who's already so old. No one in the family has the heart to see him sad," Mu Qingxin reasoned after thinking it over.

Indeed, there wasn't a single person in the family who didn't dote on Grandpa.

"Can we not talk about this?" Qin Mu cut her off.

"Alright! Have you started?" Mu Qingxin, unable to see Qin Mu, asked.

"Mmm!"

"Then I'll hang up. I should start too. My husband says I look especially sexy when doing pre-sleep yoga, hehe."

"You're doing this on purpose, right? You know very well that my husband isn't around now," Qin Mu retorted.

"Yes! Since you've been bullying my brother, of course, I can't let you off the hook too easily," replied Mu Qingxin with a playful tone.

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The two exchanged a few more words before finally ending the video call.

Later, before going to bed, Qin Mu went to the nursery to carry the little guy to her room, so she wouldn't have to get up in the middle of the night to make formula for him.

In fact, Qin Mu felt that her milk supply had decreased a lot these past two days, even though she had tried hard to consume all sorts of soups and foods.

But still...

Maybe, as Xiaohao said, when you're in a bad mood, nothing you eat is nutritious.

So what should she do?

She had to improve her mood; she couldn't let her son suffer.

In the morning, Feng Fanghua got up and went to her room to hold the child. Seeing that she was sleeping soundly, she didn't disturb her and went out, only to hear the nanny saying, "Last night, in the middle of the night, I made some formula to feed the young master, and then I discovered the young master wasn't in the nursery."

"Hmm! With Yichen gone, she finally has time to care for the child. If Yichen were here..."

"The young master would never allow the young madam to sleep with the young master in her arms."

The nanny agreed, knowing exactly what she meant.

"Ah! She's already thirty, and sometimes I think she's not even as sensible as my granddaughter."

Feng Fanghua carried her grandson downstairs.

Mu Zihao was playing a puzzle game with Huanhuan downstairs. Upon hearing them coming down, he didn't look up, completely engrossed.

Feng Fanghua went over and sat down: "You two have been piecing this together for an hour and still haven't finished?"

"Grandpa said one piece is missing!"

Huanhuan was a bit frustrated, but her hands kept searching through the pile.

It's forgotten who gave Huanhuan this set of puzzles. It had lain untouched until Huanhuan found it, and now she and her grandfather had something to keep them busy.

"Keep looking carefully."

Feng Fanghua said softly.

Huanhuan was particularly serious in her search.

The nanny brought out the prepared formula: "Madam, shall I feed the young master?"

"I will!"

Feng Fanghua, who on a normal day could hardly bear to let someone else care for her grandson, considered him her precious baby.

Ever since Qin Mu became pregnant, Feng Fanghua had been looking forward to it. So after Mu Chengyang was born, unless she was feeling unwell, she would never let anyone else hold him.

The addition of the little one to the family was actually a joy to everyone, but it also brought envy, since only Feng Fanghua could be with him all the time.

Li Yu sent a bracelet to Qin Mu's studio.

When Qin Mu arrived at work and saw the exquisite box on her desk, her gaze paused for a moment before she picked it up and opened it. Inside was a designer bracelet.

She gently took the bracelet out and placed it on her delicate wrist. Instinctively raising her eyebrows, she found it quite beautiful.

Xiaomei came to bring her water, knocked on the door, and upon seeing her wearing the bracelet commented, "That was brought over by Li Yu's assistant this morning. He said Li Yu was thanking you for your friendly cameo appearance and insisted that you accept this gift."

"Yes! I have already accepted it with a smile!"

Qin Mu nodded in agreement, her eyes earnestly gazing at the bracelet.

Ever since Xiaomei returned from her holiday, she had felt that Qin Mu was a bit off, and she wasn't clear about what had happened to her. So now, finally having the chance, she couldn't help but ask, "Qin Qin, did you have another argument with Mr. Mu?"

These words were too familiar.

It seemed that every so often, Xiaomei would ask a few times.

Therefore, Qin Mu let out a resigned sigh upon hearing the question. She lifted her wrist with the bracelet and walked towards the window, holding it up in the sunlight. The colorful bracelet made her skin look even more exquisite.

As she admired the bracelet, Qin Mu said, "He got kicked out by me."

Xiaomei...

Surely seemed like someone who'd just kicked out her man, otherwise, why would she be 'showing off' a bracelet given by another man?

Everyone knew Mu Yichen hated other men giving her gifts, and she had always declined gifts and overtures from other men, but today...

Xiaomei thought, even a fool would know she wasn't happy right now.

"Let's go to the fashion factory together later, I heard two sets of new equipment have arrived, let's go and take a look,"

Qin Mu stared at the bracelet for a long while before finally willing to let her arm down.

"Okay!"

Xiaomei agreed.

Qin Mu turned her head and saw Xiaomei standing there, looking a bit bored, wondering what she was thinking about.

"What's wrong? Is there something on your mind?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Nothing! I just think you're pretty silly."

Xiaomei said blandly and then turned her head to walk away first.

Qin Mu...

She's silly? Qin Mu wasn't sure if Xiaomei was talking about her.

Because no matter how she looked at it, she considered herself to be extremely smart.

Qin Mu was driving, with Xiaomei in the passenger seat, gripping the overhead handle tightly with both hands.

Because Qin Mu was driving a bit recklessly today.

"Should we get a new car?"

"New! New!"

Xiaomei, seeing Qin Mu's face, didn't dare to retort or even question her, only agreeing with whatever she said.

"But what if we don't have the money? Do we use President Mu's card?"

Qin Mu thought about it and then asked.

"Use it! Use it!"

Xiaomei continued to echo, feeling like she was about to be scared to death, shocked at the speed at which Qin Mu was driving the rickety car. She feared a car accident was imminent.

"But isn't it quite spineless to use President Mu's card? As a designer, and moreover, JY's most prized apprentice, maybe I should take out a loan!"

Qin Mu thought it was better to owe a little more than just a little.

Xiaomei looked at her incredulously, hands still firmly grasping the safety handle, and couldn't understand what was going on with her boss.

Why was she speaking so strangely today?

As a result, they were stopped for running a red light.

On the cold day, the police officer asked Qin Mu to produce her driving license. Qin Mu reluctantly took it out from the car and gave it to the officer.

Xiaomei had no choice but to gently push the officer a little away from her because she realized this wasn't Qin Mu's normal state. If Qin Mu were in her right mind, she would have apologized to the officer by now.

Xiaomei discreetly called Zhao Huai because the car couldn't be impounded; they still had to get to the fashion factory.

Zhao Huai arrived in less than half an hour and looked at the two women standing by the roadside, one ceaselessly trying to appease the police officer, apologizing, the other standing to the side as if she had nothing to do with the red light incident, and he couldn't help but sigh.

"Should I go or will you?"

Zhao Huai asked the person behind him.

"You go!"

A faint voice came from behind, dark eagle eyes gazing at the woman diagonally across.

Zhao Huai had no choice but to agree and then opened the car door to step out.

Qin Mu just happened to catch a glimpse of Zhao Huai walking over from the opposite side.

Of course, he was using the pedestrian path.

Qin Mu thought, why use the pedestrian path? It's not cool at all.

Yet her gaze subconsciously wandered over to the black car on the roadside, the windows were closed, but she felt like she had seen someone.

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Zhao Huai couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of Qin Mu's stubborn demeanor, but he didn't go over to provoke her. Instead, he chatted with the police officer.

Xiaomei stood by and listened as Zhao Huai exchanged pleasantries with the police officer without saying anything else. She instinctively glanced towards her boss and noticed that Qin Mu's eyes seemed to sparkle like diamonds as she stared straight ahead.

Following her gaze, Xiaomei looked at the black car and recognized it as Zhao Huai's vehicle. However, could there be someone else in the car? She approached Zhao Huai and quietly asked, "Is President Mu in the car?"

Zhao Huai looked down at Xiaomei, his eyebrows slightly raised.

Xiaomei immediately understood.

"President Mu, is he AM's Yichen?"

The police officer promptly returned Qin Mu's driving license to Zhao Huai with a smile and asked.

"Indeed!"

In fact, the police officer's daughter worked at AM, albeit in a minor position, but he still didn't dare to offend such a figure.

"Thanks, uncle!"

Zhao Huai patted the somewhat slim shoulder of the police officer and then took Xiaomei to find Qin Mu.

With a sharp eye, she immediately snatched the driving license from Zhao Huai's hand and turned to get into the car with an air of arrogance.

Zhao Huai...

"Xiaomu!"

Qin Mu paid no attention at all, opened the door, sat inside, and closed the car door with force.

"She's in a bad mood now, let's just leave it!"

Xiaomei said and then reluctantly followed her into the car.

Zhao Huai stood there with his hands in his pockets, watching their car drive away and inadvertently sighed, thinking to himself, why do women always have such big tempers?

Nowadays, it seems like men are the ones with good temperaments, while women's tempers are hideous.

Yep, they must all be spoiled by men.

Speaking to himself, Zhao Huai glanced once more at the opposite car, only to find the police officer standing beside him again.

After getting into the car, Zhao Huai turned to look at Mu Yichen, "Where are we going now?"

"Back to the office!"

Mu Yichen's response was indifferent as he continued flipping through the materials in his hand.

As though his eyes had never left the documents he was holding, he'd actually been watching the distance all along.

The way she looked at him made him quite unwilling to face her.

Which was why he hadn't gone out earlier.

Qin Mu had accidentally pricked her fingertip at the factory, alarming the workers to the point where they all turned pale.

So Xiaomei took her to the hospital, fearing she might have been poisoned.

The doctor gave her an injection and then let them go because there was no issue at all.

Xiaomei helped her walk out, mainly out of fear that she might bump into someone again or accidentally hit a wall.

Xiaomei thought to herself that the argument must have been severe for her to behave like this.

When the two of them left the hospital, it started snowing again. Qin Mu sighed involuntarily, "What kind of lousy weather is this?"

"I'll go bring the car over."

Xiaomei muttered to herself, not daring to let her wander off.

Qin Mu stood there quietly waiting, looking at her fingertip that had reddened, and suddenly felt uncomfortable enough to sniffle.

Could it be a cold?

She had slept well the night before, even waking up naturally in the morning.

But as soon as she went out, everything seemed to go wrong.

Looking at the bracelet on her wrist, she found it bothersome and forcefully removed it. Glancing at the nearby trash can, she tossed it right in.

Xiaomei's car arrived and she strode over to get in.

However, a woman behind her immediately reached into the trash can after seeing her car drive away.

A colored gold bracelet, no matter how beautiful and seemingly valuable, especially with the letters on it, caught the woman's eye. She glanced around and then quickly pocketed the bracelet.

On the way back, Qin Mu didn't say another word, just leaning on the back seat, looking somewhat weak.

From the rearview mirror, Xiaomei noticed her complexion didn't look good, "The doctor said it should be fine, and you got a tetanus shot, but why does your face look so bad?"

Could she admit that she had cried in the hospital restroom?

So, she just washed her face, and then...

She ended up looking rather pale.

Her lipstick was also gone.

She reached forward, weakly, opened the compartment in front, looked at the two lipsticks inside, randomly picked one, straightened up, flipped open the vanity mirror, and applied a thick layer of lipstick to her lips.

Suddenly, there was color again.

"Feeling better now?"

She turned to look at Xiaomei.

Xiaomei looked at her and then sighed helplessly.

This was the most worried Xiaomei had been for Qin Mu in all the years she'd known her.

"It's strange! Back when you took care of Huanhuan by yourself, I never worried about you, and I even felt happy when you moved to Rongcheng later. But now, why do I start to feel anxious?"

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"Familiarity breeds fondness!"

Qin Mu gave her an answer, then leaned back into his seat, presenting a state of paralysis.

Xiaomei chuckled upon hearing those four words, "Aren't those words meant to be said to a lover?"

"You are my lover too!"

Qin Mu thought, or perhaps you are more like a lover to me than anyone else.

As for Mu Yichen, she wasn't the least bit interested in him at the moment.

In the afternoon, she slept in the studio while the others worked.

In the evening, when she returned home, it was all about taking care of the children, then eating, and putting the children to bed.

It was just this evening when she carried her son out of the bathroom after a bath, she heard the sound of the door opening.

The sound seemed somewhat urgent, and then she turned her head to see him rushing in.

Qin Mu was still holding the child in her arms, but he suddenly approached and forcefully grabbed one of her hands.

Qin Mu...

She couldn't help but stare straight at him, "What are you doing?"

Those four words, devoid of warmth, filled with bafflement.

"Where were you injured?"

Mu Yichen anxiously asked.

Qin Mu's heart pounded, but then she said, "Who said I was injured?"

She snatched her hand back from his palm, then, holding her son with disdain for him, she approached the bed and gently laid her son down on it.

Mu Yichen felt a sourness in his heart; he had received a call from the hospital, fearing she was seriously injured.

But now it seemed that there was nothing serious, he had hung up the phone in his anxiousness before listening to the doctor completely, but now...

He just watched the little guy occupy the spot that used to belong to him, feeling an internal turmoil.

He stood with his hands on his hips for a while, and only after she put the child down did he step forward again, seizing both of her hands, bending down to take a serious look.

When he noticed a small hole on her left index finger, he immediately let go of the other hand and brought the injured finger close to his eyes, "You call this not injured?"

"Such a trifle, and you bothered to come all the way here?"

Qin Mu asked, wondering why he had come back, considering he hadn't even bothered to get out of the car when the police stopped her that morning.

She really wanted to kick him away, sending him flying down from the upstairs, better if he too became disabled.

In her heart, she had several excuses for hurting him, so she forcefully pulled her hand out from his grasp.

But he held on very tightly.

"What did it get pierced by?"

"What else could such a small wound be from? Of course, it's from a needle."

Qin Mu answered, but her tone was a bit forceful.

It was the needle from the sewing machine. She had simply wanted to tidy up that piece of fabric, a task that was nothing but simple for her, and everyone was crowding around to admire her skill when somehow, her finger got caught in it.

The machine's needle was so far away from the board, Qin Mu later thought to herself and mustered to express no words, how could she be so foolish.

Did she want to become one with the fabric?

"It's fine to be angry with me, but isn't it a bit too much to torture yourself like this?"

Mu Yichen finally lifted his eyes to look at her.

A thousand reasons had barely kept him calm alone in the apartment.

But one reason, caused him to rush back home.

Seeing her stubbornness, her feigned indifference, even as a man, he felt a heartache.

Qin Mu stubbornly looked back at him, listening to the concern in his voice, yet still biting her lip, trying not to show too much emotion.

"You did it on purpose, right? To rush back for such a minor thing."

Qin Mu lowered her head, avoiding his gaze.

The stubbornness in her voice was undeniable.

Mu Yichen also lowered his head, "I was just worried about you! Could such a thing be fake?"

After hearing his words, Qin Mu didn't speak further and her eyelashes flickered slightly.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became different; the air seemed to be quietly condensing, and if it wasn't broken soon, something unexpected might happen.

However, on the bed was another little fellow, eyes wide open, ears perked up, quietly eavesdropping.

Oh no, the little guy was listening openly.

It's just that the two of them had momentarily forgotten about Mu Chengyang on the bed.

The sudden silence in the air, Qin Mu with a lowered head, "Let go of me!"

Her voice, faint to the point of barely audible.

Mu Yichen slightly lifted his gaze, at that moment he truly had an urge to kiss her.

But he feared that she would slap him and then blame him yet again.

Thinking back to when he couldn't stand it and had his way, not caring whether she was happy or willing.

But now, he actually didn't dare.

Just because she said he didn't respect her enough.

Mu Yichen let go of her hand, "I'll check on the son before I leave."

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Qin Mu didn't say anything more, just walked to the sofa and sat down, also bowing his head and mindlessly flipping through a magazine next to him.

Actually, his heart couldn't calm down at all.

He walked over and sat by the bed, and as he saw the kid looking at him with big eyes, he couldn't help but mutter, "Occupying your old man's spot, you must be pretty pleased, huh?"

Qin Mu reflexively looked up at him, his eyes slightly more alert.

Mu Yichen felt Qin Mu's gaze and reluctantly raised his eyebrows, "But you just keep it for now, it's better than letting someone else take it, make sure to keep your mom happy for me."

He reached out to grab his son's little hand, wanting to use the child's hand to pat his own face, but it seemed like the little one's hand was too short, not able to reach.

And Qin Mu quickly noticed, putting down the magazine and asking unhappily, "Mu Yichen, what are you doing?"

"What else can I be doing?"

Letting go of Mu Chengyang's hand, Mu Yichen stood up.

If he couldn't stay longer, then it was time to go.

Yet Qin Mu felt a sting in his eyes when he heard the sound of the door closing.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were still watching TV downstairs. When they saw him coming down, they mumbled, "Leaving again?"

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen responded, but he wasn't in a rush to leave, so he sat down on the sofa and leaned back against it, resting his neck on the top, staring up at the ceiling.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao both doted on their son deeply, but they were powerless to persuade their daughter-in-law, feeling a bit aggrieved.

"Did the Zhuo Family send someone over?"

Mu Zihao asked.

"Yeah! The old master of the Zhuo Family and the eldest brother of their family came."

Mu Yichen said.

Mu Zihao nodded, "Have you met them?"

"Yeah."

"What did they say?"

Mu Zihao asked again.

"They said they wanted to take Zhuo Wen away!"

Mu Yichen answered truthfully.

"Zhuo Wen is miserable enough now, let her elder brother take her away. I heard she might have some mental issues?"

Feng Fanghua inquired, she was really fed up with the trouble this woman had brought to their family and just wanted the matter to be over quickly.

"So, she can't leave now, she's got to spend a few years in a mental hospital."

And it had to be one in Rongcheng.

Mu Yichen said, his voice lacking strength, but it made the listeners somewhat worried.

"What do her family members say?"

"No one dares stand up for her."

When Mu Yichen said this, his eyes immediately hardened.

Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua didn't ask any more questions, but Feng Fanghua said, "That woman almost caused Qin Mu and my grandson harm, she indeed deserves to pay a price."

Mu Zihao nodded.

The living room wasn't as lively as usual; now, the family of three sitting together somehow seemed a bit gloomy.

After a while, Feng Fanghua said, "Stay the night, just take the guest room, or go to Huanhuan's room."

Mu Yichen looked up at his mother, touched in his heart. At the critical moment, it was still his mother.

"If your daughter-in-law finds out about this, you've only just repaired your mother-in-law-daughter-in-law relationship not long ago, have you thought it through?"

Mu Zihao reminded his wife.

"Oh! Well, you should go then!"

Feng Fanghua said as she stood up and then went back to her room first.

"I won't see you out. Come back when you've coaxed your wife back into a good mood; there's no hurry!"

Mu Zihao also got up and, before leaving, gave Mu Yichen some instructions.

Mu Yichen...

It took him several minutes before he scoffed, thinking to himself that he now had absolutely no status in this family.

Nevertheless, he wasn't in a hurry to leave. He was pondering how to get his wife to accept him again.

Should he resort to a tactic like playing the sufferer?

She was even beginning to struggle at work, running red lights when driving; if their relationship didn't improve, she was sure to have an accident.

And yet, he fell asleep with such ease, on the couch.

In the middle of the night, Mu Zihao came out to drink some water and, seeing Mu Yichen asleep on the couch, went to fetch a blanket to cover him, and looking at Mu Yichen's pitiful state, said, "We want to help you too, but right now, in this house, you're not as important as your wife."

Mu Zihao shook his head and returned to his room.

Feng Fanghua also woke up and asked, "Has he not left yet?"

"He's fallen asleep!"

Mu Zihao replied and lay down in bed.

After turning off the light, Feng Fanghua asked, "Should we make him leave?"

"Can you really be so heartless?"

Mu Zihao asked her.

"What choice do we have? Qin Mu has stopped producing milk. If she sees him tomorrow and gets so angry that her milk dries up, my grandson is far more important than he is," Feng Fanghua said as she turned over and gently leaned against Mu Zihao's shoulder.

"Humph! You've certainly changed from back in the day. You used to be unable to bear to see our son in any distress."

"Back then I looked forward to having him home every day! Now, he just irritates me."

Mu Zihao laughed so hard he nearly shook, but in the dead of night, he tried his best not to laugh out loud.

And in the living room, finally, there was no sound at all.

As for his breathing, normally above millions, it now seemed utterly insignificant.

This living room was too large, so large that lying alone on the couch felt somewhat lonesome.

In truth, he had only wanted to stay a little longer here because it was too cold outside and even colder in his apartment.

Moreover, she hadn't been to the apartment in a long while, making it seem as if her scent had faded away.

He had fallen asleep hugging her clothes the night before, but he still didn't sleep well.

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Qin Mu woke up in the morning with a severe itch in her throat. She checked the time on her phone and it was just past six. Seeing the little one still soundly asleep, she approached, couldn't help but curl her lips into a slight smile, and gently wiped the drool from the corner of his mouth before quietly getting out of bed.

She closed the door softly as she left the room.

She had expected the downstairs to be bustling by now, but she was surprised to find it eerily quiet.

The old couple must not be up yet, or they were getting up.

The old man hadn't come back from the countryside, so that was one person fewer.

Usually, the maid would be cleaning at this time, but not today.

She went to the kitchen to pour herself a drink, but for some reason, she suddenly glanced towards the living room.

It felt like there was someone lying on the couch, so she walked over to it.

Chapter 776: Reconciliation (1)_1

He slept here for the whole night?

To say I wasn't heartbroken would be a lie, but being heartbroken definitely doesn't mean I'll be soft-hearted.

The blanket was about to fall to the floor, Qin Mu glanced at it, and then quietly walked over to pick it up. Little did she know that just as she bent down, he turned around.

Qin Mu reflexively looked up, and Mu Yichen just happened to open his eyes.

Qin Mu was already holding the blanket, so she still took it and gently placed it behind his back. After she stood back up, Mu Yichen then sat up, ran his hand through his hair, and said with his head down, "I accidentally fell asleep."

Qin Mu thought to herself, you "accidentally" fell asleep, and for the entire night at that.

However, no matter what she thought in her heart, she didn't say a word to him and turned to head for the kitchen.

Only then did Mu Yichen lift his gaze, his dark eyes following her retreating figure.

Wearing so little, is she doing it on purpose?

But now the tiger was scheming and did not move forward to disturb her.

Qin Mu went to the kitchen for water, and the maid poured her a glass while also saying, "Last night, the young master slept on the sofa all night. You and your husband always have such a good relationship. They say couples shouldn't sleep apart after a fight, it makes it easy for the distance to grow, you know the saying 'a couple that argues at the head of the bed makes up at the foot of it,' right?"

Qin Mu leaned against the cabinet with her water, one hand hugging her own elbow, silently listening to the elder's nagging, and for some reason, she actually found it quite endearing.

"Is it because of that Miss Zhuo? The young master really has no feelings for that Miss Zhuo; all of us servants see it clearly. The young master only has that look in his eyes when he gazes at you."

As the maid spoke, the cooks cooking inside kept nodding vigorously.

"Quickly make up, if the two of you don't make up, we won't dare to joke around anymore."

As the cook finished speaking, Qin Mu, who was about to take a drink of water, felt too embarrassed to do so.

She held back several times but eventually couldn't help but laugh.

"You're all speaking up for your young master, will he give you a raise?"

Qin Mu asked curiously, clearly joking.

However, the maid suddenly gave her arm a gentle tap and said, "Oh, what raise? When the year-end comes, a big red envelope is enough."

Qin Mu...

"Yeah, and it doesn't matter whether the young master or the young mistress hands it out."

Clearly, the maid thought she was the one to hand out red envelopes, so Qin Mu stood up straight, gently cleared her throat, and carried her water cup outside.

Having so many people at home really makes it lively.

No matter what the topic, there's never a fallout, and everyone's way of thinking is unique.

When Qin Mu went out, she heard Feng Fanghua saying, "Where are you going? Just go to work after breakfast, at this hour I don't believe you'd go back to the apartment for a meal."

Qin Mu was a bit unsure whether she should go out or not.

Mu Yichen was holding Huanhuan in his arms—

Did he look like he was about to leave?

Seeing her come out, Huanhuan immediately called out happily, "Mommy, good morning.

"Good morning, Huanhuan! Morning, Mom!"

Qin Mu could only smile, especially since there was an elder present.

"Go change, then come down for breakfast! Huanhuan, let's go to the washroom, grandma will help you tie your hair pretty."

Feng Fanghua stretched out her hand to signal Huanhuan to follow her.

"Okay!"

Huanhuan happily agreed, allowing Mu Yichen to put her down and then ran off with Feng Fanghua.

Qin Mu didn't speak; she just quietly went upstairs with her water glass. There was still some time before breakfast, so she went back to bed, sat there scanning her phone while drinking water.

Mu Yichen found some clothes and laid them at the foot of the bed, then slowly took off yesterday's clothes.

He seemed quite at ease.

That sanctimonious, serious expression of his was more solemn than any other time before, though he was in no rush to get dressed or undressed.

When Mu Yichen opened the drawer to find underwear, he obviously took his time, his fingers picking through the assortment of boxes until he finally selected a pair of dark blue boxer shorts.

Qin Mu's eyes involuntarily drifted to his lower abdomen, and when he suddenly looked over at her, Qin Mu turned away, awkwardly cleared her throat.

"Um, you didn't shower last night, and you're not going to this morning either?"

Qin Mu asked.

Mu Yichen didn't say anything but took his underwear to the bathroom, still looking very cool.

Qin Mu just quietly watched, noticing that his buttocks seemed even firmer than hers, truly an enviable man.

But thinking of how much he had disappointed her, Qin Mu lowered her head and continued to scroll through her phone.

Then suddenly, on a whim, she sniffed the scent on herself, turned around to put down her water cup, and took out a bottle of perfume from the drawer and spritzed it in front of herself.

Chapter 777: Reconciliation (1)_2

Just for a moment, then he waved his hand in the air and picked up his phone again to continue "attentively" looking at his screen.

Even though the two of them were at odds like this, he still wanted to leave a good impression on her.

Qin Mu suddenly realized how strange she was acting, yep, and pretty melodramatic too.

Otherwise, why do these things?

After he finished showering and came out, holding that pair of underwear, he sat at the end of the bed with a white towel wrapped around his waist.

Qin Mu...

Watching his broad back, Qin Mu chose to ignore it.

Was he trying to seduce her like that?

Flaunting so much skin right in front of her.

Qin Mu flipped off the blanket and then got out of bed.

Since he had finished, it was her turn to freshen up.

Mu Yichen gazed at her fair, long legs, and couldn't help but raise his eyebrows with effort.

Then he groaned and lowered his head to look at his own abdomen.

This woman really was...

Infuriating!

And the place she walked through actually left a faint fragrance, even though it wasn't there before he took a shower.

Mu Yichen reflexively turned his head and glanced towards the bedside table, sure enough, there was a bottle of perfume on it.

If it were any other day, he would have charged in by now.

But now, he restrained himself.

He'd wait until she threw herself at him.

Not two minutes after she entered, just as he was about to put on his pants, Qin Mu's phone rang by the pillow.

Mu Yichen stood up, pulled up his pants intending to call her, thought about it, then flopped back onto the bed with his belt tightened, stretching out his long arm to grab her phone.

It was an unfamiliar number.

Mu Yichen frowned slightly and then answered the call.

"Hey, gorgeous, free to have dinner together today?"

Li Yu had been posing in front of the mirror in the studio since early morning, using what he considered his handsomest expression to call Qin Mu.

Mu Yichen's frown deepened, "Not free!"

Li Yu was taken aback, then lifted his eyes to the impossibly handsome man in the mirror, "Who is this?"

Faced with Li Yu's confusion, Mu Yichen clearly had the upper hand.

"Her man!"

Mu Yichen answered sharply and stood up.

Li Yu's mouth twitched awkwardly, "Mu, President Mu? Don't get me wrong, I just wanted to thank Mrs. Mu for her cameo in my film last time. The bloopers were released and a lot of fans really liked Mrs. Mu."

"Actually, a lot of people don't really like your films. Are you just concerned about your own delusional fans' opinions?"

Mu Yichen said, then started putting on the white shirt thrown on the bed.

"Haha! President Mu, why so angry? Since Mrs. Mu is not available, then I'll hang up."

Li Yu was really damn embarrassed.

Mu Yichen brought the phone up to his face, thinking, kid, are you tired of living? You dare to ask my woman out?

"Who are you talking to?"

Qin Mu, who was still wiping her face, suddenly walked to the door and peeked out to ask him.

Mu Yichen tossed the phone aside, gave her a cold glance, and then walked out the door.

Qin Mu's eyes followed his figure until he left. She was still wondering what suddenly came over him?

After freshening up and going downstairs to eat, he had already left.

Feng Fanghua asked unhappily, "Did you have a quarrel upstairs just now?"

"No!"

Qin Mu was simply telling the truth, but her words were met with disbelief.

Even Huanhuan, who was chowing down, didn't believe it.

Qin Mu, looking at everyone's disdainful glances, didn't know what else to "argue," so she just lowered her head and ate.

After breakfast, she drove to the studio. After parking the car, she turned her head towards a blue sports car. It didn't look familiar.

Li Yu was sitting in the car, watching her look his way, subconsciously glancing back to make sure no one was there before getting out.

"Hey!"

Li Yu stood beside the car and greeted her with a smile, seeing her serious expression and doubt, he felt a bit awkward and lowered his head, but couldn't help but smile at her.

Finally, Li Yu walked towards her step by step, and Qin Mu quietly stood there waiting for him to approach, her gaze devoid of ripples.

In the azure sky, clusters of white clouds beautifully passed by, layer upon layer, full of dreaminess.

Li Yu couldn't muster a smile anymore, just stood in front of her looking down at her.

"Were you waiting for me?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"This morning your husband answered the call. You two didn't have a fight, did you?"

Li Yu looked at her with some concern, his eyes unconsciously drawn to her rosy cheeks.

His breath involuntarily became more restrained, and his youthful face seemed even more tender now.

Qin Mu nodded slightly, actually just understanding the reason for Mu Yichen's sudden departure that morning.

Chapter 778: Reconciliation (1)_3

"No! We rarely fight,"

Qin Mu said with a smile, her words light but 'especially sincere.'

Li Yu also nodded slightly, still smiling as he asked her, "Would you like to have lunch or dinner together when you're free?"

"Mr. Mu's fists are quite hard, are you sure you want to ask me to dinner?"

Qin Mu finally couldn't hold back a laugh.

How long had it been since someone pursued her?

"If you're willing, I'm willing to take a punch," he said.

"Then let's do lunch, at AM!"

Qin Mu readily agreed.

Li Yu looked at her in disbelief, his handsome large eyes suddenly a bit hollow.

"What's the matter? Don't dare to go?"

Qin Mu asked with a look in her eye, thinking you'd better not dare.

"No! I was just thinking, you look really beautiful today!"

Qin Mu...

Caught off guard by this confession, Qin Mu lowered her eyes and closed her mouth, thinking for a long time, but in the end, she just smiled slightly and then turned to go inside.

She thought she didn't understand.

She had always thought she didn't know much about matters of the heart.

But somehow, now she could immediately feel how someone felt about her.

This boy really had guts.

In the morning, Qin Mu met with a client at the AM coffee shop, ordered coffee for the client, and a cup of boiled water for herself; they talked until eleven.

"I have to catch a flight today, I was hoping to invite you, a major designer, to a meal."

The female client stood up politely and spoke to Qin Mu.

"Next time I come to Rongcheng, I'll treat you first!" Qin Mu extended her hand.

The two women shook hands lightly; a staff member approached, "Young Madam, the car is ready."

"I've also arranged to meet a friend for business later, so I'll have the hotel's car take you to the airport."

"Okay! Then next time, let's properly have a few drinks."

After saying so, the client gently patted her arm and followed the politely gesturing staff member to leave.

Qin Mu saw her to the door, then turned and sat down to finish her cup of boiled water.

Wen Runuan arrived at AM, planning to have a coffee before heading downstairs for a meal with the director, but unexpectedly ran into Qin Mu.

Seeing her also brought a sense of surprise to Wen Runuan, who walked over and sat where the client had been, "What are you doing here?"

"I've just finished meeting a client, and you?" Qin Mu answered and asked, having already put away the contract into her bag.

"Oh, I was bored and came out to shop and sneak a coffee, then go downstairs for lunch. It's almost lunchtime, should we go together later?"

"Sure!"

Qin Mu agreed, having completely forgotten about her arrangement with Li Yu.

Li Yu's arrival at AM caused a commotion with a group of female fans' blockage and screaming, which also reminded Qin Mu that she had agreed to have lunch with Li Yu.

"Wow! This kid is really on a lucky streak lately! Look how spirited he is," Wen Runuan said softly to Qin Mu, not in the loop.

"Has he been popular recently?" Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Popular? He's been more than popular! Right before the new year, he quietly renegotiated with his company and set up his own studio. Now, he's also a boss with several attractive young men under him."

Wen Runuan said this, thinking about how two female actresses from her company had been lured away by his good looks. Really...

"I've booked a private room upstairs! But, it's just the two of us, right?" Li Yu approached Qin Mu, regardless of the group of women around him, to greet her and then glanced at Wen Runuan. Seeing the way Runuan looked at him, he could only smile wryly: "Sister Runuan!"

Wen Runuan scrutinized him, not planning to give him a pleasant look.

"Young Madam, the President is upstairs having a meal with a friend and has asked for you to join," said a nearby manager who approached Qin Mu immediately after taking a call.

Chapter 779: Make up (2)_1

Mu Yichen hadn't planned on coming for dinner, but he came over when he heard that Qin Mu was discussing business here.

When Qin Mu was invited in, he was listening to two older CEOs tell some boring cold jokes.

Qin Mu could tell from the expression on his face that he was uninterested, but as someone like him, why would he come and socialize if he wasn't interested?

"Oh! Is it Mrs. Mu?"

"Wow! Mrs. Mu really looks young! And beautiful, just like a seventeen-year-old girl."

The two CEOs began to excessively praise Qin Mu as soon as they saw her come in.

Qin Mu could only awkwardly nod and greet them with a smile, "Hello!"

Mu Yichen had already become unhappy when he heard the two CEOs praising his wife. If his wife was seventeen, did that mean he had forcibly married a minor?

After Qin Mu greeted them, he slightly lifted his eyes to look at her applying such a delicate lip gloss, he sighed helplessly, and then pulled out a chair.

Qin Mu slightly lowered her head, and without looking at him, she sat on the chair he had pulled out.

The waiter brought her silverware, and she thanked softly.

"I heard Mrs. Mu is a great fashion designer! Could you design clothes for us brothers too?"

The one next to her started with a very gentle inquiry.

Qin Mu courteously smiled, "Of course!"

"Does every person need custom-designed clothes? Those big-name stores outside might as well close down."

Mu Yichen suddenly interjected.

The two CEOs were so startled that they didn't dare to laugh anymore.

Qin Mu glanced at him and then said to them with a smile, "As long as the customer can afford it, I don't care about their status or identity."

"It's unexpected that Mrs. Mu is so approachable, but Mr. Mu also makes a point."

The CEO commented again.

He wasn't his subordinate, just someone who wanted to cooperate with him, so he had to endure his bad temper.

Qin Mu suddenly thought that indeed any job was not easy, and it was quite difficult for bosses who needed favors from others.

Meanwhile, Wen Runuan and Li Yu were dining in a private room, where Li Yu awkwardly raised his glass to her, "Sister, let me toast to you first."

"Sister? You poached from your sister's company?"

Wen Runuan felt like hitting him, but unfortunately, she had always restrained herself.

"It's the two sisters who insisted on following me. If I find any friends suitable for your and your husband's company, I will definitely introduce them."

Li Yu was always very respectful to many seniors in the circle.

Wen Runuan sighed helplessly, "Do my husband and I need your help to introduce actors? Talk to me about this when your studio gets bigger!"

Wen Runuan observed him, and seeing his good nature, she couldn't help but take a few extra looks at him, then asked, "Did you have lunch with Qin Mu today?"

Li Yu chuckled with his head down, "Mhm!"

He looked like a shy young boy.

Wen Runuan straightened her back, looking at him somewhat disapprovingly.

"Are you crazy? Don't you know who her husband is? The food you're eating now is from her husband's restaurant."

Wen Runuan thought he must be out of his mind.

"I just wanted to see her, nothing more," Li Yu said with his head down.

"Ha! What are you playing at with me, pretending to be pure-hearted?" Wen Runuan glanced at him.

"It's strange, but she always comes to mind. Sister, I don't do it on purpose, and I won't confess."

"How is that any different from confessing?" Wen Runuan found his words amusing, but it seemed he didn't feel the same.

Or maybe he knew it was ridiculous, but still couldn't control himself?

"Anyway, I won't disturb them, and what's wrong with just having a meal or a tea as regular friends? Like me with sister, would your husband get jealous, angry, and argue with you?"

"Can our circles be compared to theirs? Besides, you should inquire about Mr. Yichen's character from those around you!"

Isn't he famously jealous?

After hearing this, Li Yu didn't ask any more questions, and just quietly finished his meal.

When Qin Mu and Mu Yichen came out of the private room, they bumped into Wen Runuan and Li Yu, who had also just finished dining. The four met, and Wen Runuan greeted them politely, "Mr. Yichen is here too!"

Mu Yichen nodded slightly as a greeting, and gave Li Yu a cold glance.

Li Yu also looked at him once and then at Qin Mu, before lowering his gaze. He found Qin Mu lovely to look at, and the man by her side a bit of an eyesore.

Wen Runuan waved to Qin Mu and pulled Li Yu away, and as they were leaving, Qin Mu followed them.

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes...

"Let's go together!"

Qin Mu walked over and wrapped her arm around Wen Runuan's, not looking back.

Chapter 780: Make up (2)_2

Wen Runuan was shocked and glanced at her, then looked at the man in the distance who was filled with resentment, and whispered, "Have you gone crazy?"

Qin Mu didn't speak, just kept smiling, and as soon as the elevator arrived, she pulled Wen Runuan inside, followed by Li Yu who stood behind them. Due to his height, he couldn't resist the urge to peek over her head at her face, and even though he couldn't see clearly, the corners of his mouth were slightly curved, obviously suppressing the impulse to smile.

The moment Qin Mu rushed over, he felt excited inside.

"What's going on with you two?"

Wen Runuan asked her in a low voice.

"Nothing, just need to head back to the studio. Did you two have a nice meal just now?"

Qin Mu asked her, and glanced back at Li Yu with a smile, greeting him. Li Yu nodded and smiled in return, his eyes filled with concern.

"Don't throw tantrums just because someone spoils you, or be careful to leave opportunities for others."

"The sky is vast enough for birds to fly!"

Qin Mu tilted her chin up, staring at her slightly frail reflection in the elevator, and at that moment, when someone told her to keep a close watch on Mu Yichen, she felt nothing.

Had their feelings really faded?

Sometimes she clearly wanted to attract attention, but at other times, it seemed like she was ready to let go.

This man could be discarded, not needed anymore.

This was Qin Mu's mood at the moment.

Wen Runuan had an event to attend that afternoon, so they didn't chat for long. When Qin Mu's car was brought over, she was ready to get in.

Li Yu slightly tugged at her sleeve, "What if I give you a new car?"

"We have many luxury cars at home, but I just like this old one."

Qin Mu patted the roof of her car, smiled, and got in.

Li Yu...

He truly hadn't expected her to be so unique, to like driving an old car.

Actually, for an ordinary family, a car worth more than four hundred thousand would definitely suffice, but it seemed a bit inappropriate parked in front of this hotel.

Li Yu had a particular car in mind that he felt suited her.

But if she wouldn't even drive Mu Yichen's luxury car...

Li Yu waited for his sports car to arrive, then drove off without giving it further thought.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu received a call from Mu Yichen. She answered subconsciously, but there was silence on the line. She looked down at the phone screen, her expression indifferent, and then raised a finger to hang up.

If he didn't want to talk, why call at all?

Yet, that night...

Mu Yichen suddenly came home.

Under the watchful eyes of the elders and children, he quickly went upstairs.

Qin Mu was changing clothes, heard the door, and turned around, then she saw him.

In less than three seconds, she was thrown from the closet to the bed.

Qin Mu's neck was twisted slightly, then she touched the back of her neck and looked up at him, "What are you doing..."

Mu Yichen dashed over and started undressing while fiercely kissing her lips.

All of Qin Mu's anger was stuffed back down, from her mouth back to her throat, and down to her stomach.

He quickly threw his jacket aside, his hands eagerly stripping away her black little camisole.

"Hey! Mu Yichen, stop it."

Qin Mu yelled angrily, trying to grab his hands.

Mu Yichen caught her hands and pinned her wrists above her head, then one hand secured both wrists while the other continued to reach down.

"What's gotten into you? Suddenly like this."

Qin Mu strained to lift her head, looking at his black hair against her chest, his hands, indescribably active.

"I only know that you always want to fulfill what's due, since I could back then, why should I be afraid of you now?"

Mu Yichen's excited black eyes looked at her; at this moment, he was unable to calm the anger in his chest.

He had been thinking all day about how to coax her, but he couldn't come up with anything.

Because she didn't give him a chance at all, instead meeting and laughing over meals with another man.

Qin Mu was so angry her brain throbbed, but upon reflection, her eyes lost their spirit, she just lay down wearily and then, gasping for breath, let him have his way.

"Yes, back then you could, what can't you do now? Anyway, we have to entangle with each other for a lifetime, as for the rest, it doesn't matter anymore, does it? Let's just continue to be together with this hatred."

Qin Mu's voice, tinged with disappointment, slowly spilled out.

Mu Yichen raised his eyes to her, "Hate? You think you're the only one who hates? I hate what that woman did even more than you, you know how important you are to me, you know how angry I was when I found out what she did at home, couldn't you consider for me, even just a little bit?"

He suddenly punched next to her head.

Qin Mu reflexively twisted her head in the opposite direction, startled.

"If I didn't think of you, I'd have run away from home the first day she came!"

It was as if his punch had frightened her, so when she opened her mouth again, tears involuntarily fell, and she couldn't hold back her crying.

"If I didn't think of you, why would I swallow my anger time and again? None of those damn women deserve you!"

She yelled, and in his shock, as he forgot to hold her tight, she wrested her wrist out of his grasp and pushed against his shoulders.

Mu Yichen rolled to the side, Qin Mu got up, grabbed a pillow at random and violently threw it at him, over and over.

"Bastard! You're so much older than me, yet you always bully me! I hate you, I hate you, you bastard!"

Qin Mu, enraged, knelt at the head of the bed and hit him with the pillow for a long time. When her hands were too weak, she threw the pillow at his face, got out of bed, and with a kick at his calf, looked at him with hate, then turned and went to the bathroom.

And Mu Yichen, he hadn't moved from his spot the whole time.

His calf was painfully sore, but he was powerless to soothe it.

He simply lay there, taking the pillow that covered his face, and his hand gripped the pillow tightly.

Qin Mu washed her face in the bathroom, ignoring the knocking at the door.

Mu Yichen still lay sprawled across the bed, his long legs hanging off the edge.

Hearing the knocking outside, he also didn't respond.

The maid stood outside the door and called again, "Young Master, Young Madam, dinner is ready."

Qin Mu forcefully shut the bathroom door from the inside.

Right now, she had no appetite for dinner.

Mu Yichen felt the same way, no appetite.

"Keep knocking."

Feng Fanghua stood behind the maid, and when the maid looked back at her for help, she instructed again.

"Young Madam?"

The maid called out again, but more cautiously.

Still, no movement from inside; they had been scared to death when they saw Mu Yichen go upstairs, fearing the couple would fight, so they came to call them.

With continued silence inside, the maid grew nervous, too afraid to knock again, and Feng Fanghua, anxious, walked straight over and knocked hard on the door, her back straight, "Enough's enough, come down for dinner."

After speaking, she turned and left, her expression still fierce.

But the room remained silent.

Mu Yichen pinched the bridge of his nose.

In the bathroom cabinet drawer was a box, Qin Mu packed all of Mu Yichen's things into it, and then walked out.

Mu Yichen had just sat up when he saw her come out carrying a big box; before he could fully straighten, she walked over and threw the contents into his arms, "Get out!"