

His Beloved 831

Chapter 831: Not familiar

"Mu Yichen, if you're not going to sleep, could you please get me a glass of water?"

Qin Mu looked up and saw him still standing there, so she 'boldly' tasked him.

"Sure!"

President Mu, feeling defeated, lowered his head to pour her water. Just as he opened the door of the study, someone almost dashed in from outside, startling him.

"Mrs. Feng!"

Mu Yichen was frightened by his mother, who was eavesdropping around the corner.

"Why so loud?"

Feng Fanghua was also startled by him, and upon seeing his angry look, she immediately became even angrier and almost exploded, but after asking turned around and walked out first.

Mu Yichen held his forehead, then turned to look inside the room.

Qin Mu was staring at the doorway, then froze.

When did the atmosphere in this house become so adorable?

Ms. Feng, such a serious and stern person, also eavesdrops?

And she's so fierce when caught?

Qin Mu suddenly felt a bit sorry for President Mu, thinking to herself, you should thank me for abducting you to Paris those years, otherwise Mrs. Feng would have tormented you into what kind of shape.

But her eyes looked purely innocent, as if she hadn't thought of anything.

Mu Yichen left, gently closing the door behind her.

Then he went downstairs to find his father to smoke, mainly because he just realized there were no cigarettes left in the house.

Mu Zihao also wanted to smoke, so the father and son sneaked out and smoked outside the door.

"Did you quarrel with your wife again? What about this time?"

After taking a drag, Mu Zihao treated his son like a younger brother.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, looking at the cigarette between his fingers: "There were quite a few people chasing my mom back then, right? What were your feelings at that time?"

"Someone's chasing your wife?"

Mu Zihao's first reaction was to ask this.

"It never stopped!"

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly again, then took a deep drag.

"It's just Jian Yan! Jian Yan cares for her, but that kind of father-daughter love cannot become true, not to mention there's you, the third party, in between. Relax, okay?"

Mu Zihao took another drag, seriously pondering the matter as he spoke.

Mu Yichen thought he heard wrong and turned to look at his father.

"What did you say? Who did you call the third party?"

Mu Yichen asked in a low voice.

Mu Zihao then realized he misspoke and chuckled: "Back then, there were many chasing your mom, of course, I had to turn a blind eye, otherwise, I would have been drowned by jealousy."

Mu Zihao cleverly changed the subject.

Mu Yichen, listening to his father's words, couldn't bring himself to be as magnanimous, to turn a blind eye?

He's not an owl!

Actually, Mu Zihao's words are not entirely true, Feng Fanghua although temperamental, was beautiful, and there were always admirers chasing her before she turned forty, and even after forty, there were still some admirers. Mu Zihao was also overwhelmed by jealousy and came up with quite a few tricks, but as an elder, he still wanted to properly educate his children, though, this was perhaps not the right thing to say.

"I can't do it!"

Mu Yichen stated, very decisively and seriously.

Mu Zihao looked at him and chuckled lightly: "Then what do you intend to do?"

"If it comes to that, I will have her close the studio."

"You're not joking?"

Mu Zihao shook his head, not believing what he heard.

"What joke? I'm stating facts. My own woman, why should those guys covet her? They have no right."

"If I were to persuade Mumu to make up with you, then I wouldn't be your father."

Mu Zihao snorted, then bypassed him and went inside.

Mu Yichen...

What does this statement mean? Did he say something wrong?

Mu Yichen finished smoking outside by himself, actually regretting saying those words; it would've been better kept to himself and executed when the time came.

But now, she knows.

Actually, he also suddenly had that thought, he always wanted to support her career, but later thought, couldn't her career be realized anywhere?

Mu Yichen finished smoking and returned to the room. Even if she was sulking and didn't want to come back, he wasn't angry. He just showered and went to sleep.

Yes! Can't sleep because of screen scrolling.

The other side of the bed is cold, even in summer, it's hard to sleep.

Qin Mu originally slacked off and had a video chat with Jian Yan for a while, discussing design. As they talked, Qin Mu got some inspiration and finished fixing the unfinished drawing.

By the time she returned to the room, it was already midnight.

His back was to her, and it seemed like he was already asleep. Qin Mu tiptoed over, looked at his sleeping face, and unconsciously raised her hand to gently tap his nose: Bad guy!

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Bad person?

His head was aching, but he knew he was really bad.

He wanted to be even badder, to make her only dare to nod at him.

Later, as Qin Mu lay in bed, he turned his gaze to her in the dim light, which was just bright enough for Qin Mu to see his clearly defined features and the warmth of his facial contours highlighted by the light.

Such a handsome man, if only his temper were a little better, there really wouldn't be much to criticize.

Outside, a light rain was falling, and the humidity in the room was quite nice as she listened to the sound of the air conditioner blowing.

The door was gently pushed open, then forcefully closed.

"Mommy!"

Qin Mu's face suddenly heated up, hearing Huanhuan's calls from outside the door.

Probably the whole building heard it, right?

When exactly did that little girl start to understand so much?

He muttered lowly, "She'll surely be as intractable as you when she grows up."

"You're the one!"

Qin Mu mumbled.

Later, after the two of them went downstairs and saw Huanhuan, Qin Mu still couldn't resist calling Huanhuan over to her side.

"Huanhuan, Mommy thinks maybe you really have grown up, but you need to know that there are some things children shouldn't say."

Qin Mu was very serious, holding Huanshuan's hand with both of hers, articulating each word clearly to Huanhuan.

"Mommie, have I grown up or not? Why do you say I'm grown up, and yet also call me a child?"

Huanhuan was also very serious, quibbling with her mom.

Qin Mu nearly spewed out a mouthful of blood. Was this really her own daughter? But she wasn't this venomous with her words, so whom could the girl take after?

Qin Mu thought about it, then suddenly turned her head to look at the man standing beside her. Mu Yichen was also frowning, obviously taken aback by his daughter's words.

He had no idea that Qin Mu was blaming him.

"Young master, young mistress, dinner is ready!"

The aunt came out from inside, Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua had actually gone to the dining room earlier.

The two listened to the dinner call and then took Huanhuan to the dining room; along the way, both were thinking about how to educate their daughter properly.

However, Mu Yichen was not too worried. After all, children will grow up, and in the future, they will know even more. Who knows what kinds of things might come out of this girl's mouth.

As for Qin Mu, her mind was full of how to educate her daughter, and after having breakfast, she immediately returned to the study. She was supposed to rest at home on the weekend but could only think about her daughter.

Mu Yichen was upstairs reading the newspaper by himself, taking care of his son.

Today, Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao had taken only their granddaughter out, leaving the little one at home for the young couple to look after.

When there was a stir in the baby carriage, he lifted his eyes and then leaned in to check on the little one in the carriage.

Had this little guy gotten hungry again so soon after eating?

"Auntie! Please prepare some formula milk for Mu Chengyang."

The aunt was cleaning the windows, and when she heard his command, she looked back at him: "But it's only been an hour."

"Then what's wrong with him?"

He kept fidgeting non-stop.

The aunt walked over, took a look, and then smiled: "My hands are dirty now and not very convenient; it looks like he has peed. You should change Chengcheng's diaper."

Mu Yichen turned his gaze to the aunt; his dark hawk-like eyes were icy, as if saying: "You must be joking, right?"

Then he looked at the aunt's gloved hands holding a rag and had no choice but to put the newspaper down.

It wasn't pee; it was poop.

When Mu Yichen opened the diaper, he almost vomited, thinking how could this kid's poop smell so bad?

However, changing diapers was actually something he wasn't very familiar with. It had always been the elders taking care of it, and even when they were not around, Qin Mu was quite adept at it.

Thinking of Qin Mu, he immediately took out his cell phone.

The person upstairs researching daughter education upon hearing the phone ring beside them took a casual glance, saw that it was Mu Yichen, continued to stare at the computer, and casually answered the phone: "What's up?"

"Come down for a moment, your son has pooped."

"What?"

"Your son has pooped!"

He pinched his nose, nearly suffocated by the stench.

One hand held Chengcheng's two chubby legs, not daring to let them go, because letting go now would only make more of a mess.

Qin Mu, after listening, glanced at the phone, thinking so you were at home.

She placed the phone aside and continued to look at the hard-earned information she had found.

Mu Yichen couldn't wait for her, so he had to change Mu Chengyang's diaper by himself.

The aunt watched from the side, thinking Chengcheng would be uncomfortable and cry, but instead, Chengcheng seemed quite happy, letting Mu Yichen fuss over him.

Later, Mu Yichen stopped being squeamish, and moreover, did quite well.

The aunt looked on approvingly: "I didn't expect you'd be quite a quick learner."

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"Humph!"

Mu Yichen had nothing else to say.

The auntie who went to buy groceries and the chef came back, the car was pushed out, but he kept holding Chengcheng and didn't put her down again.

It turns out changing a diaper is so exhausting.

But that girl, she seemed to have done a good job.

Thinking about it, she was only twenty when she had Huanhuan. Back then, she was still a young girl herself, and when she first did this kind of thing, she must have been as clueless about where to start as he was just now, right?

Mu Yichen's heart stirred, and then he suddenly felt a bit sentimental while looking at Chengcheng.

But Chengcheng was far from sentimental, her little feet kicking around, wanting daddy to hold her upright, but daddy always had her lying down, so she kept kicking energetically.

Qin Mu came downstairs and saw him sitting on the sofa, supporting Chengcheng, letting her stand up leaning on the sofa, and couldn't help but chuckle to herself, thinking: it seems the poop business has already been taken care of, huh!

"Boss Mu's skills aren't bad, huh!"

Qin Mu remarked and coolly took a seat on a single sofa after coming downstairs.

Mu Yichen didn't look at her,—he completely ignored her.

Qin Mu knew he had a temper, didn't care, and casually picked up the newspaper he had just read, then...

"What's that smell?"

He had forgotten to immediately throw the diaper in the trash bin and had laid it on top of the newspaper instead.

Mu Yichen glanced at her and then slightly furrowed his brows.

Actually, he was holding back a laugh.

Of course, he wouldn't tell her that he was punishing her for not coming down to help earlier.

Thinking of Huanhuan when she was young, he still opened his mouth: "I just took off Chengcheng's used diaper."

Qin Mu sniffed again, and after hearing his words, she threw down the newspaper and almost vomited.

Mu Yichen: Is that so exaggerated?

Without saying a word, Qin Mu immediately picked up the newspaper and lunged it towards his face.

The aunties who had returned watched from the side, really helpless towards their young master and young lady, this pair of little adversaries, sigh!

It used to be said that they were a match made in heaven, but looking at them now, they were clearly two little adversaries.

"Are you itching for a beating, huh?"

Mu Yichen finally escaped, his dark pupils staring at her intently, angrily interrogating her.

"That's all you've got? If you're capable, why don't you touch my heart with your affection?"

Qin Mu leaned back against the single sofa once again, but her demeanor did not yield to him in the least.

"I just remembered I had an appointment with Xiaohao at the dessert shop."

"The couple is already on their way here."

Qin Mu thought of escaping, but just as she stood up, she heard Boss Mu kindly remind her.

"Why don't I know about this?"

"Didn't you make an appointment with Helian Hao? How come you don't know now?"

"I... you... is it any of your business?"

Qin Mu couldn't help grinding her teeth, her hands on her hips, on the verge of a meltdown.

Why did he have to contact them?

No one came home for lunch, but Jing Feng and Helian Hao brought their baby over together.

Qin Mu thought their baby was so cute that she couldn't help holding her all the time.

Mu Yichen held his own child, looking at her with envious eyes, really doubting if she was out of her mind, being so happy playing with someone else's kid.

He didn't understand, it was because Chengcheng had recently gotten too heavy, so she couldn't hold her anymore, haha.

Later, Qin Mu also handed the child over to Jing Feng, Helian Hao gave her a wink, and Qin Mu knowingly led her upstairs to the study. Helian Hao glanced at the computer on the table: Last time he visited, it wasn't this one.

"That one broke, Mu Yichen got me this one, cool, isn't it? It's worth tens of thousands!"

Qin Mu raised her eyebrows, although she didn't show much interest in front of Mu Yichen, she actually fancied it in her heart.

"I have something to tell you!"

Helian Hao laughed after hearing it, but then suddenly became very serious.

Chapter 834: Retribution still came

In the afternoon, after Helian Hao and Jing Feng left, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen were sitting downstairs, but Qin Mu was distracted the whole time.

Mu Yichen was reading the news. Seeing her serious expression, he also lowered his gaze and suddenly remembered that when she went upstairs with Helian Hao, what did these two women talk about?

Later, Qin Mu slightly hesitated before lowering her head.

Mu Yichen looked at her but did not ask anything.

"Zhang Rujia has been diagnosed with uterine cancer!"

Qin Mu said it.

Mu Yichen's gaze flickered, then he looked back at her.

"This woman, she's finally gotten her comeuppance!"

Her expression was still serious, and there was a bit of arrogance when she spoke those words.

But there was no joy!

Some memories, they keep her from feeling happy.

But after speaking, she got up from the sofa: "I'm going to nap with Chengcheng for a while, entertain yourself."

Mu Yichen slightly raised his eyes, knowing she needed some time alone, so he did not go after her to disturb her.

Just watching her fleeting figure stepping up the stairs, his heart also felt a bit sour.

Helian Hao actually heard it from their department head; she hasn't been working recently.

However, Helian Hao telling Qin Mu about this had no particular meaning; Qin Mu knew they were just talking casually.

But...

On Monday as soon as Qin Mu started working, Zhang Rujia came to find her.

Zhang Rujia was holding a cup of tea downstairs, her makeup done as usual, wearing strikingly bright red lipstick, so other than her physique not being great, nothing seemed off.

"I think I need to meet you, or perhaps I should kneel down and beg for your forgiveness."

Zhang Rujia's tears were slipping down, her voice full of grievances as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Qin Mu watched her place the water glass on the table and then kneel down.

The two of them had not stopped tormenting each other over the years, fighting back and forth, until now...

Actually, during this period when they did not provoke each other, Qin Mu found life quite peaceful.

"At most you just remove the uterus? You're at this age and you're not going to have children, what are you doing looking like this?"

Qin Mu coldly asked her.

"I want to remarry your father! Mumu, since you already know my situation, I won't hide it from you, my only wish now is to remarry your father. If you agree to convince him, I will not only kowtow here to admit my guilt, but I will also go to your mother's gravestone to confess, I promise, I will do as I say."

Qin Mu looked at her, finding her words laughable.

"If what you have is an incurable disease, if you are about to die—"

Qin Mu just looked straight at the woman kneeling not far in front of her, suddenly stopping mid-sentence.

"Only if you have an incurable disease would you pity me? Only then would you have a bit of compassion?"

Zhang Rujia's trembling lips showed her plight.

"No! Even if you were dying, I wouldn't blink. I would only go to my mom's grave to tell her that you finally got the retribution you deserved, dead."

Qin Mu emphasized particularly harshly on the last two words.

"Why are you so cruel?"

"I'm just following in the footsteps of some people! When you drove me out of the house back then, you never thought about today, did you?"

Qin Mu looked at Zhang Rujia's knees on the ground, only regretting not throwing a pile of glass shards there.

But on the surface, apart from being aloof, she remained very calm.

Zhang Rujia stared at her, and it took a while for her to calm down again, convincing herself to kneel closer to her: "I swear, I'll do whatever you ask in the future, just let me remarry your father."

"I can't influence his matters with you, just like I can't influence his matters with my mother."

Qin Mu told the truth, albeit ruthlessly.

"No! When your dad and I were good, you were still in your mom's belly, later, if your mom wasn't so extreme, maybe I never would have had the chance to marry your dad, perhaps your family of three would have been just fine."

"So, what right do you have to be here asking me to convince Qin Haiming to remarry you? Do you even know what you are?"

"What?"

Zhang Rujia's voice was weak; initially, it was just pain in some parts of her body, but later she felt pain all over, and even now as she knelt there, she tried her best.

"We've been fighting for several years, right? Openly and secretly, if you died, all this would also end."

Qin Mu said coldly, staring at Zhang Rujia's frail shoulders, looking coldly, then getting up.

"See the guest out!"

Chapter 835: Retribution Still Comes_2

Qin Mu coldly uttered a word, then left the reception room.

"Please go ahead, Mrs. Zhang!"

Xiaomei immediately ran over, with a particularly resolute attitude, feeling that Zhang Rujia didn't even deserve that "please".

How many people had Zhang Rujia brought to trouble their studio?

And how many traps had she set for Qin Mu?

Now she was here kneeling and begging for Qin Mu's forgiveness?

If Qin Mu forgave her, Xiaomei swore she would be the first to curse Qin Mu.

As a human being, one must not forget the pain once the scar heals, for old ailments may well relapse.

Zhang Rujia was now kneeling before Qin Mu for the second time, and this time she had been diagnosed with uterine cancer, which could indeed be fatal.

But the curse from Qin Mu was the cruelest thing to her.

Zhang Rujia wondered, if she died on the operating table, would there even be anyone to claim her body?

Qin Mingzhu was still preparing for her own wedding, and while her daughter was about to get married, she might lose her life at any moment...

Helian Hao said that Zhang Rujia's uterine cancer was not in its late stage.

So, it might also be that she was scaring herself a bit.

Qin Mu stood upstairs, watching Zhang Rujia carry her bag and walk into the distance. She looked down from her lofty position, feeling that Zhang Rujia seemed very tired, yet not defeated.

Perhaps a woman who knows what she wants possesses a certain demeanor at all times.

Qin Mu almost cursed her a whore, had she not retained a shred of decorum.

Qin Haiming called her around 4 PM, proposing they have dinner together at AM, and Qin Mu did not refuse.

In the evening, father and daughter dined alone in a private room. Qin Haiming poured himself a glass of wine, then sat up straight, looking at Qin Mu with a loving gaze.

"This time, Mingzhu obediently following the Wang Family, it must be thanks to you, right?"

"I only wanted to avoid some trouble, please don't overthink it."

Qin Mu feared he might assume she had a sisterly affection for Qin Mingzhu, so she softly clarified her stance to him.

Qin Haiming nodded in agreement: Hmm! But can you really not attend her wedding with Wang Huanyu?

"If my mother knew I was attending the wedding of a child born from an affair, she would probably rise from her grave to seek me out."

Her responses were always so indifferent, heartless, and lukewarm; those words, like soft punches, yet so overwhelming that they still caused a dull pain in one's heart and made it hard to catch one's breath.

Fortunately, Qin Haiming was used to her ways.

"Then it's better not to go!"

Qin Haiming helped himself to drink more wine.

Qin Mu lowered her gaze and watched him, even contemplating pouring herself a glass to accompany him.

The loneliness of drinking alone is something she might somewhat understand.

"You should drink less!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but say that.

Qin Haiming's expression indeed improved a bit: "Just this glass! Have you been busy with the studio lately?"

"It's alright! There is something I probably need to tell you, or perhaps you already know?"

"Hmm?"

"Zhang Rujia was diagnosed with uterine cancer, but it's not in the late stages."

Qin Haiming was first taken aback, his hand shaking involuntarily, and then it took him a long time to come back to his senses.

Qin Mu knew that, after so many years of marriage, Qin Hai couldn't possibly have no feelings left for that woman.

"Let's eat!"

Qin Mu thought for a moment, picked up her chopsticks, and started serving him food.

He may still have residual feelings for Zhang Rujia, but he could not turn back.

Qin Mu placed the food into his bowl and then set down the chopsticks.

Qin Haiming looked down; his daughter serving him food, something he thought he would never be able to hope for in this lifetime.

He raised his eyes to Qin Mu, filled with excitement, suddenly wondering if there might come a day when she would call him "Dad" once again?

Sometimes he still fantasized about her calling him "Dad" as a child, remembering her tender voice.

Time flies, those past moments are irrevocable!

Could they, as father and daughter, ever talk earnestly about their longing for each other over the years, or even just casually chat about everyday matters?

This was the most serene dinner they had ever had. Afterwards, Qin Mu watched Uncle Wang take him away, and then she left on her own.

When Qin Haiming returned home, he saw someone sitting on his sofa.

When Qin Haiming recognized it was Zhang Rujia, his heart trembled, but he composed himself and walked over to sit down.

Upon his return, Zhang Rujia rose excitedly, knelt at the hem of his suit pants: "Haiming."

"What's with this act?"

Qin Haiming didn't expect to see her upon his return; he had thought of calling to inquire about her, but now, seeing her tearful and haggard, he was suddenly somewhat perplexed.

Chapter 836: Retribution Still Comes_3

She wasn't the cowardly type.

"Haiming, maybe it really is retribution, I've been diagnosed with cancer,"

Her hand grasped Qin Haiming's as she lowered her head, tears covering her face.

Qin Haiming remained silent, thinking of Qin Mu and Mingzhu's arrival.

"Haiming, I might not survive! I came over tonight just to see you, you are the man I've loved the most in my life, and I only wish to be buried beside you."

She cried, raising her tear-filled eyes to look at him.

"But Rujia, after I die, I need to go to Mumu's mom, to atone for my sins."

Qin Haiming lowered his head to look at her pitiful state, even if he was heartless, he couldn't give this woman anything more, because there was another woman he owed a lifetime to, waiting for him to atone.

Zhang Rujia was stunned, looking at him with such a pitiable gaze, her tears falling one by one, even able to heartrendingly shake a person's heart.

"The doctor said that even if I underwent surgery, I might not survive the operation table, it's already in the late stage."

Her voice suddenly hoarse, she stopped looking at him, lowering her head just to let her tears fall.

Qin Haiming's eyebrows instantly furrowed: Late stage?

"Yes, uterine cancer, late stage!"

She wiped her tears, nodding with a kind of reckless courage in her words.

Qin Haiming's eyes flickered with a myriad of thoughts.

Qin Mu had said Zhang Rujia wasn't in the late stage, but Zhang Rujia herself said she was in the late stage. So, was she or was she not in the late stage?

Qin Haiming lowered his head to look at her, unable to say a word.

Just the sound of Zhang Rujia's sobbing made the entire house filled with sorrow.

Even the auntie who hadn't slept was startled. Although she was a bad person, when she heard the news, she still felt a pang of pain, after all, as a woman, she knew how painful it could be when the disease got serious.

—

After Qin Mu returned home, Huanhuan had just finished bathing and came out wearing pajamas printed with Princess Sophia, Feng Fanghua came out to see her return and said, "It's perfect timing, my back is a bit sore tonight, you accompany Huanhuan to sleep."

"Are you okay? Do you want me to give you a massage later on?"

"You go and coax the child to sleep first."

Feng Fanghua thought to herself, she didn't even know what time Huanhuan would fall asleep.

Qin Mu nodded, but she wasn't really willing to coax Huanhuan to sleep. If they were still living in Paris, Huanhuan would probably have gotten used to sleeping alone by now.

But once they returned to Rongcheng, this little princess who should have been independent suddenly got different treatment, needing someone to accompany her to sleep, and to hear stories.

"Mu Chenghuan, get into bed yourself."

As soon as Feng Fanghua left, Qin Mu pointed her chin towards the bed and ordered.

Huanhuan immediately responded with a "Yes!"

She even imitated the saluting style of officers to their superiors on TV, standing up straight with an earnest demeanor.

Indeed, she resembled her somewhat, Qin Mu couldn't help but feel proud, but of course, she wouldn't say it out loud; then she got into bed to hug her: "Mommy won't tell a bedtime story tonight, is that okay? Schoolchildren should sleep by themselves."

When Huanhuan heard Qin Mu's words, she looked up at her with those calm, large eyes clearly filled with grievance.

"How about this, let's make a deal. Tomorrow, after you go to school, ask the kids in your class, if there are more than five kids who sleep on their own, then you'll sleep on your own. If not, we'll still accompany you to sleep, how's that?"

There were only fifteen kids in her class, but Huanhuan had never counted carefully, so she didn't know exactly how many. Since she wasn't good at math yet, she nodded vigorously, thinking that tomorrow she would still have you sleep with me, hehe.

Qin Mu later wanted to visit Feng Fanghua's room, but as soon as she left Huanhuan's room, she was kidnapped by Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen was reviewing documents in his study and had thought she hadn't returned. When he went out and saw her coming out of her daughter's room, of course he immediately kidnapped her.

He dragged her into the room, and as soon as the door was closed, he hugged her from behind and asked: "What time did you come back?"

"Before ten o'clock, why?"

Qin Mu asked back, feeling a bit uncomfortable being held this way. He deliberately lowered his height with his legs apart, his chin resting in the nape of her neck, causing her some pain.

"Did you put Huanhuan to sleep?"

"Yeah! Right! I've decided to help Huanhuan kick the habit of needing someone to sleep with her; you and Mom and Dad must support me."

Qin Mu said and glanced at him.

"Sure! No problem with cooperating—"

"Don't set conditions!"

Qin Mu knew what he was going to say next, so she interrupted him bluntly, regardless of politeness.

Unable to argue, Mu Yichen turned his head and bit her neck: "Fine, no conditions, what did your dad want with you today?"

He asked another question and simply bent down to scoop her up into a bridal carry.

"It's about Qin Mingzhu's wedding. They want me to go, but how can I go?"

Qin Mu said and sighed.

"That's tough for your dad!"

Mu Yichen laughed, and after throwing her onto the bed and climbing on top, he started pulling at her clothes while saying: "Do you want to know how many times your dad came looking for me during those years you were abroad?"

After hearing this, Qin Mu's ears buzzed, and she thought she was hallucinating.

But how could such a hallucination occur?

"I don't believe it!"

Qin Mu denied in a low voice, her face instantly falling.

She didn't want to listen, not a single word.

At this moment, her heart suddenly felt panicked.

Mu Yichen propped himself up on both sides of her, seeing her turn her head to refuse to talk about it again, he sighed and then used one hand to pinch her face to make her look at him, looking at her seriously: "Ask me when you want to know."

He suddenly said that, then leaned down and sealed her soft mouth with his.

Mu Yichen's move was completely unexpected to her; she thought he would insist on telling her everything.

Those years, those things she didn't know about, what had Qin Haiming done to her?

Mu Yichen did not want her to overthink, and so he suddenly became a bit more forceful, making it impossible for her to continue to overthink.

When his slender fingers caressed her cheek, and he felt her tears between his fingers, he knew he had to make her forget what he had just said.

Even temporary forgetting is still forgetting.

Later that night, she slept in his arms, without the time to get angry, without the time to think.

Mu Yichen's fingers gently ran through her waterfall-like hair, smoothing it softly.

The night was peaceful, he listened to her steady breathing, and gently kissed her warm forehead.

Some things, it was time for her to know!

Chapter 837: Play Romantic

In August, Qin Mingzhu and Wang Huanyu's wedding was discreetly but joyfully held in Beijing.

In August, it's Jing Feng's birthday party!

The usual club party of past years was completely gone; this year, Jing Feng spent a simple birthday at home with his parents, wife, and children.

—

That night, Qin Mu was dragged to a hotel by Mu Yichen. The entire Western restaurant on that floor was empty, no, it was just the two of them.

How could a Saturday night be so silent?

Qin Mu sat with Mu Yichen at the best spot by the window. On the table, the flame of the white candle on the candlestick...

Qin Mu raised his eyes to look at the man across from him. It was quite dark because the main lights were off, and it was somewhat far, so Qin Mu asked in perplexity, "Why is there no one dining here tonight?"

"We're not open for business."

Mu Yichen said indifferently, then lifted his glass of red wine. Qin Mu understood his implication and raised his glass as well. To be honest, it had been over a year since he had touched such beverages.

Understanding his intentions, she cooperated and sat there to finish the Western meal with him, without further questioning why they were not receiving any customers tonight.

It was probably like something out of the TV shows, where a wealthy tycoon books the place to win a girl's favor. Hmph!

Tacky!

Qin Mu felt that President Mu was becoming tackier by the day, always trying to impress her with money.

However, her vanity was indeed greatly gratified.

Looking back in the future, might she also feel grateful for this time he has given her?

Qin Mu couldn't help but raise her eyes to look at the man in front, not knowing that he just wanted to thank her for her long-term dedication and forbearance.

She did not understand what Mu Yichen was thinking at the moment, but Mu Yichen understood very well what was on her mind.

Seeing her gaze upon him, and after eating a bit, he gently set down his knife and fork and looked at her with focused attention.

"What? Don't recognize your own man?"

"Hmm! A little!"

Qin Mu had only one drink, but she was already slightly tipsy.

The feeling was one of intoxication, dreamlike, looking at the man before her with a surreal sense.

Mu Yichen laughed, then glanced to the side.

The talented pianist, Huanshuan, relaxed his fingers and played simple notes on those expensive piano keys, creating a beautiful piece of music.

Music they were both familiar with.

Mu Yichen took off his handkerchief and put it aside, then stood up and walked over to her.

When he gallantly asked her to dance, he realized at that moment of his bowed head that, after knowing her for more than twenty years, it was the first time he had done such a thing, leading to self-reproach.

Qin Mu, on the other hand, found it quite unaccustomed to see him like this.

"Mu Yichen, we've known each other for nearly thirty years! Is this necessary?"

Qin Mu really wanted to ask him this, but she didn't have the heart to ruin the atmosphere and handed over her hand to him after putting the handkerchief aside.

Outside there were stars twinkling in the sky; inside, there was the flicker of candlelight, and the enchanting piano music from a dim corner.

With that, Qin Mu gradually calmed down.

Actually, the tango was her greatest dance strength, but the Waltz seemed more fitting for the current mood.

She simply rested her hand gently on his shoulder but felt tired after a while.

Who told him to be so tall?

Qin Mu looked up slightly, only to find that he was staring at her intently.

"Mu Yichen, I think I'm drunk!"

The next day Mu Yichen left after eight in the morning, and she did not get out of bed.

She saw someone posted Qin Mingzhu's wedding gown photos on social media; that girl really did look extraordinary in a wedding dress.

Qin Mu put away her phone and found that lunch had already been prepared for her outside. She ate by herself in his rest area, then drove off to meet with Wen Runuan.

Wen Runuan had also weaned her son, so the two of them agreed to meet in the cafe, but both ordered coffee.

Wen Runuan, noticing that Qin Mu's complexion looked particularly rosy, nudged her shoulder and teased, "You must have had a good night!"

"You know about it?"

Qin Mu turned to look at her incredulously.

"Last night, AM's Western restaurant was closed for two hours. I heard the boss was upstairs entertaining his wife."

Wen Runuan tried holding back her laughter while sharing this piece of juicy gossip with utmost seriousness.

Hearing this, Qin Mu chuckled helplessly and then shook her head, "President Mu is indeed full of surprises."

The server brought them their coffee, and the two sat back on the sofa with their cups.

Wen Runuan saw a trace of melancholy in the eyes of the experienced Qin Mu and asked curiously, "Shouldn't you two be carefree and happy now? You've already had two kids so you probably don't need more, and you're both doing so well in your careers. Why do I see a hint of loss in your eyes?"

Qin Mu felt that Wen Runuan, perhaps from her years of acting, had a particular talent for perceiving the smallest details.

Still, Qin Mu offered a slight smile and then sighed lightly, "Maybe I don't realize the happiness I'm in."

"How so?"

Wen Runuan continued to inquire.

"Can't handle it! Can't handle President Mu!"

Qin Mu calmly gazed into her coffee cup, her hand gently caressing it, and after speaking, she looked smilingly toward the woman seated beside her.

"That's going to be tough! Usually, men like President Mu indeed are difficult for women to handle."

Wen Runuan pondered for a while before responding.

"And what about with your Mr. Zhang at home?"

Qin Mu took a sip of her coffee and asked quietly.

"Him? We're pretty much doing our own things, not interfering with each other."

Neither of them had any intention of trying to control the other; it seemed like they were both busy making money.

Hearing this, Qin Mu felt that wouldn't work for her; at least she and Mu Yichen couldn't manage to stay out of each other's way for long.

"What about in scripts?"

Qin Mu asked, curious once more.

"In scripts? Usually, the overbearing CEO is paired with a naive, sweet girl. That kind of life is hard; she is forced to sign a contract and sell herself to the CEO, spending night after night with him, yet she is controlled by him. The CEO originally has another woman he loves and marries the naive girl because of that woman. Anyway, it's not the kind of situation that can be compared with what you two have."

Wen Runuan thought for a moment, then shook her head after finishing her thoughts.

"Shouldn't childhood sweethearts be very sweet in theory?"

Wen Runuan recalled many scripts about childhood sweethearts she had read, which almost always feature a sweet romance; the male lead secretly admires the female lead, then confesses, or vice versa, or they harbor mutual affection for many years and finally confess at an appropriate moment, and then after getting married and having a child, they continue their sweet, happy lives.

Qin Mu said nothing, simply listening quietly.

Her phone on the table rang, and they both looked over—it was a call from her dear husband.

Unable to help herself, Qin Mu laughed, "Sometimes he can also be really childish. He came up with this."

Wen Runuan looked down and chuckled.

Qin Mu resignedly answered the phone, "Hello?"

"Hi! Seems like both beauties are here."

Qin Mu and Wen Runuan looked up to see Li Yu walking through the entrance. Qin Mu instinctively got up with her phone and walked away, signaling with her eyes for Wen Runuan to greet the big star.

"Who are you with?"

Mu Yichen was toying with a golden box in his hand, his dark eagle-like eyes gazing out the window.

As Qin Mu walked away to take the call, she heard a somewhat stern voice from inside.

"It's Li Yu!"

Chapter 838: Accomplishing tasks is insufficient

"He suddenly came over, I didn't ask why!"

Qin Mu glanced towards the coffee area, then lowered her head and spoke to him again.

"Straight home from the store?"

Mu Yichen asked again.

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu replied.

"See you tonight then!"

Mu Yichen hung up the phone, then turned with the box in his hand, walked to his desk, and gently placed the box at the edge of the desk, his gaze fixed on it, his brows furrowed.

He feared that the gift inside the box couldn't make her happy either.

Just like last night, although she didn't spoil the mood, at times her eyes clearly denied what he had done.

Tall and straight figure, sharp and distinct profile, exquisitely handsome features, yet none of these could satisfy her.

She's a person who starts and stays loyal to looks, but is never satisfied with just that.

Mu Yichen was silent, for a long time!

By evening when he returned home, he was still fiddling with the box in his hand.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were watching TV on the sofa. Seeing him playing with a delicate little box in his hand as he came in, Feng Fanghua couldn't help but prod the engrossed Zihao.

Zihao glanced at her, and in passing saw his son, then said with a smile, "You came back early today."

"Yeah! Has Qin Mu not come home yet?"

Mu Yichen answered and sat down nonchalantly on the sofa, his hands gently playing with the box.

Feng Fanghua saw that his eyes were fixed on the box and thought for a bit, then said to him, "Gifting jewelry is really tacky."

Upon hearing his son was giving a gift, Zihao took another look at his son and then, smiling at his own wife, said, "Never mind, I'll give you one tomorrow too. Let's not worry about his, his is his own business."

Mu Yichen...

"Who's eager for him to send it anyway?"

Feng Fanghua muttered immediately after Zihao exposed her thoughts, and stood up with her back straight, ready to walk away.

Mu Yichen then came to his senses, leaning forward to place the box on the table, "For you!"

Feng Fanghua immediately turned back, incredulously staring at her son, "For me?"

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen replied.

Thinking that if it were given to Mrs. Mu, she would probably suspect something, it's better to give it to Ms. Feng, who will surely cherish it.

"I'm back!"

Just as Feng Fanghua picked up the jewelry box, Qin Mu returned.

Standing behind Feng Fanghua and seeing the box she opened, Qin Mu couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow! That's so beautiful!"

"It's alright!"

Feng Fanghua glanced at her son, her eyes seemingly warning him that she would never let it go if he dared to take it back.

And Mu Yichen was shocked looking at Qin Mu; she thought it was beautiful?

"I've seen this necklace in a fashion magazine before, it seems to be designed by a famous European designer... for expressing love between lovers. Did Dad give it? I heard there are only ten in the world, Dad actually managed to get one, that's amazing!"

Qin Mu went on to look admiringly at Zihao. She had known before that Dad loved Mom, but now she realized how romantic Dad could be.

Zihao...

"Cough cough!"

Zihao coughed uncomfortably a couple of times, with Qin Mu asking in confusion, "It wasn't Dad who sent it?"

As soon as Feng Fanghua heard that it was a symbol of affection, she almost blew out in anger, just when she was about to try it on, she threw it back: "Take it back, take it back, you can't just give gifts without explanation, can you?"

Feng Fanghua once again stood up.

Qin Mu, who was leaning on her back, quickly stood up as well, fearing she might bump into her chin.

After Feng Fanghua left, Qin Mu looked at Zihao in confusion and then turned to her husband sitting beside her. Seeing his somewhat displeased look, did he buy it?

Qin Mu didn't know what had happened before she came home, but she was clear that he didn't want to give her the necklace anymore.

So, she didn't accept it, simply saying: "I'll go see what delicious food we have for dinner tonight."

Qin Mu went after Feng Fanghua, and Zihao took a look at his son, just uttering, "Mission unaccomplished!"

Mu Yichen...

Always guessing wrong, Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, then leaned over to pick up and close the box, stood up, and went upstairs.

At dinner time, Feng Fanghua was continuously upset, so Qin Mu coaxed her: "Mom, if you like it, just wear it. As long as you're happy and it looks beautiful on you, think of it as a little gift from me and Yichen to you."

On hearing that, Feng Fanghua looked up at Qin Mu: "You're willing?"

"I don't usually like to wear jewelry at work, and you know there are so many pieces I've never touched in the upstairs cabinet, so don't overthink it, just go ahead and wear it."

Chapter 839: Success is not enough, failure is more than sufficient.

"You're considerate!"

After listening, Feng Fanghua felt that what Qin Mu said made sense. After all, Qin Mu didn't like wearing jewelry, and if Qin Mu gave it to her, she could explain it to others.

The whole world had only ten of them; thinking about it made her a bit excited.

Qin Mu turned to look at Mu Yichen: "Later, bring the necklace to Mom's room."

Mu Yichen didn't speak. He lifted the red wine glass next to him and drank a glass of wine: "I'm done eating! I have plans to meet Qiao Yi, I'll be back late! The necklace is in the bedside drawer, you can get it for Mom later."

He said this, his dark eyes glancing at Qin Mu, then he got up and left.

Huanhuan had been sitting there eating without speaking. Only after watching her father leave did she suddenly mutter: "Is Daddy going to drink with Uncle?"

The moment she heard Qiao Yi, Huanhuan thought of alcohol.

"What is going on with you two? Why are you at odds again?"

Feng Fanghua touched Huanhuan's little head to let her continue eating, then looked up at Qin Mu to ask. She was really driven mad by this couple's quarrels.

But Qin Mu really didn't understand what happened.

After dinner, she went upstairs with Huanhuan.

After the bath, the mother and daughter lay on the bed, and Huanhuan couldn't help but ask her: "Mom, are you unhappy?"

"Huh? A little bit!"

Qin Mu glanced at Huanhuan and then hugged her while looking at the ceiling.

Sometimes the two seemed to understand each other very well, but at times they couldn't see through each other at all, and Qin Mu felt a bit suffocated.

"Dad seems unhappy too, Mom, I have a good idea!"

Huanhuan suddenly became shy.

Qin Mu turned her head to look at her: "What good idea?"

For some reason, she couldn't help but want to smile; a little girl even wanted to give her advice.

"Mom can play a kissing game with Dad!"

Huanhuan suddenly said this and then shyly covered her little face.

Qin Mu...

Thought to herself, this kid is acting beyond her age.

But really, a kissing game might soothe the symptoms but not cure the root cause.

Unless the key issue is resolved, everything else is merely seasoning.

However, Qin Mu then looked down at Huanhuan and felt very moved—Huanhuan was now giving her mother advice.

In a blink, Huanhuan had grown up so much, from that little baby to now...

Each and every moment, reminiscing about it, she thought, if she were to write down everything after Huanhuan was born, it would probably fill a very thick book.

The air conditioning in the princess room was quite powerful, and Qin Mu pulled the light blanket over Huanhuan's shoulder a bit.

After Huanhuan fell asleep, the room was quiet, and Qin Mu just lay beside her, keeping her company.

Actually, Huanshuan was a bit sad that night when she told Qin Mu that seven kids in her class were sleeping on their own, and she also wanted to sleep by herself, but now, Qin Mu was quite used to being by Huanhuan's side.

It seemed that when feeling empty inside, she especially wanted Huanhuan's company.

When Mu Yichen came back, it was almost midnight, and Qin Mu was still tossing and turning in bed. Hearing his return, she immediately sat up.

Mu Yichen thought she was already asleep. When he entered the room, a soft light was turned on. He glanced at the bed, then asked, "Not asleep yet?"

"Hmm! Why did you come back so late?"

Qin Mu asked, watching him head towards the bathroom.

"Qiao Yi wasn't feeling great, so we chatted a bit longer."

Qin Mu slowly leaned against the headboard, watching as his figure disappeared into the bathroom, and she sighed helplessly inside.

He was getting quite fluent at giving her perfunctory responses.

The room was so quiet it felt suffocating. Qin Mu looked up, and her long eyelashes fluttered upward like butterfly wings.

He forgot to bring his pajamas, so after showering, he came out only wrapped in a towel, his muscular chest fully captured in her view as he approached her.

Qin Mu had already picked out his pajamas and put them on his side of the bed. Mu Yichen looked down, then removed the towel and tossed it away, indifferent to her gaze as he casually put on a tank top and then shorts.

Qin Mu then looked down at the ring on her hand and as soon as he lay down, she immediately pounced into his arms.

Mu Yichen was completely unprepared for her sudden action, which startled him, but the next moment he was looking down at her.

Qin Mu didn't look at him, just held him and then closed her eyes to sleep.

Mu Yichen then adopted the position she liked, with one arm around her and the other hand under his head, still thinking about some things.

Later, when Qin Mu really fell asleep, he found himself unable to sleep at all.

Watching her turn over with her back to him, Mu Yichen's eyebrows twitched slightly, then he just lay there staring at the ceiling again.

Qiao Yi said they had reached the seven-year itch, but they hadn't even been married for five years.

—

In the morning, raindrops pitter-pattered against the windowsill, wetting the originally clean window.

The grass and trees outside were all cleansed and watered.

Qin Mu had a dream and suddenly got inspired; she didn't even wash her face before rushing to the study to draw a design.

After waking up, Mu Yichen habitually reached for her side of the bed, and only when he felt she wasn't there did he slowly open his eyes, still frowning.

She was not there.

He got up and looked to the other side.

The room was quiet, she wasn't in the bathroom.

So early...

He squinted outside, then threw off the covers and got out of bed.

After breakfast, Qin Mu went to the studio. While looking for something in the bedroom, she suddenly saw that bag in the deepest part of the closet.

It was a suit she had planned to give to Mu Yichen.

Her gaze flickered as she asked herself, "How many years has it been!"

This suit had been with her for too many years.

He had complained to her more than once for not designing suits for him.

She also thought of giving it away more than once, but...

Now the suit was still lying in her own wardrobe.

"Mu Yichen!"

Her lips parted slightly, and those three words came out as an exclamation.

She bent her head and thought for a while, then looked up to find the necklace she needed, closed the closet, and left.

Xiaomei ran upstairs from below: "Mrs. Wang has been waiting for a long time, did you find it?"

"Mm!"

Qin Mu handed the necklace to Xiaomei, who then bustled downstairs with it, and Qin Mu followed behind casually.

Mrs. Wang's neck seemed a bit thick, but she didn't disdain herself and actually felt quite beautiful.

After putting on her evening dress and adding the necklace, she couldn't help but touch her own neck and boast: "Oh my, I have never felt my neck this fair and tender before."

Watching from the side, the staff members were almost unable to restrain their laughter, but everyone's professionalism was quite good, and they just stood by with the best-looking posture.

Qin Mu didn't go downstairs later, she watched for a while from the stairs, and seeing Mrs. Wang so happy, she didn't go down to greet her anymore but turned back upstairs.

Xiaomei and another female colleague entertained Mrs. Wang so well that when Mrs. Wang left, she wore their evening dress and even said, "Oh my, I was planning to wait for your delivery, but they asked me to get ready an hour earlier on short notice, so I thought I wouldn't bother you all and came by myself. I didn't expect you to even spend a necklace on me, please thank your boss for me."

"You have been our valued customer for a long time, no need to be polite, please!"

Xiaomei said to her graciously, then walked forward to open the back door of her private car for her.

Mrs. Wang, pleased with the treatment, nodded at them and then got into the car, not forgetting to wave to the two of them with presidential-lady-like dignity from inside the car.

"Oh my!"

After sending Mrs. Wang off, Xiaomei was emotional for a long time, sometimes she really felt she wasn't quite like a woman, no wonder Zhao Huai wanted to be "brothers" with her.

However, just as Xiaomei and her colleague were about to go inside, they saw the blue Porsche parked at their studio's doorstep again.

Li Yu took off his sunglasses and looked at the two girls who turned their heads to look at him: "Is Qin Mu here?"

"She is!"

Xiaomei was first taken aback, then nodded blankly.

—

At night, Qin Mu said to Mu Yichen after returning home: "Li Yu asked me to star in a commercial."

Chapter 840: The Seven Year Itch?

"I've agreed!"

Qin Mu looked up and responded calmly to Mu Yichen, who stood by her side watching her intently.

"Since you've already made up your mind, do you still need to report to me?"

Mu Yichen nodded and then questioned her further.

The bedroom contained just the two of them, yet it felt suffocatingly tight.

Qin Mu sat on the sofa, lowered her head, and eagerly flipped through a magazine, while Mu Yichen stood at the window looking into the dim courtyard.

The room was silent, the dissatisfaction between them quietly spreading.

"Can't we stop this, please? It's tiring for us, and the elders are worried too. Didn't you always support me before?"

After thinking for a bit, Qin Mu put down the magazine, turned her head, and asked him while staring at his rigid back.

Mu Yichen's gaze, which was focused on the downstairs, grew gradually more indifferent. Support?

His support in exchange for her alienation—if that were the case, he would rather he had never supported her.

He turned his head to look at her; in those dark eyes, there was no allowance for her resistance.

Qin Mu kept looking at him too; the two were separated by a distance, yet neither was willing to take the first step forward.

"I regret it!"

Suddenly, Mu Yichen spoke up.

Qin Mu's heart, with a thud, felt like a bullet had pierced her chest, then hit the distant wall and fell to the ground, the sound clear and forceful.

He left her sight; she heard the door slam shut forcefully; she could hear his footsteps, one by one, on the floors of the house and also upon the tips of her heart.

Her heart, suddenly in pain, the blood flowing incessantly.

She tilted her head back, but the tears still fell, flooding out.

The room remained silent, save for her occasional sobs.

Later, she lowered her head and curled up on the sofa, hugging herself.

Their love had survived so many third parties, but had it lost to time?

The Mu Yichen who once stood from afar and watched her progress, was now nowhere to be seen.

They could still cooperate tacitly in bed, yet in life, they could not continue?

That night, he did not return home again.

That night, she was sleepless.

Come morning's first light, Qin Mu drove away from home, not wanting to face the interrogation of the elders at breakfast; she had no words to offer.

Right now, all she wanted was to be alone and calm down.

So she went hiking by herself, to vent her emotions.

Xiaomei, after starting her workday, saw an unread message on her phone sent by Qin Mu, stating she would take a day off.

Xiaomei was momentarily puzzled but then suddenly remembered that Li Yu had come over the day before.

—

Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai knew Li Yu fancied Qin Mu, but seeing his dejection in his office that day, they could not help but feel restless.

"If all else fails, just cut off the guy's financial path, it's just a studio he's opened. What's so great about that? Why should it bother you so much?"

Qiao Yi suggested.

"Qiao Yi is right. That Li Yu, he might have some say in the entertainment industry, but in front of you, what is he?"

"If I were to use despicable means to make him go bankrupt, then what does that make me?"

Mu Yichen asked with a cold voice, lifting his dark eyes to look at his dear brothers.

Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai involuntarily gasped.

That would be worse than a beast! Bullying someone who is a small actor without any backing, how could that count for anything?

If Mu Yichen were to cause Li Yu's studio to shut down, it was clear what people would think and how they would berate and despise Mu Yichen once they knew the truth.

But if he did nothing, and just watched on...

Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai exchanged glances and then both lowered their heads, not sure how to proceed.

"Yichen, why don't you talk to Xiaomu and ask her not to see that Li Yu anymore? Wouldn't that settle it?"

Zhao Huai proposed another idea.

But, what if it was her who chose to see Li Yu?

But, what if it was Li Yu who was pursuing her?

Qin Mu had never taken the initiative.

Mu Yichen suddenly remembered how he used to be chased by others, realizing he lacked even half the nonchalance that Qin Mu possessed—was it because he loved her more deeply?

Or was it because he lacked her rationality?

He had held onto his phone all day, waiting for even a single WeChat message from her, but there was nothing.

Feng Fanghua called him to ask what was going on, why neither of them were home so early in the morning, and he found himself unable to provide an explanation.

She wanted to progress to greater heights, yet, he was afraid she would fly too high and slip away from his side.

He could move heaven and earth to bring everything she wanted in front of her; in reality, she didn't need to strive so hard.