

Sweet Love 921

Chapter 921: I will cook noodles for you to eat.

The twins hiding in a corner covered each other's eyes simultaneously, but they were unable to resist their curiosity. They peeked through the gaps between their fingers, flushing bright red as they watched what was unfolding before them.

It was a beautiful scene.

It was even more beautiful than the kissing scenes in a lot of teen drama series.

Mu Yazhe was holding her cheek, outlining the corner of her lips. Following right after, like a dragonfly touching the water, he gently suckled her lips clean.

Yun Shishi hooked her arm around his shoulders and returned his kiss.

Both were deeply immersed in the sweetness of this beautiful kiss and were unable to pull themselves apart.

The older boy could not bring himself to watch further. Covering his eyes, he pulled his brother back into their room.

The younger boy raised his arm in protest. "What? I haven't seen enough!"

"Don't you feel bashful at all for peeking at our parents kissing? You're such a pervert!" He held his burning hot cheeks and accused his brother.

The other lad felt wronged and retorted unhappily, "How could you call me a pervert? Weren't you looking as well?"

"I..."

Unable to think of a proper comeback, he decided not to defend himself and just pulled him to the bed.

"Let's sleep!"

"..." The younger kid remained silent.

Still, after witnessing that scene from earlier, he could no longer fall asleep.

The happiness on his mommy's face was brimming beyond words. This was the first time in his life to see pure happiness from her eyes clearly.

It seems that mommy really loves daddy!

If that was so, he decided to protect her happiness. He would not tolerate anyone who attempted to wreck it!

In the living room, the temperature continued to rise.

The man lifted her skirt, revealing one of her legs. He wanted to use this kiss to deepen their relationship, but right at this moment, a rumbling noise was heard.

Her complexion froze.

He was also stunned.

“Who’s calling?”

The rumbling noise was heard again, and it was coming from his stomach.

This was an absolute killjoy.

The intimate and ambiguous atmosphere was instantly ruined.

She held her breath and pressed her ear onto his stomach. Raising her head and blinking her eyes at him, she involuntarily chuckled. “Hungry?”

His gaze was still fixated on her smiling lips. He was indeed hungry!

In more ways than one...

“Then, I’ll cook noodles ¹ for you to eat; is that okay?”

Following her words, he shifted his gaze down her slowly.

She saw his burning hot gaze shifting downward without stopping. Her face turned red, quickly grasping what he was thinking!

With a displeased gaze, she swiftly reached out, held his face, and lifted it up. “Hey, can you not distort my words, please?”

“Distort?” His puzzled gaze suggested that he did not really get what she meant.

It was as if she were the one with the dirty thoughts and not him!

She blushed slightly and pursed her lips. She then said, “I mean that if you’re hungry, I’ll cook noodles for you to eat! Please don’t think wildly, okay?”

He smiled and decided to stop teasing her. “Okay.”

He was indeed hungry.

Thus, she headed to the kitchen to prepare.

Rummaging through the cabinets and the fridge, there were not many ingredients left in the house. Usually, Youyou was very particular about the quantity of food used when he prepared for dinner. It was basically enough, and there would rarely be any leftovers. Even if there were leftovers, they would not be left uneaten for over two days as it was unhealthy.

Therefore, the house was only left with instant noodles.

She raised a brow. Well, it was better than nothing!

She, thus, turned on the gas stove to boil some water before throwing the noodles into the pot to cook. She also fried a sunny-side up egg. Seeing that the fridge still had some ingredients left, she sautéed a small plate of vegetables.

Chapter 922: A Disproportionate Appetite

It had been a long time since she last entered the kitchen; thus, she was unaccustomed to it. Naturally, her culinary skills could not match Youyou's, but the taste of her food was still digestible.

Mu Yazhe was taking a nap while hugging a pillow when she finally placed the noodles and sautéed veggies on the table.

She approached him gingerly, but as she saw the tiredness on his face, she could not bring herself to disturb him. In the end, she still gently woke him up.

"The noodles are ready!"

He was startled awake. For a split moment, his eyes were sharp. However, as his vision adjusted and reflected Yun Shishi's happy smile, his gaze gradually filled with warmth, and he returned to his unguarded and peaceful state.

She was taken aback.

Earlier, in that split second when he just opened his eyes, there was so much coldness and murderous intent radiating off them.

It was frightening.

Seeing the change in her complexion, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

"Your gaze earlier, for a second... it was unnerving!" she admitted honestly.

"Did I scare you?"

"... Yes." She nodded.

"I received military training in the past. Even when we were asleep, we must always be on guard," he explained.

"Oh! It's like that, huh."

She dropped the matter. "The noodles are done. Eat them quickly before they turn cold, or else they won't taste good anymore!"

He sat at the table. Seeing that the so-called 'noodles' were just instant noodles, his eyes got filled with disappointment.

"Instant noodles?"

He snorted.

Dumb woman. Did she think that something like this would appease him?

“Is this not okay? We only have instant noodles at home. Just bear with it; it’s better than being starved.”

The man was still feeling indignant, but he was indeed famished. Therefore, he did not fuss further and just picked up his chopsticks to begin eating.

He tasted a spoonful. *Eh? It seems that the taste isn’t that bad.*

This was not his first time eating instant noodles. The first time he had eaten this, it had also been cooked by her.

It was just that the taste that first time was barely satisfactory. This time, the taste had gone up a notch.

“Your skills have improved.”

He let out a compliment that could not really count as one.

She was speechless. Looking at him silently, the corners of her eyes twitched.

Is there a skill needed for cooking instant noodles?

...

Even idiots can do it.

She did not dare to say those words aloud because she knew that he was that idiot.

He definitely did not know how to cook instant noodles.

A man with such a high status never had to worry about food or clothes. Every detail in his life had been taken care of by others. Why would he ever need to step into a place called kitchen?

With one mouthful after another, he quickly finished his noodles. However, he did not even make a sound.

From a young age, he was taught about the restrictions and doctrines of the upper-class society. At the dining table, they were never permitted to make a sound.

He sat as straight as a pen, the hand holding his chopsticks was slender and fair. Even though he was eating something as inexpensive as instant noodles, he still maintained an elegant demeanor as seen in the higher-ups in society.

The air of nobility was seeping out of his bones between his every gesture.

She sat across him with her head propped on her hand, watching him eat mouthful after mouthful. Soon, the bowl of noodles was gone.

“Is there more?”

He raised his head to ask.

She lifted her eyes, astonished and stared dolefully at him. “Is it... Is it not enough?”

“Not enough.”

She cooked three packets of noodles, yet those were still not enough to fill him.

...

This man had an appetite that was disproportionate to his slim body.

It did not make any scientific sense.

She headed back into the kitchen and cooked three more packets of noodles, quickly carrying the big bowl of noodles out and placing it in front of him.

With one mouthful after another again, he polished off the bowl of noodles completely.

Chapter 923: One who gambles must be ready for loss.

With one mouthful after another again, he polished off the bowl of noodles completely.

None was left in the bowl at the end.

He must be so hungry as he even finished off the broth.

After putting down the bowl, he looked squarely at her with a cocked brow.

She carefully probed, “Are you full now?”

“No, but I’m not particularly hungry, too,” he replied.

She sucked in a deep, cool breath.

She suddenly realized that she ought to reacquaint herself with this man.

Why did she not know that he had such a big appetite?

“Since you are done eating, you must wash the dishes.” She issued an order with a smile.

He looked at her steadily and said, “I don’t know how to do that.”

“... I’ll teach you if you don’t know how.”

“If that’s the case, why don’t you wash the dishes, instead?” he asked unhurriedly.

That stumped her.

She retorted with a frown, “It’s tiring to cook the noodles for you.”

The man’s eyes gave a fierce twitch at her words; how tiring could it be to cook a few bowls of instant noodles?!

Thus, he rebutted, “It should be easy to cook instant noodles.”

He then gave her a look. Obviously, she was finding a chance to be lazy.

“How about this? Let’s decide with a game of ‘rock-paper-scissors’. The loser will wash the dishes!” She stood up and rolled up her sleeves determinedly.

The man sat in the chair and sneaked a peek at her nonchalantly, seemingly agreeing to her proposal with his look.

“Sure.”

The atmosphere turned heavy and strange in the dining hall at that very moment.

The woman eyed the man like a hawk, slowly holding her fist high in the air...

“Rock—paper—scissors!”

“This isn’t counted; let’s do again! The one with two wins out of three sets is the winner!”

“You...”

“Loser must admit defeat!” She glared at him.

“Rock—paper—scissors!”

The air seemed to freeze momentarily.

Wearing a smile, he retrieved his hand and crossed his arms elegantly, whereas she was so upset she almost vomited blood!

What... What is this? I’ve lost again?!

She pointed a finger at him bitterly. “You cheated! You must’ve cheated!”

His eyes were smiling as he reached and knocked against the table with his knuckles. “Miss Yun, please watch your words. As it says, the one who gambles must be ready for loss.”

She swallowed down her defeat unwillingly. This concerned her pride, so how could she take this loss without a fight?

Clenching her fist, she wanted him to play the game again, but he ignored her.

Left with no choice, she could only throw the bowls and utensils into the basin filled with water. Taking up the steel mesh sponge with an angry face, she proceeded to scrub the dishes after squeezing some detergent on it.

Footsteps sounded behind her without warning, and soon a pair of long arms slowly reached across her waist; his steady and warm torso pasted close to her back.

The man encircled her waist from her back, his chin resting lightly on her shoulder. The humid breath from his nostrils gently caressed the side of her face invisibly.

Her hands in motion halted with a start. Giving an unnatural smile, she asked, “Hey, hey! What are you doing?”

He did not say a word except to reach out and lift her hands.

Her hands were still covered with cleaning foam and grease as he gently held and brushed his fingers against them. He was staring at the calluses on her palms.

Her ten fingers were slender and naturally suitable to play the piano. Beautiful and jade-like, this pair of hands could easily reach an octave on the keyboard.

However, such a pair of beautiful hands, from the palms to the fingertips, was covered in calluses. One would be able to see the coarseness of her palms if one looked at them carefully.

Chapter 924: You met me by god's will.

She widened her eyes in surprise; why was this man suddenly interested in her hands?

In any case, she was still washing the dishes. Her hands were covered in detergent and grease. Did he not find that dirty?

Besides, her hands were not particularly nice-looking; why was he staring at them?

In reality, she did not need to do much housework when she was young.

After the Yun family lost their riches, she started to do household chores. While in university, she became more diligent and did part-time work.

She remembered that there was a manicure fad during her university days. Almost every girl in the class would happily go for a manicure once it hit the holidays. This was not for her, though. She needed to work and manicured hands would be inconvenient.

Back then, she washed dishes mainly, scrubbing up to a few thousand plates in a day. That was a back-breaking job, and as her hands had to soak in the greasy soap water the whole time, they turned rather coarse.

There was a time when she was depressed over how her nice-looking hands were tormented to such an extent.

His staring was starting to make her feel awkward, so she tried to retract her hands, only to have him hold them tightly without letting go. Antagonized by his action, she chided, "Why are you staring at my hands?"

The man chuckled gently out of the blue and casually replied, "Your hands are terribly ugly."

Her face turned sullen and she retorted through gritted teeth, "Mu Yazhe... you! Are my hands as ugly as you made them out to be?"

He smiled. "But then again, they look rather nice at a second look."

She was taken aback and almost took his words for a hallucination. "Hah?"

He criticized her hands one moment and then complimented them in the next. How could a man be... so contradictory?

“Why are there so many old calluses?”

Slapping away his hands hard, she retracted hers and was unwilling to answer his question. She started to wash the dishes again when, forcing a relaxed tone, she answered out of the blue, “I used to wash dishes a lot. My hands might’ve grown these when they were soaked in greasy soap water for long periods. Eh... My life circumstances dictated that I must work hard then. I even did manual labor.”

“Manual labor?”

“In a moving company.”

“You even did that?”

“I have no choice. The pay is good so...” She could not go on.

There was only silence in the kitchen for a while.

The man did not utter a word and she continued neutrally, “You are born with a silver spoon in your mouth. How can you possibly understand the plight of poor ordinary folks like us? For someone who is used to fine dining, how is it possible for you to imagine that there are people in the world who have to move bricks in exchange for a meal?”

She suddenly raised a brow. “I had a classmate who used to hold several jobs during her studies. As for you, you don’t have to worry over things like this, so Mu Yazhe, we live in two different worlds since young, yeah?”

There was no sound or movement behind her at all, though his breathing was still as soft and warm as before.

There was only the sound of water flowing from the tap inside the kitchen.

After a long, long time, there were still no words from him. She was starting to think that she might have aggravated him with her words when she suddenly heard him say, “That’s why I met you by god’s will.”

She was stunned.

“The heavens felt for you and thought that you deserve some happiness, so they let you meet me.” He smiled. “And the heavens were jealous of my good fortune, so they let me meet you.”

She could only open and close her mouth in surprise; no words would come out from her throat.

Chapter 925: You are shy!

He said warmly, “God thought that it’s time to pamper you, so he let you meet me. God also thought that my life was too comfortable and easy, so he let me meet you for me to be disturbed and annoyed by you every day.”

She suddenly let out a laugh. "Are you coaxing a child right now?"

"Yes. Aren't you a child?"

Her face darkened. "Of course, I'm not! In fact, I'm already a mother of two!"

"Still, in my eyes, you are just a child."

"Hey, Mu Yazhe—"

She looked over her shoulder unhappily. However, before she could even finish her words, a bundle of warmth fell on her lips, kissing her softly. It was just a gentle kiss, devoid of the past brazenness or wildness. She stared at him in amazement and blinked her eyes in shock. Her eyelashes brushed across his face, interweaving with his.

The man raised a brow slightly and looked up while biting her lip. "Who kisses with their eyes wide open like that?"

She gulped softly. Pretending to be calm, she replied, "My eyes are naturally big even if I don't widen them on purpose."

He pouted. "Do you really want to distort my words like this?"

She pursed her lips into a smile before smacking them. She put on an air of generosity and smiled. "Alright, then! I'll just lose out a little this time. Let's start over!"

Thus, she closed her eyes and pouted her lips mischievously. She could not help but open her eyelids a little, keeping her eyes hooded with an implication of teasing him.

The corners of his eyes twitched harshly. Regardless of how good the mood was, why was it always easily ruined when it reached her end?

He really wanted to smack her face with his palm.

Therefore, he harshly flicked her forehead before saying, "Go wash the bowls!"

With that, he frowned and turned away. Her giggles could be heard from behind. "Ha ha! You are shy! Ha ha!"

He turned around and coolly glanced at her, only to find the woman showing off her butt by shaking it while sticking out her tongue at him.

He shot her a sharp glare, but as he turned around, his lips inevitably arched into a loving smile.

He walked to the balcony and made a phone call.

This phone call was made to Du Boxiong.

In the free time he had when she was cooking noodles, he sent someone to find that person's contact number and send it to him.

The call rang for some time before it connected.

Immediately, a middle-aged man's confused and tired voice came through. "Who?"

“Mr. Du.”

The person over the phone was stunned for a moment before asking suspiciously, “Who are you?”

“Mu Yazhe.” He stated his well-respected name.

The man on the other end was flabbergasted for a while and scrambled to respond. “Oh, my... It’s Chairman Mu!”

Du Boxiong was instantly alert. He was initially skeptical about why such a powerful and noble figure would be initiating a call to him at midnight.

A little overwhelmed, he asked in a fawning tone, “Chairman Mu, what matter requires you to give me a personal call? I’m truly nervous now!”

Yun Shishi finished washing the dishes. As she walked out, she saw the man on the phone at the balcony. She decided against disturbing him and went to the bathroom to take a shower before lying comfortably in bed, instead.

Meanwhile, Mu Yazhe stood on the balcony, enjoying the night breeze while not saying another word.

On the other end of the line, Du Boxiong held his phone in a tight grip. When the man did not speak for some time, the initial elation was replaced with a hammering heart; his thoughts constantly changed.

If he were standing in front of the man now, he would be frightened by the look on the latter’s face.

Chapter 926: Not playing around?!

At this moment, Mu Yazhe’s complexion was cold and unchangingly still, and there was not even a small smile on his face. His eyes were so deep one would not see the end of them!

Du Boxiong was a popular nouveau riche in this city. According to others, their prosperity had been due to architectural engineering. At present, his business was progressing smoothly and had even started to gain a name in this industry.

However, not mentioning the Mus, if the Dus were to be compared to the Songs or even the Gaos, their fame was out of the question. After all, they were just upstarts.

To the man, they could not be any smaller than the smallest of figures.

If he was a mountain, then the Du was a small sesame seed.

From his personality, he would not deem such a small figure worthy of his personal call.

It was different this time, though.

Tonight, the ugly faces of Huang Lili and Du Jiayan had been too nauseating.

Thinking that the Du family should have some fame, he had people find out more about its patriarch, only to receive such a result.

At the same time, he found out that the middle-aged man had partnerships with the Mu family.

However, it was more of Du Boxiong being contracted by the Mu Group to manage some of their development projects. The man was the hired contractor for a few of their real-estate projects.

The man took the Mu Group's cases highly, but to them, he was just an easily replaceable contractor. Changing to someone new was no big deal.

Du Boxiong was dispensable.

Therefore, he announced it to the man that he was removed from all their Mu Group development projects. He would be replaced by a new contractor.

His two simple statements completely annihilated all the hard work of Du Boxiong!

The other probed anxiously about what exactly had he done wrong.

To this, Mu Yazhe replied in a meaningful tone, "You should ask your precious son about this issue!"

After speaking, without giving the other a chance to reply, he ended the call.

For such matters, he could have just sent someone over to announce this to the man.

Instead, he personally called him to talk about it to save the man some face.

Also, it was an indirect approach to have him ask his son about what had happened.

Ending the call, Du Boxiong was still in a daze. However, he was able to grasp that his son had likely caused some trouble again while he was out!

Talking about that son of his, he had a stomach full of anger.

It was enough that he was drinking, gambling, and calling for prostitutes, but this son of his, who had been spoiled by his wife, just had to be rebellious and constantly bring him trouble with all his flaunting outside!

Now, he even offended the Mu family!

How could anyone in this small family of his afford to offend Mu Yazhe?!

He was absolutely enraged.

If one must know, such a disaster could be split into two types: One was something that could be fixed with money, and another was, if one had offended a powerful figure, could never be settled with money!

For a contractor like him, he had borne with humility all the disgraced looks of many powerful figures in the circle for a long time.

However, with just a statement from Mu Yazhe, his bankruptcy could occur in a minute.

In conclusion, that man's one phone call was like thunder on a clear, fine day. He was completely restless.

He sat on his bed anxiously, smoking a few cigarettes one after another, yet his heart could not calm down. Thus, he gave a call to the company.

The company was working on the Mu Group's real-estate projects through the night, but with that one phone call, the Mu Group recalled everything from them overnight!

How was this okay?!

That man was really not playing around

Chapter 927: Get back here!

At present, he could no longer sleep peacefully. His head was filled with Mu Yazhe's icy voice.

The moment he thought of the chilling warning, he was even more restless than before. He quickly grabbed his phone and called his troublemaking son.

Once the call connected, he unleashed his fury on him. "Where are you right now? I want you back right this instant!"

On the other end, Du Jiayan was at a noisy entertainment clubhouse.

The class gathering tonight had made him look really bad. Therefore, under Huang Lili's suggestion, he brought some friends to an entertainment clubhouse.

He was enjoying himself, so he was late to pick up his phone, but the moment it connected, he only heard his father's anxious and angry bellows. He was completely baffled. Dazed, he asked, "Dad, what happened to you?!"

Since young, due to his parents' loving pampering, he had never once been shouted at by both in his life. His father had never even laid a finger on him. Thus, to receive such a call today filled with so much unexpected anger, he was stunned.

Du Boxiong could hear the noisy surroundings in the background. At such a crucial moment, that fella still had the mind to fool around outside?!

He asked unhappily, "What 'good deeds' have you done this time? Get back home right now! I have things to ask you!"

Good deeds? What good deeds? He had not done any good deeds recently – only some harmless misdeeds; that was all.

Alas, he was only halfway through this music. Having not enough fun, going back now made him feel a little indignant.

He, thus, fished out one of his old tricks and coaxed, "Dad, can I return later, please? I'm still out with my friends, and we're not done having fun..."

Bang!

He heard what sounded like a heavy object being smashed on the table. The sound was deafening and exuded a palpable murderous aura!

He stifled his breath in shock, no longer daring to haggle!

He knew that his father was really angry this time! In fact, he was livid!

“I don’t care what you’re doing! I’m giving you twenty minutes to get your *ss home! If I don’t see you home by then, you’ll suffer the consequences!”

With that, his father hung up harshly.

He was holding his phone, completely speechless. He blinked his eyes in incomprehension, and then he lowered his phone gloomily.

Seeing what had just happened, Huang Lili cautiously probed about.

He sulked. “How would I know? My dad asked me to rush back home!”

“Ah, but the fun has just begun; we haven’t even gotten high yet,” she said reluctantly.

“Still wanna play? You know my dad’s temper. The moment he flares up, nothing will be able to stop his anger. Let’s hurry back!”

Therefore, before they could bid their friends goodbye, the couple rushed out of the club’s doors and called for a cab, speeding back home.

Although clueless on what was up, he was still feeling slightly on edge.

He had seen how his father looked when angry. It was terrifying.

Knowing that he had to face him today, he could not bear it!

He dashed through their house doors, leaving her in the living room, and made a beeline for the study room. The moment he pushed open its doors, he could see his father pacing back and forth in front of the window; his face was a mask of rage.

As his father heard the doors opening, he turned to sweep him with a pair of fierce eyes.

He instantly backed away a couple of steps under the harsh stare. Cold sweat began to form on his forehead.

Chapter 928: Violent Criticisms

Knowing that he had to face him today, he could not bear it!

He dashed through their house doors, leaving her in the living room, and made a beeline for the study room. The moment he pushed open its doors, he could see his father pacing back and forth in front of the window; his face was a mask of rage.

As his father heard the doors opening, he turned to sweep him with a pair of fierce eyes.

He instantly backed away a couple of steps under the harsh stare. Cold sweat began to form on his forehead.

His shoulders shrank back in fear as he stammered, “D-Dad, what happened to you? What do you need me for?”

Du Boxiong glared at him as he walked to his desk and sat down. Seeing his son in shock and not moving from his original standing position, he realized that he had lost control of his emotions. Looking at his treasured son, he could not help but hold in his anger and keep his temper in check. He tapped the desk and spoke in a deep voice, “Sit down!”

His son’s brows twitched as he sat down at the desk slowly.

He let out a disappointed sigh, asking coldly, “Jiayan, who have you offended with your actions these past few days?”

“Offend? Who did I offend?” His son raised a brow, clearly not putting much thought into it. He then shook his head in denial. “There’s no one!”

“Tell me the truth!” He furrowed his brows; his tone was gradually getting harsher.

His son retorted indignantly, “Dad, I really didn’t! Do I seem like a troublemaker to you? What exactly happened? It’s like you ate some explosives, coming at me with such violent criticisms the moment I got home!”

Seeing his father’s increasingly ashen face, his voice became lower and softer.

“Heh... ate explosives? You’re forcing me to my death with your doings!”

He responded loudly, “What did I do? I didn’t do anything!”

“Are you sure? If you didn’t do anything, why did others make a call all the way to me? How did you offend them?”

He was getting more confused. “What ‘others’? Who are those ‘others’ you are talking about? Dad, if you want to blame me for something, at least let me understand what’s going on!”

“Okay, sure! I’ll let you understand everything!”

His father picked up his cup of tea and drank a few large gulps. He then let out a sigh before asking with furrowed brows, “Jiayan, what did you do to offend Master Mu?”

“Master Mu?” He cocked a brow weirdly and then suddenly recalled all that had happened earlier tonight. His heart thumped as he thought inwardly, *Did that guy complain to my family?*

Despite this, he still did not dare to admit it.

“Who is that? I don’t know anyone like that! Which ‘Master Mu’ are you talking about?”

“How many Master Mus are there in the capital? He’s...” His father lowered his voice. “The CEO of Disheng Financial Group, Mu Yazhe!”

Du Jiayan would never dare to admit it. He could only assert that he did not know anything and continue to shake his head in denial. "I don't even know who Mu Yazhe is! How can I offend him if that's the case?"

His father laughed coldly and nodded. "Heh! He heh! Yes, you didn't provoke him, but you bullied his people. Isn't that embarrassing others?"

"His people?" He had a slight foreboding. Did his dad already know about what had happened?

"Who?" He already knew, but he still asked, yet he feared to provoke the situation.

Du Boxiong glared at him and bellowed, "Who else could it be?! Do you still want to play dumb with me? Are you only going to cry when you see the coffin? Be honest with me and tell me everything that has happened in detail!"

Chapter 929: Are you tired of living?

He was scared stiff by now, yet the menace on his father's face, coupled with his guilty conscience, dissuaded him from admitting the trouble he had caused. Instead, he tried dismissing the old man's warning with a few words. "Dad, I really don't know someone who goes by Master Mu."

"I don't care what entanglements you have with him. I don't want to know what you did to him, and vice versa. In any case, you go and resolve this matter. Quickly go and apologize to him."

His son raised his tone incredulously just as he finished his word. "Dad, what's wrong with you; what did that Master Mu do to you? You look like you're about to explode!"

Du Boxiong was already fuming, and his son's insolence only fueled his anger further. He was so upset that he wanted to give him a good, hard slap!

He raised his hand high in the air, but as he looked at his beloved son whom he had spoiled rotten since young, he lost his will to carry through the act.

Instead, the hand in mid-air curled into a fist, and he sent it crashing onto the table top. The furniture, as if protesting, gave a mourning sound under the blunt force.

Du Jiayan was really shocked and alarmed. He stood dumbstruck on the spot.

He had never seen his father so fierce before. Realizing that something terrible must have happened, he made a full confession before his old man. Upon telling him everything, he proceeded carefully and tried to observe his father's reaction. "Dad, I really didn't know his background! If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have offended him, but what happened to you exactly?"

"Because of what you did, Mu Group's real estate removed me from all their projects!"

The recollection of Mu Yazhe's cold and heartless voice made him gnash his teeth, and he lambasted angrily, "Don't you know your action has dug a grave for the whole family? Do you think you can offend

someone like Master Mu? Are you really tired of living? Even if you are, must you drag the whole family with you?"

His son was indignant at his rebuke. "What's so great about the Mu family? How powerful can he be; is he more formidable than an emperor?"

"Hmph! I haven't met an emperor before, but in the capital, the Mu family is the king!"

His son was absolutely stunned this time. Receiving his father's side-eye, he heard him warn in a low tone, "The Mu family has far-reaching assets throughout the world. No one can tell how far their empire has spread. We only know that the assets under the Mu family can shake the global financial market; it is also Asia's economic pillar. What's scary about this family is that they have a vast network that cuts across politics, business, and underworld. This is without mentioning the connections they have in other areas! Even the mayor in the capital must watch out for Master Mu, let alone me, your old man! Let me tell you; you are courting death as long as you are up against him openly or through underhanded means! That man is a formidable enemy that you shouldn't seek, or else you'll die an ugly death without knowing how it happens!"

His son tugged at his lips rigidly and asked unbelievably, "Dad... are you exaggerating?"

"What do you think? Hmph, everyone in that family is ruthless; there's none we can afford to offend, especially that Mu Yazhe. He's the most heartless and severe of them all. He's able to cut off all chances of survival for anyone without feeling guilt! You won't know how you end up tomorrow once you step on his toes today."

Chapter 930: Goodnight kiss that comes seven years late.

"You can bully whomever you like except for Master Mu; do you understand? Your old man here wants to live a few more years. I finally have a chance to be where I am now, so can you give me a way out at least?" Du Jiayan had a complicated look on his face by the time his father finished speaking.

His mouth would not close from his shock, and then he checked again with his father in a disbelieving tone. "Dad, is that Mu Yazhe... really that frightening?"

"Hmph. I don't know how powerful the Mu family is; all I know is that one step from this man's foot can destroy my entire career!"

Du Boxiong's son went silent.

...

After showering, Mu Yazhe walked toward the room of the two little lads.

The bedroom was filled with warm air when he pushed the door open.

The electric fan was blowing, without the aircon, and the two little fellows were fast asleep with each of their respective quilts covering them.

The younger boy's sleeping posture could be deemed as elegant, while the older one maintained the same uncouth mannerism, with one leg on his brother's body as he snored away.

The man walked over and saw that Youyou's brows were creased in disdain while asleep.

It might be due to his older brother's disturbing sleeping habit. Both boys seemed to settle with much difficulty.

He reached out a finger and rubbed the little lad's brows until the creases flattened before lowering his gaze and planting a kiss on his forehead.

This was what he had always wanted to do.

Back to those days in the Mu residence, he would do the same for Little Yichen when he finished late in the office, as by the time he reached home, the boy had long gone to bed.

Other than the days when he was away on business trips, he would do this every day without fail.

This time, though, the goodnight kiss for Youyou was late by seven years.

This may not be that late!

He caressed the boy's fringe with loving indulgence and then walked over to his other son's side to kiss his forehead as well before he left the room after.

After the door was closed, the younger boy opened his groggy eyes. He seemed to feel the presence of a tall, broad figure standing by the bed and kissing his forehead before leaving.

Is that daddy...

When he walked into the bedroom, the woman was, surprisingly, not asleep yet. She lay her head against the bedrest and did her best to keep open her heavy lids. When he entered the room, she quickly drew the quilt over herself snugly.

He closed the door. "Not yet sleeping?"

"Eh." She nodded in disinterest. "I'm waiting for you."

Stunned, the man's lips broke into a faint smile as his heart turned warm.

He walked to the other side of the bed, and as he changed into his pajamas unhurriedly, he told her in a soft tone, "In the future, you can go ahead and sleep if you feel tired. You need not wait for me."

While changing, his athletic body was exposed in the air. His firm and exquisite chest, with its well-defined muscles and perfect abdominal contours, had no fats at all. In fact, his body could compete with a top model anytime!

She could not be bothered with what he was saying as she gawked admiringly at his body.

He could tell instantly what she was thinking in her head and smilingly asked, "Have you stared enough?"

Her attention returned to him with some difficulty. Licking her pinkish lips, she nodded acquiescently. "Yup, I've seen enough!"

He then asked, "Do you want to touch it?"

He was making fun of her openly!

She shook her head resolutely and replied like a sour grape, "What's so great about a good body?"

Curling both her hands into fists, she declared solemnly, "I'm going to persevere in my exercising; I'll lose weight and train up a vest line."