

His Beloved 141

Chapter 141: Chen Ge is here again! (5)_2

Mu Yichen didn't say anything; he just silently served his wife some dishes.

"Grandma!"

Huanhuan saw Dad serving Mom dishes, took a spoonful of rice, stepped on the stool support, and leaned in to bring it to Feng Fanghua's face for her to eat.

Feng Fanghua turned her head to watch her granddaughter's small gesture and couldn't help but feel moved to tears.

"It's our Little Huanhuan who loves Grandma the most."

Mu Yichen, proud of his daughter for being so good at pleasing Mrs. Feng, looked at Qin Mu, and Qin Mu was also very happy.

"Our little darling has grown so much taller since she returned; she will definitely not be shorter than your mom when she grows up."

Although Qin Mu was already quite tall, and since Mu Yichen was even taller, it went without saying that their daughter wouldn't be too short, at least not shorter than Qin Mu.

"When we went out yesterday, someone said that if a girl grows too tall, it's not easy for her to find a husband. But I see that each of you has done quite well, haven't you?"

Feng Fanghua said this while looking at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu...

Was that a compliment on her ability to find a man?

"How can height determine whether a person marries well or not? Besides, am I worried she won't be able to marry?"

Mu Yichen thought it would be better if she didn't marry.

He could support his daughter for a lifetime.

"Humph! That's true, but you can't just stop her from getting married, can you?"

Mu Yichen didn't speak; he was only afraid that he wouldn't be able to stop her when the time came.

"You have time to give your sister a call. She hasn't been back for two Chinese New Years already."

Feng Fanghua suddenly remembered her younger daughter, which made her feel somewhat uneasy.

Speaking of Mu Qingxin, Qin Mu's impression was very vague, but she also felt a bit scared at the thought of Mu Qingxin coming back. The girl was probably upset because her brother had been in Paris with another woman all this time; she probably wouldn't show a good face to this woman.

"Mhm!"

That girl indeed deserved a scolding for not coming home for so long.

It was said that she was getting quite close to a rich second generation in South City, probably because of a romance.

Mu Yichen had in fact always been having someone keep him regularly updated on Mu Qingxin's news, but recently, that girl seemed to have hidden herself away.

When he glanced inadvertently at Qin Mu and saw that she was earnestly eating the food in her bowl, he smiled reassuringly.

Although Mu Qingxin wasn't here, Mrs. Mu was.

His greatest gain during this period was her!

And over there, the little girl who was trying to please their Grandma.

"Your grandpa isn't at home tonight, so you should stay over," Feng Fanghua told Qin Mu gently after finishing her meal.

"Ah?"

Qin Mu was shocked.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to take care of me?"

Qin Mu...

"Whether she wants to or not, I don't know, but I don't want to."

Feng Fanghua...

Huanhuan laughed, ran over to hug Grandma, expressing her willingness to sleep with Grandma.

That night, after Qin Mu and Mu Yichen put Huanhuan to sleep, they returned to their room, but just less than an hour after taking a bath and getting into bed, Mu Yichen was about to fall asleep when she got up.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to check on Auntie!"

She whispered.

"Don't go!"

He didn't want her to go; it was so hard to finally sleep together in each other's arms.

"How can I not? Her waist still hurts, and she has trouble moving."

"She would phone you if she needs help."

"I've already sent a message!"

Qin Mu spoke softly, and Mu Yichen laughed helplessly and let her go: "Come back soon."

"Got it!"

Knowing that she might have to take care of her mother-in-law that night, she deliberately wore a conservative nightgown. She went to their room, gently knocked on the door, and Feng Fanghua happened to be getting up from the bed: "My back hurts a bit, help me to the bathroom."

"Okay!"

Because it was night and everything was so quiet, she did everything quietly.

When mother-in-law and daughter-in-law were lying in bed later, Feng Fanghua wanted to act cool and ignore her, but maybe it was the loneliness of her daughter not being home for several years that made her long for more conversation with Qin Mu.

Plus, now the two of them were lying in the same bed.

Qin Mu was a bit uncomfortable sleeping in someone else's bed, but she also didn't dare to make any inappropriate movements, for fear of angering Feng Fanghua.

"The side you're lying on is usually my place; don't feel uncomfortable."

Feng Fanghua seemed to sense her discomfort and reassured her.

Qin Mu instinctively hummed in response, but dared not say anything else.

"You're twenty-three this year, right? The same age as Qingxin."

"Mhm!"

"She's never liked you since she was little. Now that you're her sister-in-law, I'm afraid you're going to have a tough time when she comes back."

"Mhm!"

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"You only know how to say 'hmm'?"

"Yes!"

Feng Fanghua...

"What are your feelings towards Yichen?"

Feng Fanghua suddenly asked.

"Is it love, gratitude, or habit? Or is it because he likes you, so you just cling to him like a big tree?"

Qin Mu...

"Can't you make a choice either?"

Feng Fanghua turned to look at her, really a bit annoyed, feeling that no matter how much she prodded, she couldn't get a word out, truly infuriating.

"Big tree?"

She tentatively said it, because since she was little, he had been her big tree.

"Then do you have no feelings for him? Are you only with him to use him as a support?"

Like a judge, Feng Fanghua spoke, her voice not as righteous as a judge's, but it certainly had the tone of passing judgment on her.

A long gash seemed to have been sliced through Qin Mu's heart, but when she wanted to retort, she felt it so pale.

"Pitiful fool, he treasures you like a treasure, knowing you don't love him, but he can't bear to let go."

Feng Fanghua turned to the other side, speaking melancholically.

Qin Mu felt an unease in her heart; the room was too quiet, quiet enough for her to hear Feng Fanghua's sigh.

"Actually, it's not just using him."

She lay next to Feng Fanghua, and after finishing her words, she couldn't help but grip her own hand tighter.

"There are feelings?"

Feng Fanghua turned to look at her, incredulous.

The room had no curtains drawn, but the light was dim, and yet Feng Fanghua felt she could see clearly the vulnerability of the girl at that moment.

Qin Mu felt brave enough to nod her head precisely because the light was dim.

How could there be no feelings?

She had long realized that she had feelings for him; she was only living in denial all this time.

That voice was so soft, the bedroom plenty big enough, but Feng Fanghua heard it very clearly, the words she said, even though she didn't mention feelings.

But if it's not using him, and it's not having feelings, then what is it?

Qin Mu did not answer her again because some words, once spoken, she feared she could no longer deceive herself, feared that one day she wouldn't be able to bear the words she once said.

"If there are feelings, then consider him more in everything you do."

After Feng Fanghua finished speaking, she turned over with difficulty, and Qin Mu cast a sideways glance at her retreating figure.

Consider him more in everything?

Qin Mu found she simply couldn't fall asleep later on; how could she consider him more?

The next morning, Mu Yichen got up and immediately went to find her. Qin Mu, with her panda eyes, groggily looked up at him: Morning!

"Didn't sleep well?"

"Possibly!"

Qin Mu was still somewhat dazed, and Mu Yichen, seeing her haggard state, looked a bit frazzled before lifting her onto his shoulder and carrying her straight back to their room.

"What are you doing?"

"Catching up on sleep!"

"But..."

"My husband will be back soon!"

Qin Mu...

Alright then, catch up on sleep.

Soon asleep again.

It seemed as if last night's brief separation were but a dream, and now was the true start of their night.

Mu Yichen now regretted having her come over to pick up Huanhuan last night; in fact, the housemaids could have taken good care of Feng Fanghua. He didn't understand why Feng Fanghua specifically wanted her care.

Initially, he thought as the daughter-in-law, it was fine for Mrs. Mu to take care, but he regretted it deeply upon seeing her in the morning.

Why have her stay up all night? Feng Fanghua was already dissatisfied with her.

Upon Mu Zihao's return upon hearing his wife had twisted her waist, he immediately went to their room. Feng Fanghua was already better and couldn't help asking when she got up: "Why are you back so early?"

"My son called to say you twisted your waist, you're better now?"

"Yes, it got better last night!"

As Feng Fanghua spoke, she gave him a glance that implied something.

Mu Zihao sighed involuntarily: "You trouble his wife, and he troubles your husband."

"Well, I don't care."

Feng Fanghua muttered, then remembered the conversation she had with Qin Mu the night before, and uttered a helpless sigh as well.

"Was I really too harsh on her?"

"Our bed, you let someone else sleep in it without even asking if it pleases me? That's quite unfair to me, too."

Feng Fanghua...

Mu Zihao sat next to her, giving her a look demanding an explanation.

It wasn't until the afternoon that Qin Mu went back to the studio, but as soon as she returned, she found that someone was causing a commotion.

"Why are you here?"

Xiaomei spotted her in the crowd, squeezed through, and pulled her outside: "You'd better leave."

"What happened?"

"Mrs. Yang is saying that ever since she wore the dress you designed, she's been sick, and she's here to make trouble for you."

What's meant by trouble befalls in times of unrest?

Just now, someone said she was two-timing, and now someone claims that her dress designs have the power to make people sick.

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Qin Mu felt that this superpower was really incredible!

She just hadn't expected Mrs. Yang to come looking for trouble again, and with such an excuse.

"Hey, it's her, she's trying to run, stop her quickly."

Qin Mu hadn't really figured out a plan, and just when she thought to address the issue, she was treated as a fugitive. Turning around, she saw several middle-aged wealthy ladies following Mrs. Yang to intercept her.

Qin Mu then stood outside the door, figuring it would be more spacious for a confrontation.

The studio instantly calmed down, and her colleagues also followed outside, naturally not allowing someone to bully one of their own so easily.

Qin Mu stood at the front, her colleagues lined up beside her, ready to intervene if someone should charge forward and start a fight.

The entourage Mrs. Yang brought had an intimidating demeanor, and perhaps because they were middle-aged women, they each looked important and fierce.

So is there really no reason some women lose the husbands who once loved them?

Remembering Helian Hao saying Mrs. Yang's husband had already been keeping a mistress, Qin Mu actually felt not the slightest pity for Mrs. Yang.

"Isn't this Mrs. Yang? What's the matter? The gown doesn't fit?"

Qin Mu crossed her arms and stepped slightly forward, smiling as she asked.

"You must refund me and compensate for my emotional distress and medical expenses, or else I'll sue you."

Mrs. Yang wasn't nearly as polite, but threatened Qin Mu, pointing at her nose.

"I suppose you've brought the medical diagnosis already?"

After pondering for a while with lowered eyes, Qin Mu went on to ask.

"Of course! Here, if you don't compensate me fully today, I'm telling you, we're not done."

Qin Mu watched Mrs. Yang pulling out the medical report from her pocket and unconsciously licked her soft lips.

Broad daylight, the heavens and the earth clear and bright.

Did these women really think they could get their money back so easily?

"Can I make a phone call?"

Qin Mu's eyes twinkled, childishly inquiring once more.

"Make a call? No calls, don't think I don't know who you're going to call, don't even think about it, now, right away, pay up, or we, the sisters here, are not vegetarians."

"That's right, we are not vegetarians."

"Don't think we are easy to bully."

"Quickly pay back the money, or else we aren't going to be nice."

Qin Mu couldn't help but nod at their ready-to-fight stance: "Hmm, I can see that!"

Qin Mu glanced at Xiaomei, who was trembling slightly with fear. Qin Mu sighed helplessly and then said with a composed smile, "Well then, let's call the police."

"What?"

Qin Mu heard Mrs. Yang asking, then turned to her: "Call the police, you want to sue me, don't you?"

Mrs. Yang...

"Or should I make that call for you?"

Qin Mu raised her eyebrows.

"What? You're a madwoman, do you know what will happen when the police come?"

"I'm sure I'll be fine, but you won't be so lucky."

Qin Mu lowered her lashes, which concealed the sharpness in her eyes. Her calm demeanor in face of danger gave off a strong impression.

Actually, she was just standing there very unobtrusively.

"Is that so? Then let's get the police, I'd like to see whether they side with you or with me."

"Naturally, they'll side with you, but if things blow up, it might come to your husband's ears. I've heard your marriage has been dead in all but name for a long time, and if he finds out you're willing to involve the police just to oppose me, I wonder if he'll keep up the pretense for such a foolish woman?"

After speaking, Qin Mu looked up at her with a sincere smile.

"Don't try to scare me."

Mrs. Yang looked at the sisters who had come with her and found them all frowning now.

She had thought that dealing with a little girl in her early twenties would be a no-brainer, coming at Qin Mu with such confidence over a simple excuse. Yet she hadn't anticipated that this young girl would remain so composed in the face of their worldly and experienced group, even handling the situation with surprising ease.

Mrs. Yang, reminded of someone's words that this girl was not as simple as she seemed, couldn't help swallowing hard.

"I'll let it go today, but I will come back another day. Ever since I put on the gown you designed, I've been feeling uncomfortable. I'm going to tell everyone in Rongcheng that there's something eerie about your studio."

"There aren't many chances for our studio to become famous, so I must trouble you, Mrs. Yang."

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Mrs. Yang, upon hearing what she said, was so angry she felt like vomiting blood: "Ladies, let's leave!"

Ultimately not daring to make a big fuss, Qin Mu had taken a gamble, but she had won. She indeed didn't dare let her husband find out about her behavior today. Recently her husband had been reminding her not to provoke Mu Yichen's woman, so she waited until her husband was away on a business trip before causing trouble.

But she hadn't expected to underestimate her opponent.

After those women left, Qin Mu finally breathed a sigh of relief, then unconsciously murmured, "Next time they come to cause trouble, just keep an eye on them, and then send someone to discreetly call the police."

"Call the police? But her family is so wealthy, would calling the police even help?"

"We have President Mu backing us, what are you afraid of? The one who should be afraid is her."

Qin Mu glanced at Xiaomei, who probably had been terrified by the group of middle-aged women, but upon understanding Qin Mu's words, she nodded vigorously.

Xiaomei later told her colleagues, "I've only seen women fighting like this in TV dramas, I never thought real life would be like this."

In a blink of an eye, Mrs. Yang had called Qin Mingzhu's mother out, and in a secluded corner of the café sat two middle-aged, wealthy women.

"This little bitch is completely immune to threats."

Mrs. Yang, clenching her teeth in anger, slammed her hand on the table as if she had suffered a tremendous injustice.

"I told you long ago she's not easy to deal with. How did you go about finding her?"

Today, Zhang Rujia was dressed in a light blue cheongsam, her long hair coiled up, and even her posture exuded superiority.

"I went with a few mahjong friends to her studio to cause trouble, claiming we felt unwell after wearing clothes she designed, demanding compensation from her. I didn't expect she would actually suggest I call the police for assistance. I thought she was just a little girl in her early twenties, but she has such nerve."

Mrs. Yang continued, exhaling a sigh, as if regretting all the years she had lived for nothing.

"She's always like that, acting as if she's so righteous. Isn't she just relying on Mu Yi now? There will come a day when Mu Yi will leave her, and then, I'll make her come crying to me, begging for mercy."

The person who hated Qin Mu the most was actually Zhang Rujia; the sense of crisis that her family could be ruined because of that girl made her detest Qin Mu so much she wanted to tear her to pieces.

However, the various protections from the Qin family forced her to endure and not to act rashly.

But the fact that not even Mrs. Yang, a fierce woman, could subdue Qin Mu, made her all the more frustrated and restless.

"Yeah, it's all because of President Mu. When my husband was home these past few days, he always kept me from going out. Now that you mention it, Mu Yi must have been in touch with my husband. That little bitch is full of malice, and good at seducing men."

"Hmph, what's the use of seduction? Aren't all men fickle? Just wait and see, it won't be long before Mu Yi abandons her. There are so many reputable ladies in Rongcheng waiting for him to choose from. He's just been dazzled to pick such a girl to play with for now. I don't believe he's really fallen for her."

"Even if he has feelings, it's useless. A man's affection is all driven by the lower half of his body. Once the lower half loses interest, it can no longer direct the upper half."

"Why do you sound like you've had quite the experience?"

Zhang Rujia could not help but ask with a suppressed laugh as she looked at her troubled expression.

"Come on, you're well aware of the situation in my household, why even ask?"

Mrs. Yang also looked at her, and the two exchanged glances, seeming to have a deep understanding of each other.

"Still, it's odd about Mu Yi. He has such a good girl like my goddaughter, yet he chooses to be with a girl who has lost her mother and been abandoned by her father. What's he really after? Jing Qing is countless times better than her, and it's beyond me why he isn't with her."

"I'm only telling you this, so you have to keep it a secret."

Zhang Rujia immediately lowered her voice.

Mrs. Yang listened intently.

"Though that Miss Jing is above the ordinary, the circles she moves in, well, it'd be hard for her to keep herself clean, I reckon."

Mrs. Yang looked at her in shock. Zhang Rujia stopped talking and with a look hinted for her to digest the news herself.

At noon, Qin Mu, Xiaomei, and a few colleagues went to a western restaurant for lunch. But when Qin Mu was heading to the restroom, she bumped into Liu Jingyuan, and instinctively remembered that night. She then promptly looked down to avoid eye contact and walked past.

Liu Jingyuan, noticing her intentional avoidance, quietly followed her into the restroom after she entered.

Qin Mu, washing her hands, glanced in the mirror and saw the man behind her. He was holding a cigarette, his gaze downturned as if lost in thought. Qin Mu immediately lowered her head further, quickly finishing washing her hands.

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"Miss Qin, about that night, I think I owe you a very sincere apology. I actually wanted to find you earlier, but I had to leave the city for some business, and I just got back this afternoon..."

He looked up at her, words seemed to be on the tip of his tongue, his eyes full of indescribable pain.

"President Liu, there's no need to say more."

Qin Mu dried her hands gently after washing them, without even lifting her head.

If it was him who had drugged her drink that night, then she would have nothing to do with him from now on. If it was someone else trying to set them up, then she wouldn't have any dealings with him either, because his confession made it impossible for her to pretend to have a normal relationship and communicate with him.

"No, I have to say it, or it might cause unnecessary misunderstandings between us—did you feel unwell after drinking the drink I gave you?"

Liu Jingyuan asked her firmly.

Qin Mu unconsciously looked at him through the mirror, her eyebrows furrowed with doubt.

Does he mean he was drugged too?

His question, could it be that he's innocent?

So who exactly drugged both of their drinks that night, and what was that person's purpose?

No!

She immediately knew what the purpose was.

Qin Mu suddenly remembered the entertainment news about their night together that circulated in the media the morning after.

"That night I... I later tried to investigate, but it was fruitless," he said, distressed, not noticing the struggle and resentment in Qin Mu's eyes.

"But I heard that Mu Yi also investigated the incident at the hotel, did you find out anything?"

"Nothing!"

She replied subconsciously, but felt somewhat exhausted.

The more she speculated, the angrier she became.

It must have been Jing Qing.

This woman was becoming more and more disgraceful.

She could even stoop to such dirty tricks.

The more Qin Mu thought about it, the angrier she became, then turned around to face him.

"I'm sorry that I may have implicated you in this matter, but it's best we don't see each other anymore!"

Qin Mu looked at him directly, very coldly.

Liu Jingyuan stared at her heartlessly, his hand trembling with the cigarette, his mind going blank.

She nodded and left, while he was slow to react.

She seemed to be in a bad mood. He wondered if it was because Mu Yichen had given her a hard time that night. Liu Jingyuan sighed unconsciously, then slowly walked to the sink and put his hand under the faucet, the warm water immediately running over his hands.

Qin Mu sat back down at the dining table, her complexion still poor.

Xiaomei looked up at her: "What's wrong?"

"Nothing! Xiaomei, if someone keeps troubling you, using underhanded tactics against you, what would you do?"

"Fight back with the same, of course! What's happened?"

"Yeah, I shouldn't keep being so passive."

After speaking, Qin Mu got up and left with her bag, Xiaomei staring blankly at her retreating figure and the barely touched food on the table, wondering, weren't they here to eat?

The food was hardly touched.

That evening, Mu Yichen came to see her as usual, and Qin Mu, feeling a bit tired, leaned on his shoulder: "I want to sleep here tonight."

"Okay, then I'll stay with you. Should we go out for dinner?" he asked softly.

"I don't want to move. Can you just stay and have takeout with me?"

"Alright! Just this once."

Qin Mu didn't say anything, just lifted her head and kissed him hard on the face.

The two of them dined in the reception area on the first floor. Although it was takeout, the dishes were actually quite good.

After finishing their meal, Qin Mu got up from the table without clearing it.

Mu Yichen unconsciously narrowed his eyes: "Why are you suddenly so initiative?"

"It's not the first time I've taken the initiative."

His lips were thin, but his affection for her was not so meager.

Qin Mu felt rather fortunate; they say men with thin lips are emotionally cold, but CEO Mu Yichen's affections were deep.

It wasn't until a flash from outside the glass was detected that Mu Yichen realized the reason for her initiative that night.

He guessed, laughing softly to himself.

The paparazzo kept snapping away outside, damn it, Qin Mu suddenly became angry.

Seeing that the paparazzo was still looking for angles even after they went upstairs, Qin Mu felt an urge to grab his camera and throw it away.

It was agreed that a few quick photos were sufficient, mainly for the article.

But this guy dared to disobey orders, he would not be used again.

Qin Mu thought arrogantly in her heart that she needed to find a reliable paparazzo for possible long-term cooperation in the future.

Little did she know that Mu Yichen noticed her lack of focus when they got back to the room: "What kind of plot is this?"

"Huh? Plot? What plot?"

Qin Mu was startled by his words, her heart trembling: "Weren't you in a hurry just now? Why aren't you rushed all of a sudden?"

Mu Yichen asked her: "What exactly is the plot?"

"What plot?"

His demands had been fierce these past couple of days, and she was having a hard time keeping up, actually.

She felt like her bones were about to crumble into useless lumber.

"What's with the paparazzo downstairs? Tell me!"

"You'll know tomorrow."

"You should know that no one dares to plot against Mu Yichen so brazenly in Rongcheng, you're the first one."

"Really? Then am I not adding to your glory?"

Qin Mu asked, her almond eyes shining brightly, dazzling like diamonds.

Mu Yichen pressed against her forehead and chuckled softly: "Are you sure you're not slapping my face?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Humph!"

CEO Mu Yichen didn't quite believe her, but since she wasn't talking, he stopped asking.

It was just the usual stuff, she wasn't going to break the sky.

If she did break the sky, he would patch it up for her.

But Qin Mu, relieved that he finally stopped pressing her, immediately hooked his arm and hurried him on, fearing that she couldn't block him.

The next morning at 5:30, while the two of them were still sleeping, their phones began to ring, both of them at once, one call after another, incessantly coming through.

Chapter 146: We Got Married (1)_1

Mrs. Mu was just about to move when she was enveloped in Mr. Mu's arms, "Where are you going?"

That hoarse voice in the early morning made Mrs. Mu's voice turn soft involuntarily, "The phone is ringing, yours too."

He actually heard it in a half-awake state but simply didn't want to deal with it.

He hated it most when someone disturbed him and her from sleeping in the morning.

The warmth of the bedding faded slightly due to a few minor movements between the two, so he turned over to fetch both of their cell phones to the bed, handed one to her, and squinted at the caller ID on his phone.

"Mr. Mu, you've made it to the top of the trending searches on Weibo!—But this time, it's with Miss Qin!"

Mr. Mu's secretary's voice was very low as it came through the earpiece.

"Qinqin, what were you and Mr. Mu doing in the studio last night? You two are trending, and it's number one."

Compared to him, Xiaomei's voice was somewhat earth-shattering.

After listening, Mu Yichen didn't say a word; he hung up the phone, rubbed his temples, and let out an involuntary sigh.

Qin Mu awkwardly licked her slightly dry lips, then turned to look at his somewhat troubled expression.

The two of them were dead tired originally, given their vigorous efforts last night.

But now both were wide awake. Mu Yichen turned to look at her, suddenly smiled, lifted her head into his arms, and said, "Is this the 'secret' you mentioned?"

He was completely alert now; the events of last night flashed suddenly in his mind. She wouldn't tell him what the paparazzi business was all about, but this morning...

All of Rongcheng knew!

Qin Mu couldn't help but burst into laughter, her body shaking against his chest.

"Since Jing Qing has already declared war on me, wouldn't it be a disgrace to you if I kept hiding behind you without fighting back, especially when you call me Mrs. Mu all day long?"

Qin Mu hooked her arms around his shoulders, pushing him down onto the bed and pinning him, riding on his sturdy waist, she teasingly explained.

Yichen caught her arm with one hand and lightly curled the other around her waist. His gaze was both ambiguous and insistent: "So, you did this for me?"

"Of course! Aren't you happy?"

She suddenly laid down on his chest, asking playfully.

"Mmm! Mrs. Mu has finally seen the light!"

"Let's get up. Later on, everyone will be coming to work! How about I ask Xiaomei to bring us some steamed buns and porridge? Maybe with some pickled cucumbers too?"

"You've climbed on top of me and you still think we can just get up like this?"

"But last night..."

"Now it's my turn to reward you for cooperating with me last night, Mrs. Mu."

He suddenly silenced her with a domineering kiss and then kindly reminded her.

Only then did Qin Mu realize that he had guessed it last night, which was why he was so intense from the moment they were on the first floor...

That little rascal got the better of them, Qin Mu thought more and more angrily. Later, the two sat in the reception area, eating while looking at their phones. Qin Mu put her phone in front of him: "Look, that's what the kid shot."

"Mmm! Good resolution!"

"I asked him to shoot it clearly, hehe!"

Mr. Mu was sighing while eating the nutrition-less dumplings, thinking how could he do anything else when he had such a spirited wife at home?

He had no choice but to let her have her way.

"It's all because that kid got to look for so long, and you too. If you already guessed, why did you go so hard?"

"Acting, of course, requires a full performance. Don't you, someone who has shot so many advertisements, need me to remind you?"

"Shooting ads is different from acting!"

Qin Mu had seen the script, and just thinking about those messy plots gave her a headache, not to mention those tremendously long lines. Although she heard some people in the industry say that some actors use dubbing and thus don't memorize their lines, she couldn't do that. She always felt that if you are an actor, you must say your lines; otherwise, what do you expect your professional castmates to do? Too awkward, so she decided to just be her diligent designer, and the money she earned from ads was all for Huanhuan. Later on, she invested in this studio.

"Really? Then, what's the difference between being Mu Yi's lover and his wife?"

He suddenly gazed at her intently, his voice very soft.

"Of course it's different, a wife lives with you, and a lover just sleeps with you..."

Qin Mu realized she had misspoken as soon as the words left her mouth. He seemed not to like that sentence, so she immediately shut her mouth, her dark, glossy eyes softly gazing at him.

The rising warmth in her eyes was due to embarrassment, and because she feared making him angry and wanted to please him.

"That is, what I meant is..."

"You're so sure I can't do anything about you!"

He suddenly cut Qin Mu off.

With no other option, Qin Mu, like a little girl who had done something wrong, lay on top of him and bowed her head.

Chapter 147: We Got Married (1)_2

"So you really want to take responsibility for me?" she muttered.

"Fine, since you don't need it, I might as well enjoy myself while I can."

He suddenly spoke softly, raising his hand to gently tuck the hair blocking her face behind her ear.

Xiaomei and the others had come to work in the morning before he left, and after watching him drive away, they whispered in her ear, "What are you two always doing in the studio that just last night you got snapped by the paparazzi?"

"So I was premeditated!"

Qin Mu glanced at her before leaving the reception area and heading upstairs to his own office.

"Did you understand what she just said?"

Qin Mu's voice wasn't loud at the time, but it was firm enough to frighten Xiaomei into thinking she'd had a hallucination, so she curiously asked the people around her.

But everyone was busy with their work, at most just shaking their heads at her.

Xiaomei took this to mean that people from abroad didn't understand Chinese.

Mu Yichen had just arrived at the office building when he saw Jing Qing's car parked there, her wearing sunglasses and a red coat, standing next to the car with her bag, waiting for him.

As if she had been waiting a long time.

When Jing Qing heard the noise, she looked his way, but under the sunglasses, her gaze was hidden from others.

Mu Yichen got out of the car, glanced at her, and asked, "What's the matter? No filming today?"

"Do you like watching the films I'm in?"

She still leaned against the car, obstinately looking at him as she asked.

Mu Yichen looked at her, and though she was behind sunglasses, he felt like he could see the harsh look in her eyes: "Sorry, I'm not very fond of dramas."

Jing Qing finally stood up, removed her sunglasses to reveal her swollen, tearful eyes, and looked up at him with a resentful gaze.

"May I come up for a visit?"

Mu Yichen did not speak because Qiao Yi had also come to work.

Mu Yichen walked ahead with Qiao Yi and her following behind, the three of them entering the elevator one after another, silent, each with their own thoughts.

Qiao Yi unconsciously glanced at Mu Yichen standing opposite him, and when Mu Yichen looked back at him lightly, Qiao Yi felt some annoyance, but he followed them up to the top floor nonetheless.

Jing Qing didn't say anything, as if she was used to Qiao Yi's presence.

She walked into his office first, her high heels clicking on the floor.

Qiao Yi ordered three cups of coffee, the secretary went to pour the coffee, and then he followed in and closed the door.

Jing Qing strode to the couch, tossing her bag onto it, then circled around to sit on the couch.

Qiao Yi then pulled up a chair in front of the desk and sat down.

Mu Yichen stood by the window, took a cigarette out of his pocket, lit it, and turned to ask the woman on the sofa, "What's the matter?"

"We haven't talked for a long time; now that you have little sister Qin Mu, do you plan to stop keeping in touch with us old friends?"

Jing Qing didn't turn to look at him, but slightly turned sideways, her voice carrying a tinge of coldness and jealousy.

Glancing at her sour expression, he involuntarily opened his mouth but knew he shouldn't say too much, so he shut it and remained silent.

"Friends are still friends, Jing Qing; wouldn't it be better to focus on your filming?"

Mu Yichen took a drag on his cigarette, weighing his words.

"Of course that's fine, but if filming could make the one I love change his mind."

The implication was, since you won't change your mind, I might as well put aside filming for now.

"As you wish!"

Mu Yichen was helpless.

"Today's entertainment headlines are all about you and little sister Qin Mu; did you hire the paparazzi or was it little sister Qin Mu?"

She said this as she turned to look at him, forcing a smile at him.

Mu Yichen didn't look at her but smiled faintly.

He was reminded of Mrs. Mu's little schemes and the moments when she'd fling herself into his arms and playfully cause trouble. Just thinking of her coquettishly mischievous manner made him helplessly soft-hearted.

"It was me!"

He finally said something to her and gave her a glance.

"You? Why?"

"Wasn't it because on the night of your birthday, Mu Yichen's woman was said to be two-timing? How could I not fight back? Am I, Mu Yichen, a man who can't even keep a woman?"

Mu Yichen explained flippantly, asking her in return.

Jing Qing was unexpectedly at a loss for words to respond to him.

So the entertainment headlines of the day read that President Mu reconciled with Miss Qin, spent the night at Miss Qin's studio, and both were off to a rendezvous.

"And you too. We all know you two are good. Did you really need to make the whole of Rongcheng aware?"

"A man's face is a serious matter!"

President Mu seriously answered the question from Assistant Qiao.

Qiao Yi thought to himself, when have you ever cared for face with that woman.

"I've got a boyfriend. He's the male lead in my current series. He's admired me for a long time. A few days ago during a dinner with the crew, he confessed to me again, and I agreed!"

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When she spoke, there was an air about her that indicated she couldn't swallow her feelings.

Mu Yichen showed no reaction, but Qiao Yi looked at her, "I thought you didn't want to talk about the entertainment industry?"

"What can I do then? President Mu doesn't fancy me, shall I keep eagerly clinging to indifference? At least that person is sincere towards me."

After saying that, Jing Qing stood up resolutely, refusing to say another word, and immediately left.

The secretary had just come to serve coffee, about to reach for the door, when Jing Qing opened it from the inside, walked out proudly, and the secretary...

Three cups of coffee...

"So, are you satisfied now?"

"What's bad about that? Since you're slow to make a move."

"But she clearly doesn't love that man."

Qiao Yi stood up angrily, his voice growing louder.

"If love could guarantee possession, would I have gone through these years looking like this?"

Yichen suddenly also shouted.

"That's you, not everyone in the world has to be like you."

Qiao Yi angrily slammed the chair and then turned and left.

The secretary again looked at the three cups of coffee in her hands, now alone with President Mu in the office.

"Move the meeting forward."

Mu Yichen didn't want her coffee, simply instructed her and walked behind his desk to sit down and start looking for the documents needed for the meeting.

"Yes! The coffee..."

"Drink it yourself!"

The secretary felt like crying; was it really appropriate for her to drink so much coffee?

Qiao Yi hurriedly followed Jing Qing down to the lobby and reached out to grab her arm. In the hall, Jing Qing turned to look at him, "Is there anything left to say?"

"Don't do something out of jealousy and unattainability that you'll regret later. Please, consider this as me begging you," Qiao Yi pleaded, his sincerity bordering on humility.

"Qiao Yi, you're meddling too much!"

Jing Qing raised her hand to push away his hand, her gaze devoid of any emotion.

It was as if the friendship they had grown up with no longer existed.

Qiao Yi was still gasping for breath, watching her walk away with such determination, not knowing how to stop her, and immediately pulled out his phone from his pocket to call Jing Feng.

Mu Yichen spent the entire morning in the conference room.

Feng Fanghua took Huanhuan to the studio, let Huanhuan play with Xiaomei outside, and then went alone to Qin Mu's office.

Qin Mu dutifully offered her tea before sitting down.

"What exactly is the deal with today's news?"

Feng Fanghua directly asked the purpose of her visit.

Qin Mu, anticipating she had come for this reason and having already thought of strategies to deal with it, didn't rush to answer.

"Is your back better now?"

"Yes, now answer my question."

Feng Fanghua was not pleased with her evasiveness and pressed Qin Mu to directly face the question.

"This is an issue between Jing Qing and me, originally I didn't want to bother you or uncle about it."

"Your and Jing Qing's issue?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu had nothing to hide from Feng Fanghua, once she realized Feng was aligned with her son.

"If I told you that at the Jing Family siblings' birthday banquet, specifically my and President Liu's drinks were drugged, what would you think?"

"What?"

"If you were in my shoes, would you keep silent, or would you fight back?"

Feng Fanghua did not expect Qin Mu to suddenly throw a question at her, but if it were her, she certainly wouldn't let those who hurt her get away with it.

"Wait, do you mean that the person who drugged you that night was Jing Qing?"

"Even if she didn't personally drug me, she cannot be detached from this matter."

Qin Mu picked up the cup of tea from the table, her composure unshaken.

"How could this child... So today's scene is Yichen helping you take revenge."

"More accurately, I used him!"

She used him to get back at Jing Qing.

Qin Mu felt some guilt and, after speaking, lowered her head, unable to meet Feng Fanghua's eyes.

"You're good at using him, and that boy is foolish enough to be manipulated by you—does he know you're using him?"

"Yes!"

"He really is foolish!"

The more Feng Fanghua thought about it, the angrier she became. Her precious son never suffered at home, yet he was being led around by the nose by a girl five years his junior.

"If the Jing Family patriarch knew you were going against his precious granddaughter like this, he would have you done for. Sometimes you should learn to hold back."

"How can I hold back in this situation?"

Even though she couldn't argue loudly with her elder, Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh softly, lifting those clear eyes to look at Feng, and asked softly and politely,

"So, you'll just keep going against her? If this continues, sooner or later the Mu Family will need to draw a line with the Jing Family. Have you forgotten why I originally asked you to leave the Mu Family?"

Forgotten?

She had not forgotten for a single moment.

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She could leave the Mu Family to avoid causing them trouble.

So she already left the Mu Family.

But others still trample on her with their high heels, bullying her; what else can she do?

Backing down again and again only makes the enemy think the Mu Family is afraid, that she is afraid, and so they become more arrogant.

Qin Mu fears that today, she tolerated Jing Qing having someone drug her, and tomorrow Jing Qing will send someone to take her life. By then, it will be too late to regret being too honest in the beginning.

"But I've already left the Mu Family, Auntie, the only concession I can make is this."

Qin Mu thought for a moment, steeled her heart, and looked up to speak very seriously and responsibly to her.

"What if I ask you to break off your relationship with Yichen?"

"Break off how? Stop seeing each other forever? Do you want someone to watch me board the plane like last time?"

Feng Fanghua didn't argue with her anymore, simply saying, "Then you'll have to figure it out yourself!"

Qin Mu thought to see her out, but she left too hastily.

Has she wronged the Mu Family?

A sudden guilt surged in her chest, but it quickly passed.

The Mu Family didn't want to offend the Jing Family, not out of fear but because they thought it wasn't worth falling out over her.

Qin Mu understood that indeed, it wasn't worth it.

But since she had already returned, in a situation with no other choices, she could only try to satisfy the Mu Family as much as possible, yet she couldn't let herself be bullied by Jing Qing again and again for the Mu Family's sake.

The next day, when Jing Qing's agent stood before her again, she agreed to shoot a micro-film for him.

Xiaomei, not understanding, came to her office and asked her, "Although we're not very busy next month, why have you suddenly taken an interest in this?"

"After all, it's a considerable income. Shoot it, and a small flat is mine."

"A flat? Even a small one, do you need it?"

"Who knows!"

Qin Mu chuckled lightly, then lowered her head to draw.

Who knows, one day she and Huanhuan might move into that small house.

At least when he tells her to roll out, she won't have to bother friends again.

Actually, it wasn't Mu Yi who had hurt her, but another man.

That evening, when Mu Yi came to the studio with Huanhuan in his arms seeking her, she told him, "I'm going to Jiangnan next month."

"Going to Jiangnan? For what?"

"To shoot a micro-film, if all goes well, I'll be back in a week."

As she spoke, she helped him with a glass of water.

Seated on the sofa, Mu Yi took the glass of water but did not speak.

Qin Mu glanced up and saw his dark eyes looking at her, and involuntarily smiled: What? Afraid I'll run off with someone else?

"Short on money again?"

That's all he asked.

"Not at all! It's just for a rainy day, and I happened to have this opportunity."

She said and then sat beside him, lifting Huanhuan to her lap from his side.

"Mommy, I want to go with you too!"

Huanhuan's little hand touched Qin Mu's silky hair draping over her chest as she spoke.

You want to go with Mommy too, huh? Mommy would like that, but I don't know if your grandma would agree."

Qin Mu hugged her and gently stroked her hair, her eyes brimming with indulgence.

"You're not allowed to go!"

He leaned over to put down the glass of water, commanding her in three words.

Qin Mu instinctively turned to look at him: Why?

The smile on her face faded a bit as she asked him with a hint of puzzlement.

"Although I don't have any prejudice against actors as a profession, I won't allow you to film romantic scenes with other men."

After listening to him, Qin Mu lowered her lashes then looked down at her daughter with obedient eyes, saying nothing.

Is he afraid of her getting close to other men?

Actually, he's just jealous!

"But that person has already approached me several times, and I even agreed to him today. If I regret it now, it's too late."

"I'll pay the penalty fee!"

He didn't even furrow his brow, no matter the cost, he could afford it.

Qin Mu felt a sense of loss at his nonchalance, yet also helpless.

"In this lifetime, I don't want to be just your woman."

"You have your main career. As for side gigs, I don't care what else you do, but acting is off-limits."

He was bluntly honest, and yet heartlessly so.

His manner wasn't argumentative, but it was like another form of cold violence.

His eyes no longer seemed to hold the deep, tender affection they once did.

"But you didn't mind when I worked as an advertising model before, did you?"

"Is a model the same as an actor?"

"You're just so selfish, always saying you can't handle me, yet you won't let me do this and you won't let me do that."

Qin Mu, putting down Huanhuan and furious, yelled at him.

"Mrs. Mu, may I remind you, these past few days, it's been you who's been doing."

Qin Mu...

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Huanhuan watched her mom and dad argue with eyes that held no conflict with the world, and she felt a little moved by their quarrel.

Watching her parents face each other in silence and seeing dad's dotting gaze on mom and mom's surrendered appearance, Huanhuan eventually slowly raised her little hand to cover most of her face.

She couldn't help but let her mouth crack open with a smile.

Mu Yichen looked down at his daughter sitting next to him, trying to suppress her laughter, and sighed unconsciously with a smile that wasn't quite a smile, "What are you laughing at? Do you find it cute that your mom is so unreasonable?"

Qin Mu...

Huanhuan nodded vigorously in agreement, and Qin Mu couldn't help but let out a laugh, "You father and daughter breathe in sync, if that's the case, then you both might as well go back to the Mu Family. Let me stay here alone."

After speaking, she acted as if she was washing her hands of the matter and turned to walk upstairs.

"Your mom has been really moody lately,"

Mr. Mu helplessly said to his daughter.

"Haha, daddy, go coax mommy!"

"Let's go together!"

Mu Yichen said, putting down his legs that were crossed and picked up Huanhuan to chase her, even though he had just been sitting as stable as Mount Tai.

"Mommy, open the door quick!"

Mu Yichen was responsible for knocking, while the little girl in his arms called out.

"Mommy, open the door, Huanhuan is outside!"

Qin Mu stood inside the door and couldn't help but soften at the sound from outside.

"And your beloved husband!"

The anger that had just subsided flared up again at that call.

Beloved husband?

That must have been what Mr. Mu called her, right?

Now this father and daughter really were in cahoots, Qin Mu was so angry that she went to sit down on the bed and then lifted her eyes to the door.

"Mommy, Huanhuan really wants to sleep, mommy, please open the door for Huanhuan."

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh as he coached his daughter what to say, and when his daughter was about to cry, he suddenly took out a key from his pocket.

Huanhuan immediately brightened up at the sight of the key, "Key!"

"Shh!"

Mr. Mu gently inserted the key into the lock.

Qin Mu vaguely heard the word "key," and as she was about to get up, the door was pushed open from the outside before she could reach it.

"You, you've stolen my key again!"

"I kept it for just such an occasion!"

Mr. Mu was indeed a very reasonable man, so reasonable that she wanted to kick him.

That night, the three of them squeezed onto one bed; once Huanhuan fell asleep, she was moved to the innermost side, Mr. Mu inched closer from the outermost side.

Qin Mu, irritated by his nudging, forcefully elbowed the person behind her, and Mr. Mu, in pain and without a solid footing, fell off the bed.

Qin Mu truly heard a 'thump' sound.

Her room didn't have a carpet, and with his height, it would be hard for him not to make a noise when he hit the floor.

However, her heart also tightened for a moment, although later she couldn't help but snicker ungracefully.

"You come down here with me."

"Ah!"

Qin Mu's body was suddenly suspended in the air, and she was so scared that she was about to fall out when her mouth was immediately covered by his large hand.

"Shh, don't wake the child."

"What are you doing?"

Qin Mu, angry, hit him once.

"For good!"

Her upper body pressed on top of him, she saw the blazing flames in his eyes as he spoke.

Even though the lights in the room were dim, his eyes shone so brightly in her heart.

"Then you have to promise me about doing the film first."

"That's not possible. If you need money and don't want to take it from me, I can connect you with some contacts, and you can continue to do commercials, okay?"

"Just this one time!"

When Qin Mu realized she couldn't make him see reason, she immediately changed her strategy.

She extended a finger, long and slender.

"Let's talk in your office!"

Qin Mu withdrew her finger, frowning as she looked at him.

Was there still a need to talk in her office?

She could already feel the extent of his body right now.

"You're only tricking me!"

Mu Yi didn't say anything, but bit her neck fiercely and then knelt on the floor to pick her up.

The two of them quietly left the room, with Mu Yi whispering in her ear, "Close the door, don't let our daughter hear anything that's not suitable for children later."

"Hmph!"

Qin Mu, unwilling to give in, bit him on the chest and then reached out to close the door.

In the office's soft leather sofa, Mr. Mu finally had space to unfold.

Actually, Qin Mu barely lay down inside, so he couldn't possibly...

Later, when she wanted to ask for his agreement to go to Jiangnan to shoot the film, she had no strength to speak at all; either he was blocking her mouth, or he was tiring her into unconsciousness.

The next day the hotel sent their breakfast, and after the meal, the Mu family's butler came to pick up the child. Before leaving, Mu Yi asked her, "Tonight, do we go to the apartment or stay here?"