

His Beloved 181

Chapter 181: Pie falls from the sky_2

"Of course not, Miss Jing's temperament is something everyone in our film crew has witnessed. But as for Miss Qin's words just now, I can't tell if they were true or false?"

"Whether they are true or false isn't that important. What matters is that I achieved the result I wanted. Director Chen, can you keep what was said today in this private room confidential?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but give him an extra glance, certainly not hoping that he would go out and talk to others.

"I understand! Let's talk about the advertisement then. We will be shooting it here this Sunday morning."

"Great!"

Being able to talk only about the advertisement was of course the best. She would definitely take the shooting seriously, not to waste the big garment factory Mr. Mu had given her without asking for a penny in return.

If Jing Qing knew that Mu Yichen had asked her, Qin Mu, to shoot the advertisement simply to save on the endorsement fee, I wonder what she would have felt. Would she have still been as angry as just now?

Jing Qing returned home and went straight to the study. The old man was practicing calligraphy and was startled to see his granddaughter return, so he immediately put down his brush.

"Xiaoqing, why have you come back? What's the matter?"

"Grandfather, I just want to ask you. Did Mu Yichen and Qin Mu get married?"

Jing Qing walked up to her grandfather, standing on the opposite side of the desk, her gaze sharp as needles.

"Ah, that matter, the boy has no fortune, Grandpa will find you a better one."

The old man lowered his head and picked up the brush he had set aside to continue writing, but Jing Qing involuntarily stepped back because of his words, her sharp eyes filling up with tears.

"I will marry no one but Mu Yichen. Grandpa, how could you do this? Such a big matter, and you didn't even say a word to me. Do you know how embarrassed I was in front of Qin Mu just now?"

Jing Qing started crying, the tears wetting her face and her chin trembling uncontrollably.

The old man looked at his crying granddaughter with a heartache and immediately put down the pen:
"You silly child, come to Grandpa."

"Grandpa, do you care at all, allowing others to trample on your granddaughter like this?"

Jing Qing ran into his arms, sobbing grievously.

"So you mean, even though they are married and have a child, you still fancy that boy?"

"Yes!"

"If he divorces and remarries, that's a second marriage, you know."

"I don't care!"

"Even if you have to be a stepmother to their bastard child?"

"Yes!"

"Oh, my foolish granddaughter, how can you be so foolish?"

The old man patted his granddaughter's shoulder, sighing with distress.

Hearing this, Jing Qing cried even more grievously, but in a moment, she drove from the Jing Family home to the Mu Family's.

As for filming, how could it be as important as what she needed to do now.

"Auntie, that cheongsam you are wearing is really beautiful."

Jing Qing, bringing a gift, complimented Feng Fanghua as soon as she met her at the Mu Family's home.

"Oh, how nice can that girl's designs really be? Come in and have a seat."

Feng Fanghua spoke politely, and once seated, she said to her granddaughter playing with toys nearby:
"Huanhuan, say hello to Auntie."

"Auntie!" Huanhuan looked up, her interest tepid.

"Good girl! Huanhuan is so lovely! Auntie, don't you think Huanhuan looks a lot like Yichen, and if you look closely, somewhat like Qingxin too."

"Humph, they are a family after all! I heard you've been shooting on location recently, how come you have time to come back?"

"Oh, AM is shooting an advertisement, so of course, I have to put my work aside and focus on this first."

Jing Qing said, bashfully lowering her eyes. Feng Fanghua glanced at her and almost said something but then thought better of it and merely smiled: "You, oh you!"

"Auntie, Yichen...did he really marry Qin Mu?"

Feng Fanghua was taken aback, but then nodded slowly.

"That boy, Yichen, has no luck. Xiaoqing, Auntie thinks of you as her own child, let me speak from the heart—don't hang yourself on his branch anymore; there are plenty better men out there, okay?"

"I will wait for him, whether it's one year, two years, or even ten or twenty years. I'll keep waiting."

Jing Qing's tender gaze overflowed with earnestness and the aggrieved demeanor of a tragic drama heroine.

It was as if she knew she might never get what she waited for, yet she remained steadfast in her determination to wait.

For a long stretch of time, the living room fell into silence. Feng Fanghua didn't know what else to say, and just as she lowered her eyes, she saw her granddaughter staring at Jing Qing, so she unconsciously called her over: "Huanhuan, come to Grandma."

Huanhuan, clutching her toy, leaned against Feng Fanghua, but her eyes couldn't help looking at Jing Qing.

Jing Qing felt her emotions were almost under control, and then she looked up at Huanhuan: "Huanhuan, can Auntie hold you? I bought you a toy."

Chapter 182: Pie falls from the sky_3

Jing Qing said, as she took out a beautiful Barbie from her large bag, looking at her tenderly.

However, Huanhuan clutched her own toy tightly and then shook her head vigorously.

As if the auntie before her was a venomous scorpion.

A sting pricked Jing Qing's heart, yet she still smiled, "Auntie is not a bad person, you know, Auntie is your daddy's friend."

The moment Huanhuan heard that, she threw her toy hard towards Jing Qing. Jing Qing was startled; the toy didn't reach her but instead landed in the cup of hot tea that had just been poured, splashing some onto her skirt.

Because the tea was scalding, she immediately stood up, painfully patting her skirt with her hands.

"Are you all right?"

Feng Fanghua hugged Huanhuan tightly and then asked her anxiously.

Jing Qing's expression was irritated and resentful for over twenty seconds, but when Feng Fanghua asked her, she immediately put on a strong smile, "I'm fine, I'll just go to the restroom."

Feng Fanghua nodded her head, watching Jing Qing walk away before looking down at Huanhuan again, "You little rascal."

Huanhuan pulled a face, then bounded away.

"Follow the little miss, and don't let her fall."

Feng Fanghua immediately instructed the maid nearby.

The servant nodded and hurriedly followed Huanhuan out.

Jing Qing fiercely rubbed the tea stain on her skirt in the restroom, inadvertently catching sight of an extra towel on the counter, her heart ached again, her hand gripping the paper towel tightened, her eyes filled with hatred.

When she came out again, her face was the picture of dignity and gentleness.

"Did you hear that Qin Mu and Qin Mingzhu nearly came to blows in a restaurant a few days ago?"

"Really?"

Feng Fanghua, not knowing half a word, asked curiously.

"I just heard it myself, that day Mingzhu was having dinner with classmates at that restaurant and happened to run into her. The two sisters, I don't know what over, started quarreling, and with Mingzhu's unruly nature, she didn't get the upper hand at all."

"I see."

Feng Fanghua didn't say much, keeping her expression neutral in front of Jing Qing. Since Jing Qing was always smiling at her, she responded in kind, like an elder would.

Yet, she couldn't help thinking to herself, that girl never talks about anything from her workshop or what happens outside when she is home, as if she doesn't consider them family at heart.

"Even though it's said that Mingzhu has a haughty and arrogant attitude, they are after all half-sisters sharing the same father; they should be somewhat alike."

"Qin Mu, that girl, doesn't have the same luck as Mingzhu; her greatest fortune, is that Mu Yichen, that boy, dotes on her, and has for twenty-three years."

Feng Fanghua probably understood Jing Qing's intent and began to speak like a sensible elder, with a touch of emotion.

It was not until Feng Fanghua said this that Jing Qing felt the pain in her heart as if it would kill her.

Indeed, ever since Qin Mu was born, Mu Yi had always watched over her.

Back then, he was still young and ignorant; why was he so enamored with that newborn baby?

And at that time, she had already been so charming and sensible, boys around her circling, yet he...

Jing Qing also lowered her head, unable to speak for a while.

After she left, Feng Fanghua sighed, "People, sometimes, really shouldn't be too obsessive."

"Madam, your treatment of Miss Jing and our young mistress isn't the same."

The maid came over to serve fruit and said to her.

Feng Fanghua looked up, "Oh? Even you think I treat Jing Qing better than that girl?"

"No, Madam, with the young mistress, you have a sharp tongue but a soft heart, and you speak bluntly because you see the young mistress as family. With Miss Jing, it might seem like doting, but in reality, you don't consider her part of the family."

"Humph, it seems those years of education weren't wasted on you."

Feng Fanghua did not expect the family servant to see through her so clearly.

She genuinely no longer considered Jing Qing as family; that's why she was no longer as extreme in her words and actions.

As for Qin Mu, this daughter-in-law, whether she liked it or not, had entered the family, and she knew how to deal with her.

When Qin Mu returned home, she sensed something off about the atmosphere; the old couple looked at her as if they had something to say but held back, and they were silent during dinner, whereas Feng Fanghua would usually feel uncomfortable if she didn't take a dig at her every two minutes, but now there was not a word.

Qin Mu subconsciously glanced at the man beside her. Mu Yichen didn't say much during meals either. Feeling her gaze, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing? I heard you and your half-sister had a fight in a restaurant, and that's nothing?"

Qin Mu...

Chapter 183: Pie falls from the sky_4

Feng Fanghua put down her chopsticks, her eyes shining brightly as she looked at her: "Do you actually not consider us your own family?"

"Why would you say that?"

Qin Mu had never dared to call her mom, but in her heart, she was dearer than her own mother.

"If you considered us your own family, would you call us uncle and auntie for so long after entering our home? Would you argue with someone outside and then come back without saying a word?"

Qin Mu...

"Do you know what a family is? A family is about sharing everything, no matter what it is, whether it's grievances or achievements, happiness or sadness."

Feng Fanghua spoke word by word, piercing straight into her heart.

She didn't know how this incident had come to Feng Fanghua's ears, but now she also knew that hiding her emotions was not necessarily being kind to others.

She had never thought to let anyone share her burdens. She wasn't intentionally keeping secrets; she was just used to being on her own.

Mu Yichen had been with her for so many years. Fearing that he would grow tired and leave her, she had never dared to nag in front of him, let alone others.

Mu Yichen also put down his chopsticks: "What exactly happened?"

Qin Mu looked at him again, sighed helplessly, then said with a smile, "It's really not a big deal. It happened that day at the restaurant. When I went to the bathroom, I was cornered in there by two male classmates of hers, but I scared those two boys away. She probably wasn't pleased about it, so she brought a few girls to trouble me again, but in the end, I won. I didn't bring it up because I didn't think much of it, not because I don't consider all of you my family."

When Qin Mu spoke towards the end, she looked at Feng Fanghua earnestly, afraid that Feng Fanghua would not understand her gaze.

"I left home when I was eight, so I got used to not sharing my troubles with anyone. If you don't mind the bother, then I'll talk to you about these things in the future, but you must promise me not to kick me out over them."

She held her bowl, grasping her chopsticks, unsure whether to put them down or to hold them up high, a little at a loss.

She looked at the bowl in her own hands, it was so warm; she didn't want to lose the warmth in the palm of her hand simply because she didn't know how to speak.

Mu Zihao sighed: "Let's eat."

Feng Fanghua didn't say anything more. At this moment, both husband and wife felt somewhat disappointed.

They had thought Qin Mu didn't consider them family, but after listening to Qin Mu, they realized they had wronged the girl, and suddenly their hearts filled with a complicated feeling.

"There's something else. I haven't had a mother or a father for many years. If you don't mind, I would really like to call you mom and dad."

Qin Mu bit her lower lip, lacking confidence as she awaited their response.

"Haven't I told you before, you should call us that whether at home or outside?"

"Dad, Mom! If I do anything wrong in the future, please make sure to criticize me."

Qin Mu suddenly stood up, very serious.

Feng Fanghua looked up at her foolish appearance and couldn't help but sigh uncontrollably.

"Even if you don't say so, your mom won't be polite to you," Mu Zihao said.

"Mom's scolding is always right! — It's like a huge pie fell from the sky, hitting me right on the head!"

Qin Mu subconsciously touched the top of her head.

The man next to her couldn't help but shake his head: "Are you sure you want to acknowledge her, she being so silly?"

"Then let's not acknowledge her!"

Feng Fanghua immediately said.

"No!"

The couple were in a panic, speaking in unison! Mu Yichen regretted his careless words even more.

"Hahahaha... Daddy, Mommy... hahaha..."

Huanhuan suddenly covered her mouth and burst into laughter. Feng Fanghua, who had been holding back, also couldn't resist laughing, and the meal suddenly took on a different atmosphere.

Latter, Qin Mu went to give Huanhuan a bath. Mu Yi wanted to follow, but Feng Fanghua stopped him.

Seeing the serious expression on his mother's face, he became more earnest: "What is it?"

"Jing Qing came today and said a lot. There's something she said that I think I need to pass on to you."

Father and son both looked curiously at the lady of the house.

"She said she would wait for you, no matter how many years or decades."

Mu Zihao couldn't help but frown: "Is this girl so devoted?"

"That's her business; there's no need to tell me."

"Can't you take this seriously? If she said this, she definitely won't just watch you continue being with your wife. Don't you understand?"

Feng Fanghua was quite angered by her son's dismissive attitude.

"And what if she does?"

Mu Yi asked curiously.

"So what? How would I know what she intends to do? Also, you've given your wife the advertisement she was supposed to endorse. Aren't you deliberately making her hate your wife?"

Feng Fanghua said, feeling irritated just thinking about it.

"Yeah, it's just an advertisement. Why didn't you leave it for her? People would think you've completely fallen out with the Jing Family."

Mu Zihao criticized him.

"You don't need to worry about this. Moreover, do you think the Jing Family has any intention of remaining friends with our Mu Family? I don't care about the friendship between your generation. Let us handle our own generation's affairs."

"We shouldn't worry? In this world, only the younger generation doesn't worry about their elders. Have you ever seen an elder who isn't concerned about their own children?"

Mu Yi didn't want to discuss this matter further with his parents, so he didn't say more, while they kept on talking.

Qin Mu was going to her room to find her phone, but as she came out of her daughter's room, she overheard their conversation. After standing for a while, she went back to her room to get her phone and then went to join her daughter.

Mu Yi had given the advertisement to her. Jing Qing indeed would hate her more, but what did that have to do with her?

Chapter 184: Discussing Which Family is Strong at Protecting the Wife_1

What she cared about was the Jing Family's attitude toward the Mu Family, and she also hoped that their younger generation could resolve their issues themselves, without the involvement of the elders...

But the thought of Mr. Jing of the Jing Family - how could he possibly stay out of it?

Later, it was Huanhuan who made her worries fade away.

The world of a child is so pure.

Latter on, when she returned to the bedroom and saw Mu Yichen lying by the bed, she walked over and sat beside him, "I won't give up this advertisement shoot."

Mu Yichen lifted his eyes and unconsciously let out a smile, his sensual hand raised to gently grasp a lock of her hair from behind her, playing with it.

"You owe me so much money, even if you wanted to let go, I wouldn't allow it."

Yet these words made Qin Mu feel even sadder.

Over the years, he had been good to her, so good that she became even more cautious.

She turned her head to look at him, and in those pair of pitch-black eyes was tenderness as gentle as the beginning.

"Ah!"

With a helpless sigh, she lay down on his chest.

"Mu Yichen, you must never regret, just keep being kind to me like this."

She spoke softly, in a voice only she could hear.

Mu Yichen slightly lifted his head wanting to see her face, but the next moment she buried her face into his chest.

Qin Mu felt that she was utterly bad, giving him so little yet wanting so much.

As these thoughts filled her mind, she couldn't help but tremble with suppressed laughter in his embrace.

Mu Yichen let out an indulgent chuckle, still gently stroking her hair.

As if, no matter what, as long as she was by his side, just wholeheartedly following him, what she was greedy for didn't really matter.

But Qin Mu didn't expect that on the day of the advertisement shoot, she would see Jing Qing sitting in the doorway holding a cup, casually seated on the sofa beside it.

Wrapped in a black bodycon dress that accentuated her curvaceous figure, with bold red lipstick that slayed men painted on her lips, and her long hair tightly pinned up behind her head, she looked like a queen attending a show.

Director Chen sat next to her, sipping the coffee she had brought, and when he saw Qin Mu come over, he immediately raised his head to greet her, "Miss Qin, would you like to have a drink first?"

With a light smile, Qin Mu walked over, sat down next to Director Chen and Jing Qing, and seeing another coffee, she picked it up, "Is this cup for me?"

"Yes! Miss Jing brought it over for everyone on set."

Director Chen, still wearing some rather old clothes, said with a smile.

"Then I won't be polite!"

Qin Mu raised her cup, thinking to herself, visiting the set?

Probably the visit was a front, and she was really here for the spectacle, right?

But as an ad star, if she was afraid of being looked at, she didn't deserve to be here.

"I've had a longstanding relationship with Director Chen, so I definitely had to come and see when he was shooting an advertisement," Jing Qing said with a smile to Qin Mu.

"Yes, you two chat first, I'm going to change my clothes!"

Today, Qin Mu was wearing a sky-blue waist-cinched dress; as she stood up, her perfect figure was fully displayed, her long hair covering her already petite face, she carried her coffee and walked inside.

"Miss Qin, this way!"

The makeup artist waited for her in the bedroom, immediately greeting her as she approached.

Qin Mu smiled, and after entering the room handed her coffee to the makeup artist, "I haven't touched it."

"Thank you, Miss Qin!"

The makeup artist expressed her gratitude and then had Qin Mu sit in the chair.

"Are you changing into your nightgown now, or later?"

"Let's do the makeup first!"

As Qin Mu said this, she was already seated, watching herself in the mirror, her skin so tender she could probably pinch out water, and with a quirk of her brow, she couldn't help but think that although Jing Qing's skin was very good, she still had the advantage of being several years younger than Jing Qing, something that even Jing Qing no longer had - the fullness of collagen on her face.

Subconsciously she thought, she must never look down on others, or else she'd surely be called out as old by someone else one day.

"Miss Qin, you don't wear much makeup when you go out, do you?"

"How could that be? I have to do my eyebrows and lips."

Qin Mu laughed and said.

"That can hardly be called makeup, but it does look more natural that way."

Qin Mu subconsciously glanced at her as the makeup artist opened her makeup box, filled to the brim with various cosmetics. Qin Mu subconsciously frowned a bit - these seemed to have been used by many people.

"Then just use a bit less powder to keep it more natural."

"Sure, just relax and I'll make you look like you've just come out of a shower."

That impressive?

It was Qin Mu's first time shooting an advertisement like this. She first watched the makeup artist professionally apply makeup and dust her face with powder in the mirror, then saw the artist spray some liquid in her hair. The makeup artist's hands seemed casual as they styled her hair a few times.

Chapter 185: Discussing Which Family is Strong at Protecting the Wife_2

Just as she hadn't anticipated, President Mu arrived before her makeup was set.

Dressed in a sharp black suit, he stood at the doorway watching her get made up, and Qin Mu instinctively turned her eyes, at first thinking it was an illusion, then confirmed it was him after a second glance.

"Why are you here?"

She asked subconsciously, and was only forced to stop looking at him when the makeup artist told her to close her eyes for the eyeshadow.

Mu Yichen approached, standing next to the makeup mirror and lowering his gaze to the makeup box the artist was using, then immediately furrowed his brow.

"Stop!"

His tone was neither light nor heavy, but it hit everyone's ears as a command.

The makeup artist glanced at him subconsciously, then continued: Mr., shooting is about to start soon.

"I said stop!"

He repeated, this time with a cooler edge.

The makeup artist, under the cold glare in his eyes, subconsciously halted and slowly stood up straight.

Qin Mu, with some discomfort in her eyes, closed one and opened the other, looking somewhat mischievous, realized quickly why he was upset and said lightly, "Let it be, the makeup is almost done."

"You always demand for perfection, why compromise all of a sudden? Especially with your favorite skin."

He interrogated in a low voice, eyeing her nonchalant demeanor.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh: Are you suggesting the makeup artist should get a new set of tools for me?

"Well, aren't you going?"

The makeup artist...

Mu Yichen gave a cold stare and commanded again; the makeup artist was still puzzled when Director Chen and Jing Qing came over, with Jing Qing looking at the makeup box: It's common to share items on an outdoor film set, don't mind if it looks a bit grimy now, they're all top brands, merely well-used.

"I don't care what others use, but she can't, get the best one, or we stop shooting today."

Qin Mu couldn't help but mentally give President Mu a thumbs up for his dominating presence.

Of course, she maintained a calm facade on the outside.

Internally, she was so excited she could almost dance.

Jing Qing, seeing Mu Yichen's earnestness, found herself at a loss for words, recalling how he had never been concerned about what kind of makeup she used, and how it was she who had to find someone to make a switch after realizing the poor quality.

"You're making it too difficult, let's just make do this time, and the next time Qin Mu can simply bring her own makeup."

Jing Qing added.

Mu Yichen, frowning, turned to look at her but didn't speak to her; instead, he said to Qin Mu: Go wash off the makeup on your face and come with me.

"How about shooting with a bare face?"

Seeing Mu Yichen's insistence and feeling a burning sensation on her face, Qin Mu made the suggestion after some thought.

Director Chen...

The makeup artist was also stunned.

"Since we're shooting a bath scene, why not just have a real bath and shoot in the most natural state? If it doesn't look good on camera, we can fix it in post-production. How about that?"

Qin Mu looked at Mu Yichen and then at Director Chen.

"But no one has ever shot an advertisement bare-faced."

"Use the bare face!"

The makeup artist had just spoken when Mu Yichen's words cut her off.

Director Chen looked at Qin Mu's face and, after thinking for a moment, nodded in agreement: Alright, let's try the bare face.

Jing Qing stood there dumbfounded, while the makeup artist nodded: Then, I'll help Ms. Qin remove her makeup.

Afterward, Qin Mu really went to take a bath, and when she emerged from the bathroom in a white bathrobe, her cheeks were flushed red from the warm steam, as if touched by a layer of peach blossom powder.

The skin on her neck was breathtakingly beautiful as well.

Mu Yichen was still standing there; Qin Mu glanced at him instinctively and approached to ask his opinion: How does it feel?

Mu Yichen didn't speak but simply stared into her watery eyes for a few seconds, then raised his hand to cup her face and gave her a long kiss.

The people on set...

The bedroom fell silent for a while, until Mu Yichen let her go and continued to gaze at her intently, saying: Now it's even more perfect.

Qin Mu felt her face burning hot, surely as he described.

And Jing Qing, who was standing at the door, subconsciously looked away; it was too dazzling to witness.

With all the equipment and crew in place, Qin Mu got onto the bed, her half-dried hair scattered as she lay in the center of the large bed, covered by the sheets, only her pair of tender and lovely feet peeking out.

Under the camera, her delicate toes moved nimbly...

Mu Yichen and Director Chen stood before the equipment, watching her toes in the monitor before involuntarily shifting their gaze directly towards the bed.

Chapter 186: Discussing Which Family is Strong at Protecting the Wife_3

Afterward, she neatly flipped off the white duvet, stretched lazily, and turned on her side.

Photographers approached the bed, taking shots from her toes all the way up.

Mu Yichen's eyes narrowed subconsciously, and Director Chen felt Mu Yichen was distancing himself, lifting his eyes to see Mu Yichen with a cold expression looking at the bed.

By this time, Qin Mu had already sat up, swept her long hair away from her beautiful neck, and then spoke her lines before getting out of bed.

Everything around was quiet; she walked barefoot to the window, spinning on the floorboards, then happily walked to the window and pushed all the curtains open with force.

Jing Qing watched from the side, watching Qin Mu as they say on TV: her skin as tender as water, seemingly as delicate as a baby's. She watched the nightgown failing to conceal her soft figure, her bare feet as if they had just soaked in a milk bath, and looking at Mu Yichen's deep gaze, she turned and left.

At noon, President Mu was treating everyone, Qin Mu simply wore her nightgown to dine with him in the bedroom, with many machines still around, and the rest of the staff outside.

The two of them ate lunch in front of the coffee table, and Qin Mu asked him, "Are you going to be here all day?"

"Mhm, I have a meeting nearby this afternoon."

He added a green pea to his mouth and said in a deep voice.

"Oh!"

Qin Mu gave him another look, feeling like he was there for her, but fearing that she was being presumptuous, she didn't ask him anything more.

It was he who suddenly stopped while eating and with a reproachful look stared at her, "If you don't like it, don't force it. Can such cosmetics be used on your face?"

"I was reluctant as soon as I saw them, but I'm not a celebrity or anything. Wouldn't asking for a change seem like I'm acting like a diva?"

"Choosing between giving the impression of being approachable and feeling great yourself, you chose the former?"

"Not at all!"

"That's what I thought!"

Qin Mu...

If this affair didn't get out, it would be fine, but if it did, in the future, no one would make this kind of mistake again.

The smartest strategy from now on would be to carry her own makeup box.

Looking at President Mu in his impeccably tailored suit, Qin Mu was unconsciously fascinated; but then she remembered she had picked out the clothes for him that morning, and immediately felt a surge of pride.

"President Mu, has anyone told you today that you look incredibly handsome?"

She suddenly raised her eyebrows, looking at him with a flirtatious gaze and asked.

Mu Yichen...

"Really? Nobody?" she asked with a disbelieving expression.

"Do you think everyone else is as superficial as you?"

President Mu very much despised his wife's shallow behavior.

"Humph, don't think that so many people only care about what's inside. Most women actually pay more superficial attention to a man's appearance."

"Oh? So, does my appearance pass in Mrs. Mu's eyes?"

"If a perfect score is ten thousand, Mrs. Mu gives you one hundred million!"

Mrs. Mu was truly generous when she was happy. President Mu thought, not saying more, and continued to eat with her.

In the afternoon, the photo shoot resumed. After finishing, Qin Mu changed into her clothes and checked the video of herself before hurrying back to the studio.

She met with clients in the reception area who had been scheduled early on; after discussing business and seeing them off, Xiaomei asked her, "When can we see your advertisement?"

"I heard it's a promotional ad for the National Day campaign, so it should be aired before then, I guess."

Qin Mu thought for a moment then replied, and then turned to Xiaomei, "You seem very happy today."

Xiaomei, holding a folder, looked at her, "Jian Yan called me today."

"Oh?"

"He knew you were shooting an ad, so he asked how the apparel factory was doing."

When Qin Mu asked curiously, Xiaomei appeared a bit saddened and hopeless.

"It's okay, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future."

Qin Mu patted her shoulder: "Don't be disappointed. The road ahead is long, the future is yours."

"Yes!"

The future is yours, achievable only through your own efforts.

Without effort...

There would be no chance of success. However, up until now, Xiaomei hadn't dared to confess her feelings to Jian Yan, and the more she thought about it, the more depressed she felt.

After work, everyone left, she stayed to draw for a while before preparing to leave, but before turning off the lights, she noticed a parked car outside the window.

The driver, Uncle Zhang, came out first to open the car door for her father, and the man in the dark suit stepped out.

Qin Mu felt her heart forcefully thudded, yet she could only stand numbly by the switch, turning off the light.

She came out of the studio, before Qin Haiming walked in.

The father and daughter stood at a distance from each other, Qin Mu looking into his eyes with even more hopelessness.

Chapter 187: Discussing Which Family is Strong at Protecting the Wife_4

"Miss!"

Uncle Zhang greeted her, and Qin Mu nodded toward him before Uncle Zhang returned to the car, and Qin Haiming stood there with her.

It was an early autumn evening and had already become somewhat cool.

The wind brushed against her face, and it was itching, whether because of the morning's makeup or the weather, but she remained as stubborn as ever.

"How about father and daughter have a meal together?"

"I'm not free!"

Her voice was indifferent as she moved to open her own car.

"Mumu,— I heard you've moved back into the Mu Family's house. It's still uncertain whether the Mu Family can be trusted, don't you want to listen to your closest elder's thoughts?"

Qin Haiming stopped her, struggling internally before deciding to share his thoughts with her.

People say that leaders are often distrustful, and now Qin Mu realized this was absolutely true.

"It's not necessary. I'm clear on how the Mu Family treats me. As for you..."

She turned her head; in the darkness, she couldn't see his face and just subconsciously imagined him as she remembered: "As for you, I wouldn't dare to jump to conclusions."

"Mumu, no matter how heartless dad is, he would never neglect his own daughter."

"Are you referring to Qin Mingzhu, Miss Qin from the Qin Family house? Does the name Mingzhu mean to convey that she is the pearl in the palm of you and Mrs. Qin?"

Qin Mu asked with a light chuckle.

"Mumu, Mingzhu is my daughter, and so are you!"

"Then why was I the one sent away instead of her?"

There was a moment when Qin Haiming couldn't say a word, and Qin Mu just looked steadily at him.

In fact, in the darkness, neither could see the other clearly, yet it seemed as if they could see each other all too well.

"Dad was wrong in the past, and I've realized my mistake."

"But just a few days ago, your beloved Mingzhu was ranting in front of me, vowing to destroy my mother's grave. How can I believe your words?"

Qin Mu thought to herself that she was truly beyond redemption, yet she did not want her enemies to gloat.

After saying those words, she felt no guilt, even finding it satisfying.

"Is that true? Did that girl really say such a thing?"

"Whether she said it or not, you can ask her yourself when you go back. My word alone doesn't count."

Qin Mu gave him another look, then turned and walked toward her car.

"Mumu, Dad has changed his mind. I can assure you that your mom will always be my first wife. She will always be part of the Qin Family. No one will touch her grave."

Before getting into the car, Qin Mu heard that promise and gripped the car handle tightly. For a while, she felt as if her heartbeat had stopped, let alone anything else.

Her breath almost seemed to stop, even her eyes started to hurt badly.

But in the end, she didn't say anything more to him, opened the car door, got in, and left the studio ahead of him, under his watchful gaze.

Had he really thought it through?

Or was it just a spur of the moment decision?

Or was it because of the Mu Family?

Whatever it was, it definitely wasn't because he still had feelings for her mother.

On the way, Qin Mu suddenly wondered if she was asking too much. After more than ten years apart, how could there be any old feelings left?

She couldn't fathom men, less so with each day.

That night, she didn't know when it began to rain, but when she woke up, she heard the sound of raindrops diligently tapping against the window.

It seemed like a summons.

She wrapped a shawl around her shoulders and stood in front of the glass screen, leaning gently on the glass, watching the rain turn the glass chaotic and the trees outside bend in the wind.

The yard lights were blurred, like neon or like a parting gesture.

Mu Yichen couldn't find her when he wanted to hold her, so he turned toward the dimly lit place at the window and walked barefoot to her, embracing her from behind.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Do you remember the reason I decided to come back?"

She asked softly.

The room warmed a little, with the closeness of the two people, with their affections.

"Yes!"

How could he forget? Her father called to have her mother's grave moved from the Qin Family plot, and she had decided to come back and set roots in anger.

"He told me tonight that my mom will always be his first wife, and he said that she would never be moved."

Her voice was lower and lower, even somewhat lost.

Mu Yichen hugged her tighter, pressing her head gently onto his shoulder.

"Yichen, I can't trust him, can I? It was he who drove my mother to death, he who made us leave home when we were young, he who deprived us of love."

She said sadly, tears slowly falling from her eyes.

He embraced her even tighter and sighed involuntarily: Can't we just let go of him and live our own lives?

"Yes!"

By this time, her eyes were red.

She agreed subconsciously, then turned and buried herself in his warm embrace, her arms tightly wound around him.

The night was silent.

Although a heavy rain was falling.

Yet the two of them held each other tightly, as if nothing else in the world could disturb them.

Even her voice became so faint, so tender like water, and so fervently warm.

Chapter 188: Mrs. Mu is very attractive_1

It had only been a week, and the advertisements began airing on various radio stations.

That day, everyone in the studio stood in front of the television hanging from the roof to watch the first advertisement. After watching, they happily discussed it.

Only Qin Mu remained unaffected.

Over several days, she realized that something seemed different between her and Mu Yichen.

He seemed more affectionate, so much so that it made her tremble.

Suddenly remembering what she had said to him on that rainy night when she lost control, she felt suffocated while working on her designs in the office.

Liu Jingyuan's car stopped outside their studio, and this time he brought a beautiful woman with him.

Xiaomei knocked on her door, "Qinqin, you should come out and see."

"What's the matter?"

She put down her pen and turned her head to look at the girl who was peeking in cautiously through the door.

"Director Liu is here, and he's brought a beautiful woman."

Qin Mu...

By the time the two of them went downstairs, they indeed saw a beautiful girl.

Liu Jingyuan immediately stood up with a smile upon seeing her, "Miss Qin, long time no see."

"Director Liu, please have a seat!"

Qin Mu smiled professionally, asked him to sit down, and took a seat herself opposite him and the beautiful woman.

"This is..."

"My fiancée."

Qin Mu was taken aback, but then immediately smiled, "Congratulations Director Liu, your fiancée is very beautiful."

"We're planning to have a small engagement party next month, and I came here to ask you to help design a gown."

He said, turning his head to smile at the girl sitting next to him.

The girl smiled graciously back at him, then turned to Qin Mu, "I'm counting on you!"

"Director Liu has helped me before, it's the least I can do. Xiaomei, please take the measurements for Director Liu's fiancée."

"Okay!"

Xiaomei's pocket always had a tape measure ready.

While the fiancée got up to be measured, Liu Jingyuan unconsciously watched Qin Mu. Qin Mu only felt someone's gaze and, following it, saw Liu Jingyuan's contemplative look.

"You too? Together?"

"No need, I hardly wore the suit you designed last time."

A boss, wearing old clothes to his engagement...

"Let me redesign a suit for you as well, after all, it's a groom's suit, and I have a backup of your measurements here," she said.

"That would trouble you!"

Liu Jingyuan was very polite, to the point of being slightly awkward.

After sending them off, Qin Mu stood at the door and couldn't help but ask, "Is Director Liu's fiancée from Rongcheng?"

"Doesn't seem like it!"

Xiaomei shook her head, recalling the girl's accent.

But no matter where the girl was from, it wasn't their business to worry about. Next week, Jing Feng and Helian Hao were getting married, and she had to finish designing their wedding garments this week.

Thinking about it, Qin Mu decided to work overtime, but as soon as it got dark, Yichen's car stopped downstairs at her studio.

Ever since Yichen learned the password to their studio's lock, he has been coming and going as if it was his own place, no matter how late it was.

While Qin Mu was drawing, she suddenly smelled the scent of flowers and instinctively looked toward the source, only to see him walking in.

"Aren't you supposed to be working overtime tonight?"

"I came to keep Mrs. Mu company while she works overtime."

Mrs. Mu, feeling helpless, tried to change the subject, "What smells so fragrant?"

"Night-blooming jasmine!"

He produced a flower from behind his back and walked over to place it on her desk.

"Wow, did you just break off a flower to give to me?"

"As long as Mrs. Mu likes it."

"How about trying this scent for your shower gel next time?"

"Whatever Mrs. Mu decides."

Qin Mu felt helpless; all day long, he called her Mrs. Mu, as if he was afraid she'd forget she was his Mrs. Mu.

That night, as she worked on her designs, he watched her from the couch.

Later, when she couldn't continue drawing, she sat down on the couch, leaned against his shoulder, and rested casually.

"Liu Jingyuan was here today, with his beautiful fiancée."

"Oh? Is she as pretty as you?"

"That depends on whose eyes we're talking about. In your eyes..., I must be the most beautiful."

She looked at him playfully and then climbed on top of his lap.

Mu Yichen relaxed on the couch and watched her with a seductive eye, unconsciously humming.

"You're saying I'm the most beautiful in your eyes, right?"

"The advertisement that aired today had a good effect," he mentioned, with an implied meaning.

"Did it surpass the one Jing Qing filmed?"

"Hmm!"

Yichen agreed quietly, his gaze on her revealing an undeniable desire.

Qin Mu held his face and kissed him forcefully on the lips, "Mwah!"

"Mrs. Mu, you're seducing me."

The spacious couch suddenly seemed a bit crowded because of his words.

Chapter 189: Mrs. Mu is very attractive_2

His naked desire to devour her made Qin Mu unconsciously smile, holding his face and rubbing it vigorously: "That's right, I am seducing you, President Mu, will you let me?"

"Hmm! That will depend on whether your skills are up to par or not," he said.

"Ha!"

He subconsciously held her and moved, intending to pin her down, but she ended up pushing him off with force.

President Mu...

Qin Mu blinked, her gaze filled with ambiguity as she looked at him: "Today, you'll witness Mrs. Mu's capabilities."

"Come on!"

President Mu was expectant.

Then Qin Mu pounced on him, one hand reaching for his belt buckle, the other pulling out his shirt tucked into his waist, her cold hand slipping into his chest.

It had rained last night, yet tonight the sky was filled with stars.

Qin Mu kissed him intermittently on the couch, pressing on his shoulders to stop him from taking the initiative.

That night-blooming jasmine was still lying quietly on the table, emitting its unique fragrance.

Meanwhile, the intimacy and entanglement on the couch had already begun.

When they got home later, it was almost eleven o'clock, and they sneaked in, thinking everyone was asleep, only to find the butler still waiting for them on the couch inside.

Hearing their arrival, the butler immediately stood up from the couch and asked with a bowed head, "Young Master, Young Mistress, are you back?"

The two of them fell silent at once.

"You haven't gone to bed yet?"

"I was waiting for you. The lady was worried that you wouldn't eat well outside, so she prepared supper. Do you want some now?"

So the two had no choice but to go to the dining room and quietly sip bird's nest soup.

"Please go and rest!"

Mu Yichen watched Qin Mu's childish antics and couldn't help but raise his eyes to the butler, saying those words. The butler finally got the chance to retire and promptly nodded before leaving.

Qin Mu realized only then that the old man had been waiting for them to tell him he could rest.

Mu Yi also relaxed a lot after the butler left.

It was unsettling for both of them to be waited on by an elder so late into the night.

Sometimes, waiting can also be a form of happiness.

Compared to never having to wait or waiting in vain!

Later on, when the two of them returned upstairs, Mrs. Mu was dragged into the bathroom by President Mu for a shared shower.

As her skin touched the cold wall, the sensation was electrifying, and Qin Mu, with her mouth open, dared not make a sound but looked completely disheveled.

Mu Yi accidentally touched the chilly wall with his hand and immediately pulled her away, whispering something softly in her ear that made Qin Mu's ears turn crimson.

"No!"

"Be good!"

Afterward, she found herself on all fours.

By the time they returned to bed, it was almost one o'clock, and Qin Mu had no strength left to resist President Mu's advances.

"Be good, or you'll be restless and unable to sleep without me."

"Who says I can't sleep without finding you? Go away."

Qin Mu was still angry about what happened in the bathroom.

"Is it okay if I'm the one who can't sleep without finding you? Sleep peacefully in my arms."

He always had the same approach to coddling children. Did he think she was still a child?

"Mu Yichen!" Qin Mu suddenly called out to him after thinking.

"Hmm?"

Then she just closed her mouth, holding back her laughter and ignoring him.

However, that one call had tickled Mu Yichen's heart, making him want to ask her what was on her mind. Seeing the expression on the woman in his arms, he knew he'd been played, yet he still felt perturbed, thinking she must have something she wanted to say to him.

"Little enchantress!"

So before going to sleep, he nipped her neck a bit too hard.

In the morning, Qin Mu woke up and squeezed into Huanhuan's room with her, causing Huanhuan to laugh in delight the moment she felt her mommy. Qin Mu also laughed as she wiggled further into the bed.

Eventually, Huanhuan couldn't hold back her laughter and exclaimed, "Mommy, Mommy, Huanhuan is gonna be without a blanket!"

"Mommy's got you!"

Saying that, Qin Mu immediately scooped up her daughter into her arms, and mother and daughter played under the covers to their heart's content.

When Feng Fanghua entered, she saw this scene and immediately said, "What are you doing? Don't tire out my granddaughter's voice so early in the morning."

Qin Mu...

Huanhuan looked up instantly: "Grandma, help!"

"Oh, my dear granddaughter, has your mother been bullying you? Come to grandma."

Feng Fanghua sat on the foot of the bed, and Huanhuan, wearing her Disney princess pajamas, immediately got up and ran into her grandma's arms.

Feng Fanghua, though bumped forcefully, was actually overjoyed.

And Mrs. Mu felt a bit...

There's nothing like the love of a grandmother, as the saying goes, and her daughter exemplified the very sentiment.

Feng Fanghua truly doted on Huanhuan to the core. Recently, Huanhuan didn't even care for Mu Yi much. Whenever Mu Yi tried to hug her and give her a kiss, she quickly covered his mouth with her hand.

Even though he always kept his beard very clean, Huanhuan would laugh and tell him it was prickly.

Chapter 190: Mrs. Mu is very attractive_3

Sigh!

Qin Mu let out a sigh in her heart but still gathered her hair and sat up, "Mom, good morning!"

"I'm dressing Huanhuan, you better go wash up quickly."

Feng Fanghua glanced at her and said, then went on to find clothes for Huanhuan.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu wanted to say she could do it herself, but in the end, she obediently walked away.

After all, she didn't dare to talk back to Mrs. Feng.

She only dared to retort coldly to those outside.

When she returned to her room, Mu Yichen was lying on the bed, and he smiled triumphantly seeing her come back.

"What are you smiling at? If you went, you'd be chased out too."

Qin Mu immediately said, stepping forward briskly, grabbing the blanket and throwing it at his face.

Mu Yichen caught the blanket in time but still couldn't help laughing, "That's why I didn't go, I told you not to go."

"If I hadn't gone, you..."

Getting up in the morning looking like that, having eaten twice last night, aren't you afraid of impotence?

The mere thought of his ferocious thing made Qin Mu run away, only to be chased out again, sigh, such a hard life.

But the hard-life part couldn't stop her from chuckling while she went to wash up.

This happiness stemming from family, she hadn't experienced it for far too long, it felt like a dream.

However, as she was washing her face in the bathroom and had just applied facial cleanser, she felt someone press up against her from behind.

"Thought you could escape like that?"

Mu Yichen whispered in her ear as he picked her up.

Qin Mu...

So, washing her face truly wasn't easy.

After she cleaned up and turned to look at the man who was pulling up his trousers: Mu Yichen, aren't you afraid of aging prematurely?

"Don't worry, your husband can absolutely keep you satisfied until your hair turns white."

"Get lost!"

Qin Mu, helpless, threw the used towel at him and turned to leave.

Mu Yichen finished buckling his belt and caught the towel at the same time.

After breakfast, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen went to work, while Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao took the kids to the amusement park.

Huanhuan was dressed like a little princess, and naturally, she herself always paid great attention to her image. They led Huanhuan joyfully inside, but they ran into a mahjong friend who also came to play with her grandson. She looked at the delicate little girl and asked subconsciously, "Oh, such a cute little girl, is she your son's?"

"What are you talking about, would I bring her if she weren't my son's?"

Feng Fanghua glanced at the woman, while Mu Zihao had already gone off to chat with the husband of this lady, not caring about the little dispute between them.

"Oh my, that's not what I meant at all, you're always misunderstanding others. It's not like I haven't heard that your son got married, I didn't say your son can't have children."

"Old Li, I like those words of yours even less, so what if he's not married? Can't he have children if he's not married?"

"No, no, look at me, all mouth. Let's take the kids to have fun, shall we?"

The lady clapped her mouth, quickly taking the lead with her grandson.

Later, the two children did have a lot of fun, but the gossip lady couldn't help but ask, "Is this the child your son had with that girl thrown away by the Qin family?"

"What do you mean 'thrown away by the Qin family'? Go ask Qin Haiming, whether he threw her away or sent Qin Mu abroad for a better education? If you don't know, then stop talking nonsense, okay?"

Feng Fanghua glared at her admonishingly.

"Let's just say I farted, can we? With so many years between us, I'm speaking frankly to you. Look at the girl's mother, have you forgotten how her mom died? You can't afford to have this kind of girl in your family."

The lady whispered in front of her, looking very cautious.

"So by your logic, what kind of girl should our family look for?"

Feng Fanghua hated those who looked down on others the most, even though she had once done the same.

"Of course, someone from the Jing family, with a strong family background and a proper status, your granddaughter's mom, she has no position in the Qin family, what can she help your family with?"

"Our Mu Family needs to sacrifice a son for a marriage alliance? Are you suggesting my son has no business acumen? That only by marriage can our business grow stronger?"

The lady was immediately at a loss for words, staring at her dumbfounded.

"Jing Qing is good, I also consider her my own child, but our family isn't blessed enough to have her as a daughter-in-law. No matter how bad Qin Mu is, she is the one my son has chosen, and I will not question my son's judgment."

Feng Fanghua's words thoroughly shocked the lady, this was completely unlike Feng Fanghua's previous behavior.