

His Beloved 131

Chapter 131: Chen Ge is here again (3)_7

Mu Yichen didn't care at all, had no respect for them, not even a nodding acquaintance. He went directly into the conference room.

The mayor of Qin City had been sitting inside waiting for everyone, appearing to be without any airs.

Seeing Mu Yichen enter, he unconsciously watched his face for a while, then responded with nods here and there as people came in and greeted him. When everyone arrived, they were set to spend the afternoon in the conference room.

After the meeting, people left one after another. Qin Haiming said to Mu Yichen before he left, "You stay for a moment."

Since they were the closest to each other, the voice wasn't very loud, and Mu Yichen, having heard, sat waiting for everyone to leave.

The door of the conference room was closed again by a subordinate from the outside, and then the two of them were alone inside.

Mayor Qin picked up his teacup, took a sip, and then looked up at the man sitting diagonally across from him, "How are things going with Mumu?"

"Still the same,"

That kind of irresponsible remark was something only Qin Mu would say, but faced with Qin Haiming he could only say as much. After this remark, he somewhat understood Qin Mu's state of mind when saying such things.

To someone who is powerless, what else could be said?

"But a while ago your parents told me you two had already registered your marriage. Why did you split up so suddenly?"

Qin Haiming frowned slightly as he spoke.

"For what reason? She didn't feel secure,—and I guess I wasn't doing enough,"

He thought about it and suddenly felt that he couldn't entirely blame her.

After she came to Rongcheng, because of her relationship with him, the Jing Family kept causing her trouble. Being someone who had always been hesitant about matters of the heart, plus...

He felt that his parents might have really said something they shouldn't have to her. If not, she wouldn't have left so abruptly.

Qin Mingzhu, however, blamed herself, "I know I have to shoulder the majority of the responsibility."

"And your wife and daughter, couldn't you at least stop them from bothering Qin Mu?"

Qin Haiming looked up at him when he heard this, "What have you heard?"

"Recently, Mrs. Yang has been causing trouble for her at her studio. I hear Mrs. Yang has been getting quite close to your wife."

Qin Haiming unconsciously threw his head back a little, "That's not very likely, right? The two women are probably just playing mahjong or something."

"You believe that? Have you forgotten about the incident last time when Qin Mingzhu took advantage of your wife's presence in the mall to make a young salesgirl trouble Qin Mu?"

That's when Qin Haiming suddenly remembered, but he had severely criticized that mother and daughter at home, and Zhang Rujia had also apologized to him, assuring him that such incidents wouldn't happen again.

He actually trusted his wife, but Mu Yichen's reminder suddenly sparked his anger, "If it really is Zhang Rujia conspiring with Mrs. Yang to harm Qin Mu, I definitely won't let her off."

"How will you not let her off? Are you just going to scold her again?"

Latter, Qin Haiming learned that Mrs. Yang had been to Qin Mu's studio to commission a qipao, but she kept checking on her while she was drawing and found many faults.

These were things Qin Mu wouldn't even tell Mu Yichen, why on earth should she tell her father who had long ago abandoned her?

Mu Yichen also heard it from her subordinates when he went to see her, and knowing that Qin Mu didn't want to bring the studio's issues in front of him, he didn't press further.

He knew she could handle those matters, but upon learning of them, he still wanted to share some of her burden.

So, Mrs. Yang had been much quieter these past few days, and Qin Mu had begun to catch up on other designs, some orders having been delayed for days.

After Mu Yichen left, Qin Haiming immediately called his secretary, "Find someone to see where the missus is at the moment, follow her discreetly, and don't let her find out."

His secretary immediately complied, while he himself paced restlessly in the office.

He wanted to see Qin Mu, but knowing she didn't want to see him, he suppressed the urge and waited in the office.

But when he found out that Zhang Rujia had indeed made contact with Mrs. Yang, and it was said that Qin Mingzhu and Jing Qing were also present, the four of them chatting happily in a café, his anger finally erupted.

In the evening, when Zhang Rujia and Qin Mingzhu came home, they found him sitting on the couch, brooding with furrowed brows, incessantly smoking.

Zhang Rujia gave Qin Mingzhu a look and approached with a smile, "What's wrong? Did something upsetting happen at work?"

Qin Haiming didn't look at her, just bowed his head to stub out the cigarette in the ashtray and leaned back in the couch.

Zhang Rujia lowered her gaze, pondered for a moment, but still kept her appeasing smile, "Have you had dinner? I'll immediately have someone prepare it."

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"Stop right there!"

Just as Zhang Rujia was about to go to the kitchen, she was called to a halt.

Qin Mingzhu stood by, her heart unintentionally climbing to her throat. Why did she feel her father was somewhat terrifying?

As if he were about to lose his temper?

Qin Mingzhu immediately thought of Qin Mu. Could it be that little wretch had spoken ill of her to her father again?

"Who have you been associating with recently?"

The Mayor of Qin City looked up at her while asking, his gaze carrying a hint of indifference and authority.

"Who else could I be with? You know all my friends, and the rest are just clients."

"Oh? So Mrs. Yang is also one of your clients?"

He asked, his eyes not blinking as he stared at her, as if intending to gather all her little schemes and slowly dissect them.

"Mrs. Yang? Ah, you mean her. She said she wanted to introduce more clients to me, so we've indeed become quite close recently."

Zhang Rujia had already guessed he knew something before she spoke, so she didn't hide the fact that they had coffee together today.

"Hmph!"

The Mayor of Qin City let out a cold snort, then stood up and went upstairs. As he passed by his daughter, he glanced at her: "You'd better behave yourself, or you'll be sent out of the country just like your elder sister was back then."

Qin Mingzhu was so frightened that her back turned cold, and she stood rigidly in place, not daring to move until the Mayor of Qin City went upstairs, entered his room, and closed the door.

"Mom, does Dad know?"

Qin Mingzhu went to her mother's side and took her hand as she asked.

"He probably doesn't."

Zhang Rujia was also puzzled, but she didn't think she had given anything away.

After all, the Mayor of Qin City had been very busy lately. Why would he have time to meddle in such trivial matters?

However, Mrs. Yang had also mentioned that her husband had been looking unwell these past few days, so Zhang Rujia decided to pick up her cellphone to call Mrs. Yang and have a talk with her again.

"Go call Jing Qing and tell her we need to keep a low profile for a while."

"Alright!"

Qin Mingzhu nodded and agreed, then hurried back to her room to call Jing Qing.

Jing Qing was at home talking with the old master. After hearing Qin Mingzhu's message, she wasn't very pleased and placed her cellphone gently aside. The old master, noticing his granddaughter's downcast expression, asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's Mingzhu. She told me to keep a low profile recently."

Jing Qing whispered.

"Hmph, that girl is trying to boss you around now?"

The old master was not pleased.

"Not exactly. It seems to be because of Qin Mu. Uncle Qin got angry at her and Auntie."

Jing Qing replied cautiously, yet her gaze remained fixed on her grandfather.

After listening, the old master sighed deeply, "What is Qin Haiming thinking? He was the one who drove that girl away before, and now he wants to legitimize her?"

"Maybe. Uncle Qin seems to have always felt guilty about Qin Mu. Ever since she returned, it seems like he's been taking special care of her."

"Why didn't you tell me about this sooner? I'll call him tomorrow and invite him over. Anyway, I can't attend your and your brother's birthday banquet."

As the old master spoke the last part, he sounded somewhat displeased, to which Jing Qing immediately sat down next to him, "Grandpa, don't be upset. You have to give us young people some private space, and besides, everyone won't be able to enjoy themselves with you there."

"Hmph, only you, you cunning girl, can't seem to hold onto Mu Yichen, can you?"

"His heart changes too quickly, and he even told me at lunch today..."

"What did he say?"

"He said he's willing to bankrupt himself and go through fire and water for Qin Mu."

"That rascal really said that?"

The old master grew angry upon hearing this.

"Then let me call him and ask him myself. Is he trying to annoy me to death by challenging me for that girl's sake?"

"Grandfather, please don't."

"Don't?"

"Yes, he doesn't like being forced into doing things. Perhaps he's been resisting marrying me all these years precisely because you all keep pushing him."

"What kind of talk is that?"

The old master didn't understand, but Jing Qing slowly started to explain. In her view, Mu Yichen wouldn't succumb to any threats.

Moreover, she had other plans for tomorrow night's birthday banquet.

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The two happiest people that night were probably Mr. Mu and Mrs. Mu, with Huanhuan taken away by Feng Fanghua, the couple had dinner and then went to take a mandarin duck bath.

Mrs. Mu was extremely embarrassed and resistant, but...

Mr. Mu had a great time.

— —

"Why isn't the ring back on your finger?"

After they were done, Mr. Mu cuddled with Mrs. Mu for a heart-to-heart talk, their fingers entwined, and seeing his own hand wearing a ring while hers was not, he felt sad.

"How about I wear it tomorrow?"

She rolled her eyes and then coaxed him sweetly.

Mu Yichen glanced at her subconsciously, only to hate himself for being so stupid earlier, he should have engraved the words "married" onto the surface of the ring.

That way those idiots wouldn't think they were only wearing couple rings.

It was too late for regrets now, but hearing her say she would wear it, no matter what her intention was, he was already happy enough.

When would her purpose be simply because she cares about him?

As Mu Yichen toyed with her hand, he couldn't help but think, surely he wouldn't wait his whole life, right?

He actually felt fear, like in some movies where some people love each other all their lives but don't end up growing old together.

Forgetting each other in the rivers and lakes, that kind of nonsense would never happen to him.

"Mrs. Mu, are you tired?"

"Is Mr. Mu tired? Mrs. Mu is in charge of accompanying you to sleep!"

Qin Mu completely felt that Mrs. Mu was a derogatory term, but having gotten used to him calling her that, it seemed alright.

Quite smooth, Mrs. Mu!

"So well-behaved tonight?"

His deep gaze rested on her bright, sparkling eyes, his voice low and soft.

"Aren't you always hoping I'd be a bit better behaved? I happen to be in a good mood tonight."

She laughed so enticingly in his arms.

Mu Yichen suddenly wanted to freeze this moment, so he kept looking deeply into her eyes.

"Was it the bath tonight that satisfied Mrs. Mu, or just now?"

"Stop talking about that, let's sleep!"

Qin Mu's smile immediately faded, and with a look, she told him she didn't like to hear that, then she hid in his arms in embarrassment and mumbled.

Mu Yichen's voice was very gentle, or perhaps it was that suggestive look?

Qin Mu would willingly die for him, feeling like she could survive a lifetime under the threat of his devastating handsomeness.

After all, besides being unrestrained in that area and wanting to expose their marriage, he was indulgent and tolerant towards her.

The night was serene, bound to be a good time for rest.

The next morning, Qin Mu wore his oversized shirt downstairs, and on the last two steps, she gracefully hopped down.

Mu Yichen had just finished cooking breakfast; he watched her wearing his shirt which seemingly concealed black shorts underneath, too short to be seen clearly because the length of his clothes reached her knees.

"Good morning!"

She approached cheerfully to greet him, her hands gently lifting to embrace his sturdy waist.

Mu Yichen didn't speak but watched her attire with an uncontrollable smile.

Yum, so appetizing.

His hands gently swept from her shoulders to her waist, to her legs, and he couldn't help but gaze at her, mesmerized: how could she be so sexy?

"Huh?"

"You little seductress!"

Qin Mu blushed and before she could think of a reply, he had already lifted her up, her legs wrapped around his waist.

"Where are we going?"

Qin Mu, feeling the change in his lower abdomen, thought they should head to the bed, or the sofa would do as well.

"The kitchen!"

Qin Mu's arms hung around his neck: wouldn't that be too exciting?

She was genuinely afraid she couldn't handle his moves, even though she felt her own flexibility wasn't too bad.

"Yes!"

His voice seemed to surround the environment, making her irresistibly fascinated.

She allowed him to press against her in the kitchen.

The stove was still on, he turned off the one warming the milk but didn't stop kissing her.

"What suddenly made you want to wear my shirt?"

"Just a whim."

She didn't know herself; she just saw many female leads in TV shows walking around the house wearing the male lead's clothes and thought it looked beautiful, then put his on after her shower.

"Wear it for me to see every day from now on!"

"Don't get sick of it!"

"Promise!"

Sweet nothings, followed by a tender kiss.

Lost in love, all because of a glance, a breath, a kiss, all because the other person was the one they most desired.

That night, Qin Mu still wore a black dress, her hair loosely bundled at the back, as she lifted her skirt tail and stepped out of Mu Yichen's car to go to the studio to fetch the ring.

Xiaomei was about to lock the door and was startled to see her dressed like that: weren't you not coming today?

"I forgot, the ring is upstairs!"

"Ring?"

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Xiaomei was still in a daze, but she had already run upstairs.

She found the ring in the drawer and directly slipped it onto her original finger.

She had intended to leave immediately, but suddenly looking at that ring, she couldn't quite describe the feeling in her heart, which made her calm down and just stare at it.

Remembering he was still waiting, Qin Mu immediately set aside her thoughts and turned to walk outside.

"Let's go!"

She was quieter than before, something Mu Yichen noticed after starting the car.

Nevertheless, it didn't dampen their spirits, and upon their arrival at the hotel, the staff were all standing by the side, as it was important for Mr. Mu to personally open the door for Mrs. Mu.

Of course, they weren't called Mrs. Mu yet, but everyone recognized her as the boss's wife of AM.

A for love, M for admiration!

Many people didn't know the meaning behind the hotel's name, and at the opening, he hadn't explained, just saying that you'll understand in time.

No one expected a girl named Qin Mu to one day appear before them, and everything that happened thereafter gradually made them understand the truth.

Helian Hao had arrived early, wearing a white dress and waiting on the rooftop. Jing Feng was off to the side, communicating with subordinates. She had nothing to do, and she didn't enjoy listening in.

The vast rooftop terrace was not as quiet as the day before but was lavishly decorated.

And with the beautiful lighting shining over, it made the whole venue seem both intimate and bustling, as if it was the most romantic place of the night.

As for those young heirs and heiresses within...

Helian Hao was like a lotus flower unblemished by the muddy water, calling her a representation of genuine goodness and beauty would not be wrong.

Upon seeing Qin Mu arrive, she immediately greeted her with joy, but couldn't help laughing when they noticed each other's gowns: Don't we look like the infamous black and white duo?

Qin Mu laughed as well, then turned her head to look at Mu Yichen: I'm going to take Xiaohao somewhere, shall we come find you later?

Mu Yichen knew she was up to something and nodded: Come back soon.

"Sure!"

"Where are we going?"

Qin Mu, pulling Helian Hao down the stairs from the upper floor, prompted Helian Hao to ask curiously.

"The black and white duo doesn't sound nice, I need to get you a different dress."

"But this is my best-looking dress!"

"With me around, you'll have as many as you want in the future."

"I remember there are two dark dresses in Mu Yi's room."

"What?"

Helian Hao was stunned, but Qin Mu had already pulled her into Mu Yichen's office, and as soon as they entered, Helian Hao couldn't help but ask nervously: Is it really okay for us to barge in like this?

"What's not okay about it, come with me!"

Inside the office, there was a large lounge with her photo on the bedside table.

As Helian Hao stood by and noticed that photo, she couldn't help glancing at Qin Mu—it appeared to be a picture of Qin Mu from her teenage years.

Qin Mu opened the closet and took out a dress—it was a dark purple evening gown with sequins, the off-shoulder kind.

"How about this one?"

"You, this is..."

"It's from a show that was left at the hotel last time. The staff handed it to Mu Yi, and it's been here ever since."

Qin Mu held the dress against her and explained.

"Mumu, it's so good to have you back."

Helian Hao looked at Qin Mu's serious face and couldn't help but speak out sentimentally.

Qin Mu looked up at her, smiled as a reminder: Hurry up and change.

"Oh, right!"

When the two women came back up after changing, more young people had arrived to wish the Jing siblings a happy birthday.

Jing Qing had long been standing by Mu Yichen, talking and laughing with others. When they both stood at the entrance and saw them, people were already curiously looking towards the two sisters at the door.

After changing into the darker hue, Helian Hao looked even more demure and captivating; the original long dress, which Qin Mu had cut short into a V-shape to reveal most of Helian Hao's slim, beautiful legs, gave her a somewhat chillier look. And the fabric she had cut off was used on her own dress, from the shoulder down to the thigh, which made the two of them stand together and look much more coordinated.

As everyone curiously examined them, they walked in together. Jing Feng, seeing Helian Hao dressed so revealingly, couldn't help tightening his throat and immediately took off his jacket: Why did you change into this?

"You said that dress was pretty, but no one even looked at me just now. After the change, everyone started to look."

Helian Hao complained to him in a low voice.

Qin Mu stood to the side listening and suddenly felt as if she hadn't done the right thing—did the esteemed prosecutor purposely pick that unattractive dress for Miss Helian because it covered more?

Suddenly feeling a bit awkward, but it was too late to make amends now.

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Jing Qing listened to the side without saying anything else. She was no longer in the mood to concern herself with her brother Helian Hao's affairs. She just watched as Qin Mu, standing by, subconsciously tightened her grip on Mu Yichen's arm.

Mu Yichen subconsciously looked down at his own arm, then heaved a helpless sigh. Seeing Qiao Yi, Zhao Huai, and Jiang Zhiyuan coming over, he called out, "Qiao Yi!"

The moment Qiao Yi stepped forward, Mu Yichen immediately took Jing Qing's hand off and placed it in Qiao Yi's hand, "Take good care of tonight's birthday girl."

Jing Qing's eyes couldn't leave him, and although her hand was in Qiao Yi's, her gaze had already followed Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen took Qin Mu's hand and called to the band to play an old song they often listened to in Paris. Holding her hand like that, they left the crowd and began to dance the Waltz in a corner.

Qin Mu puzzled, "Why suddenly dance?"

"To seize every opportunity to let others know you are my woman," he explained with a smile.

"You're holding on really tight!"

As he said that, he squeezed her slender waist, and Qin Mu continued the banter.

Jing Qing shook off Qiao Yi's hand, about to rush forward.

"Stop making a fuss. You're the birthday girl today; can't you show a bit of grace?" Jing Feng immediately grabbed her and reminded her in a low voice.

"But Jing Feng, that woman is dancing with him at my birthday party. What will people think?"

"It's too late for you to go over there now. Just bear with it for now," he said while signaling Qiao Yi with his eyes. Qiao Yi, in fact, was reluctant to play this distasteful role. He would rather stay further away, but at this moment, it seemed he was the only option.

Because Zhao Huai and Jiang Zhiyuan had already walked far away, appearing to be very busy.

Jing Feng turned to look at the woman beside him; she had already run off. With Mu Yichen dancing with Qin Mu, she sat down at a bar stool nearby, holding a glass of wine and admiring them as if she wasn't part of the birthday party at all.

So, after asking Qiao Yi to take care of Jing Qing, he walked toward her. He wasn't dressed in his usual white shirt because Helian Hao was there, and he had specially changed into a light blue one. Coming up to her, he said, "Why are you sitting here alone? Didn't you come to wish me a happy birthday?"

"Isn't there another act later? I'm not participating in this one," she replied.

Jing Feng looked at her without speaking, just thinking about the following acts; he was eager to leave now, but when he turned and saw so many people, he couldn't help but sigh.

He wondered what the point of celebrating his birthday like this every year was. There were already many gentlemen and ladies approaching his sister, offering gifts and best wishes. Soon, Jing Qing was surrounded by a dense crowd.

Jing Feng has never liked such events. It would be better to have a meal at home with the family or simply spend it alone.

He looked again at the woman next to him. Ever since she had half agreeably consented to be with him, he found himself increasingly disinclined to stay at home.

Even if she just visited his apartment every day to sit for a while, he wanted to free up all the time he could for her.

Looking over at Mrs. Mu being led by President Mu as if about to take flight, her smile was seductive and charming, her eyes seemingly glowing, brightening the heart of everyone who saw her.

"Will Jing Qing mind if I don't give her a gift? Will she want to kick me out?"

"Your man has already sent one on your behalf."

"I haven't asked what you picked for her?"

She moved into his embrace, hands on his shoulders, looking up at him with an ambiguous gaze.

"Do you really want to know?" he teased mysteriously.

"Of course. What, you dare not say?"

"What's there to dare or not dare? I didn't personally go buy it."

"Hmm?"

"My secretary went to buy it. Jing Qing's gifts are always bought by her; I never interfere."

Qin Mu then realized how much this man had let down Jing Qing. She adored him so much, yet he never even personally selected a gift for her.

Knowing this would probably infuriate Jing Qing, perhaps enough to make her spit blood.

Suddenly, Qin Mu had a wicked urge to see Jing Qing's reaction upon learning this, but she quickly let go of that thought as Qin Mingzhu, holding onto a handsome gentleman's arm, came up from below, dressed in a princess gown with a fairy tale princess hairstyle, her hair neatly tied in a beautiful braid at the back of her head.

Yeah, looking at Jing Qing's attire for the day, she seemed to be missing the essence of the birthday main character despite her aristocratic lady's appearance.

Qin Mingzhu seemed quite skilled at dolling herself up, causing Qin Mu to take an extra glance at her involuntarily.

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The boy beside her was dressed in a blue suit and politely greeted Jing Qing, also presenting a small purple box that appeared quite valuable. Jing Qing thanked him happily, then instructed Qin Mingzhu to take care of him as she casually handed the gift to a staff member nearby.

Soon, the staff rolled in an eight-tiered cake, and the lights on the rooftop dimmed to their faintest glow as the birthday music began to play smoothly.

With over a hundred people present, Jing Qing maintained a smile throughout, but when it came time, she couldn't help but seek out Mu Yichen. Seeing him approaching with Qin Mu, she couldn't contain herself any longer and went forward, "Yichen, it's time to blow out the candles."

She gently called his name and pulled him to the front. Jing Feng and Helian Hao, watching from the side, were utterly exasperated, with Helian Hao instinctively pushing away Jing Feng's hand from her shoulder.

Jing Feng looked down at her and then firmly wrapped his arms around her again. Qin Mu, standing on Helian Hao's other side, leaned in and whispered to her, "It's okay."

Everyone quickly encouraged Mu Yichen to lead the singing of the birthday song, and Mu Yichen's gaze shifted involuntarily to the woman at a distance. Qin Mu raised her eyes to offer him a reassuring smile, signaling that he needn't worry about her.

"Happy Birthday to you..."

But it wasn't Mu Yichen who sang; it was another boy. In the darkness, it was not clear who it was, nor did anyone think it was someone else—they all thought it was Mu Yichen.

However, those who knew him well could tell that wasn't his voice; it was far too gentle to be Mu Yichen's.

"Miss Qin, may I buy you a drink?"

Before the lights came back on, someone carried two glasses of wine over to her and whispered in her ear.

Qin Mu turned instinctively and only when she saw a familiar face did she accept the wine glass. The man in the dark raised his glass to toast with hers and took a drink first, prompting Qin Mu to also take a small sip.

As the lights gradually brightened and raucous music filled the air, Jing Qing and Jing Feng held the knife together to cut the cake amidst applause and cheers, while Mu Yichen returned to her side.

"Mu Yichen, even as just a friend, it wouldn't be too much to ask you to dance with me, the birthday girl, at my party, would it?"

Before he'd had the chance to say a word to Qin Mu, he heard Jing Qing speak, and she was already standing in front of him with her hand extended, inviting him.

Mu Yichen involuntarily furrowed his brow.

"Miss Qin, may I have the honor of this dance?"

It was Liu Jingyuan. Qin Mu was taken aback, having just shared a drink with him moments ago, and looking at Mu Yichen with Jing Qing, she stretched her hand into Liu Jingyuan's palm: "Sure."

"Can I have this dance now?"

Jing Qing asked, seeing Qin Mu walking away with Liu Jingyuan.

Mu Yichen had no choice but to think it was just one dance.

"Mu Yichen, two minutes! Give me just two minutes of your time to accompany the birthday girl, and then come find me."

Qin Mu suddenly shouted across the crowd at him.

Liu Jingyuan asked her with a laugh, "You're keeping that tight a leash on him?"

"Of course, how could I not keep a close eye on my man?"

Perhaps because she sensed Liu Jingyuan's different attitude toward her, she no longer shied away from talking about Mu Yichen with him as she once had.

Still, her words stung.

Although Liu Jingyuan still smiled, he lowered his head: "I've always thought you didn't really like him that much."

"Why?"

"Just a feeling."

"Sometimes feelings can be wrong," Qin Mu suddenly said.

Liu Jingyuan began to feel uneasy, his voice involuntarily growing husky: "Really?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu noticed something was off with him as he leaned in closer, seemingly trying to kiss her.

She could even feel his breath and reflexively pushed him away.

But his hands were gripping her arms tightly.

The music suddenly stopped, the lights flared on, and someone announced: "Sorry everyone, we're having some trouble with the sound system, please bear with us."

Jing Qing instinctively looked over and muttered: "Huh, isn't that General Manager Liu with Qin Mu?"

Finally, Mu Yichen found her in the crowd, with Liu Jingyuan holding her tightly.

"I like you, I've liked you for a long time."

"What nonsense are you spouting? Let go of me."

Qin Mu struggled with all her might, but she couldn't break free.

"That time I ran into you at the coffee shop, Qin Mu, it was just like the song says, one glance at you in the crowd and I couldn't get your image out of my mind."

He murmured, leaning in to kiss her lips, while Qin Mu leaned her neck further back in resistance: "Liu Jingyuan, snap out of it."

"I love you... Ah!"

Qin Mu was finally released as another man grabbed her hand and yanked her behind him, then furiously stared down at the man he'd knocked to the ground: "Liu Jingyuan, I'm warning you, this is the last time."

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Qin Mu watched the scene nervously, only to realize when she looked up that they were completely surrounded by people, all of whom were whispering about what was happening.

Mu Yichen dragged her outside, and Qin Mu felt like the bones in her wrist were about to be crushed by his grip.

Helian Hao looked at them leaving and worriedly asked Jing Feng, "What exactly happened just now?"

Jing Feng glanced at Liu Jingyuan, who was clumsily picking himself up from the ground, fiercely adjusting his tie, his expression furious.

"Not very clear, probably General Manager Liu was confessing to that woman."

"How could that be? Hasn't Liu Jingyuan always claimed to be low-key?"

"Then I'm not sure."

Jing Feng subconsciously looked towards Jing Qing, who immediately turned away upon catching his gaze: "Ladies, anyone who wants a drink, come with me!"

After her spirited call, many girls followed her towards the area with the drinks.

In his office's lounge, Qin Mu also began to feel uncomfortable, her dress felt too tight and her skin began to itch all over.

Once Yichen closed the door and saw her kicking off her high heels in irritation, unzipping her dress and walking inside while undressing, it didn't seem like her.

"What's wrong?"

He followed her, and she turned around, annoyed, to say, "How would I know?"

Then, her dress fell to the floor.

Her skin, beautiful as jade, was suddenly exposed in front of him, which seemed to ignite desire more easily after she had drunk.

But as he noticed her condition wasn't quite right, her neck was very red, and so were her ears and cheeks, her eyes also seemed to hold that kind of emotion.

He couldn't help but reach out to touch her face, and she immediately pressed his hand against her cheek, not letting him move it away.

"Yichen, why do I feel like I..."

"Don't speak, I know!"

Qin Mu looked up at him, her eyes weakened and moving because of the changes in her body.

Yichen immediately lifted her horizontally, kissing her lips while carrying her to the bed.

Sure enough, her body responded immediately upon touch.

Qin Mu wrapped her arms around him involuntarily, even began stroking his broad back proactively, and before he could kiss her, she initiated it.

"Yichen, I feel like I'm on fire."

"And I feel like a flood has erupted?"

He whispered with a laugh, gently kissing her burning skin.

Qin Mu could no longer bear his slow teasing and directly reached for his face to hold it, then leaned in to kiss his lips intensely.

That night, neither of them went home, and later on, Mrs. Mu started to lose consciousness, and after that...

She awoke in his arms, feeling too cozy to move.

By nine o'clock, it was already very hot outside, the sunlight fiercely beating down, but the air-conditioned room felt a bit chilly, which made being in his arms very comfortable.

Mu Yi had already woken up earlier but hadn't left the bed, just quietly watching her sleep in his arms.

Qin Mu, groggy, opened her eyes to find him looking at her, his gaze dark and affectionate, which tickled her heart. She subconsciously withdrew her hands: "Good morning."

"Good morning!"

His voice sounded even more refreshing than hers, who had just woken up.

For him, last night was the most satisfying experience they'd had in years, and he couldn't stop thinking about her bewitching forgetfulness.

Qin Mu, feeling flustered by his gaze, tightened her throat, wanting to move but realizing she was very weak, as if a heavy weight pressed on her back.

A frown formed on her face involuntarily, and she instantly remembered the night before.

Then lifting her head to look at him, she found him smiling so wickedly, so irresistibly.

"Stop it, you..."

As she was about to point at him, he lowered his head and took her finger gently into his mouth.

Qin Mu shivered, swallowing back the words that had reached her mouth as she watched his actions uneasily.

Soon he was on top of her, and she instinctively lay back in the right position due to his movements, his slender body covering hers.

His dark eyes gazed at her nervously, and he soon reached for her hand to suck on it.

Qin Mu felt she was doomed, only realizing how sore her legs were when his hands gently tugged at them; she wanted to refuse but had already lost the ability to do so.

His intimate insistence was to die for, while being incredibly gentle, his actions were too fluid, without any pause, until he entered her.

Chapter 138: Chen Ge is here again (4)_6

She couldn't make it to the studio that morning and hadn't even gotten out of bed.

Qin Mu realized her body still felt strange, as if something was catalyzing her emotions, or perhaps her blood.

"I didn't drink much last night, did I?"

Qin Mu murmured uncontrollably.

"But you did have a drink,"

he said in a low voice, gently touching her hair.

Before she woke up that morning, he had already sought out the hotel management. Something had been added to her drink last night, whether by the hotel staff, Liu Jingyuan, or someone else with other motives.

The events of the previous night were chaotic, and now just thinking about it, he still had a headache.

He had called home and had her clothes sent over, but they were both too lazy to get out of bed.

Qin Mu lay on top of him, holding him, not wanting to get up at all.

Mu Yichen didn't want to get up either, after being so intimately entwined for so long, they couldn't bear to separate.

And it was rare to have such moments.

"Was that person last night Liu Jingyuan?"

She wondered, remembering the man who had confessed his feelings to her the night before, why did she feel it was not Liu Jingyuan?

"It was him!"

A trace of coldness tinged Mu Yi's eyes, because recalling last night's scene, when Liu Jingyuan was holding her due to the closeness, some even suspected they were being intimate.

Actually, they were not. He hadn't kissed Qin Mu, he was merely holding her arm close and speaking to her.

At the time, Mu Yi didn't understand why his eyes were so keen, later on, he thought it might be because he cared too much.

But this morning's entertainment news still wasn't suppressed.

The scene where Liu Jingyuan was holding Qin Mu and confessing was captured, looking like two people deeply in love.

And his picture with Qin Mu was also published in the newspaper, their photo turned into a split-image.

Below it was written, "A woman between two bosses, the emotional storm of an up-and-coming designer who studied abroad."

Mu Yichen hadn't expected that he and Liu Jingyuan would both become background actors to Qin Mu, it was unexpected yet somewhat pleasing.

But Qin Mu wasn't so happy.

The two of them had lunch together and read the newspaper.

Seeing him laugh, Qin Mu couldn't help but sigh, "I guess I'm famous in Rongcheng now."

"Don't worry, your husband won't mind you,"

he said, lifting his hand to touch her head.

"Hey, aren't you afraid that one day you'll be written up as my lover?"

Qin Mu asked curiously, her bright, sparkling eyes not blinking as she looked at him.

"Rest assured, I'll have you locked down before that day comes,"

Qin Mu looked at his confident expression, feeling that CEO Mu was sure of himself.

Did locking down mean announcing to the world that they were married?

Suddenly, Qin Mu felt that there would be such a day.

It seemed natural for everything to happen between them.

Suddenly, she felt that even if she met a man like the one her mother had, she would bravely let go. If the love was gone, it was best to part amicably.

Even if they couldn't part on good terms, at least she wouldn't be desperate enough to perish together with him.

Because this man turned out to be the one who gave her the most warmth.

The smile on Qin Mu's face did not fade, but her eyes became increasingly inscrutable.

She suddenly looked forward to their tomorrow.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu continued to stay in the hotel, or more precisely, in bed.

CEO Mu went to the company.

As soon as Mu Yichen arrived at the company, Qiao Yi immediately came up to him: "What exactly happened last night? How did Liu Jingyuan suddenly show up?"

"Last night was the Jing siblings' birthday party—do you think asking me is appropriate?"

Last night, they were all guests.

Qiao Yi walked over and sat in the chair opposite him: "After you guys left last night, Liu Jingyuan also left, but I thought his expression was odd, probably because of the punch you gave him."

Mu Yichen raised his eyes to look at Qiao Yi, who was also looking at him.

"It is a bit strange."

He still hadn't figured out exactly what had happened. If it wasn't the hotel staff tampering with the drinks, then it must have been one of the guests at the birthday party.

"Liu Jingyuan usually appears quite stable, and yet he did that in front of so many people... Right after you two had danced and everyone suspected you were a couple."

So, Mu Yichen had even more reason to suspect, someone had tampered with the drinks Liu Jingyuan and Qin Mu shared.

He couldn't be sure about Liu Jingyuan, but as for Mrs. Mu...

He was one hundred percent certain!

While the two were talking, Qiao Yi's cellphone rang, and pulling it out he saw it was Jing Qing. Qiao Yi subconsciously looked at Mu Yichen: "It's Jing Qing."

Mu Yichen raised his eyebrows to signal him to answer the call.

Chapter 139: Chen Ge is here again (4)_7

"Hello?"

Qiao Yi felt no need to avoid Mu Yichen.

"Jing Qing, what's up?"

Actually, Qiao Yi had a bad feeling that every time Jing Qing called him, it definitely wasn't to talk to him.

"Has Yichen gone to work?"

Jing Qing had also just gotten up not long ago, after ending up drinking too much last night.

"He has!"

Qiao Yi helplessly pinched the bridge of his nose as he responded, unable to suppress a low chuckle.

She called, and ten times out of ten it was all to look for Mu Yichen.

"That's good, I drank too much last night and can't remember much. He didn't say anything else to you, did he? I just saw in the newspaper that Liu Jingyuan is with Qin Mu now."

"How could that be possible?"

Qiao Yi replied with a low chuckle.

"Why couldn't it be?"

Jing Qing, not aware that Qiao Yi was with Mu Yichen, unhappily asked.

"Jing Qing, even if I don't know Qin Mu well, at least I know she didn't come to Rongcheng to date, and besides, is Yichen's relationship with her any less meaningful than Liu Jingyuan's?"

Jing Qing immediately hung up the phone after hearing this. She simply didn't believe in such sentiments.

And she believes many others don't either.

The moment this news came out, many would conclude that Qin Mu was fickle in love, a woman who played with people's feelings.

She just couldn't believe that Mu Yichen wouldn't get angry at all, and they say the more capable the man, the more suspicious he is. She thought, Mu Yichen must have his doubts, more or less.

Jing Feng had returned to get something and, hearing noises from her room, lightly knocked on the door. Jing Qing looked up to see her brother standing in the doorway and slightly softened her angry expression.

"Why are you back at this time?"

"I left some documents at home the other day. Have you just gotten up?"

"Yeah!"

Jing Feng, seeing that his sister looked a bit pale, felt a twinge of pity and said gently from the doorway: Take good care of yourself. You need to be in the best state to welcome the love that's meant for you.

"Did you have a good night last night?"

Jing Qing suddenly remembered hearing Jing Feng and Helian Hao whisper about having more activities later that night.

"It should have been good, but unfortunately, my sister got drunk, so..."

Jing Feng didn't go on, but the loss in his eyes was obvious.

Jing Qing instantly felt guilty as she looked at him: "Then, you guys could meet up again tonight, although I really can't stand Helian Hao."

"That's why I moved out."

He said with a smile and then turned to leave.

Jing Qing then realized that his moving out wasn't just about wanting personal space, but also about avoiding her.

Was he worried she'd be mean to Helian Hao?

She herself had no vendetta against Helian Hao, but Helian Hao's relationship with Qin Mu was really too good.

Before Qin Mu returned, she could still pretend not to care, but now that Qin Mu was back, she couldn't keep up the act.

But Jing Feng was convinced that Helian Hao was the woman to stand by him for life. What could she do? She couldn't even solve her own romantic issues.

Qin Mu didn't leave the hotel until evening. The hotel had already prepared a car to take her to the Mu Family to see her daughter.

Sitting in the car and passing the roads to the Mu Family home, she thought of the days she had stayed at the Mu Family house and recalled the words Feng Fanghua once said to her. She suddenly felt a small prick in her heart, not as painful as before.

Perhaps it was because of Mu Yi?

Because of the trust he gave her.

The incident with Liu Jingyuan from last night had been plastered everywhere—online, on television, in print newspapers—and covered a lot of space.

Yet he hadn't shown any anger, instead...

He was very trusting, very affectionate.

After Qin Mu arrived at the Mu Family home and the hotel's classic black Lincoln left, she stood at the entrance watching the car leave and then turned to look inside.

In such a large mansion, there surprisingly seemed no room for one woman.

But perhaps she didn't need to be accommodated by others. The simple fact that she could come and go freely and they would take care of her child, made her feel more blessed than most women.

After all, in so many mother-in-law dramas, almost always, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are mortal enemies, tearing at each other's hair, getting into physical fights, and swearing at each other like street brawlers, not to mention all the scheming and the little tricks to trip up the daughter-in-law.

Feng Fanghua, at least, was forthright and honest.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, the Mu Family kitchen was almost ready for dinner. Feng Fanghua was dancing with Huanhuan, but when she heard the butler greet Qin Mu and tell her that the young mistress had returned, she immediately stopped.

She just accidentally twisted her waist.

Not wanting to show any instability in front of Qin Mu, but when she twisted her waist, the pain made her cry out immediately.

After Qin Mu entered and saw Feng Fanghua holding her waist in pain, she quickly ran over.

"Auntie, what's wrong?"

"Quick, help me sit down!"

Feng Fanghua said with her mouth open, in too much pain to close it.

Qin Mu carefully helped her sit on the couch, but she was still in agony. Huanhuan stood by, too scared to come closer.

"Is it a twisted waist? How about you first lie down, and I'll massage it for you? I'll have the butler call the doctor to come and have a look, okay?"

"Hurry up!"

Feng Fanghua urged from the floor, endorsing Qin Mu's suggestion.

Qin Mu looked at the butler, who was arriving, and as he took out his mobile phone to make the call, Qin Mu knelt by the sofa and carefully started to massage.

"I want to ask you, is today's news true or false? Are you really having an affair with that CEO Liu? "

Chapter 140: Chen Ge is here again! (5)_1

"If you believe that!"

Qin Mu was still focusing on massaging Feng Fanghua's waist where she knew it hurt badly when it was twisted.

In her subconscious, although Feng Fanghua was overbearing and even somewhat selfish, she was certainly not unreasonable.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have stopped wanting Jing Qing as her daughter-in-law later on.

"You really know how to leave me with a mess, talking about 'if I believe,' ugh..."

Listening to Qin Mu's stubborn low reply, she got angry subconsciously. Then, turning her head, she pulled a muscle in her waist, causing pain again.

Qin Mu was also startled, her big eyes suddenly staring at her.

However, Feng Fanghua quickly lay back down and sighed angrily, "If you don't have an ambiguous relationship with him, don't get so close. A woman should learn to keep herself clean."

"I know!"

The attitude of a wronged daughter-in-law was showcased perfectly by Qin Mu.

"You say you know, yet such things are caught on camera. Could there be no media at Jing Qing's birthday party? Why doesn't she ever have negative news? Isn't it because of her relations with major media outlets? Although her methods are not the most upright, you should sometimes learn from her."

"Yes!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but sigh in her heart, thinking that Feng Fanghua was still taking the time to lecture her even when in so much pain, but she dared not say any of it aloud.

"Madam, look how good the young madam is to you. It would be even better if she could live here with you."

The aunt brought out tea and couldn't help but comment seeing Qin Mu kneeling there, massaging her waist.

Everyone at home hoped for a new addition to the household. Otherwise, every day they face the same people they've been seeing for decades, which really lacks freshness.

And since Qin Mu was a designer, occasionally helping them with their clothes made them feel beautiful too.

"How's the soup?"

Feng Fanghua didn't respond, only raising her head and asking after a long while.

"I'll go check."

The aunt, knowing she didn't like to hear such talk, promptly and skillfully slipped away.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh quietly, finding these older people amusing.

"Do you also want to move back in?"

"No!"

Qin Mu replied subconsciously; the question was so sudden that she answered according to her own wishes without considering whether it was appropriate.

"Are you saying you don't want to move here? Are you looking down on our family?"

Feng Fanghua turned her head to look at her again, although she didn't dare to turn too much because of the pain in her waist, so she couldn't see clearly.

"Of course not!"

Such a grave misunderstanding.

As soon as Mu Yichen came back, he learned that Feng Fanghua had twisted her waist. He had just gone to his room to have the doctor check it out, and by the time he reached his parents' room, he saw Qin Mu holding Huanhuan's little hand standing by Feng Fanghua's bed with the doctor on the other side.

Today they had called a female doctor, but that wasn't the important thing; his gaze shifted back to his wife and daughter.

The important part was that in the past, when Feng Fanghua was sick, it was he and Mu Zihao accompanying her, plus the household staff.

But now, there were two more family members in their home, and the feeling was so wonderful that he didn't want to stop.

"How is Mrs. Feng?"

He walked in slowly with his hands behind his back, curiously asking.

"No major issue, just a twist, and this young lady here took immediate measures. She should be fine after resting for the night," the doctor explained kindly as she tucked her sleeves back down her arms after finishing the check-up.

"Thank you for your hard work!"

Since she was a middle-aged doctor, Mu Yichen was especially polite.

After the butler saw the doctor out, Feng Fanghua sat up and suddenly noticed there were so many people in front of her bed, the corners of her eyes flashing with a sense of strangeness that had become unfamiliar to her.

"Can you get up and go to dinner?"

"Should be no problem."

As soon as Feng Fanghua said that, she got out of bed on Qin Mu's side. Qin Mu immediately stepped forward to help her stand up carefully.

"It's much better now, let's go!"

Although Mu Zihao was not home for dinner that night, they slowly started feeling like a full table of family. In the hot summer, Feng Fanghua lifted her eyes and saw everyone present, her eyelids drooping slightly.

The staff began to serve the dishes, and Qin Mu, who usually wouldn't do these things, now understood that while under someone else's roof, she had to stand up and help with setting the plates.

"You just sit down, you're not the cook or the virtuous wife and mother, and honestly, it makes my eyes dizzy seeing you stand up," commented Feng Fanghua with her usual sharp tongue.

Qin Mu quickly put down the plate in her hand and sat down.

Huanhuan, holding her little bowl, ate her rice, feeling sorry for her mother. Then she looked at her grandmother with pleading eyes, hoping her grandma would be nicer to her mommy.

Feng Fanghua didn't see Huanhuan's pleading look and felt somewhat confused inside.