

His Beloved 901

Chapter 901: Feeling jealous/envy

Half an hour later.

The number one trending topic on Weibo suddenly changed to "Nightlife Scandals of Elite Socialites."

Mu Qingxin idly scrolled through Weibo and stumbled upon the post. Curious, she tapped on it, wondering if it might be about Qin Mu. But when she opened it, she was utterly shocked.

"Whoa! Is this about that Mrs. Chen you mentioned? Mrs. Chen! Wow, she's at a nightclub grinding up close and personal with some stranger? Oh my goodness! She's really living it up, huh!"

Qin Mu and Feng Fanghua were sitting beside her as they watched too. Feng Fanghua thought to herself, "Who could be so spiteful? Exposing something like this – wouldn't this force the Chen Family to kick her out?"

Qin Mu didn't dare say anything. She just thought about how they had only seen this Mrs. Chen earlier today, and now Mrs. Chen's scandal was blowing up. This...

Honestly, she hadn't done anything, but for some reason, she felt inexplicably guilty.

"Whoa! The Chen Family definitely can't tolerate her, right? Mom, you're so close with the Chen Family—you must know plenty of inside stories. Spill it!"

Mu Qingxin instantly switched to gossip mode.

Sometimes, TV dramas couldn't compare to the raw drama of real life in terms of excitement.

"This Mrs. Chen and the eldest son of the Chen Family fell in love freely. Although the Chen Family wasn't too satisfied with her background, they didn't interfere much... after all, the son liked her, so as parents..."

Feng Fanghua spoke hesitantly, forcing a smile as she went.

Mu Qingxin shot a look at her mother, the kind of expression halfway between amusement and incredulity.

Qin Mu awkwardly lowered her head, thinking that the conversation had taken quite an unexpected turn.

"But Mom, didn't you say not too long ago that I should treat you as my own mother?"

Qin Mu quickly brought up an old topic, acting utterly like family without an ounce of hesitation.

Her small gaze, timidly avoiding a direct stare at the mother-daughter duo, nonetheless betrayed her stubbornness.

"What? You're the real daughter? Then what am I?"

Mu Qingxin turned her head and cast Qin Mu a skeptical look, then glanced at her own mother as if saying: Where exactly do I fit into this?

"I wasn't lying, but there's only one biological daughter after all."

Feng Fanghua, afraid Mu Qingxin might feel jealous, deliberately added more to her words.

Being a mother to two girls now, Feng Fanghua knew better than to favor one too obviously—it'd surely lead to trouble.

"Hmph! Mom, you're starting to favor that brat Qin Mu!"

Mu Qingxin set down her phone, grabbed Feng Fanghua's arm, and began shaking it dramatically.

"Alright, alright! Stop shaking me—you're going to make me dizzy!"

Definitely feeling the effects of her age, after being shaken a few times by Mu Qingxin, Feng Fanghua frowned and quickly stopped her.

"Then tell me you love me the most, that you care for me the most! I'm your real daughter!"

Mu Qingxin continued whining as she clung to her mom's arm.

Feng Fanghua...

"Isn't that obvious?"

Feng Fanghua said abruptly, catching even Qin Mu off guard, making her burst into laughter.

Mu Qingxin—she truly was the family's little firecracker.

Mu Qingxin was still playing the adorable brat when Huanhuan returned home. As soon as she got off the car, she raced toward the house.

Mu Zihao followed behind her, letting her run ahead while he took his time walking leisurely after her.

He thought about how little Huanhuan was when she first joined the family, barely able to speak. In the blink of an eye, she could run so fast now.

"Grandma! Mommy! Auntie! I'm back!"

Huanhuan ran inside and gave her grandma a huge hug first. Before Feng Fanghua could even wrap her arms around her, Huanhuan dove into Qin Mu's embrace, planting kisses and then glancing over at her aunt nearby.

Mu Qingxin said, "I really have no status around here. Only Grandma and Mom get hugs—what about Auntie?"

"Hehe!"

Huanhuan giggled sweetly at her lovable aunt but made no effort to seek a hug.

"I brought you some candy! Chocolate flavor!"

Huanhuan especially loved chocolate, so her classmates often gifted her chocolate-flavored treats.

She pulled out three lollipops from the big pocket of her overalls. First, she handed one to Grandma, then one to Mommy. When it came to her aunt, however, Grandpa walked in from outside and sat down. So she glanced at her aunt, then blinked pitifully before diverting the lollipop meant for her aunt and giving it to Grandpa instead.

Mu Qingxin...

"I... Your daughter bullied me!"

Mu Qingxin almost burst into tears, looking pitifully toward Qin Mu to complain.

"Oh, our little Huanhuan is really growing up to be so considerate!"

Feng Fanghua gazed lovingly at the lollipop in her hand and then at the little girl snuggling in Grandpa's lap. Huanhuan always saved things for them first—it deeply moved Feng Fanghua, so she indulged Huanhuan in everything.

Chapter 902: Feeling resentful

"Our Huanhuan is, of course, the best!"

Mu Zihao looked at the lollipop in his hand, feeling thrilled that his standing in his granddaughter's eyes was higher than Mu Qingxin's.

Qin Mu didn't say anything, just gazed sympathetically at Mu Qingxin: "How about I give you this one?"

Qin Mu smiled at Mu Qingxin, but Mu Qingxin pouted and muttered: "I'm on a diet recently; I don't eat chocolate candy."

"Auntie, chocolate won't make you gain weight, really!"

Huanhuan cupped her little face with her two small hands, earnestly proving that chocolate doesn't lead to weight gain.

Mu Qingxin couldn't quite believe it, thinking to herself that just because Huanhuan wasn't gaining weight didn't mean everyone wouldn't.

"Next time I receive lollipops from my friends at school, I'll give them to Auntie first."

Seeing her aunt's pitiful expression, Huanhuan started consoling her. Then, she slowly walked over to her and suddenly gave her a big hug.

"You cheeky little girl! You're quite good at cheering people up, huh!"

Mu Qingxin raised her hand to gently stroke her niece's hair. She wasn't as upset anymore and even felt that Huanhuan was very considerate.

During dinner, the sky had already darkened.

The moon quietly peeked out from behind the clouds, big and bright.

A light evening breeze blew, making this late summer night feel a bit chilly.

But the Mu Family's living room on the first floor was brightly lit, still warm and delightful.

Huanhuan performed a nursery rhyme she learned at school, and after finishing, she didn't forget to give a deep bow and say, "Thank you, everyone!"

The elderly couple happily clapped for her, and Huanhuan joyfully ran into their arms. However, she quickly turned her head to look at the rest of them: "Daddy, Mommy, Auntie, you guys are supposed to clap too!"

"Haha!"

Mu Qingxin reluctantly clapped along, thinking to herself how demanding Huanhuan was.

Qin Mu felt helpless too but still pretended to clap seriously a couple of times. Only Mu Yichen remained unbothered, focused on checking his emails on his phone.

"Daddy!"

Huanhuan called out emotionally when she saw her father wasn't clapping for her.

Mu Yichen, hearing his daughter's tiny, spoiled voice, lifted his gaze: "Hmm?"

Completely unaware of what was going on, Mu Yichen's reaction made Huanhuan especially upset. She glumly snuggled into her grandmother's embrace.

"Your daughter is performing, and what are you doing?"

Feng Fanghua immediately criticized him sternly.

Mu Yichen...

"Daddy is a bad man!"

Huanhuan looked up at her grandmother, speaking with pure sincerity.

"Indeed, your dad is a bad man. Let's ignore him, okay? Our Huanhuan is the best, the absolute best!"

Feng Fanghua affectionately stroked her granddaughter's hair, her loving gaze comforting her.

"But Mom, don't spoil her too much! I think she's getting a bit arrogant lately."

Qin Mu, though slightly nervous, felt compelled to voice this observation.

After attending a few days of school, this little one seemed to think she was all-powerful, completely lacking the humility of a child. Every day, it felt like she believed the entire world revolved around her.

"Arrogant? Just a little child, listen to yourself speak about her."

Feng Fanghua wasn't pleased and looked at her sharply, making her stance clear.

Mu Yichen suddenly recalled the family rules he set for Huanhuan. Perhaps it was time to add a few more, ones she should be able to memorize given her age.

However, if the rest of the family found out about this idea of his, they would likely want to tear him apart.

Mu Yichen chose not to comment and instead quietly watched his wife being chastised.

Strangely enough, though he used to feel worried, protective, even anxious whenever Qin Mu got scolded before...

Now, he felt oddly detached from it all.

Mu Yichen realized this change and raised his eyebrows in resignation.

Lately, his presence in the household had dwindled to such an extent that he felt increasingly out of place and insignificant.

"Oh well! Mom, you do spoil Huanhuan a lot, but girls are meant to be spoiled, aren't they?"

"Hmph! Spoil her a lot, do I? Am I only spoiling Huanhuan? You and your brother—weren't you both raised like royalty by me?"

As soon as these words came out, Mu Qingxin immediately shut her mouth.

Mu Yichen glanced up when he heard his name mentioned, then quickly lowered his head again.

Qin Mu sat quietly, observing and listening.

Mu Zihao silently focused on watching the TV program beside them, saying nothing.

When it came to the issue of pampering, whoever spoke up would undoubtedly regret it.

By 8:30, Qin Mu carried Huanhuan upstairs for her bath and bedtime, leaving the rest of the family in the living room. Feng Fanghua stared at Mu Yichen for a long time, then picked up her tea and took a sip to clear her throat before placing the cup back down.

"What nonsense have you two been up to lately?"

Feng Fanghua sat upright with her back straight, looking immensely composed as she asked the question.

Mu Yichen raised his gaze toward Feng Fanghua, guessing that she meant him and Qin Mu. Seeing Feng Fanghua's stern expression, he instinctively glanced at Mu Zihao and Mu Qingxin, noticing their curious looks regarding him and Qin Mu. He grinned slightly, slowly turned off his phone, and stood up: "You guys carry on chatting; I'm heading upstairs too."

Chapter 903: Feeling sensitive or upset

He was so composed and unyielding, it almost felt like Feng Fanghua wasn't even talking to him.

"You little brat, you..."

"Your son is already thirty!"

Before Mu Yichen left, he casually reminded them—every time it's "little brat," from childhood to youth to adulthood, and now he even has a son, yet his mom still scolds him that way.

Sigh!

Mu Qingxin puffed out her cheeks, trying hard not to laugh. She thought to herself that the only person her mom couldn't handle was her dear older brother.

"Even at thirty, you're still a little brat!"

Feng Fanghua shouted at Mu Yichen the moment he walked away.

"Alright, alright! He's already a father. What if Huanhuan and Chengcheng hear and start mimicking you?"

Mu Zihao lifted his head slightly and reminded her.

"Chengcheng doesn't have that ability yet, but Mu Chenghuan, that girl, probably learns words pretty fast."

Mu Qingxin chimed in.

"You little rascal, you too..."

"Aiya, I'd better go check if Ziyu needs a diaper change."

Mu Qingxin suddenly slapped her thigh, sprang up from the sofa, and slipped into her slippers before running off.

Feng Fanghua...

"These two kids... Here I am trying to talk about something serious with them."

Feng Fanghua was so upset her stomach hurt.

"They're all grown now. One's a father, one's a mother. Do you really expect them to sit quietly and let you lecture them like Mumu does, without daring to make a single sound?"

"Hmph! I bet even Qin Mu will stop listening to me before long."

Feng Fanghua thought to herself that luckily there was still someone obedient in the family. Thinking of Qin Mu, who had bought her new pajamas recently, her mood improved a lot. But then she reflected on her current relationship with Qin Mu, as well as its future. She couldn't guarantee that Qin Mu wouldn't

someday turn into those two siblings, treating her words like background noise—or maybe not even bothering to listen at all.

"No way! Mumu's nature is more reserved."

Mu Zihao held a favorable opinion of Qin Mu's temperament.

"Sigh! Just look at those two siblings; honestly..."

Feng Fanghua still felt aggrieved—those two siblings were simply too exasperating.

"Don't you feel like Yichen and Qin Mu haven't been acting quite right lately?"

Mu Zihao suddenly turned around and spoke seriously to her.

Feng Fanghua, who had been on the verge of tears from frustration, snapped back to attention upon hearing this. She nodded: "Yes, you noticed too?"

"Mm! People from his office building said he personally went to the printing room the other day to pick up some documents, and afterward, Qin Mu went to find him. The two of them were behaving very secretly."

"What does that mean?"

Feng Fanghua asked, puzzled.

"What could it mean? They're bound to be entangled for life. You really should relax."

"How can I relax?"

Feng Fanghua asked Mu Zihao; she couldn't seem to ease her mind.

"Leaving aside how your son has fought hard for so many years—he certainly won't divorce—let's just talk about your daughter-in-law. She's been in our family all these years, and after having Chengcheng, your relationship as mother- and daughter-in-law has been pretty good. Can she really just up and leave? She's already deeply tied down by this family."

"So what you're saying is, I shouldn't worry that they'll cause more problems again?"

"Mm!"

Mu Zihao nodded.

"I'm just worried that the way they secretly got married back then—what if they secretly get divorced one day? What are we supposed to do then?"

Feng Fanghua had indeed been on edge lately, afraid those two fearless individuals might do something outrageous again.

"Even if they had guns pointed at each other, it'd still be impossible for them to divorce."

Mu Zihao spoke with confidence, a faint smile curving his lips.

"Sigh! If you think about it, although Qin Mu isn't my biological child, over the years I've truly worried a lot about her as well—since her childhood, all the way to now, and even into the future. Don't you agree?"

"That may not necessarily be a bad thing. If the past twenty years have been you two clashing against each other, then the remainder of your lives might just be harmonious."

Mu Zihao analyzed.

The elderly couple sat on the sofa and chatted for a long while. Eventually, they turned off the TV to go make milk for their grandchild.

Later, the lights in the living room were switched off, and only the floor lamps and table lamps in the individual rooms remained lit.

Mu Qingxin sat holding her son, scrolling through her phone and chatting with her husband. During their days apart, she missed him dearly and felt filled with anticipation.

Reunions always had a certain beauty.

After putting on her face mask, Qin Mu washed her face and came out. She lay down on the bed next to him and gently asked, "Before dinner, we checked Weibo's trending topics. Guess who was ranked number one?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Chen! The same Mrs. Chen we ran into at the lingerie counter this afternoon."

Qin Mu turned to look at him, finding his expression unusually indifferent as he stared blankly at his phone. It seemed as though he always had endless emails to deal with. Qin Mu pressed down his phone, then seriously locked eyes with him: "You're so calm. Don't tell me you were the one who arranged for Mrs. Chen to trend?"

Chapter 904: Feeling uncomfortable

"No more!"

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes, looking at his silly little girl, and gently stroked her smooth hair with his hand.

"Ah?"

Qin Mu was stunned, just lying on his chest.

"I had someone post everything on Weibo."

Mu Yichen said indifferently, his deep eyes staring straight into Qin Mu's shocked ones.

"Daring to make Mu Yichen's woman unhappy, is she looking for trouble with herself?"

"You're really bad! But I like it!"

Qin Mu climbed onto him, giggling.

"Not annoyed anymore?"

Mu Yichen slightly frowned, his voice low, unable to bear her sudden happiness.

"Annoyed about what? Annoyed that you were staring at the lingerie magazine? Super annoyed!"

Qin Mu raised her eyes, her lively pupils making the man below her swallow hard.

Mu Yichen gently placed one hand on her waist, caressing, and the other softly on her leg, watching her face blush, he couldn't help but sigh. His body endured an irresistible temptation and even his eyes exuded a restrained aura.

Qin Mu sensed his tension, looked away slightly, and then quietly lowered her head, "Why suddenly act like this? It's not like my monthly visitor came!"

She also lowered her voice, unable to handle his sudden restraint, like he wanted but didn't dare to indulge.

Is it because she lost her temper in the afternoon?

She's lost her temper more severely before, hasn't he always been ruthless?

Mu Yichen just looked down at her, "Honestly, it's the first time I've looked at a lingerie magazine, and the models were indeed good."

"Hmm?"

Qin Mu's pupils suddenly widened.

"But none compare to Mu Yichen's woman, so soft."

Qin Mu...

His hand continued to gently rub her back, watching Qin Mu's expressive face made him smile involuntarily.

"So annoying!"

Qin Mu mumbled with a slight pout, trying to swat away the hand gripping her leg.

But instead of freeing her hand, she ended up being flipped onto the soft bed.

Mu Yichen pressed down on her, his pitch-black eyes diving straight into her almond-shaped ones.

"Mrs. Mu, truly irresistible."

His deep and enchanting voice successfully stirred emotions.

Qin Mu raised her hand to hook around his neck, though she still had a slight urge to tease him.

"You can't look at those magazines again in the future! Not even a woman should catch your eye."

Qin Mu sternly pointed out, her stubborn gaze making the man quite jealous.

"Okay! But I wonder if Mrs. Mu can do it too?"

Mu Yichen asked her, his hand gently lifting her skirt.

"If Mu can do it, then Mrs. Mu can do it too."

Qin Mu lowered her eyes slightly, her voice turning a bit softer, her expression also a bit unbearable to watch.

"Looks like Mrs. Mu is reluctant, but what's the first rule of the household?"

"Mrs. Mu must not flirt with other men."

Qin Mu reflexively recited.

"Hmm! Now let Mu tell Mrs. Mu, not flirting means not even glancing at another man."

Ha!

Mu Yichen's deep voice thoroughly stirred up the long-hidden anger in her heart.

But before Qin Mu could resist, she was subdued, her knees being gently pried apart.

"Mu Yichen, you..."

"Mu Yichen loves you very much!"

Mu Yichen suddenly declared.

Caught off guard, Qin Mu suddenly couldn't do anything, just feeling his gentle lips pressing onto hers, then moving tenderly.

Unexpectedly...

A bit gentle.

Mu Yichen loves you very much...

Mu Yichen loves you very much...

Mu Yichen...

Very much...

Qin Mu felt her heart go soft, her back losing all strength, just closing her eyes foolishly, quietly feeling everything Mu Yichen was giving her, then secretly, responding.

It seemed like the whole world went quiet!

Qin Mu felt her surroundings reach a certain level of silence, hearing his breath between her nose and lips, between her lips and teeth, in each of her cells, roaring quietly.

Inside her body, something surged wanting to become one with him.

Until the two of them confronted each other at a very close distance.

And reached a point they both didn't quite expect yet yearned for.

— —

The next day, that Mrs. Chen went to Qin Mu's studio to cause trouble, but unlike those who are skilled at catfights, she was gentle and weak, crying a river like a little woman full of grievances.

She sat in Qin Mu's office, shedding tears for ten minutes and wiping them for ten minutes.

Chapter 905: Feeling uncomfortable or awkward

Qin Mu sat on the side watching. After seven to eight minutes, she couldn't take it anymore and picked up a few pieces of fabric placed on the table by Xiaomei to show her.

Ten minutes later, she was still crying. Qin Mu sighed helplessly and then asked, "Which of these two fabrics do you prefer for a qipao?"

Mrs. Chen heard Qin Mu's question, lifted her teary gaze to look at her, and then at the two fabrics in her hand. She pinched them both for a moment and replied, still somewhat tearfully, "This one feels more textured, and this one is softer. I'll choose the softer one."

Qin Mu looked at her curiously, her sharp gaze making no effort to hide her skepticism towards Mrs. Chen's stubbornness.

"I have a great figure, so I look good in anything. Of course, I'll pick something comfortable."

Qin Mu...

This woman, this fragile, beaten-down demeanor truly makes people...

Even other women would want to protect her.

Qin Mu gave an awkward smile. She knew this was about the trending topic on Weibo yesterday, but she didn't expect Mrs. Chen to cry so much, or to show such a delicate and coy side. Most baffling of all, she didn't expect her to be this willful.

"But! Are you giving it to me?"

Mrs. Chen asked her.

Qin Mu...

"Of course not!"

Qin Mu immediately denied it, entirely unperturbed by Mrs. Chen's emotions, although she felt slightly awkward after speaking.

"Then..."

Mrs. Chen began sobbing again, nothing like the woman who had grabbed her hand and antagonized her yesterday.

Or was it just a different method of tormenting her?

If it weren't for Mu Yichen having some people deal with Mrs. Chen, Qin Mu would never have been sitting here listening to her sobbing. She truly hated women who kept crying endlessly.

Qin Mu listened to her ramble for ages without getting to the point. Feeling a little impatient for her, her own expression turned into one of indescribable awkwardness.

"The thing about me hanging out at the nightclub and it ending up online—wasn't that you?"

Mrs. Chen raised her swollen eyelids to gaze at Qin Mu with wide, pitifully innocent eyes and asked.

"Of course not! Why would I do something like that?"

Qin Mu promptly denied it! Although her heart wavered and her mind was slightly scattered, fortunately, her rationality held the upper hand in the end.

She really wanted to hand Mu Yichen over to her, thinking, "Go cry to him instead! Mu Yichen can't stand women crying, so he'll probably toss you off his penthouse. Between the impact and gore, maybe you'd finally shut up."

"Then who else could it be? Yesterday, you're the only one I had any minor argument with at the mall."

Mrs. Chen lowered her eyes thoughtfully, her fake lashes still glinting with tears.

Qin Mu observed her refined makeup and thought she was so meticulous. Even with tears on her fake lashes, they remained perfectly intact.

"Does it have to be because of yesterday? Couldn't it be someone you offended at another time, or someone who might despise you for some reason? Maybe yesterday was just a coincidence?"

Mrs. Chen pondered and then raised her eyes in surprise, blinking her pitiful, doe-like lashes. Suddenly, a different emotion gleamed in her eyes, and her demeanor sharpened instantly.

"Could it be that little bitch?"

Mrs. Chen spat the words out through gritted teeth. Her hoarse, tear-choked voice wasn't loud, but it was exceptionally arresting.

Perhaps all women rage over men in the same way inside their hearts?

Qin Mu suddenly found this woman oddly adorable.

"Sorry, I thought it was you who orchestrated this. I heard you're close with Wen Runuan. That loathsome bitch loves acting all cool and aloof, but she's really just a troublemaker."

Qin Mu...

"What?"

Qin Mu was stunned.

"I'm not saying it was her. I initially thought you had sent her after me. But now that I think about it, it must be someone else! I have to leave now!"

Mrs. Chen stood up as she spoke, grabbing her clutch and bidding farewell to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu, relieved, thought she had narrowly avoided implicating Wen Runuan.

After Mrs. Chen left, Qin Mu sat on the sofa, shaken.

She decided she really couldn't let her husband meddle in such chaos again. Otherwise, if someone came looking for her again, she wasn't sure if she could act as unaffected as she had today.

She used to consider herself straightforward, but after today's incident, she suddenly realized she might be the very type of person she had always hated.

She actually deceived someone, and it didn't leave her with the slightest guilt.

She picked up her phone and sent a WeChat message to Mu Yichen.

Mrs. Mu: "Mrs. Chen came! She cried her heart out—it broke mine."

Mr. Mu: "?"

Mrs. Mu: "She thought it was me and came crying to complain. Later, I redirected her to another suspect."

Mr. Mu: "?"

Mrs. Mu: "What's with that face? Are you dumb?"

Mr. Mu: "I thought someone took your phone by mistake!"

Mrs. Mu: "..."

Mu Yichen was sitting in his office diligently reviewing documents. When he saw his wife claiming to feel sorry for another woman crying her heart out, he felt hurt. She'd never said she felt sorry for tormenting him until he was a wreck.

Mr. Mu: "So, is she gone now?"

Mrs. Mu: "Yep! She left! That's why I'm messaging you! Don't do such things again; otherwise, I'll tell the next person to go straight to you and cry on your shoulder."

Mr. Mu: "If you dare!"

Mrs. Mu: "Is that a threat?"

Mr. Mu: "Think it over yourself!"

Mrs. Mu: "..."

Mr. Mu: "..."

Mrs. Mu: "..."

The WeChat exchange ended. Qin Mu, feeling a little annoyed, then texted Helian Hao: "Lunch is on me. AM grand meal."

"I feel like having lobster. I heard the restaurant just got in Australian lobsters today—I'll just have two," Helian Hao replied.

Qin Mu almost dropped her phone. Australian lobsters at AM's prices...

Heh!

Still, Qin Mu agreed without hesitation: "OK!"

By the time Helian Hao arrived at the restaurant for lunch, she found Mu Yichen and Jing Feng already sitting at the table she and Qin Mu had reserved. Each with his own phone, neither of them acknowledged the other, engrossed in their devices.

But where was Qin Mu?

Confused, Helian Hao walked over and sat down. When both men looked up at her, she asked, "Where's Qin Mu?"

"She said something came up and she'd be late. Let's just order first," Mu Yichen said, sliding the menu over to her.

Helian Hao didn't even glance and directly ordered the four Australian lobsters she had discussed with Qin Mu.

Then she asked what kind of red wine they wanted. Since both men liked the same brand, it was an easy choice.

When Qin Mu finally strolled in fashionably late, she saw that they had already opened the wine. She walked over and teased, "Wow, opened the wine this early? Jing Jian must be footing the bill in a big way today, huh?"

Qin Mu's gaze shifted to Jing Feng, who raised his eyelids slightly, meeting her with a faintly smug yet incredibly punchable expression.

"Who's footing the bill?"

Helian Hao reflexively asked.

"Your husband, of course. He said he wanted to treat us to a meal because we skipped the banquet at your son's hundred-day celebration, even though we gave gift money," Qin Mu replied with a sweet smile, kindly reminding her.

Helian Hao instantly sent her a murderous glare, but Qin Mu just smiled serenely and asked, "Did you order the lobsters? Xiaohao was craving them."

Feeling indignant, Helian Hao lowered her head and pulled her phone out of her bag to text Qin Mu.

Dr. Hao: "You little witch, setting me up big time!"

Chapter 906: Deep Love, Profound Harm

Big Mumu: "Your Jing Jian offered to treat us."

Dr. Hao: "..."

Big Mumu: "If you don't believe me, ask him later!"

"Jing Feng, you're treating us?"

Helian Hao raised her eyes to look at the man sitting beside her.

"Alright!"

Jing Feng glanced at her calmly and replied flatly.

Helian Hao...

Qin Mu lowered her gaze, trying hard to suppress her laughter, her flushed face betraying her amusement.

Mu Yichen looked up at her briefly, thinking to himself: Such a small matter, and yet you're this happy? Then he lowered his gaze back to his phone.

Qin Mu also glanced up at him, watching his engrossed phone scrolling, and directly shifted to sit beside him. Tilting her head, she leaned against him to peek at his phone.

Oh!

Mu always busy! He still has to accompany her here to mess with people!

"Am I interrupting your work?"

Qin Mu asked him in a hushed tone.

"A bit! But meals still need to be eaten."

Besides, making you happy—what could be more important than that?

Mu Yichen didn't say this aloud, but his deep, affectionate gaze was definitely saying it.

"A few days ago, someone from your company caused a stir for selling internal secrets to another company—is that true?"

"Mm!"

Mu Yichen was currently dealing with this matter.

He was clearly annoyed. Such incidents aren't rare in the corporate world, with too many people unable to progress in their own company and selling internal information to other companies for a promotion—usually to high executive positions.

But these people rarely end up well, especially when dealing with a boss like Mu Yichen who holds grudges.

Mu Yichen put away his phone and simply said, "I'm going to make a call."

After he left, Qin Mu stared at his figure for a bit, then asked Jing Feng, "What's going on exactly?"

"It's like someone in your studio stealing your designs to give to others."

Jing Feng explained it in the simplest way to help her understand.

Qin Mu unconsciously swallowed, her calm gaze seeming to curse someone.

"So, no big incident came out of it?"

"Oh, there was. One of my colleagues is actively cooperating with Mr. Mu now."

Jing Feng said as he glanced at Mu Yichen talking on the phone.

Helian Hao and Qin Mu both curiously followed his gaze, then simultaneously sighed. Suddenly, they felt a little bored. The two women exchanged glances, and then lowered their heads in mutual silence.

Dr. Hao: "Next time, don't casually ask your husband out for meals! You disrupt his work."

Big Mumu: "Mm!"

The silence lingered.

Dr. Hao: "But don't blame yourself too much. After all, it's not the first time you've caused trouble for him."

Helian Hao glanced at her before sending the message, noticing her despondent mood and swiftly phrased it more tactfully.

Big Mumu: "...Watch your mouth!"

Dr. Hao: "Haha! I'm already being nice. If your husband wasn't in trouble, I'd be reprimanding you right now."

Big Mumu: "..."

Speaking of which, Jing Feng holds shares too, and yet this woman is still so stingy. Qin Mu glanced at Helian Hao with slight disapproval, and Helian Hao raised a hand to pat her shoulder. "Relax!"

Qin Mu thought to herself, how am I supposed to relax?

When Mu Yichen returned, he'd already tucked his phone into his pocket, and their lobster dish had been served.

Qin Mu didn't even feel like eating it—she was too tired.

But Mu Yichen wouldn't let her exert herself.

As for Helian Hao and Jing Feng...

Helian Hao was diligently tending to the lobster, cutting pieces of meat and feeding them to Jing Feng first without eating any herself.

Qin Mu glanced over, thinking, Are you a woman or a servant?

Helian Hao caught the meaning in her gaze and retorted, "Eat your food."

Qin Mu didn't respond, lowering her head to eat the lobster, which turned out to be delicious.

"Shall I do it myself?"

Qin Mu glanced at Mu Yichen, feeling a little embarrassed to ask him for help.

"Don't hurt your hands! I'll feel bad!"

Mu Yichen replied casually.

Jing Feng glanced at the husband and wife duo, then turned to look at Jing Qing, laughing lightly. "Serves you right to be stuck with this woman for life."

Still, his own plate, filled with lobster pieces prepared by Helian Hao, was placed in front of her first.

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen watched them...

Feeding each other—is this even normal?

"Honey! Eat too!"

Qin Mu quickly picked up her fork to feed Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen furrowed his brows in discomfort, glancing at the meat on the fork and then at her, as though asking: Since when did you care about this?

"Forget it if you don't like it!"

Qin Mu, hurt by his expression, was about to eat the meat herself when he suddenly grabbed her hand and ate the meat.

Qin Mu...

"Disgusting!"

Helian Hao couldn't help muttering under her breath.

Helian Hao always felt like she and Jing Feng, feeding each other, seemed like a natural act between an old married couple devoid of awkwardness. But watching Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, their ten-year marriage still felt as overly sweet and clingy as their first days, making her uncomfortable.

Chapter 907: Deep Love, Profound Harm_2

"Disgusting you on purpose!"

Qin Mu deliberately widened her eyes at her and said, then started eating.

Helian Hao couldn't help but laugh, "Childish!"

The two stopped bickering on WeChat and instead argued directly in front of the two men.

Meanwhile, Jing Feng and Mu Yichen clinked glasses as if they couldn't hear the two women quarreling.

After the meal, Mu Yichen went back to the company, and Helian Hao grabbed Qin Mu, "There's nothing to do after eating—let's visit your store."

"You guys discuss at your leisure, I need to head back to the prosecutor's office."

Jing Feng picked up his suit jacket, glanced at the two women clearly still in for the long haul, and didn't linger.

"Okay, bye-bye!"

Qin Mu stretched out her hand and waved at Jing Feng before being pulled into the car by Helian Hao. The two drove off to the shop.

Qin Mu knew that Helian Hao intended for her to work off all the lunch she had eaten, but she didn't get upset; she saw it as an opportunity to lose some weight.

However, halfway there, Helian Hao got a call from the hospital. Her first instinct was to call Qin Mu and let her know she wouldn't make it.

But then Helian Hao thought about how badly she'd been duped earlier at lunch, so instead, she silently turned her car around at an intersection without telling Qin Mu.

When Qin Mu arrived at JY, she got out of her car and looked around but didn't see Helian Hao's car. A thought immediately sprang to mind: Damn it! Ditching me like that!

She quickly pulled out her phone to call Helian Hao. Helian Hao, already on her way back to the hospital, left her a rushed message: "Something urgent came up at the hospital, let's go next time!"

Helian Hao hung up after that, leaving Qin Mu staring dumbfoundedly at the phone screen.

This woman, how dare she play her like that?

Oh well! Since she was already there, Qin Mu decided to head inside anyway.

Qin Mu picked out an outfit to try on, spun in front of the mirror a few times feeling satisfied, and wore it straight to the tea room to chat with the store manager. The store manager had recently dyed their hair purple, and Qin Mu couldn't help thinking it looked odd.

The manager, apparently uneasy under her scrutiny, nervously ran a hand through their sleek short hair: "Does it look strange?"

"Kind of!"

The manager hadn't expected Qin Mu to be so blunt and let out an awkward laugh, "You'll get used to it!"

Qin Mu nodded in agreement but couldn't help adding, "It really does look strange!"

The manager...

Feeling awkward herself, Qin Mu picked up her coffee to take a sip and tried to be a bit more pleasant with the manager.

"Makes your face look a little wide!"

The manager suddenly caught faint murmuring and wondered if they were hallucinating. They glanced up to see Qin Mu engrossed in sipping her coffee.

Qin Mu couldn't understand how she had veered onto the path of tormenting others like this.

Actually, even when she said it, she was startled herself, which was why she hid her embarrassment behind her coffee.

Before heading back to the Mu Family, she made a quick stop at the Qin Family. She'd heard the boss was back at work today despite his current state, which really called for more rest.

She had heard of some high-quality supplements and had someone bring them from abroad. Today seemed like the right opportunity to drop them off.

Qin Haiming was sitting on the sofa drinking tea and watching the news, which seemed to be one of his most important daily rituals—watching the news.

Qin Mu quietly approached with the box, watching his composed profile, and unexpectedly felt a little warmth in her heart. The housekeeper came out from cleaning and, upon seeing Qin Mu downstairs, started to call out a greeting, but Qin Mu quickly made a "shushing" gesture.

The housekeeper laughed but stayed silent.

Feeling someone nearby, Qin Haiming lifted his eyes and turned his head, seeing Qin Mu.

"What brings you here?"

"Oh! Just passing by!"

Qin Mu walked up carrying the box.

That excuse—tried and tested yet unavoidable.

"A friend sent this. Given your recent head injury, it seems quite suitable."

She added while pretending it was no big deal.

Qin Haiming glanced at the box on the table, leaned forward to examine its label, and then leaned back on the sofa, smirking without asking if the supplements were actually from a friend. Instead, he asked, "Came all the way here to drop this off and you're leaving right away?"

"Of course not! I'm just afraid of disturbing the leader while you're pondering national affairs!"

Qin Mu thought to herself, I wouldn't dare disturb the old man at the Mu Family watching the news, let alone you, boss.

Qin Haiming just gave a faint smile and turned his attention back to the TV screen.

The housekeeper brought a fresh pot of tea, and Qin Mu ended up sitting down to watch TV with Qin Haiming for a while, drinking a few cups in the process.

"The old man at the Mu Family still not planning to come back?"

"Hmm! Postponing from summer to fall, and now fall to winter."

Qin Mu replied.

"Hmm! Now the old man at the Jing Family is staying with him in the countryside. They used to be close, so they're probably enjoying the pastoral life together."

Chapter 908: Deeply Love, Deeply Bad _3

Qin Mu was just listening, thinking about how the family used to get along so well, and so she believed Qin Haiming's words.

"But last time Old Master Jing met you, he didn't make things difficult for you anymore, did he?"

Qin Haiming lifted his tea and asked again.

"Hmm!"

"Those unpleasant things..."

Qin Haiming didn't finish his sentence, a flicker of disappointment flashed in his eyes, and then he lowered his head to sip his tea.

Qin Mu raised her eyes, looking at him calmly.

Knowing what he was thinking about, she also lowered her head.

Qin Mu arrived home before dinner; everyone was already seated in the dining room, ready to eat, except Mu Yichen, who mentioned he had a social engagement that would make him return late tonight.

She sat down after coming back, and everyone started eating.

"Is your father's injury better now?"

Mu Zihao asked her.

"Should be. I heard he's already starting to work again."

Qin Mu replied.

"He's really a workaholic, especially when it comes to work."

Mu Zihao commented again.

"I suspect he's only diligent when it comes to his job, isn't he?"

Qin Mu exposed the truth.

The dinner table fell silent for a moment.

"Oh! By the way! Today, I swindled Helian Hao out of four Australian lobsters."

Seeing the awkward atmosphere, Qin Mu immediately changed the subject.

"Whoa, damn it! Why didn't I get to eat any?"

The ever-busy Mu Qingxin couldn't help but blurt out.

"Because you weren't there."

Qin Mu replied, thinking to herself that if Mu Qingxin had come, it would've been five, and poor Doctor Hao would've hated her even more.

"Tch! Mom, let's go eat them tomorrow."

Mu Qingxin quickly pivoted to Feng Fanghua.

Feng Fanghua calmly said while helping her granddaughter with food, "If you want to go, go by yourself. I really don't like that stuff."

Mu Qingxin...

"Dad, let's go!"

Mu Qingxin, refusing to give up, immediately switched gears, thinking that Mu Zihao doted on her enough to agree.

"I'm meeting an old friend with your mom tomorrow. Here's some money—go enjoy yourself."

Mu Zihao was generous, though he couldn't accompany her.

Mu Qingxin: "Then I'll ask my classmates to go with me."

Qin Mu...

"Not Le Yuanyuan, so don't worry!"

Qin Mu...

For some reason, whenever Qin Mu heard her mention "classmates," it made her anxious.

But upon reflection, she thought she might be overthinking.

"You still have the nerve to bring up Le Yuanyuan?"

Feng Fanghua glanced up at Mu Qingxin and asked.

"That was just an accident! Who knew she'd go crazy just to become famous? I used to think she was super ambitious and even saw her as a role model!"

Mu Qingxin had once admired Le Yuanyuan for being highly capable, but sometimes a person becomes excessively driven, almost as if it's a sickness.

"Later, Le Yuanyuan even apologized to me!"

Qin Mu brought it up.

Later, the family sat on the sofa watching TV. Qin Mu bathed Huanhuan and then lay in bed reading.

Huanhuan had begun recognizing words—only a few—but whenever Qin Mu was reading aloud and Huanhuan unexpectedly identified a word, she'd still be delighted.

"Mommy!"

Huanhuan pointed at two bold characters in the book on the bed and gleefully exclaimed.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh: "Hmm! And what about the word below it?"

"You?"

It was a guess, but it moved Qin Mu nonetheless.

"What about this one?"

Qin Mu pointed to another spot, but it was still the word "you."

Huanhuan frowned, pouting unhappily at the book, and after a moment, when Qin Mu was starting to feel disappointed, she muttered, "Mommy, hurry up and keep reading!"

Qin Mu finally understood why Huanhuan could recognize "you" next to "mommy" but didn't recognize "you" elsewhere. It was because "mommy" wasn't in front.

Qin Mu sighed, gave her daughter a sharp look, helplessly sighed again, and patted her little head. Of course, she couldn't bicker over a single word with such a young child, so she continued reading.

Mu Yichen returned home at ten; Qin Mu was lightly asleep in Huanhuan's room.

The family in the living room called him over to chat as they watched TV. Mu Yichen glanced upstairs, reluctant but still went to sit down.

"Bro! Let me tell you a little secret—Qin Mu went to AM today and ate four lobsters with that Helian Hao girl! I don't care; tomorrow, you have to take me too!"

"She probably didn't explain properly. Your brother went along today too."

Mu Yichen corrected her.

Mu Qingxin...

"Oh! And Jing Feng as well!"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but chuckle, and before leaving, he made sure to remind her again, just in case she went after Jing Feng.

As Mu Yichen walked away, Mu Qingxin furiously threw a pillow at him.

"Mu Yichen, you bastard!"

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao looked at their daughter in shock, then at their son.

Chapter 909: Deep Love, Profound Harm_4

Mu Yichen turned his head sharply after being hit on the back of his head, his gaze brimming with murderous intent.

Unlike the fury ignited by Qin Mu's provocations, this was a cold indifference, like that of a stranger.

Mu Qingxin instantly felt intimidated, her eyes instinctively lowering. She bit her lower lip lightly and slowly shifted her gaze to the television, holding her breath and controlling her heartbeat.

The living room fell into an eerie silence.

"If you dare act so disrespectfully again, don't bother coming back!"

Seeing that she had already backed down, Mu Yichen left her with a cold remark before walking away.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao, still in shock, were frightened by their daughter and son.

The atmosphere in the living room instantly turned sour, and after Mu Yichen left, tears began to well up in Mu Qingxin's eyes. It was the first time she had seen her brother so terrifying.

"Who curses their own brother and calls him a jerk? Honestly!"

Feng Fanghua's sharp voice broke the suffocating silence in the room.

"It wasn't serious, it just slipped out!"

Mu Qingxin mumbled softly.

After heading upstairs, Mu Yichen glanced around his room and, finding no one inside, frowned slightly before heading to his daughter's room.

Sure enough, that woman was already fast asleep on his daughter's bed.

Mu Yichen approached gently, gazing at his peacefully sleeping daughter, then looked at his woman with reassurance. He scooped her up from the bed into his arms.

"Go back to our room."

Qin Mu stirred slightly. Knowing she wasn't fully asleep, Mu Yichen whispered to her.

Qin Mu lifted her hand to softly hook around his neck, burying her face against his chest. She blissfully felt the warmth of his sturdy chest, anticipating the moment he would hold her against the bed.

Back in their room, Mu Yichen gently laid her down on the bed and asked in a low voice, "Won't you open your eyes to look at me?"

A subtle smile curved Qin Mu's lips, but her eyes remained closed.

Lowering his head, Mu Yichen leaned close, leaving only a finger's breadth between them, shrouding her in his shadow. He lightly kissed her lips.

The kiss fully awakened her.

Qin Mu helplessly opened her eyes and looked at him. "Go take a shower and come to bed."

"Oh? I thought you were going to reject me tonight."

Qin Mu ...

Mu Yichen lightly patted her delicate cheek before turning away to shower.

Qin Mu closed her eyes again and fell asleep before he returned.

Mu Yichen took only five minutes to shower. However, upon coming out, he saw under the dim lighting that his dear wife had already fallen back asleep.

Just five minutes ago, she had invited him to bed to sleep beside her.

Mu Yichen furrowed his brows in resignation, letting out a sigh before climbing into bed.

Almost instinctively, Qin Mu shifted closer into his embrace as soon as she sensed him lie down. Mu Yichen glanced down at her and asked in his deep voice, "Mrs. Mu, you are so irresponsible!"

Family rules...

But Qin Mu couldn't hear any of it anymore, utterly exhausted.

With no other choice, Mu Yichen held her close while answering a call. When he finished the conversation half an hour later, fatigue started catching up to him. Deciding to let things slide for the night, he stayed by her side and drifted off to sleep together.

Later in the night, as temperatures dropped, they instinctively held each other tighter.

When morning came, Qin Mu was groggily awakened, attempting to turn over but finding herself restrained by his embrace from behind.

"Early in the morning, don't make me hold back."

Mu Yichen's voice was hoarse.

The curtains were still drawn, casting the morning in shadows, and Qin Mu's body craved warmth to ward off the chill. She allowed his movements from behind.

Qin Mu thought to herself, How am I supposed to teach you restraint?

You're already doing it anyway!

Mu Yichen gently nibbled at her ear, making her clutch him in an uncomfortable position.

As things intensified, a soft knock came at their bedroom door.

The gentle rhythm could only belong to little Mu Chenghuan.

Mu Yichen abruptly halted, frustration propelling him to bite Qin Mu's shoulder, causing her to shrink back and whisper, "Don't!"

Mu Yichen resumed his actions regardless, since the door was locked.

Indeed! Having anticipated such disruptions, he had locked the door earlier when he went to use the bathroom.

Outside, Huanhuan's small hands fidgeted anxiously. Feeling a bit disheartened, she glanced at her aunt across from her. Mu Qingxin, understanding her cue, knocked harder on the door, calling out, "Your Majesty, Your Majesty's woman, your beloved little daughter requests an audience."

Without a word, Mu Yichen grabbed a pillow and hurled it toward the door.

Perfectly aimed, the pillow struck the door, creating a heavy thudding sound. Terrified, Mu Qingxin, who had been leaning close to the door, quickly retreated.

Huanhuan also heard the noise and was startled.

"We'd better go quickly!"

Recalling how she had angered her brother the previous evening, Mu Qingxin dared not push her luck.

Huanhuan nodded in agreement, fearing her father's wrath.

And so, the aunt-niece duo hurriedly held hands and scurried downstairs.

"Stop—stop right there..."

Chapter 910: This is cool

"Stop for a moment, Mu Yichen..."

"Mu Yichen?"

"Husband! Heart and soul!"

Mu Yichen finally slowed down, then lowered his head to look at the woman's aggrieved face.

"Can we change positions?"

"Hm?"

— —

That morning, Mr. Mu was full of vigor.

That morning, Mrs. Mu had a sore back and aching waist.

When the two of them came downstairs for breakfast, everyone threw disdainful glances at Mu Yichen.

Huanhuan was even more frightened, but still timidly asked, "Daddy, are you a vampire?"

Mu Yichen raised his eyes, confused.

"Are you going to suck Mommy's blood dry?"

Both Mu Yichen and Qin Mu looked curiously at Huanhuan, while the others followed Huanhuan's gaze toward Qin Mu.

Qin Mu had a habit of gathering her hair when eating breakfast, but at this moment, she immediately put down the bowl she'd picked up and let her hair fall loose.

Honestly, it was as blatant as a thief trying to cover up their crime!

Everyone...

"Mommy, does it hurt?"

Huanhuan asked her, thinking about the loud 'bang' she'd heard outside Mommy and Daddy's door that morning.

Qin Mu said nothing, only burying her face into her chest.

Mu Yichen looked down at her and demanded, "Lift your head."

"How am I supposed to lift it?"

Qin Mu murmured softly, her head still lowered.

Mu Yichen glanced at the woman sitting next to their daughter, "Mu Qingxin, shouldn't you head back to your own home?"

"Why? Why take your frustration out on me? I just got back a few days ago."

Mu Qingxin immediately widened her eyes pitifully, looking as if she'd burst into tears if he scared her further.

"A few days? A few days and you're already driving me crazy."

Mu Yichen frowned and decided to skip breakfast altogether; then he grabbed the woman whose head remained lowered. "Let's go!"

"Where are we going?"

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes, pulling her along before anyone could see her face, which was red enough to drip blood.

"To eat!"

If eating at home wasn't convenient, then they'd eat outside.

So the two of them went to AM, directly to the rooftop. After breakfast, they moved to the bed to continue.

They hadn't been satisfied back at home, so Mu Yichen casually asked her, "Not busy at the studio today?"

Qin Mu reflexively responded that she wasn't busy, and then Mu Yichen carried her into the inner room, where the large bed still felt a bit cool.

"I'm not busy, so you're going to do this to me here?"

Qin Mu questioned in confusion as he pressed her down onto the bed.

"Exactly!"

Mu Yichen replied succinctly.

Qin Mu...

Predictably, that was exactly the case. She regretted answering his question so instinctively. From now on, she vowed to think twice before speaking.

"Mr. Mu, don't you think you've been exceedingly domineering?"

Qin Mu asked him seriously and solemnly.

"Not think — I realized that years ago. But I still believe I'm not domineering enough."

Mu Yichen replied.

Qin Mu felt that the way Mu Yichen was acting now was exactly like the cold, manipulative, domineering CEO archetype straight out of a romance novel — worlds apart from her childhood sweetheart.

But on second thought, she couldn't help but accept it. After all, this wasn't just any domineering man — it was the man she'd been tangled up with for over twenty years.

Mu Yichen leaned over and patiently unfastened the buttons of her white dress, which she had deliberately chosen to wear that morning.

Since they'd already had a round earlier in the morning, he apparently had plenty of time and energy now to toy with her, teasing her until her breath became uneven and she craved for him with an uncontrollable hunger.

Qin Mu shifted slightly and couldn't help but ask softly as she watched him leisurely undo her buttons, "Aren't you tired? You really don't have to unfasten all of them. Don't you remember how I showed you last time?"

She hinted that he could simply pull it off from above.

Mu Yichen held back his laughter, remaining patient as he unbuttoned down to her stomach.

Qin Mu later realized he was doing it on purpose.

Once all the buttons were undone, he slowly lifted his head, holding firmly onto the places he liked, gazing at her with lazy yet unrestrained eyes.

It was as if he were saying: Woman, are you finally giving in?

Qin Mu thought to herself, Are you challenging me to an endurance match?

In matters like these, women generally didn't fare as well.

But men were a different story.

And so, the two of them tortured each other to the brink of exhaustion on the bed.

By noon, Mu Yichen and Qin Mu headed downstairs to eat, coincidentally running into Mu Qingxin and Li Yu, who were dining together. The encounter left Mu Yichen and Qin Mu somewhat stunned as they went over to greet them.

Li Yu stood up when he saw Qin Mu and Mu Yichen.

"Didn't expect me to land a date with a big star, did you? Haha!"

In truth, Mu Qingxin had come for lobster and happened to run into Li Yu, who had just returned to town that day. Since both of them were single, they ended up dining together.