

His Beloved 961

Chapter 961: coaxing out flowers!

"Is it allowed or not?"

"Ugh, stop it! Just do whatever you want!"

Qin Mu saw that he was about to explode and immediately changed her demeanor, blushing slightly, yet alluringly provocative like a cheeky little vixen.

Mu Yichen raised his hand and pinched her delicate chin: "If you dare to flaunt your position again, watch how I deal with you!"

Mu Yichen threatened.

Qin Mu nodded vigorously in fear, not daring to provoke him further.

"Are you still going to your mom's room to find our son at such critical moments?"

Mu Yichen asked again.

Qin Mu...

Only now did she realize why Mu was suddenly putting on airs—it was all because she had gone to sleep with their son.

But she had just thought she should go over! Her parents obviously wouldn't have let Chengcheng go with her!

"Mom said it's because of you that she won't let me take Chengcheng. She said I can't control you, and that you don't need Chengcheng at night."

After their intimacy, Qin Mu lay sprawled on Mu Yichen's chest as she teased him.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes were still flickering with flames as he looked at her, head bowed and laughing so joyfully, his lips pressed into a helpless sigh.

Qin Mu felt him shift slightly and lifted her eyes to look at him: "What's wrong? Are you upset that Mom knows you too well?"

"I've long since become used to Mrs. Feng. But as for Mrs. Mu, I'm really not used to you! Do you know what you're making me want to do right now?"

Qin Mu stared at him wide-eyed, entirely too afraid to continue the conversation.

"If you keep joking around so carelessly, I won't mind making Mrs. Mu beg for mercy again."

"I won't laugh anymore! I swear, I won't laugh anymore!"

So Qin Mu dramatically performed her act while lying on top of him.

Mu Yichen stared directly at her, wondering why, the closer they were, the more he wanted to cling desperately to her.

Even when she was lying beside him, it still didn't feel warm enough.

Only in this exact pose did he feel reassured.

"Mrs. Mu!"

He suddenly called her softly, his deep voice tinged with tenderness.

Qin Mu looked at him in surprise, as if unable to understand his sudden change of attitude.

"Have you ever properly told me that one thing?"

Mu Yichen unexpectedly grew serious.

For a long, long time, he had convinced himself never to bring up this question again, but tonight he couldn't help it.

Because of how perfect she felt lying on him, so perfect that he believed the timing was finally right.

The room's dim and beautiful lights remained lit, emanating a warm glow.

The expansive room was impeccably clean, while only the warmth of the bed was slightly heightened.

Qin Mu suddenly found her breathing to grow faint, as if she feared breaking the silence.

Maybe the room was simply too quiet at the moment—so quiet it felt inappropriate to say anything.

Her eyes instinctively lowered, focusing solely on her tangled fingers clutching at his chest.

Mu Yichen waited patiently nonetheless.

His hand gently swept her hair back, tucking it behind her ear to better observe the subtle changes in her expression.

"You're the most important person to me!"

After much deliberation, Qin Mu decided to say something to him.

Or else the consequences might be unimaginable.

"That's not it!"

Mu Yichen smiled faintly, his voice extraordinarily tender.

"You're the one person I'll never want to leave for the rest of my life!"

Qin Mu blinked her long lashes slightly, then looked at him again and spoke.

"Mrs. Mu, you know exactly what I want to hear!"

Mu Yichen kept smiling, his affectionate gaze fixed on her.

Qin Mu suddenly felt her heart tighten as if it were about to burst.

"Tired!"

She blurted out nervously, her voice soft and sweet.

Mu Yichen let out a faint smile, watching her tightly drawn face. He realized he truly was pushing too hard.

He had thought he could hold out until she was ready to publicly declare her love for him, that he should wait.

"Then sleep!"

Mu Yichen replied in his deep voice.

Qin Mu looked at him incredulously, and when she caught his questioning gaze related to whether she should get off him, she quickly climbed off in an awkward frenzy, finally settling back in her spot.

By reflex, she turned over and pretended to sleep.

"Mrs. Mu, have you forgotten our house rules?"

The slightly tender voice filled the room. On the bed, Qin Mu rolled over again, curling into his embrace and proactively wrapping her arms around his waist.

Mu Yichen thought to himself, at least she has some sense!

He decided not to quibble further, hugging her as they fell asleep together.

Now, he wouldn't be so upset that he'd storm out of the house.

If it had been the past, he might have walked away without a backward glance.

But now...

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He looked at the woman who had fallen asleep in his arms and felt surprisingly calm.

Perhaps it was because he had already mentally prepared himself in advance, so afterward, he just felt a little disappointed.

But after that night, Qin Mu behaved quite obediently for several days.

— —

Jiang Zhiyuan went to Mu Yichen's office to stir up trouble: "Why did you touch someone else's phone? As a man with proper manners, don't you know that's incredibly rude?"

"She's my wife!"

Mu Yichen squinted at the man pacing in front of his desk with an air of helpless indifference, kindly and casually pointing this out.

Jiang Zhiyuan immediately looked as if someone had shoved an egg into his mouth, choking to the point where he couldn't speak for a long time.

"And! Handle your own affairs. Confiding in a girl five years younger than you about emotional issues—what kind of behavior is that?"

Mu Yichen seriously questioned him again. Since Jiang Zhiyuan had come to him on his own, it was a good opportunity to have a proper talk.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

"What's more, that girl is a married woman. Jiang Zhiyuan, does she mean nothing to you, or is it me you don't take seriously?"

Mu Yichen pressed further.

With an attitude of mixing private matters with work, his icy expression scared Jiang Zhiyuan, making him subconsciously twitch his lips without uttering a word.

Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't shake off the odd feeling—wasn't he the one who came to interrogate? How did he end up being tormented by Mu Yichen instead?

"In the future, don't contact her so late to discuss random nonsense. Don't you know she can't even handle her own emotional problems?"

Recalling that night made Mu Yichen irritated again, prompting him to say another sentence.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "..."

Although he couldn't muster a response, his mind was racing now. Were they fighting again? Xiaomu's emotional turmoil must be tied to this guy.

"What are you thinking about? Why aren't you saying anything?"

Mu Yichen watched the normally talkative Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly go mute, finding it a bit unsettling.

"Haha! Just thinking that something doesn't feel quite right."

Jiang Zhiyuan turned his head slightly, then scratched the back of his neck awkwardly: "Uh, I just remembered I have something to take care of. I'll be leaving now!"

With that, he spun around and attempted to leave.

Qiao Yi walked in from outside. Seeing Jiang Zhiyuan, he raised a curious eyebrow: "Why are you here?"

Jiang Zhiyuan abruptly halted but didn't immediately answer his question.

"You don't need me to attend tonight's dinner on your behalf, right? I've got something else to handle."

Qiao Yi asked.

"Mm!"

Mu Yichen responded with a nod.

"What are you up to?"

Jiang Zhiyuan, hearing Qiao Yi's words, felt a sense of unease about him.

Qiao Yi looked at Jiang Zhiyuan: "Isn't that a bit out of your lane? And you still haven't answered me—why are you here?"

Qiao Yi's sharp gaze was far more intense than Jiang Zhiyuan's. Under that scrutiny, Jiang Zhiyuan felt a bit cowardly, especially since it involved a buddy's wife. So, he chuckled nervously: "I'm just here to talk to Yichen about something—it has nothing to do with you or Secretary Xi."

Upon hearing "Secretary Xi," Qiao Yi almost lost his temper: "Say that again?"

Qiao Yi took a step forward, causing Jiang Zhiyuan to step back: "Brother! Come on now, this isn't fair—you should be angry at that woman outside, not taking it out on me."

As Qiao Yi cornered him near the sofa, Jiang Zhiyuan bent over and scrambled over the couch, lying down and raising his hands in surrender.

Qiao Yi suddenly felt a pain in his chest: "Damn it, she even set a wedding date with that bastard."

"Are you serious?"

Jiang Zhiyuan, still lying on the couch, froze for a second.

Qiao Yi lowered his head, gripping his waist with both hands, trying hard to contain his anger.

"Why would she tell you about her wedding date?"

Mu Yichen chimed in at the right time. After all, they were old friends—he couldn't just sit back and watch Qiao Yi suffer without saying anything.

Though these guys had mercilessly kicked him while he was down during his lowest point, they had still been by his side over the years.

The tense atmosphere in the office suddenly lifted, almost like a resurrection.

The man lying on the couch moved his eyes slightly, his hoarse voice emerging from an uncomfortable posture: "What, are you planning to crash her wedding?"

Qiao Yi raised his eyes to look at him immediately.

Jiang Zhiyuan sat up straight, then declared with a straight face: "Just a guess! Or should I go ask her for you?"

Qiao Yi, troubled by his unspoken words to Xi Meng, felt tempted when he heard the suggestion. His gaze at Jiang Zhiyuan even softened a little.

Jiang Zhiyuan, in truth, only wanted to get as far away from this trouble as possible.

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But just as he was about to get up to ask for Qiao Yi, the door was pushed open from outside, and Secretary Xi stood there holding a phone: "President, you have lunch with General Manager Meng from Laini today at noon, you were informed yesterday afternoon."

After Xi Meng finished speaking, no one answered her, only Mu Yichen and Qiao Yi, one sitting, one standing, both looking at the pen inside the sofa.

In Jiang Zhiyuan's heart, a thousand draft horses galloped past, then he smiled and stood up from the sofa, walking towards Secretary Xi.

Because Secretary Xi didn't receive a command from her boss, she didn't dare to retreat, so Jiang Zhiyuan walked to the door and, with a good grip on her shoulder, pulled her inside.

Then the door was closed from the inside.

"Secretary Xi, we've known each other for so many years!"

Jiang Zhiyuan's smile was forced and insincere.

Xi Meng had no idea what Jiang Zhiyuan was up to, just feeling her head swell, because the other two men completely stayed silent. Qiao Yi could keep quiet, but how could her boss let Jiang Zhiyuan tease her?

Xi Meng felt a bit wronged, but being a competent secretary, she still nodded earnestly: "Uh-huh!"

"So, can you tell me, if you're marrying someone else, is it someone else you have in mind too?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked her indirectly.

Xi Meng was a little dizzy from the question, and instinctively glanced at Qiao Yi. Qiao Yi still had his head down, she could only see his profile, but she cleverly nodded again, and asked: "Who is this 'someone else' you're talking about? Qiao Yi? My fiancé?"

Hearing the words "fiancé," Qiao Yi pierced Xi Meng with an angry look.

Xi Meng felt nothing, returning the look, and then looked at Jiang Zhiyuan again.

"That! Of course, it's Deputy Qiao, who's been working with you for many years and has only you in his heart."

"I only love the person I'm going to marry!"

Xi Meng, no matter who the 'someone else' is, answered Jiang Zhiyuan.

Jiang Zhiyuan awkwardly wanted to dig a hole and bury himself, thinking he should check his horoscope before going out in the future.

"President, if there's nothing else, I'll be going!"

Xi Meng turned to look at Mu Yichen.

"Fine!"

The man who had been sitting in the chair without speaking finally spoke.

Jiang Zhiyuan didn't dare to stop her because once a woman gets serious, saying too much might lead to terrible consequences.

"Well, I actually have a bit of business too, so I'll go first. You two continue."

Jiang Zhiyuan also hurriedly escaped.

Qiao Yi gave a bitter laugh: "This woman really is..."

Mu Yichen looked at him earnestly, then sighed helplessly, put down the document he was reading, and slowly leaned back into the chair.

"Qiao Yi, go propose to her now."

Mu Yichen squinted at him with a somewhat gloomy expression, like a commanding suggestion.

Qiao Yi raised his eyes to look at him: "Why should I do that?"

"Otherwise — don't show that 'dying' look in front of your brother again."

Mu Yichen's sharp eyes looked up at him, and those words at the end were somewhat heartless.

After Qiao Yi left Mu Yichen's office, he saw the woman sitting at the secretary's desk next to him typing diligently. He looked at her expressionless face, knowing it was because of him, yet he instinctively looked at her hand again. She typed so fast that the ring on her hand seemed to blind his eyes.

The diamond wasn't even that big, but it dazzled him.

"Are you having lunch with Yichen and General Manager Meng at noon?"

"The president didn't say!"

She replied, but her eyes stayed on the computer screen.

"Otherwise..."

Qiao Yi stepped towards her slowly with one leg, or perhaps he was too slow, so her phone rang.

Xi Meng glanced at the phone, then smiled contentedly and answered: "Hello? No work at this time?"

"Lunch together? I'll ask the boss if he has a social event first."

She spoke softly to the person on the phone.

Then she bypassed the man standing next to her and went to knock on Mu Yichen's office door.

"Boss, do you need me to join you for lunch?"

"No need!"

Mu Yichen replied indifferently from inside, but everyone outside heard it.

Qiao Yi took a deep breath, thinking are you even my brother?

"The boss said I don't need to accompany him at noon, okay, see you at the usual place."

The usual place?

Secretary Xi returned to her seat behind him, put down the phone, and continued typing.

Qiao Yi felt completely chilled to the bone, yet instinctively smiled again: "Xi Meng, what exactly do you want?"

Xi Meng, not understanding, turned her head to look at him. He brushed her desk, looking at her with some anger and dissatisfaction.

"I don't want anything, why are you standing here all the time?"

Xi Meng asked him, suppressing all her dissatisfaction and disappointment with him, but in her eyes, due to excessive restraint, there was a mistiness.

"You didn't do anything, just that you always have a cold face when you're with me, but smile like a blossoming flower when you're with that jerk. Why am I standing here all the time? Why do you think?"

Qiao Yi slammed both hands hard on her desk, a document on it accidentally swept to the floor.

He glanced at it but didn't pick it up and left.

While Xi Meng held her breath, just sat there, fingers mechanically tapping out a few meaningless characters, until she heard the ding of the TV turning off, she released her fingers from the keyboard.

Then numbly got up, walked over to pick up the fallen document.

For some reason, the always-strong her, actually saw a tear drop on the ground, two tears...

Those tears, they came from her.

She was actually crying?

For a man who can't make up his mind, why was she crying?

He didn't know what he wanted, but she always knew what she wanted.

Qiao Yi couldn't give her what she wanted, she didn't ask for it, so...

Why cry?

Mu Yichen opened the office door and came out, reflexively looked at the spot where she was crouching, not seeing the tears on the floor, just noticed her diminished form.

The surrounding air was a bit cold, Mu Yichen suppressed his emotions and only said coolly: "I'll be heading straight to lunch with General Manager Meng."

"Understood!"

Xi Meng, hanging her head, her strength suddenly interrupted by someone, her voice trembled.

Mu Yichen walked a distance away, then suddenly turned around, unable to suppress his anger, his typically reserved secretary bullied to such a meek state: "Xi Meng!"

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"I'm here!"

Xi Meng stood up holding the document, but she kept her head lowered, not daring to look up.

"Next time he pisses you off and you just walk away like that, go straight up and slap him twice."

Mu Yichen's dark eyes bored into her own as he said this, then walked off.

Xi Meng raised her head stiffly, staring at her boss with disbelief.

Yeah! Qiao Yi totally deserves a slap.

Suddenly, Xi Meng didn't feel so wronged anymore. She then went back to her workstation to work.

Mu Yichen went out around lunchtime to dine with the beautiful CEO Meng. The two of them were interviewed together by the media in the afternoon regarding this collaboration.

In the afternoon, everyone at Qin Mu Studio watched the live broadcast on the big screen, commenting on how calm and poised Mr. Mu appeared, yet also how proud, aloof, and secretly classy to the point where women would want to lick the screen.

As for the thirty-something Ms. Meng sitting beside him, who looked like she was barely in her twenties, her poise and charm when dealing with the media's questions were so captivating that men couldn't resist wanting to lick the screen too.

Qin Mu stood behind them for a while watching as well and couldn't help but admit, her man was truly the kind to make people want to...

...strip him naked!

Qin Mu let out a snarky chuckle of pride, then turned smilingly and headed upstairs.

Xiaomei turned her head and spotted her, calling out, "Sweetheart, your husband is so handsome!"

"I knew that long before you did!"

Qin Mu replied as she leisurely stepped onto the stairs, walking up one step at a time.

But these past couple of days, she really didn't dare to act cocky around Mr. Mu.

The thing was, about that question, she could have easily said it aloud.

But for some unknown reason, that night, the words got stuck in her throat and just wouldn't come out.

Even though they knew each other inside out, down to the tips of their toes, still...

Even though she'd handed everything over to him, when it came time to say those words, she felt incredibly stifled.

Knowing that Mu Yichen wouldn't be home for dinner tonight, she called up Wen Runuan and Helian Hao for drinks. The three women went to a hot pot restaurant near a bar for dinner and later, around nine o'clock, they strolled into the bar together. It wasn't very crowded at the time, so they found a corner seat, ordered some drinks, and started chatting away.

Wen Runuan took out a cigarette from her bag and lit it, then casually placed the pack in front of them, startling Qin Mu and Helian Hao. "Wanna try one?"

"I can do this!"

In an effort to fit in, Qin Mu elegantly picked up a cigarette with her slender fingers, mimicking the motion expertly.

However, Helian Hao shook her head. "I don't smoke! You should smoke less too; it's bad for your health. And you—what are you showing off for? Careful, or I'll tell Mu Yichen and let him punish you!"

Just as Qin Mu was about to light up—already struggling with the process—she was so startled by what Helian Hao said that she ended up taking one puff and coughing her lungs out, feeling as if her insides were all turning to agony.

Why bring up Mu Yichen at a time like this?

Qin Mu quickly stubbed out the cigarette.

Wen Runuan, seeing her face contorted in discomfort, couldn't help but laugh. After exhaling a puff, she said, "It's fine if you can't smoke, but honestly, when I look at you, it's obvious—how scared of Yichen are you?"

Qin Mu's face turned bright red on the spot, though thankfully the lighting was dim.

"What nonsense are you two babbling? Me, scared of him?"

Qin Mu smiled awkwardly, looking like she wanted to cry instead.

Helian Hao: "..."

Wen Runuan: "..."

Scared or not, it was written all over her face.

"Even if I am scared, it's mutual. We're both afraid of each other."

Seeing their disbelief, Qin Mu hurriedly defended herself.

"Mutual fear? Are you sure?"

Helian Hao raised an eyebrow, thinking back to how Qin Mu always acted like a submissive granddaughter the moment Mr. Mu so much as frowned—she had never seen Mr. Mu show any sign of being scared of her.

"Of course! He can't live without me. He's especially terrified of me being mad at him."

Qin Mu said this with confidence, then, feeling emboldened, took another long drag of the cigarette she had just relit, only to gag on the bitter smoke and hurriedly stub it out again.

"Oh, please! If Mu Yichen saw you smoking, he'd probably make sure you couldn't get out of bed for three days."

Helian Hao, watching Qin Mu's smug little expression, couldn't resist muttering this under her breath.

"Just don't tell him, alright!"

Qin Mu shot a stern look at Helian Hao, her eyes full of warning.

"I can't be bothered with the mess between you two!"

Helian Hao shot back honestly.

Qin Mu immediately beamed, sipping from the drink that had just been brought to her.

Alcohol, it seemed, was far superior to cigarettes.

Wen Runuan, watching the banter between the two, thought they seemed as close as sisters—it made her feel a little envious.

"How are you two so close?"

Wen Runuan couldn't help but ask.

"Well, it's all because I shamelessly cling to her. You know, the Mu Family's young mistress here isn't exactly the social type. Unless you stick to her like glue, she might take pity on you and befriend you."

Chapter 965: I am at_2

Helian Hao couldn't help but tease after hearing Wen Runuan's comment, recalling how many letters she had left for Qin Mu all those years, with her heart solely waiting for Qin Mu to come back.

Qin Mu chuckled at this, clinked her beer bottle against Wen Runuan's, took another sip, and said, "Don't listen to her nonsense! She wasn't clinging to me like some pesky adhesive patch. It's just that after I returned, she was the only one who cared about me, so naturally, things ended up the way they are now."

Qin Mu's explanation was simple, yet clear.

Wen Runuan nodded, "To us three women of different surnames being able to sit together and share drinks tonight—cheers!"

Helian Hao and Qin Mu raised their glasses with her—meeting was already a stroke of fate, being able to sit together drinking and chatting like this was an even greater blessing.

"Does Zhang always turn a blind eye to your smoking?"

Helian Hao asked Wen Runuan.

Wen Runuan took another drag of her cigarette, then slowly lowered her head and answered, "I smoke very rarely now! I used to be a bit of a rebel, but honestly, I first learned smoking because of a role. Later, I smoked in daily life too, but today's the first time this month—just indulging myself since we're out having fun!"

Sometimes, once you get used to something, it becomes hard to quit.

"They say women who smoke are women with burdens. Guess you both fit the type, huh?"

Helian Hao deduced.

"I don't have any burdens!"

Qin Mu responded immediately, eyeing the cigarette she wasted in the ashtray.

"I don't have any burdens either!"

Wen Runuan quickly denied as well.

"Fine, fine, it's just me then!"

Helian Hao surrendered to their stubbornness, picking up her bottle to drink with them.

Wen Runuan looked mesmerizing when she smoked. Those two years must have made her more alluring, wilder, and she carried herself with the commanding presence of a boss; yet that face of hers remained annoyingly innocent.

The three were immersed in conversation when suddenly a sultry female voice started singing from the stage nearby.

They instinctively turned to look in that direction. Though the distance was some ways off, the singer seemed faintly familiar.

It was An Nan.

Jiang Zhiyuan was seated at a nearby table, holding a drink, his eyes inhabited by a beast as he gazed intensely at the woman singing an elegant English song on stage.

It was an old, old tune from way back in *The Bodyguard* movie.

An Nan had a solid foundation in English and a wide vocal range. As she sang, everything around her grew quieter.

The musicians accompanying her were captivated by her voice.

Qin Mu quietly said to the two women beside her, "Look over there—Jiang Zhiyuan!"

Wen Runuan and Helian Hao turned their eyes towards him.

"Last time Jiang Zhiyuan brought this girl to my mother-in-law's birthday celebration. Could it be they're together?"

Helian Hao asked curiously, keeping her gaze fixed in their direction.

"Even if they aren't together now, it's only a matter of time."

Qin Mu looked over, thinking that although Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't quite figure out An Nan's feelings, An Nan's posture and gaze gave away that she had completely figured him out.

It was frustrating that Jiang Zhiyuan remained obviously convinced that An Nan had other men in her life.

If she really had someone else, would she be flaunting such a sultry demeanor in front of him?

Jiang Zhiyuan never noticed the three women sitting in the corner; his eyes remained fixated on the stage, nearly popping out of his head.

This night was destined to be enchanting!

When Qin Mu and the others finished their drinks and stepped outside, the rain had turned into a drizzle. The three women bowed their heads, carrying their bags as they moved through the rainfall.

The nighttime scenery was enchanting, as if the rain had made it all the more captivating.

Because they'd been drinking, they arranged for a designated driver.

On the way home, Mu Yichen called her. "Come to the apartment!"

Upon hearing Mu Yichen's command, Qin Mu asked the driver to stop by a lingerie store. She dashed inside, quickly purchased a set of clothes, then came back out.

The handsome driver didn't say anything, but couldn't help feeling this woman was indeed... bold!

At the apartment, Qin Mu paid him and grabbed an umbrella from her car. "Take it—it's yours now!"

"Thank you!"

The driver smiled politely and, with professional decorum, used the umbrella to head off to the bus stop.

Qin Mu held the umbrella as she went upstairs, deliberately deciding against letting herself in. Instead, she rang the doorbell.

Mu Yichen had just finished his shower and furrowed his brows in confusion upon hearing the doorbell.

Qin Mu gave him a mischievous smile, seeing the slight crease in his brow, and couldn't help teasing him. "What's wrong? Mu, did you think you were hallucinating?"

She waved the umbrella in her hand, setting it down casually once inside.

"Guess who I ran into at the bar?"

"Jiang Zhiyuan and An Nan! If my instincts are right, An Nan likes Jiang Zhiyuan."

"Well, isn't that convenient for that guy?"

"Though Jiang Zhiyuan seems unsure, like he's not quite certain if An Nan is interested in him."

Qin Mu continued.

"That's kind of intriguing then."

Mu Yichen responded.

After all, Jiang Zhiyuan deserved to struggle a little.

If girlfriends come too easily, how would he ever learn to cherish them?

Mu Yichen kept wondering if the taste on her lips wasn't just the residual flavor of alcohol, but something else.

"Did you smoke?"

Mu Yichen asked, his low voice probing, as he gazed at the slightly tipsy woman, unsure of her mental clarity.

"Nope!"

Qin Mu's head buzzed with the weight of her drinking.

Mu Yichen looked at her, wondering if she even knew what she was doing at the moment.

Later, she went for a shower, while Mu Yichen lay nearby and sighed helplessly, pinching his brow. Why did he strongly feel she'd smoked?

For no apparent reason?

Three women having dinner together—it wasn't quite what he had imagined.

This woman's nightlife—it might be better if it remained less extravagant.

Qin Mu changed out of her sexy lingerie in the bathroom, then turned on the faucet to rinse her mouth.

He actually knew she smoked. She exhaled onto her hand and sniffed it.

Qin Mu lifted her eyes to the mirror, looking at the flushed woman reflected there—likely a result of the alcohol, not cigarette smoke.

She was definitely tipsy, especially after being kissed by this rain.

But her mood was great!

She stepped out of the bathroom.

"Mu!"

—

The next morning!

Qin Mu hadn't even opened her eyes yet when she felt the splitting headache, raising her hand to rub her brow and pressing against her forehead for relief.

In the overly spacious and silent bedroom, her faint voice was just noticeable enough to evoke pity.

Yet the culprit was no longer in the room.

Chapter 966: Writing a self-criticism?

She only remembered the first half of what happened last night.

Outside, the rain was still falling in a slow and deliberate autumn rhythm.

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Mu Yichen was up early in the kitchen preparing breakfast for her. Simple jeans and a T-shirt adorned his princely figure, exuding an aura of noble charm while seamlessly moving between refined grandeur and domestic simplicity.

Standing methodically in the kitchen, stirring the steaming pot of congee, its perfect consistency matched exactly the texture preferred by the woman who had fallen back asleep upstairs.

Living at the Mu Mansion for so long, such moments were rare for Mu, but viewing her cooperation last night, he made the effort to rise early and cook for her.

Mu Yichen finished preparing breakfast, glanced outside, and then went upstairs to wake her.

His dark eyes brimmed with indulgent affection for her.

Last night, she hadn't drunk too much, although her cheeks were flushed as they left the bar and the alcohol had clearly made an impact.

"Qin Mu! Qin Mu!"

Mu Yichen cupped her face in his hands and gently patted her to wake her.

"Mm? Mm?"

Qin Mu mumbled drowsily, barely opening her eyes.

"Not having breakfast?"

"Mm!"

Mu Yichen sighed, seeing her exhaustion. She probably wouldn't manage to eat much anyway.

So, he gently laid her back down again.

Mu Yichen didn't think his stamina was usually this poor, but perhaps because she was next to him, he had quickly fallen asleep beside her.

Still, the feeling was wonderful!

By noon, Qin Mu finally woke up but felt increasingly uncomfortable.

"I heard you smoked three cigarettes last night. Care to explain that, Mrs. Mu?"

Mu Yichen gazed calmly at the dazed woman sitting beside him, questioning her.

Smoking? Three cigarettes?

Who told him?

Qin Mu's mind briefly froze. Had she gone dumb after drinking last night?

No, absolutely not. She wouldn't be foolish enough to mention smoking to him—even drunk, she wasn't that clueless.

"What's the matter? Mrs. Mu doesn't want to explain?"

Mu Yichen's tone remained patient as he probed again.

"That's not it! President Mu, you must be joking! How could I possibly smoke?"

"Oh? That lingering smell of smoke on your lips—did someone pass it on to you, then?"

Qin Mu covered her mouth with both hands in shock. Someone passing smoke to her? She might as well admit to smoking herself, rather than let President Mu think someone else had been that close.

Besides him, had there even been another man around?

From what she remembered, there hadn't been.

"Wen Runuan smokes—is it possible it was her?"

Qin Mu pondered aloud.

Mu Yichen said nothing but stared silently at his wife, observing the hopelessly naive expression on her face.

This silly girl thought he was clueless?

"It might've been a couple of puffs, but I stubbed it out immediately. It was awful—totally burned my throat!"

Seeing no way to hide it further, Qin Mu confessed.

"Why would I tell you I smoked three whole cigarettes? Such a specific number..."

Qin Mu muttered to herself after she finished explaining.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh softly.

Qin Mu stared at him. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing! Just wondering if the congee I made earlier is still edible."

Mu Yichen quickly composed himself and spoke seriously.

Qin Mu ...

"I don't want congee. I'm craving noodles now!"

Qin Mu declared.

"Alright!"

Mu Yichen agreed instantly, adding, "No work this afternoon—when we get home, write me a reflection on the smoking. I need it by tonight."

"What?"

Qin Mu stared in disbelief at his retreating figure.

Before exiting, Mu Yichen turned back to her. "Hurry up and get ready; the noodles will turn soggy if left too long."

"Okay! Right away!"

Qin Mu hastily replied, but after he left the room, she sat in a daze.

What did he just say?

A reflection?

Was President Mu joking? She wasn't a school kid, and it had only been a couple of puffs.

Suddenly, everything from last night flooded back. Did he really need to trick her like this?

Saying she told him three cigarettes?

Qin Mu suddenly realized he was straight-up lying to her.

Reflexively, she reached up to grab her hair and shook her head in frustration, ready to burst from anger.

After freshening up, Qin Mu changed into casual clothes and headed downstairs. She immediately noticed him carrying out the bowl of noodles, her mood still sour.

Mu Yichen placed the bowl on the table and raised his eyes to meet her resentful gaze. "What's wrong now, Mrs. Mu?"

Qin Mu ...

Qin Mu felt like she'd been conned by many people since returning to Rongcheng, but none schemed against her more than President Mu.

She had long since let her guard down around him, only for him to turn it into an opportunity to outplay her repeatedly.

"How about a couple more drinks tonight?"

Mu Yichen teased, his deep gaze fixed on hers.

Qin Mu slid the bowl closer to herself, cradling the steaming noodles to distract her sudden lift in mood from the fragrant aroma. She ignored him and focused on her meal, clutching chopsticks in hand.

A laugh escaped her lips—it seemed like even her fingers had started aching.

It was reflexive; the thought lingered as she raised her head, peeking across the table at Mu Yichen.

"Focus on eating!"

Mu Yichen ordered, noticing her distracted state.

Qin Mu sighed deeply and withdrew her gaze, feeling indignant but succumbing to her rumbling stomach—it was time to prioritize the noodles.

After finishing, Mu Yichen moved to the kitchen to wash dishes, while Qin Mu slouched in her chair waiting, hugging herself like a child. Resting her chin on her knees, she fiddled with her phone and stared blankly at its screen.

Good Doctor: "I ended up even more tipsy than you last night. When I got home, Jing Feng gave me an earful for it."

Big Mumu: "... Are you okay?"

Good Doctor: "I'm fine! Slept it off overnight. What about you? Didn't rest well?"

Big Mumu: "..."

Good Doctor: "?"

Big Mumu: "President Mu discovered my smoking and is making me write a reflection. Dammit, how did he even find out? I only had a couple of puffs!"

Good Doctor: "President Mu sees everything!"

Big Mumu: "Cut the praise—he's nothing but a cunning trickster!"

Qin Mu put down her phone and started hugging her knees again, turning her gaze towards the kitchen at the attractive man working inside. Hmm, yesterday there had been women praising how wonderful he was.

After washing the dishes, Mu Yichen wiped everything dry until it was sparkling clean, satisfied at last before turning to look into the dining area. She was still curled up on the chair, hugging her knees and daydreaming like a foolish child.

Hmm, seeing her perched against her knees like this—it tugged at his heart.

Tonight, Mrs. Mu would have to produce a proper reflection for him. Smoking was intolerable in his book.

The more Mu Yichen thought about it, the angrier he felt. Smoking was serious business to him.

Smoking could become addictive, something every smoker knew—especially someone like him, who enjoyed a puff now and then.

When she had been pregnant, he had fought hard to quit, but now he had started slipping again in recent days.

Even if he allowed himself to slack, Mrs. Mu would never be given that leeway. His dark gaze rested on the silly woman curling in her chair.

Qin Mu glanced up slightly, noticing him emerging from the kitchen, and slowly raised her head to ask, "Are we heading home?"

"Mm! Unless you'd rather stay here?"

Mu Yichen's deep black eyes gazed at her, his warm voice replying.

"I want to go home!"

After eating, Qin Mu felt drowsy again but insisted on returning home. It was warmer there, surrounded by family...

Well, um.

"Mm! Home is perfect for writing reflections!"

Qin Mu tilted her head with admiration-filled eyes towards him. "President Mu! No, husband! Darling! Can we skip the reflection? Your little Qingmei has grown up for many years now."

Qin Mu's black, sparkling eyes stared at him as though pleading—you need to stop treating your Qingmei like a child. She was grown up—old enough to have given him two kids. Writing reflections wasn't for adults anymore!

Mu Yichen chuckled faintly, lowering his gaze to hers. "My little Qingmei is grown physically, but mentally, she's still a child."

Qin Mu ...

She nearly coughed up blood in response. What kind of logic was that?!

Chapter 967: Thorough Review

"Don't overthink it!"

Mu Yichen gave a curt instruction, his dark eyes piercing straight into hers, making her ears buzz with a ringing noise out of sheer fright.

"Oh!"

Seeing her blank stare, Mu Yichen could tell that she hadn't really taken his words to heart.

This afternoon was particularly grueling for Qin Mu. The air outside was damp, and upon getting home, she immediately went upstairs to change into thicker clothes before coming back down.

Mu Yichen had already left for work. Mu Zihao was also off to the pharmaceutical factory. Feng Fanghua stayed home with Chengcheng, who was crawling around on the carpet like an oversized caterpillar, while Feng Fanghua watched on, grinning ear to ear.

"Why does this little guy love crawling so much?"

Qin Mu muttered to herself, utterly puzzled.

"He's just a baby. If he's not crawling, do you expect him to get up and walk for you already?"

Feng Fanghua glanced at her, then directed her gaze back to her precious grandson, looking infinitely proud of his every move.

"Why does your skin look so bad today?"

Feng Fanghua stole another glance at Qin Mu and couldn't help but voice her disapproval.

"Really?"

Alarmed, Qin Mu immediately cupped her face in her hands.

"Go wash your face and put on a face mask. You're young; how can you let your skin get this rough?"

Feng Fanghua nagged her with concern.

Qin Mu had just come downstairs and really didn't feel like going back up again!

"Anyway, I'm not planning on going out today. Rough skin it is!"

Qin Mu slumped onto the couch and let out a helpless sigh.

Seeing her so deflated, Feng Fanghua asked, "What's wrong? You two stayed out late last night and came back sick?"

"No, it's not that. Mu made me write a self-reflection!"

Qin Mu grumbled, idly twirling her phone in her hand, not wanting to open it.

"A self-reflection?"

Feng Fanghua thought she'd misheard.

"Yeah! Last night, I was out with friends, and out of curiosity I took a couple of puffs of a cigarette. He caught me, then told me to write a reflection. Mom, don't you think there's something wrong with him?"

"Who's got something wrong with them?"

No sooner had Qin Mu finished speaking than Feng Fanghua bristled and retorted unhappily, her gaze sharp—it clearly said, "That's my son you're talking about! Do you still want to stay part of this family?"

Qin Mu instantly backed down!

"But writing a self-reflection, such an old-fashioned practice..."

Feng Fanghua trailed off, as the memory of being forced to write one herself in her youth came flooding back. Were father and son really that alike?

Mu Zihao also never kept umbrellas in his car; he thought they took up space. But what space would an umbrella even take?

Mu Yichen was the same. On rainy days, he'd instinctively drape his jacket over the child's head instead.

Even habits like this could be inherited; Feng Fanghua found it fascinating.

But how could she admit to her daughter-in-law that her son's self-reflection demand was a trait inherited from her husband? If she did, wouldn't her daughter-in-law find out about Feng Fanghua's own humiliating history?

She'd painstakingly built up her image as the stern, authoritative matriarch. There was no way she'd let it crumble now.

Later, Chengcheng got sleepy, and with Feng Fanghua's back acting up on rainy days, Qin Mu carried Chengcheng upstairs to rest. After coaxing her son to sleep, she lay beside him, pondering the self-reflection issue.

Qin Mu hoped Mu wouldn't come home too early tonight since she still hadn't come up with anything.

Not long after, the maid gently pushed open the door. Qin Mu sat up the moment she heard the sound. "What's wrong?"

"It's your father's call,"

the maid whispered, not wanting to wake Chengcheng, as she held Qin Mu's phone in her hand.

"Madam already answered it!"

Seeing the call already connected, the maid softly reminded her.

"Got it!"

Qin Mu chuckled at the maid's caution, then held the phone to her ear. "Hello?"

The maid walked ahead of her. Qin Mu didn't rush downstairs but instead stayed outside, closing the door behind her to quietly listen to the call.

"No way!"

Qin Mu blurted out, thinking that instead of staying home tonight to write that blasted self-reflection, she might as well eat peacefully at the Qin Family's home. Then, when she returned, she could sweet-talk Mu into letting her off the hook. Should work, right?

Yeah!

As long as it wasn't too serious, Mu was actually pretty easygoing.

With the plan in mind, she agreed to her father's invitation and then sent a message to Mu Yichen: "Tomorrow, Qin Mingzhu is bringing her husband and child back to Beijing. Tonight, we're having a family dinner, and I've been invited!"

Mu Yichen didn't respond.

"I agreed to go!"

So Madam Mu sent another message!

Then she anxiously waited for a reply.

Eventually, she remembered he had a meeting that afternoon and might not have time to check his phone. That wasn't such a bad thing, though!

Anyway, later that evening, Qin Mu drove herself to the Qin Family's home.

Chapter 968: Profound Review_2

It was only when she thought she was the only one coming that, unexpectedly, Mu Yi had already arrived.

Qin Mu walked in and saw Mu Yichen sitting on the sofa chatting with the leader. She couldn't help but question her own eyes—was she hallucinating?

Mu Yichen looked up at her briefly: "Why are you so late?"

Qin Mu: "...Why are you here?"

Qin Mu walked over, sat down next to him, and was so startled she didn't dare blink.

"Why can't I be here?"

Mu Yichen asked her in return.

Qin Mu: "..."

"Oh, I ran into him this afternoon at their clubhouse after his meeting. I asked him to join us for dinner."

The leader quickly explained on behalf of his son-in-law.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked at Mu Yichen again. So, this guy saw her message on WeChat but chose to ignore it?

Ha!

Qin Mu silently cursed him in her mind.

Wang Huanyu, sitting nearby, poured Qin Mu a cup of tea.

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu thanked him as she noticed.

"You're welcome!"

Wang Huanyu replied. Being the youngest apart from Qin Mu, he felt it was his duty to serve tea and water, and Mu Yichen and the leader seemed to enjoy being served by him.

"Where's Qin Mingzhu?"

Qin Mu asked, noticing she wasn't anywhere nearby.

"The little one is asleep, and she's keeping him company."

Wang Huanyu explained patiently.

Qin Mu nodded and didn't think much of it.

Mu Yichen pulled out his phone and typed a message to her: "Did you write your self-reflection?"

Qin Mu heard a notification sound from her purse, glanced at the phone in his hand, lightly licked her lips, and leaned forward to take a sip of tea, focusing on it without responding to him.

Qin Mu thought, "You can ignore my messages, so why can't I ignore yours?"

Especially since what he was asking about was the self-reflection. There's no way she'd entertain that.

"That Miss Bian has been found."

The leader, who had been keeping his head down for a long while, suddenly spoke up once everyone was present.

His words shocked all three younger people there, making them turn their gazes towards him.

"This girl is indeed Zhang Rujia's eldest daughter."

After saying this, the leader lowered his gaze and laughed bitterly.

Wang Huanyu was momentarily at a loss for words, holding his breath and pressing his lips tightly shut.

Mu Yichen became deep and somber, as if he hadn't heard anything.

Qin Mu felt uneasy inside, because she saw the sadness in the leader's eyes. He felt he had failed, and Qin Mu's heart ached. She straightened her back and looked at him, suddenly unsure of how to offer comfort.

The leader lifted his eyes towards Qin Mu, his gaze shimmering with moisture, before he looked off into an empty corner.

Having seen through all the emotions in the leader's eyes, Qin Mu felt restless and stood up: "I'll go check on Qin Mingzhu!"

After Qin Mu left, Qin Haiming thought about things for a while. He couldn't just sit there idly, so he shifted the conversation to work matters concerning the two sons-in-law.

Qin Mu entered Qin Mingzhu's room and found her quietly patting her son's shoulder, soothing him to sleep. She wasn't her usual fiery self—in fact...

Even Qin Mingzhu had changed!

Qin Mingzhu, only belatedly noticing there was someone else in the room, turned her head. Then she saw Qin Mu softly walking forward.

Qin Mingzhu pulled the blanket snugly over her son, then sat up: "Why did you come in?"

"Not welcome? Then I'll leave now!"

Qin Mu stopped mid-step, speaking softly, jokingly, but with a hint of seriousness.

"Hey! I'll go with you!"

Qin Mingzhu got up, ran over to her, hooked an arm around hers, and walked out together with her.

Qin Mu turned her face to glance at her, then let her grab her arm as they headed out together.

They entered the room where Qin Mu had spent a few nights. Qin Mingzhu let go of her, sat on the bed, pressed both hands against its edge, and darted her big, dark eyes around the room before settling her gaze on Qin Mu's face.

Qin Mu felt a little unnerved by her stare but knew that Qin Mingzhu had once hated her living there.

"When Dad asked Mom to prepare a room for you back then, I almost went mad. It felt like the sky was falling, you know?"

Qin Mu didn't know, so she just quietly listened.

"I lived in this house for over ten years, enjoying the treatment of a spoiled daughter. Suddenly, you came back—Dad's daughter from his first wife. The years you weren't here, Dad was always heavy-hearted. In the first few years after you left, Dad often called me Mumu or referred to Mom as Auntie. We only managed to pull through until now!"

Chapter 969: Profound Review_3

Qin Mingzhu lowered her head and started choking back tears.

Qin Mu watched her, noticing her downcast gaze and the sorrow it carried, and she, too, lowered her head.

"Do you think I was happy all those years? Constantly worried about a girl showing up and taking everything that was mine. Do you really think I was so naive not to see it coming? Apart from the fact that Mom had another daughter, I've imagined every other possibility—and every single one of them came true."

Qin Mingzhu was still that stubborn girl. After saying those words, she could no longer hold back her tears. She threw herself onto the bed, as if surrendering herself to it, as though even eternal doom wouldn't faze her.

"Of course, I know Mom's death has nothing to do with you! But still, just as I thought, when Mom was gone, I, too, was kicked out of the house."

Qin Mu just stood there quietly, listening. She could hear Qin Mingzhu's voice gradually break into sobs.

"Do you know? I sometimes wonder, if Mom and I hadn't come looking for Dad, if we'd never disrupted your lives, could the two of us have still made it? Mom finally became the mayor's wife and started living with poise and decorum, but she wasn't like that before. She used to be carefree—she smoked, drank, and made friends freely."

Qin Mingzhu could still remember, from when she was little, how much she preferred that version of her mom.

Qin Mu continued to listen with her head lowered, thinking that it must have been because of desire.

Yes, desire. It had swallowed the essence of the woman she once was. She had transformed herself into the kind of woman who matched this man's stature, abandoning her former self.

And so, Qin Mu suddenly understood the meaning behind that faint smile Zhang Rujia had given her before leaving.

It was a smile of quiet sorrow, of mocking herself, of regret over the past, of pain for never being able to return to what once was. With that faint smile, everything became a thing of the past.

Zhang Rujia! She, too, became part of the past.

"Maybe I was waiting for you to come back all along, only I didn't realize it at first! That's probably why I was so 'sharp-tongued and mean' when I saw you!"

Qin Mu lifted her head again to look at the girl lying on the bed, quietly wiping tears from the corners of her eyes.

She couldn't help but chuckle a little.

So this girl did know how awful she had been.

"But now! I have nothing left! Dad barely cares about me, and Mom is gone too!"

She suddenly flipped over, and burying her face into the bed, began to wail. Her sobs wracked her entire body—gut-wrenching, soul-crushing cries.

And so, a trace of sorrow flickered in Qin Mu's sharp eyes. Silent as they were, they began to glisten with tiny, star-like tears.

Over the years, all that had transpired between Qin Mu, Zhang Rujia, and Qin Mingzhu...

Qin Mingzhu would rather she had never stepped foot into the Qin Family's home. That way, she could still cling to a beautiful fantasy—that one day, father and daughter would reunite. Her father, she imagined, must be a man of exceptional stature. Even if she were illegitimate, she could still hold onto the admiration she had within her heart.

Qin Mu later thought to herself, if that year, she hadn't returned...

No!

She had to come back!

Perhaps the entire cycle of cause and effect had already been orchestrated by fate.

From another perspective, everything was nothing more than predestined, and they were all mere pawns in the hands of destiny.

Thinking of it that way, suddenly, it didn't seem so unbearable.

Qin Mu still couldn't bring herself to walk over and sit beside her to comfort her. Instead, she stood quietly in the background, silently listening to the sobbing.

She wondered, whenever she cried like this, did she look just as pitiful?

But usually, when she cried like this, no one was there to see it.

"Qin Mingzhu! If you keep crying like this, I'm leaving!"

It was over ten minutes later that Qin Mu finally spoke. She couldn't listen to it any longer, and besides, the girl must be exhausted by now.

Qin Mingzhu gradually quieted down, but she stayed slumped over the bed, unable to get up for a long time.

Qin Mu guessed that she'd likely cried her eyes swollen again, and for a while, there was little chance she'd allow herself to be seen.

At dinner, Qin Haiming took out his beloved baijiu once again. Both sons-in-law had brought him bottles of baijiu, but he insisted on serving his own, though it wasn't something he had bought himself.

"From now on, our family won't drink red wine anymore. It's baijiu all the way. We Chinese should know how to drink baijiu," he declared.

Qin Haiming didn't let his sons-in-law pour the drinks; instead, he personally poured for them.

"This cup is a toast to both of you. From now on, I'll have to rely on you two to take good care of my daughters—especially you, Yichen!"

As he spoke, he cast a meaningful look at Mu Yichen. Mu Yichen raised a brow but didn't dare meet his father-in-law's gaze. He simply lifted his cup and said, "Understood. I'll take care of it."

Seeing Mu Yichen act so restrained and deferential, Qin Mu found it slightly surreal; he truly seemed just like a junior.

Usually, Mu Yichen only displayed such humility in front of his grandfather.

Wang Huanyu couldn't resist joking, "Looks like Brother-in-law has caused Father-in-law plenty of headaches, hasn't he?"

Mu Yichen, unaccustomed to being called Brother-in-law, raised an eyebrow to glance at Wang Huanyu, then gave a slight smirk.

Since they lived in the same city and crossed paths frequently, Qin Haiming had a good grasp of Mu Yichen's domineering temperament. Wang Huanyu, however, clearly didn't know him well enough.

"Brother-in-law is the kind of person who flips the table at the first sign of trouble! Of course, he's given Dad his fair share of headaches," Qin Mingzhu chimed in.

Saying it as if in jest, with a deliberate emphasis.

Mu Yichen had long since come to terms with being called Brother-in-law by Qin Mingzhu. Years ago, she'd started calling him that because she was close with Jing Qing and had assumed he would marry her. That's why she called him Brother-in-law.

But in Mu Yichen's heart, he had always thought it was because of Qin Mu.

And now, it had indeed become reality!

Qin Mu sat quietly, listening to how well the family played along, feeling as though she were an outsider. So, she simply started eating.

Outside, the light rain was still falling. To be honest, this autumn rain, though fine and gentle, felt like razor blades slicing across one's face, leaving the skin raw and stinging.

Yet at this moment, this home was hosting one of the warmest dinners they'd had in years.

"Mumu! Aren't you going to say something?"

Qin Haiming lifted his gaze toward her, no longer the struggling figure from the living room earlier.

Qin Mu lifted her eyes briefly, then smiled faintly. "I'm not good with words! Let's have our Mu Zong speak on my behalf!"

Mu Zong still wanted her to write a self-reflection; having him speak for her seemed like the perfect compromise!

Mu Yichen turned his head, his deep, black eyes looking at her.

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Chapter 970: Now you realize how useful your family's General Mu is?

Mu Yichen's eyes carried a sly smile as he raised his hand to gently touch her hair, his voice low as he asked, "Now you see how your Mu always comes in handy, huh?"

Qin Mu was so shocked, it was as if thunder had struck her; she could only manage a silly smile and do nothing else.

Qin Mingzhu couldn't help but curl her lips downward, feeling utterly disdainful of those who show off their affection publicly.

Probably only the couple themselves knew they weren't showing off, especially Qin Mu!

Mu Yichen released Qin Mu and turned to face the couple across from him with a serious expression: "Wang Huanyu, keep an eye on Qin Mingzhu and don't let her cause trouble again!"

That's exactly what Mu Yichen wanted to say!

Wang Huanyu: "..."

Qin Mu: "..."

Even the elder in charge gave Mu Yichen a meaningful glance for a moment before slowly turning to his youngest daughter with a helpless chuckle.

Qin Mingzhu was so enraged she almost jumped up: "Even though I've already called you brother-in-law, you're still this treacherous? Be careful, or I might spill the beans about when you and Jing Qing were a thing."

"Oh? What kind of thing?"

Qin Mu immediately turned to look at Qin Mingzhu, her curiosity utterly ignited.

Qin Mingzhu: "..."

Mu Yichen's previously relaxed expression suddenly grew a shade more serious.

"There's so much between the two of them! Back when you weren't around, I would tail them constantly, so..."

"So why don't you hurry up and shut your mouth now?"

Qin Haiming filled in for Mu Yichen, affectionately reminding him in a doting tone.

Wang Huanyu quickly scooped a bowl of soup for Qin Mingzhu: "Honey, finish this and then you can take your time talking."

Seeing Mu Yichen's face darken suddenly, Qin Mingzhu didn't dare to continue, but she couldn't help thinking to herself: If he dares to ask Wang Huanyu to keep me in check again, I'll continue spilling the tea.

Qin Mu, being completely unaware of the situation, suddenly looked at Mu Yichen with curiosity. Her expression carried a hint of skepticism, and she smiled lightly, seriously teasing Mu Yichen, "Looks like you've had quite a few stories during the years I wasn't by your side. I think I should call that great doctor, huh? She must've been another eyewitness, right? Or how about Jiang Dashao, who's been begging me for advice lately to win his girlfriend over? He probably knows quite a bit too, doesn't he?"

Mu Yichen's face, which had been serious for a long time, finally eased into a helpless smile after hearing his wife's dramatic threat. He turned to look her in the eye with an almost groveling tone, "Whatever pleases you. If you'd like, after the meal, I can personally call up all our siblings and friends. We can have them all join forces to take me down as you wish, hmm?"

That incredibly sexy voice...

"Alright! It's settled, then!"

Qin Mu chuckled and then picked up her chopsticks to start eating.

Qin Haiming thought to himself, I just told this brat not to tick off my daughter, and within mere minutes of agreeing, he's already started stirring the pot again. Sigh!

"Why don't you two stay over tonight?"

Qin Haiming pondered for a moment and then proposed.

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen: "..."

"No, we stayed at the apartment last night. If we don't head back tonight, it wouldn't be appropriate!"

Qin Mu feigned modesty in her explanation.

"Oh? You two stayed at the apartment alone last night? You two..."

Qin Mingzhu immediately perked up, as if discovering a whole new world, her gaze suddenly turning cheeky and suggestive.

Wang Huanyu sighed helplessly, thinking to himself how he had no idea why this hopeless fool was the one he'd chosen.

"Ahem! Let's eat!"

Qin Haiming hurriedly steered the topic away, quickly picking up his chopsticks to eat.

After the meal, Qin Mingzhu and Qin Mu were sitting on the sofa: "No need for you to come see me off tomorrow!"

Qin Mu, who was drinking tea, couldn't help but pause mid-sip when she heard that. She didn't continue drinking, instead staring deeply at Qin Mingzhu.

"I'm leaving early; you probably won't even be up yet by then!"

Qin Mingzhu, sensing her sister's gaze, felt a little anxious but still bowed her head and continued talking.

Qin Mu let out a helpless sigh, "From Rongcheng to Beijing, it's only a few hours. Why make such a big deal of it?"

Qin Mingzhu: "..."

"Will you visit me there in the future?"

When Qin Mingzhu heard that, she became so excited she couldn't speak for a moment, but soon enough, she grabbed one of Qin Mu's hands.

Qin Mu, still holding her teacup, almost spilled it.

After narrowly avoiding disaster, Qin Mu let out a weary sigh, "I won't visit you!"

In fact, three men were seated nearby, silently listening to the sisters' awkward conversation the whole time.

"But if you don't come visit me, everyone will think I have no one from my family backing me. What if they bully me?"

Qin Mingzhu lowered her eyes again and murmured in a pitiful tone.

Qin Mu's gaze instinctively and solemnly shifted toward Wang Huanyu, staring at him calmly. However, that calmness carried a sort of warning.

Wang Huanyu suddenly felt every hair on his back stand on end as he stammered, "Mrs. Wang, couldn't you save these remarks for me in private? Saying this in front of Dad and Sis, are you trying to take my life?"