

His Beloved 121

Chapter 121: Chen Ge is here again (2)_2

The wealthy lady suddenly had her mouth agape, looking as if her jaw was about to become dislocated.

Afterward, the wealthy lady walked out while on the phone, seemingly looking for someone to trouble, Qin Mu and Xiaomei stood by the window watching, and after the wealthy lady got into her car, Qin Mu said, "Next time she comes, have her sign a contract and pay before she looks for me."

"Ah?"

Doubt hung in Qin Mu's eyes, she didn't even think highly of this woman.

Even if the wealthy lady had offered her the price she asked for, Qin Mu didn't think it was a good deal, and she was even more suspicious of the woman's intentions.

Why insist on her?

Or was there some unspeakable ulterior motive?

Qin Mu turned to walk outside, while Xiaomei, still standing by the window, glanced at the expensive imported car and unconsciously pouted her lips, feeling a bit strange as well.

This wealthy lady looked down on their family yet still came, huh!

Qin Mu intended to return to her room but, on glancing up at that door, she suddenly remembered that Mu Yichen was still there and immediately turned towards his office instead.

When it was time, everyone said their goodbyes and left for the day, even Xiaomei, and Qin Mu leaned against the office doorway looking at the neighboring door before letting out a resigned sigh.

Had he fallen asleep?

Or had he left?

For some reason, her heart began to tense up.

She stepped forward and knocked on the door.

"Mu Yichen, I'm going to lock the door!"

She didn't even push the door open herself, just reminded him from outside the door.

Thinking of the ring he had taken off and left there, she didn't want to enter anymore.

There was no response inside, Qin Mu lifted her gaze, her long eyelashes fluttered slightly, and then she gently pushed the door open to find him leaning against the headboard, half reclined.

He had fallen asleep!

Qin Mu quietly approached, looking down at his exceptionally handsome face, even though his arms hid everything above his eyes.

But she still thought he was incredibly good-looking!

Subconsciously crouching before him, she continued to gaze at him, thinking how nice it would be if it could last forever?

But life doesn't have so many everlasting moments; the only person who can accompany you until the end is yourself.

Those words were cold but true.

For she suddenly remembered what Feng Fanghua had said to her.

"I feel the decision made before was perhaps too hasty; our Mu Family might not be able to bear your weight."

"You should move out first, and we can talk about the rest later, okay?"

She didn't blame the elder for making such a decision because if she had a choice, she wouldn't choose a girl like her either, over a stable life.

Some decisions require great courage.

And at a certain age, one has come to prefer stability.

But what about her and him?

Mu Yichen, do you know how I feel every time you take me to your house?

Mu Yichen, you're actually really good, very good!

She kept gazing at him so intently that she couldn't help but raise her hand to grasp his, laying her own hand gently in his palm, and when she lowered her gaze, she saw the ring on his hand.

He was still wearing it.

Her fingers lingered lightly on his ring for a while, but just as she was about to leave, she subconsciously lifted her gaze.

"Leaving after flirting?"

Qin Mu thought to herself, who flirted with you?

But then she ran out of words to say, slowly standing up, allowing him to hold her hand, "So what would President Mu like to do?"

"What do you think?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh softly, feeling as if an adult was amused by a child's innocence.

"What? Is it difficult for you?"

He slowly withdrew his hand, his dark eagle eyes immediately capturing hers, and her expression from just moments ago vanished instantly, "Yes, a bit!"

"A bit?" President Mu questioned her in a deep voice.

Mu Yichen realized she was infuriatingly naughty.

She wouldn't enter his room again once she left it, and now that everyone had gone home, she remembered to call for him only when she was about to lock the door.

He had indeed taken a nap and knew she was there; he felt slightly better knowing that, but the feeling that he could never quite catch her made him very melancholy.

"Can't you stop being stubborn? Can't you just stay with me for a while?"

His deep voice asked her, filled with patience and indulgence for her.

"No, I'm hungry now!"

After saying that, she briskly shook his hand off and walked out.

"Are you planning to order takeout?"

President Mu got up, leaned with both hands on the edge of the bed, and asked with a helpless look as he lowered his head.

Qin Mu was already at the door, supporting herself on the doorframe as she turned back to look at him, "How did you know?"

"Haven't I told you that you don't need to eat that junk food when I'm with you?"

"How can takeout be considered junk food? Besides, even parents can't look after their child's every meal; how could you possibly take such good care of me?"

After asking that, she gave him a look indicating her point was made, and then she turned and left.

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Mu Yichen had no choice but to follow her out and intercepted her on the stairs, "If you keep being so stubborn, I really might have to kidnap you."

"..."

Qin Mu looked at him in surprise. His tone was mild, yet she felt that he might truly do such a thing.

"Come home with me, and whatever you want to eat, I'll cook for you."

Qin Mu looked up at him, "Can you send Huanhuan over to me? I'll eat with you every day from now on."

Only then did Mu Yichen look at her seriously, and upon seeing the calculations in her eyes, he couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

"You'd see her if you came home, wouldn't you?"

He reminded her, getting angry at her apparent determination not to enter their house again.

"How could that be possible?"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh, then stood on the same step as her, "So, are you willing to come home with me now?"

"I don't want to!"

He didn't know that his parents were no longer as keen for them to be together as they had been before. The elders were watching to see if she could stand up to the Jing Family, and that would determine whether they wanted her as the Mu Family's daughter-in-law.

"Why not? I can let you tuck our daughter into bed."

"I should be sleeping with my daughter anyway, why do I need your permission?"

"Why do you have to be so argumentative?"

Only the two of them were left in the room within the entire studio.

"Mu Yichen, what kind of skill is it to bully a woman?"

"Bully you?"

He raised an eyebrow, stubbornly smiling at her, "Not going back to the Mu family with me?"

"When will you bring Huanhuan back to me?"

"You don't have the time to take care of her anyway."

Qin Mu fixed her gaze on him as if resigning herself to the fate of Huanhuan, sighing unconsciously, her smile somewhat forced.

"But she's happy here."

"There are more people who like being with you than just her. Why don't you consider what's in front of you?"

"How can that be the same? I am her mother."

"And you are my wife too, you should understand your responsibilities and who is closer."

No matter how she thought about it, she felt there was something wrong with his thinking. Huanhuan came from her womb, while he... he shared no blood relation with her.

But Mu Yi didn't think so.

When the two of them left the studio, they saw a somewhat familiar car parked outside, with Liu Jingyuan inside.

Mu Yichen was still holding onto Qin Mu's hand, and when he saw Liu Jingyuan's car, he instinctively turned back and gave Qin Mu an intimate look. Her heart tightened, feeling that this had nothing to do with her.

She hadn't asked anyone to wait here for him.

Liu Jingyuan, upon seeing them come out, didn't hide but got out of his car to greet them.

"Mr. Mu, it's been a while."

"How could it be a while? Didn't we just contend for that plot of land to the east— oh, that's right, I haven't yet had the chance to congratulate Mr. Liu for acquiring that land."

"I should be thanking Mr. Mu for yielding."

Qin Mu's heart jumped fiercely. Had he really lost that bid?

Mu Yichen sneered, "To say I yielded is too much, but indeed, I wasn't very keen on that land."

"Maybe Mr. Mu wasn't keen on it, but for me, it's a treasure."

As Liu Jingyuan said this, he nodded towards Qin Mu in greeting, and she, frightened, could only muster a weak smile in return.

Why did she feel like Mr. Liu was here to ruin her day?

"Then I wish Mr. Liu good luck, we are leaving!"

Mu Yichen didn't even ask why Liu Jingyuan was standing there, being rather dismissive, and after speaking, he pulled Qin Mu away with him.

Qin Mu numbly let him lead her onto the car, and as Liu Jingyuan turned to look at Mu Yichen's limited-edition sports car driving away, his gaze drifted off with it.

Many times, he didn't know what he was holding on to.

Meanwhile, on the road, Qin Mu sat beside him in silence, her eyes hidden behind dense lashes.

After a long drive, she finally spoke, "Did Jing Xianzong still give the land to someone else?"

"Mm!"

His response was faint, as if he was reflecting on other matters and not what she was thinking about.

It wasn't until they arrived back at the apartment and he looked up to see her staring at him with a wounded expression.

"What's wrong?"

"Why don't you go apologize to the Jing Family? Since you need them."

"Why should I apologize? When have I ever needed them?"

In the face of her questioning, Mu Yichen was even more puzzled.

The two of them stood frozen in the spacious living room, their frowns deepening.

Even though the lights were on and the room was brightly illuminated, Qin Mu felt as if she couldn't see him clearly.

"Are you talking about losing that plot of land to Liu Jingyuan in the bidding? I never intended to go after that land. The Jing Family just assumed I was very keen on it. By giving it to Liu Jingyuan, all they did was rid me of a hot potato."

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"Really?"

Qin Mu still couldn't believe it.

"I'm a businessman, I don't go easy when it comes to interests. If that piece of land was so good, I'd never allow it, and the Jing Family isn't as capable as you think to block my businesses."

"But..."

"Did your parents say something to you again?"

He suddenly stepped forward and asked.

Qin Mu instinctively avoided his gaze, "No! It's just something I thought of myself."

"The old man from the Jing Family has been retired for many years. Even if he had many connections, as a businessman, they can't trouble me. As for Jing Xianzong, with the financial and material resources the Mu Family has created for this city today, he wouldn't dare touch me."

His eyes were so calm and uncompelled, Qin Mu felt like the distance between them was growing ever larger.

"You might as well think of your husband as the sole king of Rongcheng. You don't have to worry about him getting hurt because of you."

As he said this, his hand rose up, and his fingers gently touched her cheek.

"Hmm, it seems I was overthinking it!"

She laughed!

He laughed too, and his eyes slowly began to shine.

"I'm going to prepare dinner."

He said with a smile, giving her sly look a deep glance before turning and heading to the kitchen.

Qin Mu watched his figure disappear at the kitchen entrance and sighed unconsciously.

Then she turned and walked to the sofa, gently sitting down.

It had been a long time since she had been here, and a long time since she had seen him cook. She looked towards the kitchen but didn't feel like going over to watch; instead, she quietly sat on the sofa like a well-behaved guest, flipping through a magazine from last month.

She thought, he probably hadn't been back in a while either.

He seemed to be living at the Mu Family's house most of the time now, and she heard that he often kept Huanhuan company.

He made soup, and while waiting for the soup, he sat on a single sofa dealing with emails, looking like a queen on the long sofa, supporting her head with her hand and watching him thoughtfully.

Once again, she was captivated by his stunning beauty.

And that men at work, when they calmed down and concentrated, were really damn attractive.

During the meal, she was also very polite. Mu Yichen couldn't help but raise his eyes and watch her for several seconds before he frowned and said while setting up the bowls and chopsticks, "Do you plan to keep acting like this with me?"

"Huh?"

"We've slept together, and we have a daughter, and now you act all polite with me?"

With bewildered almond-shaped eyes, she looked at him for a while before smiling faintly, "Although I thought about drawing boundaries with you, I'm clear in my heart we can't truly draw them. If I run into trouble, I'll still need to ask for your help."

"Since you know that, what's all this for?"

He looked down at her, his hands gently resting on the table, waiting for the host to take the first bite.

Qin Mu instinctively followed his gaze down to herself, then immediately picked up her bowl and chopsticks.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, "In front of me, you don't have to be so prim and proper because I know what you're really like, and no matter how polite you are to me, I'll never be polite to you."

He spoke earnestly, rigorously, and his face was expressionless.

Qin Mu felt like she was being reprimanded like a child.

Then he quite disrespectfully dropped a sentence and stopped paying her any attention.

Dissatisfied, Qin Mu started eating her meal. It had been a long time since she had eaten food cooked by President Mu, and she really missed it.

Moreover, she felt like crying from the first bite but held back, and instead, she laughed.

She used her smile to hide her urge to cry, thinking her acting skills weren't bad.

"Can you ask your family to bring Huanhuan over? I'll stay for the night to keep you company!"

"You want to stay with me for the night and yet you want to call for our daughter?"

She suddenly asked while he was cleaning dishes in the kitchen after dinner.

"I've already called home."

"Mu Yichen, I knew you're the best to me, mwa!"

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, raising his hand to rub his brow.

This woman, she's really going to be the death of him.

The Mu Family wasn't actually too domineering to keep Huanhuan away from her; they just wouldn't let Huanhuan live with her anymore. Qin Mu felt the Mu Family was actually saving her effort in this way, so that was why she hadn't forcibly fought with the Mu Family for Huanhuan.

The elders had many reservations about her, but they acknowledged their granddaughter and treated her very well.

When Mu Yichen finished reading emails and returned to the room, he saw Qin Mu and Huanhuan sprawling on the bed and playing. Huanhuan had been at the daycare for a few days and couldn't wait to show off her new skills to her mother.

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Upon seeing Mu Yichen's arrival, Huanhuan immediately squatted down next to her mom, then looked at him with a beaming smile and a shy little expression.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but smile, walked over and sat down next to them, and asked, unable to resist teasing as he looked at his daughter's bashful demeanor: What's the matter? Are you feeling shy with daddy?

"Daddy, don't bully Mommy!"

Remembering the question Qin Mu had charged her with, Huanhuan had taken her time to formulate her words. When she spoke, she even raised her hand to point at her own neck.

Mu Yichen said nothing, but looked at her with a patient gaze.

Later, as Huanhuan fell asleep between them, he was still staring at her; Qin Mu pretended to be asleep but felt uncomfortable, so she eventually opened her eyes and glared at him angrily: What are you looking at? You've been staring all night.

"You're so foolish!"

Qin Mu...

"You're the foolish one!"

"Indeed, else why haven't I settled the account with you about Huanhuan yet?"

Qin Mu...

But hadn't he already had a fierce argument with her the last time they quarreled? Wasn't that his way of settling accounts with her?

"How do you want to settle the accounts? Do you think I'd go easy on you?"

Qin Mu softly retorted, remembering the time she was pregnant with Huanhuan.

However, she had no intention of dwelling on the details of her past life, after all, the past was the past.

And there were some 'little things' in everyone's hearts they didn't want to touch upon; living in the present, they must know not to dwell on the past because there just wasn't the time for it.

In this fast-paced era, they had to live every second to the fullest.

This was the case for Qin Mu; the hardships of her past were both profound and inconsequential to her.

"Then tell me about how hard it's been for you, I'm listening."

His voice was also very low.

"I won't tell, there's nothing to say, I'm tired."

She turned her body, not even having the courage to look at her again.

Mu Yichen later quietly returned their daughter to her own room.

Just now, as he quietly took his daughter away, she suddenly remembered those unhappy memories from the past and felt somewhat weak all over.

The night was very peaceful.

The next morning, CEO Mu personally cooked breakfast, and after eating, he drove her and their daughter to the studio.

After Qin Mu got out of the car, he rested his hand on the steering wheel and admonished her: If you don't want her to go back to the Mu Family, just refuse when her grandmother comes to pick her up; if she tries to take her away by force, call me.

"Okay! Be careful on the road."

Suddenly, he relented, not making it difficult for her anymore, not forbidding her to see her daughter.

He had returned Huanhuan to her once more.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked down at Huanhuan. Xiaomei, seeing her from the window, stood on her tiptoes and waved at her vigorously, so Huanhuan jumped down from Qin Mu's arms and ran inside.

With an amused smile, she followed her daughter inside with her bag on her back.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the noblewoman visited their studio again and agreed to Qin Mu's request.

Yet, her eyes kept landing on the little girl sitting with Xiaomei; the girl was holding a chubby doll, yet looking up at her as if she were some kind of strange creature.

"This little girl is..."

"Oh, this is our little princess."

Xiaomei immediately turned around and hugged Huanhuan without saying much.

The wealthy lady frowned because she had heard that Qin Mu had a daughter with President Mu.

"Can you now let your Miss Qin come down and talk to me?"

Xiaomei glanced at her and, without losing politeness, continued to speak with a smile, "If you agree to all our requirements, we now need to sign a contract, and then you'll pay. We will design the gown for you, and a high-efficiency garment factory will make it. You can pick it up before your husband's birthday, or we can deliver it—either is OK."

"What? Pay first?"

"Yes! If you have no objections, please take a look at our contract first."

The wealthy lady reluctantly picked up the contract Xiaomei had sent over and read a few lines. When she saw the amount, she immediately looked up, "Why is the price different from what was discussed last time?"

"Because recently, Miss Qin's value has risen a lot since then, and in a while, it may even double."

"Isn't that a bit of an exaggeration?"

The lady put the contract aside, asking unhappily.

"You are now using our chief designer. If you were using our Master Jian, the designer, the price would be more than five times this amount."

Although Jian Yan's prices had never been made public, some well-off individuals could guess that they would undoubtedly be astronomical.

Qin Mu had started this design studio in the name of Jian Yan, and also, she was his only apprentice.

The wealthy lady thought for a moment, then stood up with her phone, "I need to make a phone call."

"Please, go ahead."

The wealthy lady got up and walked outside.

Xiaomei, holding Huanhuan, watched the woman making the call and couldn't help thinking, who was this woman calling at this moment?

After signing the contract and paying the money, the wealthy lady still had not seen Qin Mu.

Once Qin Mu saw the money was in the account, she began planning the gown's design with real dedication.

As for everything else, she had to be very careful.

Because she didn't know if someone would come to her for a design one day and then scam her again.

After all, her enemies were too powerful now.

When Xiaomei went to bring her coffee, she said, "I just looked her up online, and she comes from a respectable scholarly family in the city. She is now the matron of the Yang Family in Western City. It's said her husband has had affairs for a long time, but because she gave birth to two sons, they have maintained their marriage."

"The internet even has this information?"

Qin Mu was startled, immediately thinking of herself. Could it be that she was now searchable on Baidu as well?

"Yes, I looked up my own name on a whim, and thankfully, they didn't have me on there."

Qin Mu instinctively wanted to check her own. Her big eyes were filled with thoughts.

"But there is something about you. You should check it yourself, I need to go out now."

Xiaomei joyfully left after speaking. Only after Xiaomei had gone did Qin Mu look away and silently put down her pen to open the computer, which displayed a design drawing she was coloring. She closed it and then opened Baidu to search for Qin Mu.

She had not expected to really appear on Baidu, with such detailed information.

Aside from details of her life in Paris, which daughter she was, her height, weight, education, her master, her background, and her pale love history, President Mu was the biggest draw.

There was also Huanhuan, described as a suspected biological daughter, uncertain.

And all their photos were there.

She leaned back into her chair gently, feeling her head buzzing as she looked at the contents of the Baidu entry.

At the bottom, there was a note stating she was currently the only girl who had moved into the Mu Family residence, very likely to have outcompeted Jing Qing to become the true lady of the Mu family.

Chapter 125: Chen Ge is here again (3)_1

She thought she had been on this search for a while now.

Because she had already moved out of the Mu Family.

Around noon, Helian Hao came to find her, and Qin Mu mentioned to her the matter of the Yang Family matriarch. Helian Hao frowned upon hearing it, "Which Yang Family matriarch? The Yang Family of Western City?"

"Yes!"

"She came to you for a dress design?"

"Yes!"

"How did she find you? She has good relationships with the women of the Jing Family and the Qin Family. Moreover, she even took in Jing Qing as her goddaughter two years ago."

Qin Mu...

Xiaomei brought in desserts and tea from outside, and seeing Qin Mu and Helian Hao sitting in the couch with heavy expressions, she couldn't help but ask, "Is everything okay?"

"It's okay!"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes and responded subconsciously.

Right after Xiaomei left, Helian Hao turned to look at her deep in thought and said, "Have you signed a contract with her? You should break it off quickly; she definitely means to harm you."

"It's too late!"

She said calmly, watching Helian Hao's anxious expression.

"Too late?"

Helian Hao was puzzled.

"The money has already been transferred!"

Helian Hao...

"And what's meant to come will always find a way. In Rongcheng, I am passive. I only have to react to moves as they come!"

As she said this, Qin Mu stood up and walked to the window, frowning slightly as she looked outside.

She always felt that there was something off about the Yang Family matriarch and had not expected that she was indeed involved with certain people.

However, as long as she truly intended to prepare a gown for her husband's birthday celebration, Qin Mu didn't have much reason to refuse. At worst, she'd just follow each step closely.

Helian Hao asked her if she wanted to give Jing Feng a heads-up to check if this was related to Jing Qing, but Qin Mu declined.

Because if Jing Qing was so obedient to Jing Feng, she wouldn't keep picking fights with her.

That evening, Mu Yichen came to take her and her daughter back to the apartment. Qin Mu, leading Huanhuan, stood at the door to see Xiaomei and the others off before addressing him, "Why have you come again?"

"Huanhuan, goodbye!"

Qin Mu had barely said a word when Xiaomei, who had gotten into the car, reached out to wave goodbye to Huanhuan.

"Bye Aunt Xiaomei!"

Huanhuan also raised her hand and waved, while Xiaomei didn't forget to wink at her playfully, making Qin Mu want to hurl her high heels straight into her mouth.

Since buying the car, she had rarely driven it; it seemed to have become communal property instead.

"Of course I had to come. I couldn't let you and your daughter live on takeout. Get in the car; I've already bought groceries and will make your favorite dishes tonight."

Upon hearing those words, Huanhuan couldn't help but go down the steps first, then turned back when she realized her mother wasn't following.

Qin Mu sighed helplessly, looking at her daughter's pure, wide eyes, she really didn't have the heart to feed her daughter synthetic meat when beef was available. Reluctantly, she followed him into the car.

After getting back, he put the fresh ingredients in the kitchen and called out to Qin Mu.

"You sit here and wait for me, I need to see what your father wants."

Upon hearing his voice, Qin Mu looked inside, instructing her daughter and turning on the TV to the animation channel before heading to the kitchen.

"What is it?"

Qin Mu curiously asked him, grabbing the door frame.

"After this, it's Jing Feng's birthday. You're coming with me."

"Jing Feng's birthday? Doesn't that mean it's also Jing Qing's birthday?"

Qin Mu asked, looking at the man who had started washing vegetables. She didn't like such occasions.

"Yes, so we both need to go."

He replied, swiftly washing the vegetables and setting them aside.

"Why? We don't have a good relationship with them."

"But Jing Qing will be there. Are you comfortable with others pairing her with me?"

He turned to glance at her, and Qin Mu moved, standing inside the door, pondering his words.

Indeed, those messy people did enjoy coupling him with Jing Qing.

But she had already said all kinds of harsh words to him—why should she care so much?

She had long told herself not to concern herself with his affairs, even if it made her heart sour.

Qin Mu still didn't want to go. The last time the Jing Family patriarch had a birthday, she had almost faced embarrassment; and as for Jing Qing... she didn't intend to give her that satisfaction.

"Mrs. Mu!"

She was distracted, and Mu Yichen had to call out to her a couple of times before she finally snapped back to reality.

"I don't want to go!"

She muttered and then turned around to leave, trying not to show too much attitude.

Mu Yichen suddenly felt like he had no strength to continue cooking. Couldn't this woman just cooperate with him for once?

Later on, Mu Yichen explained that Jing Feng wasn't actually fond of celebrating his birthday, but because the family indulged their daughter, they always held a large celebration for her, and so the son naturally partook as well.

Besides, as twins, they had always been the pride of the Jing Family. How could the Jing Family miss the opportunity to show off their children?

Chapter 126: Chen Ge is here again (3)_2

Qin Mu felt restless. After taking care of Huanhuan and putting him to sleep, she returned to the bedroom but stood at the doorway, not wanting to go in: "Mu Yichen, I really don't want to go."

Her voice carried a tone of lethargy, truly expressing her aversion.

"Then don't go!"

He lay on the bed and replied with a voice that was light and indifferent.

Qin Mu slowly walked in and sat at the edge of the bed opposite him, her head lowered.

Looking at the ring mark on her finger, she had left the ring in the drawer of the bedside table in her studio. She didn't dare to wear it again, just as she didn't dare to let others assume they were a couple.

She suddenly had the depraved thought that it might be better to be seen as the kind of lovers who hide in the shadows, letting people think of her as that shameless woman who clings to wealth.

Even though she was only twenty-three years old, she didn't have the luxury of enjoying her youth.

Let everyone think of her as a bad woman, so she wouldn't owe him anything. And when the day came where they both found someone suitable, how wonderful would it be to part ways and lead their own joyful lives?

But for now, they were together almost every day.

She gently lay on the bed, turned her head to look at his back, and raised her hand lightly to tap on his shoulder: "Mu Yichen!"

Mu Yichen didn't move, so she moved closer and hugged him, lifting her upper body to look at him.

"If you have something to say, just say it." He spoke flatly, not shoving her away.

"Don't you want to... tonight?"

Mu Yichen...

"Are you going or not?"

He turned his head, finally making eye contact with her.

"I'll go! Aren't you afraid that the Jing Family's patriarch will be angry when he sees me? Aren't you afraid he will make it difficult for me again? I don't want you to fall out with the elders you used to be close to because of me in front of so many people."

She spoke with her gaze lowered, yet still rested her head on his shoulder.

He knew she really wasn't interested in going, but it was decided that he must make her go with him.

Mu Yichen finally turned to face her, rolling over to lean against the headboard and drawing her into his chest: "There won't be any elders at their birthday parties, just siblings."

"Really?"

Qin Mu had never attended and didn't know.

"Yes, and none of the things you're worried about will happen. Dad told me yesterday that they had already informed the Jing Family that Huanhuan is a child of the Mu Family."

Qin Mu looked at him in disbelief. The Mu Family had actually discussed such a matter with the Jing Family?

"It means that mom and dad have resigned themselves to the fact that you, you are the Mu Family's daughter-in-law."

"But..."

Qin Mu was puzzled. Given the things Feng Fanghua had said to her, how could it be possible for her to be the Mu Family's daughter-in-law?

What she didn't expect was that while Feng Fanghua was reluctant to accept her, she was actually also unwilling to accept Jing Qing anymore.

"So you must go with me that day. Moreover, it's at AM, your turf."

Qin Mu...

He gave a shallow smile, then reached into her nightgown: "Now let's talk about the question you just asked."

"Hm?"

"The question of whether you want it tonight."

Thinking about tomorrow's issues tomorrow, tonight Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh out as he touched her, wrapping her arms around his neck and petulantly making demands underneath his body: "Can't you stop giving me the cold shoulder from now on, okay?"

"Hm?"

"I like it when you smile."

"And when I don't smile?"

"I like that too!"

She confessed involuntarily, then burst into laughter again. Suddenly, he propped her up and sealed her lips, blocking all of her delightful emotions within her mouth.

"Baby, if you like me that much, let me make our marriage certificate public."

——

Last night, the two of them tangled for more than an hour before finally letting each other go, of course, Qin Mu did not agree to let him make their marriage certificate public.

This morning at nine o'clock, Qin Mu had just arrived at the studio with Huanhuan when she received a call from Jing Qing. Although she didn't remember the name, the frequent calls made it recognizable.

Qin Mu didn't want to answer, so she took Huanhuan inside first. Then she heard a car horn outside the window. She told Huanhuan to find Xiaomei, then turned to look at the approaching red car.

"Qin Mu, let's talk."

Jing Qing took off the black sunglasses she was wearing and spoke to her.

She had been there early, waiting even before making the call.

Qin Mu stood at the door without approaching, because if an award-winning actress like Jing Qing was coming to see her, then it was up to the actress to make the first move.

Jing Qing had arrived at half-past eight, waiting in the alley nearby, and only after seeing Mu Yichen leave after dropping her off did she drive out. She had intended to greet Qin Mu first, but didn't expect her not to answer her calls, so she confronted her at the door.

Getting out of the car, she stood in front of her in an eight-centimeter high heel: "Let's find a place to have tea and talk properly, okay?"

Chapter 127: Chen Ge is here again (3)_3

"Miss Jing, are you going to design another gown? If not, then we have nothing to discuss."

"Fine, I want you to design clothes for me."

"Then the price can't be lower than last time, after all, you were a sensation on the red carpet last time."

"I don't care about the money, really, Qin Mu, if you're only after money, I can give you as much as you ask for."

"A hundred billion?"

Since Miss Jing had made such a boastful claim, why shouldn't she be able to make a demand?

Yet Jing Qing was immediately silenced upon hearing her words, all the things she had wanted to say stuck in her throat.

Who would have thought that someone would have the audacity to ask for a hundred billion.

"To be honest, even though I don't make as much money as you, I'm not exactly short on cash."

Qin Mu gave her a faint smile at her dumbfounded expression, lowered her eyes, and glanced at the time on her wrist: I have quite a few tasks today, if Miss Jing doesn't have anything urgent, then I won't keep you company.

"Qin Mu, I love him so much it drives me crazy!"

Jing Qing finally blurted out just before Qin Mu turned to leave, sounding somewhat humble.

Qin Mu then looked at her more seriously but ultimately just laughed: I've heard you say that before. It's nice to be able to love someone. Have you confessed to him? Has he accepted you?

The sunlight was brilliant, bathing the earth in the most comfortable warmth of summer.

Unlike his response last time, this time Qin Mu asked very calmly, with a hint of curiosity.

At that moment, she truly envied Jing Qing because regarding matters of the heart, she dared not utter a word.

But these questions were undoubtedly a slap in Jing Qing's face, as she stared straight at her, lips sealed tightly.

"I really need to get to work! — Oh right, it's your birthday tomorrow, Yichen insisted I accompany him!"

Qin Mu suddenly added this and nonchalantly brushed back the hair from her face as she spoke.

Jing Qing, with her sharp eyes, noticed the love bite on her neck and unconsciously bit the flesh inside her lip, her hands clenched tightly as Qin Mu turned away with a smile.

Jing Qing laughed involuntarily, she was going to accompany Mu Yi to her birthday party?

Why would her birthday party involve this woman?

Qin Mu kept pushing her limits, not only had she taken over Mu Yi as soon as she returned, but she had also taken all the advantages. Jing Qing had heard that the small car Qin Mu bought was from the design fees she earned, the more she thought about it, the angrier she became. No one has ever dared to take advantage of her as Qin Mu did.

So, turning on her heel, she took her phone out before getting into the car: There's a bag in the drawer of my room, bring the contents to AM, where I'll be waiting for you.

After hanging up the call, she drove straight to AM. Mu Yi was supposed to meet business partners at the hotel for lunch that day, and originally, she just wanted to attend to make her presence felt and casually suggest he accompany her as her date the next day, but now, she had to do something more.

At twelve noon, Mu Yi, Qiao Yi, and their business partners' cars stopped outside the hotel in succession. Jing Qing, dressed in a sexy bandeau and knee-length dress, had just entered the hotel when she seemed to casually look back.

As soon as Qiao Yi got out of the car, he saw Jing Qing's face, the one he longed for even in his dreams, and her figure wrapped in a pale yellow dress. He was momentarily mesmerized.

Mu Yi, with a suit over his arm, was escorting partners inside and passed by Qiao Yi with a helpless sigh, before continuing forward.

The clients were also pleasantly surprised to see Jing Qing, especially since she was smiling so kindly at them: Hello! Yichen, such a coincidence that you're here too.

"Yes!"

He responded indifferently because the two middle-aged men, who were partners, had already stopped, prompting him to do the same.

"Isn't that Miss Jing? You look so different from on TV."

"Indeed, you're even more beautiful in person, a perfect match for our Mr. Mu."

The two partners were particularly flattering to Jing Qing, their eyes almost fixated on her.

Qiao Yi slowly approached but shifted his gaze away from Jing Qing: Let's go upstairs and talk.

"I just came to have some soup by myself today, could I join you at your table?"

Jing Qing walked alongside Mu Yi, asking gently.

"Hmph!"

Mu Yi let out a soft laugh without a word, his eyes void of any warmth.

Yet Jing Qing happily followed him inside.

The restaurant manager quickly ran down, greeted them at the elevator door, and accompanied them inside.

Jing Qing subtly lowered her gaze and gently placed her hand on Mu Yi's arm.

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Mu Yichen's expression turned cold subconsciously, yet he did not utter a word more.

Standing to the side, Qiao Yi watched Jing Qing's subtle movements and sighed inwardly, knowing that Jing Qing had not given up on Mu Yichen; however, everyone familiar with him knew where his heart lay, and he felt sad for Jing Qing's persistence.

After exiting the elevator, Jing Qing's hand had already found its way into the crook of Mu Yichen's arm, and it remained there until they sat down in the private room when she had to remove it, but the two of them had no interaction whatsoever.

"I just love the fish head soup in Chinese restaurants, you both must try it later."

After taking her seat, Jing Qing was not at all awkward nor did she act the least bit like the heiress or the movie star she was, even assuming the role of a female hostess, helping Mu Yichen entertain the guests.

Mu Yichen's gaze lifted unconsciously, looking towards Qiao Yi sitting diagonally across from him.

Qiao Yi merely exchanged glances with him, then hurried the waiter to pour tea and water.

When Mu Yichen entertained guests, unless the guests preferred to order themselves, he would always choose a few signature dishes, and this time was no different.

The dishes were served quickly, and everyone's wine glasses were filled with red wine.

"Shall we toast first to the two guests who have traveled from afar?" Jing Qing picked up her wine glass, turned her head, and asked Mu Yichen for his opinion with tenderness.

Mu Yichen did not speak, but he picked up his wine glass nevertheless.

It was, indeed, time for a toast first.

Midway through, Mu Yichen stood up: "I'll go to the restroom for a moment."

Not even two minutes after he left, Jing Qing placed down her chopsticks, still smiling: "Qiao Yi, you take care of the two guests for a moment, I need to discuss something with Yichen."

After giving her instructions, she picked up the coat from the back of Mu Yichen's chair along with her purse and stood up.

Qiao Yi lifted his eyelids, holding his wine glass and drinking with the two company presidents. After Jing Qing left, the two presidents asked him, "Isn't she the future lady boss of your company?"

"Humph, not necessarily." Qiao Yi laughed unconsciously, a laugh tinged with sarcasm, albeit a very light one.

"Oh? Is there someone more suitable for President Mu than Miss Jing?"

The words from the two guests who had come from out of town seemed to show how little they knew about Rongcheng's affairs.

"Whether she's suitable or not, that's for the people involved to know, I'm not too clear on it."

Refusing to entertain another question that made him feel uncomfortable, Qiao Yi brought the glass to his mouth and took a drink all to himself.

Jing Qing found the man washing his hands in the restroom and approached him, handing him his coat: "Do you not like socializing with these two guests?"

Mu Yichen looked up through the mirror at the woman behind him, who carefully draped his coat over his shoulders with a particularly tender and considerate demeanor.

"What act are you putting on today?"

He spoke indifferently, completely ignoring her question.

"What other act could I be putting on? It's nothing more than longing for you; since you don't come to see me, I have no choice but to come see you."

Jing Qing continued to smile, her eyes understanding as she spoke to him.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh, his eyes helplessly on her: I thought I made myself clear enough.

"So? Am I not qualified to pursue you anymore?"

Mu Yichen raised his eyebrow, took the coat off his shoulder, and held it in his hand; before walking away, he said to her: "That's your freedom."

"Wait!"

Mu Yichen had already started to walk away, but she turned around and called out to him.

Facing the somewhat irritated man's back, she bowed her head, opened her black purse, and took out a white bag: "Can I show you something?"

Mu Yichen finally turned around, taking the white bag she offered with patience.

Her fingernails were painted black, somewhat glaring, and he lowered his gaze to the bag and opened it, frowning slightly.

"These are some photos from Qin Mu's last business trip to Paris."

He browsed through the photos with a frown, all of them of her and Jian Yan together, appearing intimate. In one photo, they walked side by side along the street, each holding a coffee cup, chatting as they walked, looking all the more vexing to him.

"Did you have someone spy on her again?"

After looking through them, he lifted his eyes and looked at her seriously, asking with a hint of sarcasm.

"I just wanted you to know, she's not worth your care."

Jing Qing spoke softly, without any temper, even somewhat humbly in front of him.

"Whether she's worth my care, that's my business. But you repeatedly spying on her, — you might want to consult Jing Feng about the legal knowledge in this regard, also, Jing Qing, I don't care who you like, but if you hurt her again, or if your family hurts her because of you, for her, I'd be willing to bankrupt myself, even if it costs me my head, understand?"

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He swiftly packed away the photos into the bag and then turned to leave.

Jing Qing stood there watching him depart, his words echoing continuously in her mind, feeling as if it was all an illusion.

Bankrupt his family?

Head falling to the ground?

For Qin Mu, he could reach such extremes?

The law?

What exactly did he mean by mentioning those two words?

Mu Yichen didn't return to the private room, but called Qiao Yi and drove away.

Because Jing Qing hadn't returned either, the two business partners thought they had gone off to do 'that', and Qiao Yi didn't bother to explain, being used to it anyway.

He was accustomed to people discussing Mu Yichen and Jing Qing with abandon in front of him.

Those people always loved to say Mu Yichen and Jing Qing were made for each other, surely living together already and the like.

But what was the reality?

Mu Yichen loved another girl.

Jing Qing was merely unrequited.

After Mu Yichen arrived at her studio, he found only one girl on duty on the ground floor, who said Qin Mu was still upstairs.

Mu Yichen went directly to the second floor only to find her nibbling on a burger while working.

All his frustrations vanished in that moment.

She was so silly; she didn't even realize that Jian Yan liked her.

He just stood there holding his coat and bag at the doorway, looking at her, his eyes filled with a kind of patience and indulgence born from love.

She was adding finishing touches to a suit. After finishing her burger, she felt a bit thirsty. Picking up the cup beside her and seeing no water, she stood up to go pour some and then, raising her eyes, she saw the man standing at the door.

He looked somewhat tired.

"Why are you here? Don't you have a social engagement?"

"Can't spare even a little time? Eating such unhealthy food?"

He frowned and asked her as he walked over to gently place the clothes on the sofa.

"Just not very hungry, I ate too much of the delicious breakfast you made this morning, hehe."

She said, unconsciously sticking out her tongue, then looking at the empty cup in her hand: I'll go get some water, take a seat.

"Do you want some too?"

As she turned to pour the water, she looked back at him sitting on the couch and, without waiting for his reply, she took a disposable paper cup and filled it for him too.

Mu Yichen always refused disposable paper cups, frowning as he watched her bring the water, then he just took the one she was going to drink from.

Qin Mu...

"That one has a lipstick mark!"

Qin Mu could only kindly remind him, thinking he would dislike it, but he sipped the water slowly, without any sign of distaste, and even seemed to enjoy it quite a lot.

She could only sit with her disposable cup next to him on the couch: Why did you come over at noon?

"I want to borrow your place to take a nap."

He told her with a weary voice.

The reason, he didn't know either; just that he drove here and simply came up.

Looking up at her sitting so far away, he involuntarily spoke again: Why sit so far from me? Come closer.

"We're together every day, is it necessary to sit right next to you? If you're tired, go sleep, I need to rush to finish these Chapters of drawings and hand them over to the garment factory."

Mu Yichen instantly felt unhappy: Can't you accompany me for a few minutes?

"That's not it!"

Still, she moved closer, then noticed the bag next to his coat: What's this?

Mu Yichen didn't speak, just looked at her as she sat down, his hand casually resting on the back of the couch, his entire posture facing her.

Qin Mu took another sip of water before putting down the cup and then examined the bag in her hands.

It felt like photographs.

And indeed, they were photographs.

"Wow, so beautiful!"

Qin Mu was instantly captivated by her own image in the photos.

Was that gentle woman, as if stepping out from the wind, really her?

It wasn't as hot in Paris, so what she wore appeared warm, but those few days were windy.

She suddenly realized that her master seemed to look even more stylish in the photos.

No, that's not right, who took these photos of her with her master?

Photos from Paris too, she turned to look at him: Did you have someone secretly take them?

"You think I'm that bored?"

He asked her, holding back the jealousy.

"Well, that's true, but who else would be so bored as to secretly photograph me and my master?"

Qin Mu looked through a few more pictures, some were of her with clients at a café, though she and her master were quite close together.

In reality, it was Jian Yan who was close to her.

But, she didn't sense anything wrong; she just felt that the person who took these photos must have had bad intentions.

There were also photos at Jian Yan's work studio, the two of them head-to-head discussing design drawings on the table. She still remembered the contents of their discussion that day.

Her brows slowly furrowed because the more she looked, the more she knew this wasn't simply a matter of a photographer taking pictures for people.

Chapter 130: Chen Ge is here again (3)_6

And the photos are in his hands.

If it wasn't him who had someone take the photos, then who was tracking her?

"Could it be Jing Qing who gave them to you? — Why is she clinging to me like a nagging mother all the time?"

Qin Mu looked at Mu Yichen's raised eyebrows and knew she had guessed correctly. She immediately threw the photo onto the table, unhappily leaning back on the sofa, which also meant leaning into his arms.

Mu Yichen looked down at her tantrums and felt a pang of distress: If there's nothing to hide with your master, why are you afraid of her taking photos?

"It's not about fear of being photographed, but if someone were watching you every day, either taking pictures or monitoring, wouldn't you become annoyed?"

"You think my life is any better than yours?"

He had been photographed a lot since he was young.

Especially in recent years, as his abilities grew, being stealthily photographed or followed was already par for the course. Yet even so, he actually did not want her to be exposed to other people's lenses, especially with other men.

Qin Mu immediately lost her temper when she thought about how it wasn't easy for him either. She then asked him, "Should we still go to her birthday party tomorrow?"

"Don't you want to regain some presence in front of her?"

"Why should I seek to establish my presence in front of her? I'm already a powerful presence."

Qin Mu lay in his arms, sliding down his chest to rest on his legs, lifting her own legs and placing them on the couch's arm on the other side, lying on top of him and blinking up at the light overhead.

"Let's go to sleep together! Just rest for half an hour—I still have to attend a meeting this afternoon."

He said softly, his hand gently stroking her hair.

"Alright then, my back is a bit stiff too."

She agreed, then sat up.

Without further ado, Mu Yi picked her up in his arms and carried her to a room not too far away.

The bed there wasn't as soft as the one at home, but when the two of them were together, skin touching skin, it seemed to transform into something different, as if it were the best in the entire world.

In the afternoon, Mu Yi returned to the office to get some things, and Qiao Yi went to find him with a headache: "You just left like that, do you know what they've been asking me?"

"What?"

"They've been asking when you and Jing Qing are going to announce your marriage."

Qiao Yi, irritated, slumped into the chair in front of his office desk, his hands hanging uselessly to the sides, his face expressionless.

Mu Yi chuckled lightly, thinking they were asking about the secrets of their pharmaceutical company.

"And what did you answer?"

"What else could I say? I had to tell the truth."

"Well, that settles it, doesn't it? What are you so annoyed about?"

"It's always me who has to answer these brainless questions, and it truly annoys me."

Qiao Yi grabbed the chair's armrests and suddenly sat up straight, addressing the man opposite him.

"Hmm, next time just change the subject, since you know their family well anyway."

Mu Yi soberly advised him, and Qiao Yi...

"Seeing Jing Qing act like that today, you can tell she's not yet given up. Can't you just make her stop persisting?" Qiao Yi really did change the topic.

"I've said what I had to say. I can control myself, but how can I control her? As for you, if you still like her, better think of a way to save her before she falls too deep."

When Mu Yi said this, it gave Qiao Yi an even bigger headache.

"How can I save her? Look at her attitude today, acting like a boss's wife instructing a subordinate to take good care of the two bosses, and then she left with your coat. Those two executives even thought you two had gone upstairs to a room."

Thinking about it made Qiao Yi angrier, feeling as though he was on the verge of vomiting blood.

"Tell me, how are things going with you and Xiao Mu? Are you still together after she moved out of the Mu family's house?"

"I can tell you very seriously and responsibly, as long as she's in Rongcheng, we 'sleep' together every day."

Yichen was being smug again.

Qiao Yi...

It wasn't a matter of being together or not, the point was that they were sleeping together every day, sleeping together.

Wasn't that enough to show that they had actually been getting along fine all along?

Suddenly feeling less vexed, Qiao Yi became somewhat buoyed by the thought.

"I just remembered I need to run an errand this afternoon, so I'm heading out first."

Feeling better, he stopped the chit-chat and got up to get busy.

Mu Yi couldn't help but smile, and just then his secretary came in to tell him: "You have a meeting with the municipal government in an hour."

So, he went to the municipal government alone that afternoon, attending a lecture by the leaders with some local business owners.

Liu Jingyuan was also there, greeting him politely when he saw him, but his gaze held a sense of distance.