

His Beloved 951

Chapter 951: Mrs. Mu is in good physical condition_3

"Seen a ghost?"

Wen Runuan joked lightly.

"Maybe!"

Qin Mu's gaze flickered a bit, her smile tinged with insincerity.

"Huh?"

Wen Runuan froze.

"Let's eat!"

Fortunately, the waiter arrived with their dishes, allowing Qin Mu to divert the topic.

Wen Runuan noticed she wasn't keen on discussing further and didn't pry into her privacy, instead serving herself some soup.

"I love this fish soup from your hotel's chef. It's especially fresh and purer compared to other hotels' soups."

Wen Runuan commented, taking a sip of her soup.

"If Mu always heard this, he'd probably be puffed up with pride."

Qin Mu suddenly thought of that man who can barely handle compliments.

But Mu Yichen isn't just bad at receiving compliments; he's also not great with small talk.

In short, he's a super petty man. Thinking back to this morning, when he was at a loss for words, he didn't even properly say goodbye before heading to work. Oh, so frustrating!

Thus, today's meal was going on Mu always bill.

"Is Mu always really such an easily proud person?"

Wen Runuan's clear eyes looked at her as she spoke casually.

"Of course!"

Qin Mu admitted immediately.

"Do you know what his image is in the eyes of outsiders?"

Wen Runuan asked.

Qin Mu put down her spoon, clasped her hands lightly, and said calmly, her eyes flickering slightly: "Cold as an iceberg, devoid of human sentiment, arrogant and self-centered!"

Wen Runuan: "..."

"Got it all right, didn't I?"

Qin Mu asked upon seeing Wen Runuan's expression.

"Not entirely! For example, I don't feel that way."

Wen Runuan shook her head and replied softly.

"Let's hear it!"

Qin Mu picked up her spoon again.

"In my eyes, he's cold as an iceberg, but it depends on who he's with. For instance, he doesn't show the same demeanor to everyone—like to you."

Qin Mu lowered her head slightly, acknowledging her point.

"He's not personable, but when dealing with strangers, what's the need to show courtesy? For instance, if someone who's perfectly healthy comes begging to you, would you casually hand him a few hundred bucks?"

"Makes sense!"

Qin Mu nodded in agreement.

"As for being self-centered, there's an old saying: 'Birds of a feather flock together.' What do you think?"

Wen Runuan posed the question to Qin Mu again.

Qin Mu had just taken two sips of soup but then set her spoon down and sighed resignedly, "Miss Wen, you're obviously here to defend Mu always, aren't you? Why do all his flaws seem to be rationalized in your perspective?"

"You know I'm not defending him—just stating the truth."

Wen Runuan spoke earnestly yet remained gentle.

Qin Mu shook her head helplessly, unable to stifle a laugh.

It was rare for Qin Mu to think about Mu Yichen so rationally. After all, spending every day together hardly allowed her to reflect on why he acted the way he did.

Most of the time, it was complaints, bickering, or the occasional cold war.

But Wen Runuan's explanation today made Qin Mu suddenly feel that Mu was, perhaps, not that bad after all, though he remained arrogant and difficult.

"You know, you and your husband share one common characteristic—pride. Although the reasons for your pride differ."

Wen Runuan remarked and then returned to savoring her soup.

Qin Mu didn't argue because she knew herself well to be someone with a strong sense of dignity. But she found herself seeing Wen Runuan in a different light now.

"Are all actors as perceptive as you? Is it because of the long hours spent analyzing characters that you've developed a habit of instinctively reading others?"

"It's related!"

Wen Runuan nodded and didn't deny it.

Qin Mu was a little spooked by this casual response.

She thought to herself she should probably keep fewer actor friends in the future.

Speaking of actors, she recalled someone, and an inexplicable wave of anxiety washed over her again, her brows furrowing uncontrollably.

"Speaking of analyzing scripts, Jing Qing is actually quite skilled as an actress. If..."

Wen Runuan abruptly chuckled and trailed off.

Perhaps it's fate. If Jing Qing were not just a good actress but also a good person, she might not have had such a big opportunity to shine afterward.

"Let's finish this bowl of soup and keep moving forward."

Wen Runuan suddenly raised her bowl to avoid delving further into a sensitive topic.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh, her eyes curving into crescents.

After finishing their meal, they planned to leave together when Qin Mu's phone rang. She opened her bag, pulled out the phone, and noticed the name "Dear Husband" on the screen. Her brows lifted involuntarily as she answered, instinctively glancing upstairs.

"Come upstairs for a moment; it's important."

"Okay!"

Qin Mu listened to the steady voice, sensing that it might indeed be serious. Though she couldn't fully trust her intuition, if it turned out to be wrong, Mu Yichen would be in for trouble.

"Mu always calling for you?"

Wen Runuan released her arm.

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu sighed lightly, helplessly.

"Then I'll head out on my own. We'll touch base later?"

"Alright! Take it slow on the way."

Qin Mu reminded her.

After Wen Runuan left, Qin Mu went upstairs. Mu Yichen stood at the corridor above, saying nothing as he watched her approach, his gaze fixed intently on a spot downstairs.

Qin Mu walked up, feeling he was putting on a mysterious air, but she reflexively looked in the direction he was staring.

Qin Mu...

"It's her! Jing Feng told me today she'd be coming back, but I didn't expect her to show up today."

Mu Yichen's voice was flat, so calm it seemed he had no interest in the woman chatting with her friends downstairs.

Qin Mu held her breath for a moment before she finally spoke, "Not today; she's probably been back for days."

Jing Qing's long hair was curled now, making her look more intellectual—like a goddess even.

But...

The couple's expressions were visibly uncomfortable, and Mu Yichen narrowed his eyes slightly before looking down at her: "A few days?"

"Including earlier in the restroom, this should be the fourth time I've run into her."

Qin Mu's gaze lingered on the corner downstairs as she spoke softly.

Mu Yichen: "..."

"Jing Feng told you she was coming back?"

Qin Mu finally looked away.

"Mm!"

Mu Yichen responded.

"Jing Feng sure goes to great lengths for that sister of his."

Qin Mu suddenly felt a pang of disappointment, though she had long since grown used to the extent Jing Feng would go for Jing Qing.

Chapter 952: can we do it one more time, please?

And she had already made an agreement with Jing Feng: no matter what happened or who it was, actions taken to protect someone important to the other party must not lead to resentment toward that party's significant other.

"Is she planning to come back and start over?"

As if she had merely gone abroad for two years of leisure, then returned to resume life as normal.

Qin Mu asked Mu Yichen with a hint of confusion, while Mu Yichen lowered his gaze: "No idea!"

He truly didn't know, but he thought that Jing Qing probably wouldn't stay long.

"How about going upstairs for a nap?"

Mu Yichen suggested, his demeanor this time lacking the arrogance of earlier, his eyes seeming to plead with her.

Qin Mu gazed up at him for a moment, then lowered her head as he wrapped his arm around her shoulder and led her toward the elevator.

At that moment, in the corner downstairs, Jing Qing—who had been chatting with her friends—turned her head and glanced upstairs, though all she saw was the side profile of the two.

"Everyone thought you were dead. How about throwing a gathering? Let your friends know you're back?"

"No! Just you knowing is enough. I've come back for my mother's birthday, and as soon as her celebration is over tonight, I'll leave right away."

At that time, it would feel as though she had never returned to this city.

Her friend couldn't help but feel sorrowful: "Jing Qing, back then..."

"Don't talk about the past. I made plenty of mistakes back then, didn't I? I just want to start over abroad."

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Evening!

Qiao Yi, Zhao Huai, and Jiang Zhiyuan all brought their girlfriends to the Jing Family residence to celebrate Jing Feng's mother's birthday. While they had already heard that Jing Qing was there, they were still shocked upon seeing her in person.

Jiang Zhiyuan's expression nearly collapsed: "Jing... Jing Qing?"

"It's me!"

Jing Qing replied softly, awkward yet still polite, offering him a reserved smile.

She glanced briefly at the girl sitting beside him and gave a slight nod.

However, her reaction was visibly stiff when looking at Zhao Huai and Xiaomei. Her smile appeared forced, especially when she noticed the way Xiaomei was looking at her—it brought back memories of the past. By the time her gaze moved to Qiao Yi, Jing Qing's breathing became faintly uneven.

"Qiao Yi, long time no see."

Qiao Yi didn't speak, simply locking his eyes on her deeply before finally, with difficulty, giving her a small nod.

Xi Meng stood beside Qiao Yi. She knew that Qiao Yi had harbored feelings for Jing Qing for many years, so she wasn't surprised by his reaction—it felt, to her, like she was merely there fulfilling her boss's orders.

"Secretary Xi, long time no see as well!"

Jing Qing greeted her, seemingly unaware of the history that later unfolded between Xi Meng and Qiao Yi.

"Hmm!"

Xi Meng returned a faint smile, slightly nodding in acknowledgment.

"I hadn't expected all you youngsters to have girlfriends. Come, sit down."

Jing Feng's mother emerged, having dressed up especially for the occasion, and cheerfully welcomed them to the dining area.

"Where are Yichen and his wife?"

Jing Feng's mother inquired. Due to interactions with Helian Hao, her relationship with Qin Mu had improved considerably over time, and she genuinely missed her.

"Oh! She and Yichen had to head out of town for some business. But they made sure to send gifts with us to wish you happiness as vast as the ocean and everlasting beauty."

Zhao Huai promptly responded, then turned to Xiaomei. Xiaomei handed over a large box to the family's housekeeper, who stepped forward to assist.

"You're all so thoughtful. It's wonderful that you were able to come today. Your uncle's out on a business trip and couldn't make it back, yet those two still managed to coordinate inviting all of you. Now, come on—dig in."

The table was laden with various exquisite dishes befitting a celebratory feast. Being there to honor her birthday, the young guests ensured the atmosphere didn't grow awkward; Jiang Zhiyuan, in particular, kept Jing Feng's mother entertained with his wit and charm, making her laugh frequently.

Helian Hao leaned in to whisper to Jing Feng: "Is he a savior sent by Buddha himself?"

Jing Feng listened to his wife's remark with amusement and smiled wryly.

Indeed, if not for Jiang Zhiyuan, this dinner might have been unbearable.

Eventually, they excused themselves to go out together, taking Jing Qing along with them.

Jing Feng's mother and Helian Hao stood at the front door. Jing Feng's mother turned to Helian Hao: "Was this Yichen's idea?"

"I'm not entirely sure myself."

Helian Hao didn't know how to respond, yet seeing her mother-in-law so disheartened left her with pangs of guilt.

"How could you not know? That boy—he's ruthless when he acts!"

Jing Feng's mother gave a bitter smile, raising her gaze courageously even though there was nothing left to see.

The luxury car heading to the airport was enveloped in silence.

Jing Feng drove personally, while Jiang Zhiyuan had voluntarily opted to sit in the back seat so Jing Qing could take the front.

"The two of you siblings might as well treat me as transparent."

Jiang Zhiyuan had sent his girlfriend home earlier, so for now, the car held only the three of them.

Chapter 953: can we do it one time again, please?

In the back, Zhao Huai drove himself, carrying Xiaomei, while Qiao Yi and Xi Meng were in another car.

Xi Meng actually thought Qiao Yi would sit in the front car, but unexpectedly, he stayed in this one willingly.

"Why didn't you go to the front car?"

Xi Meng couldn't help but ask, even as her eyes were fixed on the moonlit scenery outside.

Qiao Yi slightly lifted his eyes to glance at the partial side of the woman's face in the rearview mirror, then asked back, "And what if I went to the front? We're just under orders to watch her leave."

Only then did Xi Meng turn to look at him, opened her mouth slightly in doubt, but then closed it and looked out the window again.

"She once said that as long as I let her be with Yichen, she would do anything with me."

Qiao Yi suddenly spoke to her.

Xi Meng held her breath, only raising her hand to gently touch her lips, staring out the window, not uttering another word.

The atmosphere in the car seemed to turn a bit strange.

"But with a woman who doesn't love me, what can I do?"

Qiao Yi said to himself.

Xi Meng's breathing remained restrained, just quietly listening to him continue.

"Xi Meng, are you really going to get married?"

"On the tenth of next month!"

Xi Meng said, then as if remembering something, lowered her head, opened her bag, took out a small box, opened it, and put on a ring: "Look! From my fiancé."

The car suddenly made an emergency stop on the road.

The people in the front car heard the sound, turned their heads to take a look, then continued on. Zhao Huai complained, "Qiao Yi must be tired of living."

"Why do you say that?"

Xiaomei asked curiously, her big eyes looking at Zhao Huai.

Every time Zhao Huai felt looked at like that, he had a feeling of being eaten alive, so he just glanced at her and continued driving, even speeding up to overtake Jing Feng and the others.

In the chill of the autumn night, several cars drove with some distance between them.

"Damn! What's that kid doing? Heads over heels to be reincarnated?"

Jiang Zhiyuan, sitting in the back, couldn't help but straighten up to look ahead.

Jing Feng said nothing, having already said everything he needed to to Jing Qing in the morning.

But it was Jing Qing who asked, "Zhao Huai is dating that girl named Xiaomei?"

"Didn't they not work out? Said there was no chemistry, and now they're just buddies, but if some occasion calls for a pair, they make do."

Jiang Zhiyuan mumbled in the back.

"And what about Qiao Yi? Does he have a girlfriend now?"

Jing Qing's eyes slightly lifted, looking at the rearview mirror.

"He did, the one together with him, but..."

Jiang Zhiyuan subconsciously glanced back and then uttered in surprise: "Weird, what's up with those two? Falling behind?"

"Call them and ask!"

Only then did Jing Feng finally speak up.

Jiang Zhiyuan stopped explaining to Jing Qing but dialed Qiao Yi's number. At that moment, Qiao Yi was annoyedly pressing Xi Meng down, about to devour her.

Xi Meng was so nervous that her heart almost stopped until his phone rang in his pocket.

"What's up with you two?"

"You guys go ahead!"

Qiao Yi irritably answered and hung up, then sat back in his seat.

Xi Meng felt it was a false alarm, sweating out of fright. Her hand rested beside her as the seat slowly returned to its original position, and she quietly sat there, holding her breath.

"What's wrong with them?"

In that car, Jing Qing asked the man in the back again, even turning her head to take a look.

"Damn! Maybe they're planning to have car sex."

The tone of Qiao Yi sounded like he was annoyed at being interrupted, which made Jiang Zhiyuan suspicious.

Jing Qing...

"If you dare spew nonsense again, Jiang Zhiyuan, get out of the car."

Jing Feng, embarrassed and angry, coldly reminded him.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"Sorry, sorry, but I've never hidden anything from Jing Qing since we were kids. Jing Qing, it's alright, right?"

Jiang Zhiyuan said, slightly tilting his head to glance at the woman in the passenger seat.

Jing Qing then realized that Qiao Yi had already found someone else he liked.

The man who used to be willing to do anything for her had finally found someone else.

"That's good!"

So, she ignored the words "car sex" and merely uttered those three words softly.

There was a slight bitterness in her heart, but she could still hold it back.

Just as Mu Yichen said, she planned to start her life anew in another place.

She thought that in the future, she would also meet a man who would love her to the bone, willing to stay by her side for decades, no matter how much she rejected him.

Chapter 954: can we do it one more time, please?_3

She thought, there would always be a day like this.

Jing Qing was gone.

A few people stood in the airport lounge, watching the plane take off into the night sky, all silent.

"Let's go back, too!"

Jing Feng was the first to leave, driving away on his own.

Jiang Zhiyuan had come in the same car as Zhao Huai; the two of them lived in the same neighborhood.

But on the way back...

"How about I call my own ride back?"

Xiaomei stood to the side, glancing at Jiang Zhiyuan sitting in the passenger seat. Somehow, she felt like a third wheel, intruding on the private time of the two men.

"Does your arm not hurt anymore? You even have the energy to call for a cab?"

Zhao Huai grabbed her arm and walked her to the front, opening the passenger door and yanking the man who was about to buckle up out of the seat. In Jiang Zhiyuan's disbelief—his eyes practically popping out—Zhao Huai shoved Xiaomei into the passenger seat instead.

"What the hell!"

Jiang Zhiyuan glared at him in disdain.

Zhao Huai shut the car door for Xiaomei, then rested a hand on Jiang Zhiyuan's shoulder. "How about you ride with Qiao Yi? We all live close enough anyway."

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"I'll go drop off Xi Meng. You guys go ahead and leave first!"

As Qiao Yi's car pulled up beside them, both Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai turned their heads in surprise—only to see Qiao Yi roll up his window and drive off without a second word.

"Son of a b—"

Jiang Zhiyuan clenched his teeth and barely stopped himself from swearing aloud.

Zhao Huai awkwardly scratched the back of his head. "How about you jump in, and I'll drop her off first? Then we'll head back together."

"Forget it. I've got other places to be!"

Jiang Zhiyuan shot him a fierce glare, snapped in irritation, and refused to look at him again.

"Thanks, man, you're the best!"

Zhao Huai suddenly flashed him a sly smile.

"Weren't you the one who said it was just a 'bro thing'...?"

Jiang Zhiyuan still felt a lump of frustration lodged in his chest. But when he turned his head again, Zhao Huai had already gotten in the car.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

In his head, he cursed them all. Just you all wait, every single one of you! Not taking me seriously, huh? Hmph.

Jiang Zhiyuan wasn't going to call a cab. Instead, he immediately dialed that woman who had left earlier.
"Are you home yet?"

"Mm!"

The girl clearly was already home—it had been so long, after all.

"Do you believe me if I say I can't get a cab here at the airport?"

Jiang Zhiyuan sighed helplessly, lifting a hand to pinch the bridge of his nose, wondering how she could possibly buy such a ridiculous excuse.

"I believe you."

To his surprise, her voice came through the phone calm but firm, just one simple word.

Jiang Zhiyuan froze completely, his hand slowly lowering from his nose. Then, out of curiosity, he asked, "Uh... so..."

"So what? Do you want me to pick you up?"

Her voice remained composed, unruffled.

Jiang Zhiyuan felt as if something had grabbed hold of his heart—pinching it tightly. Agitated but helpless, he scratched his head, looked around, and finally forced himself to say, "Yeah! Are you free?"

"I am."

On this cold autumn evening, with the chilly wind leaving him shivering slightly, Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly felt as if it were spring, warm and comforting.

Holy sh*t.

It didn't feel real!

Jiang Zhiyuan raised a hand and slapped himself hard across the face. The sting made him wince in pain.

Not a dream.

— —

When Jing Feng got home, Helian Hao was still waiting for him. Seeing the dull look on his face, she got out of bed, grabbed his coat, and asked, "Was she sent off? Did Jing Qing put up any resistance?"

"I conveyed what Yichen said to her this morning. She obediently boarded the plane."

Under so many pairs of watchful eyes.

Helian Hao nodded. "I'll run you a bath. Have a soak and then get some rest."

"No need. I'll just take a quick shower. Wait for me."

He was clearly exhausted but didn't want to take a bath. Seeing the worry in Helian Hao's eyes, he finally managed to force a small smile.

As if no matter how soothing a soak in the tub might be, it couldn't compare to holding her in his arms and sleeping peacefully for a single night.

Helian Hao climbed back into bed, waiting for him.

In the meantime, she picked up her phone and sent Qin Mu a message.

Helian Hao's mood was heavy, partly because of her mother-in-law, partly because of Jing Feng. She knew that both he and Jing Qing loved Jing Qing.

Jing Qing's father had used a "business trip" as an excuse to avoid returning home these past few days—it was merely a way of sidestepping the awkward situation between Mu Yichen and his daughter. He had long foreseen this outcome and didn't want to face the inevitable separation after a short reunion.

Qin Mu was lying in bed, scrolling through gossip on her phone, when a WeChat message popped up, pulling her away from the gossip circle.

Dr. Good: "She's been sent off. Jing Feng just got home."

Big Mumu: "Mm. You should get some early rest, too."

Dr. Good: "Mumu..."

Helian Hao wanted to tell her how Jing Feng's mother was actually feeling rather down tonight, but after thinking about it, she deleted the words she had typed and simply replied, "Goodnight!"

After receiving Helian Hao's goodnight message, Qin Mu turned over in bed.

Mu Yichen had just stepped out of the bathroom. Lying on his side of the bed, she peered at his well-toned physique and couldn't help but sigh. "Do men with such great bodies have a secret?"

"Mm. Lots of exercise."

Mu Yichen answered succinctly as he climbed into bed.

Qin Mu doubted his definition of "exercise," unsure which kind he meant.

"Xiaohao said Jing Qing has left."

Qin Mu spoke softly. As soon as he lay down, she moved closer to him.

"She just up and left like that!"

Qin Mu suddenly laughed, though there was a hint of sadness in her tone. Thinking back on everything, the memories were deeply painful.

It felt like a thorn in her heart—one you didn't notice until you touched it, and then the pain was sharp enough to make you want to scream.

"Isn't that better?"

"Of course it's better!"

But that night, she couldn't seem to fall asleep, tossing and turning with insomnia.

"If you keep tossing around, I might act again."

Mu Yichen pulled her close, holding her tightly to stop her from moving.

Resting in his broad embrace, with warmth enveloping her entire back, and feeling the contrast in temperature below, she suddenly licked her lips and rolled over. "How about one more time?"

Mu Yichen...

"Can you still manage?"

Qin Mu looked up at him with a flirtatious yet teasing gaze.

Mu Yichen...

What man could handle such provocation? Especially since tonight, he had been holding back, seeing that she was upset and wanted to finish quickly.

"Still manage? Mrs. Mu, why not reach out and see for yourself?"

Mu Yichen flipped over, half-pressing her down as he spoke in a low voice.

Qin Mu...

Chapter 955: As expected, not bad

As expected, not bad!

Qin Mu's face started to flush a little because of President Mu's greatness, and she quickly shifted her attention and climbed onto him.

For a long time, President Mu wouldn't let her on top. Later, once he wasn't so domineering anymore, Qin Mu felt she needed to be careful about what she said in certain aspects.

— —

The next morning, after a meeting, Mu Yichen returned to his office and was blocked by Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan. Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't help but complain, "So, Chen Shao, about the Jing Qing matter, don't you think you and your wife went too far?"

"Did we? I don't think so!"

Mu Yichen sat in the chair behind his desk, then looked up at the two people on the sofa.

"You didn't go to the Jing Family last night and didn't see Aunt Jing pretending to be happy. Does it really need to be like this after all these years?"

Qiao Yi also felt a bit of injustice for Jing Qing.

"Once you've experienced what I've been through, come talk to me about necessity."

Mu Yichen leaned over to open the cigarette box on the desk, pulled out a cigarette, lit it, squinted his eyes, took a hard drag, and then looked through the thin mist at the two of them.

In this world, there's never really a question of necessity, only inevitability.

"We haven't been through what you've been through, and everyone's life experiences are different. But Yichen, Jing Qing did grow up with us, and she's realized the mistake she made back then."

Qiao Yi continued to speak.

Jiang Yan, smoking beside them, felt the atmosphere was a bit off.

Mu Yichen also got up, walked over to the sofa to sit with them, then squinted his eyes and laughed, "Probably she grew up with you, but the one who grew up with me was clearly Mrs. Mu."

"Cough cough cough..."

Jiang Zhiyuan was choked by smoke and couldn't catch his breath.

Qiao Yi also suddenly found himself speechless.

"Honestly, I don't understand why you two are standing up for her. If she's truly realized her mistake, she shouldn't have come back secretly. And as far as I know, it's not the first time she's returned, right?"

As he spoke, his hand with the cigarette slightly flicked, his suave sword-like eyebrows raised slightly, and his eyes dark as ink.

Immediately, the surroundings quieted down.

And Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi exchanged glances.

"Besides, this was solely my decision and had nothing to do with Mrs. Mu."

Seeing that they were unable to refute, Mu Yichen clarified again.

"Are you saying Xiaomu didn't know you asked us to get rid of Jing Qing?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked incredulously.

"She found out later!"

Mu Yichen's eyes lifted slightly.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

"Whether she knew or not, didn't she share the same sentiment as you?"

Qiao Yi asked, feeling that Mu Yichen was shielding Qin Mu, as always.

"Yes! Do you guys expect her to be forgiving towards Jing Qing? A wife whose husband was pursued using all sorts of underhanded tactics to tear them apart—should this wife be magnanimous?"

Mu Yichen continued to voice his doubt.

If Qin Mu were really that much of a saint, then Mu Yichen wouldn't care for her.

"But you, after so many years, are still speaking for her. 'You deserve to watch Xi Meng marry someone else.'

Mu Yichen saw Qiao Yi's serious expression and couldn't help but mock him. That last sentence was indeed a bit harsh.

Qiao Yi: "..."

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

"Hey, hey, hey, brothers, let's chat, but no personal attacks."

Jiang Zhiyuan, with his big eyes watching their confrontational stances, quickly raised his hands to block their line of sight, reminding them.

"I deserve it! But do you really think you and Qin Mu can keep going on so well? Don't forget about your two temperaments; who knows how far it'll take you."

Qiao Yi, suppressing his almost-explosive anger, squeezed those words through his teeth.

Jiang Zhiyuan, feeling like he'd been pricked, quickly stood up a bit, "Can we end this topic here?"

At this time, the two men were already facing each other, like they were in a silent sword duel with their stares, as if the raised swords were about to pierce each other's hearts deeply.

Later, when Qiao Yi left his office, Jiang Zhiyuan hurried out to catch up, taking the chance to remind Mu Yichen, "Why did you have to provoke him like that? Last night, Xi Meng showed him an engagement ring from another man."

Xi Meng, carrying a pile of documents, came back from outside, just as Qiao Yi was waiting for the elevator. The two of them, one inside and one outside, locked eyes.

Chapter 956: Indeed, not bad_2

"Not coming out?"

Qiao Yi suddenly asked, in a notably cold tone.

Xi Meng was furious, but somehow couldn't muster the energy to explode. She sluggishly came out with the documents in her hands, while he went inside and pressed the button for the floor.

"Hey, hey, hey, wait for me!"

Jiang Zhiyuan quickly ran over to block the elevator and turned back to say to Xi Meng, "I just got into a fight in Yichen's office, don't take anything to heart, alright?"

Xi Meng: "..."

She's about to marry someone else; what's the point of getting affected by him?

Xi Meng turned and walked toward the president's office.

Meanwhile, after the elevator door closed, Jiang Zhiyuan glared fiercely at Qiao Yi: "Are you out of your mind?"

Qiao Yi said nothing and merely lowered his head, clutching his waist.

When the elevator opened and both stepped out, Jing Feng suddenly turned toward the elevator doors and kicked them violently: "I'm such a damn idiot pig!"

There were quite a few people in the lobby. Upon hearing Qiao Tezhu's shout, everyone instinctively turned to stare at him.

But Qiao Yi was burning with rage and had no time to care about the stares.

In fact, Jiang Zhiyuan was also startled. He couldn't help but blink hard.

Because he thought he might burst out laughing once he truly processed everything, yet he dared not laugh; otherwise, Qiao Yi might slice him in half in the blink of an eye.

"But aren't you supposed to be working? Didn't you say you'd cover for Yichen at a lunch meeting?"

"Lunch meeting my ass!"

Jiang Zhiyuan...

After stepping out of the office building, Qiao Yi returned on his own less than half an hour later.

And by noon, he was already accompanying clients in a high-end private room at AM.

And Xi Meng was there too!

Jiang Zhiyuan called Qin Mu to invite her for a meal but absolutely did not expect what Jiang Zhiyuan would later say to her.

"Xiaomu, do you know that because of you, Qiao Yi and Yichen almost got into a fight?"

The two of them had arranged to meet at a nearby western restaurant close to Qin Mu's exclusive JY shop.

Qin Mu was getting ready to properly finish her steak and had even deliberately put on the demeanor of a poised lady, as it was her first formal meal with her husband's friend.

But upon hearing Jiang Zhiyuan's words, her expression immediately changed, and she quipped mischievously, "Isn't Qiao Yi chasing Xi Meng? Hasn't he gotten over Jing Qing yet?"

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

"I just hope Xi Meng didn't go along last night, otherwise he might really lose Xi Meng."

Qin Mu glanced at his dumbfounded face and casually added.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

Seeing his utterly stupefied look, Qin Mu put down her knife and fork and seriously asked him, "Don't you understand that women despise men who are indecisive and fickle-minded?"

Jiang Zhiyuan blankly shook his head, as though earnestly seeking wisdom from a mentor.

Qin Mu sighed and, seeing his desire to listen, decided to explain further.

"Did Qiao Yi take Xi Meng to the Jing Family last night?"

Qin Mu asked.

"Yes! And guess what, your big brother took someone too last night."

Qin Mu hadn't had a chance to connect with her friends today, so she didn't know what had happened last night. She merely nodded after hearing him: "Who's the girl this time?"

"Someone you've met. The one I brought over when you were pregnant."

As Jiang Zhiyuan said this, he couldn't help but blink nervously, anxious about how Qin Mu might respond.

"Oh! That Miss An! She's quite good!"

Qin Mu nodded slowly. She had a favorable impression of Miss An—steady and a perfect match for Jiang Zhiyuan.

"Big brother wants to give Miss An a gift. What do you think I should get her? How about picking out a dress from your shop? You've got great taste; could you help me choose one?"

"Sure thing!"

Qin Mu blinked, thinking this was a no-brainer.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

He'd originally expected Qin Mu to say something cool like she didn't have time, or that he wasn't good enough for her.

But instead, she was cooperative, causing a flicker of excitement within him.

"Since we're nearby, let's head over after lunch and pick out a nice coat—there's even a couple's set."

Qin Mu picked up her knife and fork again, cutting into the meat as she spoke.

Jiang Zhiyuan felt like his heart was racing—he was absolutely thrilled: "Great, great, great! Lunch is on me, eat to your heart's content. If it's not enough, we'll order more."

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh lightly and teased, "At the start, were you planning to make me pay?"

"Not at all!—So let's get back to the topic of Qiao Yi. You just mentioned he's likely to lose Xi Meng. Does Xi Meng really care so much about his past crushes?"

Jiang Zhiyuan truly seemed concerned, but once his own troubles were resolved, his thoughts pivoted back to his good friend's situation.

Chapter 957: Indeed, not bad_3

"But didn't you say Qiao Yi almost got into a fight with Mu Yichen because of Jing Qing? That means Jing Qing isn't exactly a thing of the past yet. If Xi Meng saw all the reactions Qiao Yi had because of Jing Qing, as you mentioned, then Xi Meng must be feeling very disheartened."

"Guess what? She actually saw everything!"

Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't help but let out a laugh, looking almost dumbfounded.

Qin Mu...

"Last night, Qiao Yi, Zhao Huai, and I all brought women along. I heard that when they returned last night, Xi Meng showed Qiao Yi the engagement ring from that guy."

"Unless Qiao Yi tells Xi Meng now that he's ready to marry her, maybe there's still a chance. Otherwise, it's definitely over."

Xiaomu shrugged, expression saying that Qiao Yi is truly hopeless.

She had never seen someone so indecisive in relationships before. Does he even have a clear stance at all?

Jiang Zhiyuan quickly used a trip to the restroom to call Qiao Yi: "Do you even have some certainty in your mind? If you like Xi Meng, then propose quickly."

Qiao Yi had just finished clinking glasses with someone when he heard his phone ringing. He took it out of his pocket for a glance. His originally casual gaze instantly turned serious, but he didn't dare look up at the woman beside him.

However...

Xi Meng had just settled into her seat. As she set down her wine glass, her gaze instinctively swept across his hands.

Then she quietly looked away again. She raised her head to chat and joke with the senior executives, though her heart had long been in turmoil. On the surface, she acted like she was just there to get the job done.

Perhaps many couples with feelings are like this—disappointed yet always wanting to give each other another chance, while also giving themselves a chance.

But that chance... is too rare!

Or maybe one side does not love deeply enough, or perhaps destiny is just too shallow.

Jiang Zhiyuan stopped by Qin Mu's place in the afternoon to pick up some clothes, including a freshly released coat.

Jiang Zhiyuan wore that light gray coat to visit An Nan's workplace. When An Nan finished her work and returned to her office, she opened the door and paused in surprise when she saw him: "Why are you here?"

An Nan closed the door casually and walked to her desk to sit down. She looked at the clothes he was wearing, noting that they seemed new, and smiled slightly: "Did you specifically buy new clothes to come see me?"

"Yes! The guys went to support Mu's wife, and I brought you something too."

He reached down to pick up a large box.

An Nan glanced at it and then took it: "They say you shouldn't accept gifts without doing something in return.—But thanks anyway!"

The startled look on Jiang Zhiyuan's face almost gave him heart palpitations. Hearing her say she accepted it, he managed a faint smile, thinking this young lady might be hard to deal with.

Yet...

This woman clearly had an attitude that refused to be outdone by men, which somehow sparked an urge to conquer her.

"Busy today? Want to have dinner after work?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked casually.

"Not today. My mom just came back from abroad, so I need to spend tonight with her. How about lunch tomorrow?"

An Nan thought it over, then seriously suggested.

When Jiang Zhiyuan heard that the mother-in-law would be there, he suddenly held his breath but soon smiled: "Alright! Mother-in-law is important."

"Huh?"

An Nan thought she'd misheard, her expression turning a bit surprised and cute.

"Oh, I mean, spend time with your mom tonight, and we'll plan for tomorrow instead."

Jiang Zhiyuan realized he'd just said the wrong thing and quickly corrected himself.

An Nan adjusted her short hair, sweeping stray locks behind her ear, then smiled faintly.

"Miss An, Mr. Wang wants to know if you can drop him off after work today—his car is in for maintenance."

"Okay!"

An Nan glanced toward the door, responding politely.

Jiang Zhiyuan, however, frowned unconsciously. Just hearing the words "Mr. Wang," he immediately felt like this must be a guy.

"Who's Mr. Wang?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked cautiously.

"A colleague! We live in the same neighborhood."

An Nan found this question amusing but still answered earnestly.

"A man?"

Jiang Zhiyuan's tone faltered slightly on the last two words.

"Yep! Why don't you ask all your questions now and get them over with?"

Seeing his curiosity, An Nan half-jokingly offered to explain her personal situation.

"No, no!"

Jiang Zhiyuan stuffed his hands into his pockets, suddenly questioning whether the coat he gifted was worth it. Could this woman already have a boyfriend?

"I don't have a boyfriend!"

It was as though An Nan had read his thoughts, addressing his downcast, distracted gaze with clarification.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

"But I think I'll have one eventually, right?"

An Nan's eyes were beautiful—calm yet captivating.

Her words, not too heavy nor too light, stirred a sense of urgency in others.

"Of course!"

Jiang Zhiyuan gripped his coat pockets tightly, his brows furrowing to the brink. It felt like this was his first serious attempt at pursuing a girl, and he had no idea how to proceed.

He decided to ask Qin Mu for advice again after leaving. He was determined to win this girl's heart, even if it meant finding a personal love expert.

Indeed! Qin Mu was now his appointed relationship guru.

After Jiang Zhiyuan left, An Nan removed her jacket and took the beautifully folded coat out of the box.

"It's a matching couple's style!"

An Nan couldn't help but bite her lip as she shook the coat open and tried it on.

It felt unexpectedly nice.

It was from the JY brand, featuring a bold and elegant design—the style she liked.

Wearing the coat, An Nan walked to the window, watching as the blue sports car drove away from her company building. She smiled and sighed softly.

An Nan had thought they wouldn't meet again! Lowering her gaze to examine the coat he'd given her, she suddenly felt like meeting again was actually quite nice—and that in this autumn season, she might not feel cold anymore. She looked down at the coat she wore.

As An Nan left work wearing the coat, the dashing Mr. Wang noticed it and couldn't help but ask: "Where did this coat come from?"

"It's from my boyfriend. What do you think?"

An Nan replied casually while heading toward the elevator with him.

Mr. Wang's gaze revealed a mix of surprise and shock, though he forced a laugh.

"Didn't you say you weren't planning to date anyone for the time being?"

"But when you meet someone who feels right, it's a different story."

Stepping into the elevator together, An Nan appeared relaxed, while the man beside her seemed visibly displeased. Mr. Wang had been pursuing her for nearly half a year—her remark about not dating anyone for now had brushed him off. But now...

— —

That evening, Mu Yichen sat at home with little Mu Chenghuan, flipping through picture books. His phone on the couch suddenly buzzed once. With his daughter sitting on his lap, one hand held the book while the other casually grabbed the phone for a glance.

Realizing it wasn't his phone, he was about to put it down when he took a closer look and decided to open it.

It was a WeChat message from Jiang Zhiyuan, surprisingly sent to his wife's phone. Mu Yichen quickly tapped out a reply: "Sent to the wrong person, didn't you?"

Chapter 958: No matter how much he cajoles and wheedles

Jiang Dashao: "Xiaomu, I'm looking for you! Quick, give me some advice. I have to marry this woman no matter what."

Jiang Zhiyuan cracked his knuckles and quickly typed another message to send.

Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis: "Get lost!"

Jiang Zhiyuan had been holding onto his phone the whole time. When he saw another message from Qin Mu, his eyes nearly popped out.

How could his Xiaomu suddenly tell him to get lost?

Jiang Dashao: "Xiaomu, I'm your Brother Zhiyuan!"

Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis: "Are you looking to die?"

Jiang Dashao: "..."

Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis has enabled friend verification. You are not her friend. Please send a verification request first...

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Mu Yichen tossed his phone to the side.

Qin Mu took a shower and then went downstairs to join the father-daughter duo. Huanhuan turned her head, glancing at her dear mother, then obediently said, "Mommy, your phone was ringing just now!"

The Mu family head holding his child...

At this moment, he seriously doubted whether this was his biological daughter. One moment she was professing her love for him, and the next, she was sabotaging him like this.

"Really?"

Qin Mu walked over, picked up her phone, and sat in the single sofa to check it. "Nope, nothing."

Qin Mu instinctively glanced at Mu Yichen. Mu Yichen simply said, "That's it for today. Head upstairs and put yourself to bed."

"But Huanhuan wants to wait for Grandma and Grandpa to come back!"

Huanhuan stubbornly stayed seated on Mu Yichen's lap, refusing to come down.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu kept staring at Mu Yichen, sensing something was off with this guy.

"So, did Mr. Mu touch my phone?"

Qin Mu asked softly.

This evening, the two elders had taken Chengcheng out for dinner, leaving the three of them at home. It was peaceful at first, but then...

"I guarantee that if you read the content, you'll thank me for what I did."

"Oh?"

Qin Mu looked at him with a patient demeanor, ready for his explanation. After all, Mr. Mu seemed genuinely serious.

But just as her "Oh" left her lips, her phone rang.

It was Jiang Zhiyuan. Out of reflex, she answered and put it to her ear. "Hello?"

"What the hell! What's going on? Why did you block me?!"

Jiang Zhiyuan fumed in confusion as he questioned her from his house.

Qin Mu: "..."

Qin Mu's sharp eyes shifted to Mu Yichen, full of composed calmness.

"Daddy will carry you upstairs to rest, okay?"

Mu Yichen lowered his head and gently spoke to his daughter.

Huanhuan immediately decided to stop waiting for Grandma and nodded vigorously.

And so, Mr. Mu carried his daughter upstairs in grand fashion, making a hasty retreat.

Qin Mu sighed helplessly and had no choice but to say, "Just now, it wasn't intentional!"

"Not intentional? Whose voice was that just now? Don't tell me it was Mu Yichen. Ha! So, what did I just say?"

Jiang Zhiyuan, upon hearing Mu Yichen's reserved, smug voice, immediately realized something was amiss.

"Alright, fine! It was your good buddy who blocked you. I was taking a shower at the time."

"Damn it! — I'm hanging up for now. Add me back later. I have something important to discuss with you."

"Okay!"

Jiang Zhiyuan hung up Qin Mu's call and immediately dialed Mu Yichen's number.

However, when Mu Yichen saw Jiang Zhiyuan's name on the screen, he silently switched his phone to mute.

Because if he rejected the call, Jiang Zhiyuan would just keep calling until he picked up. Muting it, on the other hand, solved the issue entirely.

Back in the room with his daughter, when Huanhuan changed her clothes, she firmly instructed, "Daddy, close your eyes!"

"Daddy, can you turn around instead?"

Mu Yichen, standing by the bed with arms crossed, looked at Huanhuan's shy little expression and asked.

"Okay!"

Huanhuan nodded forcefully again.

Mu Yichen turned around and conveniently took out his phone.

Zhiyuan: "Mu Yichen, you bastard!"

Zhiyuan: "Mu Yichen, you're delaying my plans to find a wife. You'd better watch out, or I'll curse you to fight with Xiaomu for the rest of your life."

Zhiyuan: "Mu Yichen, you dare block me? Believe it or not, I'll stir up trouble and have your wife leave you for someone else!"

Mu Yichen read through the WeChat messages and then put his phone back in his pocket.

"Alright, you can turn back now!"

Princess Huanhuan had already slipped into her pajamas and lifted her beautiful little chin, commanding her dear daddy.

Mu Yichen turned around with a helpless expression, yet his gaze was filled with indulgence as he looked at his beloved daughter. "Are we going to sleep now?"

"Mhm!"

Huanhuan nodded.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu was still on the sofa reviewing Jiang Zhiyuan's messages.

Jiang Dashao: "It seems like there's a Manager Wang at her company who's pursuing her."

Jiang Dashao: "She said they live in the same neighborhood!"

Jiang Dashao: "She mentioned not having a boyfriend, but this guy lives in the same neighborhood as her and often gives her rides. I bet this guy is definitely chasing her."

Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis: "Mhm! But the key lies in An Nan's attitude. Didn't she say she doesn't have a boyfriend? And she accepted the coat you gave her, right?"

Chapter 959: No matter how he cajoles and wheedles_2

Jiang Zhiyuan: "Right!"

Qin Mu: "Then she probably has some interest in you, at the very least!"

Jiang Zhiyuan: "Analyze it for me!"

Qin Mu: "First, she's willing to go to the Jing Family's dinner with you! Second, she came all the way to pick you up late at night! Third, she says she doesn't have a boyfriend and even agreed to have dinner with you tomorrow night!"

Jiang Zhiyuan: "So..."

Qin Mu: "So, I think she's likely into you."

Jiang Zhiyuan was so excited he almost dropped his phone. Sitting alone on the couch, he clutched his phone tightly like a fool, laughing so hard he leaned forward and backward, even waving his hands around.

He posted a status on his social media with a screenshot and the caption: "The tables are finally turning for me!"

The screenshot included only the three possible reasons Qin Mu had listed.

But that wasn't the focus. The focus was that Qin Mu discovered her nickname on Jiang Zhiyuan's phone was "Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis." What... the hell is that?

Qin Mu instinctively furrowed her brows.

Mu Yichen was also scrolling through his phone as he came downstairs and naturally saw the social media post: "Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis?"

Mu Yichen walked over and sat beside her, putting an arm around her shoulder. His eyes shifted from his phone to Qin Mu: "So why did you add him back?"

Now, everyone who follows Jiang Zhiyuan's social media knew Qin Mu's nickname on his phone.

"Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis." Who else could it refer to but Qin Mu?

No names needed to be called out.

Qin Mu...

Right, she originally thought that since he'd bought her coat, she might need to explain if the woman didn't like it or clarify something. But now...

What a pointless decision!

"Hmph! Let's see if I ever help him brainstorm again!"

Qin Mu grumbled with a tiny bit of a tantrum.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but chuckle, then pulled her into his arms while looking at that social media post again. He murmured, "But this nickname isn't bad. You really are my little nemesis!"

With Mu Yichen's utterly indescribable expression, Qin Mu...

"Then I suddenly feel like helping him again. But his nickname for you in his phone has to be 'Qin Mu's Big Nemesis.'"

"Why does it have to be 'big'?"

"Because you're big!"

Qin Mu replied casually. Actually, she was referring to age and the contrast to "little," but she didn't expect...

"Oh? I admit to that! Every time, it's big enough to make you howl like a little puppy."

Qin Mu...

"Puppies don't howl like that!"

"Then how about Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis gives me a demonstration of a puppy's bark?"

Mu Yichen shamelessly pressed her, but Qin Mu...

"Woof, woof woof, woof woof woof, I'm gonna bite you to death, Mu Yichen!"

Qin Mu was yelling as she leaned toward him. Then, while he was completely unprepared, thinking she wouldn't actually do anything, Qin Mu suddenly wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pounced on him, aiming for his ear.

Mu Yichen...

He had never met such a cheeky woman. Truly "not cute at all!"

But his reflexes kicked in, and he clamped onto her tightly. The two of them ended up wrestling on the couch.

Eventually, Mu Yichen had her pinned on the couch. By then, both of them were completely out of breath and a little disheveled.

Mu Yichen stared at her with his deep black eyes. His body was scorching hot, ready to explode.

One hand gripped her wrists, while the other moved to unbuckle his belt.

"The weather's really getting cold! I need to have some ginger tea first, or I'll catch a cold tomorrow!"

Feng Fanghua was rubbing her hands as she walked into the house, talking casually.

"Didn't I tell you to wear more layers? At your age, why bother about appearances? Now you're freezing, aren't you?"

Mu Zihao followed behind her, carrying a small child in his arms.

Halfway in, he noticed his wife standing still and not moving. Curiously, he glanced toward the couch.

And there, he saw his precious son and daughter-in-law sitting shoulder-to-shoulder, staring at the TV. But the TV wasn't even on.

So, the atmosphere in the living room...

It felt like the few hundred square meters of space couldn't contain the awkward intimacy.

"What are you two daydreaming about over there?"

Feng Fanghua walked over and sat down, ignoring whether they felt awkward or not. But when she looked up and noticed both Mu Yichen and Qin Mu with flushed faces, she quickly got flustered herself: "Never mind, I'll just go and help my grandson take a bath and go to bed."

Little Chengcheng, who was being held by his grandpa, heard his grandpa say: "Let's go back to the room and take a bath!"

Little Chengcheng turned back to look at his parents on the couch and then disdainfully lowered his head back to his grandfather, as if thinking grandpa was much more pleasant to be around.

And so, the living room fell quiet again.

After heading upstairs, Feng Fanghua called out loudly: "Zhang Jie, brew me a cup of ginger tea and bring it up!"

Chapter 960: No matter how much he cajoles and wheedles_3

"Okay, ma'am!"

Aunt Zhang ran out from inside with a response, then quickly ran back in.

She had been cleaning with another maid the whole time. They had already wiped the table three or four times, but the young couple outside were having so much fun that they didn't feel it was appropriate to intrude.

However, stepping out briefly to make their presence known, she hurriedly retreated.

After everyone went back to their own tasks, Qin Mu still held her breath stiffly, glancing at Mu Yichen in a subtle, drifting manner.

"Back to the room! Continue!"

Mu Yichen crossed his arms and stood up slowly, heading toward the staircase.

Qin Mu initially felt relieved hearing his first three words, but when she caught the last three, her ears burned uncontrollably. Yet, she still decided to trail behind him back to their room. Too embarrassing! She had been sure the maids had all gone to rest in their quarters!

Mu Yichen had thought the same.

However, after reaching the second floor, Qin Mu felt much more at ease and went to knock on her mother-in-law's door.

Feng Fanghua opened the door for her. "What do you want?"

"Mom, should I take care of Chengcheng for you?"

"Ha! How would you manage that? Would your husband even allow it?"

Qin Mu...

"Or have you finally become the one in charge of your husband?"

Feng Fanghua murmured dismissively under her breath, showing no mercy.

Qin Mu, like a wronged little wife, lowered her head, unsure how to argue back. After thinking for quite a while, she raised her eyes again. "Mom, but he's your own son."

"Hmph! He sure doesn't seem like it now!"

Feng Fanghua shook her head.

Qin Mu...

Alright then, Qin Mu had always thought her arrival might ruin the mother-son relationship, but that was back when Feng Fanghua hadn't accepted her. Given the current situation...

Qin Mu truly hadn't expected this.

And honestly, she felt that Mu Yichen was utterly pitiful!

Hahaha!

Qin Mu returned to their room. As she opened the door, she saw Mu Yichen leaning against the wall, clearly waiting for her.

As soon as she raised her eyes, they locked onto his deep, abyss-like, premeditated gaze.

"What were you talking about with Mom?"

Mu Yichen asked softly, a trace of interest in his tone.

"You wouldn't want to know!"

Qin Mu replied with an especially gentle smile, her gaze showing empathy as she looked at him, her voice soft.

Mu Yichen tilted his head slightly back, his dark eyes fixing on her intently, making her unable to evade.

The stillness of the room made Qin Mu a little uneasy.

"Fine! But you were the one who told me to speak. Mom said that looking at you now, you don't even seem like her biological son."

Qin Mu cautiously observed her dear husband's reaction as she spoke.

"Oh?"

Mu Yichen lowered his gaze slightly, letting out a lukewarm "oh."

Qin Mu widened her eyes in some confusion. "Don't be upset, and don't get angry. After all, I see you as my real husband."

Mu Yichen's pitch-black eyes stared at her, but he remained tight-lipped, only smiling faintly. That enigmatic smile sent a chill down Qin Mu's spine, raising every little hair on her body.

"Go to bed!"

Mu Yichen said, straightened up, and walked to the bedside to pull back the covers.

Having already showered earlier, Qin Mu also climbed into bed directly.

Lying on her back, her hands gently patted her lower abdomen in a rhythmic motion. After tens of seconds, she couldn't resist turning her head to speak. "So, about earlier on the sofa..."

"Hmm?"

Mu Yichen turned to look at her, already lying down as well.

"Earlier, on the sofa, that thing we didn't finish... Didn't you say we'd continue in the room?"

Qin Mu's eyes sparkled playfully, at least that's how Mu Yichen felt.

As she foolishly asked this, he found the whole thing immensely enjoyable.

So he propped his head up with one hand while gently placing the other on her lower abdomen, softly playing with her delicate, boneless fingers.

Qin Mu turned over, using one hand to gently tug at the fabric of his shirt at his chest. "Why are you still dressed?"

Her voice grew softer, but Mu Yichen immediately understood what she wanted.

He narrowed his eyes, pinching the mischievous hand on his chest. "So, Mrs. Mu, are you feeling... in need now?"

Qin Mu...

"Not worried about your husband's stamina anymore?"

There are people in this world who give relentlessly when you don't want them to, and hold themselves back tortuously when you do.

Qin Mu thought Mu Yichen was pushing her buttons, so she tried to pull her captured hand away.

But just as she got mad, he pressed her hand firmly against his chest, not letting her move away.

Qin Mu looked up at him again, her expression now clearly frustrated.

"What? Didn't you say you lacked stamina? Let me go!"

She glared at him, suddenly unwilling to look at him for even another second. She turned away, planning to...

Make him beg over and over!

"Already mad?"

Mu Yichen rolled over slightly, pinning her down just a bit, grabbing both her hands and placing them around his neck. His dark eyes bore straight into hers.

Qin Mu ignored him, turning her gaze to the side.

"Compared to your usual arguments that could drive me up the wall, isn't this just a minor conflict?"

Mu Yichen continued, one hand sliding downward.

"Cut it out! What do you mean by 'usual'? I only ever act like that because of how you provoke me!"

Qin Mu glared at him, countering indignantly.

"Oh? So it's all because of me?"

Mu Yichen's brows furrowed slightly, but it was clear he was enjoying this little spat immensely.

Qin Mu went silent, her expression proud as she looked away again.

Mu Yichen suddenly leaned down and gently bit the edge of her lips.

"Ah! Mu Yichen!"

Qin Mu angrily turned her head, but as soon as she opened her mouth, his tongue seized the opportunity to slip in.

All her complaints were silenced as his kiss became more fervent and domineering, until all her anger was swallowed back down.

"Mrs. Mu, your little temper makes me absolutely adore you!"

Mu Yichen suddenly released her and declared in a low voice.

Qin Mu's mind went blank, unable to register his words at all.

"You're not allowed to keep doing that!"

Thinking he must've said something unpleasant, she instinctively lifted her hand to block his lips from pressing back down on hers.

"Not allowed?"

Mu Yichen grabbed her wrist and moved her hand aside, his dark, menacing eyes locking onto hers as he questioned in a deep voice.