

His Beloved 111

Chapter 111: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (5)_5

It's just...

"Yichen!"

She had just turned around when she saw him, impeccably dressed in a suit, stepping forward, when a gentle female voice also called out to him from behind.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked towards the source of the voice, before she even had time to think about why he was suddenly behind her.

"Yichen, my car broke down nearby, can you give me a lift back?"

Jing Qing, in her high heels and evening gown, ran up to him and casually wrapped her arm around his, her voice soft as water.

Qin Mu subconsciously turned her head and pushed the door to go in.

Mu Yichen stood there watching her cold departure before turning to the woman beside him: "What are you doing in this neighborhood?"

"I had a little drink with some friends. There's a nice bar over there. I was planning to find Qin Mu to give me a ride home, but since you're here, I don't need to bother her."

Qin Mu watched them leave from upstairs, then helplessly shrugged and laughed at herself.

Qin Mu, oh Qin Mu, you're the one who didn't want him, so from now on, no matter what he does with Jing Qing, you have no right to be angry. You have no right.

She had to remind herself then went back to her room and lay on the bed with a book, trying to distract her thoughts.

The rain seemed to have no end, continuing to patter down past ten o'clock.

Later, she found all the snacks from her colleagues and ate them all, eating wherever she could find them, which explained some scattered trash on the first floor.

But she didn't care, because even without reading much, she felt content after stealthily eating everyone's snacks like a naughty child.

Mu Yichen didn't come to find her again. He really went out to have a drink with Jing Feng and then returned to the apartment.

On Monday, Qin Mu boarded the flight to Paris with Jian Yan, of course not before ordering lots of snacks online to be sent to the studio as compensation to everyone.

Jian Yan laughed as he looked at her: "You're just going to leave the kid here like this?"

"Yeah, Huanhuan is happier with his grandparents than with me. I've found that letting them get to know each other has this unexpected benefit."

"What benefit?"

Qin Mu found a comfortable position, leaned back, and replied while resting her eyes: "I finally don't have to worry about Huanhuan not eating well with Xiaomei."

Jian Yan laughed involuntarily. Xiaomei indeed was not very good at taking care of children.

"Think about the past two years, Xiaomei has really worried a lot because of me, not to mention Huanhuan."

"She is paid to do the job, of course, she has to do something."

Qin Mu suddenly turned to look at the man sitting beside her: "Master, haven't you noticed something different about Xiaomei?"

"Different?"

"Yeah, don't you like her even a little bit?"

After saying this, Qin Mu didn't forget to wink at him, but Jian Yan seemed not to understand and asked the flight attendant for a newspaper to read.

Qin Mu...

That evening, after dinner, Yichen felt the urge to go out again, but Feng Fanghua finally stopped him: "Are you going to look for Qin Mu again?"

Yichen turned around: "What do you want to say?"

"She should have already arrived in Paris by now!"

Feng Fanghua hadn't wanted to say it, but she couldn't bear the thought of him wasting more money on fuel.

Yichen turned around, looking at his mother with an indifferent gaze subconsciously.

"You knew she was going to Paris, didn't you?"

"Yes, I went to see her. She left Huanhuan with me, saying she felt more at ease with Huanhuan being with me."

"Then let her never come back to see her daughter for the rest of her life."

Yichen fiercely dropped his jacket to the ground and then turned to go upstairs.

Feng Fanghua...

Such temper, really out of place.

"Why are you taking your anger out on me? I'm not the one who ran off with someone."

Feng Fanghua knew exactly why her son was angry, yet after shouting, she couldn't help but laugh to herself.

He's twenty-eight years old, still so childish.

Miserable all day long because of a woman.

Mu Zihao came home and, upon learning that his son was sulking, was going to go up to talk to him, but then decided to just enjoy his own life instead.

That night, Yichen tossed and turned, unable to sleep, as if he had gone back to those years.

Leaving her alone abroad, not knowing whether she was doing well or what kind of men were around her, his anxiety kept him from sleep.

But what about her?

Always so carefree, as if as long as she and her daughter were fine, everything was fine.

She never thought to put him in her heart for once.

As soon as Qin Mu arrived in Paris, people who had sought her out for advertising work invited her out, asking her to do another ad. She talked it over and went back to Jian Yan to discuss it. Jian Yan said, "Take it."

"Take it?"

"Yeah! This time, design the gown you'll wear for the ad yourself and put our studio's logo on it."

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Qin Mu looked at Jian Yan with shock, but after understanding, he immediately confirmed with the other party.

"If this advertisement is broadcast in the country, it'll undoubtedly be good publicity for you, so you must put your heart into it and show your uniqueness,"

Jian Yan pondered as she sat on the couch with a teacup in her hand.

"But just broadcasting it domestically will surely stir up trouble again,"

"Are you afraid?"

"Now that the Mu Family is protecting Huanhuan, I really have nothing to fear being on my own."

Qin Mu shrugged, speaking candidly.

"Then go for it with confidence, and in the future, no matter how many studios we open domestically, I'll leave them in your hands,"

Jian Yan smiled, confident in her disciple.

Qin Mu nodded, thinking about the many studios they would develop at home, imagining many people wearing their designs. He couldn't help but get excited.

"I think, in the future, we should not only do high-end but also let ordinary people wear the clothes we make. Just thinking about it fills me with a sense of achievement,"

Qin Mu sprang up from the couch, walking to the window, muttering to himself with hands clasped behind his back.

Jian Yan continued to sit there, quietly watching him dream about his future, like the cool sunshine of a 7 or 8 o'clock morning, shining into his heart.

Perhaps he chose to mentor her because even she didn't realize the limitless dreams she possessed. She really rekindled inspiration in him, almost dried up as he was.

She's only twenty-three, such a wonderful age.

He thought that she should have a good relationship, a man who adores her. Only then would her youth be complete.

He thought he had to admit, couldn't deny, that Mu Yichen truly loved her, really cherished her.

Gradually, he lowered his gaze and stopped looking at her, as if the passion of nearly forty years was being slowly suppressed by him because of some factor.

Qin Mu, still by the window, imagined a beautiful future for the small Flower in its pot—while there was much uncertainty about Mu Yichen, his career and his daughter gave him great hope.

Whenever they had time, the two would come together to design. That day, she had gone to the studio to shoot an advertisement.

After she changed into her own simple but stylish clothes and came out, she unexpectedly found reporters waiting for her, even asking if she would endorse the clothing.

She said she would, endorsing their own brand.

That day she received a call from back home.

"When are you coming back?"

"In a few days!"

He called her every few days, but each time just asked that one question before hanging up.

She felt somewhat powerless to respond, but thankfully the calls were short and she could immerse herself in work again.

As night fell, Mu Yichen played with Huanhuan on his large bed, and suddenly remembered how much he once resented the little tyke.

Now he laughed at himself unconsciously and felt relieved that luckily she was still oblivious to the past and remembered nothing.

Leaning against the headboard, he picked up Huanhuan and placed her on his lap, asking involuntarily, "Do you know what your mom is doing right now?"

"Mommy? Painting."

Huanhuan replied instinctively. In her little mind, Mommy was always busy painting, which is why she also liked to scribble with pens.

"Painting? How could that silly woman create something others would like? Don't you think?"

He mocked her, derided her, and even wished she was sitting by the bed right now to hear his words.

But the only response came from his beloved daughter. Huanhuan leaned on him, with small hands hugging him, laughing as she asked, "Where's Mommy? Want Mommy to hug."

Hug?

"She's eloped with someone long ago, she wouldn't want to hug you!"

She doesn't even want me, despite how good I am.

Yichen's eyes, filled with the disillusionment of a life un-lived, began to grow empty. Huanhuan touched her face and felt very troubled looking at his expression.

It seemed to ask, what was the big deal, anyway!

He had always wanted to roll around in bed with her, but now he could only hold his daughter.

Only after the daughter fell asleep did he suddenly realize that everything was so beautiful.

She had secretly given birth to a daughter for him, he was angry at her secrecy, yet he couldn't help but feel excited.

Even though she said it was for him, the warmth that surged in his heart when he looked at Huanhuan was still undeniable.

From that moment on, he was no longer a man without attachments; this little tyke...

He couldn't help but gently stroke her little head and then broke into a foolish smile.

As for his future with Qin Mu, he thought perhaps they would torture each other to death, but he would never let go because of fatigue.

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On Monday afternoon, Mu Yichen drove to the studio. He went upstairs amidst the surprised gazes of Xiaomei and her colleagues and entered the room where Qin Mu had slept.

"Quickly call Qinqin."

Xiaomei's eyes darted around, and she immediately turned to look for her phone.

It seemed that Mu Yichen's visit to the studio was more exciting to them than receiving a few orders.

However, Qin Mu didn't have her phone with her at work that day, so Xiaomei instead left her a message on WeChat right away.

Just before closing time, Liu Jingyuan drove to their studio, clutching a light-colored toy bear in the hand behind his back.

He stood not far from the entrance in a light-colored suit, calmly and elegantly surveying the busy people inside.

Xiaomei just finished briefing her colleague when she looked up and saw him standing in the distance. She speculated about the reason for his visit and went up to greet him, "President Liu, long time no see!"

"Hmm! Is Miss Qin here?"

He asked Xiaomei with an elegant smile.

"Qinqin has gone to Paris on a business trip; she won't be back for a while. Do you have any business, or is there anything I can pass on for you?"

"Then never mind!"

He responded with a smile, then turned to leave but looked back over his shoulder. Before Xiaomei could recover from her surprise, he looked down at the bear in his hand, "This was originally meant for Miss Qin. Please pass it on for me."

"Sure!"

Xiaomei foolishly agreed, and after he left, she couldn't help twitching the corners of her mouth as she looked at the little bear. This man was actually giving such a cute little thing; was he sure it was meant for Qinqin? Why did she feel it was more suitable for Huanhuan?

When she looked up again, he was already getting into his car, ready to leave. Xiaomei felt this man was somewhat like a whiff of wind that comes and goes.

However, when she turned around with the bear in hand, she saw Mu Yichen standing upstairs. She stopped dead in her tracks.

"Mu, President Mu!"

"Was that Liu Jingyuan just now?"

He strolled down the stairs languidly, asking casually.

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen, dressed in a dark shirt, walked down the stairs and frowned upon seeing the bear in Xiaomei's hands, uncertain of what to do with it, "Do you know where this should be disposed of?"

"Uh! I know, I know! I'll throw it away right now."

Xiaomei felt it was a pity to throw away such a cute bear.

But with Mu Yichen wearing that expression, she really didn't dare object to his will.

Xiaomei went to the door and threw the bear inside; then he turned around and went back upstairs, continuing to lie on her bed with his eyes closed, resting.

Every time he called to ask when she would return, the answer was always the same, "In a few days."

And so, many "few days" had passed, and he truly wanted to discipline her, to let her know what "a few days" meant. More than ten days is "a dozen days," more than twenty days is "more than twenty days."

And "a few days," is within ten days!

He couldn't count how many times he had waited for her to return; this time, he wouldn't go looking for her again.

In the evening, Jing Feng and Qiao Yi invited him for a drink, so he went straight from the studio to the hotel.

After having dinner with the hotel manager on the top floor, he went down around nine o'clock. Jing Feng, Qiao Yi, and Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai were already waiting for him.

As soon as he entered, he heard the casually dressed Young Master Jiang say, "Right now, we are all still bachelors, but soon, Prosecutor Jing Jian is getting married. Our group of brothers might have one less drinking buddy in the future."

"Even if I don't get married, I can't always accompany you for drinks," Jing Feng remarked, holding a glass of wine before taking a sip.

Jiang Zhiyuan dramatically clutched his chest with a wounded expression, "Brother, can't we be a bit more tactful?"

"Why are you just arriving?" Qiao Yi looked up and greeted Mu Yichen.

Jiang Zhiyuan and Jing Feng also turned to look, then subconsciously raised their hands, "Brother, Prosecutor Jing Jian is bullying me, are you going to stand up for me?"

"I won't intervene if he's bullying you!"

"Dammit, then who would you stand up for?"

Jiang Zhiyuan felt wounded by these two men.

"Isn't that obvious? Naturally, it would be our little sister Xiaomu!" Qiao Yi whispered, giving Jiang Zhiyuan a meaningful glance.

Jiang Zhiyuan nodded in understanding, then chuckled, "Then I dare not compete with little sister Xiaomu."

"But it seems like little sister Xiaomu hasn't shown up for a while. I heard she moved out of the Mu Family's house, is that true?"

Jiang Zhiyuan finally found an opportunity to seek confirmation.

However, just after Mu Yichen had just sat down, he heard this and glared at Jiang Zhiyuan, then picked up the untouched bottle of wine next to him and took a swig.

"She's on a business trip in Paris!"

Then he propped his elbows on his knees, holding the wine bottle, and remarked indifferently.

It was as if they were still together as before, and he was merely informing his friends about her recent whereabouts.

However, everyone looked at him with an expression that seemed as though they were reluctant to hurt him.

Mu Yichen, still wearing the dark shirt from the daytime, slowly leaned back on the sofa, gently swirling the bottle in his hand.

As if he were a lamb to the slaughter, he was indifferent to whatever gazes or emotions people directed at him.

For even he felt pitiful himself.

So he just let them look their fill.

"The other day, Xiaohao and I visited her studio. You two are having a dispute, aren't you?"

Jing Feng speculated and asked.

Mu Yichen looked at him, and smiled faintly, "Yeah! Don't we always have disputes?"

"The ring on her finger was missing!"

Jing Feng directly pierced through his pretentious answer.

Suddenly, silence enveloped the surroundings. The men all cautiously watched the expression on Mu Yichen's face, which indeed turned sour upon hearing that, as if a spring pond had suddenly frozen over.

"Whether you admit it or not, you've broken up!"

Jing Feng continued to strike at the very depths of his heart.

Jiang Zhiyuan, Zhao Huai, and Qiao Yi didn't dare speak, torn between wanting to stop Jing Feng and wanting to watch the drama unfold, yet feeling a war was about to erupt if they didn't intervene.

"Broken up?"

Chapter 114: Chen Ge is here again (1)_1

Mu Yichen suddenly laughed, then clenched his teeth as he looked away.

But the murderous intent in his eyes was somewhat intense.

"You may not admit it, but she indeed doesn't love you as much as you love her, and she really does want to get rid of you."

Perhaps it was his line of work that made Jing Feng blunt enough to say each word that struck deep into the heart!

Mu Yichen leaned forward to gently place the bottle on the table, then slowly stood up and turned his head to look at the man sitting closest to him.

Jing Feng looked up unafraid, and very openly met his gaze.

In a flash, a solid punch swung out, hitting Jing Jian on the side of his face.

Jing Feng immediately tilted towards the side of the sofa.

"Why does she want to get rid of me? Isn't it all thanks to your Jing Family?"

His voice wasn't loud, just choked with anger.

The resentment that had been building up in Mu Yichen's heart burst out that night.

"You say thanks to the Jing Family? Why don't you think about whether it's because you didn't give her enough security? Or is it because of her twisted mindset from childhood that she keeps wanting to abandon you?"

Jing Feng forcefully rubbed his sore gums, making no attempt to hide his thoughts.

The two men who were usually the most composed suddenly started fighting, and the others hurried to break it up.

But by the time they calmed down, more than half an hour had passed.

The outside was full of staff, but no one dared to enter and intervene, only quietly retreating after the disturbance inside had stopped.

"We're all brothers here. Isn't it embarrassing in front of outsiders if we fight like this?" Zhao Huai said once he saw them calm down a bit.

"Who dares to laugh?"

Mu Yichen and Jing Feng said in unison, then glared at each other once again.

Everyone...

"That's it, no point in talking anymore today! Let's just drink!"

Qiao Yi said as he helped himself to a drink, with others following suit.

Afterward, several of the men got thoroughly drunk, just with Mu Yichen insisting on going to the room Qin Mu had previously stayed in.

Though Qin Mu no longer stayed there, that guest room had not been used by anyone else since.

But the next morning when Mu Yichen woke up, he found himself sprawled on the floor, confusedly staring at the two men on the bed, then looking around, he immediately got up and ran out.

On the living room sofa, Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai were still lying there, thankfully still dressed.

He looked down at himself, his vision a bit blurry so he blinked hard, and the events of the last night slowly surfaced in his mind.

That morning he quickly returned to the Mu Family, whereas Zhao Huai and Jing Feng had ended up together, mistaking each other for a woman, and immediately started shouting upon opening their eyes.

Especially Jiang Zhiyuan, who reacted as if he had come back from the dead.

"What on earth did you do to me, Mu Yichen? If you have beef with Jing Feng, why take it out on me?"

In the morning, Mu Yichen received a call from Jiang Zhiyuan complaining, and the whining yell was so loud he had to hold the phone away from his ear.

Qin Mu hadn't returned to the country yet, and the advertisement she shot in Paris had already aired in the domestic market. That evening, the Mu Family was watching the news in the living room, and right after the news ended, they saw Qin Mu's handbag advertisement. Huanhuan excitedly wriggled free from her grandmother's side: It's Mommy, it's Mommy!

Mu Yichen, his gums aching, looked up at the TV screen when he heard his daughter's voice. Seeing the scene of her confidently walking forward with the bag, his brow instantly furrowed with pain.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were also surprised; they had seen their daughter-in-law on TV before. Feng Fanghua couldn't help but curiously ask her own foolish son sitting alone on a single sofa: Is Huanhuan's mom planning to make a career in the entertainment industry?

"I don't know!"

He replied dismissively and got up to go upstairs.

Feng Fanghua had no choice but to look at her husband, but she didn't get the answer she was seeking. Mu Zihao just gestured to have his granddaughter come over to him: How about we video chat with your aunt?

"Okay!"

Qin Mu was packing up to return home when she received his call and immediately put everything aside.

Right then, she felt both lonely and helpless, or maybe just eager to hear his voice, sitting quietly on the bed as she took his call.

"What are you doing?"

"Strange, today you're not asking when I'll be back."

"Come back or not, it's up to you!"

Qin Mu noted the hoarseness in his voice, his indifference palpable.

"Are you okay? Do you have a cold?"

She subconsciously thought that he must be delirious with a fever, which is why he was calling her in such a huff.

"A cold? I just got into a fight with Jing Feng, that's all."

Chapter 115: Chen Ge is here again (1)_2

Qin Mu's heart skipped a beat, but he subconsciously avoided the topic.

"What are you doing? What time is it over there in the afternoon? Are you with Jian Yan?"

"Why so many questions? I'm... tidying up the house."

She glanced at the bed and casually lied.

"Mrs. Mu, your home is in Rongcheng, not Paris."

"Why did you call me in the first place? If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

Qin Mu couldn't stand him bossing her around on the phone.

"Just talk to me some more, say anything, it's fine."

In his frustration, he still managed to retain a bit of reason to soothe her.

"You're not really sick, are you? Have you taken your medicine? If you're feeling unwell, go have some water."

Her heart rose to her throat; he sounded quite serious.

"You finally remember to care whether I live or die! Hmm!"

Qin Mu's thoughts flashed back.

"Mu Yichen, what are you up to?"

"Hanging up!"

How could he do this, mocking and taunting her over the phone.

Jian Yan didn't return to Rongcheng with her; she took the flight back to Rongcheng alone.

At three twenty in the afternoon, she stood outside the airport, wearing a dark casual outfit, her long hair loose, then was dumbstruck to see Liu Jingyuan standing there waiting for her.

"I just happened to be passing by, heard from your colleague that she was coming to pick up someone at the airport, she seemed very busy, so I volunteered. You're not upset, are you?"

Liu Jingyuan was driving and talking to the woman in the passenger seat.

To be exact, she was indeed not very pleased, but after all, it was a kind gesture, so she still smiled:
"How could I be?"

She didn't even want to probe further. If before she could tell herself that Liu Jingyuan had no ulterior motives towards her, now she could no longer deceive her own conscience.

A CEO purposely driving to pick someone up, especially a woman, clearly indicated his intentions were more than just friendly.

"I saw the advertisement you recently endorsed the other day."

"Oh? How did it feel?"

"Very good!"

He answered, exactly as she had thought.

For some reason, she suddenly disliked being in the same car with him, especially at such close range.

Even though he was well-spoken and personable.

But she seemed to prefer Mu Yichen's way, who could tease her at any time, was mean when angry, and tender when happy...

Ha, she was thinking about him!

She found herself thinking about him for no apparent reason.

Realizing she had thoughts she shouldn't, she subconsciously turned her face away to look out the window.

Little did she know that as soon as the two reached the studio, they saw Xiaomei standing outside. She was just about to confront Xiaomei when she got off the car and saw Xiaomei pointing towards the parking lot.

Subconsciously following the direction of her finger, she saw his blue sports car parked there. He cast a sidelong glance at her, then reversed the car.

After Liu Jingyuan got out of the car, he helped her with her luggage. Then, seeing her gaze fixed elsewhere, he followed her gaze just in time to see Mu Yichen's car passing in front of them.

It passed by like the wind.

Mu Yichen looked displeased, his gaze was even colder and murderous.

He glanced at Qin Mu again, only to find she had come to her senses and pulled her luggage by herself, smiling and greeting him: "I really appreciate Mr. Liu for giving me a ride back today. Next time, let's have Mr. Mu treat Mr. Liu as a thank you."

"Goodbye!"

He maintained that gentle smile from start to finish, and after hearing her speak, he sincerely said goodbye and left.

Xiaomei immediately ran down the steps: "I was about to leave when he happened to come by, then he offered to go pick you up."

"So why didn't you inform me in advance that Mu Yichen was coming?"

"It was already too late!"

Xiaomei looked aggrieved; everything was beyond her expectation.

"Forget about it, don't dwell on it!"

Qin Mu thought it over; Mu Yichen already misunderstood that she wanted to hook up with Liu Jingyuan, so letting him misunderstand one more time didn't matter.

"Hmm!" Xiaomei quickly nodded, helping her with her luggage.

Everyone was working hard, but Qin Mu couldn't help but stand in the middle of the first floor and grin foolishly at everyone: "So you guys won't blame me anymore for sneaking your snacks, right?"

Everyone also couldn't help but laugh: "Qinqin, next time you give us something to eat, you have to earn our opinion; taste is very important."

Now their Chinese had improved quite a bit, and Qin Mu nodded in response: "Okay! Then I'll go upstairs to take a shower and change, and I'll see everyone later."

It was only when she went upstairs and returned to the bedroom that she found out, he had indeed been there.

Clutching his dropped suit jacket in her hand, she remembered when Xiaomei texted her that Mr. Mu had stayed in her room for a long time, she couldn't help but keep staring at the jacket in her hand.

Chapter 116: Chen Ge is here again (1)_3

Thinking back to the murderous look in his eyes when he saw her outside just now, she unconsciously moved her lips.

Finally, she hung his coat in the closet nearby, then found a loose dress to lay on the bed and went to the bathroom.

That evening, a group of people dined at AM, Qin Mu leaned back in her chair and watched them chatting so happily that she couldn't help but ask, "Can we choose somewhere else next time?"

"This is the most luxurious place in Rongcheng."

Xiaomei and the others protested immediately.

The most luxurious place in Rongcheng was being stepped into by them day after day.

Qin Mu felt helpless, worried about running into him or his friends here.

Moreover, they didn't choose a private room; the restaurant manager recognized Xiaomei right away and politely asked if she wanted a private room. Xiaomei grandiosely waved her hand as if a rich second-generation rejected the countryside: "No need, no need. We're fine outside, it's spacious and comfortable."

The manager nodded and bowed, allowing her to arrange as she pleased.

"Hey, isn't that our Xiaomu? When did you come back, Xiaomu?"

Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly popped up with one hand on her shoulder, looking very much the playboy.

"Young Master Jiang!" Qin Mu instinctively leaned to the side but still couldn't avoid his hand.

"With all the beauties here, would it be alright if you add another pair of chopsticks for me?"

Jiang Zhiyuan was in high spirits and pulled up a chair to sit down next to them.

With seven people already there, his addition didn't make the table feel crowded.

The waitstaff quickly brought over a set of utensils, and Jiang Zhiyuan, holding a drink, looked at the beauties and then turned to Qin Mu, laughing when he couldn't help noticing how relaxed she was, "Did you and Yichen really break up?"

Qin Mu instinctively looked up at him. As they were sitting closest, she scooted her chair a bit before smiling at him and saying, "Yeah."

Actually, she was a bit baffled. What did he mean by really breaking up?

"Good for you. Without him, there are plenty of men in Rong City waiting for you. The grass ahead is all blooming for you."

...

Everyone didn't quite get his point except Qin Mu and Xiaomei. Qin Mu couldn't smile; she had heard Mu Yichen mention before how Young Master Jiang's Mandarin wasn't very good, and today she had seen it for herself.

Xiaomei's lips twitched: "Young Master Jiang, your Mandarin is even worse than our colleague's."

Jiang Zhiyuan turned his head to look at her, smiling and asking, "Really?"

A few words of a foreign language amused the foreign girls at the table, and they couldn't help but laugh.

However, a few of the boys next to them looked somewhat embarrassed. Qin Mu unconsciously pursed her lips, truly wishing someone would come and drag him away right now.

"Xiaomu, tell me, if you didn't come back, would a heartless man like Yichen really marry the Jing family's second young mistress?"

Qin Mu awkwardly smiled, picked up the wine glass beside her, and took a sip of red wine.

"You're asking the wrong person."

Hearing that familiar voice, everyone reflexively turned to look back; Qin Mu glanced up and saw him. He gave her a cold look and then kicked the leg of the chair next to him: "Go move a chair for yourself."

Jiang Zhiyuan became displeased upon seeing him and began to act spoiled: "I won't! This is my spot, you find your own place if you're late."

Young Master Jiang, recalling the scene when he woke up that morning, wished he could beat this man to a pulp, but since he couldn't, he had to find fault with his woman instead. He hadn't expected him to follow so quickly, angrily holding the back of the chair, refusing to move.

The few girls watched Young Master Jiang's 'coquettish' behavior with fascination, their eyes lighting up.

"Do you want everyone to know you spent the night with Jing Feng?"

Mu Yichen couldn't be bothered to argue with him, but once he said that, the table fell silent...

Xiaomei looked shocked, her eyes nearly popping out, while Qin Mu instinctively moved back again.

"Damn it! Mu Yi, I hope you two never have a good life!"

Jiang Zhiyuan, upon seeing everyone's expressions, immediately stood up, slammed the table, threw down some harsh words, and left.

Mu Yichen pulled out a chair and sat down, turning to look at the woman next to him who was still shocked by what had happened with Young Master Jiang.

Qin Mu quickly regained her composure, harmlessly glanced at him once more, then sat up straight, refusing to look at him again.

Mu Yichen said nothing, and the waiter quickly stepped forward: "President Mu, would you like me to change your tableware?"

The few girls quietly exchanged glances, then all looked at Mr. Mu.

"No need!"

He said, then picked up the wine glass beside her: "I'll toast to everyone at this table first, I'm paying for this meal."

Both beauties and handsome guys stood up, except for Qin Mu.

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She sat there calmly watching him show off his wealth.

Just opening his mouth and he's offering to treat everyone, no wonder Xiaomei immediately ordered a big portion of crayfish and a thousand-dollar fish after he left.

She couldn't eat a bite, just watching Xiaomei eat made her feel full.

Who knows what that girl was thinking, eating with no control as if there would be no next meal.

"Qinqin, you should eat too, we don't usually get to eat such big crayfish; even the master doesn't order them this big for us."

"Are you trying to say the master is stingy?"

Qin Mu reacted subconsciously and asked.

Xiaomei had her mouth full of crayfish and looked at her when she heard this, then blinked: No!

While shaking her head saying "No" and being eager to eat more crayfish, she couldn't be bothered to explain.

After the meal, Qin Mu drove towards the Mu Family home, even though she had bought gifts for the elders, she still didn't know how to face them.

But what could she do?

She had to pick up her daughter!

Huanhuan must be missing her terribly, and just thinking of Huanhuan made her unconsciously speed up.

Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua were enjoying the cool in the yard with their granddaughter, with Feng Fanghua and Huanhuan gently swinging on a pink swing and Mu Zihao sitting at a nearby table watching them.

Qin Mu parked her car at the side, then got out carrying the gifts.

When Huanhuan saw it was Qin Mu, she immediately pulled her grandmother down from the swing: Mommy, Mommy, Mommy...

Running all the way to her mother.

Feng Fanghua stood aside watching: This girl can never forget that woman no matter what.

"Qingxin doesn't seem to care about us much. Weren't you furious because of her?"

Feng Fanghua gave Mu Zihao a glare, watched Qin Mu coming over with Huanhuan, and sat down in the chair next to Mu Zihao with high regard, looking at Qin Mu as she approached.

"Uncle, Auntie!"

"You're back!"

Mu Zihao greeted her with a smile.

"Yes! Oh, this is a gift I brought back from Paris for uncle and auntie."

It was the most famous perfume in France, a couple's set for men and women.

Mu Zihao liked it at first glance: I haven't used perfume in years.

"Then you should try it again, uncle. If you like it, I can ask someone to bring a few more bottles back for you."

Qin Mu immediately said.

Feng Fanghua naturally liked it too, especially when she saw it was a set for couples. She loved having matching items with Mu Zihao, even their toothbrushes had to be from the same brand, but her face did not show her liking.

"After being away for so long, you surely didn't forget to buy a gift for your daughter, did you?"

Feng Fanghua coldly questioned.

"Of course, I bought her a gift. Huanhuan's gift is with me—Auntie, I'd like to take Huanhuan back to sleep with me tonight."

Qin Mu paused, but still stated her purpose of coming.

Feng Fanghua immediately looked more displeased: How could you do that?

"Auntie, please forgive me, but a daughter should be with her mother."

"Then you ask Huanhuan."

Feng Fanghua was prepared, knowing Qin Mu was stubborn, she simply left the decision to Huanhuan.

"Huanhuan, do you want to sleep with Mommy?"

Qin Mu bent down and looked at her daughter, then crouched beside her and asked softly while holding her little hand.

"Huanhuan wants to, wants to sleep with Mommy and Daddy, and also with Grandpa and Grandma."

Huanhuan answered very seriously, but everyone who heard it was not happy, only Mu Zihao laughed and said: There are too many people to fit in one bed, Huanhuan wants to sleep with Mommy and Daddy, right?

Huanhuan's pure and big eyes looked at grandpa, then she excitedly nodded hard.

Qin Mu...

The night was beautiful, but people were always tangled up in one thing or another.

Feng Fanghua didn't expect this little darling to play out of step; she had clearly taught her to sleep with grandma, but this little darling wanted to sleep with everyone.

However, just as they were in a dilemma and Qin Mu stubbornly planned to take her away directly, Mu Yichen's car returned.

"Mommy, Daddy's back!"

Huanhuan saw Mu Yichen's car and told Qin Mu, and of course, Qin Mu knew it was his car, so she was even more troubled, bending down to pick up Huanhuan immediately.

"Uncle, Auntie, I'm leaving now!"

Qin Mu greeted and then carried Huanhuan away.

"Mommy, Daddy said he likes Huanhuan a lot."

Huanhuan, hugging Mommy's neck tenderly, told Qin Mu what Mu Yichen had said to her.

Just as Qin Mu was about to leave, she saw his car stop right in front of her.

Mu Yichen got out of the car, looking at her with utmost disdain.

"Either you stay and accompany Huanhuan, or you sign the agreement and leave here alone. It's a simple multiple-choice question. Haven't you decided yet after all this time?"

Chapter 118: Chen Ge is here again (1)_5

He heartlessly repeated his request, Qin Mu angrily stared at him and couldn't help but retort, "It's just a choice, either leave Huanhuan or get a divorce. What's your choice?"

Mu Yichen suddenly laughed, hands on hips as he looked down at his own feet. The light was too dim for him to see what was on the floor. Then, he raised his gaze to her and went forward to forcibly take Huanhuan from her arms.

"Go find Grandma!"

He whispered to Huanhuan after giving her a kiss on the cheek.

As soon as Huanhuan's feet touched the ground, she ran to find Feng Fanghua. Qin Mu watched in shock. Had the little girl just abandoned her?

Just as she was about to cry from feeling wronged, Mu Yichen suddenly picked her up.

"Hey, Mu Yichen, what are you doing? Put me down."

Feng Fangfei and Mu Zihao stood by with Huanhuan, watching their precious son carry a woman inside.

He threatened as he walked, "Kick again and I'll spank you."

The butler stood at the door, bowing his head when he saw them coming.

He felt ashamed.

The bedroom door was slammed shut fiercely.

"Why aren't you being coy now? Weren't you about to go your separate ways?"

He pressed her for an answer.

Qin Mu was angry too; it was always like this.

That night, she didn't run away but went to her daughter's room instead.

While Mu Yichen himself lay on the bed and slept comfortably, feeling as if it had been lifetimes since he had the big bed all to himself. So soft that one just wanted to sleep upon lying down.

When she woke up in the early morning to the sound of rain outside, Qin Mu opened the curtains to look at the green grass and then went back to lie next to her daughter.

As soon as Huanhuan opened her eyes and saw her, she happily pressed down on her. One small hand clutched her while the other touched her angular face, "Mommy, good morning."

"Sweetheart, good morning."

Qin Mu kissed her daughter's forehead.

Mu Yi got jealous as soon as he entered the room; the mother and daughter were too close.

Despite his jealousy, he had no choice but to lift his daughter up into his arms and then casually sit on the edge of the bed.

Qin Mu flinched instinctively to protect herself from his movements, and he ended up lying exactly where she had been just before.

Qin Mu...

Mu Yi's actions were so seamless, so dashing...

Huanhuan giggled, "Daddy, you're so naughty!"

"Didn't we agree to call me 'Dad' from now on?"

"Dad, Dad, haha, Daddy!"

Mu Yi...

Huanhuan switched around, not sure what to call him anymore, then turned to him with a silly smile and looked back at her beloved Mommy, "Mommy!"

This time, the name was quite clear.

Actually, what she called him wasn't essential, but Qin Mu realized that Mu Yi's affection for Huanhuan had changed ever since he knew she was his biological daughter.

Before, he treated Huanhuan well out of obligation. Now, it was genuine affection.

Qin Mu wondered whether he had secretly regretted not being better to Huanhuan in the past.

Mu Yi felt her gaze on his face and couldn't stand it, so he immediately turned to look at her.

Qin Mu flipped over immediately, facing the wall to contemplate.

Mu Yi's lips curled into a light smile: "Dad will pick out clothes for you, okay?"

"Okay!"

After placing Huanhuan on the bed and roughing up her soft hair, he went to find clothes for her. Qin Mu couldn't help but turn back around and noticed he wasn't too bad at these tasks.

He quickly changed Huanhuan's clothes.

However, he wasn't quite adept at combing hair, and though the auntie offered to help, Mu Yi sent her away. Qin Mu stood by a chair, braiding the little girl's hair that sat inside.

She had learned a new hairstyle on the internet recently when she had some free time, perfect for experimenting.

Mu Yi leaned against the cupboard, his tall figure enviable.

Huanhuan held a little mirror, happy and constantly admiring the hairstyle her mother had done.

"Do you like it?"

Qin Mu asked after finishing.

"Love it, thank you, Mommy!"

Huanhuan gently touched her hair with one hand and turned back to speak to her mommy.

Mission accomplished, her daughter was satisfied, and she proudly turned to look at Mu Yi. He gave her a calm glance.

Not long after, Feng Fangfei came to take Huanhuan away. He pulled her hand, and they returned to the bedroom.

"What are you doing? I have to go!"

He said nothing but just pulled her in front of a chest of drawers, then opened one and took out a ring.

Qin Mu instinctively pulled her hand back, "What are you doing?"

"Put it back on!"

"I won't!"

Qin Mu immediately backed away several steps, with both hands in her pants pockets, cautious of him.

"Don't make me repeat myself a third time. Put it back on; this is the last chance I'm giving you."

"I don't need your chance, goodbye!"

Chapter 119: Chen Ge is here again (1)_6

Qin Mu finished speaking, turned around, and strode out.

Mu Yichen turned to look at the still-open drawer, this woman was completely unfazed by threats.

He had been so serious, yet she had managed to avoid the topic with such ease.

Did she really understand that he wouldn't let her go?

As soon as he descended the stairs, he saw his mother watching him, and Mu Yichen lowered his head and chuckled, "Mom, when did you become someone who enjoys watching the excitement?"

"Your father says that if the two of you keep arguing, you'll argue another grandson into existence for me, so here I am, waiting with nothing to do but enjoy the show," she replied.

Mu Yichen examined his mother, who always dressed modestly and elegantly but whose temperament he found to be somewhat...

Like Qin Mu?

He was startled by this realization.

Today, he wore a white shirt, carried a suit jacket over his shoulder, hooked by a finger as he walked out the door.

Standing outside, he looked up and couldn't help but squint into the sky, wondering where she was now. His open palm revealed a ring that sparkled blindingly in the sunlight.

When Qin Mu arrived at the studio, a person from the film company was there looking for her. Xiaomei whispered in her ear, "They've been waiting for you for quite a while, seems like they're here to discuss a movie role with you."

Qin Mu raised an eyebrow subconsciously and headed to the parlor.

A top-notch agent was already sitting there waiting for her, having helped himself to some tea earlier.

"Miss Qin!"

"Hello!"

Qin Mu approached, and the top agent stood up to shake hands with her politely.

The light handshake between the two was followed by them sitting down opposite each other.

Qin Mu looked at the man who seemed to be under forty. She had heard of him because he brought Jing Qing to fame.

"I won't beat around the bush. I came here today because I saw the ads Miss Qin filmed, and I believe you have great potential. I want to be your agent. I can get you the best scripts to perform, and I guarantee you'd be famous worldwide within two years," he said.

"But my ambition lies elsewhere."

"You can still design your clothes while acting; it would be good promotion for yourself."

"That might interfere with my inspiration."

"What are you afraid of? Once you've made money, inspiration will come naturally. You design dresses for celebrities year-round, but how much do you make? Of course, compared to ordinary office workers, you're on another level, but if you compare yourself to actors, it's just a drop in the ocean."

"Actually, our industry isn't as pitiful as you think. And no matter the money, I love my job."

The man hadn't expected Qin Mu to remain so obstinate and unconsciously furrowed his brow, "So, Miss Qin, have you decided to stay in this industry for life?"

"Yes, to be honest, the reason why I took on those ads was to support this career," she admitted.

"I've never seen such a foolish girl. You're so beautiful, and your ads are so popular. Why not brand yourself as a star? I've heard you're on good terms with President Mu, and he has always favored glamorous women."

"But I just want to be myself."

After she spoke, she picked up the tea and took a gentle sip, still smiling, but inside she couldn't help but wonder, just how many glamorous girls had Mu Yichen liked in the past?

Meanwhile, the agent failed to persuade Qin Mu, but news of his efforts reached Jing Qing's ears, and she stopped working.

At noon, Qin Mu was called to AM for a meal by Qin Mingzhu, who said she wanted to talk.

Qin Mu knew that if she refused, she'd only be bothered more later, so she went. To her surprise, as soon as she sat down, she saw Jing Qing walking up arm in arm with Mu Yichen.

Jing Qing had dressed up especially and wore a dress with a plunging neckline that would catch a man's eye upon looking down. Her long hair was tucked behind her ears, showcasing her excellently maintained facial features.

She was merely walking up ordinary steps but managed to exude the same aura as if she were on the red carpet.

Qin Mingzhu sat across from Qin Mu and couldn't help sneaking a laugh at the expression on her face when she saw the couple, then lifted her juice to drink while feigning innocence.

"Hey, Qin Mu!"

Qin Mu came back to his senses, but didn't rush to look back at her. Instead, he slowly turned his eyes, and his gaze shot right into Qin Mingzhu's eyes.

"What are you glaring at me for? Although my dad wants me to get along with you peacefully, I'm telling you, I absolutely won't do that."

Qin Mingzhu, seeing her cold and sharp gaze, felt a bit scared and her voice lacked a bit of confidence.

"Did you ask me here just to say this?"

Qin Mu asked indifferently, showing no interest in what she said.

"Yichen, it's been so long since we last ate together!"

Mu Yichen, dressed in a black suit looking very formal, didn't speak but walked upstairs with Jing Qing, and Qin Mu's gaze followed them subconsciously.

When he reached the top of the stairs and turned the corner, he glanced down, and Qin Mu stealthily moved her eyes away.

Qin Mingzhu, secretly observing Qin Mu's expression, then said, "I heard from Sister Qing that Grandpa Jing is having dinner with Brother Yichen. It seems they're going to discuss something important."

Only then did Qin Mu look up at her again and gently lifted the wine glass in front of her.

Qin Mingzhu thought she hadn't revealed anything, but how could Qin Mu not know her little schemes?

"I heard Brother Yichen dumped you? Hey, does it feel bad?"

Qin Mingzhu looked as if she was gloating.

"What's it to you?"

Qin Mu asked back, neither light nor heavy, as her sharp eyes shot towards her again.

"Of course, it's none of my business, but I just love seeing you unhappy."

Qin Mingzhu said and couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"On that point, we are a bit similar. I too just love seeing you unhappy."

Qin Mu also smiled, but hers was deeper than hers.

"You..."

"What? Ms. Qin, do you want to argue with me, or do you want to practice a bit?"

"You..."

"If it's about talking, your skills are still too shallow, and if it's about strength, you're not as strong as me, are you?"

Qin Mu said, raising her eyebrows and glancing at Qin Mingzhu's side face.

Qin Mingzhu subconsciously raised her hand to cover half of her face, immediately recalling the scene where Qin Mu slapped her and her face suddenly hurt as if feeling it all over again.

"You know your dad is trying to make it up to me. If you want to stay in the Qin Family without trouble, then behave yourself; otherwise, I'll report you to Qin Haiming, and then whether you can remain in the Qin Family, or get sent abroad for decades like I was... tsk tsk tsk, you really are pitiful."

Having said that, Qin Mu stood up, leaned her shoulder close to her, and mocked her just right.

After speaking, she picked up her bag and left. As for the dinner, she had no appetite.

But what annoyed her was not Qin Mingzhu, but that man. Last night he was with her, and today he was pulling and dragging with another woman. What important matter?

The most important matter for Grandpa Jing is to marry his granddaughter to Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu was starting to feel irritated, but when she wanted to drive back, she found that her car tire was flat.

The staff apologized profusely to her, and without saying anything else, she waited for them to change the tire before driving away.

Qin Mu felt that she was really having bad luck today, so bad that she was about to faint.

Yet, what she didn't expect was that he went to her studio after finishing drinks with Grandpa Jing. She was lying there, flipping through a book and stewing in her mood, when he quietly pushed open the door, entered, and after closing it, slowly walked over to sit on the edge of the bed.

Qin Mu's eyes went wide as she stared at him and his thick-skinned presence on the edge of her bed: "President Mu, have you come to the wrong place?"

"Have I? I wasn't aware of that."

He glanced back at her and then took the ring she hadn't accepted in the morning out of his suit pocket and gently placed it on the bedside table next to her.

Chapter 120: Chen Ge is here again (2)_1

Qin Mu subconsciously followed his hand with her gaze, then immediately turned away, no longer in the mood for jokes or sarcasm.

"Take it back, I don't want it."

"You can give it back to me on the day we get divorced."

"You keep talking about divorce, but you won't let me see Huanhuan!"

Angered, she snapped the book shut, tossing it aside, and sat up to confront him.

She was truly infuriated, unable to stop herself from yelling at him.

"If I didn't say that, wouldn't you have immediately gone with me to the civil affairs bureau?"

He gave a bitter smile, looking at her pale face with his body to the side.

"I..., you... are simply being unreasonable."

Her brain throbbed with anger.

He lounged behind her, his dark eyes gazing at the room's simple lighting fixtures.

"Why were you having dinner with Qin Mingzhu?"

He suddenly remembered the incident from noon and asked her.

Qin Mu's eyes shifted subtly, realizing then that he had seen her but had simply chosen not to greet her.

She had thought he hadn't seen her, huh.

But remembering that he was with Jing Qing at that time, she didn't want to waste words with him, so she remained silent.

"Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine. From now on, you go your way, and I'll cross my own bridge."

She refused to answer his question, bitterly drawing a line between them.

"Jealous?"

"Ha, do you think I'm a child? Spending all day being jealous and nothing else?"

Qin Mu turned her face away, not wanting to look at him, nor wanting him to see her.

"What can I do to make you happy?"

"Don't bother! Just go away!"

She still wanted to push him away. Some words were on the tip of her tongue, but as soon as she remembered she didn't want him, she immediately pushed him away again.

"Mumu, I can't leave anymore!"

His dark hawk-like eyes gazed at her, sinking deeper.

Some words seemed to have been said many times, but each time they were more heartbreaking to the listener.

"Qinqin, there's a client here to see you in person."

Xiaomei stood at the door with a notebook in her arms, knocking to remind her.

Without any hesitation, Qin Mu left upon hearing the voice.

— —

As Qin Mu stepped out, she saw a meticulously dressed middle-aged woman standing there, oozing a sense of superiority.

"That lady there, she said she wants you to personally design a suit for her husband."

"Have you checked my recent schedule?" Qin Mu asked Xiaomei softly.

"Well, there are a couple of days. We can make the draft for her, two days should be enough, right?" Xiaomei wasn't fond of the matron, even though she was clad head to toe in designer brands.

The two stood in a dim area, so the matron couldn't see or hear them whispering. After mulling over it for a moment, Qin Mu, reasoning that it would be foolish to turn down money, approached the woman.

"Hello!"

The matron turned her head upon hearing the voice, then gave a faint smile: "Are you Qin Mu?"

"Yes! I heard you specifically asked for me to personally design a gown for you?"

Qin Mu, observing the woman's expression, knew she wasn't very fond of her and didn't particularly care to understand why, took a seat opposite the matron and subconsciously assessed the woman's demeanor.

Hmm, her midlife aloofness was almost impeccably manifested.

"I've heard that even the Jing Family's second young miss has had gowns designed by you. My husband's birthday is in a few days, please design an evening dress for me. The color should not be too flashy, yet vibrant; not too long, that's cumbersome, but not too short either. As for the style, well, I can't articulate that, that's the designer's job."

Qin Mu lowered her eyes, a smile still on her face but her mind involuntarily guessing the reason behind this woman's request for her services.

It seemed like she looked down on her; could it really just be celebrity influence?

"Your requirements are not excessive at all; I can fulfill them all, but—, Xiaomei, why don't you discuss the price with this lady first?"

Qin Mu offered a hundred percent sincere smile as she said this, but her tone chilled at the end.

Xiaomei immediately stepped forward: "Of course!"

"You two go ahead and talk." Qin Mu smiled and glanced at the matron, then turned and walked away, giving Xiaomei a meaningful look.

Understanding the signal, Xiaomei, mindful of Qin Mu's rules for handling difficult clients, sat down with the price list: "Please take a look at this. All of our designers have their rates listed here. It's not

necessarily only Miss Qin you have to work with; our other designers have also created gowns for many international celebrities."

The matron was stunned when she saw the price list: "Why is she so expensive?"

"Expensive? This is the standard rate we offer to regular clients. The last time an actress came to Miss Qin for a design, she paid ten times this amount, and they are practically sisters."