

His Beloved 1001

Chapter 1001: Three Cups

Qin Mu asked: "What did you talk to Dad about?"

"Dad wants to close the pharmaceutical factory!"

Mu Yi softly replied.

Qin Mu could clearly see his struggle in his eyes, despite his casual demeanor.

"But that's the culmination of Dad's life's work. How can you just close it?"

Qin Mu thought Mu Zihao was being a bit impulsive!

"Yes! So I talked with him just now, and he likely won't make a quick decision."

Except for her, she was the one he cherished and would admire for a lifetime.

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The next day, Qin Mu went to the store and heard from the manager that Madam W brought a beautiful woman to select dresses.

Qin Mu immediately thought of Bian Jingwen upon hearing this, and sure enough, when she went over, it was them.

Madam W was showing Bian Jingwen a dress, and upon seeing Bian Jingwen in that pale yellow dress, couldn't help but shower her with praise, like a mother admiring her child in a lovely outfit.

Yet, upon seeing Qin Mu, she quickly became more composed, smiling as she greeted Qin Mu: "Miss Qin, what brings you here today? I heard you've been keeping watch at the studio."

"Compared to my coming over, perhaps your arrival is more worth contemplating?"

Qin Mu also smiled, but she had no intention of getting chummy with her.

Madam W closed her hands, laughing as she said to her: "Aren't we trying to penetrate the enemy's ranks? But rest assured, we'll definitely buy the dress. Plus, Jingwen will wear it this evening to attend our company's annual party."

After hearing that, Qin Mu just glanced at Bian Jingwen. The dress fitted Bian Jingwen perfectly, and she seemed like the kind of woman who looked good in anything.

"Miss Bian wearing this dress will surely stun the male employees at the company; truly an excellent idea."

Qin Mu raised her eyebrow slightly, smiled at her, nodded, then turned to leave.

After turning away, Qin Mu's expression became somewhat indifferent, while Madam W scrutinized Bian Jingwen again.

Bian Jingwen looked at herself in the mirror, feeling breathtakingly beautiful; she was very pleased as she glanced at the reflection of the person beside her, her eyes fluttering slightly: "I think this isn't quite suitable for me; why don't I change into a white one?"

"Yes! I also think the white one would be more suitable!"

Madam W nodded immediately. Though her words kept flowing naturally, her expression was not as amiable as before.

She was, after all, afraid of having her limelight stolen by another woman, as she knew too well the consequences of having her spotlight taken.

Bian Jingwen's heart certainly had thoughts, but she need rent shelter in others now, so she complied variously.

Qin Mu later learned that Bian Jingwen didn't wear the pale yellow dress that highlighted her fair skin and beauty, but instead chose a relatively common white one, and smiled: "She indeed is smart, knowing she shouldn't be too conspicuous under Madam W's watchful eye."

"W Company, such a large fashion factory, surely can find a few suitable outfits? I'm just worried they have ulterior motives!"

The store manager became slightly uneasy seeing Qin Mu's calm demeanor.

"They definitely have ulterior motives, but since they're guests, we can't ignore them. Business doors are open, and between peers, these things inevitably happen. Don't we also regularly check other companies' new releases? Know yourself, know your enemy!"

Victory without failure!

Qin Mu knew that the latter phrase was the most important, but didn't say it aloud.

What exactly did Bian Jingwen intend to do? Qin Mu found it headache-inducing.

But she couldn't figure it out; Bian Jingwen seemed unhurried, indifferent to everything, like someone driven by emotions.

Soon, Qin Mu received a friend request from Madam W.

Qin Mu wondered how she got her phone number, not wanting to accept it, but after a while, added her to her contacts.

Remark: Madam W!

As soon as Qin Mu made the remark, she received a message from her on WeChat.

Madam W: "Does Miss Qin have time for a private meal?"

Qin Mu: "Sure!"

Madam W: "How about noon at AM? I'll reserve a private room, just the two of us!"

Qin Mu: "Okay!"

She even wanted a private room, clearly not wanting anyone to know. Qin Mu wanted to find out more about Bian Jingwen, so she agreed.

Feeling like the reason Madam W reached out was because of Bian Jingwen.

At noon, Qin Mu arrived at the hotel at twelve o'clock and was led into a small yet exquisite private room.

Chapter 1002: Three Cups_2

"Oh! I didn't expect you to come over so quickly!" \n(o)v.e\l.com

Madam W, who had been chatting with someone on WeChat, looked up as she heard the knock at the door and saw Qin Mu coming in from outside, immediately greeting her with a smile.

"Bian Jingwen couldn't say much to you this morning, — let's sit down and talk!"

Madam W abruptly gestured for Qin Mu to take a seat halfway through her sentence.

Qin Mu then sat opposite her.

"I asked the staff here about your taste. They all know, so I ordered the dishes in advance and had them decant the wine. Let's drink a bit, talk as we drink!"

"Sure!"

Qin Mu sat upright across from her, seeing how talkative she was, she decided to go with the flow.

"Regarding the matter of buying a dress at your store this morning, please don't take it to heart. Bian Jingwen said she wanted to check out the market there, I couldn't say much and just accompanied her. I heard she applied there, you should be aware of their family's power, I'm just afraid of causing trouble."

Madam W explained warmly.

Qin Mu smiled slightly, "Did she mention going to me for a job interview?"

Madam W: "Yes! After we ran into you here last time, she mentioned it during dinner."

Indeed, just as President Mu predicted!

Qin Mu raised her eyebrows a bit, thinking, President Mu, you're really perceptive!

"Although this is our first time having dinner alone, I've been wanting to meet with you. I thought JY's apprentices were hard to schedule with, but you turned out to be quite easy-going, should have set this up earlier!"

Madam W smoothed her short, black hair, saying nice things.

"The hard-to-meet one is my master! In Rongcheng, I don't have the luxury to act like a diva!"

Qin Mu raised her wine glass, and Madam W raised hers too, gently clinking glasses with her.

Later on, when the dishes were served, Qin Mu put the wine glass down because she saw her favorite sweet and sour spare ribs.

"Oh dear! Look at this young lady's wit! What a waste you are as a designer!"

Madam W laughed upon hearing this, continuously praising her.

Real or fake, Qin Mu couldn't differentiate, she just cooperated, as getting what she wanted was the most important, sitting quietly there.

"If you don't mind, call me Luo Jie in the future. I've been in this business longer, and indeed I'm more than twenty years your senior!"

"You're right, Luo Jie! Let me toast to you. In this age, a woman who can casually mention her age is indeed a heroine!"

Qin Mu laughed and raised her glass again.

"Really? But old is old! Everyone ages!"

Madam W continued.

"Indeed! Then you can call me Qin Mu from now on too!"

Qin Mu found the statement genuine, no matter why this self-proclaimed Luo Jie was saying it.

"Really? Then I won't be polite, alright? Calling you Miss Qin, Mrs. Mu all the time, it feels awkward even to myself, I, Luo Li, have always liked straightforward people most, come, Luo Jie also toasts to you!"

"Good!"

The two quickly downed a glass, and Qin Mu poured another for Luo Li, who leaned back in her chair like an elder sister, giving a laugh.

"I don't know what Bian Jingwen wants from me, but what she wants from you, I believe I am quite clear."

Finally getting to the point.

Qin Mu was taken aback internally, though she remained calm and collected on the surface.

Luo Li knew what she wanted, so she looked up at her, "How could Bian Jingwen be so unaware of her limits? In front of you, she's merely a young sparrow yet to spread its wings."

Qin Mu poured herself a drink too, then sat down again.

"Why would you say that?"

Qin Mu looked at him with bright eyes, curiously asking.

"Sitting here with me, even calling me Luo Jie, even pouring me wine, even if you're not Madam AM, even if you're just a designer still working hard, — perhaps you're unaware of the energy you exude, which can't be matched just by others bowing and scraping, trying to get on my good side!"

No wonder Madam W, her eyes see it all.

Bian Jingwen deliberately lowered herself to please her, and she noticed it all.

Nevertheless, Qin Mu's thoughts couldn't be hidden from her either.

So Qin Mu simply lowered her eyes with a gentle smile, "Luo Jie is truly a wise person!"

"I merely weigh the pros and cons, don't mistake me for a good person! Between Madam Mu and the foreign noblewoman, this simple choice isn't difficult for me."

Chapter 1003: Three Cups_3

Luo Li slowly revealed the truth bit by bit.

Talking to smart people is actually simpler.

"She wants to compete, and I support her wholeheartedly because I don't think she will win. I believe you won't let her win, so you won't blame me, will you?"

Luo Li asked her again, gently clinking her glass.

Qin Mu sat there with her glass, with her eyebrows slightly raised.

"The fact that you're so candid with me today, I think I can't find a reason to blame you!"

Qin Mu took a sip of wine, then put her glass down: "Luo Jie, feel free to try these dishes. I feel our tastes might be similar."

"Our tastes might be similar, but I haven't eaten meat in ten years!"

Qin Mu looked at her incredulously: "Why?"

"Why else? After having my second child, I started to gain weight. Before, I could slim down through exercise, but eventually, even working hard didn't yield good results. I had to choose dieting! If my figure becomes undesirable, I really don't know how I can hold on to that old man and my position as W's director."

Qin Mu was momentarily speechless, because she could guess what Luo Li had gone through to reach her current status.

Watching too many dramas or novels? That's why the imagination is so wild.

A dramatic saga of a mistress rising to power quietly unfolded.

"Oh! My whole life, I've been striving – for beauty, for men, for children, for wealth, for capability. But you know what? All I have left after all these years is this outfit."

Luo Li continued speaking, and when she got emotional, she put down her chopsticks and slowly downed a glass of wine.

"When they see me, they politely call me Sister Luo, but as soon as I turn around, they curse me as a shameless mistress. What can I do? Can I stop them from talking? I can't, because there are too many mouths. That's why I hold onto this position tightly, because having borne all that infamy, why shouldn't I stand here today?"

"When I got together with him, he was already on bad terms with his wife. He told me they were separated and he was going to divorce. Tell me, is that my fault? I was just a naive girl back then, much younger than you are now."

"Then why not wait for him to divorce?"

If you wait for the man to divorce before being with him, then you're not a mistress, and don't have those infamies to bear.

Qin Mu knew Luo Li might not be able to respond to that, but she asked anyway.

"I heard your mom had a car accident because of your dad and that woman, so you must hate mistresses the most."

Luo Li poured a drink and gulped it down.

Actually, she hadn't talked about this for many years, but if it weren't for meeting a girl like Qin Mu today, she wouldn't have spoken out.

"Indeed!"

Qin Mu took a sip of soup, pursed her lips, and gently placed the spoon back in the bowl.

"Sister Luo, you really don't need to tell me about your matters! I'm afraid I can't help with your future, but as long as you don't set me up, we won't be enemies for sure!"

Qin Mu raised her eyes, giving her a sharp look.

Luo Li suddenly realized she might have said too much or maybe the alcohol loosened her tongue?

Luo Li looked down at her wine glass, then reached out to touch it lightly, saying softly: "Sorry! I rarely meet girls like you who can keep secrets, so I couldn't help it."

Qin Mu smiled slightly and said: "Have some soup, fish soup won't make you fat."

Luo Li finally let go of her wine glass, sat upright, and started drinking the soup.

The taste of the soup was mild, but she found she actually quite liked it.

"Can I continue speaking? He's recently been getting close to his ex-wife, and they seem to be planning a trip to the Antarctic! At their age, they still want to go to the Antarctic together, why didn't they act so loving earlier?"

Luo Li shrugged, and tears fell from her eyes.

Qin Mu held her breath, just watching her.

In the end, a mistress never has a happy ending, no matter how strong they are.

"I've dedicated myself to him for so many years, solely wanting him to love me. I learned to cook, make soup, I learned all kinds of ways to please him, yet he still doesn't stay by my side properly. I love him and respect him, but he tells me he's going on a trip with his ex-wife to a faraway place. Who knows if he'll come back from this trip."

Luo Li drank another large glass of wine.

Qin Mu: "..."

"He left all his assets to his eldest son. I've given him two children, yet I have nothing."

Luo Li raised her hand and covered her forehead forcefully.

"But I still must strive to stand tall, because if I don't, I'll have to go back to having nothing at 20. But I no longer have my looks from back then, I no longer have my figure from back then, I no longer have the innocence I had back then, how should I live?"

So now, is it a case of swallowing one's broken teeth?

Qin Mu almost couldn't bear listening, yet was hesitant to leave just like that.

"Forget it! Let's not talk about this tale. Let's talk about Bian Jingwen; her parents have a good relationship with my husband. It seems they've been old friends for many years. That's why my husband handed her over to me. In recent years, without ten years of experience, W wouldn't accept newcomers, but there are exceptions!"

She slightly tilted her hand on the table, then let out a helpless laugh.

"Besides my two sons, actually my greatest love now is W! I've been here for over twenty years, pouring all my experience into W, so today I've invited you for this meal! Enough talk! Thank you!"

She poured herself more wine, continued drinking from her glass.

Qin Mu feared she might hurt her stomach but as an onlooker, she habitually watched with a cold eye.

After lunch, Luo Li drank too much, Qin Mu found someone to take her upstairs to rest, while she remained seated.

She only wished that years later, she'd still be the version of herself she believed was the best, not someone who's forever unable to rediscover their former self.

The phone on the table rang, causing Qin Mu's lowered eyes to flicker slightly, and she saw Mu Yichen's WeChat message.

Oh, he's listed in her WeChat as 'husband darling.'

Qin Mu pondered slightly, picking up her phone with some laziness and opening it.

"Mu Yichen, where are you?"

At this moment, she thought of him!

Clearly she wasn't the one drunk, yet now she felt especially despondent, weak, not wanting anyone to touch her.

"I just arrived at the office. What about you?"

"You don't know where I am?"

Qin Mu had her eyes lowered, looking almost asleep, barely keeping them half open to send him this WeChat message.

"I'm asking how much you've drunk!"

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, continuing to ask her.

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile as she sent back: "Three glasses! She drinks a lot!"

"You drank that much? Forgot your period's on?"

Mu Yichen narrowed his eyes, knowing they opened a bottle of fairly strong wine today, so his steps from the office moved faster.

"You remember so clearly, that's why I forgot. If you don't come soon, I'll collapse!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile again after sending the message.

"Threatening me?"

Mu Yichen sent her a message while walking.

"Hmm!"

"Mrs. Mu sure has become skillful!"

Chapter 1004: It's best this way

Qin Mu leaned on the table, holding her phone and texting Mu Yichen. Just as she sent the message, she heard the door open.

Mu Yichen had already pocketed his phone, and upon seeing her there texting, he sighed unconsciously. He walked over, pulled out the chair beside her, sat down, and put one hand on the chair back, using the other hand to cup half of her face and make her look at him.

"Three glasses?"

Mu Yichen looked at the two empty bottles on the table, this didn't seem like a three glass amount.

"It was all the boss lady of W who drank it!"

She grinned, explaining to him, her slightly flushed face looking at his exquisite features, then gently leaning into his palm without immediately sitting up.

"It better be like that!"

He said, then stood up and stepped back a little, standing beside her.

"Do you want to walk yourself, or should I carry you?"

Mu Yichen asked her, still looking down.

"You carry me!"

Qin Mu childishly reached out her arms high in anticipation of being picked up like a princess.

When Mu Yichen texted her saying he was in the office, Qin Mu guessed that he was upstairs. For some reason, she just felt he shouldn't be at the downtown office building, so when he opened the door and came in, she wasn't surprised at all. All she felt was happiness and satisfaction.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, lifting her up in his arms.

Qin Mu wrapped her arms around his neck and gave his handsome profile a light peck: "I just knew you were here!"

Mu Yichen wanted to reprimand her, but instead, he gave her a doting look, then carried her away.

Upon learning she was here having a meal with the boss lady of W, he came over, mainly worried about her being schemed against. Turns out, the boss lady had been taken to a guest room upstairs, while his wife was sitting nicely in the private room.

"She told me that it's not easy for her, a mistress daring to say it's not easy for her, isn't that ridiculous?"

Qin Mu chuckled, thinking about how many lawful wives had suffered because of mistresses. Regardless of whether the lawful wife was weak, the mistress must definitely be shameless, what's the point of crying and sobbing, it's just creepy to watch.

Mu Yichen didn't say anything until they reached his office at the top.

"What's other people's business to do with us? But if she harms you, no matter how difficult her situation is, she'll meet a bad end, hmm?"

Mu Yichen's deep voice coaxed her.

Qin Mu nodded vigorously: "Hmm! Will you sleep with me?"

"Hmm! Whatever you want!"

Mu Yichen raised his hand to gently brush away the stray hair on her forehead, then got up to take off his stiff jacket, neatly placed it aside, and lay down beside her.

Qin Mu lay sideways next to him, her gaze tinged with the allure of mild drunkenness because of the alcohol, she stared straight at him with indulgence.

"Mu Yichen, if in the future someone dares to snatch me away from you, I definitely won't let you have peace, I'd make your house turn upside down, I'm your legally wedded wife, no one should think they can act superior over me."

Her hand cupped the chiseled side of Mu Yichen's face, her words laced with a bit of drink-induced rambling, spilling out one word at a time from her lips.

"Hmm! Who dares to act superior over you? I certainly wouldn't dare!"

Mu Yichen glanced at the top of her head, his smile so subtle.

Later the two slept for a while together, Mu Yichen woke up first, answered a phone call, and then stayed by her side, watching her sleep so soundly, he was reluctant to wake her.

Outside, it started raining again, the rain so light it seemed only to moisten the dry air, just to give the city a layer of wetness.

Mu Yichen's sexy fingers gently moved at the corner of her lips, carefully brushing away a few strands of hair tangled at her lips.

They were almost dampened by her drool, he couldn't help but chuckle, then turned over to lean against the headboard, one arm gently holding her, while the other picked up his phone and started checking emails.

Later on, the two of them took some supplements and went to the Qin Family to have dinner with Qin Haiming.

Qin Haiming said, "You two just come, no need to bring anything in the future!"

"These are all to strengthen your body, besides, the Mu Family has plenty of them."

Qin Mu said, standing by his side.

"What do you mean by the Mu Family?"

Mu Yichen gave his wife a glance before sitting down, really couldn't stand hearing that.

"It's true though!"

Qin Mu immediately pretended not to understand his look.

"Though what Mumu said is not wrong, you shouldn't say such things everywhere, or people might say you don't know your manners."

Qin Haiming, sitting at the head, gently spoke to his daughter.

Chapter 1005: It's best like this_2

"Got it!"

Qin Mu raised her eyebrow, looking quite shrewd.

Mu Yichen looked at her helplessly.

"Bring a bottle of wine over here. Since Yichen is here today, let's have a few drinks together."

Auntie came to serve the dishes when Qin Haiming slightly turned and mentioned it.

"But you've been drinking herbal medicine lately, and the doctor advised against alcohol."

Auntie dutifully reminded him.

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen were watching and listening, then exchanged a glance. Naturally, Mu Yichen couldn't say much about this, but Qin Mu was different.

"Then don't drink. How about having some soup? I saw Auntie made a pot of soup. Why not pour the soup into wine glasses and drink it like wine?"

Qin Mu's eyes were sparkling with mischief, making Qin Haiming frown, "You cheeky girl! Who drinks soup out of a wine glass as if it's wine?"

"Who doesn't? I do!"

Qin Mu suddenly remembered the time in Paris when Mu Yichen wouldn't let her drink alcohol and threw out all her liquor at her apartment. Yet, she was keen on pretending to drink like an adult, so she poured chicken soup into a wine glass.

However, she wasn't about to explain this to anyone else, or else...

"When did you do that? Why didn't I know?"

Mu Yichen was sitting opposite her today and looked up to see her.

"There are lots of things you don't know!"

Qin Mu said, giving him a look as if to say, "You think you know everything, don't you?"

Mu Yichen: "..."

"In Paris? Seems like you two had quite the life over there."

Qin Haiming looked at them with lowered brows and commented.

"It was indeed exciting, living thrillingly every day."

Qin Mu said, suddenly feeling a little bittersweet in her heart, as she raised her eyes to look at Qin Haiming.

Qin Haiming also felt a jolt in his heart.

"But it's always better to endure hardships when you're young rather than when you're old. My later years should be quite good."

Qin Mu realized the conversation was straying and quickly brought it back.

"Of course! With Dad and Yichen, your future will definitely be bright!"

Qin Mu originally wanted to say more, but after hearing Qin Haiming's words, she felt a surge of emotions inside her, leaving her speechless.

Mu Yichen smiled as he watched Qin Mu, noticing that her eyes were avoiding something.

Feeling uncomfortable under his gaze, Qin Mu looked him in the eye and said, "Why are you just watching me instead of eating?"

Mu Yichen had no choice but to lower his head and eat.

Seeing how they were getting along so well made Qin Haiming feel much better. Recently, there had always been blooming lilies at home. Thinking about this, Qin Haiming looked at Qin Mu and asked, "Have you been asking Auntie to buy flowers for the house?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu recalled this and oddly felt a slight twinge of guilt.

"It's nice to have some flowers at home. Uncle Wang said it feels very warm recently."

Qin Haiming lowered his head to drink his soup. Qin Mu didn't look at him, but she understood what he meant, so she only responded with an "Oh."

The meal became very pleasant afterward, and as the rain poured down heavily outside, Qin Haiming didn't dare ask them to stay the night for fear of rejection. Since they weren't in a hurry to leave, Qin Haiming asked about Bian Jingwen.

"You don't need to worry about her anymore. Her boss had lunch with me today and has already expressed her stance. I feel it's genuine."

Qin Mu thought for a moment before replying to him.

"Oh?"

Qin Haiming looked at her, puzzled. .

"W's boss said it was because I am your daughter, the young mistress of the Mu Family, that she chose to side with me. She didn't stop Bian Jingwen from challenging me because she knew Bian Jingwen wouldn't defeat me."

Qin Mu brought up what they discussed at noon.

Qin Haiming nodded, "So that's how it is! This woman is smart, but it's always wise to be cautious around others, right?"

Qin Mu nodded.

"Sigh! But this girl's heart is probably too harsh! You two should really be careful!"

Qin Haiming earnestly advised them.

"Don't worry, after you called yesterday, I already arranged for someone to be with Mumu."

Mu Yichen explained to him.

Qin Haiming slowly nodded, "That's good! For someone who wants to stand tall, they must endure trials and hardships. So Mumu, the people and events you've encountered over the years are merely stepping stones for you. Do you understand?"

"I understand!"

Qin Haiming knew she was insightful and didn't elaborate further.

Later, as the rain outside got heavier, Mu Yichen glanced outside and then at Qin Haiming, "Does the guest room have air conditioning?"

Qin Mu and Qin Haiming looked up at him simultaneously, both surprised.

Chapter 1006: It's best like this_3

"It's raining so hard, we definitely can't leave, but it's already so late, why don't we just go to sleep!"

Mu Yichen explained.

A stone sinks into the sea, never a moment of peace, but at that moment, Qin Haiming felt that way.

As if after decades of drifting up and down, he could finally settle into the deepest part of the sea, slowly descending.

"Mumu stayed here before, there's nothing lacking in the room, ask the auntie to tidy up a bit for you, and change to clean bedding."

Qin Haiming snapped back to attention and immediately said.

Qin Mu saw him a bit excited, but she was still a bit bewildered, how did they end up staying?

Mu Yichen whispered something in her ear, and Qin Mu looked at him in surprise.

After they finally returned to the room, Mu Yichen showed Qin Mu Mu Zihao's WeChat message, telling them to stay at the Qin Family tonight. He also said this was an opportunity, and Qin Haiming would surely be very happy, his health might even improve.

It was because of the last sentence that Qin Mu reluctantly sat by the bed, but still felt a bit uncomfortable.

"Don't overthink it! It's just one night, and don't you want your father's health to improve?"

Mu Yichen asked her softly, standing in front of her, touching her chin to raise her face to look at him.

"It's just a little uncomfortable!"

Qin Mu wasn't unwilling, she mentioned helplessly to him.

"Last time you stayed here for so long, why didn't you say you felt uncomfortable?"

Mu Yichen questioned her softly, still looking down at her from above.

"You dare bring up that last time? If you hadn't pushed me into a corner, would I have needed to come here to avoid you?"

Thinking about last time made Qin Mu furious, and he had the nerve to bring it up.

Mu Yichen immediately felt the topic wasn't right, but...

"So, what's there to feel uncomfortable about now? I'm here with you, perfect!"

Perfect?

At home, there were bathrobes that had been bought and washed but not worn, apparently prepared by Qin Haiming for them.

Qin Mu felt a bit heavy-hearted as she accepted the bathrobe from the auntie.

The auntie stood at the door and said to her: "The boss has longed for this day, it's wonderful that you two are staying here, wishing you a good night's sleep."

Qin Mu smiled: "You too!"

The auntie nodded and left, and Qin Mu hugged the bathrobe and went inside, and said to Mu Yichen: "The boss had the auntie buy the bathrobe for you earlier."

The bathrobe was white, clean, and carried the fragrance of laundry detergent. Mu Yichen had just finished his bath and while he originally felt fine wrapped in a towel, he would need nothing more on the bed.

But now, with his father-in-law's intentions, he took the bathrobe and put it on.

But the person in another room hadn't slept until midnight.

Qin Haiming had long anticipated today; he hoped for his daughter and son-in-law to stay in his own home, even if it was just for one night.

But they always left right after dinner, and though they were in the same city, he always longed for the feeling of his daughter and son-in-law staying at the father's place.

He had prepared a lot in advance, had the auntie buy new bedding, remodeled the room, decorated it with things he believed Qin Mu would like, and a painting. Afraid they'd stay and have trouble sleeping suddenly, he specially bought bathrobes for them.

As a father, in the latter half of his life, he wanted to do everything he could to prepare for his daughter.

Today, he finally fulfilled his wish, but he was sleepless!

Those who have become the past, those worries that have become the past, and then now being all alone.

In the second half of the night, the rain gradually weakened, and he sat in the living room drinking tea when Uncle Wang also came out of his room.

"Why aren't you asleep yet?"

"Can't sleep, want a cup of tea?"

Uncle Wang walked over and sat down, not forgetting to remind him when he raised the teacup: "Tea will keep you up even more!"

But Qin Haiming laughed!

Tonight, even if he couldn't sleep, he was happy.

"Seems like the young lady has really let everything go, she's been visiting continuously these past few days, and now she's staying home."

Uncle Wang sighed, remembering Qin Mu's cold demeanor when she first returned, and now feeling sympathy.

"Yes! The child is sensible!"

Qin Haiming nodded, slowly pouring himself another cup.

"But this is the result of mutual tolerance between you two, if neither of you thought about each other, today wouldn't have happened."

Uncle Wang added.

"My tolerance is due to guilt!"

Qin Haiming said, glancing at the staircase.

"But the young lady isn't out of guilt, it's out of love for you."

Uncle Wang said, making Qin Haiming give a low laugh, bitterness spreading around his lips as he bowed his head to drink tea slowly.

Early the next morning, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen left the Qin Family after breakfast; Mu Yichen drove Qin Mu to the studio, and informed her he'd pick her up at four-thirty in the afternoon. Qin Mu agreed, watching him leave.

Qin Mu turned around, absent-mindedly looking up at the glass door, Xiaomei was knocking on the window as if calling her.

Qin Mu noticed a beauty seemed to be sitting across from her, but still kept walking in a methodical manner.

"Qinqin, come quickly, big news!"

Chapter 1007: Who is coming over?

"The five judges for this design competition have already been decided, and one of them is the infamous fashion mogul AD from Washington. AD even brought Bian Jingwen to attend the judges' dinner, what does this mean? Is it rigged?"

No need to think much, if they can't find someone to restrain AD, then indeed Bian Jingwen would be preselected.

Rumor has it that this mogul would not hesitate to step over her husband from the director's position for her reputation, surely, supporting a little girl should be a trivial matter for her.

But since this competition is a showdown between Qin Mu and Bian Jingwen, Qin Mu slightly lifted her gaze: "Let's give Master a call later!"

Qin Mu finally put down her phone, then turned to look at Xiaomei and said helplessly.

Wen Runuan, sitting nearby, listened for a while, then couldn't help but voice the concern: "Seems a bit troublesome?"

"We do need Master to come out of retirement!"

Qin Mu let out a helpless chuckle.

"But will JY agree?"

Xiaomei asked worriedly, everyone knows JY never appears on any judges' panel, even for internationally renowned competitions seeking him, let alone just a small competition in Rongcheng.

"He doesn't necessarily need to be on the judges' panel, it's just that he can still speak with this fashion mogul, to get some insight from him."

Qin Mu slightly lowered her eyes, gently interlacing her fingers, her voice sounding very plain.

"Oh, then call JY right away!"

Xiaomei immediately snapped back to focus upon hearing this.

Qin Mu didn't rush to call, only sighed helplessly: "One's background really matters!"

Because of Mu Yichen, no one in Rongcheng dares to mess with her easily, and because of her adoptive parents' wealth, Bian Jingwen also moves freely in Rongcheng, even being able to dine with this fashion mogul, showing that the Bian Family isn't just an ordinary notable family on the surface. we.bno vel.cm

"That's true, if I weren't Mr. Zhang's woman, I probably wouldn't have today's status either."

Wen Runuan helplessly shook her head, recalling the grievances she suffered when she had no backing.

"So is it because I don't have status that I've always been a little assistant?"

Wen Runuan felt a bit embarrassed hearing that, but Qin Mu smiled and said, "You being a little assistant is indeed an accident."

Xiaomei: "..."

Qin Mu took a moment to react, then turned to look at Wen Runuan: "Why did you come so early today?"

"Of course, I came so early to ask a favor from you."

Qin Mu slightly lifted her eyes, looking surprised.

Xiaomei, seeing that Qin Mu ignored her, went to busy herself with something else.

"Our company is launching a Republic of China drama, I hope you can help with the costumes."

"Did you bring the script?"

Qin Mu wouldn't decline! She asked softly!

Wen Runuan nodded, taking the thick script from her bag and handing it to her.

Qin Mu took it and looked at it in her hands, such a heavy script, she might need a few days to read through it.

"The timeline?"

"The shooting starts at the beginning of winter, the key roles have been decided, with notes at the back, you might find it useful."

"Plenty of time, I'll help with this!"

Wen Runuan, hearing her readily agree, immediately stood up with a smile, and before leaving with her bag on her back, she said to her: "Then it's settled, this winter, for your JY's ad, I'll continue forming a sibling duo with Li Yu for free."

Qin Mu also stood up: "Is it urgent?"

"Yes! Since I also need to secure the actors! It's tough to get actors with some reputation now, especially for supporting roles, gotta go first."

"Alright!"

Qin Mu saw Wen Runuan off, then called Qiu Xiang and Xiaomei to her office.

"Do you two have any ideas?"

Xiaomei had no particular ideas, lately tangled in her sibling-like relationship with Zhao Huai.

But Qiu Xiang's blue eyes were sparkling, seemingly full of ideas.

"Qiu Xiang, do you want to choose another assistant?"

Seeing Xiaomei so out of it, Qin Mu gave Qiu Xiang a reminder.

"No need! In fact, I already have some ideas!"

Qiu Xiang shook her head vigorously and then started speaking to Qin Mu in awkward Chinese.

"Oh? Let's hear it!"

Qin Mu nodded, raising her eyebrows to look at her.

Qiu Xiang indeed had some thoughts, even inspiring Xiaomei.

A month soon passed, so after leaving Qin Mu's office, the two of them started discussing earnestly, and Qiu Xiang drew up the design sketches and put them on Qin Mu's desk within two days.

Qin Mu knew she wouldn't misjudge, seeing Qiu Xiang's drafts before the end of that workday, she breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

Chapter 1008: Who is coming over?_2

When she got home in the evening, she was busy looking over the characteristics of several main characters in the script. Designing Republican-era fashion that matches the characters' temperament is not an easy task, at the very least, one must fully understand the background and character of the people.

Mu Yichen had been patiently waiting for her period to be over, only to see her buried in work again, spent the whole night with the script in the study.

That night, feeling helpless, he couldn't take it anymore. After a game of chess with Mu Zihao, he went to the study, circled around her, spread his arms, leaning his hands on the edge of the table on either side of her, his chin resting on her sexy shoulder, frowning as he stared at the script in front of her, his eyes dark as ink.

"Did Wen Runuan give this to you?"

"Hmm! I really think the story is amazing, Wen Runuan certainly has an eye for these things."

Qin Mu couldn't help but praise Wen Runuan, while Mu Yichen just listened, then glanced at her profile: "Mrs. Mu, you've been working very earnestly lately!"

"Praising me?"

Qin Mu turned to look at him in surprise, but saw his rather serious expression, and an uneasy feeling arose in her mind, definitely not praise.

"What's the matter?"

Qin Mu put down the script, and after a hard effort stood up, Mu Yichen coordinated with her, keeping his hands on the table edge as she finally leaned against it.

"What do you think?"

Those ink-dark eyes carried a bit of resentment, clearly unsatisfied.

Understanding him, Qin Mu immediately smiled tenderly: "Don't be upset! Speaking of winter is fast approaching, and the script is so thick, plus I promised Wen Runuan to help her, so..."

She pouted, blinking her eyes pitifully.

"But first you have to feed your husband, who's been starved for a long time, till he's full."

Mu Yichen kindly reminded her, still so serious.

Qin Mu then reached towards his chest, her finger gently pointing at his heart through his white shirt: "Alright! As long as it satisfies you! Don't be so cold to me, okay?"

Mu Yichen looked down at her playful demeanor, couldn't help but frown slightly, as his mood remained rather displeased.

"Satisfy me? How?"

Mu Yichen's gaze became even more seductive, his voice sinking deeper.

Qin Mu felt her breath becoming irregular, filled with careful anticipation.

"Of course, with your favorite way!"

She said, looking seductively at him, her chest brushing against his body.

Mu Yichen: "..."

He couldn't stand her flirtatious behavior, grabbed her and pulled her into his chest.

Qin Mu was startled by his sudden aggressive move, but after a moment looked at him shyly, knowing he was really pushed to the edge. This week, Mr. Mu had been unusually disciplined; her period had ended cleanly last night. But because he saw her so exhausted from reading the script, he didn't bother her, planning to do so this morning, but he suddenly had something to deal with early, postponing it until now.

Oh well!

Everything can wait until Mr. Mu is satisfied.

"Shall we go back to the bedroom?"

"Hmm!"

"Could I at least hold the script?"

Qin Mu glanced at him nervously, trying to please with her gaze.

Mu Yichen was exasperated, knowing she intended to continue with the script after they finished, so he picked her up along with the script. .

"As long as you still have the energy by then!"

Mu Yichen was almost angrily determined, planning not to stop until she was utterly exhausted.

So...

That night, there were many indescribable scenes.

Afterwards, Qin Mu really had no strength to touch the script. Her hand wanted to grab it; the script was on the bedside table right next to her, but her arms felt boneless, unable to reach it, her fingers barely moved before she lay there sleeping deeply.

Mu Yichen took a shower, returned to the bed refreshed, seeing she was already asleep soundly, probably wouldn't wake even with a thunderstorm, then turned his attention to the script beside her.

Perhaps just finished with the act, he felt so comfortable, comfortable enough to see what on earth was written in the script she was so focused on recently.

A Republic-era drama?

But flipping through a few pages, he found it to be mostly romance.

Just a romantic drama under the guise of Republic of China?

Still with a tragic love story! w(e)bnov el.com

Such things didn't bode well for his wife to read too much, involuntarily frowning.

The next morning when Qin Mu woke up, it was already seven o'clock, Mu Yichen was still lying beside her, though he was already looking through documents.

Chapter 1009: Who is coming over?_3

Qin Mu slightly lifted her eyes, then snuggled closer to him, her husky voice asking: "What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock!"

Mu Yichen responded, his gaze shifting from the file in hand to her face, still rosy and seemingly as delicate as porcelain.

"My shoulders are so tired!"

She murmured, her voice muffled and unclear.

"Really?"

He asked, placing the file on the bedside table before lying down, starting to massage her shoulder with one hand.

"It's all your fault! Sigh! I was originally planning to read a hundred pages of the script last night."

Mu Yichen thought, a hundred pages? You'd probably be more exhausted by then.

"How is it my fault? Isn't it you often unwilling to let me go hungry?"

Qin Mu was amused and exasperated, her stomach contracting with laughter.

Mu Yichen laughed too, straddling her waist, pressing down with both hands: "Does this feel better?"

"Mmm! It'd be even better if you used a bit more force!"

"Like this?"

Mu Yichen tried to gauge, worried that if he applied too much force, he might break her bones.

"Mmm!"

Qin Mu felt much more comfortable; his pressure, while heavy, pressed down firmly in just the right way for her.

Qin Mu thought it was such a pity he didn't become a masseur.

However, if he were to be a masseur, he could only work on men; she wouldn't let her man touch other women.

Qin Mu realized she was feeling a bit sour inside, realizing she truly was the jealous type.

But who was to blame? Wasn't it his fault? Making her care about him too much!

In the morning, Feng Fanghua had to attend an important event, so she asked Qin Mu to stay home with Chengcheng. Qin Mu stayed home reading scripts while looking after her son, and then she noticed her son seemed to keep looking at her, at least thirty times in a minute.

Qin Mu thought her posture was wrong, so she deliberately straightened her back, but found the little guy's big eyes still fixed on her, so she had to put down the script in her hand, taking the little guy sitting next to her playing with a toy onto her slender legs: "Hmm? Are you upset that Mommy isn't spending time with you?"

Chengcheng lowered his head to look at the toy in his hand again, but the fleeting glance he shot at her when he lowered his head made Qin Mu feel it was indeed reproach.

"Then how about Mommy takes you out to play? How about visiting grandpa?"

Qin Mu suggested.

Chengcheng was still unfamiliar with the term grandpa, looking at her in confusion.

Qin Mu was charmed by her son's pink little face, couldn't help but laugh, and softly teased: "So young and already this cute, it's really..."

Really makes one want to kiss, hug, and lift him high.

Qin Mu held him and stood up, then bent to pick up the bag and phone beside them: "Auntie, I'm taking Chengcheng out for a bit."

"Alright, young lady!"

The auntie came running from afar to the living room, admiringly sighed seeing Qin Mu holding Chengcheng and still walking so gracefully: "Our young lady is truly outstanding in every way, even walking like a queen."

"Indeed! She was always the young lady of a wealthy family, and now she's the grand lady of another. Receiving high education since childhood, even her mentor is a globally renowned fashion designer."

The chef brother came out from the kitchen, wiping his hands on his apron and sighed.

"That's true! But the most important thing is her own hard work!"

The auntie nodded, still couldn't help but add one more sentence.

Qin Mu took Chengcheng to the studio because the boss had already started working and was reportedly on a business trip out of town.

Xiaomei was in Qin Mu's office entertaining Chengcheng while at work, and when Qin Mu looked up, she saw the little one picking up papers she had thrown on the floor, suddenly reminded of Huanhuan when she was small.

But Huanhuan had grown up in an even more chaotic environment. Her office used to be littered with paper scraps or crumbs; Huanhuan would even strip her Barbie doll of its original clothes, dressing it in fabrics she liked.

She wondered which of the siblings would turn out to have more talent in design when they grew up.

"In the blink of an eye, Chengcheng is already this big. Have you noticed how his little legs walk back and forth; hasn't he seemed like he could walk for a long time?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but look at Chengcheng again as Xiaomei spoke. Ever since he was born last year, it had been more than ten months; he was about to walk soon.

But thinking back to when she almost lost her life giving birth to Chengcheng last year, she still felt a lingering fear.

"Qinqin! Will Chengcheng grow up to be a domineering CEO like his father? Or, like you, become a designer?"

Chapter 1010: Who is coming over?_4

"Then Jian Yan must personally teach them!"

Qin Mu thought to herself, she certainly wasn't going to teach her own son.

But she hoped Jian Yan would teach them, whether it was Chengcheng or Huanhuan, she'd be delighted if either of them took over her role.

"Isn't it a bit too much for JY to teach every generation of yours? People have begged for generations and still can't have him as a master."

As Xiaomei handed a paper crane she'd folded over to Chengcheng, she mumbled.

But Chengcheng took the paper crane, gave it a glance, found it boring, and tossed it onto the sofa, then leisurely started tearing the paper into a mess.

"Wow! This kid is exactly like his sister was! But he seems a bit more patient!"

Xiaomei was startled by his actions.

"That's actually good! I think Huanhuan's temperament is a bit lacking in steadiness, but I hope her brother can be a bit more composed, and it's good for boys to be more steady."

Qin Mu thought of Mr. Mu, with a bit of a sly glint in her eyes.

"Hehe! Are you hoping he'll be like his dad?"

"Forget it! I don't want my future daughter-in-law complaining to me all the time!"

Qin Mu thought to say, is Mr. Mu considered steady? That's just being shrewd and deep.

Mr. Mu, that sly fox, hehe!

"You speak as if you're living a difficult life, everyone in Rongcheng knows Mr. Mu pampers you so much he's forgotten who he is, the whole Mu Family treats you like the lady of the house, even Chengcheng's grandparents wouldn't dare look down on you, they praise you to high heavens in public."

Xiaomei teased.

Qin Mu: "...Where did you hear such baseless rumors?"

"On the internet, of course, they're everywhere online."

Qin Mu...

"But lately, people are saying that you've become overly popular in Rongcheng in just a few years, it might be a sign of a downfall, pretty much every woman is eyeing your husband now, if he has another cold war with you, I'm afraid..."

Qin Mu's neck stiffened, Xiaomei's words made her feel uneasy, were those women going to try to steal her husband?

"If they can take him, that's their skill! I'm just afraid they can't even get near Mr. Mu!"

Qin Mu grumbled a bit displeased.

Seeing Qin Mu was about to get temperamental, and noticing Chengcheng was truly bored in the room, Xiaomei picked up Chengcheng: "Auntie will take you downstairs to find other uncles and aunties to play with, they have lots of delicious food!"

Chengcheng didn't actually know what delicious food meant, in fact, Chengcheng wasn't a kid who loved snacking.

After they left, Qin Mu sent a message to Mu Yichen: "Mr. Mu, I heard there are quite a few butterflies around you lately?"

Mu Yichen was still in a meeting, but seeing the four characters of his wife's message, he pretended nothing was out of the ordinary and casually picked up his phone.

Dear husband: "What makes you say that?"

Dear Mrs. Mu: "The internet!"

Dear husband: "Mrs. Mu believes what's on the internet? Perhaps it's a way of showing care for your husband?"

Dear Mrs. Mu: "..."

Dear husband: "Rest assured, Mrs. Mu, even if there are butterflies everywhere outside, your husband won't see them!"

Dear Mrs. Mu: "You can shut up now!"

Dear husband: "In a meeting!"

Qin Mu immediately typed a series of ellipses, but deleted them before sending.

Since he's in a meeting, she'd better not disturb him, otherwise if others heard it might seem like she was trying to cause chaos.

Dear husband: "They're used to it! Go on, keep talking!"

Dear Mrs. Mu: "Mr. Mu, are you joking with me? Do I often send messages when you're in meetings? How come I don't know that?"

Dear husband: "Because you're not on site!"

Dear Mrs. Mu: "..."

In the future, during his work hours, especially in the morning, she really should send fewer messages.

Work, work, she decided to start with designing supporting characters' outfits, once designed, she'd switch out several colors, usually, supporting characters' costumes are much fewer than the main ones, so Qin Mu decided to quickly get these supporting roles done for Wen Runuan to see.

Later, when Xiaomei went off to work, Qin Mu put on a music concert in the office for Chengcheng to listen to while she continued drawing.

Chengcheng sat on the sofa, glanced at it a couple of times, then with a baffled look, his pure eyes looked at his busy mom.

His eyes seemed to be saying: Are you sure your son at this age can understand such elegant concerts?

But Chengcheng couldn't speak, so he just lowered his head and played by himself.

Feng Fanghua, after attending an activity at noon, went to her studio, Xiaomei politely invited her upstairs, then opened the door to the sound of a cello playing, as she got closer and saw the TV screen, she immediately looked at her poor grandson.