

His Beloved 941

Chapter 941: For example, me_3

When the sharp almond-shaped eyes lifted, glaring at the woman in the mirror, Qin Mu's breathing was laced with fury.

"I understand!"

Mu Yichen, having just finished his phone call, glanced at the bathroom again, thinking, Are you not coming out yet?

"Your father was merely consulting with you."

No decisions have been made.

"What's there to consult about with this sort of thing? I'm not the head of the Qin Family."

Qin Mu glanced at the man speaking by the door, her tone fierce and emotionless, cutting him off with a single sentence.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, leaning against the door for a long while, remaining silent until eventually letting out a bitter chuckle.

As Qin Mu walked out, she shot him a glare, seeing his face caught between a smile and restraint, and then, in a swift movement, gracefully snatched the phone from his hand, striding towards the outside.

"Hey, Mrs. Mu, that's going too far!"

Mu Yichen leaned there, finally breaking into laughter once she left.

That sharp-edged personality, who on earth did she inherit it from?

Mu Yichen lowered his dark, inky eyes, pondering for a long moment, suddenly realizing she was a bit like him. Unconsciously, he raised a hand to pinch the bridge of his nose, suppressing the urge to laugh as he too headed out.

Qin Mu, hearing him call after her, slammed the door particularly hard as a response.

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That afternoon, Qin Mingzhu and Wang Huanyu returned with their child in tow. The atmosphere in the Qin Family instantly grew even heavier with sadness, as Qin Mingzhu had been crying nonstop.

Seeing his daughter cry like that, Qin Haiming too felt a wave of melancholy. But after thinking it over, he realized—if not even his daughter mourned her...

"Who is it that wanted my mother dead? You must give her an explanation."

After crying for what seemed like forever, Qin Mingzhu sniffled and lifted her gaze to speak to her father.

"Do you think I would just stand by and do nothing?"

Qin Haiming hadn't slept a wink last night and was utterly exhausted today, but he endured it and calmly replied to his daughter.

"How would I know? What if the matter is related to your beloved daughter? You'd probably just turn a blind eye, wouldn't you?"

Qin Mingzhu stubbornly accused him, her eyes full of hatred.

"Mingzhu!"

Before Qin Haiming could erupt in anger, Wang Huanyu quickly stepped in to stop her. Based on Wang Huanyu's understanding of Qin Mu, she wouldn't stoop to such despicable methods. Besides, if she were going to do something, why wait so many years?

"Even if you call me out, I still have to say it—of all the people in Rongcheng, the one who hated my mother the most was Qin Mu."

Qin Mingzhu glanced at Wang Huanyu, remaining insistent.

"What kind of talk is this? This matter merely happened to coincide with the timing of their arrival as a couple. Don't you understand Mumu's character after all this time?"

Hearing his daughter's suspicion directed at his other daughter, Qin Haiming felt a wave of dissatisfaction growing within him. In this world, the only two blood-related people he had left were these daughters. He didn't want them to harbor resentment or misunderstandings over this matter, leading to further hatred.

"How would I know if I truly understand her? Back then, her mother died in a car accident. Who's to say she hasn't been planning this all along to avenge her mother?"

Seeing her father protect Qin Mu, Qin Mingzhu immediately shouted in grievance, her spoiled nature as evident as ever.

"Mingzhu!"

Wang Huanyu, seeing Qin Mingzhu's tears well up and fall like streams, grabbed her hand forcefully and scolded her, knowing her words had gone too far.

"Mingzhu, you've truly made me, as your father, feel ashamed."

Qin Haiming frowned in disappointment, finally unable to summon anger but instead rising to his feet and heading upstairs.

"Mom! I want my mom!"

Seeing Qin Haiming leaving, Qin Mingzhu burst into loud wails just a few moments later, her cry full of agony, as though her heart were being torn apart.

She seemed like a naive girl, never having considered the possibility that one day she might lose her mother—the mother who had always pampered her, who had always made decisions for her, was gone suddenly...

When she received that call, she had already broken down, nearly fainting on the spot.

"Alright, alright! Mom's just gone to heaven to live a different kind of life now."

Wang Huanyu embraced her sorrowfully, offering endless comfort.

As Qin Haiming listened to Wang Huanyu comforting Qin Mingzhu, old memories suddenly came flooding back to him.

Back when Qin Mu lost her mother, she wasn't even eight years old yet.

Who comforted her back then?

She stayed in her room alone, shedding tears quietly, unable to cry out loud.

For some reason, his eyes suddenly grew wet, and the staircase before him became blurry.

His heart suddenly felt as though it had been hit by a cannon blast.

Qin Haiming sharply inhaled a breath of cold air, then went into his study and made a phone call to his subordinate: "Help me investigate if that man has any other relatives."

Even if he couldn't figure it out, that man had once loved Zhang Rujia. The matter should have nothing to do with him.

But at this moment, something deep within pushed him to investigate that man.

And beyond that...

Both of his wives had died in car accidents. For him, hadn't it been a form of torment as well?

It's a pity though. Qin Mu could grasp the pain he felt, but Qin Mingzhu simply couldn't.

Qin Mingzhu still went to confront Qin Mu. At that time, Qin Mu was in her office, staring blankly at the design on her computer screen. Though she held a pen, she couldn't make herself draw, not until she heard Xiaomei's worried and exasperated voice.

What was destined to come had come, after all!

"You can't go in! I'm telling you, you can't go in—didn't you hear me?"

Then the office door was violently pushed open from the outside.

Qin Mu turned her head to see the intruder, her gaze remaining calm.

Xiaomei stepped in, looking at Qin Mu with some concern.

"You can go tend to your tasks,"

Qin Mu said composedly.

Xiaomei was reluctant to leave. She already harbored a deep bias against Qin Mingzhu and never treated her politely. But seeing Qin Mu's calm demeanor, she could only nod and step out.

Qin Mingzhu stood in front of the desk, staring at that familiar yet eerily tranquil face, her fists tightly clenched.

"Does my mother's death have anything to do with you? How could it be such a coincidence that you were there?"

Qin Mingzhu's voice rang out accusingly as soon as her mouth opened.

This did not catch Qin Mu off guard.

Qin Mu stood up from her chair, folding her arms gently, suddenly feeling a slight chill in the early autumn air.

"Indeed! How could it be such a coincidence that my car was parked there at that exact moment?"

Lowering her gaze, Qin Mu stepped out from behind her desk, looking at the girl whose eyes were swollen from crying.

She approached Qin Mingzhu, her voice somewhat despondent as she told her, "I want to know the answer to that as much as you do."

Chapter 942: That has nothing to do with me

Qin Mingzhu raised her aching eyes to look at Qin Mu. At this moment, she suddenly couldn't doubt the girl in front of her, the girl she despised so much.

"Are you happy now? My mom is dead, and she died just like your mom did."

Qin Mingzhu suddenly closed her eyes, raised her hand to cover her mouth, and began crying uncontrollably.

This incident was a bolt from the blue for everyone, but for Qin Mingzhu, it was naturally even more devastating.

"What am I supposed to be satisfied about? My life is so good now. I've long been free from seeing you or dealing with you, but it's your mom's mess that's making you suspect me again, tormenting me—"

Qin Mu gazed at Qin Mingzhu, feeling a strange sense of powerlessness.

Some words felt unnecessary to say out loud.

Qin Mu had once thought that woman deserved to die.

But then, later on... much later...

"It must be because you cursed her! That's why she had the car accident! It's all your fault! All your fault!"

Qin Mingzhu cried out again, burying her face in her hands, bowing her head as she sobbed.

Qin Mu simply watched in silence. At this moment, she knew she should reach out and embrace the girl in front of her, comforting her.

But she couldn't bring herself to do it.

If everything was destined by fate, then staying seated and uninvolved might be the best thing she could do.

Qin Mu couldn't help her. So, she turned and walked over to the glass wall, standing there.

Only when she distanced herself and faced away from Qin Mingzhu did her heart cease to ache as intensely.

The entire afternoon, Qin Mingzhu cried in her office. At first, she cried standing up. Later, she ran to the couch and cried sitting down. When she grew exhausted crying while seated, she lay down and cried.

Downstairs, Xiaomei and the others listened for a long time until they couldn't take it anymore. Xiaomei charged upstairs and forcefully pushed open the door, yelling inside, "Hey, are you crazy? Coming to our studio to wail like this?"

Qin Mu turned her head toward the doorway, looking at the enraged and bewildered Xiaomei. Xiaomei stared at the woman sprawled on the couch, her sobbing gradually quieting down, then turned to look at Qin Mu in a bit of shock.

"Leave for now!"

Qin Mu said weakly.

Eventually, Qin Mingzhu cried herself to sleep.

Qin Mu picked up her blazer and gently draped it over Qin Mingzhu, then walked back to the window.

Her eyes remained calm, all her emotions sinking down to the dust.

"Mom, if you were still alive, seeing all this, what would you think?"

"Would you be happy? Would you speak in favor of it?"

"No! If you had endured that storm, if you had been here all these years, maybe you'd have put everything down by now, leaving behind only faint memories?"

Qin Mu hugged her arms tightly, unable to suppress her own murmurings.

Unfortunately, her mother hadn't been able to withstand that storm.

The emotions pressed into her chest for so long, so deeply that her excitement faded, unable to form even a single word.

Wang Huanyu was downstairs in the parking lot across the street. He didn't know how many cigarettes he smoked, but by the end, his cigarette box was empty. He looked down at the empty box before finally raising his head.

Qin Mu was still standing there, but his wife was nowhere to be seen.

Qin Mingzhu had only let him follow her downstairs, refusing to let him come up.

So Wang Huanyu kept smoking downstairs.

Qin Mu glanced over at the couch, at the sleeping woman, then lowered her head and walked toward the door.

She went downstairs, her hands holding two cups of coffee. She handed one to Wang Huanyu, then took the other herself, leaning against the car with him as they stared at JY's sign in front of them.

Wang Huanyu lowered his head, looking at the steaming coffee, and asked her, "How is she?"

"She fell asleep."

"I thought you two would start fighting."

Wang Huanyu scratched his head, unable to fathom how Qin Mu could walk out so calmly and even bring him coffee.

"I thought so too. Turns out, she's lost her claws from back then, and I've lost my passion from back then too."

Qin Mu spoke, lowering her head slightly, the corners of her lips gently twitching.

Wang Huanyu glanced over at her. "Now I understand why my brother has never stopped thinking about you."

"Why?"

Thinking of his brother, Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Because you've got that allure."

Hearing such a high compliment, Qin Mu felt extremely uncomfortable.

She wanted to laugh, but considering the circumstances, she knew it was inappropriate to be so cheerful, so she pretended to be indifferent.

"This whole thing happened so suddenly. After hearing the news, she just began crying."

"So now she's upstairs, crying herself to sleep."

Qin Mu replied, silently thinking how carefree that girl must be to sleep in her office without a care, completely unafraid that she might pull some kind of trick—was it because she knew there was still a man waiting downstairs?

Chapter 943: That has nothing to do with me

Qin Mu remembered how Qin Mingzhu had sabotaged her marriage with Mu Yichen, even going as far as arranging for Wang Mingyu to lie in bed with her. At that time, she had really considered using the same despicable methods to retaliate.

Qin Mu thought to herself how incredibly kind she had been.

"Let her sleep for a while. She must be tired."

Wang Huanyu said, taking a sip of his coffee.

The two of them stood leaning against the car, occasionally exchanging a few words.

When Mu Yichen drove up to pick her up, he saw her standing side by side with Wang Huanyu, leaning against the car.

The car slowly came to a stop. Wang Huanyu and Qin Mu simultaneously turned to look at his vehicle, watching as he strode out with his long legs, imposing and commanding.

Mu Yichen's expression turned stern the moment he saw Wang Huanyu. He approached them without a friendly look and asked coldly, "What are you two doing together?"

"Qin Mingzhu is sleeping upstairs."

Qin Mu answered promptly.

Only then did Mu Yichen glance at her, his gaze clearly accusing her of standing with another man.

Qin Mu lowered her head slightly, then said, "I'm cold too. Why don't we all go in and have some tea?"

Thus, the two men followed Qin Mu into the studio in succession. Xiaomei served them tea in the reception area. Wang Huanyu sat by himself, while Qin Mu and Mu Yichen sat together.

Mu Yichen's arm instinctively rested on the back of Qin Mu's seat, as if habitually declaring his ownership.

Wang Huanyu glanced at it and cautiously reminded him, "I'm Wang Huanyu, not Wang Mingyu."

Mu Yichen's dark eyes shifted to him, carrying a coldness mixed with some other indefinable emotion.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu unconsciously pressed her lips together.

Mu Yichen's behavior was indeed habitual. Whenever a male appeared at her side, President Mu would act in this way.

"President Mu doesn't mean anything by it. He just prefers this posture."

A posture where his chest was always turned toward her, his arm always resting on her back, quietly making small gestures of possession.

That stoic, icy countenance—also a habit.

Even when in bed, he often wore that same serious and aloof expression.

Qin Mu suddenly had so many words she wanted to explain, but in the end, she only smiled faintly.

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes slightly, giving his woman a brief glance. There was a trace of repressed affection beneath his demeanor.

"When is your mother-in-law's funeral?"

"Tomorrow morning!"

Wang Huanyu replied, lowering his head involuntarily as he spoke. Then, rubbing his hands nervously on his thighs, he suddenly slapped his leg and lifted his head again: "They say we should honor the deceased. There's actually something I'd like to ask you both, especially Qin Mu."

Qin Mu lifted her gaze to look at him, waiting for his question.

Mu Yichen's sharp gaze also landed on him, but it carried less curiosity than Qin Mu's.

"No matter what, they were husband and wife for nearly twenty years. Can't we allow my mother-in-law to be buried in the Qin Family's cemetery?"

Wang Huanyu had pondered this question for a long time and finally decided to ask.

Mu Yichen said nothing, simply looking toward Qin Mu.

"If you're asking me, the answer is absolutely not!"

Qin Mu responded resolutely.

"Why? So many years have passed."

"So many years have passed, but Zhang Rujia is still the murderer who caused my mother's death. Time won't change that, nor will it make people forget what happened—unless that memory vanishes from my mind."

Qin Mu said.

"What if I manage to convince your father?"

Wang Huanyu had already anticipated that Qin Mu wouldn't agree to let Zhang Rujia into the Qin Family's cemetery. However, he thought that Qin Haiming might consent.

"That's none of my business! But let me make one thing very clear: if he allows Zhang Rujia into the Qin Family's cemetery, my mother's gravestone will be removed from it. He will also lose me as a daughter forever. I mean what I say."

Qin Mu spoke with a firm, pointed tone, devoid of any emotional entanglement, stating her stance directly.

Wang Huanyu abruptly stopped talking, not daring to add another word.

Qin Mu's sharp eyes lingered on his face for a long time before finally looking away.

Mu Yichen could sense the razor-sharp intensity in Qin Mu's aura, though it was fortunately tempered with restraint.

Mu Yichen's keen black eyes rested on Qin Mu's impassive face, and he gently placed his hand on her shoulder.

Qin Mu's eyes fluttered slightly as she felt the warmth of his touch on her shoulder, the tension within her subsiding just a little.

Although her words earlier had sounded calm and logical, she had been tightly wound inside.

"I know my mother-in-law did wrong, but this has nothing to do with Mingzhu, does it? Can't you consider it for Mingzhu's sake?"

Chapter 944: That has nothing to do with me

Wang Huanyu thought for a long time. He was still afraid Qin Mingzhu wouldn't be able to accept that her mother couldn't be buried in the Qin Family cemetery.

"If I didn't consider her, she wouldn't be lying in my office right now; she'd have been thrown out already."

Qin Mu reminded him.

She was tense with anger. Wang Huanyu coming to her with such matters made her furious, but as an adult, she had her own rules. She didn't want to scream and yell like a lunatic. She just wanted to earnestly communicate her feelings, assuming the other party was a reasonable person.

Qin Mingzhu was standing at the staircase. It was the studio designer who noticed her first, but the designer didn't say anything. Then Qin Mingzhu came stomping down the stairs and shouted, "Qin Mu, I hate you!"

Qin Mu quickly glanced outside and saw Qin Mingzhu's figure already rushing toward the door.

Wang Huanyu had spotted her much earlier, so he immediately stood up and ran after her.

Mu Yichen stayed seated, his narrowed eyes reflecting his annoyance. These people coming to trouble his wife left him feeling vexed.

Later, the married couple watched from inside as the pair outside argued and tussled. Qin Mingzhu screamed and yelled until Wang Huanyu slapped her across the face.

The door was shut, and they couldn't hear a thing.

But in that moment, Qin Mu felt as if the slap had landed on her own heart.

She held her breath and continued watching the scene outside alongside her husband.

Outside, Wang Huanyu pulled Qin Mingzhu into his arms, holding her tightly, trying his best to comfort her.

When a woman is denied her final dignity in death, perhaps that's the greatest tragedy of her life.

Qin Mu hadn't expected Zhang Rujia to face such a day, though she had secretly wished for it before.

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Wang Huanyu suggested they go to Zhang Rujia's apartment for a look, so Qin Mingzhu brought him there.

When they opened the door, they found the place spotlessly clean, as if no one had lived there for a long time.

Qin Mingzhu's hot tears began to fall uncontrollably.

Wang Huanyu glanced around and gently placed a comforting arm around her shoulders. "Don't cry anymore!"

"She must want me to cry for her, cry until my voice is hoarse, cry until I pass out. She was always afraid I didn't love her. She always wanted to see me cling to her, but I didn't do it."

Qin Mingzhu continued crying into her hands. While her wails had lessened, her voice was hoarse, and she had no more strength, so she just leaned against Wang Huanyu's shoulder.

Wang Huanyu sighed helplessly. He didn't understand the dynamic between the mother and daughter but felt an overwhelming sense of sadness in this moment.

Later, Qin Mingzhu entered Zhang Rujia's bedroom. She was a little scared and clutched Wang Huanyu's hand tightly.

"I'm scared!"

"Then don't go in!"

Wang Huanyu lowered his head. She stood at the door, unwilling to take another step, muttering into his shoulder with her eyes shut.

"No! I have to look!"

Qin Mingzhu stubbornly pushed through her fear and peeked inside.

Gradually, she let go of Wang Huanyu's hand and slowly walked toward the bedside.

On the bedside table was a photo of Zhang Rujia in a cheongsam, posed gracefully.

Qin Mingzhu crouched by the bed and picked up the framed photo. She didn't cry, just stared at the elegant woman in the picture.

At one point, Zhang Rujia had been the person she wanted to become.

Back when Zhang Rujia gracefully assumed the role of Mrs. Qin, she seemed so poised and kind.

But later...

Gradually, with the arrival of Qin Mu, Zhang Rujia became increasingly irritable, so different from before. She ceased to be the person Qin Mingzhu aspired to be. Qin Mingzhu felt she suddenly lost herself, transforming from a happily playful young woman to someone hollow and domineering toward those around her.

"My mom used to love dressing up. She always said even if you're a housewife at home, you should make yourself look beautiful. I wonder if someone made sure to clean her up before she left?"

Wang Huanyu stood by silently, unsure of what to say. Then, turning his gaze, he noticed a folder placed on a cabinet against the wall.

On their way home, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen received a call from Helian Hao. Over the phone, Helian Hao said, "Did you know? After Zhang Rujia's surgery, other issues were discovered. Her body couldn't hold out much longer."

"What?"

Qin Mu stared blankly. Zhang Rujia was already dead.

"Ah, I'll just send you the materials so you can take a look."

Helian Hao seemed flustered and decided to end the call, sending the files to Qin Mu via WeChat instead.

Qin Mu opened the files, and her entire being froze.

When she had last visited Zhang Rujia with Helian Hao, she had noticed her complexion seemed off but never imagined Zhang Rujia was facing another relapse.

So, the car accident—could it have been what she thought?

"Zhang Rujia, late-stage cancer."

Qin Mu turned to Mu Yichen, woodenly reporting.

Mu Yichen glanced at her briefly and then slowly pulled the car over to a stop.

On the roadside, the two of them silently gazed at the phone.

The spacious car interior became abruptly quiet.

They could even hear each other breathing.

Mu Yichen turned his body slightly toward her. Qin Mu looked at him doubtfully and, after a long pause, asked, "Could it have been suicide?"

If it was suicide, it would be easier to make sense of.

But was it suicide?

That evening, Qin Mu didn't call Qin Haiming; she had Mu Yichen make the call instead.

Qin Haiming sighed despondently. "I already know about this. Wang Huanyu and Mingzhu didn't come home tonight—they found some clues at her mother's apartment, and there's another girl involved. I'm a bit tied up here, so can you help me investigate?"

After showering, Qin Mu came out to see Mu Yichen standing by the window, talking to someone on the phone. He sent a photo to the person helping with the investigation. Qin Mu sat on the bed, running her fingers through her freshly blow-dried hair. "What's going on?"

"Orders from the leadership—they want me to investigate a girl."

Mu Yichen walked over and handed his phone to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu took the phone and looked at the screen, her eyelashes fluttering slightly. For once, there was a different expression on her otherwise plain face.

"Looks familiar!"

Qin Mu muttered, her brows gradually furrowing.

"Hmm? You've seen her before?"

Mu Yichen sounded doubtful.

Qin Mu nodded slightly. "I think I have, but I can't quite remember."

Qin Mu stared at the phone, tilting her head, her expression tangled with confusion.

Chapter 945: be more composed

The room grew increasingly quiet. Qin Mu stared at the photo, trying hard to conjure up the image of that bright, cheerful girl, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't remember.

Eventually, she lay down on the bed without recalling anything, a little annoyed.

Her memory, in certain moments, was actually quite good.

Though at times, it wasn't so great.

Still, there were always some distinctive people who left vivid impressions on her, like the girl on the phone screen.

But now, she simply couldn't remember exactly where she had seen her before.

She looked around seventeen or eighteen, her hair tied into a ponytail, wearing a white shirt—a proper, youthful girl exuding a strong sense of innocence.

Mu Yichen turned to look at her and noticed she was still deep in thought. He moved closer, placing both hands on her temples and rubbed firmly, "Stop thinking about it, okay?"

Under his grip on her temples, Qin Mu found herself unable to continue pondering. She gave up on the idea altogether.

Mu Yichen's pitch-black eagle eyes gazed at her, his tender stare making her feel as if she'd temporarily lost all memory.

The room was quietly intimate, warm, and filled with sentiment.

In the middle of the night, Qin Mu, after tossing and turning endlessly, finally sat up again. Her head felt like it was about to explode from all the thinking—it triggered a sense of familiarity, but she simply couldn't recall any concrete details.

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In the end, Qin Mingzhu's mother was buried alone in a place with a pleasant view. Qin Haiming brought his daughter, son-in-law, and grandson to watch as her ashes were interred into the deep pit.

At this moment, Qin Haiming felt that, after death, one was nothing more than a handful of ash. In reality, many things didn't matter anymore.

When a human dies, there really is no next life—it's all just beautiful fantasies people construct for themselves. As for notions of this life and the next, he only wanted to spend whatever days he still had left on earth doing meaningful things. Everything else seemed trivial.

After Zhang Rujia's passing, he abandoned every obsession he'd had about her. Both love and hate ceased to exist.

Qin Mingzhu still harbored resentment toward him, but he had already made his choice.

That day, Qin Mu was drafting designs in her office. She was aware that Zhang Rujia hadn't been buried in the Qin Family cemetery. She reasoned to herself that the grudges between Zhang Rujia and her daughter would end from this day forth.

Because, at the end of the day, Qin Mingzhu was just an unexpected consequence—someone born by accident.

Two women who had suffered immensely over one man were both gone now. That tragic play from the previous generation had finally reached its curtain call.

Xiaomei came to deliver coffee. Qin Mu glanced up sharply, a sudden thought flashing through her mind, and she stopped her. "Take a look at this photo."

Xiaomei paused with a blank expression, then watched Qin Mu unlock her phone. On WeChat, there was an image of a very clean-cut young girl.

"Does she look familiar to you?"

Qin Mu thought about it for a moment, frowning as she asked her. She felt her forehead aching from how much she'd been furrowing her brows these past couple of days.

"Hmm..."

Xiaomei furrowed her brows too, took her phone into her palms, and carefully examined the image.

"She looks kind of familiar."

She muttered to herself, her eyes narrowing almost instinctively.

Qin Mu tilted her head upward, gazing at her, waiting for some miracle to occur.

During the wait, Qin Mu's bright, dark eyes quietly shimmered with flickers of light.

"Bian..."

"Bian Jingwen!"

Xiaomei held up a finger as she searched her memory, finally managing to call out the surname.

Qin Mu immediately confirmed the name.

Then, the two women stared wide-eyed at each other. "Yes, that's her! She's the academic star who studied abroad and won first prize in several design competitions."

Xiaomei nodded emphatically in agreement.

But Qin Mu's enthusiasm didn't match Xiaomei's excitement. Because, according to Mu Yichen, this girl was the daughter of the person responsible for Qin Haiming's car accident and hospitalization. And this girl was very likely Zhang Rujia's biological daughter.

In her heart, Qin Mu felt a sharp jolt—a sound like a glass cup shattering on the ground, leaving no trace of suspense.

Her mind involuntarily recalled the words Zhang Rujia had said to her right before the incident.

She first called Mu Yichen, then drove to the Qin Family house before noon.

Qin Haiming hadn't been feeling well these past couple of days and hadn't gone into work. Qin Mingzhu and Wang Huanyu hadn't left yet either.

When Qin Mu arrived, Qin Mingzhu was visibly displeased. "What are you doing here?"

"I need to speak with your father."

Qin Mu lifted her gaze at her, not bothering to take her attitude seriously.

Wang Huanyu, meanwhile, was coaxing his son to eat some fruit. Hearing Qin Mu's voice, he turned his head to look—across the room divider, Qin Mu strode in.

"Qin Mu!"

"Where's the boss?"

Qin Mu paused, turning her head to ask him.

"Resting in the room!"

Wang Huanyu replied reflexively, holding his toddler who was chewing vigorously on a small piece of orange.

Without delay, Qin Mu headed straight upstairs.

Chapter 946: be more composed_2

Qin Mingzhu watched as Qin Mu completely ignored her and immediately followed behind.

"Hey! What are you here for again? My mom wasn't buried in our family's cemetery. What else do you have to complain about?"

Qin Mingzhu questioned while chasing after her, nearly dying of anger from Qin Mu's disregard.

Qin Mu didn't respond to her, merely thinking that this girl was exceedingly naggy.

Qin Haiming had just finished a phone call and was about to read the newspaper inside the house when he heard the knocking at the door along with Qin Mingzhu's nagging voice.

"It's Qin Mu!"

Qin Mu spoke from outside the door, her sharp gaze signaling to Qin Mingzhu to be quiet.

Qin Mingzhu was silenced by Qin Mu's stare, instantly stopping her chatter, but she stubbornly continued to glare at Qin Mu, as if expecting her to cause trouble that would give Qin Haiming a headache.

"Come in!"

Qin Haiming set aside the newspaper he had just picked up and, with noticeably aged eyes from the past few days, glanced at Qin Mu. "Why are you here at this hour? Stay for lunch later."

"I'm not here for lunch. The girl you asked Mu Yichen to investigate—I know her."

Qin Mu informed him directly.

Qin Haiming's raised gaze froze momentarily, unable to process the connection between this girl and Qin Mu.

Qin Mingzhu was even more confused upon hearing this. "What girl?"

"How do you know her?"

After a brief pause, Qin Haiming asked her again.

"A while ago, she applied for a position at our studio. According to her, she's a native of Rongcheng, moved to Italy with her parents as a child, and is an outstanding design graduate. Her background seems quite impressive as well."

Qin Mu recalled the details vividly, especially since the girl had seemed overly eager to stand out.

Qin Haiming lowered his head again, his expression hidden from view, letting out a light sigh subconsciously.

"What are you two talking about? What girl? What design graduate? Dad, do you mean you have another daughter apart from us?"

Qin Mingzhu grew increasingly bewildered, her heart racing in fear.

Qin Mu stayed silent, simply glancing at her and thinking, "Do you feel the two of us aren't enough already?"

But if that girl truly was Zhang Rujia's child, then Qin Mingzhu would technically gain an older sister.

Qin Mu wondered how Qin Mingzhu would feel once the truth came out.

"Do you still have her contact information?"

Qin Haiming asked.

"I didn't think much of it at the time, so I didn't keep her number."

Qin Mu lowered her head but then suddenly thought of something: if that girl came looking for her back then, was it really for the interview, or had she come specifically for her?

If the girl had indeed come for her, what was the reason?

Could it be because she knew about her feud with Zhang Rujia?

Qin Mu reasoned that the first person that girl should have wanted to meet was Qin Mingzhu.

"What about her name?"

"Bian Jingwen!"

"Bian Jingwen?"

Qin Haiming furrowed his brow, carefully recalling that last name, and then nodded slightly.

"If everyone hasn't finished talking yet, perhaps it would be better to continue the discussion over lunch at the dining room?"

Wang Huanyu soon appeared at the doorway, kindly suggesting as he stood outside looking in.

During lunch, Qin Haiming finally revealed the reason he wanted to investigate the girl. Qin Mingzhu reacted as if someone had stuffed an oversized egg into her mouth, her eyes almost popping out in shock.

"That's impossible! My mom could never have had another daughter!"

Qin Mingzhu instantly argued, utterly in disbelief.

Wang Huanyu, noticing her edging towards hysteria, reached out to grasp her hand. "Mrs. Wang, calm down."

"Calm down? How can I calm down? They're saying my mom had another child. My mom only ever had me, okay? Otherwise, why would she never have mentioned it to me at all?"

Qin Mingzhu set down her chopsticks firmly, staring seriously at Wang Huanyu as she debated the matter.

"But your mother, on her deathbed, left me a message to pass on to you: don't seek revenge for her. Wouldn't that count as a sort of warning?"

Qin Mu interjected after hearing Qin Mingzhu's words.

Everyone looked up at her, completely stunned.

Qin Mu let out a thoughtful sigh, gently placed her chopsticks down, then gazed at Qin Mingzhu, repeating those words again before turning to look at Qin Haiming.

She had never wanted to tell him this, but as the last person to see Zhang Rujia alive, it felt like a responsibility—perhaps even an obligation—to share it.

"She said she truly loved you!"

Qin Mu finally revealed the words.

She saw Qin Haiming's hand holding the chopsticks tremble, then lower his head. "She said the hatred I carried for her should fade along with her death. She said she loved you. She said she didn't want you to investigate and didn't want you to seek revenge."

The surroundings fell silent again, but Qin Mu picked up her chopsticks once more.

Chapter 947: be more composed

It seemed like someone who had nothing to do with this incident quietly, and as silently as possible, continued eating her lunch.

Later, Qin Mingzhu also quietly picked up her chopsticks, but Qin Haiming didn't. Qin Haiming slowly stood up: "I'm feeling a little unwell, you all go ahead and eat!"

Only after Qin Mu finished eating did she go to his room, carrying the dishes that the housekeeper had sent her to bring over.

"Are you planning to starve yourself? Just because of that woman who had a child with another man behind your back?"

Qin Mu placed the food on the table beside him and asked.

Qin Haiming didn't reply, but his breathing seemed a little unsteady.

"I know you're upset about what I told you over the phone yesterday, but I meant no harm."

Qin Haiming raised his eyes to look at her, hurt by her indifference.

"I'm only worried that even after my mom's death, she'll still have to suffer grievances. If you bury Zhang Rujia in the Qin Family's cemetery, at most, I'll just move my mother's tombstone out. That's all."

Qin Mu didn't want to provoke him further. She even knew she was probably annoying him terribly right now, but some things simply had to be said.

"If you move your mom's grave out, then in the future, where would I go to apologize to her?"

Qin Haiming's hoarse voice came, his brows tightly furrowed as he gazed at his daughter. It seemed as if there was a glimmer of tears in his eyes.

Qin Mu was struck with a jolt at his words. When she looked up at him, she couldn't help but feel her own eyes redden.

"Between father and daughter, we still lack mutual trust! That's my fault!"

Qin Haiming tried hard to smile as he looked at her, but when he saw the stirring emotions in her eyes, he lowered his head again.

"If what I said just now hurt you, I apologize."

Qin Mu said, then turned and started walking out.

Qin Haiming looked at her back until she reached the door, then turned back to glance at him once more: "Don't forget to eat."

"Mm."

Qin Haiming responded softly, watching her leave the room.

Qin Haiming thought, Zhang Rujia, in her final moments, claimed she had loved him. It was probably for Mingzhu's sake, fearing her daughter would be overlooked by him. That's why she purposely said such things.

Qin Mu might not fully understand Zhang Rujia, but he did, especially in her later years, as Zhang Rujia's true nature had been fully revealed by then.

As for Zhang Rujia's death, the rest could wait for later, but he would still need to investigate the cause thoroughly.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu returned to her studio. Helian Hao happened to have the afternoon off, so she brought some fruit for everyone before heading upstairs to see her.

"How exactly did Qin Mingzhu's mother die? Was it really a car accident?"

"Mm."

Qin Mu murmured a response, nodding glumly.

Helian Hao half-perched on the armrest of her sofa, crossing her arms and gazing at Qin Mu behind the desk with her dark eyes. That single "Mm" from Qin Mu had scared her out of her wits.

"So, what's the deal with her? Was it an accident?"

Helian Hao pressed further.

"Frankly, I don't know much about this either. But recently, it's been uncovered that she had another daughter."

Qin Mu sighed helplessly, glancing up at Helian Hao after speaking.

Helian Hao...

"A daughter other than Qin Mingzhu, with a man who wasn't my father."

Helian Hao...

"You better keep your mouth shut. If this leaks out, both of us will—"

"Get killed! Got it!"

Helian Hao nodded seriously, fully understanding the gravity of the situation.

This wasn't just some ordinary family scandal. As two of the few people who knew, they certainly couldn't let a single word slip out.

"Speaking of which, didn't Mu Yichen investigate that woman before? How did he not discover she had a child?"

"That I don't know. I saw that girl's records and guessed she must have been given away from a very young age."

Helian Hao...

Qin Mu raised her eyes at her: "Could you not keep making that face?"

"Ever since you returned, my life has gotten more and more exciting."

Helian Hao couldn't help but chuckle bitterly as she complained.

Qin Mu...

"Tell me more!"

Helian Hao couldn't resist her curiosity.

"You didn't used to be so gossip-hungry."

Qin Mu could only remind her seriously.

"That's because you weren't here before, and I didn't have a friend to gossip with!"

Gossiping was only fun with your best friend, after all!

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile at that. Friends...

Their bond was somewhat like family, wasn't it?

As she thought about it, Qin Mu couldn't help but look at Helian Hao with a heartwarming gaze. The look made Helian Hao's skin crawl.

"Ugh! Even Jing Feng doesn't look at me like this. If you keep staring at me like that, I'm going to strangle you."

Helian Hao raised an eyebrow, half-smiling but also threatening.

As the two chatted, Qin Mingzhu suddenly sent Qin Mu a message: "I want to meet that little bitch."

Qin Mu glanced at her phone and sighed helplessly: "That girl probably got my number from one of her bosses. She says she wants to see Bian Jingwen, but where am I supposed to find Bian Jingwen for her to meet?"

"To be honest, if this Bian Jingwen is really her sister, do you think the two of them might team up to deal with you someday? Just Qin Mingzhu alone almost destroyed you. If there are two of her—imagine that. Doesn't it sound terrifying?"

Helian Hao sounded a bit concerned.

Qin Mu sat there, absently nodding her head, her gaze filled with some doubt: "If it really comes to that, I'm afraid I'll be done for. This Miss Bian is way smarter than that girl."

Qin Mu sighed and set her phone down.

"Aren't you going to reply to her message?"

Helian Hao asked, puzzled.

Qin Mu shook her head slightly: "That lady's not someone I can afford to mess with."

Better to clock out and get off work quickly. If Qin Mingzhu came by again, there'd be no escaping her.

"Let me treat you to coffee."

Qin Mu shut down her computer, grabbed her bag and phone, and stood up.

Helian Hao followed her out.

But not even an hour after they left, Qin Mingzhu showed up at the studio.

Chapter 948: Incomparably Heart-Stirring

Xiaomei and the others were discussing what kind of base to use for their hotpot dinner tonight. A handsome designer said, "It has to be mild. If it gets any spicier, my face will be ruined."

He was a young man, clearly a well-known designer, with a good physique, but his face always seemed to have a few small pimples.

"Hahaha! We should make your face explode with pimples—all over!"

Xiaomei teased mischievously.

"Where's Qin Mu? I want to see her."

Qin Mingzhu marched in and immediately glanced at the spot where a few people were happily chatting. She yelled sharply, thinking, "You dare ignore my texts? Then I dare come here and find you myself."

Xiaomei and the others turned to look at the woman who had just entered. Xiaomei couldn't help muttering a curse under her breath, then rose from her chair. "Miss Qin, do you really think this place is a market? Come and go as you please, see whoever you want to see, and shout orders? This is a fashion design studio; get your facts straight, will you?"

"Why is there always so much nonsense coming out of your mouth? I'm here to find Qin Mu. What does that have to do with you?"

Qin Mingzhu glared with big eyes, full of disdain for Xiaomei.

"Whether it has to do with me is not for you to decide; it's for Qin Mu to say."

Xiaomei lifted her chin arrogantly, a habit cultivated by Qin Mu herself, now showcased to its fullest.

"You... Forget it, I don't feel like talking to you. I'll find her myself!"

Fuming, Qin Mingzhu stomped off towards the staircase.

Everyone initially just wanted to see her make a fool of herself, but remembering her previous theft, Xiaomei suddenly dashed to the staircase entrance. "Hey! Our Qinqin isn't here! Get back down immediately!"

— —

Qin Mu and Helian Hao arrived at the hospital, both silent. Xiaomei was already crying uncontrollably.

"I don't care—you have to avenge me! I nearly broke my bones!"

Through Xiaomei's sobs, Qin Mu felt both heartache and relief.

To fall from such a height and not suffer broken bones—this girl really had some tough luck.

Qin Mingzhu hadn't followed them, but Wang Huanyu soon rushed in.

After calling Qin Mu, he went straight upstairs, first apologizing to Xiaomei, then saying, "I've already prepaid the medical fees. If there's anything else you need, please call me directly. Once again, I apologize on behalf of my wife to this young lady."

Xiaomei became visibly nervous when confronted with Wang Huanyu's imposing figure, instantly behaving much more compliantly.

Zhao Huai stormed in like a rabbit on the run, and saw the room full of people surrounding Xiaomei.

Qin Mu and the others were startled upon seeing Zhao Huai, but Xiaomei's eyes instantly welled up with tears, ready to cry at the mere sight of him.

Wang Huanyu looked at Zhao Huai and froze, exchanging brief, awkward glances with him. Zhao Huai uncomfortably cleared his throat, relieved to see Xiaomei unharmed. Though he had questions to ask, he restrained himself in Qin Mu and Helian Hao's presence.

"Since your buddy's here, we irrelevant folks will leave first. Let's catch up later tonight."

Qin Mu, Helian Hao, and Wang Huanyu left together.

Qin Mu gently closed the hospital room door from the outside, the sound startling the girl inside, who felt her heart skip a beat.

Zhao Huai, however, didn't care. Now that they were alone, he immediately sat down beside her. "Was it Qin Mingzhu who hurt you?"

"She gave me a shove. But how did you get here so fast? Weren't you outside the city?"

Xiaomei blinked her wide, watery eyes at Zhao Huai.

"Ran through seven or eight red lights. I'm guessing Mu Yichen will dock all of my pay this month—that cold-hearted guy!"

Zhao Huai gritted his teeth and glared at her while talking.

Xiaomei, though aching all over, suddenly felt like laughing.

Of all the boys she'd known since childhood, he was the first to rush over at her call, blowing through multiple red lights without hesitation.

Xiaomei felt a sudden, unfamiliar warmth swelling in her heart. Zhao Huai sighed, then pulled out his ringing phone to find a series of fine notifications. Laughing bitterly, he turned to the blushing girl beside him. "Reimburse me?"

Holding the phone up to Xiaomei, he showed her the screen.

She couldn't focus on the screen—his arm, through the blanket, was pressing down on her hand.

The last time she was this close with a man was after Jian Yan's surgery.

Xiaomei held her breath, then lowered her gaze with a faint hint of melancholy.

"What's wrong?" Zhao Huai seemed puzzled as he noticed her dejected expression.

"Nothing! I just thought of someone."

Xiaomei shook her head, looking adorably foolish.

"A man, huh?"

Zhao Huai frowned.

Xiaomei glanced at him briefly, then lowered her gaze again, nodding slightly.

"Hah!"

He let out a sarcastic laugh, standing up and exhaling in frustration with his hands on his hips.

Realization washed over him—why did he rush here so desperately?

Zhao Huai turned back to look at Xiaomei, who was quietly stealing glances at him. He immediately averted his gaze; her long eyelashes lowered demurely as he stared sullenly at his sneakers.

What could he do?

For this sister he met close to turning thirty?

He didn't know why he felt so disheartened, but he didn't leave.

When all the test results confirmed she was fine, Zhao Huai intended to take her home. Though no bones were broken, the fall left a lingering soreness throughout her body.

"By the way! Your girlfriend might have some physical inconveniences lately—falling from such a height means she'll feel pain for a few days. As her boyfriend, you should look after her properly."

The surgeon, a sharp thirty-something woman familiar with Helian Hao, kept it straightforward.

"He's my big brother!"

Xiaomei responded, embarrassed.

Zhao Huai: "..."

Doctor: "..."

"Alright, as long as you're happy!"

The doctor smiled slightly, thinking, "I've seen plenty like this," and left briskly with a cool demeanor.

Xiaomei's ears turned red in an instant.

"Let's go!"

Zhao Huai supported her as she limped toward the exit, her hips aching badly.

Eventually, unable to bear watching her struggle, he sighed reluctantly. "If I see that girl, she's dead meat."

Xiaomei hadn't caught up yet, staring at him in a daze, until he bent down and scooped her up.

Her already flushed face now turned as red as a monkey's butt.

Zhao Huai, however, avoided looking at her, his face slightly annoyed, carrying her out with an air of irritation.

Later that evening, Qin Mu called Xiaomei after returning home. Xiaomei spoke hesitantly on the phone, "I'm home now! Zhao Huai brought me back."

"Zhao Huai brought you back. So what? Why are you speaking like that?"

Qin Mu asked from her study, noticing Xiaomei's change in tone—like she'd suddenly turned from a housekeeper into a spoiled young lady.

"No, no, I didn't mean that! It's just that I'm still hurting all over. Instead of comforting me, you're nitpicking!"

Qin Mu could hardly bear listening anymore.

"This 'me' and 'mine'—you've said them so many times in just two minutes!"

"How about you stay home and take time off from work? Does that count as comfort, Miss Xiaomei?"

Qin Mu reluctantly softened her tone.

"Hehe! If there's no pay deducted and my attendance stays intact, that would be even better!"

Lounging on the sofa, Xiaomei waited for everyone to serve her.

After work, the whole household was busy preparing hotpot, except for the 'injured' girl sprawled on the couch chatting with Qin Mu.

"Dream on!"

Qin Mu teased, then ended the call.

Mu Yichen stood at the door silently until she finished the call, then raised his hand to knock lightly.

Qin Mu turned her head and smiled at him, gesturing for him to come closer.

Mu Yichen walked in slowly.

On instinct, he softly closed the door behind him.

— —

"Did you meet with the boss today? No fights?"

They chatted casually afterward.

"Hm! Almost!"

Qin Mu thought for a moment, then smiled.

"What happened with Xiaomei going to the hospital later?"

Mu Yichen had overheard it by the study room door.

"Sigh! Qin Mingzhu learned she has another sister, so she came to confront me about her whereabouts. I wasn't there, so Xiaomei feared she'd pull a stunt like stealing my designs again. She went after her, and then..."

No need to elaborate further—it was already clear.

"In that case, Zhang Rujia's matter is likely connected to that Miss Bian?"

Mu Yichen furrowed his brow slightly.

"Let's not talk about that."

Qin Mu immediately raised her hand to cover his mouth.

As night deepened, everything else that followed was extraordinarily gentle, extraordinarily heartwarming.

— —

The next morning, Qin Mu woke early and sat on the couch with Feng Fanghua, sipping sweet water.

A light drizzle was falling outside; both women unconsciously gazed at the rain. Feng Fanghua smiled faintly, "You've been here three years, haven't you?"

"Mm!"

Qin Mu, lost in thought, realized how quickly time had passed. In a blink, she'd been there for so long.

"Who would've thought that one day we'd sit here together, drinking sweet water? Do you still blame me for the things I did to you back then?"

Feng Fanghua sat upright, warm sugar water in hand, as she asked.

"Mom, how many times have you asked me this question now?"

Qin Mu didn't answer but playfully shot back with a question of her own.

The years had softened their tempers, their collisions, entanglements, knots, and resolutions.

With a slightly reproachful yet infinitely doting look, Feng Fanghua gazed at her. "You little rascal, you're really not afraid of me anymore."

Qin Mu merely smiled.

She thought of how, when she first came to the Mu Family, just one glance from Feng Fanghua was enough to make her shiver with fear. But now...

"You're so kind; what's there to fear? I wasn't scared back then either—just didn't want to make you angry."

Qin Mu explained. The act of sipping sugar water on this autumn morning felt exceptionally warm, exceptionally bold.

— —

Mu Yichen opened his eyes to find Qin Mu gone, but lying on her side where she had been was the little one, propping her chin as she gazed at him intently.

Mu Chenghuan!

Chapter 949: Mrs. Mu is in good physical condition.

Huanhuan had been lying there for a long time, her two beautiful little feet raised, her hands propping up her chin, and her big, dark, sparkling eyes staring at his handsome face.

Huanhuan always thought her dad was very handsome, but now she felt that her daddy wasn't just handsome with his eyes open—even when he was sleeping, he was just as handsome. She couldn't help but blush while looking.

Mu Yichen noticed Huanhuan suddenly covering her face and giggling, which made him furrow his brow: "Mu Chenghuan, act normal."

"Hehe! Daddy, I like you!"

Huanhuan suddenly crawled across the bed to him and gave his forehead a big, forceful kiss.

Then, like a little turtle, she shrank her head down quickly, backed away, jumped off the bed, and ran out of the room.

Mu Yichen was still lying there, his mind completely blank.

Just now...

Was he just confessed to by his beloved daughter?

Mu Yichen let out a helpless chuckle, his sexy fingers lightly pinching his brow, hiding his mysterious eyes.

His mood suddenly became a bit intense.

Being confessed to by his daughter wasn't exactly the first time, but this time felt different compared to before.

The phrase "I love you"—he'd always thought it was something only two people in love would say to each other. Later, he realized...

That even among close family, hearing those words could stir such a peculiar feeling.

He got out of bed and noticed there was no sign of Qin Mu in the room. He guessed she was likely downstairs chatting with Feng Fanghua. At this time, Feng Fanghua would definitely already be sitting on the couch waiting for her beloved granddaughter.

Fresh after washing up and dressed neatly, he went downstairs. Qin Mu just happened to be heading to the dining room for breakfast. When she lifted her eyes and saw his upright figure descending the stairs at a steady pace, she held her breath, watching him with great interest.

"Good morning, Mr. Mu!"

She raised her perfectly shaped eyebrows, smiling as she greeted him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Mu!"

Mu Yichen, hands in his pockets, glanced at her with his dark eyes before replying.

Qin Mu smiled faintly, waiting for him to walk over to her side so they could head in together.

"What time did you get up?"

Mu Yichen asked casually.

"Six-thirty."

Qin Mu answered. Since she had gotten up early, she felt refreshed.

Mu Yichen suddenly stopped walking and frowned slightly as he looked at her.

Qin Mu noticed he wasn't following and turned to look, catching his deep and enigmatic gaze fixed on her.

"What's wrong?"

Qin Mu asked, puzzled.

"Looks like Mrs. Mu has quite a bit of stamina."

Mu Yichen's deep, husky voice floated over as he walked past her.

Qin Mu: "..."

Qin Mu's lips moved slightly, but she didn't quite know how to respond to that comment. Thinking back to last night... Heh.

The two of them entered the dining room together, and as soon as they sat down, Mu Yichen heard Huanhuan's cheerful voice: "Daddy, Mommy, good morning!"

Mu Yichen looked up and saw Huanhuan grinning at him.

Qin Mu raised her eyes to see their daughter's rosy cheeks...

Mu Yichen couldn't keep up his serious demeanor; without thinking, he let out a slight smile.

Qin Mu looked at the father and daughter duo, suddenly feeling a bit dazed.

"Can someone explain to me what's going on here?"

Qin Mu asked in a commanding tone.

"Mommy, can I marry Daddy when I grow up?"

Huanhuan gripped her spoon tightly in her hand, her lovely big eyes staring unblinkingly at Qin Mu.

Feng Fanghua: "..."

Mu Zihao: "..."

Qin Mu: "Absolutely not!"

Reality can be harsh.

Upon hearing her mommy's response, Huanhuan's face immediately fell with disappointment.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao, watching from the side, felt like this little girl might be growing up.

"Your daddy is Mommy's husband. You, on the other hand, will have to wait until you grow up to find your own husband to marry. Understand?"

Qin Mu thought it was time to fulfill her motherly duties. Patiently, she feigned good temper as she explained to her daughter.

But in reality, Qin Mu was thinking: You little rascal, trying to snatch my man? Do you not want to live anymore?

"Oh!"

Huanhuan seemed to half understand, nodding her head at her beloved mommy.

"Actually, not marrying is okay too."

Mu Yichen leaned back in his chair, not in a hurry to start eating. Those words reflexively slipped out of his mouth, softly, even lightly.

Everyone at the table heard it, except for Huanhuan.

"So you'll let her stay home and be an old maid?"

Qin Mu asked.

"These days, women who are independent don't necessarily have to get married."

Mu Yichen turned to her, seriously explaining to his wife.

"Oh? And what if she runs into someone as domineering as you, Mr. Mu—a man who insists on dragging her to the marriage registry?"

Qin Mu's sharp eyes seemed to gaze at him softly, her voice sounding calm and indifferent. But as she rattled off her words, there was an unmistakable stubbornness in her tone.

Chapter 950: Mrs. Mu is in good physical condition_2

And truly, it left the man sitting beside her at a loss for words.

Yes, President Mu had indeed taken a woman to the civil registry to get married.

"Huanhuan's situation is different from yours."

Mu Yichen thought for a moment and spoke honestly.

"Oh? Then Qingxin's situation must be the same as Huanhuan's, right?"

Qin Mu asked patiently, not at all discouraged.

Mu Yichen, however, was nearly infuriated to the point of a stomachache by her persistence.

"Mrs. Mu, must you insist on arguing this point with me this morning?"

President Mu furrowed his brows in mild frustration but still spoke in a composed manner.

"Time to eat! Time to eat! You two arguing is driving me crazy!"

Feng Fanghua tapped the table lightly twice with her chopsticks.

Qin Mu picked up her bowl, saying, "Mom says it's time to eat, so let's eat first."

Mu Yichen took a deep breath and thought to himself, 'As a man, I won't stoop to argue with this unreasonable woman,' and thus lowered his head to eat.

Huanhuan watched her parents being so adorably bickering, and without realizing it, she ate while letting her mind wander whimsically.

After dinner, the proud couple went their separate ways, simply due to a disagreement over a few words.

When Mu Yichen arrived at the office, Jing Feng was already waiting for him.

"Why do you look so serious?"

Mu Yichen noted, lighting a cigarette, his gaze slightly sharp as he looked at Jing Feng.

The two of them stood by the window. Jing Feng had his hands on his hips, gazing outside, his eyes carrying a trace of coolness.

Mu Yichen kept one hand in his pocket while holding the cigarette with the other, squinting at the glowing tip between his fingers.

"Jing Qing wants to come back."

Jing Feng finally said it, trying his best to keep his tone light and unbothered.

Mu Yichen's eyes lowered, making it impossible to discern the chill hidden in them.

Even though he and Mrs. Mu had gone their separate ways after breakfast, Mu Yichen had been in a good mood earlier, finding his wife a bit like a fiery chili pepper—full of flavor and zest.

It wasn't until this moment that his good mood soured.

Though perhaps "soured" was the wrong word.

He raised his eyes to look at Jing Feng. "Wasn't she supposed to be dead?"

When he uttered those words, the iciness in his tone was so sharp, as if she truly were dead to him.

"It's been so long!"

Jing Feng turned to look at him, trying his hardest to reason with him.

But Mu Yichen let out a cold laugh, his sharp eyes narrowing slightly as he glanced at Jing Feng, exuding a faint aura of mystery. "It's been so long? So what—you're telling me the dead can come back to life?"

"Yichen, you know it was just a matter of expediency."

"No, I don't know."

"Do you want her to spend her entire life wandering without a place to call home?"

Jing Feng asked again, facing Mu Yichen's cold indifference. He understood Mu Yichen's emotions, but he hoped Mu Yichen would remember the bonds they had shared throughout the years.

"Jing Feng! I won't take that risk! Tell Jing Qing that for the rest of this life, I'll regard her as dead! Additionally—"

Mu Yichen spoke those ruthless words and then paused momentarily.

"Additionally what?"

Jing Feng asked in a low, displeased tone.

"With her capabilities, she can take on a new name, a new identity, and still shine brightly somewhere else! What here is so worth her longing for? A man who doesn't love her? A family that forced her to fake her death to hide her identity? If she's regained her sanity, share these words with her—she'll understand."

Mu Yichen stared at the ash on the tip of his cigarette as he spoke. When he finished, the atmosphere in the room turned icy, like the dead of winter.

Jing Feng could say no more, for he had never been able to persuade Mu Yichen on matters like these.

"Fine."

Jing Feng responded and left.

Mu Yichen leaned against the window, finishing his cigarette slowly.

He wasn't in a hurry to finish it, just as he wasn't in a hurry to shower his wife with affection.

However, anyone who might endanger his wife or bring her distress would be gone from his life for good, never to return.

On her way back to the studio, Qin Mu spotted a familiar car on the road. She couldn't shake the feeling that she recognized it—the car itself, and even the license plate—but for the moment, she couldn't remember who it belonged to.

She only felt certain that it must belong to a woman!

That afternoon, she met Wen Runuan for soup at AM, and once again, in the restroom, she brushed past that figure. Qin Mu's heart skipped a beat.

That woman's silhouette...

Qin Mu stopped at the restroom door, turning to gaze long and hard at that retreating figure.

She could hear her own heartbeat becoming erratic. That silhouette felt overwhelmingly familiar.

Could it be... someone coming back from the dead?

When Qin Mu returned to the table, Wen Runuan had just finished taking a call. She set down her phone and looked up at Qin Mu, noticing instantly that she seemed a bit shaken.