

## His Beloved 1071

Chapter 1071: shoes too late to wear

Mu Yichen's pillow was still neatly placed there, as if it hadn't been slept on.

Qin Mu looked at his pillow for a while, feeling a void in her heart. When she finally snapped out of it, she quickly got up, grabbed her phone, and while pulling back the covers and getting out of bed, she called him.

The call went through, but the phone just rang and rang with no one picking up.

Her heart suddenly tightened, and without much thought, she kept dialing, draped a robe over herself, and walked out with her head down, not even having time to put on shoes.

He said he would be back in the middle of the night, but it was already daylight and he still hadn't returned.

The sky outside was overcast, giving off a really unsettling feeling.

Qin Mu's brow furrowed as she walked silently across the floor.

Until she reached the first floor, standing at the staircase, she heard the sound of chopping vegetables coming from the kitchen. Her anxious eyes immediately darted in that direction. While her hollow, tense heart did not relax a bit, something excited was swirling in her eyes.

Mu Yichen was preparing breakfast, making her favorite side dishes. On the cutting board, there were finely sliced cucumbers and carrots.

Qin Mu crossed the dining room and stood at the kitchen entrance. When she saw him in a neatly pressed shirt, with his tall figure right in front of her, she practically stepped in immediately without caring how cold the floor was, a bit anxious and flustered, entering and wrapping her arms tightly around his solid waist from one side.



"What time did you get back?"

Her voice was a bit hoarse, her throat was tight as she asked.

"Half an hour ago."

He put down the knife in his hand, turned around, and since his fingers were wet, he didn't touch her, just rested his palm on her shoulder and looked down to see her red-rimmed eyes.

"What's wrong?"

Mu Yichen's heart ached, his handsome contours turned slightly somber.

"Nothing!"

She didn't dare to say, fearing that something might have happened to him.

She just hugged him tightly again, pressing her face to his chest on the slightly cool fabric.

"Silly girl!"

Mu Yichen thought of a few things and gently lowered his eyes to kiss her forehead.

Qin Mu hugged him tightly with a touch of petulance, unwilling to let go.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, looking down again to see her pretty bare feet, her thin instep adorned with beautiful dark red nail polish touching the floor, and his reflexive action was to pick her up.

Qin Mu paused, looking up at him with questioning eyes.



"Who told you to come out barefoot? Go put on your shoes and wash up, then let's have breakfast."

No one else was at home, Feng Fanghua said to let everyone have a break, leaving the two of them to fend for themselves actually to help them bond more.

Now, it truly was increasing their closeness.

Qin Mu, held by him, was taken upstairs. Once Mu Yichen placed her on the bed and wanted to head back down, Qin Mu stubbornly held onto his neck with a bit of possessive pride, refusing to let him go.

"Today I made congee in the earthenware pot, wait until after breakfast!"

Mu Yichen's deep black eyes stared at her, then he gently reassured her in a soft voice.

Qin Mu's hands moved clumsily, finally releasing him, her face heating up.

She clearly just didn't want to let him go, but he seemed to think that after breakfast they would...

Qin Mu immediately turned her eyes away, awkwardly saying, "After breakfast, explain clearly why you came back so late."

"As you command! My darling!"

Mu Yichen leaned close in front of her, planted a deep kiss on her forehead once again, looked at her lovingly, and then reluctantly left.

Qin Mu, on the other hand, turned over, slowly pulling the covers over her face with some force before her face turned red enough to bleed.



What my darling?

Without needing to go to the studio, Qin Mu pulled Mu Yichen to stay at home, and after breakfast, they curled up on the sofa, turning on the TV but keeping it muted, simply chatting while holding each other.

"The car broke down? Just that?"

After hearing his explanation, Qin Mu almost exploded with anger. At that moment, she was so scared, practically in a life-and-death state.

"What else? Old Qin was with me, if you don't believe me, you can ask him."

Mu Yichen gently reminded her, his hand softly caressing the bare skin on her wrist.

Qin Mu placed her hand on his chest, looking at him with increasingly curious eyes.

"You just pulled him into work after they got their marriage certificate?"

Qin Mu asked, disapprovingly.

"Who said getting a marriage certificate means no work? Didn't I keep working after I got mine?"

Mu Yichen immediately replied with a bit of acidity in his tone.

Qin Mu's mouth twitched, not daring to say much more on the subject after marriage.

Chapter 1072: Shoes Didn't Have Time to Put On\_2

"But what did you mean when you said if I'm worried I can ask Qiao Yi? What am I supposed to be worried about?"



Qin Mu had just been lazily lying on his chest, but her mind suddenly clicked, and she propped herself up against his chest, glaring at him fiercely.

Mu Yichen, playing with her wrist, stopped moving, gently holding her, his deep black eyes looking at her with a hint of worry.

"Aren't you worried at all that me not coming home at night could be because of something else?"

Mu Yichen kindly reminded her.

Qin Mu...

"Of course I worry if you don't come back all night!"

Qin Mu lowered her eyes, feeling a bit upset again, pressing against his chest, her hand resting where his heart was, lost in her own thoughts.

"That's why I told you to find Old Qiao, after all, he just got married and wouldn't dare take me to those chaotic places."

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes, looking at her gentle profile as he reminded her.

Qin Mu...

Why did she feel like they were talking about two entirely different things?

"Mu Yichen, next time you come back so late, make sure you call me."

Qin Mu didn't argue with him, just sulkily reminded him of the most crucial point.



"I just didn't want to disturb your sleep. Besides, I came back in the morning, didn't I?"

Mu Yichen continued in a gentle voice, talking to her.

"But I was really worried!"

Qin Mu held him a bit tighter, her eyes heavy, tears threatening to fall but never did.

"Mm... I won't worry you like that again."

Mu Yichen's voice grew softer, as if recalling her silly look hugging him barefoot in the morning, her eyes red; she was the girl he loved the most. How could he let her worry about him like that?

"Mm!"

Qin Mu responded, her voice already sounding a bit strange.

But she didn't cry because he was fine.

When she woke up in the morning and found him gone, and no one answered the phone, she instinctively thought about Qin Haiming's previous car accident, fearing something unexpected might have happened to him.

But such dark suspicions were not fit to be spoken out loud.

So in this way...

But now, his chest was no longer the cold, icy one from before but a warm one.

"Carry me upstairs to sleep!"



Qin Mu tilted her head, hooked her hand around his neck, her eyes gentle as water, looking at him.

"Sleep? Okay!"

Mu Yichen's somewhat sleepy eyes looked at her, then got up, just as she sat up, he scooped her legs up from the gap beside, then carried her.

Such a princess carry, Qin Mu hoped he would do it often.

But why did she feel that Mu always had some impure intentions when it came to sleeping?

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In the evening, Qin Mu, Mu Yichen, Jing Feng, and Helian Hao called Qiao Yi, asking him to bring Secretary Xi to dinner, but Secretary Xi wasn't very cooperative, saying to Qiao Yi, "Are you sure you want me to go? I actually feel I'm not very sociable. Maybe...you should just go alone?"

"Tonight's gathering is mainly to celebrate us getting our marriage certificate. Are you sure, as the main character, you want to refuse them with such a lame excuse?"

"But I'm specifically refusing you."

The two of them were still at Secretary Xi's small apartment, stubbornly holding their ground in a casual manner.

Qiao Yi realized that ever since they got their marriage certificate, he, who thought he wouldn't be happy, was so excited that he couldn't sleep at night, while the woman who had been clamoring to get married seemed to regret it ever since, making his heart feel blocked.

"Then if you really don't want to go, I won't go either."



Qiao Yi said, standing behind the sofa, hands on the back of it, looking elsewhere, pretending to be generous.

Xi Meng stood beside him, looking at him, sighed helplessly, "I'll just go to please the boss's wife."

Xi Meng thought for a moment and then said, turning to go back inside.

"What? What are you going to do now?"

"Change clothes!"

Qiao Yi watched her back as she walked inside, his palms still sweaty. Luckily, it was just to change clothes; he thought she was going to sleep again.

Xi Meng had been quite fond of sleeping these days.

While Qiao Yi was waiting for Xi Meng, Jiang Zhiyuan drove his car directly to An Nan's apartment building, mainly to prevent An Nan from driving herself over, hoping to avoid giving her an excuse for not needing him to escort her.

An Nan's restraint was maddening for Jiang Zhiyuan; no matter what, she always handled things just right, sometimes making him feel quite foolish.

When An Nan came down from the building, it was already dark. Seeing his car parked there, she couldn't help but smile slightly to herself, yet when she walked over, she kept a straight face and said to him, "Didn't I tell you I could drive myself over? It would be more convenient that way."

Chapter 1073: Shoes Didn't Have Time to Put On\_3

"As a 'boyfriend,' how can you let your 'girlfriend' drive herself to dinner."



Jiang Zhiyuan opened the passenger door for her, standing there very 'gentlemanly' waiting for her to get in.

Standing in front of the car, An Nan couldn't help but glance sideways at his cautious demeanor, trying hard to suppress the smile on her lips as she lowered her head and walked towards him.

"Thanks! But, when did I agree to be your girlfriend?"

An Nan lowered her voice to ask him just before getting into the car, a mild glance was enough to make Jiang Zhiyuan's heart feel as if it was dangling on a cliff, being blown by cold winds.

He indeed hadn't gotten a promise.

But Jiang Zhiyuan had already decided to stick to her, so that's what he would say.

While getting in the car, he took a look at other parts of the neighborhood. Now he was quite eager to run into An Nan's male colleague, somehow thinking it would be quite exhilarating.

However, he was disappointed, not managing to encounter him. He turned around intending to help An Nan with her seatbelt, only to find she had already buckled it herself, sadly withdrawing his hand, then telling her: "Sit tight, we're setting off."

Qiao Yi and Secretary Xi had their usual routine of walking separately, so when they stepped out of their car, the two walked one behind the other, coincidentally encountering Jiang Zhiyuan as he parked and hurriedly walked to the passenger side to open the door for An Nan like a sycophant.

Tonight, the good brothers were all gathered together. And differently from usual, they all brought significant others, not impostors or hastily recruited ones.

Mu Yichen and Jing Feng arrived earliest, with the four inside enjoying a pot of tea. Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan brought the women next.



The big dining table was still empty, while at the couch and coffee table in front of the glass partition, Mu Yichen and the others were seated, Mu Yichen in charge of pouring tea.

Seeing Mu Yichen acting as a waiter upon arrival, they couldn't help but laugh.

Feeling compelled, Jiang Zhiyuan mocked him: "Our buddy Yichen being a waiter, it must be very pricey, huh?"

Mu Yichen didn't even raise an eye, and Helian Hao couldn't contain a chuckle, whereas Qin Mu wasn't as courteous: "My husband isn't pricey, just priceless."

Jiang Zhiyuan paused after understanding.

Qin Mu turned to give him a perfect smile, then nodded to An Nan, who behaved like she didn't know Jiang Zhiyuan, circumvented him, and went over to sit down: "You haven't ordered yet?"

"Waiting for the main characters!"

Helian Hao chided while holding a tea tray.

An Nan glanced over at Qiao Yi, who was standing at the door, ordering the dishes as a waiter came.

"Congratulations!"

As Xi Meng sat down, Qin Mu, Helian Hao, and An Nan all congratulated her.

"Thank you!"

Xi Meng nodded politely, not really feeling she deserved such treatment, mingling with the boss's friends as equals. But now being with Qiao Yi, it seemed everything wasn't up to her; thankfully, these young elites were fairly easygoing.



"But honestly, I'm surprised about your registration! Mr. Qiao doesn't seem reliable at all!"

An Nan candidly turned her head to glance at Qiao Yi, who had just finished ordering and was coming over. Upon hearing this, he reflexively frowned, trying to avoid being too stern and intimidating her. He had to lower his head and touch his nose, uttering each word heavily: "Miss An can fancy someone like Jiang Zhiyuan, why say a fine gentleman like me isn't reliable?"

An Nan...

Jiang Zhiyuan: "Who says I'm a playboy?"

Jiang Zhiyuan was actually shocked by Qiao Yi's words; he was already struggling with An Nan and pondered if this guy's remark had messed it all up for him?

Everyone sipped their tea, pretending to admire it, without interjecting, realizing that engaging in a spat between these two brothers was futile.

Moreover, they were here to enjoy a free meal.

"Qiao Yi!"

Xi Meng, fearing that they'd start fighting, quickly called out softly to Qiao Yi.

It was the first time they'd heard Secretary Xi speak tenderly to Qiao Yi, startling everyone to glance up at Xi Meng.

Recently, Qiao Yi was particularly obedient to Xi Meng, so he ceased arguing with Jiang Zhiyuan and went to sit beside Xi Meng.

"Actually, he's quite reliable."



Xi Meng quietly remarked to An Nan.

Realizing she might incite a conflict, An Nan hurriedly stopped talking.

"Reliable in what way? He used to... ah!"

Just as Jiang Zhiyuan was about to talk about Qiao Yi's past affairs with Miss Lin, Jing Feng, quietly sitting beside him, kicked his leg at Jiang Zhiyuan's knee, making him yelp from the pain.

An Nan simply watched on, feeling that kick struck her heart. If not for the suddenly odd atmosphere, she would really consider avenging Jiang Zhiyuan against Jing Feng, who appeared so calm and reserved, akin to a prosecutor.

#### Chapter 1074: Shoes Didn't Have Time to Put On\_4

Jing Feng is quite famous at the prosecutor's office, but An Nan doesn't like this kind of obstinate offspring who bullies Jiang Zhiyuan, pretending to be calm yet backstabbing his own brother.

An Nan has some childish thoughts, but on the surface, she appears composed, making people think she's too serious to mess with.

Once the dishes were served, the four of them sat down at the table. Jing Feng held up his wine glass, stood up steadily, and looked at everyone: "After Lao Qin got the certificate, he should have immediately hosted a celebration, but no matter what, let's follow the tradition and offer our blessings first."

Qiao Yi, sitting cross-legged nearby, listened to Jing Feng's understated words yet sensed the sarcasm. Nevertheless, he was still quite happy and raised his wine glass, standing up.

Everyone toasted together, blessing the newlyweds entering the hall of marriage.

"Hurry up with the wedding preparations!"



An Nan said.

"Have children soon!" Qin Mu could only think of this cliché saying and couldn't help but chuckle after saying it.

Xi Meng's face flushed slightly at her words and she unconsciously lowered her eyes.

"Grow old together in love!"

Jing Feng and Helian Hao said this in perfect unison without any prior discussion. Their blessing wasn't what everyone cared about; it instead made the surrounding people envious. Even the usually composed Jing Feng showed a hint of pride.

"Next, it'll be you two, right? Don't keep us waiting too long."

Helian Hao said as he sat down, looking at Jiang Zhiyuan and An Nan.

An Nan was calm, but Jiang Zhiyuan felt a mix of excitement and uncertainty, not sure how An Nan felt.

"But if you and Xiaomu had gotten married earlier, you could have been our bridesmaids!"

Jiang Zhiyuan joked in good spirits, although he wasn't sure if it was the bright lights making his face so red.

"It sounds like you really plan to get married. If you do, I'm not giving you a gift."

An Nan seemed to enjoy seeing him nervous, and as soon as she said this, Jiang Zhiyuan's face immediately showed embarrassment, though the others pretended not to notice.



After Jiang Zhiyuan awkwardly cleared his throat and lowered his head, the serene atmosphere finally broke through.

Qin Mu spoke first: "If you keep this up, Jiang Young Master might really think you don't like him."

Jiang Zhiyuan looked up at Qin Mu in surprise after hearing her words, as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Yeah, if this goes on, Jiang Young Master's heart might not be able to take it."

Helian Hao added.

"I agree!"

Xi Meng looked at Jiang Zhiyuan, unable to help but empathize.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

An Nan still said nothing, just sipped her wine lightly.

"What are you talking about?"

Jiang Zhiyuan had to ask, though he was very nervous.

There was no way the women would reveal it, after all, it was An Nan who should say it. Since An Nan didn't, the bystanders could only watch.

Mu Yichen, Jing Feng, and Qiao Yi pretended not to see anything, just kept their heads down with their wine glasses, listening to the fun.



"By the way! Mr. Qin, did you propose? Where? Was it especially romantic?"

An Nan suddenly turned to the man sitting across from Xi Meng, Qiao Yi instinctively lowered his eyes before slowly furrowing his brows.

Propose?

No, he hadn't!

That day was so rushed, he just took Xi Meng to get the certificate and headed straight for the civil affairs bureau.

Mu Yichen glanced up; he was aware of the situation that day, but as for the proposal...

He looked at Qin Mu, who was quite a troublesome person.

Qin Mu felt someone looking at her, so she instinctively turned her eyes, finding Mu Yichen staring intently at her with his dark eyes. Qin Mu looked at him puzzled, and Mu Yichen smiled faintly, raising his hand to push her head down forcefully.

Qin Mu quickly grabbed his hand. She hated this action of his in front of others, always feeling like she hadn't grown up yet and was being pushed around by him.

Others noticed their little interaction, seeing it clearly and remembering it. Even after so many years, the two still had that look of a newly in-love couple.

Later, Qin Mu and Helian Hao went to wash their hands in the restroom together. Helian Hao whispered to her: "Your husband really embarrassed me just now. Does he always gaze at you so affectionately? How many years has it been?"



Qin Mu washed her hands, couldn't help but laugh at this, then teased: "What affectionate look? He clearly doesn't know what he's thinking, just happens to be looking at me, and you're all fooled by his habitual gaze."

Chapter 1075: Shoes Didn't Have Time to Put On\_5

"Deceiving? Is it you who's deceived? Or are you trying to deceive us?"

Helian Hao wouldn't fall for her tricks.

Qin Mu had nothing to say to that, but as the two finished washing their hands and were about to leave, they happened to see Bian Jingwen walk in.

Bian Jingwen really did eat here a lot.

"Miss Qin, Miss Helian!"

Upon entering, Bian Jingwen saw them. She seemed unsurprised, merely nodding politely to greet them.

"What a coincidence? Miss Bian!"

Helian Hao greeted her good-naturedly, but her eyes carried a chill.

"Indeed! Are you ladies dining here too? In a private room?"

Bian Jingwen asked curiously.

"Yes! A gathering with friends, Miss Bian..."

"My boyfriend came over to keep me company for a few days."



Bian Jingwen responded, implying she was having a meal with her boyfriend.

Who doesn't have a boyfriend? Although they've all upgraded to husbands.

The two women felt slightly annoyed hearing the word "boyfriend," but Helian Hao still managed a faint smile, then asked, "I wonder when your boyfriend will be upgraded to husband? I heard his family is quite powerful."

"Yes! But it's his family's doing, and we don't plan to rely on our parents."

Bian Jingwen appeared quite chatty.

Helian Hao's mouth slightly opened, reflexively glancing at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu, however, had no intention of dealing with Bian Jingwen and simply said to her, "Let's go!"

Bian Jingwen noticed Qin Mu wasn't interested in talking to her, yet she deliberately tried to chat with Qin Mu: "Miss Qin doesn't seem in a good mood. Is it because I asked Rui Sen to come help out? He's just giving some advice, after all, fairness and justice are key in competitions, as you and JY also give Qiu Xiang advice, don't you?"

"Miss Bian is right! But we are indeed having a get-together with friends, so would you mind not blocking the way?"

Qin Mu spoke to her with patience, but her eyes clearly conveyed: A good dog doesn't block the road!

"Oh, sorry!"

Bian Jingwen seemed to just realize and immediately stepped aside.

Qin Mu was about to leave with Helian Hao, but Bian Jingwen suddenly said, "I met Mayor Qin today."



Qin Mu's footsteps halted immediately, and even Helian Hao turned back curiously to look at Bian Jingwen.

Bian Jingwen was still smiling, but she knew best what she was really thinking.

"You also need to tell me about that? Should I also hear about all the positions you'll use tonight with your boyfriend? I'd be all ears!"

Qin Mu, slightly raising her hand to hug her arm out of annoyance, took a step back, shooting a meaningful stare at Bian Jingwen, but her expression was already distant.

Bian Jingwen's once perfect smile finally broke, and she lowered her head, feigning bashful embarrassment: "We are very traditional people, in such matters, you two should be more experienced. In fact, I should be the one learning from you."

Bian Jingwen spoke subtly, but...

"Really? If I remember correctly, Miss Bian is a few years older than us, right? Looking at your skin, it's alright but still less fresh compared to us, I should not be mistaken about your age, right? Also, I heard that Miss Bian had a close boyfriend in college and often... I think it's not suitable to discuss too much on this topic, so we won't disturb Miss Bian's bathroom time any longer. Xiaohao, let's go!"

Qin Mu's eyes shifted through a range of emotions before finally fixing a cold stare on her, watching her rendered speechless, then finally softened her icy gaze and called Helian Hao to leave.

"What were you going to say she often did with her boyfriend? Checked into hotels?"

Once outside, Helian Hao couldn't help but laugh, hooking her arm around Qin Mu's as they walked and asked.

"How would I know what they often do, I was just making stuff up."



Qin Mu couldn't help but vent.

Meanwhile, Bian Jingwen was still standing in the restroom, too frustrated to say anything, just trying to breathe.

However, it's true that Bian Jingwen did meet Qin Haiming, even if they just briefly saw each other.

Qin Mu was indeed troubled by her words, worrying that Qin Haiming would think of Zhang Rujia and feel sad.

Honestly speaking, Qin Mu would rather have no one related to Zhang Rujia, apart from Qin Mingzhu, disturb him again.

Therefore, Bian Jingwen's appearance, including her later working at the design company seemingly intending to settle in Rongcheng, really irked Qin Mu.

Back home in the evening, Qin Mu called Qin Haiming, who was still at home reading the evening paper, and after answering the call, he explained to her, "We just met briefly, why are you so tense?"

"Whether it's a brief meeting or she visits you in the future, you don't need to engage with such people."

"Are you worried your dad would get played by a little girl?"

Hearing Qin Haiming's gentle inquiry, Qin Mu's eyes couldn't help but get teary.

Mu Yichen came out after his bath and, standing by the window, hugged her from behind. She reflexively sniffed and then said to Qin Haiming, "It's best if not, it's late, sleep early, good night."

"Good night!"



Qin Haiming hung up the phone, but his lips carried a sweet, gentle curve.

Meanwhile, Mu Yichen, embracing her from behind, lightly kissed her flushed, delicate neck, letting his eyes linger on her beautiful face: "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just not very happy!"

Qin Mu replied, then lifted her hand to grab his hand that was playfully squeezing her chest, turned her head, and raised her hand to cup his face and kissed him: "You're not allowed to touch randomly."

"Who then should be allowed to touch?"

Mu Yichen's dark eyes stared with stubbornness and asked.

"Just not allowed, period!"

Qin Mu knew she couldn't argue with him, so she simply decided to be unreasonable.

"Alright, alright! I won't touch, only kiss."

Mu Yichen bent his knee, his long leg curled, lifting her up from the ground into his arms.

Qin Mu, wearing a silk nightgown just reaching her buttocks, immediately revealed her long legs once Mu Yichen lifted her.

In the dimly lit room, the ambiance was exceptionally warm. Cradled by him, Qin Mu looked down at his alluring facial features, then couldn't help but peck his nose: "Mu Yichen, you're seducing me!"

"Alright! I'm seducing you!"



To him, this was the most roguish thing.

After lightly placing her on the bed, he began to seduce her.

Yet Qin Mu caught his hand: "What are you doing?"

"Mrs. Mu, if you keep this up, your husband really can't take it anymore."

"But I said you were just seducing me, touching my collarbone."

Mu Yichen...

"What do you really want? Hmm?"

Mu Yichen didn't know what was suddenly bothering her tonight, but he was indeed getting a bit impatient.

"Mu Yichen, if you keep seducing me, I'll have to eat you up!"

"Hmm? Isn't that line supposed to be mine?"

Qin Mu finally laughed at his puzzled inquiry: "Hurry and take off your clothes!"

With her words, Qin Mu reached behind him, pushing up his vest.

But Mu Yichen immediately grabbed her hands: "You want to kiss my chest?"

"I want to kiss all over your body!"



Before he could react, Qin Mu held him and spun him around, boastfully pressing against his solid abs.

"What? So wet!"

Mu Yichen suddenly frowned and asked.

#### Chapter 1076: Women Standing Aloft

Mu Yichen was excited initially, looking down at the woman sitting on him, but then suddenly felt something was off.

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Mu Yichen ordered a big box full of sanitary pads online before midnight, and it was delivered to their home by ten in the morning.

Qin Mu came downstairs in pajamas and saw him signing off for the package. Curious, she asked, "What's this?"

"Our auntie's essentials."

Mu Yichen replied earnestly, though his eyes carried a hint of disappointment.

Qin Mu opened her mouth, her expression inevitably awkward. Last night, she originally intended to play a role-playing game with him. She had made up her mind to have him act as a male servant, but unexpectedly, her period arrived without any warning.

"Boss Mu, how about I help you get everything out? Don't be sad; I'll feel guilty otherwise."

Qin Mu stepped forward, looking up at him with flattery, blinking as her fingers danced lightly on his chest.



Mu Yichen was thoroughly exasperated by her. Her complexion was not good today because she drank last night, not knowing her period would come. If he wasn't mistaken, she shouldn't be feeling very well now, yet she was standing here deliberately trying to cheer him up...

Mu Yichen sighed, looking at her helplessly, then picked her up from the floor despite her wearing slippers in the morning.

"Is your back sore?"

"Not sore!"

"Is your lower abdomen cold?"

"A little!"

"Stay home and rest well today, can you do that?"

"I can!"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but gaze at her with indulgence. Her eyes were gentle as water, as if quietly rippling in his heart, making him feel like his heart was melting.

Qin Mu obediently lay on the bed, watching him bustling around for most of the morning. Then suddenly, she thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to be a parasite, considering he could support her.

With that thought, being a parasite by his side would be a delightful thing indeed.

Approaching noon, Mu Yichen had to leave for a business engagement and said to her, "I've prepared lunch for you. Whether you have an appetite or not, eat a bit. Some clients have arrived from abroad at the pharmaceutical factory, and I need to personally attend to them. Will you be okay on your own at home?"



"If there's a problem, would you stay?"

Qin Mu looked at him with her beautiful eyes, asking.

"What do you think?"

Mu Yichen gazed at her profoundly with just three words, leaving no room for doubt.

Indeed, he would!

So Qin Mu didn't keep him. After Mu Yichen left, she stayed in bed, hugging a warm water bag for a while. The hot water bag Mu provided was exceptionally comforting.

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The first match after Christmas was four days later. By that afternoon, Feng Fanghua and family had returned. Qin Mu originally intended to watch the live broadcast in the study, but Feng Fanghua suggested watching together. Seeing everyone was quite enthusiastic, Qin Mu decided to stay on the couch.

Mu Qingxin pulled her to sit beside her and quietly asked, "Point out that little brat for me later."

Qin Mu instinctively turned to look at her. Little brat?

Bian Jingwen?

"Alright!"



Qin Mu answered softly. When the camera showed Bian Jingwen, she introduced her to Mu Qingxin. Upon seeing her, Mu Qingxin mouthed some harsh words, then whispered in Qin Mu's ear, "This brat does resemble her mother, though just as wicked."

Qin Mu glanced at Mu Qingxin again, realizing Mu Qingxin indeed had a sharp tongue.

"Just watch the match, what are you talking about?"

Feng Fanghua reminded her daughter in a low voice, her stern eyes signaling her daughter to behave like a lady.

Mu Qingxin then stopped talking, knowing staying a couple of days was already indulgent, she decided to act obediently.

Huanhuan and Zifeng were leaning against the coffee table, watching the TV screen with the adults. These two little ones were just as engrossed as the grown-ups. The old man couldn't watch such shows and was reading a newspaper instead. Occasionally glancing down, he saw the two little ones with their pretty big eyes, curiously fixed on the TV, and couldn't help but smile.

Today's outfit for Bian Jingwen was mainly black and royal blue. When the model came out wearing the above-knee dress, everyone's eyes lit up.

Rui Sen said the color combination of that dress was his creation, but the style was Bian Jingwen's idea.

Qin Mu watched intently as Mu Qingxin asked again, "Did she design this? I've heard many beautiful designers nowadays become famous by copying."

Chapter 1077: Women Standing Aloft\_2

"She just found a partner to help, she didn't plagiarize."

Qin Mu had to admit this fact.



"Help? So, is this masterpiece hers or someone else's?"

"I heard they both contributed."

Qin Mu said, still seriously watching the TV.

Soon, Qiu Xiang's personal interview came out, followed by her fashion show, and Qin Mu couldn't help but become a bit more serious.

However, Qiu Xiang's explanation was on point, and the models felt better after the change, so the tight string in Qin Mu's heart finally relaxed a little.

AD and Jian Yan had always looked serious, and the other judges were very earnest as well. Qin Mu didn't know how they would score Qiu Xiang's design.

"Don't be mad when I say this, but today I liked Bian Jingwen's design."

Feng Fanghua spoke to Qin Mu like an ordinary friend.

Qin Mu...

Even Jian Yan seemed to prefer Bian Jingwen's design. Qin Mu noticed his gaze, but fortunately, AD didn't like it. Perhaps because she knew some insider info about Bian Jingwen's design, she seemed impatient. But it's good that she didn't like it.

"Each has its merits. If you have to wear it, I still prefer this piece from JY Studio, low-key yet dignified."

Mu Zihao, sitting beside Feng Fanghua, gave his fair evaluation.

"Why should I always dress so low-key? Women need to be high-profile sometimes."



Feng Fanghua couldn't help bickering with him.

Mu Zihao ran out of words, so he just nodded: "Yes, yes, you're right."

"Oh my! You two are so old, yet still so mushy. Are you bullying us younger ones because our men aren't home?"

Mu Qingxin couldn't stand her dad doting on her mom like that and questioned them.

"The young master is back!"

As soon as Mu Qingxin said that, she heard the butler greeting Mu Yichen outside, promptly feeling deflated. She didn't expect things to turn this way; just after she mentioned their husbands were not home, Qin Mu's husband returned.

"Hmm!"

Mu Yichen greeted briefly and then walked inside. Seeing everyone gathered to watch the program, he suddenly thought he should make a room upstairs with a projector so they could watch movies together when they had free time.

"Why are you back? So early!"

Qin Mu looked up at the man who returned, and it was only three in the afternoon.

"Just happened to be free!"

Mu Yichen glanced at her, then stood behind her, nudging her head back towards the TV screen. He just stood behind her, covering her forehead with his hand for a moment, making sure her temperature was normal before releasing her. This morning, he noticed her forehead felt warm. She sometimes had a fever when her period was ending, which worried him quite a bit this time.



"Bro! There's something I really want to ask you, about that photo of Qin Mu whispering with a handsome guy in a hotel that got posted online. What do you think? I heard that guy proposed to Qin Mu before."

Mu Qingxin looked up and mischievously asked Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen turned his gaze to her, scaring her into nervously releasing a chuckle.

"So what if he proposed? Didn't see her living in the Mu family now?"

Mu Yichen replied coldly.

Qin Mu sat in front of him, feeling her shoulders tensing up, really nervous.

"When did you become so open-minded?"

Mu Qingxin blinked.

"But have you guys checked who exposed this matter?"

Feng Fanghua suddenly recalled and asked.

"Mrs. Mu said there's no need to investigate."

Mu Yichen replied, looking down at his wife's head.

"Aren't you interested in finding out who took the photos and posted them on Weibo to clear your name?"



Mu Qingxin nudged Qin Mu's shoulder, asking her softly.

"Someone said I'm a public figure, and since that's the case, these things happening is normal. I decided to treat them with a normal heart. As long as you guys trust me, that's enough!"

Qin Mu looked around at her family, knowing none of them suspected her of having inappropriate relations with other men. As for what outsiders thought, what did it matter?

"You really are open-minded! If it were me, I'd have to find that bitch and beat her to a pulp."

Mu Qingxin immediately raised her hand, her expression totally matching her fierce words, like a heroine.

"Sigh! Just such things happen so often, there's no strength left to care about them all."

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Qin Mu said, although she vaguely had an answer ready to come to mind.

She later looked at that photo carefully, from that angle, at that time, it seemed like Bian Jingwen was standing right there.

"Yeah! Who cares what those people say, as long as we live comfortably ourselves!"

Even Feng Fanghua, who always cared most about honor, couldn't help but say that.

As soon as Feng Fanghua said these words, the whole family looked at her.

This was absolutely not the Feng Fanghua everyone knew, the Madam of the Mu family who valued reputation and status above all, a woman who took Mu Family's honor as her standard.



"My mom has changed a lot! Qin Mu, did you cast some spell on my mom? How did she become like this? I almost don't recognize her!"

Mu Qingxin didn't dare to ask Feng Fanghua recklessly but was bold enough to joke with Qin Mu.

Qin Mu didn't know what to say after hearing that, she really hadn't done anything, but the fact that Feng Fanghua could say such words really made her see her in a new light.

"Mu Qingxin, are you complaining that I was too ruthless before?"

Feng Fanghua raised her eyes and asked Mu Qingxin.

"I wouldn't dare! I just feel like you've suddenly turned into a saint, and I'm just not used to it."

"Who wants you to get used to it? A married daughter is like spilled water, don't you get it?"

Feng Fanghua had to bicker with her a bit.

Mu Qingxin immediately stopped talking, she just kept her mouth shut tightly.

After dinner, Qin Mu took Huanhuan to sleep, and Mu Qingxin stayed in the room with Feng Fanghua holding Zifeng to sleep, chatting at the same time.

"Mom, tell me about Bian Jingwen, she seems like a big trouble."

"Sigh! This girl might have something to do with the Qin Family, you better not get involved!"

Many things about the Qin Family are not exposed, certainly it's not good for people to know about, Feng Fanghua thought over and over, feeling it would be better not to meddle.



"How could Bian Jingwen be related to the Qin Family, her last name is Bian!"

"There are too many involved in this, neither your father nor I ask Qin Mu much about this girl, and you shouldn't ask too much either, now they are competing in design, we just watch."

Feng Fanghua said again.

The night outside had long deepened, Mu Qingxin lay on the bed listening to Feng Fanghua, who lay beside her son, say this, and felt indignant.

She wasn't someone who liked to meddle in other people's business, but she couldn't stand it when she saw her family being bullied and frustrated.

So...

——

The next morning, on Weibo, among the top stories was the news about a designer cheating in the city's design competition.

No names were mentioned, it only used the term "designer with the surname B."

As if Qin Mu and Rui Sen appearing on Weibo together, in a casual, understated way, these few simple lines scared everyone with a surname starting with B, especially Bian Jingwen.

Bian Jingwen was eating the breakfast her mother prepared in her rented house, idly browsing her phone, when she saw the content mentioned in the Weibo exposé, her face changed immediately.

Her mother came out of the kitchen, poured herself a glass of milk, sat across from her, and couldn't help but ask her: "Jingwen, what's wrong?"



Bian Jingwen was stunned, clenching her phone tightly. If her mother hadn't been there, she might have smashed the phone after reading the Weibo.

A designer with the surname B?

There are still only a few people with a surname starting with B left in this competition, this exposé...

Bian Jingwen immediately thought of Qin Mu, because she had told Qin Mu about meeting Qin Haiming that day, so she immediately suspected that it was Qin Mu who anonymously exposed it out of anger for her meeting Qin Haiming.

But in front of her mother, she always maintained a gentle and lovely image, she naturally knew how to act, so she smiled faintly: "It's nothing, just a sudden stomachache. Mom, you should go home today; I can manage here by myself."

Bian Jingwen suggested softly.

"How could that be, how could your father and I possibly be at ease with you here by yourself, your dad told me to stay and take care of you."

Bian Jingwen's mother said.

"But if you stay here to take care of me, how can you stop worrying about my dad? I'm a girl who knows how to take care of myself a bit, but he's a man who is naturally careless in life. If you're not by his side, he might not even take his blood pressure medication on time, how could you bear that?"

Bian Jingwen was so understanding that it softened her mother's heart.

"You child, you've always been so considerate from childhood to now, your dad and I don't know how we accumulated such good fortune over several lifetimes, so I'll go back today, but you must live well here, the outcome of the competition isn't important, but if my precious daughter isn't living well, your dad and I won't stand for it."



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"Alright! How could I not live well? People say I fell into a pit of blessings."

Bian Jingwen laughed, still looking so sweet.

However, just as she finished saying this, before her mother had the chance to praise her, her phone rang: "Your competition qualification has been canceled!"

"What?"

Bian Jingwen stood up in shock; it was AD speaking English to her from the other side.

AD was very angry after checking Weibo. Now she was in an AM high-class suite with Jian Yan. In the luxurious living room, Jian Yan was sitting on the sofa sullenly drinking tea, while she stood at the window imperiously notifying Bian Jingwen.

"What else do you want to ask me? I've always told you to rely on your own abilities to earn a living. You didn't listen, and yet you even asked for help. How's that now? You're now the only B-name designer left on the competition list, and you must apologize to the public immediately and announce your withdrawal from the competition yourself."

Bian Jingwen looked incredulously and somewhat dazedly at her mother, then lowered her head: "AD, I'll talk to you about this later. Don't worry, I'll win this competition. Let's hang up for now."

Bian Jingwen pretended to smile, and after hanging up the phone, sat back down to have breakfast with her mother.

"What happened? What did AD say to make you so panic-stricken?"

"It's just that I had a fight with her nephew, and she called to tell me her nephew is threatening suicide for fear I might dump him."



Bian Jingwen smiled, responding calmly as if nothing had happened.

Her mother couldn't help but sigh upon hearing this and looked at Bian Jingwen kindly: "Your boyfriend indeed isn't as reliable as the last one, Jingwen. Maybe you should let it go. A grown man threatening suicide all the time, while it proves my daughter has charm, it also shows the man is too useless."

"I told him we should break up, and he just wouldn't accept it! Even brought in his aunt as pressure!"

Bian Jingwen looked helpless herself.

"Ah! This young man must have been spoiled by his family! Few kids with good family conditions are as sensible as our Jingwen. Jingwen, you are your parents' pride, you know?"

"Yeah!"

Bian Jingwen couldn't help but smile, but still maintained a humble demeanor, never admitting how much she liked hearing those words.

Bian Jingwen hurriedly booked her mother a flight ticket, sending her on the plane at noon, then drove straight from the airport to the hotel.

AD seemed not too pleased when she saw her, and Bian Jingwen also noticed her displeasure, quickly following her inside and started explaining: "Someone is definitely targeting me, I suspect it's Qin Mu anonymously leaking the news. At this moment, asking me to withdraw from the competition is forcing me to admit there are issues with my design. I absolutely can't back down now."

"So, show your abilities then, hmm?"

AD turned her head frustrated, glaring at her suggestion.



"Don't rely only on your boyfriend's aunt, don't rely on your boyfriend's friends, and don't think about taking shortcuts. In this industry, only people with real capabilities can survive. AM's Qiu Xiang relies solely on her own work, from start to finish!"

AD continued speaking to her, as the leak this time had shamed AD, revealing her already not-so-good temper right away.

"Are you saying I'm not as good as that girl who is still an assistant at JY?"

Bian Jingwen looked at AD in surprise. She knew AD looked down on her, but she didn't know just how poorly AD thought of her.

"For now, yes! I don't have racial prejudices, but currently, she does seem to be more diligent and capable than you."

Bian Jingwen nearly laughed until she cried hearing such an evaluation, but she couldn't overreact, so she had to control her temper with effort.

Only Bian Jingwen knew just how stifled she felt inside.

The goal of coming to Rongcheng, she found it so hard to achieve.

She wanted to defeat Qin Mu through legitimate means and humiliate the Qin Family, but she suddenly realized Qin Mu was insidiously cunning, so much so that she nearly went crazy.

After leaving AD, Bian Jingwen drove to Qin Mu's studio, and stopped her car at the entrance, looking at the empty first floor and couldn't help but tightly clench her hands.

She noticed Qin Mu's car was still parked there; Qin Mu should be upstairs. She hesitated again and again, thought hard, then shouldered her bag and went inside.



Uncle Wang drove Qin Haiming; just as they arrived here, Uncle Wang saw Bian Jingwen going inside and said to Haiming behind him: "This Miss Bian seems to be here to make trouble."

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"I'll go up and have a look! You just wait for me here."

Qin Haiming was also worried that his daughter might be in trouble, so he immediately pushed open the door and got out of the car.

Bian Jingwen stepped up the stairs straight to the second floor, found Qin Mu's office, and then walked over.

The door was open, and Qin Mu was meticulously designing a Tang suit for the elderly man's birthday, her head lowered seriously as she carefully cut the fabric.

Bian Jingwen's temper was suppressed at that moment.

Bian Jingwen just stood at the door watching Qin Mu bending over the high-quality fabric on the cutting table, her eyes sternly fixated on the fabric's incision, and after three seconds, she suddenly sped up and finished it in a matter of moments.

Bian Jingwen knew whether her own craftsmanship was good or not, and deep inside her heart, a bad feeling began to simmer.

Qin Mu sensed someone at the door, her sharp eyes glanced towards it, her body still bent, her expression still very serious.

Bian Jingwen looked up and, seeing Qin Mu looking at her, she strode in.

Only then did Qin Mu slowly straighten up, having bent over for so long that her waist ached painfully, but it didn't hinder her from thinking.



Bian Jingwen's sudden visit, naturally, was because of what happened in the morning.

As for the morning's event, Qin Mu really didn't know whether to thank her sister-in-law or thank her sister-in-law.

"Was it you who got someone to spill the insider information about the designer this morning?"

Bian Jingwen asked, this time not feigning a smile.

"Was it you who put me and Rui Sen on the Weibo headlines last time?"

Qin Mu didn't answer, instead sharply stared at Bian Jingwen and questioned back.

Bian Jingwen felt Qin Mu's simple words were too forceful, involuntarily taking a deep breath, but replied faintly: "Yes!"

Facing her directness, Qin Mu just gave her a dull glance, then turned her head to look back at the fabric on her table; the elderly man liked a more traditional Tang suit, and she was contemplating adding some traditional Chinese characteristics to this fabric.

"Today's Weibo exposé had nothing to do with me."

Qin Mu said seriously as she stared at the fabric, yet she was speaking to Bian Jingwen.

That voice, neither cold nor warm, left no room for doubt.

Bian Jingwen looked at her in surprise: "Not you?"

"I have no need to do such things; I have many important matters to attend to."



Qin Mu replied calmly.

Bian Jingwen felt humiliated: "Are you implying I'm not worth your time?"

"Aside from work and family, nothing is worth my time, of course, you can include yourself in that."

"You..."

Facing Qin Mu's distant demeanor, with those eyes as cold as a sharp blade, Bian Jingwen several times found it hard to control her temper.

"Bian Jingwen, it seems I already know the purpose of your visit today, but I really don't understand why you blame everything on our Qin family."

Qin Mu suddenly turned her head, this time, earnestly staring at her.

Bian Jingwen's gaze froze, as if scared by Qin Mu's words, then she sneered coldly: "I don't know what you're talking about."

"If you really didn't know, you wouldn't have mentioned my father, am I right?"

Qin Mu persistently questioned her, her voice not cold, as if just discussing a trivial matter.

"A hypocritical heiress like you, how could you understand the life of the underclass?"

Facing Qin Mu's contempt, Bian Jingwen murmured suddenly, then her eyes shifted toward the window, to the little bit of sky.

"Underclass? You?"



Qin Mu's sharp eyes caught the despondency in her eyes but held her breath for a moment.

"Some things, you will understand one day!"

After Bian Jingwen spoke, she turned to leave.

Qin Mu watched her back, just about to say: or perhaps the one who should understand is you, when she noticed Bian Jingwen's figure froze at the door.

"Miss Bian, with such a heavy heart at such a young age, it may not be a good thing!"

It was Qin Haiming's voice, and Qin Mu straightened her back again, reflexively looking in that direction.

"How does Mayor Qin know my heart is heavy? Or is it Mayor Qin who feels guilty?"

"In my life, I've only ever had regrets towards two women, my first wife, and my eldest daughter."

Qin Haiming's voice was so steady, flowing calmly into Qin Mu's office.

Qin Mu's gaze slowly withdrew, then silently lowered her eyes to look at the fabric on the table.

"And towards your second wife and younger daughter, do you feel no guilt?"

"Not at all!"

"A truly cold and selfish man, if your eldest daughter wasn't the wife of the Mu Family's CEO, would you still be saying these things?"

"You cannot understand a father's heart."



"I only know my father is proud of me."

"You must be referring to the father abroad you have dazed."

Bian Jingwen inhaled sharply once more.

Not long after, Qin Mu heard the sound of high heels leaving, and also the slow steps of Qin Haiming entering.

Qin Mu hadn't even figured out how to face him when he was already beside her: "Preparing this for the Mu family's elderly man?"

His voice was slow, as was his mood at this moment.

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu responded sullenly, then turned her gaze toward him, her eyes tranquil and calming.

"The things Bian Jingwen just asked me, I spoke sincerely, Mumu..."

"You don't need to explain much, you did what you thought was right as a father, I understand."

Qin Mu replied to him.

Qin Haiming couldn't speak for half a minute, nor did he want to speak, just gazed at his daughter.

So many years had passed, discovering the person who understood him most was his daughter, whom he'd been apart from for over a decade; he just smiled sadly yet thankfully as he lowered his eyes.



"I was worried that girl would hurt you, didn't expect you to shame her without uttering a single dirty word, Mumu, you really make me proud as a father."

Qin Haiming calling himself father showed his current calm composure.

"Bian Jingwen just said her father is proud of her, and now you say this?"

Qin Mu smiled faintly, finally not so seriously.

"She relies on her acting skills to please her adoptive parents, but you do not."

Qin Haiming looked at her, offering high praise.

Qin Mu unconsciously sighed lightly: "Grandpa said he wants something traditional, but it must not be inferior to any Tang suit worn by the Jing family's elderly man. Do you have any suggestions as a witness to their decades of birthday banquets?"

"Actually, you don't need too many patterns, if the elderly man is in a good mood, he'd be delighted even wearing plain fabric; now with the prosperous Mu family, you can imagine his mood."

As soon as Qin Haiming finished saying this, not only did Qin Mu smile, but he also smiled.

Indeed! When the time comes, all those who come to celebrate will flatter him, by then what would he care if his outfit rivaled the Jing family's elderly man's.

However, she still trusted her own craftsmanship more.

— —

A little past four in the afternoon, Mu Yichen's car was parked downstairs at her studio, then leaned back inside and dialed her phone: "I'm downstairs, come down!"