

## His Beloved 921

Chapter 921: Actually, the type I like is you\_3

But what is even rarer is that Mu Yichen is criticizing his own sister, the one he's always secretly cherished.

"So, if I'm too busy with work, does that mean you can't not support me, and get into arguments or have a cold war with me?"

Qin Mu's eyes darted around, suddenly changing the topic.

Off guard, Mu Yichen looked at her, his dark eyes looked like they could devour someone.

Qin Mu chuckled: "If you can't even do it, how can you expect others to do well? Besides, she's just a naive girl unaware of the world."

Mu Yichen...

"I'm going to take a shower!"

Qin Mu didn't plan on discussing this matter much with him.

But when she was holding her pajamas and about to go to the bathroom, Mu Yichen suddenly turned and looked at her back: "Were you supporting me while I was busy struggling?"

Qin Mu turned to look at him, still holding her pajamas.

"No, you were in Paris flirting with your male classmate, and if it wasn't for me going there that day, you might already be someone else's wife by now, right?"

Mu Yichen suddenly brought up the past.

Qin Mu's heart twisted painfully.

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing."

Mu Yichen glanced at her indifferently and turned to walk towards the bed.

Qin Mu...

How many rifts are there between them? How many misunderstandings?

Did he think she would accept that male classmate's proposal that year?

Did he think she would marry someone other than him?

Also, did he get something wrong?

When he was striving at home, she didn't interfere with him at all while she was abroad.

Qin Mu took a shower, and after coming out, she went directly to her side of the bed, preparing to sleep without even looking at him.

Seeing the curtains hadn't been drawn, she reached out for the remote and closed the curtains, then shut her eyes, falling asleep.

Mu Yichen was still on his phone, a bit irritated by her lack of glance at him. Now, she even dared to be this bold, making him put down his phone and command: "Turn around and face me."

Qin Mu ignored him, eyes closed, continuing to prepare to sleep.

"Forgot the house rules? You just signed them not long ago."

Qin Mu...

"Do you need me to show you the electronic version so you can see all the clauses?"

He turned slightly, speaking as he reached for the phone again.

Qin Mu sat up, glaring at him angrily: "Why do you bring up our stuff when it's Mu Qingxin's issue? Even if you talk about us, why bring up old grudges and act so unreasonable?"

Qin Mu thought she could listen to others complain all night, she wasn't a child who would only whine.

But she just didn't want to see him scowling at her so fiercely, making her feel passive, heartbroken.

"So temperamental? Then I won't bring up anything about the past again."

Mu Yichen said, then lay down too, turning his back to her.

Qin Mu...

Suddenly felt her leg was a little cold under the covers.

Then angrily kicked him.

Mu Yichen turned angrily, glaring at her.

"Turn around and face me."

Qin Mu also commanded.

Then Mu Yichen didn't say a word, just pinned her down.

"Damn, your temper is even bigger than mine now? Huh?"

Mu Yichen asked before biting her to death.

"You're not allowed to get mad!"

Qin Mu, tearful, still stubbornly complained to him.

Mu Yichen...

Suddenly lost the mood to argue with her anymore.

"Alright! Just suddenly remembered and said a bit more. I'm still the Mu Yichen who loves you the most."

"Hmph! You're the Mu Yichen who can make me angry the most. If I'm ever angered to death, it would definitely be thanks to you."

"Really?"

"Yeah! No one else has such power."

Somehow, she didn't seem so angry anymore, though still complaining with words.

Mu Yichen looked at the woman in his arms, whose face was gradually becoming rosy, then suddenly smiled, resting his forehead against hers: "Fool! How could I ever really make you so angry you die! I still need you to be with me for the rest of my life."

Qin Mu was moved upon hearing that, but still felt it wasn't about being with him for the rest of life; in his life, the years she was absent weren't many, so she should be considered someone who's been by his side all his life.

Besides, didn't he almost make her furious just now?

Qin Mu looked at him with stubborn eyes, not wanting to deal with him anymore.

Mu Yichen lowered his gaze to kiss her, Qin Mu felt him cradle her face. His indifferent lips were about to approach hers when she deliberately dodged aside.

Mu Yichen missed, unconsciously maintaining his kissing posture.

Under the dim floor lamp not far away, both their faces were somewhat blurred, yet seemed tender.

The man's chilling breath gently sprayed on the side of the woman's face, as if a moment frozen in time. The woman's face slightly turned aside.

Mu Yichen chuckled suddenly, and the next moment, pinching her chin, he found her lips and bit down hard on them.

Qin Mu immediately dared not to struggle anymore, just painfully knitting her beautiful brows tightly.

"Still dare to backtalk?"

When Mu Yichen let go of her, his deep voice threatened.

Qin Mu raised her hands to cup his face, staring into his deep eyes, then lifted her head to kiss him, biting him hard.

This time it was Mu Yichen frowning, but he didn't struggle a bit, instead one hand moved up to her chest.

Qin Mu instantly felt defeated and let go of him, yet looked at him angrily: "No way."

Mu Yichen's charming eyes looked at her: "Suit yourself!"

Qin Mu...

Every time he says "suit yourself" in such moments, it's his way of reminding Qin Mu that he also will do as he pleases.

— —

The next morning.

The Mu Family's living room welcomed their new companions, two robots named Little K.

Huanhuan's request, though Huanhuan was at school, not at home, so they were temporarily taken over by someone else.

Feng Fanghua looked down, holding Ziyu, seeing Ziyu babbling, big eyes staring at the two white robots far away, which surprisingly moved to the sound, as if dancing.

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but chuckle at the sight.

Mu Qingxin got up after brushing her teeth, coming out of her room, feeling as hungry as if she could eat an elephant, grabbed her tousled hair and came downstairs: "Mom, is there anything to eat?"

## Chapter 922: Contagion

Fanghua and the little Ziyu in her arms raised their eyes together, looking at the scene before them, unable to help but furrow their brows. This was her precious daughter, looking so disheveled and unlike herself.

The aunt came over to coax Ziyu to play, while Fanghua straightened her back and sat on the sofa, staring at Qingxin: "You still know what hunger is, huh?"

Qingxin opened her bleary eyes, slightly displeased as she looked at Fanghua. Something felt off, but she couldn't pinpoint it, so she forced a smile: "I'll go to the kitchen to find something to eat first."

As Qingxin spoke, she turned to find food, and Fanghua sighed: "Truly worrying."

After finishing breakfast, Qingxin ran back to the sofa, hugged a throw pillow, and lay down again: "Where's Ziyu?"

"Out playing with the aunt. What's going on between you and Jiang Yan?"

Fanghua looked at her daughter's weak face beside her, asking worriedly.

Qingxin was still struggling to keep her eyes open, intent on going back to sleep. But when she suddenly heard Fanghua bring up Jiang Yan, she widened her eyes as if recalling something. She sat up abruptly.

"Wait! Didn't I go out for dinner last night? How did I get back?"

Qingxin's face turned pale, as though she was startled by the fact that she was home now and so carefree.

"Oh, you silly girl..."

Fanghua was so angry she nearly smacked her. But being her own flesh and blood, she couldn't bring herself to do it.

"What's the matter? I forgot, okay!"

"Of course, Qin Mu brought you back! What did you think happened? Even if you're fighting with Jiang Yan, you don't need to run off and drink yourself into a stupor. What do you imagine yourself to be—still single? A married woman should at least have the semblance of maturity. Are you trying to infuriate me to death?"

Fanghua's face flushed various shades of green and white from rage.

"Married or not, I'm still your daughter. I'm still Mu Qingxin, I still have a temper. Why do I have to suddenly become mature just because I got married? Also, why are you being so fierce?"

Qingxin looked at Fanghua's furious expression, not quite understanding her.

"Why else? Because you've angered me!"

Fanghua said, truly tempted to smack her, but reminded herself repeatedly that she couldn't lay a hand on her own child, no matter how infuriating.

"I didn't do it on purpose!"

Qingxin suddenly lowered her head in sadness, remembering how free and unrestricted she had been before marriage. And now...

Her friends had been chatting about old times. Growing up, she had been pampered to the heavens by her family, and now Jiang Yan was equally indulgent toward her. But post-marriage life was something she had never adjusted to. With Jiang Yan constantly busy, she suddenly felt overwhelming sadness last night. The more she drank, the more upset she became, until...



She got drunk.

"Tell Mom the truth. What happened between you and Jiang Yan? Why did you fight?"

Fanghua asked.

"I don't want to talk about it."

Qingxin lowered her head. Then she heard movement nearby and turned her head, noticing two new robots in the house. Her eyes widened instinctively: "What the hell? My brother's into these gadgets now?"

"It's not your brother's interest. Huanhuan wanted them. Don't change the subject."

Fanghua explained briefly before returning to the main topic.

"So, where's Qin Mu?"

Qingxin asked again, simply unwilling to continue discussing the previous topic.

"You think she's as idle as you? Of course, she's at work."

Qingxin thought about it and figured as much—that Qin Mu must indeed be at work.

She lazily lay back down again, clutching the throw pillow, still unable to recall how she got home last night. Not daring to ask Fanghua, she decided to wait until Qin Mu returned.

But she couldn't wait for Qin Mu to come back. As soon as Fanghua left, she quickly got up, ran to her room, and sent Qin Mu a message.

Qin Mu was busy working on her designs at the time. When she heard her phone's notification sound, she didn't pay it any attention, focusing instead on her design. She was toying with ideas for the edge of her artwork, feeling the need to add some small element. Unable to figure it out right away, she kept experimenting with random additions, swapping them out one by one.

The phone buzzed again, then again, until Qin Mu finally had no choice but to put down her stylus.

She reached out to pick up the phone next to her, reluctant to tear her eyes away from the computer screen.

Mu Qingxin's name was prominently displayed on the phone screen, along with several WeChat messages.

Mu Qingxin: "How did I get home last night? Did you come to find me?"

Mu Qingxin: "Mom seems really mad. Did I say something inappropriate after I came back?"

Mu Qingxin: "Qin Mu, if you keep ignoring me, you're dead meat, you hear me?"

Qin Mu: "Miss Mu, you got drunk last night and came home without saying a word. Of course, I was the one who brought you back. But the whole family saw you crying your makeup off while wasted."

Chapter 923: Contagion\_2

Mu Qingxin lay on the bed and woke completely after seeing that message. Did she cry terribly last night?

Mu Qingxin: "I don't believe it!"

Qin Mu didn't say anything else, simply sent her a short video.

Qin Mu thought it was necessary for Jiang Yan to know how wronged and upset his wife had been at her family home, so he sent Jiang Yan a video. At the time, Mu Qingxin was in the seat, twisting and freaking out.

Mu Qingxin opened the video, and immediately felt her heart forget to beat as she stared tensely at the footage. The woman in the video, shaking back and forth like a lunatic in the car—was that really her?

Mu Qingxin: "Why would you record such a video? Are you planning to post it online to humiliate me? You're dead, Qin Mu!"

"Drawing—don't interrupt me!"

Qin Mu tossed out that line after watching, then put down his phone and turned his attention back to the computer screen.

Suddenly, it seemed like he had a spark of inspiration.

Meanwhile, Mu Qingxin rolled around on the bed, feeling as though her lifetime of glory was ruined by Qin Mu's video. She lay there glaring with wide eyes, thinking hard for a long time before sending Qin Mu another message: "Post it and you're seriously dead meat!"

"Deleted!"

Qin Mu replied.

Mu Qingxin: "When you get home, I'm going to check!"

Qin Mu didn't respond, as Xiaomei called her down for a meeting, and she didn't bring her phone along.

After the morning meeting, the group went to the nearby restaurant for lunch. The owner happily presented them with two massive fruit platters, as a thank-you for their frequent patronage.

Honestly, their studio practically monopolized the place. It wasn't beyond reason to say they ran the kitchen.

After thanking the owner, the owner expressed her gratitude in return.

Then the group happily enjoyed their meal.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu received a call from Qin Mingzhu, who yelled over the phone: "Qin Mu, what did you do to my mom this time?"

Qin Mu...

She had simply picked up the unknown number, not realizing it was from Qin Mingzhu.

"What could I do to your mom? I haven't seen her in ages."

Qin Mu said.

"Really? But she's been looking so haggard lately, not even wearing makeup."

Qin Mingzhu sounded even more tense after hearing that.

Qin Mu, however, didn't know what to say. After all, it had been a long time since she last saw Zhang Rujia.

"I've been video-calling her these days, and she always looks worn out. How about... Could you visit her on my behalf?"

Qin Mingzhu suddenly asked with a hoarse voice.

Upon hearing this, Qin Mu could only let out a resigned sigh: "Do you think I'm your nanny?"

"But in Rongcheng, I can't think of anyone else besides you. Dad absolutely refuses to help."

"If even he won't help, what do you expect from me? If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

After speaking, Qin Mu hung up the phone and suddenly felt irritable.

Qin Mingzhu...

Three days later, Qin Mu saw Zhang Rujia again when she was at the supermarket with Helian Hao. Zhang Rujia was selecting vegetables alone.

Qin Mu and Helian Hao stood to the side, watching the woman carefully pick through the produce. She was dressed in older clothes but looked fairly tidy. However, there was no makeup on her face.

"What's going on with her?"

Helian Hao asked in a puzzled tone, as she had never seen Zhang Rujia without makeup before.

"The other day, Qin Mingzhu called me saying she's been acting strange lately."

Qin Mu replied instinctively.

Helian Hao furrowed her brows, surprised that Qin Mingzhu had called Qin Mu to say such things, and then curiously stared at Zhang Rujia's face.

"Could it be she's gotten some awful illness again?"

Helian Hao muttered, causing Qin Mu to raise her eyes and look at her.

While the two were speculating, Zhang Rujia suddenly seemed to sense their gaze and turned her head. She spotted them but quickly lowered her head again, as if she hadn't seen them, and left with her shopping cart after buying her produce.

Qin Mu and Helian Hao stood in the vegetable section, finally shifting their gaze away from her: "Still trying to play the pity card?"

Helian Hao asked in a low voice, especially considering Zhang Rujia's history of being so good at acting, it was inevitable for everyone to think this way now.

"To win her boss's sympathy?"

Qin Mu asked.

"Could be!"

Helian Hao chuckled softly, and the two murmured as they picked vegetables. Helian Hao's selections of course, since the Mu Family didn't need Qin Mu for such tasks.

"By the way, do you and Jing Feng live in the apartment now?"

As Qin Mu helped Helian Hao pick vegetables, she asked.

"Only on weekends, to enjoy some couple time."

Chapter 924: Contagion\_3

Helian Hao's cheeks suddenly turned a little red as she spoke.

Qin Mu glanced up at her expression and couldn't help but chuckle, "Oh, I wonder who told me recently that her life was boring."

"Ugh, stop it! It's true I felt bored right after having the baby."

Helian Hao clung to her arm as she said this.

The two of them pushed their shopping carts while walking out. After buying groceries, they grabbed a bottle of red wine. Qin Mu eyed the ingredients in Helian Hao's shopping cart and couldn't shake the feeling that the two of them were planning something romantic tonight.

What would Jing Feng romancing someone look like?

Qin Mu couldn't quite imagine it, but it didn't matter—he wasn't her husband anyway.

When Qin Mu's husband set the mood for romance, it usually meant spending money.

Qin Mu recalled how Mu Yichen had reserved an entire restaurant last time—inviting her for drinks, dance, and then to a suite...

Meanwhile, Qin Mu had only bought some sunflower seeds for tonight—planning to munch on them while watching a show.

After the two of them parted ways, it began to rain. By the time Qin Mu drove to the Mu Family's place, the rain was pouring heavily, accompanied by thunder.

Qin Mu felt a bit creeped out. As soon as she stepped through the door, her phone rang—it was Mu Qingxin: "Did you bring an umbrella?"

Before stepping out of the car, Qin Mu had texted her: "Yes!"

Only Mu Yichen wouldn't carry an umbrella. Her car, however, always had them.

Qin Mu had a thing for umbrellas—be it quirky, refreshing, somber-colored ones—she liked them all.

Mu Qingxin was sitting on the sofa, snacking on desserts as she spoke to Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao: "She said she had an umbrella with her."

"That's good!"

Feng Fanghua relaxed but still couldn't help glancing outside. When she saw Qin Mu stepping out of her car with a black umbrella, she exhaled softly and leaned forward to slowly pick up her tea.

After entering the house, Qin Mu placed her umbrella in the stand nearby, then lowered her head and brushed the raindrops off her pants before walking further in.

"I'm back!"

Qin Mu had the habit of announcing her return upon entering the house.

"Come sit down and have some tea to warm up."

Feng Fanghua said.

"Thanks, Mom!"

Qin Mu replied cheerfully, walking over to sit down and taking a sip of tea.

Mu Qingxin glanced at her and couldn't help clicking her tongue: "Anyone else would think Qin Mu is your biological daughter. No wonder my brother complains—even I can't stand it, okay?"

"Well, you and your brother can love it or leave it! Mumu brought us two precious little ones—what have you and your brother brought to this family, hmm?"



Feng Fanghua teased her with a smile.

"Oh, come on! If that's how you want to put it, aren't I still the family's baby? Back in the day, you and Dad always said my brother and I were the treasures of this house!"

Mu Qingxin playfully twisted her waist and stared dreamily at the ceiling, reminiscing about those golden days when she was pampered in the family.

Nowadays, however, she felt like everyone had grown tired of her.

Mu Zihao chuckled helplessly, "Qingxin, you've been a little over the top these past couple of years. Do you even know the reputation Jiang Yan has outside? And yet he still spoils you to this extent—you'd better appreciate it."

Mu Zihao seized the chance to make a playful comment as Feng Fanghua brought up their daughter's affairs.

"I don't like hearing that. Spoiling your wife is every man's duty!"

Mu Qingxin retorted, directing a glance at her beloved father: "Aren't you always doting on Mom?"

"Me? Doting? That's not doting—that's realizing I can't win and admitting defeat!"

Mu Zihao joked.

"..."

Qin Mu sat on the side, barely through her first cup of tea, her heart already warmed by this family's antics.

Outside, the rain poured harder. Qin Mu quickly pulled out her phone to text Mu Yichen: "Are you on your way back?"

To her dear husband: "On the way already. Didn't bring an umbrella!"

To her little dummy: "Then I'll come out to pick you up when you arrive."

Mu Yichen, seemingly knowing why Qin Mu texted, immediately informed her about the lack of an umbrella.

Qin Mu instinctively offered to fetch him. Mu Yichen didn't reply further, focusing on driving home instead. Meanwhile, a neatly folded black umbrella rested silently in his car!

When Mu Yichen arrived back home, Qin Mu grabbed a larger umbrella and went out to pick him up.

Mu Qingxin and the others sitting in the living room watched as Qin Mu opened the car door outside. Mu Yichen stepped out, and Mu Qingxin couldn't help but mutter, "That silly woman! Just two days ago, I saw the butler put an umbrella in my brother's car."

Mu Zihao: "..."

Feng Fanghua: "Let's not tell Qin Mu about this, alright?"

Mu Qingxin glanced at her beloved mother, suddenly realizing sons really are favored more.

Mu Yichen grabbed the umbrella, casually hooking one arm around Qin Mu's shoulder and pulling her under its cover. The two didn't hurry back inside.

"Weren't you mad just last night?"

"If you get drenched and catch a cold, who's going to take care of me if I get sick?"

Mu Yichen's deep gaze rested on her, letting her banter, though he merely chuckled softly in exasperation and pulled her inside.

Qin Mu lowered her head, letting him drape his arm fully around her. The rainwater splattered and dirtied her elegant high heels—but somehow, it didn't matter at all.

The hems of her pants had gotten wet too, but even that felt unimportant.

Once inside, Mu Yichen set aside the umbrella and led her upstairs to change clothes.

Mu Qingxin couldn't help shouting: "Brother! Changing clothes is fine, but don't come down too late—we still want to chat!"

Mu Yichen couldn't be bothered to respond—how could anyone handle such company?

Qin Mu felt a little embarrassed by it. Feng Fanghua gave Mu Qingxin a meaningful smack on the back, signaling her to pipe down.

"Ahh! It hurts so much! Mom!"

Mu Qingxin protested, clearly in pain.

"Do you think this house is just for you youngsters?"

Feng Fanghua thought to herself—if Mu Qingxin didn't care about the elders, she'd at least have to watch out for Huanhuan, who was occupied entertaining Ziyu with toys in the corner. If Huanhuan picked up any of this nonsense...

Huanhuan was already that one child with a knack for copying—her little head was beginning to soak up these random tidbits, and it wouldn't take much for her to latch onto this kind of chatter.

But Mu Qingxin felt utterly aggrieved: "Dad, Mom's smack was so hard, it's making me wonder if I'm really her daughter."

"Nope! You and your brother aren't—the real daughter is Huanhuan's mom."

Chapter 925: Are you afraid you're not up to it?

Mu Zihao joked with his daughter in a serious tone.

Mu Qingxin was so shocked, her mouth formed an O-shape, and she couldn't even find words to respond.

Feng Fanghua couldn't hold back a laugh and thought, what's with this family? Why have they all turned into jokesters now?

The Mu Family used to be so serious, with a hint of solemnity.

But now...

Feng Fanghua turned her gaze to the pair of little ones playing with toys behind the sofa. Huanhuan kept swapping out her brother's toy as if she understood his preferences—changing one after another until he finally liked one.

Feng Fanghua suddenly felt at ease, an unprecedented kind of comfort.

This is what a real home should feel like—no longer cold and desolate, no complaints, just harmony and warmth.

Mu Yichen pulled Qin Mu back to their room to change pants—how could he not make something out of it?

And so, Qin Mu was pressed into the couch, breaking into copious sweat.

But Mu Yichen still wasn't satisfied. He cradled her on the sofa, gently tucking her hair behind her ear and planting a kiss on her cheek, asking, "Why are you so weak?"

"You torment me like this every day; I'd love to be strong instead,"

Qin Mu responded, resting against his firm chest.

"After dinner, hit the treadmill—minimum half an hour tonight."

Mu Yichen said.

Qin Mu...

"What? Afraid you can't handle it?"

Mu Yichen teased.

"Why would I? It's just half an hour."

Qin Mu replied, though deep inside, she lacked confidence.

She thought it would be better to simply take a stroll outside, but unfortunately, it was raining. Who knows if it would stop later tonight?

The cool autumn evening called for someone's embrace.

Qin Mu snuggled against him. "Should we go downstairs?"

She remembered Mu Qingxin calling for her.

"Why bother with her?"

Mu Yichen asked, reluctantly letting go of her.

Qin Mu rested her hand on his chest, tilting her head to look up with her chin propped against it. She gazed at him indulgently and asked, "The other night, I sent Jiang Yan a video. I felt a bit regretful afterward—do you think it might add to his burden?"

"Adding to his burden means he's worth the trouble,"

Mu Yichen replied, stretching his long legs.

Qin Mu looked into the cold indifference in his deep, dark eyes and realized that while Mu Yichen held resentment toward Jiang Yan, he still refrained from lashing out due to understanding him.

"Sigh! Jiang Yan actually has it pretty tough."

"And what about me? I'm the one constantly tormented by your moods—don't I have it tough?"

Mu Yichen couldn't stand her sympathizing with others, so his tone instantly turned colder.

"Why are you acting like this suddenly? Isn't Jiang Yan our brother-in-law?"

Cool brother-in-law, silly brother-in-law.

"Who's more important? A brother-in-law or a husband?"

Mu Yichen's low voice questioned her.

"Oh my, our vinegar jar has tipped over again,"

Qin Mu laughed so hard she pinched her brows in pain.

Mu Yichen looked at her half-laughing face and reached up to pinch her cheek, distorting her features in pain.

"If you dare to pity this person or that person again, I'll make you suffer until you pity yourself instead."

"No need for that, I've always felt I'm quite pitiful already."

Qin Mu hurried to appease him like an obedient child.

"Oh really?"

Mu Yichen raised his brows but suddenly pinched her at her chest.

"Ah!"

Qin Mu doubled over, her brows arching in pain.

"So, you're saying I've made you suffer a lot of grievances?"

When it came to nitpicking, no one could challenge Master Mu's supremacy.

Feeling aggrieved, Qin Mu dared not speak recklessly again.

Later, she changed into a cozy set of homewear—their outfits were matching couple styles.

Though not technically a couple's set, they coincidentally picked the same brand and color.

So when they went downstairs, the people in the dining room couldn't help but look at them curiously.

"Why are you both dressed like that at home?"

Mu Qingxin questioned them.

The two descended the stairs one after the other. Qin Mu, feeling embarrassed, stayed silent, while Mu Yichen casually slipped his hands into his pockets and responded, "Why do you care so much?"

Mu Qingxin instantly backed down.

"Let's just eat!"

Qin Mu walked ahead and shot Mu Qingxin a warning look. Mu Qingxin fell in step but still whispered to her, "You two are disgustingly sweet."

"Aren't you afraid I'll repeat everything you've said—or even embellish it—when I tell your brother?"

Qin Mu quietly threatened her in return.

Mu Qingxin felt defeated. How did she end up being picked on by everyone?

Hmph!

"But seriously, why are you both dressed like that at home?"



Feng Fanghua couldn't help but ask her son.

Chapter 926: Are you afraid you're not up to it?\_2

"Next time, we should wear matching outfits too."

Mu Zihao didn't wait for Mu Yichen to respond; instead, he quickly put his arm around her shoulder and chimed in, fearing Mu Yichen might say something that would upset his wife.

Huanhuan, already seated in her chair, looked at her parents emerging in light-colored couple outfits and happily exclaimed, "Daddy looks so handsome, and Mommy looks so stylish! Huanhuan wants to wear the same thing too!"

"Next time, I'll just order a few more sets so the whole family can match. Wouldn't that be so loving?"

Qin Mu thought to herself, this truly must be what a loving family looks like.

Should we add some words on the back, embossed perhaps?

"Wearing matching outfits at home makes us look like a bunch of lunatics. I'm against it."

Feng Fanghua immediately rejected the idea, feeling uncomfortable just imagining it.

The first and only time their family wore matching outfits was for an event at Huanhuan's school. Qin Mu had them custom-made in advance from a factory.

At dinner, Feng Fanghua casually asked, "Have you visited your father in the past couple of days?"

"Not yet! But I did visit him last week."

Qin Mu thought, going once a week should be enough, right? Would going too often seem a bit strange?

Even she felt it was a little odd.

"You should aim for twice a week. Otherwise, won't your dad feel lonely?"

Mu Zihao suggested.

"Sigh!"

Mu Qingxin let out a sigh.

Qin Mu...

Mu Yichen glanced up at his sister, wondering what she might be thinking now.

Mu Qingxin looked up, realizing everyone's eyes were on her. She placed the spoon she had just picked up back into her bowl and said, "You all should give Qin Mu some time. It's already not easy for her to maintain such a good relationship with Uncle. If Dad ever did something like... I..."

"Just eat your food!"

Mu Zihao quickly cut her off, alarmed.

He thought, their father-daughter relationship had only just begun to improve.

Mu Qingxin naturally didn't continue, but Qin Mu already understood what she was implying.

"I'll make some time to call him,"

Qin Mu reassured the elders, not wanting them to worry about their father-daughter bond.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao nodded in satisfaction, thinking to themselves how lucky they were that Qin Mu didn't share Mu Qingxin's personality. Otherwise, this household might not feel as warm as it did now.

Qin Mu originally wanted to call Qin Haiming to tell him to avoid catching a chill in the rainy weather. But after gripping her phone for over ten minutes, she ultimately put it down without dialing.

The door to the study opened from the outside, prompting Qin Mu to look up. When she saw Mu Yichen enter, she curiously asked, "What is it?"

"I've come to invite Mrs. Mu back to the bedroom to warm the bed,"

Mu Yichen said with the utmost seriousness.

Qin Mu: "..."

"What? You're unwilling? Do you plan to stay in the study all night?"

She wasn't working on anything. Seeing her holding her phone and running out, Mu Yichen had an inkling of what she intended to do. Knowing she lacked the courage, he came to distract her.

Qin Mu had no choice but to get up, preparing to leave.

Just then, her phone rang—it was Uncle Wang.

Mu Yichen walked over slowly, watching as Qin Mu took the call.

"Hello, Uncle Wang!"

Qin Mu greeted, her heart instantly relaxing, even feeling a little excited.

"Mumu, your dad has a bit of a cold. He asked me to call you. The weather's getting chilly; make sure you bundle up and don't catch a cold yourself."

Uncle Wang, holding the phone, glanced at the man sitting on the sofa glaring at him. Feeling intimidated, he kept his comments brief.

"Dad has a cold? Is it serious? Does he have a fever?"

Qin Mu immediately grew anxious, clutching her phone tightly with both hands in front of her desk.

Mu Yichen stood by her side, gently placing a hand on her shoulder.

"No fever, no fever. He specifically said you shouldn't worry about it, really."

Uncle Wang regretted mentioning it after hearing how concerned Qin Mu sounded.

"Make sure he takes his medicine on time. And now that it's getting colder, you all need to keep yourselves warm as well,"

Qin Mu quickly repeated Uncle Wang's earlier words back to him.

In truth, this was what Qin Mu had planned to say when she wanted to call.

But...

Both father and daughter lacked the courage to initiate, ultimately relying on Uncle Wang as a middleman.

"Got it! You haven't visited in a few days. When will you have time to come by?"

"Will Dad be free tomorrow?"

Qin Mu asked.

"Yes, he's free around lunchtime, but he has a meeting in the evening,"

Uncle Wang replied quickly, signaling Qin Haiming with a glance. Qin Haiming, feeling tense, sat on the sofa, suppressing his emotions in silence.

"Then I'll come by tomorrow at noon. Have the blankets been aired out at home? It's getting cooler at night. Make sure to switch to thicker ones."

Chapter 927: Are you afraid you're not up to it?\_3

"Alright, I'll ask Auntie to help replace it later."

Uncle Wang chatted with Qin Mu for a bit before hanging up the phone, then immediately said to Qin Haiming, "Miss Qin said she'll come back tomorrow afternoon to have lunch with you."

"You too, she's so busy, why do you keep asking her to come back and eat with me all the time?"

Qin Haiming frowned, his expression particularly stern.

This made Uncle Wang feel a bit awkward, lowering his head as he thought, "Isn't it you who actually wants Miss Qin to come back and have a meal with you?"

After setting down the phone, Qin Mu let out a long breath and looked up at Mu Yichen. "The big boss is sick and needs a visit."

Mu Yichen said nothing, only looked at her with that indulgent gaze of his, then pulled her into their room.

The study's light went out, and the door was closed.

The main light in their bedroom was turned off too, leaving only a standing lamp by the window lit.

"Uncle Wang being stuck between you and your father isn't easy."

Mu Yichen made this comment after they returned.

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile as she lowered her head to look at her phone, recalling Uncle Wang's rather animated tone over the phone earlier—Uncle Wang indeed had it rough.

"I'm heading to the Qin Family for lunch tomorrow. Do you want to come along?"

Qin Mu looked at Mu Yichen and asked, her almond-shaped eyes filled with expectation.

"Next time!"

Mu Yichen gently wrapped his arms around her from behind as they walked toward the bed in unison.

After Qin Mu sat down on the bed, Mu Yichen straddled her knees. Qin Mu couldn't help but feel like their roles were reversed. She laughed and hugged him—she had to hold onto him, or else she'd fall backward.

"Next time, I'll accompany you; this time you go alone."

Mu Yichen spoke seriously.

Qin Mu figured he wanted to give her and Qin Haiming some alone time. She thought to herself, "Actually, if Mu Yichen went along, Qin Haiming would probably be happier, perhaps even more so than seeing me."

Elders tend to think a lot more than young people—about everyone's value and utility, including their own.

As for the younger ones, they were still tangled up in their emotions.

"Lift your head so I can get a good look!"

Mu Yichen raised his hand to pinch her chin, but Qin Mu reflexively grabbed his hand and rested it on her shoulder, stopping him from pinching her chin.

"What's there to look at? You can probably conjure up a passionate scene all on your own even if I'm not standing in front of you."

Qin Mu said this but suddenly felt something amiss because whenever either of them went on a business trip, during phone calls...

Qin Mu suddenly fell silent, while Mu Yichen unexpectedly laughed, then pinned her down onto the bed.

"Mrs. Mu is so adorable, I can't resist."

His voice lowered as he spoke to Qin Mu from above.

Qin Mu gave him just a fleeting glance before averting her face; if their eye contact lasted too long, her cheeks would turn red.

Mu Yichen had such deep, captivating eyes.

— —

Late in the night, thunder struck again, waking Qin Mu, who then went to Huanhuan's room. She happened to run into Feng Fanghua as well. Feng Fanghua said, "I'll sleep with Huanhuan. You take Chengcheng to your room."

"Okay!"

The two of them went into separate rooms, though the siblings were actually sleeping soundly.

Feng Fanghua lay down on Huanhuan's bed and gently patted her. In truth, Huanhuan was sleeping just fine on her own.

Qin Mu lifted Chengcheng gently and carried him to her room. Mu Yichen had also woken up, so he made space for the little guy on their bed.

The night grew darker, but it wasn't peaceful.

Still, their bed felt warm.

After retreating to one side, Mu Yichen made sure to tuck Chengcheng in before asking, "Where's Mu Chenghuan?"

"Mom's with her!"

Qin Mu replied softly.



Mu Yichen then lowered his gaze to his treasured son. This little guy had only gotten more adorable as he grew older, but... why did his face seem to have grown as big as a basin?

"This kid's put on quite a bit of weight lately."

Mu Yichen frowned unawares, letting out a comment.

"It's not that bad, is it? Mom's always worried he might go hungry."

Qin Mu gently wiped away some drool from the corner of his mouth, cleaned her hand, and laid beside him, both parents lying on their sides, facing Chengcheng.

"As long as he doesn't overeat, we should be grateful!"

Mu Yichen looked at his son as he spoke.

Qin Mu...

Suddenly, a loud rumble of thunder sounded outside. Both Qin Mu and Mu Yichen reflexively placed their hands gently on Chengcheng, inadvertently overlapping their hands.

Mu Yichen's dark, hawk-like eyes turned toward Qin Mu. It had only been a couple of hours since their earlier exchange, yet at this moment, this sense of unspoken understanding...

Qin Mu's heart thudded heavily. She quickly withdrew her hand from his palm.

Mu Yichen lowered his gaze as well. Certain feelings were slowly being suppressed.

Eventually, the family of three squeezed together on the bed and fell asleep. It wasn't until almost dawn that the rain reluctantly stopped.

In areas with poor drainage on the outskirts, there was already significant pooling of water, but in the city, the ground was merely slick and wet.

It seemed that no matter how torrential the rain, once the sun emerged, by midday, the roads in higher areas began to dry.

On her way to the Qin family home with fresh flowers and healthy supplies in tow, Qin Mu glanced at the large bouquet of lilies sitting in the passenger seat and unknowingly smiled.

She hadn't asked for fancy wrapping, choosing instead a simple kraft paper wrap. None of the buds had bloomed yet.

She'd bought them with the intention of decorating the family home.

Their style wasn't for gifting to friends or ordinary elders.

When she returned home, she heard Qin Haiming was upstairs in a video conference, so she didn't speak loudly. She handed the supplements to Auntie and then went to find a vase to arrange the flowers and fill it with water.

Sure enough, the lilies at home had already wilted.

It seemed like every time she didn't come to replace them, no one else would buy them.

"Auntie, if the flowers wilt next time, just buy some fresh ones on your own."

Qin Mu said this as she filled the vase with water.

"I wanted to do that, but the boss said not to."

Auntie replied softly, as if afraid Qin Haiming might suddenly come downstairs and overhear them.

Qin Mu didn't say anything else, only went over to the sofa, grabbed her purse, and pulled out a card.

"There isn't much money on this card, but it's enough for household expenses. The flowers mustn't run out—this is my first request."

Qin Mu said gently.

Auntie looked down at the card in Qin Mu's hand. As she accepted it, she hesitated. "But if the boss asks about it?"

Chapter 928: Mu Yichen, I want to eat cake

"If you can brush it off, just brush it off. If you can't, then tell him the truth—or call me, that works too."

Qin Mu thought about it and figured she wouldn't be able to keep it from him for long, so she mentally prepared herself for the possibility of him finding out.

"Alright!"

I'll send the password to your phone later—it'll be easier than risking you forgetting it. Remember to save it.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu didn't say anything else, she simply carried the vase outside.

Qin Haiming came downstairs and immediately saw Qin Mu holding the vase and walking out. Dressed in a beautiful knee-length dress, she carried herself in a leisurely way, like she was at home. For a moment, Qin Haiming thought he was seeing her mother.

The resemblance between mother and daughter had grown uncanny over the years. Qin Haiming's hand on the staircase's railing trembled slightly. He gripped it tightly and took a long moment to steady himself before continuing down.

"Done with your meeting?"

Qin Mu placed the flowers on a small round table by the window, a spot seemingly made for vases. When she turned her head and saw Qin Haiming approaching, she greeted him.

"Hmm. When did you get here?"

"Not long ago! Is your cold getting better?"

Qin Mu carefully arranged the vase, bowing her head to fiddle with the lilies for a while.

In truth, she still felt a bit uneasy. Every expression, every word, even every breath seemed to need prior thought—was it okay to show or say it?

Qin Haiming watched her focus so intently that he sank into the sofa, speaking softly: "Much better. Did Uncle Wang's call interrupt your work?"

"I'm not that busy."

Qin Mu replied, then walked to the sofa across from him, smoothing her dress at the hem as she carefully sat down.

She sat upright, gracefully composed.

Qin Haiming couldn't help but lift his eyes to stare at her, his gaze carrying a tinge of sadness.

Initially, Qin Mu didn't mind his gaze, but as the staring went on and his expression became more peculiar, she instinctively raised her eyes: "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing."

Qin Haiming smiled faintly, hesitating to voice what weighed on his heart.

Qin Mu...

She wasn't great at comforting him or saying sweet things, but looking at the evasiveness in his eyes made her feel strangely unsettled.

Although she hadn't forgotten, there were times she could hardly recall that face.

Even though she'd visited the grave not long ago, how could Qin Mu have known that the man's heart right now was filled with thoughts of the woman resting in that grave?

No—it's not even a grave, just a tombstone.

"How about Yichen? Has he been busy lately?"

Qin Haiming shifted the topic.

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu responded briefly. Lately, Mu Yichen had indeed been quite busy. Still, she wasn't in the habit of asking about the details of his company affairs, so her knowledge was minimal.

"His growth trajectory these past few years has been quite aggressive."

Qin Haiming remarked, then smiled again.

Qin Mu glanced at him briefly.

"I mean, even I have to give him some respect—or, more precisely, if he doesn't give me any, I'd still have to request his favor. Thanks to you, I've managed to navigate some dealings with him, otherwise..."

Qin Haiming chuckled again.

Qin Mu noticed that his smile still carried its charm.

Father and daughter—they truly resembled one another, particularly in their brows and expressions.

That's what Qin Mu thought.

That said, most people found her resemblance to her mother more striking.

But staring at him in this moment, Qin Mu couldn't help but think that her father's face carried so many similarities—nearly mirroring hers in small habits and gestures.

"The Mu Family also expects me to maintain a good relationship with you."

Qin Mu spoke candidly, hinting that he shouldn't feel like he owed his position to her.

With sharp and discerning eyes, Qin Haiming gazed at her calmly and nodded slightly.

He naturally understood the Mu Family wanted Qin Mu to have strong support at her maternal home.

And of course, Qin Haiming was more than willing to be her support. Still, what he wished for most was simple—that he could just be a father who cared for her, nothing more.

Later, when the housekeeper prepared lunch, the two of them ate together. Following his wishes, the meal consisted largely of dishes Qin Mu enjoyed.

"How did you know what I like to eat nowadays?"

Qin Mu had been meaning to ask for a while.

"With your husband around, it's quite convenient to ask."

Qin Haiming answered honestly.

Qin Mu suddenly recalled Mu Yichen once mentioning the mutual exploitation between him and Qin Haiming to lure her back to the country. She chose not to continue probing and merely replied: "I never expected you two could collaborate so harmoniously."

"You'll understand one day."

Qin Haiming said to her.

Qin Mu didn't offer more words, picking up her chopsticks and eating quietly.

It was rare—this simplicity—and everything suited her taste perfectly.

After the meal, Qin Mu headed to her studio, only to receive a call from Mu Yichen.

"Finished lunch with your dad?"

Chapter 929: Mu Yichen, I want to eat cake\_2

"Hmm!"

"How is it?"

"Nothing much. Just chatting about how he knows my current preferences. He said working with you was very pleasant! Mu Yichen, just how many things are you two keeping from me?"

Qin Mu turned the car around, casually talking to him on speakerphone.

"Oh? Shall I tell you tonight, how does that sound?"

Qin Mu didn't answer, but couldn't help smiling.

She suddenly realized that she's been back for so long now, long enough that she could walk this road with her eyes closed.

"Mu Yichen, I'm craving cake now. Bring some back for me after work."

"Alright!"

Mu Yichen stood by the window, his dark eyes partly narrowed as he looked outside. When he heard her say this, his brows moved ever so slightly, but he still replied gently.

After hanging up the phone, Qin Mu's car arrived at the studio.

Xiaomei approached her as soon as she got out, speaking quietly: "There's a woman here to apply for a position."

"Apply for a position?"

"She has quite impressive credentials."



Xiaomei whispered, as a reminder.

"But we're not hiring anyone right now."

Qin Mu mentioned softly. Their studio wasn't planning on adding staff at the moment. If none of their colleagues were leaving, she and Jian Yan never wanted to hire anyone new.

"She's been sitting in the reception area for a while now. She seems very confident. Go take a look for yourself."

After Xiaomei walked with her inside, she didn't follow her to the reception area. Qin Mu went over on her own.

The girl looked to be around twenty-four or twenty-five years old, dressed impeccably. Hearing the sound of high heels, she turned toward Qin Mu and politely stood up to nod at her: "Miss Qin."

Qin Mu glanced at her beautiful face and perfect figure, smirking slightly. She really was a sight for sore eyes.

"Please, have a seat!"

Qin Mu's bright eyes swept over her once before heading to her usual seat.

The two appeared to be around the same age, but Qin Mu came across as more composed and reserved, while the woman across from her seemed lively, almost eager to display herself.

"My name is Bian Jingwen. I'm a native of Rongcheng. After university, I immigrated to Italy with my parents, focusing exclusively on fashion design. Here's my resume. I've been working for three years now."

Bian Jingwen spoke while picking up the portfolio she had placed on the table and handing it to Qin Mu, who received it elegantly and opened it to take a look.

Bian Jingwen observed Qin Mu—remarkably quiet but radiating presence. Thinking about this studio, she straightened her posture, waiting for Qin Mu's evaluation.

After reading through the resume, Qin Mu lightly gripped it in her hand, raised her eyes, and asked, "Our studio doesn't have any plans to bring on new talent. Technically, I didn't even need to meet you. So, since I'm sitting here, Miss Bian, can you tell me why you want to apply to our studio?"

Her graduating school was from a prestigious design institution, but everyone here came from renowned design academies and had been mentored by Jian Yan for years. Hence, Qin Mu wasn't particularly surprised, simply calm as she questioned her.

"I believe that with my abilities, only a studio like JY is worthy of me."

Bian Jingwen said as she turned and took several design sketches out of her Chanel bag, the latest model.

"These are all my works. Two of them even won first place in design competitions."

Qin Mu nearly laughed but pressed her lips together to maintain composure. However, her coworkers couldn't resist their curiosity. Two of her colleagues, both women, set their pens aside and walked over to stand behind Qin Mu, earnestly taking the designs from her hands to review.

Bian Jingwen was briefly startled by the sudden appearance of the two designers but quickly held her breath, thinking her portfolio was strong and impressive.

After reviewing the designs, the two women nodded before smiling and starting a conversation in their native tongue.

Bian Jingwen froze. She had no idea what they were saying, but something told her it probably wasn't praise.

Qin Mu sat upright across from her, watching the subtle changes in her expression.

"Are you curious about what they're saying?"

Qin Mu smiled faintly, asking her.

"Is it French?"

Bian Jingwen furrowed her brows slightly but nodded inquiringly.

"Yes! These two designers have been winning awards since their days in design school. I imagine their homes are now overflowing with trophies. For the last couple of years, they've intentionally avoided competitions to give newcomers a chance."

Chapter 930: Mu Yichen, I want to eat cake\_3

Qin Mu explained to her in a low-key manner.

Bian Jingwen suddenly seemed to understand what the two of them had been laughing about, and her expression instantly turned awkward.

"But we have no intention of rejecting Miss Bian. It's just that our studio really doesn't need newcomers right now. I looked at Miss Bian's background and qualifications. Honestly, you could consider joining one of the more stable design companies in Rongcheng. But I have to say, thank you so much for appreciating JY."

As Qin Mu spoke, she gently placed Bian Jingwen's design draft and resume on the table. The two designers returned to their workstations, and Qin Mu stood up. Afraid the earlier awkwardness might have impacted Miss Bian's confidence, she kept smiling and said, "I hope to see your work in this industry soon, Miss Bian."

Qin Mu extended her hand.

Bian Jingwen stood up from the sofa, smiled faintly, and shook hands with Qin Mu.

"Xiaomei, please escort Miss Bian."

After the handshake, Qin Mu called Xiaomei gently.

"Coming!"

Xiaomei ran out with a stack of materials in her arms. "Miss Bian, this way please!"

In just an instant, she stopped being clumsy and acted more like a professional service staff member.

Bian Jingwen didn't say much, "I hope in the near future, I'll have the chance to meet Miss Qin on the fashion design stage."

After Bian Jingwen left, Qin Mu sat back on the sofa. Her demeanor was no longer as composed and understated as before. Instead, she leaned back comfortably and casually flipped through a magazine, looking just like an idle bystander.

Xiaomei returned and couldn't help but complain, "If someone didn't know, seeing the way you acted earlier, they'd think you weren't a designer but some wealthy socialite."

"Aren't I?"

Qin Mu raised her eyes slightly.

Xiaomei...

Well, she is one.

Xiaomei rolled her eyes and went back to her work. Qin Mu quickly closed the magazine, turned around, and shouted at Xiaomei's back, "Make me a cup of coffee!"

"Do it yourself! I'm busy!"

Xiaomei's voice echoed from inside. Qin Mu had no choice but to put down the magazine and get up to make coffee herself.

However, upon reaching the small kitchen, she saw instant coffee there. After checking the brand, she lazily grabbed a packet and made it with hot water.

The aroma was passable, but when she took the coffee to her office intending to drink it while working, she found it completely undrinkable. She frowned and had to set it aside.

In the afternoon, just before work ended, Mu Yichen sent her a WeChat message: "Want to go to the apartment?"

Qin Mu glanced at it and clutched her phone in her hand. "No!"

Mu Yichen looked at the message with a heartbroken expression, carrying the cake she loved from the bakery.

Unable to convince her, Mu Yichen had no choice but to get in the car and head for the Mu Family home.

It had been a long time since they'd gone to the apartment, and Mu Yichen really wanted to go back. Unfortunately...

Mrs. Mu clearly preferred their current setting.

Step by step to where they were now, from being unwelcome to becoming the lady of the household—Mu Yichen thought, his woman had staying power.

Qin Mu had solidified her place in the Mu Family through endurance and persistence.

On the way home, Mu Yichen couldn't help but reminisce about the events of the past few years since she joined the Mu Family. Scene after scene played in his mind, like tasting a bitter yet rich coffee—at first harsh, but then subtly sweet, the feeling only understood through difficulty.

By the time Qin Mu returned home from the studio, it was already dark, and Feng Fanghua was talking about school matters.

"Huanhuan said Fanfan didn't go to school today. Does that have anything to do with you?"

Feng Fanghua asked the man who was sitting nearby reading a magazine.

Mu Yichen raised his eyes slightly. "What do you want to know?"

"What do you mean, 'What do I want to know?' Can't I be concerned?"

"I don't know."

Mu Yichen said indifferently.

The others, sitting on the sofa, all looked at him with puzzled expressions.

Qin Mu slowly walked forward and couldn't help but ask, "What happened to Fanfan?"

Having met him a few times before, she already had a strong impression of the little boy—especially since he had held her daughter's hand.

"Mommy, Fanfan didn't go to school today. I feel like I'm going to lose him. What should I do?"

Huanhuan, who had been sulking by Grandma's side for a long time, heard someone finally bring up Fanfan and immediately ran toward Qin Mu.

Her chubby little face was pink and teary, her large eyes dropping tears one by one like scattered pearls. Her long, thick lashes were damp and seemed on the verge of obstructing the little girl's vision.

Qin Mu looked down at the stubborn girl clinging to her leg, refusing to cry outright despite her obvious grievance. Then she crouched down and patiently said, "Don't cry, Huanhuan. Maybe he's just sick and took today off."

"Really?"

Huanhuan still looked aggrieved, her eyes almost red from holding back tears.

Qin Mu gently wiped her tears away. "Didn't we agree not to cry so easily?"

Huanhuan, seeing Qin Mu's slightly stern expression, sniffled forcefully and continued to pout with sadness. "But, what if Fanfan doesn't go to school tomorrow either?"

"Then Mommy will go with you to find him and play together."

Qin Mu took her hand, led her to the sofa, and hugged her close. "So, what's going on?"

"This girl started crying as soon as we picked her up, saying that the little boy is going to leave her."

Feng Fanghua explained.

Qin Mu glanced down at her beloved daughter before calmly looking toward Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen raised his head slightly. "It really has nothing to do with me. I just investigated their family background."

After Mu Yichen explained, Mu Qingxin couldn't help but chuckle bitterly, "Brother, is that really the truth?"

The sister clearly didn't trust her brother!

Mu Yichen didn't respond, just cast her a sharp glance that made her shrink her neck immediately, though her disbelief remained evident.

"Issues between adults shouldn't affect the children."

Qin Mu reminded him softly, speaking with a lowered tone.

"Got it!" Mu Yichen agreed, looking composed, then raised his eyes to her again. "Weren't you asking for cake? I bought some for you."

With that, he effortlessly changed the subject and even managed to flaunt their relationship.

After dinner, once the children were coaxed off to bed, Qin Mu pushed him into their room, pressed his shoulders against the door, and fiercely gripped them with both hands. "Tell me the truth! You definitely know why Fanfan didn't go to school today, don't you?"