

His Beloved 171

Chapter 171: We Got Married (4)_5

"Why wouldn't she dare?"

Mu Yichen finally lifted his eyes, and his gaze was piercing.

Qiao Yi was suddenly at a loss for words, and Secretary Xi became so nervous that she immediately lowered her head, as if afraid that they would discover her eavesdropping.

"She definitely wouldn't dare, she only has the guts to be arrogant with you, right?"

"Don't you think your viewpoint is quite amusing? Who is her father? Who is her man? Why wouldn't she dare argue with others?"

Qiao Yi...

Qiao Yi suddenly realized that Xiaomu's situation wasn't so pitiable after all. Her father was a high-ranking official, and he had been wanting to make amends with her ever since she returned. Moreover, Mu Yichen really did have her back.

"So, should I continue to address her as 'Madam' in the future?"

"Starting this month, you'll get a raise."

Secretary Xi, hearing the boss affirm Qin Mu so confidently, mustered the courage to ask, but she hadn't expected such good fortune to come so suddenly.

She was actually getting a raise.

"Thank you, boss. I will definitely work hard from now on, and also, I will provide thorough service to Madam."

"Mm, let's eat."

Mu Yichen suddenly gave his secretary another look, feeling he had chosen his secretary well.

Qiao Yi asked with frustration, "When will you give me a raise too, boss? It's been several years without an increase."

"Is that so? Go back and have someone check the salary history of Qiao Tezhu for the past few years."

President Mu immediately instructed Secretary Xi with much grace.

"Okay!"

"Hey, hey, hey, never mind, forget it, ah, no need to check! No need for a raise!"

Qiao Yi was about to lose his appetite due to Yichen's words, but fortunately, he had eaten a bit more earlier.

"Jing Qing is still filming outside. You let her take on that micro-movie too, are you actually just hoping she stays outside for a bit longer?"

Later, as the three of them were returning to the company, Qiao Yi asked the man about to get into the back of the car.

"I never said that."

President Mu got into the car.

But Qiao Yi had the feeling that Mu Yichen was intentionally letting Jing Qing film without returning, either because he didn't want Jing Qing to disrupt his life, or perhaps because he was afraid Jing Qing would hurt Qin Mu.

Yet regardless, what could he actually do for Jing Qing?

Jing Qing plainly rejected him and even drunkenly said she hated him once.

Perhaps, from every perspective, he wasn't suitable to pursue Jing Qing. He gave up, climbed into the driver's seat, and upon seeing the woman beside him calculating something on her phone, he couldn't help but smile: "Calculating your salary?"

Secretary Xi gave him a smile but then immediately focused back on the calculator on her phone.

Each time they got a raise, there was a limit. She was calculating what she could afford with the salary increase this time.

Helian Hao went to the studio to find Qin Mu, and upon hearing she was allowed to stay at the Mu Family home again, he was genuinely happy for her but joked with a straight face: "They allow you to return and you just go back? What do they take you for? We're not going back."

Qin Mu couldn't help laughing, thinking since they were letting her return, why would she fuss over it?

She decided to focus on her career from now on.

Being Mrs. Mu on one hand and pursuing her career on the other, she thought things would definitely go much smoother.

"No more joking, you and Mu Yichen are quite good together. I have some serious news, though. The Jing Family's old master is ill."

Qin Mu...

"I heard he went to see Mu Yichen yesterday, then got ill last night. However, Jing Feng said it's just a minor headache, probably caught a cold or something."

Qin Mu...

Thank heavens, it's just a minor headache.

If she had actually caused him any serious trouble with her words, the Jing Family members wouldn't just tear her apart, they would have taken half her life.

Remembering the old master of the Jing Family clutching his chest, looking as though he was about to faint at the hotel yesterday, she was genuinely worried, frightened that the old man would really collapse there and then.

"If I tell you that I told the old master yesterday that I married Mu Yichen, will you... blame me?"

When Qin Mu tentatively broached the subject, Helian Hao blinked in astonishment: "What?"

"Yesterday, he gave Mu Yichen a tough talk, essentially, the situation was pretty bad."

"So you told him about your marriage?"

"Yeah!"

"No wonder, that easily explains the old master's headache. Complaining about a headache in the heat of summer caused by the wind doesn't seem like a credible reason."

Qin Mu...

"But why would I blame you? I think it's quite good. Knowing that you two are already husband and wife, the old master probably won't pressure his granddaughter to be with Mu Yichen anymore. You two can also breathe a sigh of relief."

Helian Hao felt they should have come clean long ago. Could the Jing Family still shamelessly cling to Mu Yichen? Could they still have the nerve to trouble Qin Mu further?

"Given that, this matter probably can't be kept from Jing Feng anymore, right?"

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"Whether Jing Feng knows about this matter, you guys decide."

Qin Mu didn't understand why the old master hadn't mentioned her marriage with Mu Yichen to Jing Feng. Logically speaking, the first person the old master should have told was Jing Feng. Jing Feng's relationship with Mu Yichen was truly extraordinary, yet Jing Feng didn't seem to know anything at all.

Just like some people, she also couldn't figure it out.

"I'm also about to get married to Jing Feng soon, so how about the four of us have a meal together? Just the four of us without anyone else."

Helian Hao felt that there were some things the four of them should candidly talk about.

"Then, shall I ask Mu Yichen?"

"Yeah, I'll give Jing Feng a call."

The two women discussed, and then each went to call their respective men.

As a result, the two couples got together that evening, not in a restaurant but in a private dining room.

The atmosphere was truly eerie.

Helian Hao, frightened, leaned toward the woman in front and whispered, "Hey, do you feel there's a bit of a smell of gunpowder?"

Qin Mu already regretted having this meal together!

It was clear that Jing Feng, who knew the truth, was very annoyed.

"Who's going to order?"

Helian Hao whispered.

As the two men glared at each other and remained silent, Helian Hao immediately added, "Shall we two order then? Should we get you guys some white liquor?"

Jing Feng turned to look at her, "What are you trying to do?"

"To get drunk so it's easier to start a fight, huh."

Helian Hao said and then nervously glanced at Jing Feng.

"We don't need to drink to have a fight!"

Jing Feng replied.

"I'm just trying to liven things up."

Helian Hao said and immediately bit her own lip.

Jing Feng, exasperated, forgave her; usually a clever girl, she too had her moments of silliness.

"You two order."

Mu Yichen glanced at the two women and uttered a word, and then they really started ordering.

They didn't need to consider what the men liked to eat, ordering what they loved instead.

Qin Mu later still ordered a soup, fearing that someone might hurt their stomach by drinking too much.

"So now, only a few people are aware of your marriage, right? Me and Xiaohao, the Mu Family elders, and the old master, maybe my parents at the most!"

Jing Feng thought that the old master would probably tell his parents about Mu Yichen's marriage to Qin Mu as soon as they returned from a business trip.

"Why not Jing Qing?" Helian Hao curiously asked him.

"My grandfather will probably be afraid she'll be too heartbroken, so he'd keep it a secret until she comes back from filming abroad."

However, Jing Qing wouldn't be able to return from this filming trip within three months, so she definitely wouldn't know for the time being.

"What about the other brothers? Are you going to keep it a secret for now?"

Jing Feng asked, looking at Mu Yichen and then at Qin Mu.

Jing Feng always felt that it was Qin Mu who had the final say in this matter.

"Let nature take its course."

It was Mu Yichen who spoke.

Qin Mu also felt it was best to let nature take its course, so she didn't say anything further.

One would have thought that this dinner would be extremely perilous, yet it went on as usual.

Apart from some initial hostility, the two men were stable throughout, prompting Helian Hao to lean in towards Qin Mu's ear, "Something's off with them."

"Could it be those two are the real couple?"

Helian Hao, shocked, covered her mouth and stared wide-eyed at the woman who made such a remark; Qin Mu just raised her eyebrows at her and then started serving her food without saying another word.

Later, Helian Hao's eyes kept lingering on the two men, as if every single action of theirs was proving that their relationship was not so simple.

"So, you're not planning to have a wedding ceremony in the near future?"

Jing Feng asked.

"We're still missing a flower boy."

President Mu glanced at Mrs. Mu and replied.

"Ring bearer?"

Jing Feng and Helian Hao issued their doubtful voices at the same time.

"Yes, ring bearer!"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh at how well-matched the two of them looked, while Qin Mu covered her face helplessly with her hands. What was she to do with Mr. Mu?

"Actually, wanting a ring bearer isn't difficult to talk about. I reckon Mu Qingxin has probably grown even bigger than Huanhuan these past few years. Now I finally understand what you meant when you previously mentioned getting married together—no wonder you agreed so readily back then."

Jing Feng still felt somewhat uneasy about this matter. Initially, he had thought that the marriage Mu Yichen spoke of was with Jing Qing and that the relationship between Mu Yichen and Qin Mu was just for fun, with Jing Qing being his life partner. Who would have known...

After finishing the meal, Jing Feng and Helian Hao left first. Jing Feng subconsciously wrapped his arm around Helian Hao, who continued to size him up tilting his head, to the point where Jing Feng's whole body felt numb.

At the hotel entrance, Qin Mu looked up at the man next to her: "Your sister had a child out of wedlock too?"

"Only you would believe that."

Mu Yichen saw his woman's gossiping spirit coming on and wrapped his arms around her as they got into their car.

On the way, Qin Mu asked with a laugh, "Are you jealous? Which unlucky man snatched away Mu Qingxin?"

"That kid better not come to Rongcheng, or I'll break his damn legs."

Mr. Mu proclaimed generously, causing Qin Mu to laugh uncontrollably while hugging his arm.

Imagine if she too had a brother, how handsome he would be.

Perhaps Huanhuan couldn't have a brother, but maybe a younger brother or sister...

No, no, no, how could she entertain such a foolish thought?

She resolutely shouldn't think about such things.

Qin Mu subconsciously rested her forehead against his shoulder, reminding herself not to think about it.

Because of her actions, Mu Yichen had no choice but to lower his head: "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing, just thinking about how long it would take for the garment factory to start operations if we begin now."

"One month!"

"That quickly?"

Mu Yichen smiled and didn't answer her again. Perhaps because it was late, their car smoothly returned to the Mu Family home.

After returning, Mrs. Mu headed straight for her daughter's room. Seeing her daughter already fast asleep, she kissed her forehead and then sat by the bed, not wanting to leave.

Mr. Mu stood by: "Mrs. Mu, you should go back to your own room now."

"Can I stay a bit longer? I'm at work all day, and when I come back, it's so late. I haven't had time to properly accompany her."

Mrs. Mu earnestly made her request.

"Really? Didn't you accompany her yesterday? Or was it the day before that you didn't?"

Mrs. Mu felt quite helpless towards Mr. Mu's literal-mindedness and was eventually, dejectedly, led by Mr. Mu back to the master bedroom.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were still watching TV downstairs. Seeing the two upstairs returning to their rooms, they couldn't help but sigh: "Your son, he's really bewitched."

"There's nothing wrong with a man being devoted."

"Hmph!"

Feng Fanghua thought to herself, I raised him from a young age, but he doesn't seem to have that much affection for me.

"It's his blessing to have someone to love, certainly better than searching for half a lifetime before settling for someone, right?"

"All you have is useless talk. Can't you think about me for once? He may have someone to love now, but it leaves a mother's heart feeling quite sour."

"I only know that those women who don't receive love from their husbands are the ones who place all their hopes on their children. I love you so much; can't you pay more attention to me?"

Mu Zihao expressed his frustration.

Feng Fanghua...

Returning to the room, Mu Yichen seemed as if he were drunk with excitement: "Tonight, you have to make sure I'm entirely satisfied."

"Can you show a little conscience? When have I not satisfied you? I'm almost at the point of taking my own bones apart for your amusement."

"Those bones were always mine to begin with."

"Shall we have a son?"

Qin Mu felt as though she was hallucinating, her hands weakly grasping the wall as she struggled to catch her breath.

"Wait till our son grows up and can be our ring bearer. By then, I promise I'll get you to walk down the aisle with me willingly and contentedly."

Such a sacred place.

Just like his love for Mrs. Mu.

Qin Mu didn't respond but suddenly braced herself against the wall to stand firmly, then turned and hugged him again.

If saying yes to him was too difficult, then loving him—at least that was easy.

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Sometimes, the answer is more terrifying than death itself.

That night, the two of them tore at each other's hearts, yet no answer came forth.

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The next morning, Qin Mu went to the dressing room and wrapped a silk scarf around her slender neck, concealing several bite marks he had left, ensuring there was nothing amiss with her appearance before she dared to go downstairs.

Recalling the heart-wrenching love from last night, she actually felt that at that time, he truly hated her.

Feng Fanghua had a slight cold, so the task of combing Huanhuan's hair fell to her.

Qin Mu sat on the sofa, combing her daughter's hair as she sat on a little stool, while Feng Fanghua watched from the opposite side, constantly making her granddaughter look up and laugh foolishly. Qin Mu helplessly let them be, and after finishing the beautiful hairstyle, she said with satisfaction, "There, done!"

"Today I'm going to attend a charity event, and your uncle has other matters, so Huanhuan will be left in your care. Any problem with that?"

"None at all, you just go ahead with your business."

Qin Mu immediately agreed, more than happy to do so.

"Just don't let her have any of that nutritious-lacking stuff for lunch, or else just leave her at home to play with the household staff."

"I promise, I absolutely won't let her eat any junk food."

Qin Mu immediately raised both hands in assurance, Feng Fanghua almost laughed at how earnest she looked, but in the end, she managed to keep a straight face, "Alright then."

Mu Yichen and Mu Zihao came out of the study and saw the three generations of women together: Huanhuan playing with her toys on her own, and the two of them chatting about something. As soon as they emerged, the room fell silent.

"What are you whispering about so early in the morning?"

Mu Zihao asked as he walked downstairs.

"We're all busy today, so I've asked her to help look after Huanhuan, and I gave specific instructions not to feed my granddaughter junk food."

Feng Fanghua turned slightly to look at her husband as she unabashedly repeated.

"That's right, children are growing, they can't eat that kind of nutritious-lacking stuff."

Mu Zihao said as he sat down.

"Just look at our young madam here, she grew up eating those things, and isn't she tall and slender now?"

Mu Yichen didn't sit down, instead stood with his hands in his pockets, his arrogant gaze on his wife as he 'praised' her.

However, Qin Mu found the comment particularly awkward; when he deliberately praised her, it was clearly meant to be sarcastic. But she wouldn't let it anger her.

"Tall and slender? If being skinny enough to show bones is what you call tall and slender."

Feng Fanghua disagreed.

"Then you should feed her well; otherwise, people might think you're mistreating your daughter-in-law."

Mu Yichen teased again.

"Hey!"

Feng Fanghua still sat upright but couldn't help but look up and glance at her foolish son.

Mu Zihao couldn't help but laugh, "You keep bullying my wife like this, and I might have to beat you up."

Mu Yichen immediately chuckled, "No problem, my wife will protect me!"

Qin Mu...

Why was it that she hadn't even spoken yet found herself dragged into his camp?

And could she protect him? Who was the beast that almost strangled her to death last night?

And the person who tortured her most was Feng Fanghua? It was clearly Mu Yichen, from beginning to end, inside and out.

Her heart was almost crushed by his cruelty.

After breakfast, Qin Mu and Huanhuan were directly driven to the suburbs by Mu Yichen, the family of three standing by the newly built factory.

Qin Mu looked at the factory, not very big yet spacious enough to accommodate the number of workers she desired, and couldn't help but sigh; President Mu really knew how to whet someone's appetite.

"I feel saying thank you isn't enough to express my gratitude to you!"

Qin Mu looked up at him earnestly.

Mu Yichen just glanced at her before picking up the girl holding her mother's hand, "Let's go, Daddy will show you around inside."

"Okay!"

Huanhuan happily agreed, and he carried her off ahead.

Qin Mu knew he might not want to listen, so she didn't say more and followed them inside.

"How many machines do you want?"

"Maybe dozens!"

Qin Mu had already started calculating how many days it would take to lay out the lines, install the machines, test them, and recruit workers. One month, it seemed rather tight, but as long as she had the factory, the rest could be easily solved, no matter how pressing.

Qin Mu wanted to discuss the price of the factory with him but hesitated, fearing he might just look at her and walk away.

The surroundings looked somewhat bleak, with several other newly opened garment factories nearby.

On the way back, Mu Yichen asked her, "Do you plan to rent or buy it?"

Qin Mu turned to look at him in surprise; could it be rented?

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"What if I rent?"

"If you rent, you pay once a year and I have the chance to terminate the contract with you at any time."

"Uh, then I might as well buy it! But I don't have that much money right now!"

"Our hotel is going to shoot a promotional advertisement soon, if you think it's appropriate, you can try out for it."

Qin Mu looked at him in disbelief, was he sure this wasn't a favor he was giving her?

She couldn't help but secretly rejoice in her heart, the joy was almost bursting out, so she had to turn her head and look out the window.

"Mommy, what are you looking at?"

Huanhuan, sitting in the back, curiously asked her mommy who had suddenly looked outside.

"Hmm? Nothing, just enjoying the scenery!"

"Enjoying the scenery? Huanhuan wants to see, too."

Huanhuan also turned to look outside.

Qin Mu...

President Mu, in all seriousness, dropped the two of them off at the studio and insisted they have a proper meal at noon before leaving.

Qin Mu carried Huanhuan inside: "Your dad really is a nag, isn't he?"

Huanhuan didn't speak but laughed heartily with her little braids flinging about.

Qin Mu felt quite helpless about this, but she didn't care; daughters loving their fathers seemed to be a tradition, except in their family.

Indeed, she had once loved Qin Haiming very much, just as others had said. It was because she loved so deeply that she later became so disappointed, so full of hatred.

At noon, she took Huanhuan and Xiaomei with her to eat at a nearby restaurant. Huanhuan couldn't stop eating her favorite food, and Qin Mu watched with an involuntary frown: "Eat something else."

"Just let her enjoy herself, look how deliciously she's eating," Xiaomei couldn't help speaking up for Huanhuan, watching her little greasy mouth, tender and more enchanting with each glance.

"Huanhuan, auntie feels like giving your little mouth a kiss."

Xiaomei said as she leaned in closer, and Huanhuan immediately lifted her spoon-free hand to cover her mouth, those eyes clear as water, and when she laughed, it seemed to purify the whole world.

"Wow, I thought who was dining here, turns out it's you!"

As their group sat around a rectangular table, eating, suddenly an irritating voice came from afar, accompanied by the clacking of high heels.

Everyone instinctively looked up, and because they had encountered her a few times, they all recognized Qin Mingzhu. After seeing it was her, they pretended to see nothing and lowered their heads to eat, with Xiaomei even helping Huanhuan with her food: "Baby, let's eat well, so when we grow up, we won't end up with an ugly face like that auntie's."

"Hey, you little brat, who are you calling ugly?"

Qin Mingzhu immediately grew angry, her body angling proudly.

"Who I'm talking about, does it concern you? Go away, go far away, don't disturb others while eating, okay? It's very impolite."

Xiaomei glared at her coldly.

"You're polite, sure, just you be polite then, huh? Hmph, let's go!"

Qin Mingzhu had several people of the same age with her, and after speaking, she led them away.

It looked like a school reunion or something.

Qin Mu stayed silent, thinking it best to let things pass as they may since arguing would only tire her out more.

But she didn't expect that when she went to the restroom, she would be cornered by two young men.

They looked about her age, both of them dressing in smart suits with an air of foppishness.

"Beauty, I hear you're the half-sister of our Mingzhu? You look even more delicate than her."

"Yeah, give us your WeChat or a phone number, and when we're free, let's hang out together."

The two men walked up behind her, and Qin Mu saw in the mirror that they were just about to touch the back of her clothes. They stood hands in pockets, smirking, with that good-for-nothing loafer's demeanor.

Qin Mu thought that she should never again think of Mu Yichen as such a person because Mu Yichen was her idol, whereas these two men were scum.

"Qin Mingzhu sent you two over, didn't she?"

She shot them a cold glance in the mirror.

"Why would it be Mingzhu who sent us? We came over by ourselves, attracted by the beauty's charm."

"Attracted by charm? You two should be concerned with Miss Qin's charm, not mine. Mine isn't suitable for you."

"Seems like we are about the same age, why do you put yourself down like that?" the young man asked through the mirror.

"Yeah, oh, we get it, is it because you've had a child? Hey, what's wrong with that? If you still want kids, bro here can help you out," the man on the left said as he moved forward, and Qin Mu suddenly turned around, causing him to startle and jerk back.

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Qin Mu watched them with a cold gaze, "You want to have children for me? Do you know who that little girl downstairs is the daughter of? Not even bothering to ask around before spouting nonsense here, do you really not want to mix in Rongcheng anymore?"

The two young men felt a moment of unease and glanced at each other before turning back to her, "Don't scare us, bro. We weren't raised to be frightened easily."

"Is that so? Then what if I say that the little girl is the daughter of Boss AM, Mu Yi from the Mu Family, do you still want to have a child with me?"

The two men took a step back simultaneously, "You're joking, right? You? Having a child with Mu Yichen? The relationship between the Mu Family and the Qin Family is not ordinary, don't treat us as fools. Although we've just returned to the country, we are the counted few eligible bachelors in this city."

"Then go back and ask your parents. After clearing things up, then ask yourself if the woman before you is someone you can afford to flirt with."

The eyebrows of the two young men furrowed, and after exchanging glances, they unconsciously took another step back. They had heard that Boss Mu recently acknowledged a daughter and that a woman who had just arrived in Rongcheng had a very ambiguous relationship with him and even stayed in the Mu Family home. Looking at the woman before them, though she might not be considered a nation-toppling beauty, she was undoubtedly a feast for the eyes and carried herself with an authoritative air that brooked no intrusion; they couldn't help but smirk, "We have offended you, so we will not disturb you any further."

Fortunately, these two had some sense of propriety. If they had run into those who lacked restraint, Qin Mu felt she might have been humiliated again.

When they returned to the private room, Qin Mingzhu immediately asked, "How did it go? Did you scare her?"

"Humph, it was us who got scared, okay? Why didn't you tell us she had that kind of relationship with Mu Yichen?"

The young man asked unhappily.

"Her relationship with Mu Yichen? Ha, she's just a sleep-in partner. What kind of relationship do you think she has with Mu Yichen? Could a man like him take a fancy to her? A cheap woman with neither status nor position, isn't she just adept at kneeling and licking men's legs? Are you afraid she can keep Mu Yichen's affection? He's long been fed up with her."

"Is it really as you say? Or do you have a grudge against her? I think she's not someone to be trifled with."

"And you call yourselves men. Girls, come with me to meet that vixen."

Qin Mingzhu slung her bag over her shoulder and called out to the few girls sitting by her side. They immediately got up to join her without fearing the commotion.

Qin Mu had just come out of the restroom and was about to go downstairs when she was stopped by Qin Mingzhu and three other girls. Qin Mingzhu stood in front of her with her arms crossed and a smug look, her eyebrows raised in a self-satisfied Missy demeanor, "What's up? You threatened my brothers?"

"You don't ask around about our Mingzhu's reputation in the city!"

"That's right, thinking you're amazing because a man is keeping you and you're having children for him?"

"Cheap woman, Mu Yichen is just playing with you, don't take it so seriously. Apologize nicely to us sisters and you might still have a way out. Once Mu Yichen dumps you, we might still deign to give you some leftovers."

All three girls were dressed in designer dresses, head to toe, clean and without heavy makeup, but they looked down on others from a presumptuous height.

"Thinking you're something special because you can design a couple of shabby clothes? Thinking you're special because you made my father feel guilty? Let me tell you, sooner or later your mother's grave will be overturned, do you believe that?"

Qin Mu looked down and chuckled softly, then walked forward two steps towards the overly confident girls. Her eyes, once lowered, lifted to scan each one, finally settling intently on Qin Mingzhu.

"Was I too soft on you last time? Your wound has healed and you've forgotten the pain?"

Qin Mingzhu gulped and took a step back, still tilting her chin up, "I'm telling you, Qin Mu, don't try to intimidate me. Right now, I have more people on my side than you do."

"Really?" Qin Mu raised an eyebrow and smiled faintly, taking another step forward, causing Qin Mingzhu to stagger back, almost falling.

"Careful!"

The two girls by her side immediately supported her, but her complexion was already looking unwell.

"Stop that intimidating face; I'm telling you, missy, I wasn't raised to be frightened. "

"I wasn't so lucky as to not be scared. I was indeed raised in fear!"

"You—what do you want?"

Qin Mu's voice was not loud, but her piercing eyes made Qin Mingzhu tremble.

"What do I want? Don't speak irresponsibly if you shouldn't, don't do things you shouldn't. Otherwise, in the future, it might be your mother who won't enter the Qin Family graveyard."

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The voice wasn't too loud or too soft, but every word struck right at the heart.

Qin Mingzhu's face turned pale, her mouth opened several times, and then she frantically looked at her sisters beside her.

"Hey, what's the deal with you? Just because you bore President Mu a child you think the whole world has to listen to you?"

The girl stepped forward, ready to push Qin Mu, but Qin Mu instinctively dodged to the side, causing the girl to stumble and almost plant her face on the ground. Angry at not having reached Qin Mu, she immediately turned around to slap her again.

"Are we having a fight now?"

Qin Mu raised her hand and tightly grabbed the girl's wrist, her eyes turning even more unfriendly.

"What are you trying to do? Let go of me!"

The girl hadn't expected Qin Mu to have such a strong grip and became flustered trying to shake it off but was unable to.

"You're still too green to fight with me."

Qin Mu pushed the girl into Qin Mingzhu's arms, her gaze filled with lethal intent as she stared at the girl: Qin Mingzhu, if I hear another disrespectful word about my mother come out of your mouth, don't blame me for actually making up with Qin Haiming and kicking you and your daughter out of the Qin Family.

Having said her piece, Qin Mu turned to leave when another girl stuck out her foot high above Qin Mu. Qin Mu looked down just in time to see the pair of black, sexy sandals. Her heart tensed, but she was a moment too late, stepping down hard with her high heel onto the back of the girl's foot.

"Ah!"

The girl's pretty instep was crushed by the heel of the high heel shoe, and she immediately bent over, crying out in pain.

Qin Mu looked down with cold eyes at the girl shouting in pain: "A good dog doesn't stand in the way, do you understand?"

"I understand, I understand, now get your foot off!"

Qin Mu then lifted her foot and was about to walk down when Xiaomei ran up with a foreign man: "Did they bully you?"

"They're not even worthy. Let's go!"

With a detached tone, Qin Mu then walked ahead.

Xiaomei turned her head and gave a cold look to the gaggle of girls, not quite as menacing but still glowering hard: "Don't think just because we returned from abroad we're easy to bully, hmph!"

"Girls from Rongcheng are really scary."

The foreign boy commented in English, which made the girls who were already upset look even more aggrieved.

"Mingzhu, why is this woman so fierce?"

"Yeah, she doesn't act like a lady at all."

"What should we do?"

"We—let's wait and see!"

Qin Mingzhu bit her lip so hard it could bleed, and after struggling for a while, she finally spat out those three words, her eyes already brimming with malice.

Qin Mu, holding Huanhuan, led a crowd and majestically left the restaurant, and upstairs, people were still watching from the window. One of the boys who had just unsuccessfully flirted with her asked: "Qin Mingzhu, are you competent or not? How come it feels like this girl is way smarter than you?"

"Exactly, she has a presence, and you're simply no match for her," another boy added.

"Did you see how she stepped on my foot? Where does she have the slightest appearance of a girl? She's clearly a tigress, a she-devil! It hurts so much, wuu!"

"Such a woman, Mingzhu, do you really think she and President Mu are a thing? Would President Mu like this type?"

"Just stop, it's ridiculous!"

After everyone had left, the girls grew bolder, and their speech became more unrestrained; only Qin Mingzhu remained silent.

Qin Mu and Xiaomei returned to their studio, and then Qin Mu went to accompany Huanhuan for a nap. When Mu Yi messaged asking about where they had lunch, she honestly replied, just not mentioning their encounter with Qin Mingzhu.

Mu Yichen had to attend a social function that evening and wasn't home, so the couple went to the charity banquet, which lasted from noon until evening. Mother and daughter returned to the Mu Family home, had dinner, and then went to bathe.

This charity banquet was mainly to raise funds for the Hope Primary School, gathering a crowd of wealthy magnates, famous ladies, and attractive celebrities from the entertainment industry.

The charity banquet was held in the grandest guest hall of the AM Hotel, with luxurious carpets covering the floor. To the south, there was a huge marble area, tables and chairs tied with green ribbons, and all kinds of delicious dishes filled the tables.

Feng Fanghua, however, attracted much gossip at the charity banquet. Someone close at table asked her, "Mrs. Mu, the cheongsam you're wearing today is really nice. I heard your son has a girlfriend who can design clothes. Did she create this for you?"

Feng Fanghua glanced at her cheongsam and looked up: "Yes, she did!"

"Well, that girl's quite capable. What do you say to having her design one for me too?"

"She doesn't just help anyone, but I'll ask her for you," Feng Fanghua replied, ever unwilling to cozy up to people and disliking others who tried to do the same. Her frosty response seemed like she was looking down on them, which immediately made them feel uncomfortable.

Chapter 177: We Got Married (5)_5

But the table behind was quietly gossiping, "I heard her son had a child with that girl without getting married first."

"Isn't that an illegitimate daughter then?"

"Exactly, I also heard that the girl dating her son is the orphan left by the deceased wife of the Qin City mayor. Feng Fanghua dares to accept such a girl from that background."

"Alas, probably she didn't have a say in it, their family's young master's decisions are likely not up for their old couple to make."

"It's still not proper, the two of them having a child out of wedlock, that girl can't be any decent good girl."

"Young and vigorous as Mr. Mu is..."

A few women were whispering among themselves, and the more they talked, the more they seemed convinced, yet they neglected the person sitting behind them.

Feng Fanghua found it increasingly grating to her ears, they actually called her granddaughter illegitimate and said her daughter-in-law was a disreputable girl, she picked up her hand and tapped the edge of the table, not waiting for Mu Zihao to pull her, she had already turned around.

"Hey, can you few decent old women keep your voices down? I'm still here and you're being so brazen, why don't you take the microphone and announce it on stage?"

The women were startled by her outburst and didn't dare to speak, the bolder ones putting on a smile: Mrs. Mu, we were just blabbering, don't take it seriously, we'll punish ourselves.

The speaking woman immediately raised her hand and gently tapped her own cheek.

"Hmph, virtue indeed!"

Feng Fanghua turned her head away, cold-faced and unimpressed by the woman's flattery.

To say that those who could attend this charity dinner were also all extraordinary people, but Feng Fanghua was always like that, doing whatever she wished, never changing over the years.

"Who does she think she is? Always cold-faced, as if we owe her something."

A woman muttered in dissatisfaction.

"If you don't want to eat then get lost!"

After all, the hotel belonged to Mu Yichen, and as his mother attending the dinner, she was even less afraid of anyone.

These words immediately angered the woman, who stood up and walked away.

Quite a few media present turned their cameras towards them.

By the time she got back it was after eleven, and as Feng Fanghua entered the hall she complained: What kind of people are they? With no manners at all, could such people really give donations in good conscience?

"Real or not real, isn't it fine as long as the money is handed over? Why get so upset?"

"I hate those who are two-faced the most, and besides, they spoke that way about my granddaughter, and that girl, how could I not flip out?"

"Your mouth might be satisfied, but tomorrow's newspapers, you'll see, will definitely give you a harsh write-up."

Mu Zihao sighed.

Since Mu Yichen had also just returned, Qin Mu had been waiting in the living room for him, and after chatting for a few moments, they heard the elders return and Qin Mu involuntarily stood up at the sound of Feng Fanghua's words.

"What happened? Who's bullying you?"

Qin Mu asked anxiously.

"Bullying me?" Feng Fanghua couldn't believe her ears, thinking there might be a problem with them, for in this world, the person daring to bully her had not yet been born.

Qin Mu...

"Hmph, even if someone did bully me, so what? Would you dare to take revenge for me?"

"I would!"

Qin Mu thought for a moment, her large eyes filled with sincerity, and she earnestly nodded her head.

That look of not using her brain, yet also deeply thoughtful, warmed Feng Fanghua's heart, and it took several seconds before she spoke again: "Forget it, lest Mr. Mu says I'm bullying his wife again."

Qin Mu...

Mu Yichen sat there in silence, but he had heard some of the excitement from the charity dinner that day.

"I heard you were schooling people again on such an occasion?"

Mu Yi asked.

"What? Not happy about it?"

"No, I just think your daughter-in-law could learn a lot from you."

Feng Fanghua...

Qin Mu looked down at him, thinking he found her easy to push around? Today Qin Mingzhu tried to provoke her but she didn't get bullied at all, in fact, she had put Qin Mingzhu and her group in their place.

"Hmph, I can't be bothered to argue with you, go check on my granddaughter!"

Feng Fanghua had just sat down and then stood up again, but before going upstairs she looked at Qin Mu: "You didn't take my granddaughter out for fast food today, did you?"

"We ate lunch at a restaurant at noon, and dinner at home."

Qin Mu immediately reported.

"That's more like it."

After Feng Fanghua left, Mu Zihao couldn't help but sigh: Your mother!

"Auntie is quite nice!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but speak the truth.

Mu Zihao smiled, not sure what he was thinking, suddenly looking up at her: "Don't you want to change your address?"

Mu Yichen heard this and turned to look at Qin Mu: "Mrs. Mu, are you even sensible?"

Chapter 178: We Got Married (5)_6

Qin Mu...

"From now on, call them Mom and Dad just like Yichen does, whether you're at home or outside."

Mu Zihao lifted his head and instructed her.

"You haven't called out yet."

Mu Yichen couldn't wait to hear her adopt the new address; she had not called them that since the time she had offered tea to the elders.

Qin Mu thought about it, and in fact, she was afraid that Feng Fanghua would be unhappy if she called them that.

Who wouldn't want a free set of parents?

"Dad!"

Qin Mu's voice was weak as she called out the word, feeling both nervous and excited.

It had been many years since she properly called a man Dad, and as for a mother...

That was really a long time ago.

"That's right! I gave you a red envelope the last time, so I won't this time. I'll give you one during the holidays," Mu Zihao declared.

"Thank you, Dad!"

Qin Mu clenched her mouth shut, afraid that her toothy smile would reveal just how pleased she was.

After Mu Zihao had left, Mu Yichen's fiery gaze fixed on her, and he immediately pulled her into his embrace: "Call me Dad again."

Qin Mu...

Was this man sick?

"Do you need to take your medicine?"

Qin Mu whispered.

Mu Yichen was at first speechless, but then suddenly smirked mischievously: "Okay, which pill should I take first?"

...

He then hoisted her onto his shoulder and headed upstairs. Mrs. Mu expressed her protest when she was tossed onto the bed and voiced her opinion: "Can you not carry me next time?"

"Hmm?"

"Your shoulder is jabbing my stomach and it hurts."

"Only your stomach hurts?"

His hand slid under her shirt, caressing her abdomen as he asked.

"Yeah, stop, what are you doing?"

His hand wandered inside, and before Qin Mu could turn to protect herself, he had already tickled her into subdued laughter.

"From now on, you're not allowed to call them uncle and auntie."

"I know, my President Mu."

Qin Mu couldn't help but whisper in his ear as she agreed.

"It's your husband, sir."

"Alright, my husband, sir."

She had seen shameless, but she had never seen someone as shameless as he, who was nibbling on her while teaching her.

Regarding terms of address, today he wanted her to call him husband, yesterday he wanted her to call him Yichen brother, and the day before he wanted her to call him "my heart."

Well, as long as President Mu, no, husband, sir, is happy.

The night was getting cool, but in his arms, she did not feel cold at all.

After making love, Qin Mu nestled in his arms, absorbing his body heat, and couldn't help but mutter:
"We're warm like this, but I wonder if Huanhuan will be cold sleeping alone."

"The room temperature is always moderate; how could she be cold? Do you think you're the only one who dotes on our daughter?"

Mu Yichen frowned slightly, his beautiful eyes under his long lashes gazing earnestly and warmly at the woman in his arms.

"Of course not. When we were in Paris, it wasn't warm in autumn, but we didn't use the air conditioner much. Yet, we always slept together, except when I was on business trips. Then Xiaomei would take care of her, along with Jian Yan."

"Hmm, so that's why my daughter occasionally seeks out Jian Yan."

President Mu at last understood why his daughter called Jian "uncle" and felt an inexplicable chill in his heart.

"Jian Yan is my master, and there's a saying, 'Once a teacher, a lifelong father,' haven't you heard of it? I really don't understand why you're so against him; he wouldn't fancy a girl so much younger than him."

"Hmm, he won't like you, you're so foolish!"

Qin Mu...

How did the conversation turn to calling her foolish again?

It seemed he couldn't help but call her foolish every three days.

"I'm so foolish, and you still want me? Everyone says I'm not good enough for you."

For some reason, she suddenly hugged him tight as she said this.

"Who says it's not true? You're so foolish, yet I still want you. You need to be grateful and repay me properly, got it?"

"Grateful?"

Qin Mu looked up at him, her eyes glimmering with shining light.

Mu Yichen's heart stirred. His deep eyes captured hers and then he bent down to kiss her again.

Qin Mu felt like she couldn't breathe, and her heartbeat seemed to stop.

Qin Mu felt she should be grateful, so she did her best to satisfy him within her means.

Later, even as Mu Yichen fell asleep, she couldn't sleep herself. She remembered Mu Zihao asking her to call him Dad. For some reason, it reminded her of the girl who had been abandoned by her parents at the age of seven or eight, thinking she'd never be anyone's child again, believing she had no home to return to.

But then one day, a huge pie fell from the sky, hitting her squarely. Being able to call someone Mom and Dad again, the happiness came so suddenly that it made her want to cling tightly to it.

The most important kind of love in the world must be the love of family.

When you have a warm home, love seems like something you can then afford to wish for.

Chapter 179: We Got Married (5)_7

However, everything she had seemed to be given by him. Qin Mu moved slightly upward, her eyes level with his, gently gazing at him as he slept.

It was the year she turned eight when he suddenly left for Paris.

It was then that she realized how important he was to her.

Her hand couldn't resist tracing his lips softly, outlining the curve of his mouth as memories surged in her heart.

Several days after stealing her first kiss, he said, "From now on, no flirting with other boys, got it? Otherwise, I'll kiss you again."

Back then, she was truly scared, yet somewhat expectant.

But afterwards, he seldom said such things, and she gradually assumed he had shifted his affections; after all, boys his age easily fell in love and quickly moved on to someone else.

And she, still too young at the time and also preoccupied with her parents' affairs, simply hoped to keep him by her side a little longer, not daring to ask for more.

Yet one day, he wickedly took her away.

But one day, so crudely, he took her to the civil affairs bureau.

From Qin Mu to Mrs. Mu, it happened in such a brief time.

It felt unreal to her, like the wind in her hand that flew away before she could even grasp it.

So she kept her palm open, afraid to clench it.

He stirred in his sleep, and his hand conveniently wrapped around her waist.

Just as Qin Mu thought to withdraw her hand, he suddenly kissed her fingers and asked in a low voice, "Aren't you sleeping yet?"

"Sleeping!"

She lay against his chest, listening quietly to his heartbeat and gradually drifted off to sleep.

Early in the morning, the Mu Family home was already bustling. Qin Mu woke up early, saw Feng Fanghua on the sofa giving Huanhuan a drink, and went downstairs: "Auntie, good morning! Huanhuan, good morning!"

"Mommy, good morning!"

Huanhuan asked after finishing a sip of water, holding her cup, while Feng Fanghua paid her no attention.

Qin Mu had long become accustomed to Feng Fanghua's expression, so she took a seat next to them without another thought, saw Feng Fanghua holding the cup for Huanhuan, and offered help: "Let me do that."

"You'd better check how breakfast is coming along in the kitchen," Feng Fanghua said, gently pushing away Qin Mu's helping hand and continuing to hold the cup for her granddaughter, signaling her to go elsewhere.

Facing such rejection, Qin Mu felt somewhat sad but obediently went to the kitchen.

The auntie greeted her as she entered: "Good morning, young madam!"

"Good morning to you! Uncle Zhang, good morning!"

The cook, who was busy preparing breakfast, smiled broadly when he saw her: "Good morning, young madam. Breakfast will take a while; the corn cakes are still being cooked."

"Hmm, smells delicious!"

Qin Mu nodded in response and was about to leave when she hesitated, worrying that Feng Fanghua would comment on her being too early, so she asked, "Is there anything I can help with?"

"I heard you grew up abroad. How could you possibly cook our Chinese cuisine? We're happy as long as you don't find it hard to stomach."

"I think what you make is very delicious."

Seeing there was nothing to help with, Qin Mu stepped out the door.

After breakfast, she drove to the studio, picked up a male colleague and Xiaomei, and went with them to the garment factory. The three of them had a long discussion with the designer, who presented his ideas before asking for theirs. The male colleague had been involved in planning a fashion factory in Paris, so he essentially took care of the situation.

At noon, they all had lunch together and Qin Mu received a call from Mu Yichen.

"What are your plans for the hotel advertisement?"

"As long as Mr. Mu is willing to provide it, I certainly won't refuse."

"Come to the hotel this afternoon. Director Chen will be waiting for you there."

"Okay!"

In the afternoon, Qin Mu didn't go to the factory but left the car for Xiaomei and her colleague. She called a taxi and headed straight back to the city, to AM.

On the way, the driver asked her, "Miss, do you work at AM?"

"No!"

Qin Mu answered with a smile.

"Then, do you live here? It must be expensive to stay for a night, right?"

"Actually, the regular rooms are not that expensive."

Qin Mu unconsciously felt like advertising for Mu Yichen.

"Even so, it's not something we can afford. What's your job, miss?"

"Designer!"

"Designer? As in architectural or interior design?"

"Fashion design!"

The two chatted all the way to AM, where a staff member had been waiting for her at the door. As soon as the taxi stopped, the staff promptly opened the door for her.

"Miss Qin, Director Chen has been waiting inside for you."

"Okay!"

Qin Mu agreed while still looking for her wallet.

The staff immediately took out two red notes and put them in the taxi: "Please go ahead, Miss Qin."

Qin Mu...

"Goodbye, driver!"

Qin Mu, holding her bag and tilting her head, said goodbye to the driver inside the taxi, who smiled back at her before driving away. She then turned and entered.

The feeling of having her taxi paid for by someone she barely knew, with whom she had no real association...

Felt strange to Qin Mu. After reaching the private room, the manager left, and not wanting to address him directly, she placed the money on the serving tray of a waiter who just happened to bring coffee: "Please give this two hundred yuan to the manager who was just here."

"Okay!"

The waiter gave her a strange look, pocketed the money, and then opened the door for her.

As soon as the door opened, Qin Mu heard a familiar voice, and then she understood why the waiter had given her such a strange look.

Chapter 180: Pie falls from the sky_1

"Ah, isn't this our dear Xiaomu? What's this? Director Chen's choice turns out to be my little sister?"

Upon seeing her enter, Jing Qing immediately clasped her hands together, her face brimming with the message that they were sisters, kin.

"Yes, it's what Mr. Mu wants."

Director Chen thought for a moment before replying, a man who usually barks orders on set, but there were times, such as now, when he faced difficulty.

One was Mr. Mu's most cherished darling, and the other was the apple of the Jing Family's eye; he couldn't afford to offend either.

"Miss Jing, you must be joking. How could I be so fortunate to be your sister? I don't even acknowledge that girl from the Qin Family."

Qin Mu responded indifferently, then greeted the director: "Director Chen, I have long admired your reputation, thank you for having me this time!"

"Miss Qin, no need for formalities. Mr. Mu has already instructed me, please take a seat."

Qin Mu nodded and sat next to Director Chen. Jing Qing, with her gaze lowered, unconsciously bit her lip, then raised a smile again.

"Wasn't Miss Jing away shooting on location?" Qin Mu turned her gaze to her, having already guessed much of the situation.

"I've always been the one endorsing the hotel's advertisements in the past."

"Oh? Mr. Mu never mentioned this to me, saying instead that I was the most suitable candidate."

"All of Rongcheng knows that all of AM's advertisements have been endorsed by me, how could you not know?"

"I truly didn't know, especially since I have only recently returned to the country, and during this time, due to people's 'kind thoughts,' I haven't even had the chance to turn on the TV to watch advertisements or the like."

When Qin Mu said this, she naturally looked at Jing Qing. Jing Qing was returning the look, and the murderous intent in both of their eyes was heavy, especially Jing Qing's, who could scarcely swallow her anger.

Hearing from someone next to Director Chen that they were going to use Qin Mu for the advertisement, she rushed back immediately, but still couldn't stop it.

Was Mu Yichen planning to give all of his fortune to this woman?

Jing Qing couldn't accept this, nor did she believe it!

"I heard Miss Qin is a very famous designer, who even endorsed big brands in Paris, truly admirable indeed."

Now that Director Chen was using Qin Mu, and with Mu Yichen being his financial backer, it was obvious on whose side he must speak, which made it even harder for Jing Qing to remain composed.

"Director Chen, that's not what you used to say. Didn't you say before that I was the most precious woman in Rongcheng? That for AM's endorsement, no one in Rongcheng was suitable but me."

Jing Qing immediately turned her head to confront Director Chen. Qin Mu didn't plan to tear her face right away, but she had no such concerns about Director Chen.

"It seems Director Chen's taste is indeed excellent, but wasn't it because I wasn't there at that time?"

Qin Mu's bright eyes stared at the woman across from her. Jing Qing found her gaze abrasive; the smile vanished from her face, and she spoke coldly, "If Director Chen can't give me an explanation for this, I'll personally go to Mr. Mu. But Director Chen, don't come to me for any future films or dramas. As for Miss Qin here, she will certainly not be starring in your TV series or movies."

"What's the reason for that?"

Director Chen actually thought Qin Mu would be perfect for a role as soon as he saw her, and after hearing Jing Qing speak, his heart cooled.

"Being a pet always comes at a price. You can ask Miss Qin. I'll take my leave first."

Jing Qing scoffed and stood up, grabbing her purse.

"Some people don't even have the value of being a pet, that is truly pitiful."

Upon hearing the word 'pet,' Qin Mu's expression grew cold, and she blocked Jing Qing before she reached the door with a retort.

"If I were to be one, I would be the legitimate wife, not a pet. Only a lowly woman like you would stoop to that."

Jing Qing immediately turned around to confront her.

"I'm afraid Miss Jing will have to wait a few years for that, waiting for me to abdicate in favor."

"What?"

"I guess Miss Jing must have headed straight for the hotel upon returning. Perhaps you should go home and ask your grandfather before considering whether you qualify to say what you just did."

Throughout the exchange, Qin Mu never looked at her, instead gently caressing the ring on her other hand.

Jing Qing's face turned pale, but within seconds, she briskly opened the door and left.

Of course, she had to go home and verify with her grandfather. If her grandfather had known about Mu Yichen marrying Qin Mu, how could he have not told her?

No, it must be that Qin Mu fabricated the story just to secure the advertisement spot; Jing Qing thought as she hurried away even faster.

It took a long while after she left for Qin Mu to regain her composure. She saw Director Chen staring at the ring on her hand and smiled at him unconsciously, "Don't mind it, Director Chen. My interactions with Miss Jing have always been like this."