

## His Beloved 931

Chapter 931: must be you hiring someone to sabotage, right?

"I just heard that the kid's stepmother is seeing another man outside. Could it be that the kid's father found out, and the couple started fighting so much they forgot to send the child?"

Mu Yichen frowned slightly, speaking seriously, his voice lowered.

But the look in his eyes as he glanced at Qin Mu carried a deeper meaning.

Qin Mu slowly removed her hand from his shoulder but still looked at him with suspicion: "Are you serious?"

"How would I know the specifics?"

The word 'heard' suggested someone had casually stirred things up between the couple, and 'incidentally' provided some photos of the woman fooling around outside. Of course, none of it was done by Mr. Mu 'personally.'

"If arguing with Fanfan's mom leads to affecting Fanfan's studies, I wouldn't want that."

Qin Mu spoke earnestly to him.

"Hmm! You'd feel guilty!"

Mr. Mu spoke as though he understood her perfectly, his voice still low.

Qin Mu had no clue how endearingly captivating her seriousness appeared before him at that moment.

"But you must've been the one who deliberately sabotaged them, right?"

Qin Mu gave him another glance, looking as though she had seen right through him.

Mu Yichen only smiled, saying nothing.

Qin Mu sighed lightly, thinking she'd deal with the matter tomorrow.

"Where are you going?"

Mu Yichen asked her.

"What else? Taking a shower."

Qin Mu shot him a look, her gaze alluringly intoxicating.

It was only with him that she appeared so petite and utterly charming.

—

The next day, Fanfan went off to school.

The next day, JY's advertisement launched as scheduled.

That morning, the family was gathered around the TV, all incredibly nervous.

Qin Mu held her breath, standing behind the sofa watching the television. But when she glanced at her in-laws and her little sister-in-law, she noticed they seemed even more nervous than she was. That realization calmed her somewhat.

Mu Yichen was in his office, also watching the live stream online.

Although dissatisfied with Li Yu, it was clear this advertisement was bound to take off. JY's domestic market was officially opening up.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, Qin Mu received a call from the store manager, telling her many items were already sold out of sizes.

Qin Mu had Xiaomei contact the factory to restock items for those with preorders and display new arrivals for others.

By nine o'clock in the evening, both Li Yu and Wen Runuan sent her congratulatory messages on WeChat.

Wen Runuan: "This is the highest-rated advertisement of the year."

Li Yu: "You've really made it big!"

Qin Mu: "Thank you both for your selfless contributions."

Wen Runuan: "When are you treating us to dinner?"

Li Yu: "I hope I can enjoy the meal before heading off to shoot my next film?"

Qin Mu: "May I ask if the two of you are free tomorrow night?"

Wen Runuan: "Okay!"

Li Yu: "Deal!"

Qin Mu: "..."

And just like that, the celebratory dinner was set for the next evening.

By the next morning, Mu Yichen was still grumbling: "I don't mind you having dinner with Wen Runuan, but why do you have to bring Li Yu along?"

"Without him, JY's domestic popularity might not have risen so fast."

"You said 'might.'"

They were getting out of bed when Mu Yichen turned to look at her.

Qin Mu was buttoning up her shirt and turned around to meet his gaze. The chilling depth of his eyes sent a shiver through her heart.

"It's just a dinner. If you're unhappy, why don't you join us?"

Qin Mu suggested.

"I'm not going! I have my own social engagement tonight, and believe me, there'll be some attractive ladies if you don't mind."

Qin Mu...

"Of course, if you do mind, I can decline."

"You're insane!"

Qin Mu shot him a sharp remark, quickly fastening her belt.

Mu Yichen had already buttoned up his shirt, leaving only the last three buttons undone. Watching Qin Mu in her light blue shirt and black wide-legged pants with an accentuated waistline, he couldn't resist walking toward her.

The two of them left the house together, each driving their own car. Just as Mu Yichen was about to get into his vehicle, he turned around and said: "I'll be at AM tonight."

"I'll wait for you!"

Qin Mu was about to get into her car when she turned her head to see his bottomless dark eyes. Feeling as if she were standing at the edge of a deep abyss, she solemnly replied.

Mu Yichen gave her another look, then got into his car.

His tall and commanding figure made one feel like tossing oneself into an embrace from behind—it would certainly feel wonderful.

Qin Mu took a deep breath and got into her car.

When Mu Yichen arrived at his office, he told Secretary Xi: "Arrange a dinner party at AM tonight."

Secretary Xi was momentarily stunned but had no choice but to nod.

Mu Yichen's social engagements were numerous, but each day, Secretary Xi filtered through most of them.

Holding a pile of documents, Secretary Xi followed him, reporting work updates while also making arrangements for the evening. After finishing his tasks, Qiao Yi headed upstairs and saw Secretary Xi on the phone.

Chapter 932: You must be the one who went to find someone to sabotage, right?\_2

When two people who ended without resolution meet again, it feels as if a frigid gust of air materializes out of nowhere, perfectly dividing them, thick and impenetrable.

Xi Meng, the secretary, was awakened by the person on the other end of the phone call. Holding her phone, she left her seat while continuing the conversation.

Qiao Yi stood there for a while, then lightly knocked on Mu Yichen's door. "Got a moment to talk?"

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes from the pile of documents. "Come in!"

Perhaps because they'd known each other too long, the two brothers could almost instantly guess what the other was thinking.

Qiao Yi walked in, gently closed the door behind him, and collapsed into the chair opposite Mu Yichen, looking utterly spent.

Seeing his listless state, Mu Yichen reflexively asked, "So, it's really over?"

"Yeah."

Qiao Yi responded with a grunt, his expression looking quite grim.

Mu Yichen nodded without pressing further and returned to his work.

Qiao Yi turned his head. "Why are you so desperate to get married?"

Mu Yichen paused mid-signature, then raised his deep eyes to look at the man across from him. Qiao Yi stared back, just as puzzled.

"If not for Qin Mu, I wouldn't have the desire to marry."

With just a few seconds of reflection, Mu Yichen provided a precise answer.

"Pity? Because she didn't have a stable family growing up, so your masculine instinct wants to give her a complete one?"

Qiao Yi asked. He'd been wanting to ask this for a while: Could it be out of pity, even if there was love involved?

"It's not pity! It's compassion! It's care!"

Mu Yichen stopped for a moment, reflecting inwardly and remaining true to his feelings.

Qiao Yi stayed quiet for a long time, looking at him with such confusion, as if he couldn't understand a word Mu Yichen was saying.

"What's between Qin Mu and me is completely different from what's between the two of you. Don't compare, but since you don't want to get married, and Secretary Xi yearns for marriage, then let her go."

Mu Yichen closed the signed documents and placed them aside before pulling out another file to review, line by line, meticulously.

Qiao Yi, however, couldn't take his eyes off him. Only when his dry eyes began to ache did he abruptly leap up from his chair. With his hands stuffed into his pockets, he walked to the large floor-to-ceiling window and looked out irritably at the sprawling city. "So many people get married for a lifetime, yet how many still enjoy being tied down by marriage these days? Not to mention, two people who haven't even been together that long."

"So, let Xi Meng go," Mu Yichen's voice came from behind him.

Qiao Yi took a deep breath, as if struggling to suppress the urge to explode at the man behind him.

"But it's not like I don't like her. I want to be with her."

Qiao Yi abruptly turned around, unable to hold back any longer, glaring angrily.

Mu Yichen put down his pen, clasped his hands together, and smiled subtly, his sharp gaze landing on the agitated man. "Qiao Yi, Qin Mu once told me something: Any relationship that isn't aimed at marriage is just fooling around. That saying suits you perfectly right now."

Qiao Yi...

"If you don't want to get married, it suddenly occurred to me that there's someone from your past you might want to go back to."

Mu Yichen lowered his head again, speaking while reading his documents.

"Who?"

Qiao Yi asked suspiciously.

"That bisexual Miss Lin."

Qiao Yi...

Mu Yichen didn't look up again, leaving Qiao Yi unable to punch him, yet close to losing his mind.

Qiao Yi still left the office. Just as Xi Meng returned from the restroom, she unexpectedly ran into him again. Her chest tightened, and her eyes betrayed discomfort.

Qiao Yi looked at her as well. "Do you really want to get married?"

His eyes seemed to be asking her, but the words wouldn't come out of his mouth.

Xi Meng simply lowered her head and walked past him to her desk and sat down.

Qiao Yi glanced at her assistant beside her. That girl was also looking at him as if he were some kind of monster. Qiao Yi snorted, like a bitter laugh, and walked away.

Xi Meng placed her hand on the keyboard. Only after he'd entered the elevator did she finally relax, her dazed eyes shifting sideways. "Did I do anything inappropriate just now?"

Her assistant shook her head.

Xi Meng let out a sigh of relief, though tears uncontrollably fell down her face. After sniffing and mocking herself, she threw herself back into her work.

The atmosphere around the office entrance felt strange, eerily quiet except for the sound of keyboards being tapped, as if even breathing was absent.

At 7:30 pm, Qin Mu arrived on time, bringing Xiaomei along to meet two major celebrities for dinner.

As they entered the hotel's main lobby, they heard staff members greeting Li Yu from behind them. Both of them turned their heads.

Li Yu was casually dressed in light-colored sportswear, looking like a big boy.

Xiaomei suddenly felt short of breath, clasping her hands under her chin in an exaggerated display of infatuation.

Qin Mu glanced out of the corner of her eye and saw Xiaomei practically drooling. Without hesitation, she reached out and pinched her on the back and waist.

"Ah!"

Xiaomei snapped back to reality, glaring at Qin Mu angrily before darting her eager eyes back at Li Yu, still fawning shamelessly as she approached him. "Wow, our Li Yu looks absolutely stunning today."

"Thanks!"

Li Yu grinned cheekily and thanked her.

Xiaomei was once again on the verge of hyperventilating.

Standing to the side, Qin Mu sighed helplessly.

"Has Sister Runuan arrived yet?"

Li Yu walked over to Qin Mu and asked.

Today, Qin Mu's pants and blouse didn't match Li Yu's outfit at all, but Qin Mu felt that was perfectly fine.

"Let's go!"

Li Yu said as he strode forward.

Li Yu strolled into AM without even wearing a mask, exuding a carefree attitude.

In the elevator, Xiaomei squeezed close to him. "Li Yu, Li Yu, why don't you wear a mask? Or sunglasses? At least wear a cap! What if one of your fangirls spots you and demands a hug or something?"

"They wouldn't recognize me. Besides, in such a high-end hotel, that's not something to worry about."

Li Yu patiently explained to her.

Standing behind them, Qin Mu thought to herself, Isn't the fangirl he's talking about you? She's practically glued to one side of his body, ready to pounce at any moment.

Sigh! Life with Xiaomei is exhausting.

"You should still be cautious. But don't worry, tonight you can count on me. I'll protect you with my life."

That annoyance she felt toward Li Yu the other day? Gone. Now she was swooning again. Is this the essence of a fangirl's heart?

Qin Mu didn't get it and figured it didn't matter anyway—after all, she was a married woman now.

But Li Yu's outfit today really made him look so young. Qin Mu wondered if her own recent wardrobe had been too "career woman." Should she try dressing more like the girl next door?

When the elevator doors opened, staff members were waiting outside.

"Young Madam, Mr. Li, Miss Xiaomei, Miss Wen is already waiting inside."

Li Yu stepped out first, though the staff still greeted Qin Mu before anyone else. No one minded this; they simply followed the staff into the private room.

"Young Madam, Mr. Yichen is in the private room next door. He said to meet him after this dinner."

Qin Mu paused before entering the room, hearing the staff's reminder.

She reflexively rolled her eyes, then politely nodded at the staffer.

Those in the private room were already seated and enjoying tea, paying no attention to this detail.

Because they were used to this kind of behavior from Yichen!

When Qin Mu entered the room, the three of them were sipping tea.

Wen Runuan remarked, "It'll be nice if Yichen could ever feel comfortable letting you go off on your own."

Xiaomei: "That's impossible."

Li Yu remained silent, his beautiful eyes focused on Qin Mu.

Chapter 933: Someone is waiting for you upstairs

Qin Mu felt a bit uneasy being stared at by him, but still managed a smile and said, "He's just worried I'll come back too late, not that he's monitoring me having dinner with friends."

"Isn't that basically the same thing?"

Wen Runuan asked.

"Agreed!"

Xiaomei immediately chimed in.

Li Yu smiled faintly as he poured tea for the three ladies.

Xiaomei flashed her starry-eyed expression again, "Let me do it!"

"You're a lady, so it's the gentleman's duty to serve you all."

Li Yu didn't look at her, but his words felt incredibly considerate and gentlemanly—especially to Xiaomei, who was a single, unmarried person.

"Actually, I used to have some misunderstandings about you, but now I think you're genuinely amazing. You're more outstanding than most men: you're hardworking, adaptable, resilient, and most importantly, extremely handsome."

"Please, can we just eat in peace?"

Qin Mu couldn't stand listening any longer.

Li Yu nodded, "I fully agree with your statement."

Wen Runuan shot him a look of disdain, "Can't you be normal for once?"

"Am I abnormal?"

Li Yu turned to Xiaomei with a faint glance.

"Not at all! I think you're completely normal, and especially fantastic."

Xiaomei said in her infatuated tone, as if she'd go to any lengths—be a slave, or do some ridiculous, wild things—yes, even commit crimes, as long as Li Yu gave the order.

Li Yu chuckled. A waiter came to take their orders, and Li Yu acted gentlemanly, handing the menu to the ladies. He merely sat beside them, ordering a bottle of red wine he personally liked.

Qin Mu and Wen Runuan had intended to choose a milder red wine, but since Li Yu wouldn't finish an entire bottle alone, they ended up drinking the same one he chose.

Xiaomei was even more eager to try the wine Li Yu preferred, curious about its flavor.

But once the red wine was poured, they could smell right away how strong it was.

It didn't matter much, though—everyone planned to have just one glass each, except for Li Yu and Xiaomei, who wasn't sure how much she'd end up drinking either.

Qin Mu and Wen Runuan reckoned that tonight, no matter how much Li Yu poured, Xiaomei would finish it.

As the dishes were served, the group started eating.

"I heard you've gathered twelve young and beautiful actresses from the entertainment industry to star with you in this palace drama, and you even got Lin Lang and Minghuang to do supporting roles?"

Wen Runuan asked before taking a bite.

"No! I'm not the leading role this time. Minghuang is the male lead."

Li Yu replied.

"Minghuang is the male lead?"

Wen Runuan looked at him in disbelief. Qin Mu and Xiaomei were equally puzzled.

"Yes! That was Minghuang's condition for joining, and honestly, in terms of overall qualifications, he's indeed better suited for the emperor role."

"Then what about you?"

"I'm playing the sixth prince."

A knowledgeable, elegant scholar with a refined demeanor—the 'graceful prince.'

This character may appear ordinary, but anyone who knows the story understands that if performed well, this role can rival the popularity of Minghuang's lead.

"Still, isn't it such a pity? You've always played the male lead."

Xiaomei said with a touch of heartbreak, her voice soft.

"Perhaps in a few more years I'll retire behind the scenes. As long as I can develop the studio, playing supporting roles occasionally doesn't matter."

Li Yu said calmly and confidently, switching the placement of two dishes.

Qin Mu glanced at the plate of steamed fish set in front of her and felt a jolt in her heart. She raised her eyes to look at him.

He smiled and said, "I heard you don't like eating seaweed."

Qin Mu didn't respond, instead turning to look at Xiaomei. Xiaomei appeared just as baffled, and Qin Mu changed the subject, "Thank you."

Wen Runuan also found it strange but decided not to ask further.

While in the restroom, Qin Mu and Wen Runuan washed their hands together, and Wen Runuan couldn't help but ask, "How does Li Yu know you don't like seaweed?"

"If I know, that'd surely be surprising!"

Qin Mu said, squeezing some soap into her palm and gently rubbing her hands together.

"That guy pays so much attention to you—it can't be just a casual interest, right?"

Wen Runuan remarked.

Qin Mu washed her hands, smiling faintly, "Other people can gossip all they want, but can't you refrain from doing so?"

Qin Mu pleaded, her smile still lingering.

"If I think about it carefully, he might seem like the ultimate gentleman, and we've had meals together a few times, but I've never seen him care about me like this."

"Sis, spare me, will you?"

Qin Mu finished washing her hands and, while drying them, turned to continue pleading.

If President Mu overheard this, what would happen then?

Chapter 934: Someone is waiting for you upstairs\_2

He's naturally a jealous type, and just hearing about Li Yu doing anything for her would drive him crazy.

"Aren't we alone here!"

The two of them walked out together, haha!

"Yichen! What are you doing here?"

Wen Runuan instinctively became polite and quickly released Qin Mu's shoulder.

Mu Yichen said nothing, and Wen Runuan said to Qin Mu, "I'll wait for you in the private room."

Qin Mu...

She knew it would happen like this, afraid of running into him, and then she ran into him.

"So?"

Mu Yichen raised an eyebrow, asking lightly.

"If you want to argue with me over this, I won't forgive you this time anyway."

"I'm just going to the restroom."

So Mr. Mu didn't bother with her, good-naturedly said that and bypassed her to the restroom.

That made Qin Mu's small chest tremble in fright.

"Jerk!"

Qin Mu muttered and returned to the private room.

When she reached the door, Mu Yichen sent her a message: "Ten o'clock, waiting for you upstairs."

Qin Mu's phone was on the table.

So when the notification dinged, everyone reflexively looked over and saw that message.

Haha!

The three of them, by coincidence, all felt it was ambiguous.

When Qin Mu pushed the door open, she saw the three of them chatting with their phones, not paying her any attention.

Qin Mu felt puzzled, but didn't ask.

"Your phone rang."

Wen Runuan reminded, then continued discussing with Li Yu and Xiaomei about how she should change her style recently.

Qin Mu wanted to listen too, but first picked up her phone, intending to glance through, and saw those few words.

Really just a few simple words.

Yet they made the reader feel it was ambiguous.

President Mu must have done it on purpose, Qin Mu thought to herself, he definitely wanted everyone to know.

Then, everyone's expressions at that moment confirmed her suspicion.

Later, they resumed chatting, and Li Yu watched the woman next to him for a while before pouring her a cup of tea: "Actually, I always thought Qin Mu would be better as an excellent actress than a designer."

Qin Mu...

Xiaomei...

Wen Runuan: "You can forget about that, our boss Zhang had the foresight long ago, it's just a pity the pearl didn't want to fall into his net."

Qin Mu...

Has she become a pearl?

"If JY heard this, he would definitely scold you guys!"

Xiaomei immediately said.

Li Yu and Wen Runuan looked at her curiously, and Xiaomei continued, "Back in Paris, those companies wanted Qinqin to shoot commercials, but JY would say that's getting sidetracked; if it weren't for JY stopping her, Qinqin would probably already be a hot commercial star over there! Oh?"

Xiaomei said while looking at the woman across from Li Yu.

Qin Mu sighed helplessly, "Oh what oh?"

Seeing Xiaomei's eyes a bit sharp, Xiaomei pursed her lips but wasn't afraid: "That's just how it was! JY said one shouldn't be distracted! So later on, after Qinqin made enough from commercials to buy a

house for herself and Huanhuan, she stopped doing them, until returning to the country due to a lack of funds."

Li Yu looked at Qin Mu, then gave an understanding smile, thinking she's silly for not relying on Mu Yichen.

"Are you afraid people don't know about my little mess?"

Qin Mu asked helplessly.

"I'm just telling everyone the truth, Li Yu and Sister Runuan are not outsiders!"

Xiaomei said with a playful smile.

"But you're really foolish not to leverage Mu Yichen, that financial giant, right there."

Wen Runuan asked Qin Mu.

"Who says I don't use him? There are many ways I use him, just when it comes to money, if I can handle it myself, why should I use his?"

Qin Mu retorted.

"True! Although I don't agree with using a man's money, of course, if he wants to spend on me that's his business, we have our own hands and feet."

Wen Runuan lightly clapped her hands, showing her agreement with Qin Mu.

Xiaomei trembled in fear, thinking she ought to earn more money, then immediately turned her gaze to Qin Mu, "Dear, when are we getting a raise?"

"Asking about a raise in front of your crush, isn't that a bit inappropriate?"

Qin Mu reminded.

Xiaomei then immediately shrunk back.

"If all the women in the world were as assertive as you, what use would men have?"

Li Yu gave a bitter smile, suddenly feeling a bit troubled.

"Didn't Qin Mu say it, men have many uses."

Wen Runuan reminded.

"Yes, although men can genuinely say they earn money just for their women to spend, but if women stop working because of it and indulge in leisure, it's tantamount to self-destruction."

Chapter 935: Waiting for you on the floor\_3

Qin Mu spoke earnestly, but after finishing, she felt her words might have been a bit over the top, afraid she'd scare Xiaomei. She quickly added, "You're the greatest assistant in the world, don't feel bad."

Xiaomei immediately straightened her back upon hearing this. "Hmph! Of course! From now on, you'll be the best designer in the world, and I'll be the best designer's assistant."

Even if she's just an assistant, it's not a role anyone can take on.

By ten o'clock, they hurriedly dispersed, since they all saw the message from Mu.

"Tell Yichen to take it easy, your little body can't handle much."

Wen Runuan said to her before leaving.

Qin Mu...

"Hehe! It's useless to say that. Mu is built for the domineering CEO archetype."

Xiaomei remarked.

Qin Mu...

By the time Mu Yichen came out, the other three had already gone downstairs. He leaned lazily against the wall, hands in his pockets, watching his wife.

Qin Mu turned her head and accidentally fell into the darkness of his ready and waiting eyes.

Xiaomei left first. Wen Runuan and Li Yu went to the underground parking lot to fetch their car, and Wen Runuan asked him there, "How did you know Qin Mu doesn't like eating seaweed?"

"Is that some kind of secret? I just casually asked one of the staff. It seems the entire hotel staff knows Qin Mu doesn't like seaweed."

Li Yu explained modestly.

Wen Runuan...

"Sister Runuan has changed a lot from before. What transformed you? Marriage?"

Li Yu finally couldn't hold back his curiosity. Perhaps they'd grown familiar enough recently for him to ask.

Wen Runuan froze for a moment, completely unprepared for someone to tell her she had changed.

"How have I changed?"

"Before, Sister Runuan was indifferent to worldly affairs, rarely appearing in public. Since marrying Brother Wang, it seems like you've become a whole new person."

Li Yu wanted to say she seemed more worldly but was afraid of offending her, so he stopped short.

"That's the charm of marriage. You'll understand once you get married."

Wen Runuan reminded him, nearly forgetting her original point.

Li Yu smiled, nodding like he understood, though he had no plans to marry anytime soon.

"Hey! You're dodging the question now. I was just about to ask about Qin Mu. Tell me the truth, do you like her?"

Wen Runuan questioned.

"Yes!"

Li Yu replied candidly.

Wen Runuan...

"A girl who grew up abandoned by her family yet remains so independent, strong, and rational—what man wouldn't like her? Though I've said before, liking doesn't mean possessing. Being friends right now is good too."

"But you're increasingly concerned about her. You were at the TV station first thing this morning, weren't you?"

Wen Runuan wasn't buying Li Yu's casual phrasing.

"Yes!"

"You're not even that attentive to the projects you invest in."

Wen Runuan didn't sound as exasperated as before, merely stating the facts.

"I'd definitely be more concerned about the projects I invest in; it's just that I happened to have some business at the station."

Li Yu lowered his head slightly, standing beside Wen Runuan, appearing much like a younger brother.

Wen Runuan sighed helplessly. "Qin Mu thinks you like Li Man. Li Man thinks you like Qin Mu. I'm completely confused now. Who do you actually like? Are you getting close to Qin Mu to confuse Li Man, or do you really not like your little sister? If you're pretending for anyone's sake, Li Yu, you're no better than those scumbags out there—you know that?"

"I'm Li Yu!"

He placed his hand on his chest, slightly childish, as if making a vow to an older sister.

"Forget it! I shouldn't meddle in your affairs anyway. It's just that Qin Mu is a girl who has been kind to me, so I wanted to warn you."

Wen Runuan thought back to the past.

"Qin Mu has been kind to you?"

"If it weren't for her, I might still be the sister you used to know, indifferent to the world. But that kind of sister could only bow and scrape, unable to sit at the same table with you or help you find resources. Do you understand?"

Wen Runuan's gentle, water-like eyes fell on the upright man before her as she spoke with great seriousness. Wen Runuan kept many people in her heart—the ones she had grievances with, the ones who had helped her. Though she rarely talked about it, she never forgot.

Li Yu...

Wen Runuan left, and Li Yu got in his car. On the way back, Li Yu suddenly remembered how Wen Runuan had inexplicably changed her style years ago, shifting from a sophisticated intellectual persona to a girl-next-door image. It was back then that she gradually gained fame that overshadowed Jing Qing and began confidently navigating various social circles.

Turns out, it was all because of Qin Mu.

Qin Mu never saw herself as being kind to Wen Runuan. At the time, she was simply at odds with Jing Qing and coincidentally encountered her. She had originally thought of it as mutual exploitation, and that once Wen Runuan climbed high, she probably wouldn't bother with her anymore. Who would've thought they'd eventually become friends who shared everything?

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen didn't return upstairs. The two of them quietly listened to the conversation from behind a car until Li Yu drove off.

Qin Mu found herself pinned against the wall by Mu Yichen's tall frame, though not pressed directly—there was still some space between them.

Mu Yichen stood in front of her, one hand gripping her arm.

Their posture held steady for quite a while, Mu Yichen's deep black eyes fixed on the woman who lowered her gaze in thought. Only after Li Yu's car disappeared did he ask, "Was it as I told you?"

Qin Mu raised her eyes, her dark, sparkling gaze meeting his. "He never said he wanted to pursue me."

At that moment, the vast parking lot suddenly became eerily quiet. Her voice carried an undeniable sense of conviction.

"If he were so foolishly ambitious, do you think I'd still allow him to stay in Rongcheng?"

Mu Yichen's tone wasn't particularly forceful, yet it carried an unshakable intimidation.

Qin Mu found it hard to rebut, letting out a soft sigh instead. "Can we leave now?"

Mu Yichen didn't say anything more, knowing better than to provoke her when she was annoyed. He took her hand and, holding it behind her, slowly led her toward his car.

Feeling his warm, firm grip—very different from her softer, cooler hands—Qin Mu suddenly chuckled quietly.

"Hey!"

Before getting in the car, she abruptly stopped him at the door.

Chapter 936: Because of a Ridiculous Self-esteem (Second Update)

"Hmm?"

Mu Yichen's dark falcon-like eyes gazed at her.

"Li Yu's matter is in the past now, don't dwell on it anymore."

Qin Mu reminded him seriously.

"Get in the car."

Mu Yichen pressed down on her head, leaving Qin Mu no choice but to duck and climb into the car.

The two of them returned home to find that the children were already asleep. After checking on them, they quietly went back to their room, and then...

Undescribable events unfolded.

The next morning.

Just as the sky lightened slightly, Qin Mu's throat felt uncomfortable, prompting her to go downstairs to get some water. As she passed Mu Qingxin's room, she heard faint crying inside. After drinking her water, she lingered in the kitchen for a while.

Thinking about it, given the relationship between the two, she felt it might truly be necessary to offer some comfort and a few words of advice. Qin Mu's soft fingers loosened their grip on the beautiful crystal cup.

Her wise eyes lowered momentarily, her long lashes trembling slightly. After a few seconds, the silent kitchen was once again filled with faint sounds of footsteps.

On her way back, as she passed Mu Qingxin's room, Qin Mu hesitated for just a moment before walking over. The door was ajar; Qin Mu's hand gently gripped the doorknob and saw the trembling silhouette of the girl lying on the bed inside.

"Qingxin?"

Qin Mu called softly.

The presence of another voice in the room instantly made the air grow tense.

The figure on the bed froze, and the room turned utterly silent.

Qin Mu gently closed the door, walked over to the bedside, and sat down. She lay sideways next to Mu Qingxin, pulled up her blanket slightly, and tenderly held her shoulder: "If this is about Jiang Yan, perhaps we can talk about it?"

Perhaps it was her voice, soft and soothing, that prompted Mu Qingxin to turn her head.

Her watery, stubborn eyes refused to meet Qin Mu's gaze, but she clung to Qin Mu, her muffled sobbing echoing in her embrace.

"To be honest, I've been meaning to tell you for some time, but I kept thinking Mom and Dad would have something to say, so I kept it to myself. Qingxin, he's the man you love the most."

Qingxin continued to sob, and it took her a long while to calm down.

"You always complain that he's too busy, but if he isn't busy now, then in the future, he'll have to face the same threats his father once gave him. Do you really want him to go through that kind of life twice in a lifetime?"

Qin Mu gently stroked her hair, her voice gaining strength in the quiet room.

Mu Qingxin raised her eyes to look at her, still stubbornly so.

"Just endure for a few more years—it'll pass! He's persevered for so many years to get to where he is today, and all this hasn't come easily. As the person he loves most, and who loves him the most, shouldn't you support him?"

Qin Mu continued explaining in a tender tone, devoid of any blame, offering only guidance.

It felt similar to her own missed chances with Mu Yichen when he needed her most, merely due to their small moments of pride. Even now, Mu Yichen still resented her for not reaching out to him all those years ago.

Qin Mu felt that this was the first time in her life she'd comforted someone so gently—and it was undoubtedly necessary.

"Was it my fault?"

Mu Qingxin lifted her tear-soaked lashes and asked.

"It's not entirely your fault."

Qin Mu's hand gently wiped the tears at the corner of her eyes, like an older sister soothing her younger sibling.

"Then it's his fault—he cares more about his career than he does about me."

Mu Qingxin said as she began sobbing again, quietly this time.

"If you're unhappy, then argue with him until you feel better, but don't leave home again."

Qin Mu said gently.

Mu Qingxin...

"Jiang Yan only went away for a few days, but you left him in anger. And not just once."

Mu Qingxin...

"Your brother and I both know about it."

Qin Mu met her shocked gaze and told her.

Mu Qingxin pursed her lips, lowered her gaze with a hint of defiance, and began sniffing again.

"That night, your brother complained to me about something—do you want to hear it?"

Qin Mu asked her.

"Hmm? What was it? Mu Yichen, the big shot?"

Mu Qingxin pouted and murmured. After speaking, she couldn't help but chuckle softly.

Qin Mu chuckled lightly too, though eventually she set aside the faint laughter that wasn't truly significant.

The room grew quiet again as Qin Mu gently wiped away her tears and began to recount.

"Back in college, he returned home, juggling his studies and starting his business. Meanwhile, I stayed in France to study fashion design and never took the initiative to contact him. Even now, he's still holding a grudge over that, and I fear he might resent me for it for the rest of his life."

Qin Mu lowered her head as she spoke of those past events, feeling a twinge of melancholy.

"Why didn't you reach out to him back then?"

Mu Qingxin lifted her eyes, speaking about her brother's situation with more urgency than her own.

"Because of ridiculous pride, because I always felt he was too arrogant, and I couldn't hold him down."

Chapter 937: Because of Ridiculous Self-esteem (Second Update)\_2

"Just like that?"

"And of course, my parents' issue is the most important. I've never dared to take a step forward. Back then, even if it was just a hundred steps between us, if he walked ninety-nine and asked me to take the last one, I still wouldn't have the courage."

Mu Qingxin gazed at the woman speaking, her mind suddenly feeling as if it was starting to click.

"What about after that? How did you figure it out?"

"There was Huanhuan. After that, we registered for marriage, settled down in Rongcheng, and everything became different from before. Here, I only have him."

"Was that love?"

Mu Qingxin doubted, so she asked her outright.

"Of course it was!"

Qin Mu nodded.

Mu Qingxin took another deep breath.

"Will you two still argue in the future?"

"We will! Of course we will! Even if I don't argue, your brother will. But when he argues, it's because he's afraid of losing me. Back then, he was always scared that I'd end up with other guys and miss out on

him. Thinking about it, he probably needed someone to be with him the most. Now I regret it, so no matter how much we argue in the future, I won't leave him again."

Mu Qingxin finally ran out of words.

"Are you asking me to stay by Jiang Yan's side?"

"Don't you want to?"

Qin Mu asked her.

"It's not that I don't want to, but why should I humble myself to stay with him? You didn't have a mom, but I have so many people who pamper me."

"But he loves you, doesn't he? Besides you and Ziyu, he has no one else, right? Even though he knows the Mu Family's influence in Rongcheng, knows your family would oppose it, even your eldest brother might team up with the Jiang Family to clip his wings before they've grown strong, he still fell in love with you. He still decided to build that seemingly small but warm little family with you."

The room fell silent again. Qin Mu said no more, and Mu Qingxin also remained quiet.

Just like that, it stayed hushed and still until dawn.

After breakfast, Mu Qingxin left the Mu Family, taking Ziyu and heading home.

Mu Yichen and Qin Mu watched her depart from the doorway. Then Mu Yichen turned and asked Qin Mu, "What did you say to her?"

"I don't even know—just some incoherent stuff."

Qin Mu glanced at him. She'd forgotten exactly what she said, though it seemed related to him.

Qin Mu's face grew a bit warm. After speaking, she turned and walked ahead.

Mu Yichen stood there, watching her stride inside. He sighed lightly in resignation before following after her.

Mu Yichen firmly believed it must be related to him.

At noon, the two went out for lunch together. Qin Mu drove while Mu Yichen sat in the passenger seat, handling work. Qin Mu couldn't help but complain, "So busy—why bother going out for lunch?"

"It's been a while since I ate with those few young masters."

Mu Yichen replied without even looking up.

Qin Mu chuckled softly. Knowing his strong sense of brotherhood, she didn't grumble further but focused on driving. While descending a slope in the road, she noticed a red car crashed into the stone wall ahead.

Her gaze couldn't help but be drawn to the wrecked car, its hood smashed and leaking oil.

Instinctively, she began to slow the car down.

The car by the wall, overgrown with green vines, made her breathing shallow.

Mu Yichen glanced up at her, curious about the sudden slowdown. Then he saw the nearly totaled car diagonally across from them.

Qin Mu asked softly, "Should we go take a look?"

The car had already stopped by the roadside opposite the wreck.

Both got out and stood by their own vehicle, trying to maintain composure as they stared at the smashed car.

Before Qin Mu moved forward, Mu Yichen grabbed her arm and scanned the surroundings. The road was eerily quiet, and he didn't think approaching was wise at the moment.

"Can you come to Socould Road for a while? There's been a car accident."

Mu Yichen held onto Qin Mu as they stood, first calling Yang Bo, sending over a picture, and then contacting nearby emergency services.

While waiting, Qin Mu remembered her own car accident abroad—if a stranger hadn't stopped to save her, she might've died from blood loss, unnoticed because the driver who hit her had fled the scene.

When Mu Yichen looked down, he noticed her slightly tense expression and gripped her hand tightly.

Qin Mu was reminded of the final moments of her mother's life.

Those scenes overlapped, and when Qin Mu raised her head, she feigned calmness. "Let's go over and take a look?"

Mu Yichen nodded slightly."

Chapter 938: Because of Ridiculous Self-esteem (Second Update)\_3

The ambulance arrived just as the two of them walked over.

The paramedics instructed them to step back a bit further before opening the car door. The glass on the door had already shattered from the crash, so the medical staff exercised extreme caution as they opened it.

Then, a woman with neatly coiffed hair slumped out from inside.

If it weren't for the seatbelt keeping her in place, it might have been...

But the situation was still very grave.

When the injured woman's face became visible, Mu Yichen and Qin Mu were profoundly shocked.

Especially Qin Mu, who froze entirely, as if her very breath had stopped—her face pale as a sheet.

Mu Yichen's brow immediately furrowed as he looked at Qin Mu. Her knees grew weak, and he instinctively held her in his arms.

Then, they watched as the barely conscious woman was lifted onto a stretcher.

Two police cars soon arrived; emerging from one was Yang Bo, clad in his uniform. When he saw it was Zhang Rujia, he was scared half to death.

Zhang Rujia weakly opened her eyes, glancing around under the scorching sun. Seeing what seemed like familiar faces, she struggled to take a heavy, labored breath and slowly raised her hand.

Yang Bo glanced at her bloodied hand, then turned to Qin Mu: "She's calling for you."

Qin Mu hesitated. She didn't want to go closer, but she still moved forward, mechanically crouching down in front of Zhang Rujia.

There was anger etched across Qin Mu's face; she thought Zhang Rujia had no right to call for her.

Zhang Rujia had sustained a severe head injury. Realizing that her life was hanging by a thread, her excitement became uncontrollable as she saw Qin Mu crouch down.

The doctor's brows knitted even tighter, seeing her in such a state.

"It's all over! Your resentment toward me should end, too! Tell your father that I truly loved him. Tell Mingzhu not to seek revenge for me or hunt for the culprit."

Zhang Rujia's gaze held an unusual sense of kindness as she looked at Qin Mu. When she had finished speaking, the warmth faded from her eyes bit by bit, and the hand she had raised slightly fell heavily to the ground.

And then...

Qin Mu stared at Zhang Rujia's bloodied face, noticing what seemed to be tears on her cheeks, and felt a weight pressing down on her own eyelashes.

Quivering, Qin Mu seemed to suddenly understand something, her strength drained from her body as she slumped to the ground next to Zhang Rujia.

She couldn't comprehend why she, of all times, had to be by Zhang Rujia's side now.

Breathless, her vision of Zhang Rujia grew increasingly blurred, then completely disappeared.

The weather was so bright, the harsh sunlight shone glaringly on their faces, causing light-headedness amidst its brilliance.

Mu Yichen helped Qin Mu to her feet. She leaned so heavily on him that she could barely stand upright.

The two of them watched numbly as the police officers carried away the bagged body of Zhang Rujia.

Indeed!

Zhang Rujia was dead!

No one knew what had transpired, but Zhang Rujia was gone.

Qin Mu remained dazed for a long time, unable to pull herself back, and only sobbed uncontrollably as the ambulance drove away.

Mu Yichen lowered his gaze to his foolish woman, whose vision had long been blurred by tears, and held her tighter.

Qin Mu found a point of support in his embrace, disregarding Yang Bo's presence as she grabbed at the fabric on Mu Yichen's chest and emitted muffled, increasingly desperate cries.

"Why her? Why her?"

Qin Mu felt as if she could no longer breathe. That woman—how could she just die like that? That woman deserved to suffer countless torments before living out the rest of her life alone.

Yang Bo and his team inspected the surroundings and examined Zhang Rujia's car before exchanging a look with Mu Yichen.

The sun remained blazing, and Qin Mu continued trembling slightly in the tall man's arms.

By noon, the two of them skipped lunch and headed to the police station to give their statements. In the afternoon, they drove straight to the Qin Family home.

Qin Haiming had just returned from a meeting out of town. When Qin Mu called to tell him they were waiting for him at home, he bypassed his office entirely and went directly to the house.

Upon entering, Qin Haiming immediately sensed that the atmosphere was off. Mu Yichen seemed more somber than usual, while Qin Mu's stubborn face was clouded with anger, and the typical warmth of the household had vanished.

Because they were concerned about his mood, they hadn't told him anything over the phone, opting instead to wait for his return.

Seeing his daughter and son-in-law like this deepened Qin Haiming's unease. He grew unconsciously heavy-hearted, his lashes trembling as he walked over and asked, tentatively, "What's going on here?"

Qin Haiming could sense something had happened—his own heartbeat was no longer as steady as before.

Qin Mu kept her head lowered for a long time. Mu Yichen's eyes flicked down to her briefly, then attempted to speak first, only for Qin Mu to grab hold of his hand before he could utter a word.

Mu Yichen looked at her again. Qin Mu raised her head and, in her defiance, showed a measure of restraint for her father's sake: "Zhang Rujia had an accident!"

Her tone, no matter how sharp and composed, couldn't conceal her worry that the man before her might not be able to bear the blow—or her fear that her own fury might spill over uncontrollably.

Qin Haiming came to a stop, stunned, as if his brows were tied into an unbreakable knot.

"What did you say?"

"Zhang Rujia... is gone!"

Qin Mu suddenly remembered that her mother had also died in a car accident. Seeing Qin Haiming's present expression stirred a wave of bitterness within her. With stubborn indignation, she spoke once more before throwing herself onto the couch, turning her head away and refusing to move.

She could have walked away entirely, but she didn't dare to—she couldn't endure further loss.

"A car accident!"

Mu Yichen's gaze lowered briefly to Qin Mu, understanding her inner struggle, and revealed the reason for the incident.

All three of them eventually sat silently on the couch, surrounded by an oppressive quiet. From the kitchen, a single spoon clanged to the floor, breaking the tension.

"You should all leave."

After a long, long time, Qin Haiming spoke weakly, his head bowed, lost in thought.

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen looked at him, reluctant to leave.

"You..."

Qin Mu started to voice her concern.

"You should all leave. I'll be fine!"

Qin Haiming, understanding what she meant, reassured her once again.

Qin Mu didn't say anything further. After all, at his age, what was left for him to bear—he had already endured far too much.

"Has the police taken over the case?"

As the two stood up, Qin Haiming finally recalled the matter and asked.

"Yes. At first, I didn't know it was her—I called Yang Bo immediately to notify him."

Mu Yichen answered quietly.

Qin Haiming nodded faintly and fell silent once more.

Before Qin Mu and Mu Yichen left, they instructed Uncle Wang to keep a close eye on Qin Haiming that night.

Chapter 939: For example, me

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen were both a bit dispirited on their way home. Mu Yichen occasionally glanced at her while driving and noticed that her expression was blank, as if she was under some sort of spell.

"They've lived together for so many years, it's impossible for there to be no feelings at all."

Mu Yichen's deep voice reminded her, his dark eyes still fixed seriously on the road ahead.

"Mm!"

Qin Mu responded reflexively, her voice dull and lifeless.

It was just too sudden, so sudden that it felt like her chest had been struck fiercely, the pain dull and suffocating, as if it left a bruise on her heart for a fleeting moment.

After returning to the Mu Family house, the entire family sat on the sofa. The elders, upon hearing about this matter, could only sigh.

Mu Zihao said, "Perhaps this was her fate. You all shouldn't think too much about it, especially you, Mumu."

Mu Zihao rarely spoke to her with such serious solemnity.

Qin Mu obediently replied, "I'm fine!"

It had nothing to do with her; it was just that the woman who had occupied her father's life for over a decade had died.

To her, it didn't mean anything at all.

All her bad moods were simply because... because it was too sudden, because this matter had brought back memories of the past.

"How's your father? You two just came back like this."

Feng Fanghua lightly clasped her hands together and asked Qin Mu, her gaze filled with concern.

"He doesn't seem to be doing well. But if he can't pull through, it feels like I don't really have a father anymore."

Qin Mu kept her eyes downcast, her tone consistently subdued, though she couldn't help but let out a mocking laugh at the end.

Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua both raised their eyes to look at her, somewhat worried about her unstable emotions.

Mu Yichen took a call from Yang Bo while sitting in a single armchair, his gaze shifting to the woman next to him: "Your father is involved in this matter; Yang Bo is still investigating."

Qin Mu froze for a moment. She had thought Qin Haiming would be stuck in the pain of losing Zhang Rujia and unable to move on, but she hadn't expected him to still have some presence of mind.

"Mm!"

Qin Mu didn't ask further questions. She hadn't even processed this ordeal yet—Zhang Rujia was just... gone?

Why so suddenly?

The woman who had endured for seven or eight years before finally marrying her father, securing the role of the wife of a prominent figure—how could she just vanish like that?

Not long ago, she had even come pleading to her, asking her to persuade Qin Haiming to remarry. And now, just after a short while...

"This probably wasn't an accident, was it?"

Mu Zihao's brows furrowed unconsciously.

"There were no surveillance cameras at the location, but the car didn't show signs of tampering. So why, while driving smoothly down the road, would she suddenly crash into that solid stone wall? No one knows."

Mu Yichen explained.

"When you think about it, Zhang Rujia doesn't seem to have offended anyone over the years. She shouldn't have any enemies, right?"

Feng Fanghua's brow furrowed slightly as she asked, puzzled.

"Not entirely—perhaps me!"

Qin Mu's expression changed slightly; even she was startled by the words that came out of her mouth.

Mu Zihao: "..."

Feng Fanghua: "..."

Mu Yichen: "Are you dumb?"

He reached out and lightly pushed Qin Mu's head until she looked down, then withdrew his hand.

Qin Mu was also speechless. How could she say such a thing?

But, could it be...

Her mind suddenly conjured a dramatic scenario where she was suspected to be Zhang Rujia's killer—especially considering it was her and Mu Yichen who had found Zhang Rujia.

Yes, why did the two of them just happen to be there at the time?

Qin Mu's heart suddenly began pounding fiercely.

This accident matched so perfectly with their appearance.

For a moment, Qin Mu was unable to speak, only feeling as if there was an enormous pit before her, one she didn't know how to cross. Because trying to detour around it seemed endlessly long, with no end in sight.

"Still, there's one thing I'm not sure whether I should say or not. But if it's left unsaid, it feels inappropriate too."

Feng Fanghua held her tightly clasped hands after much deliberation.

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at her: "Please, go ahead."

"Zhang Rujia is no longer technically your father's wife. Now that she's passed away, your father wouldn't bury her in the Qin Family cemetery, would he?"

Mu Zihao, hearing his wife's words, couldn't help but lift his gaze toward her.

Qin Mu's heart trembled fiercely.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes carried a hint of concern as he looked at Qin Mu. Then, he leaned forward to grasp her hand: "Let's talk about all this tomorrow. You're tired; go eat something and get some rest."

But how could she have any appetite left?

The dinner hour had long passed. So by the time the two of them sat in the dining room for supper, Qin Mu was clearly struggling, putting her chopsticks down halfway through the meal.

Mu Yichen, his gaze low but sharp, noticed her gently setting down her chopsticks and quietly ordered, "Pick up your chopsticks. Even if the sky were to fall, you still need to fill your stomach first."

Chapter 940: For example, me

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at him. After a few seconds of eye contact, she picked up her chopsticks again and silently opened her mouth, eating a few grains of rice.

After dinner, the two of them returned to the room. Mu Yichen went to draw the bathwater first, and just as he was about to leave, Qin Mu happened to open the bathroom door.

Mu Yichen froze for a moment, rarely seeing her so proactive, stepping in while he was still in the bathroom.

Qin Mu undressed and casually tossed her clothes onto the chair. Turning around, her beautiful large eyes sparkled, captivating and alluring, gazing at him.

"Does Mr. Mu dislike this?"

Seeing his somewhat dazed yet cold expression, Qin Mu asked lightly.

Mu Yichen stared at her for a few seconds, then suddenly smiled meaningfully before beginning to remove his own clothes.

"Come on, then!"

As Mu Yichen exposed his well-built physique, he tilted his chin slightly, signaling her towards the bathtub.

It was as if he was saying, "Let me see what Mrs. Mu is truly capable of; go ahead and unleash it all."

Qin Mu strode towards the bathtub with her tender, long legs without any hesitation.

Mu Yichen held his breath, then bent her over the edge of the bathtub as soon as she entered.

Later, when the two came out wrapped in towels, they hadn't separated yet, continuing to kiss passionately until they reached the bed.

Qin Mu's breathing grew uneven, and Mu Yichen didn't let her go—as if he was intent on making her unable to catch her breath, as if he wanted her mind completely emptied.

Qin Mu didn't even remember how she eventually fell asleep.

But in the middle of the night, she had a nightmare—a dream about the car accident she witnessed during the winter when she was seven years old, the pool of blood.

She'd forgotten the face of the woman, hazy and unclear. She abruptly sat up, weak as though emptied out completely.

Everything was eerily quiet. She could hear her heartbeat racing irregularly, something buzzing faintly in her ears. Raising her hand, she pressed it forcefully against her face, burying it into her palm, using all her strength to steady her breathing.

"Nightmare?"

The deep voice of the man closest to her sounded beside her ear.

Qin Mu turned her wet eyes to look at him, her slender arms reaching out to hold his neck, her icy forehead resting against the inside of his shoulder as her raspy voice said, "I dreamt of my mom!"

That voice—so rough! So full of pain!

Mu Yichen gently stroked her back and held her as they lay down.

In the dead of night, she finally managed to fall asleep again beside the man she loved. But Mu Yichen couldn't sleep for a long time; he simply patted her back lightly, quietly keeping her company as though comforting Huanhuan and Chengcheng, watching her until she fell into a peaceful sleep again.

Later, tears formed in the corners of Qin Mu's eyes, and Mu Yichen used his sensuous thumb to softly wipe them away.

Mu Yichen knew that her overly intense reaction tonight stemmed entirely from Zhang Rujia's sudden passing.

But matters like these couldn't be solved with mere words of comfort. If anything, it might only dredge up more painful memories.

So he chose to be supportive, wanting to shoulder everything for her but unable to take away the nightmares.

Events like car accident deaths were the most terrifying thing to Qin Mu, all because she had watched her mother die in a car when she was just a small child.

Only in moments like these would Mu Yichen become exceptionally gentle.

—

In the morning, when Qin Mu woke up again, she received a phone call from Qin Haiming, and the father-daughter pair argued fiercely. Qin Mu threw her phone into the trash bin in the bathroom, her anger flaring, unable to calm down.

Mu Yichen, groggy from sleep, entered the bathroom and saw her bent over, splashing water onto her face. He immediately knew it must've been about Zhang Rujia's burial location.

If Zhang Rujia were to be laid to rest in the Qin Family's cemetery, there was no way Qin Mu would agree to it.

Honestly, who would?

Qin Mu continued to frantically wash her face with water.

The cold water carried the heat of her tears.

Mu Yichen said nothing, intending to leave, but heard a phone ring faintly from somewhere inside. Qin Mu ignored it, so he walked over and saw her phone in the trash bin.

Thankfully, there were only mask papers and cotton pads in the trash. Mu Yichen bent his tall, upright figure, using two fingers to retrieve the phone. His elegant fingertips gently swiped across the screen before answering the call.

Qin Mu was unhappily wiping her face with a towel. Mu Yichen glanced at her sharply, then left the bathroom with her phone in hand.

Only then did Qin Mu take deep breaths, throw the towel aside, and press her hands forcefully against the sink, leaning over to stare down at the clean basin below.