

## His Beloved 201

Chapter 201: You must make a decision\_7

"The dress prepared for Helian Hao last time couldn't be used, have you ever considered using it yourself?"

Mu Yichen didn't answer but instead asked her another question.

Qin Mu's eyes moved, and with a smile that was not quite a smile, she shrugged: "To be honest, I think it won't be long before the two of them hold their wedding again."

"So, you're keeping that wedding dress for her?"

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen would never forget the time she wore a wedding dress for the perfume advertisement, how much he wanted her to wear the wedding dress again, this time not for an ad, not to impress anyone, but to become his bride.

It's just that she seemed to have no such thought at all.

So be it, now was a time of troubles, he would let her defeat Jing Qing first.

"Actually, I always thought that after you returned, your first enemy would be that mother and daughter from the Qin Family, I could never have imagined it would be Jing Qing."

"I didn't expect this outcome either."

Qin Mu, sitting beside him, unconsciously let out a bitter smile after hearing his words.

Yes, she also thought it would be the Qin Family, but they hardly bothered her, it was Jing Qing who repeatedly approached her and then started causing her trouble.

It turns out, wanting to have someone can make a woman so crazy, Jing Qing, who was always gentle and dignified, finally changed into someone unrecognizable for a man.

"You chose to use Wen Runuan to defeat Jing Qing, how confident are you?"

"Ninety percent!"

Mu Yichen, subconsciously looked at her more seriously, Qin Mu also looked up at him, then rationally and observantly analyzed with him: "Haven't you noticed that Director Zhang is also quietly weaving a net, before, with Jing Qing having you, he didn't dare to push Wen Runuan forward, now that Jing Qing has lost you, Wen Runuan was immediately pushed out, meaning that the next empress of Jingshang will be Wen Runuan. —I'm just assisting you, or we are mutually beneficial."

Mu Yichen realized, once this young girl's mind got to work, it was terrifying.

She seemed to see through everything.

"Not a bad analysis, so am I to help you package Wen Runuan now?"

"You could also say it's helping Director Zhang, and this way, you don't have to be involved in a scandal with Jing Qing,..."

"Admit it, Mrs. Mu, you're jealous!"

"I admit it, what's wrong with being jealous? On one hand, you run off to Paris to find me, and on the other hand, you're in the country putting on a show with Jing Qing, happily busy, what do you take me for?"

Qin Mu said this and forcefully poked his chest with her finger.

But before she could poke him twice, he firmly grasped her hand and stretched it out flat against his chest.

"There's only you here!"

Here we go again,

President Mu started looking at her with those deep, affectionate eyes, and Qin Mu felt her heart begin to pound wildly again.

"Really?"

"Truly warm!"

But it didn't last more than a few seconds before she immediately started joking with him, laughing.

"Your hands are so cold, you should see a Chinese medicine practitioner someday, get yourself properly treated."

He mentioned to her, taking his time.

"Alright!"

Everything was fine, as long as he was hers, even the most bitter medicine would be no problem.

She was too obedient lately, so obedient that Mu Yichen found it unreal.

At night, the two of them went to a party together, Qin Mu was originally against it, but President Mu said, they didn't need to be truly married to attend the party together, only if he wanted it.

So she went with him, and then they played until after eleven before running out.

Only to be caught directly upstairs.

This place was too familiar.

"Do you still remember where you stayed when you first came back?"

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"Remember!"

She soothingly agreed with a sound, but her eyes still clung to the ceiling, unyielding.

Knowing that she had returned, he promptly found her, and the two of them got involved that very day.

But at the time, she could never have imagined that she would soon return to Rongcheng, and one day become a part of the vast Mu Family household.

When they spoke of vast, it wasn't the number of people, but rather the overwhelming scale and reach of their business empire, their unattainable loftiness and profundity.

She turned her head to look at him, and there he was, still the same devil-may-care, imperious Young Master Mu standing before her, while she was no longer the simple Qin Mu from before.

The things she had been doing recently were, honestly, not what she wanted to do.

She had thought at first that to become a renowned designer one simply needed to know how to draw, to craft garments, and to network a bit.

But she hadn't anticipated that the road to success would be littered with so many stumbling blocks.

"Now that we're back here, how does it feel?"

He asked her in a low voice.

"Like a dream!"

Her voice was somewhat weak.

"A dream? Baby, this isn't a dream, this is real!"

He clearly answered by her ear.

Yes, everything was real, all these dream-like events had truly unfolded.

"Why suddenly bring me here?"

"To relive old dreams!"

President Mu said, his penetrating eyes chilling yet frosty.

"Relive old dreams?"

She echoed in a low voice, unwittingly letting out a laugh.

Her long lashes reluctantly closed together, lush and gentle, evoking a sense of vulnerability.

That night, rain suddenly began to pour, no, it was more like a thunderstorm.

The sound was deafening, as if it would burst one's eardrums, and the upscale guest room was unable to shut it out.

But who knew that the season for thunderstorms would arrive so quickly, the person in bed listened to the thunderous noise outside.

"What's the matter?"

"Don't like it!"

She didn't like the thunder.

Mu Yichen tucked in the blanket: I'm here!

"Hmm!"

That low acknowledgement was from her heart, which had been lonely for many years, finally finding something to lean on.

All the lights in the room dimmed down, but it was because of the thunderous weather that Qin Mu needed him all the more.

How she wished, on each such day, that he would always be by her side.

Whether it was day or night, as long as she could hear his strong heartbeat, she would feel a sense of security.

"Mumu!"

"Hmm?"

"I love you!"

That husky voice surprised them both.

Qin Mu didn't move, but her eyes quietly grew moist.

"This life, and the next, I will always love you like this and never leave you."

So please be assured, I will always be here to protect you, you'll never have to fight alone.

Tears finally escaped the corners of Qin Mu's eyes at such a heartfelt declaration; she had only ever heard Mu Yichen speak so tenderly.

His voice was low and deep, as if it might be drowned out at any moment by the rain outside, but the woman in his arms could hear it all too clearly.

Lately, whenever it was late at night, Qin Mu felt like she was not herself.

It was as if her mind was being filled with thoughts that didn't belong to her, thoughts that would vanish by the next morning but sneak back into her mind and heart with each approaching night.

The next morning, the two of them went back and were chastised for not coming home, which was disgraceful.

But after the scolding, they were allowed upstairs. Later, Mu Yichen went to the company, and Qin Mu to the studio. Around noon, the Mu family received a visitor, Qin Haiming.

"That girl Mumu, she probably will never forgive me in her lifetime. It's fine if she doesn't want to see me, just don't mention that I came to see my granddaughter," said Qin Haiming as he sat on the sofa drinking tea and chatting with Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua, with Huanhuan playing with toys nearby, unable to help but glance at this man she was not familiar with.

"Huanhuan, that's your grandpa, call him grandpa."

"Grandpa? What's that? Can you eat it?"

Huanhuan looked up at her grandma, perplexed. The word 'grandpa' was so unfamiliar to her that she couldn't quite grasp its meaning.

"Oh dear, this child!"

Feng Fanghua said with an embarrassed laugh.

"No matter, no matter," Qin Haiming said softly, his eyes full of tender love.

"Your relationship with your daughter might take a while to mend, but it seems like Huanhuan quite likes you."

"Yes, Huanhuan, your grandpa is your mom's dad. Go on, call him grandpa; grandpa brought you lots of

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Listening to her grandparents speak, she blinked and then walked towards Qin Haiming, her pure, large eyes giving him a somewhat unfamiliar look as she called out, "Grandpa."

"Good girl, our Huanhuan is really cute!"

Qin Haiming raised his hand and lovingly stroked her soft hair, smiling and sighing.

Later, after Huanhuan was taken out to play, he said, "This child does resemble Qin Mu when she was little."



"Yes!"

Feng Fanghua also nodded her head. She still remembered Qin Mu as a child, although those memories were a bit blurred now, but those eyes, that demeanor, always seemed the same as before.

"Little brother, now that you're here at our home, I'm not treating you as a leader but as family, and there are some things I have to say to you."

Having discussed almost everything else, Mu Zihao finally started to talk seriously about some things on his mind.

"Alright, speak!"

In fact, Qin Haiming's visit wasn't just to see Huanhuan. He had heard that someone was causing trouble for Qin Mu, and as a father, he had no choice but to make the trip.

"Mumu might have some unclear ties with the Jing Family, so you need to be prepared in your mind."

"Is it the matter of the Jing Family girl hating Mumu because of Yichen?"

Mu Zihao nodded, and Qin Haiming sighed and then smiled faintly, "At our age, what haven't we experienced? It's just seeing the younger ones going through these things... If the Jing Family really wants to vent their anger on one person from the Qin Family, I don't mind giving them my black gauze cap."

As Qin Haiming spoke, his eyes revealed nothing but earnestness.

"Oh, that's not what we mean. We just need to be prepared, we might keep our distance from the Jing Family, or worse, but we won't let our child suffer unjustly, right?"

Feng Fanghua was not sounding like her usual self when scolding Qin Mu; she was making sense with every word.

"How could I not trust you two elders? That you've allowed the child to stay in your home shows that you have accepted her. I've seen clearly over the years how you treat your own family."

Qin Haiming didn't actually think this way, but he had to say so now in order to have them treat his daughter well.

"We also have many shortcomings, and haven't spared Mumu from suffering, either. You deigning to visit our home to see Huanhuan shows that you really care about both of them. Let's not talk niceties. Today, all three of us as elders are here, and we must clarify some things so that we can have a common understanding about the child's issues in the future."

Mu Zihao continued, gesturing for Qin Haiming, who was sitting diagonally across, to take a tea cup. Qin Haiming picked up the tea cup, but no further words came out of his mouth.

Because Qin Mu had moved into the Mu Family home and then left not long afterward, Qin Haiming wasn't really optimistic about this family. But now, hearing Mu Zihao's words, he knew he had to think of the long-term strategy.

When Mu Yichen came home in the evening, he saw his daughter holding an unfamiliar toy with great interest and inadvertently paused on that toy.

Feng Fanghua noticed his return and that he was standing by the sofa looking at the toy in the little girl's arms, so she immediately came out of the kitchen to his side. "Today, Huanhuan's outsi..."

"I have some matters to attend to, going to the study."

Mu Yichen withdrew his gaze from his daughter and started walking towards the staircase.

Feng Fanghua shared a puzzled look with Huanhuan, then glanced curiously at him a couple more times.

Not listening?

Why not?

Feng Fanghua didn't understand, but she didn't bother to say more.

It's just that she couldn't talk about Qin Mu, and now she couldn't talk to her son either. Was this going to suffocate her?

"Your father is such a sly one."

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but mutter to her granddaughter who then suddenly smiled and imitated, "Sly, daddy."

Feng Fanghua, at a loss, laughed and took her granddaughter's little hand, "Let's go to the kitchen and see what yummy things they are making."

"I want to eat a drumstick," Huanhuan looked up at her grandmother and said.

"Alright, then we'll tell the kitchen staff that our little treasure wants a drumstick, shall we?"

"Yes, with ketchup!"

Huanhuan nodded and then went to the kitchen with her grandmother.

Qin Mu, after coming back, didn't notice anything unusual and thought that the new toy on her daughter's bed was just another gift from the indulgent grandparents.

Once she returned to the room and saw Mu Yichen on his phone, she cuddled up to him and lazily said, "So warm."

"What are you looking at?"

"Next year, there might be some changes at the top."

He spoke in a low voice, then put away the phone and wrapped his arms around her.

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"Fine, we'll change!"

She suddenly flipped over, stood up after taking her hand off him, and headed for the bathroom.

Mu Yichen placed both hands behind his head, "I'll take you to see a traditional Chinese medicine doctor in a few days."

"Sure!"

She agreed readily, but didn't even turn her head back.

Mu Yichen sighed unconsciously and picked up his phone to continue reading the news about the rankings.

She tossed her clothes aside, submerged herself in the bathtub, and then sunk deeply into the water.

Many things, you can know the outcome before they even start.

Many things, you have been living them for half your life, and still, you can't see what the future holds.

The scene of her mother's car accident suddenly surfaced in her mind. She forgot how long she had been holding her breath underwater until she almost suffocated. Struggling, her pale hands tightly gripped the edge of the bathtub before she finally managed to raise her head for air.

Xiaohao said or Qin Haiming really wanted to reconcile with her, asking her if she had any intention of making peace.

To have a father, to have a home.

But she was sensible when her parents' marriage ran into trouble. Those vivid memories were too painful for her heart to bear.

She watched clearly as the couple went from loving each other to hating and fighting, and then to a bitter separation by death.

How could she pretend her mother's death was just an accident, that her father was still her father, and the home was still home.

She didn't even dare to go back to that house; she didn't even dare to look back.

She had barely managed to live through this first half of her life.

She could pretend it was okay, that they had reconciled, but deep down, she knew she could never truly make peace in this lifetime.

There's a scar in her heart, so big and deep that it twitches with pain when the weather's bad.

That night, she fell asleep in Mu Yichen's arms.

The next day.

"Today's breakfast is scallion pancakes, steamed buns, and nutritious porridge. What would our Huanhuan like to eat?"

"Steamed buns!"

Huanhuan followed her grandmother to the dining room, was lifted into the chair by her, and then drooled at the sight of the freshly steamed buns.

Mu Zihao sat at the head of the table, hearing his granddaughter say she liked steamed buns and smiling, "My granddaughter and I share the same taste."

"Oh please, like you have a say?"

Feng Fanghua couldn't bear to burst his proud bubble.

Mu Zihao smiled and said, "That's right, after all."

"Good morning, Mom and Dad, morning, Huanhuan!"

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen walked in together, smiling and greeting everyone.

"Morning, come on, sit and eat!" Mu Zihao said.

Feng Fanghua didn't speak, just unconsciously looked toward her son, but Mu Yichen didn't meet her gaze, making her feel a bit anxious.

She didn't know whether Mu Yichen had told Qin Mu about Qin Haiming's visit, but they couldn't ask directly. They wanted to tell Qin Mu directly, but feared that Qin Mu might not take it well and cause unhappiness in the family.

Mu Yichen caught his mother's look but pretended not to see and remained silent, causing Feng Fanghua to get irritated and coldly say, "Let's eat!"

Everyone...

Only Mu Yichen and his precious daughter were happily eating as if nothing was wrong.

The husband and daughter-in-law were rather nervous.

However, they ended up having a full meal. Today, Qin Mu wore a new suit with a white bow-tie silk blouse underneath, carrying a blue bag as she went downstairs to work, overhearing Feng Fanghua telling her daughter to go buy toys. She subconsciously paused, "Mom, we should buy less toys for her in the future. Last time I went to the storeroom, I didn't see anything but all sorts of her toys there."

Feng Fanghua was about to walk out with her granddaughter bent over, but she unconsciously looked up at her...

After Qin Mu finished greeting them and walked away, Feng Fanghua stood up, knowing that Qin Mu must have seen the toy placed on Huanhuan's bed the night before, thinking it was bought by her, and sighed unconsciously.

Keeping such a secret made her particularly uncomfortable. She had lied plenty of times for her son before, but back then, her son didn't pay her any attention, so it didn't hurt her.

But now, seeing how Qin Mu naively trusted her, without a hint of doubt, truly made her feel a bit miserable.

The sun outside was a bit harsh, even though it was autumn, the sun was still scorching, with strong winds, or perhaps even more scorching than before.

Qin Mu drove to work, her mind preoccupied with her day's tasks, speeding up a little.

Some might look down on her little car, but upon reaching the studio, she was immediately whisked away; her colleague drove her car to the clothing factory, the designers held a meeting together, and then each set off to start their

Xiaomei went to bring her coffee, smiling as she asked, "Should we advertise for our studio? The ad you did for AM was so good; I'm sure it would be great if you did one for us."

"It's not the right time yet. Even if we had an advertisement, could we handle the influx?"

Upon reaching her office, she took off her blazer, and the white silk blouse made her slender shoulders seem even more delicate. Leaning against the desk with a coffee cup in hand, she looked at Xiaomei's impatient expression and asked.

"But we already have our own clothing factory. Wouldn't it be good to advertise sooner rather than later?"

"It's still not advisable to hype it up too much. Let's wait a while."

Qin Mu thought that once Wen Runuan clinched the Best Actress award this year and the public noticed the improvement in her style, their studio would naturally become known. It was precisely because Jing Qing wore the dress she designed to walk the red carpet that they gained these clients, right?

She thought that Wen Runuan would bring even more benefits to their studio in the future. After all, Wen's gentle and harmless appearance and her girl-next-door look and demeanor, though not quite princess-like, would surely be unstoppable once it caught fire.

Moreover, Jingshang intended to cultivate its own talents, and artists like Jing Qing, who were difficult to manage, would sooner or later be suppressed. At least for the next few years, Wen Runuan would certainly remain Jingshang's mainstay. In just two or three years, their studio could also truly establish a foothold in Rongcheng.

She wanted to plant the studio's roots here, deep and secure.

Later, when Wen Runuan sent a video asking what to wear for going out, Qin Mu put down her work and glanced at the video, then picked out an outfit for her.

After trying on the selected attire, Wen Runuan couldn't help but laugh, "Isn't this a bit too youthful?"



"Aren't you only twenty-four?"

"Already twenty-five in nominal age."

"This look is just right for you. You should stop wearing overly mature clothes from your wardrobe."

"Then I really won't have anything else to wear, will I?"

"Go buy more. I'll have Xiaomei go with you."

"Is that so, you're not available?"

"Not for the time being, and Xiaomei has more ideas than me when it comes to picking clothes, especially in your style."

Qin Mu had a lot of confidence in Xiaomei in certain aspects and knew that, in the future, Xiaomei, as her assistant, would have to take on many tasks for her.

"Alright, but for important occasions, I still want you to personally design my outfits. That's my bottom line."

"Ok!"

The two enjoyed a pleasant chat, and then she continued her sketching. In fact, she was designing a gown for Wen Runuan.

She planned to dress Wen Runuan in youthful attire for a while, so the impact would be even more sensational when she eventually donned the gown.

Wearing the same style of clothes for too long could make people think that her sense of fashion was lacking and even cause visual fatigue.

Being a star was really not easy. Qin Mu sketched, reflecting on this, then looked up at the prototype on the mannequin and sighed involuntarily.

Suddenly, she remembered what Mu Yichen had said. He had expressed a desire to see her in a wedding dress.

She, too, had promised to design the groom's outfit for him. So, when would she start?

As her thoughts wandered, she sighed helplessly and shook her head. How could that be possible?

She hoped that they would never walk down the church aisle; a simple life was the reality.

If their love could conquer time, then she also hoped to move forward firmly and securely. If not...

She bent her head down and resumed sketching.

In the morning, after Mu Yichen finished a meeting in his office and everyone else had left, only Qiao Yi remained. He looked up at Qiao Yi, sitting across from him, and asked indifferently, "Is there something on your mind?"

"Jing Qing stayed out overnight last night."

"You need to tell me about this kind of thing?"

"She was drunk and kept looking for you."

Mu Yichen didn't speak, and he didn't know what else he could say.

She wanted to drown her sorrows in alcohol, she wanted to go crazy, that was all her business, and he didn't want to interfere in anything.

"Yichen, do you really not care about her? From now on, are you going to ignore everything to do with her? You said before, even if it's not that kind of relationship, you would still treat her like a sibling. Do you really want her to suffer like this?"

Qiao Yi asked him.

"What are you trying to say?"

Mu Yichen felt nothing inside, but he asked again, seeing how distressed Qiao Yi was.

"You could at least try to persuade her, ask her not to give up on herself. If this goes on, I'm afraid she'll go down a path of no return. She had such a promising future, aren't you afraid that it'll be ruined like this?"

"If someone else ruins it, it's because she's useless. If she ruins it herself, then that's even more her own incompetence. What do I have to be afraid of? She's neither my biological sister, and secondly, I've said all there is to say. If she still can't let go, if it were you, would you abandon your own lover, your family, and then throw away everything you've fought so hard to achieve for a woman who has nothing to do with you?"

Seeing how rational and indifferent Mu Yichen was, Qiao Yi involuntarily took a cold breath. He was not unaware of Mu Yichen's high regard for Qin Mu, but seeing Jing Qing turn into what she was now, he couldn't pretend to be blind.

"If Qin Mu hadn't come back, maybe nothing between you and Jing Qing would have changed, right?"

"If Qin Mu hadn't come back, I would already be in Paris by now."

The sharply defined contours of his face were filled with indifference, while his dark eagle eyes were filled with sincerity.

Qiao Yi just stared straight at the man opposite him, suddenly realizing that he still didn't understand him well enough. He couldn't help but laugh softly, then stood up and left.

Mu Yichen remained seated on the sofa, looking at the tea on the table he had been planning to drink another sip of, but when he picked it up, he found it had already gone cold and put it down again.

Secretary Xi came in to tidy up the table and heard him ask, "Did you find the traditional Chinese medicine practitioner I told you to look for the other day?"

"Oh, found him. You want him now?"

"Yes!"

Compared to Jing Qing's affairs, he was more concerned about his woman's health. That woman was always so cold to the touch, making him toss and turn with concern at night.

If her health isn't good, it's better to get it checked out sooner rather than later.

After getting the address, he called Qin Mu: "I'll come to find you at noon, and we'll go see the traditional Chinese medicine practitioner together."

Qin Mu barely managed to lift her head when she received his call, and pinched her neck forcefully twice. Hearing that they were going to see the traditional Chinese medicine practitioner, she immediately furrowed her brows: "Can we change the day?"

"No!"

"But I'm a bit busy right now!"

"Lunchtime, what are you busy with?"

"Well..."

"Let's just say it's decided then. I'll be at your studio downstairs on time at twelve, hanging up."

Mrs. Mu found President Mu's autocratic way of handling things very disheartening, yet also quite happy.

Actually, she was afraid of drinking Chinese herbal medicine; she had heard it was very bitter.

She had been prone to coldness since she was young and didn't think it was a big deal, especially with him, her own personal furnace.

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"What do you think?"

These three words, seemingly simple.

After getting out of the car, the two walked inside together. Upon entering the hallway, Qin Mu felt a chill, despite it being the best private hospital in the city.

"The traditional Chinese medicine doctors here are quite famous."

"I just remembered Xiaohao is a doctor; why don't we go see her?"

By the time the two left the hospital, Mu Yichen was carrying several pounds of Chinese herbs. The traditional doctor had also said she had caught a cold during childbirth and was very weak, so he prescribed several more packets. Qin Mu just looked at the prescription, and although he couldn't understand it, he frowned.

Mr. Mu didn't say anything and listened carefully the entire time, heard the doctor ask her some questions, and listened to the doctor prescribe the medicine. After leaving, Mu Yichen said, "I originally wanted to have a second child later, but now it seems we can't wait."

Qin Mu looked at him as if he were a monster.

"Health is the most important!"

Nonsense!

The doctor actually said that to nurse her apparent deficiency in vital energy and blood, having another child for a good recuperation could completely heal her, and the big boss who always believed only in himself actually believed it.

"Last time I mentioned having a child, you said you didn't want to."

"Mmm, now I want one!"

"That's called being inconsistent."

Mu Yichen suddenly stopped and looked at her, the two standing in front of the car, eyeing each other stubbornly.

Later, Qin Mu thought about it, according to what the doctor said, she would have to take the medicine for two or three months anyway. By the time they were ready to have a child, it would also be about half a year later, so she didn't argue with him further and suddenly smiled at him in a pleasing manner.

In the afternoon, she was still buried in work at the office, while Mu Yichen went to the pharmaceutical factory.

Although he dealt with Western medicine, he still did not recommend Qin Mu take it.

But the business of the pharmaceutical factory had still been expanding over the past two years, easily making its way abroad.

He spent nearly two hours in the office reviewing documents. The secretary here was a man in his fifties and could be considered an elder. He was previously Mu Zihao's secretary and continued in this role after Mu Zihao stepped down. Mu Yichen worked in his office, accustomed to having him stand by and await orders.

The office here was also very different from the ones in the city. From the decorations to the furniture, everything was more antique, the colors aged, but there was no questioning the quality. Items that were decades old still appeared as good as new, which made the man in a Western suit and pants sitting inside seem even more imposing.

At night, when Qin Mu returned home, she was forced to drink Chinese medicine. As she drank, Feng Fanghua said, "You should have treated your illness long ago, but now it's not too late; you are both young."

Qin Mu forcefully drank the bitter medicine and, while listening to Feng Fanghua's words, slowed down half a beat in her thoughts. She looked up at Feng Fanghua with a dopey expression.

"I'm talking about you guys having a second child."

"Cough, cough!"

Feng Fanghua didn't beat around the bush, but it caused the woman who was holding a bowl and drinking her medicine to almost choke on it.

"What I'm talking to you about is serious; why are you scared? It's natural for women to have children. Look, I had Yichen and then not many years later had Qingxin."

Qin Mu nodded, not daring to say anything else, and obediently continued drinking her medicine.

"Probably because you didn't eat well when you were young abroad, and then you didn't properly do your postpartum recuperation after giving birth?"

"Actually, my job is quite relaxed."

"Relaxed? Does your thin hair look relaxed to you?"

Qin Mu felt she couldn't argue with Mrs. Feng, so she chose to remain silent. Mrs. Feng, however, was tirelessly saying, "From now on, I will make you soup to drink every night at home; I guarantee in a few months your hair will be thick and shiny again."

"What kind of soup is that good?"

Qin Mu asked curiously, her large black eyes pure and silly.

"You'll find out when the time comes."

Qin Mu...

Qin Mu found Mrs. Feng more and more adorable, and couldn't help wanting to kiss her. But considering she was drinking bitter medicine and didn't want to stink up Mrs. Feng, she decided to wait a while before giving her a kiss.

Feng Fanghua saw how obediently Qin Mu was drinking the Chinese medicine and couldn't help but think of her own daughter: Qingxin would make a big fuss whenever she had to drink Chinese medicine. Sigh, now I don't even know where she is, she doesn't give me any definite news, and when she occasionally does video chat with me, she complains I nag too much.

As she talked, she lowered her head, her voice no longer as booming as before.

Qin Mu quietly observed her, not daring to speak carelessly, but she understood that Feng Fanghua really missed her daughter. But her daughter?



## Chapter 207: Warm Hands (2)\_2

She only hoped that Huanhuan wouldn't leave and stop contacting her in the future, leaving her worried sick like Feng Fanghua, which caused her heart to ache unbearably.

"Mom, I will definitely be very obedient," Huanhuan said.

So, after a moment of thought, that was the line she finally squeezed out.

"You? Do you really think you're an obedient one? But you don't need to be that obedient," her mom responded with an inadvertent scoff, her weary face showing a touch of relief.

"I'll try my best not to make you worry," Huanhuan assured.

"Hmph, that might be harder than getting Mu Qingxin to come back," Feng Fanghua retorted with another scoff.

Qin Mu's small bowl of bitter medicine eventually hit the bottom. While chatting with Feng Fanghua, she had unknowingly finished it, perhaps forgetting it was medicine. Just as she looked down and was about to feel happy, the bowl empty, the maid by her side said, "Miss, give me the bowl, I'll go and get you another."

Another bowl?

Qin Mu, frightened, widened her eyes and lifted her head, as the maid said with a smile, "If you find it too bitter, I can add some honey for you."

"Add more!" Qin Mu said with a laugh, her voice trembling slightly.

"Alright!" the maid replied cheerfully and left with the bowl, while Qin Mu still tasted the bitterness at the corners of her mouth.

Feng Fanghua, seeing how sensible Qin Mu was at home, felt reassured; she had always thought that Qin Mu would be difficult to manage, but after spending some time together, she found that Qin Mu always abided by what she and Mu Zihao had said, considering their feelings in everything she did, never showing off or losing her temper, and so Feng Fanghua's heart involuntarily settled.

This girl, having suffered so much and being so smart, might make a good daughter-in-law someday.

At least better than those girls who are too smart and too opinionated, like Jing Qing; the more Feng Fanghua thought about it, the more she felt that Jing Qing marrying into their family might not be a blessing. First, Mu Yichen didn't like her; second, since he didn't like her, the marriage would surely be unhappy, and they might even end up in an outright feud. Considering Jing Qing's princess temperament and her tricks, Feng Fanghua shuddered at the thought. It was fortunate that Jing Qing and Mu Yichen ended up with nothing in the end.

"Have you been designing gowns for any stars recently?" Feng Fanghua inquired.

"Wen Runuan!" Qin Mu exclaimed.

"Do you plan to design clothes for celebrities all along?"

"Of course not; while ideals are fine, so is reality. Therefore, I need to establish my studio's reputation first, and designing clothes for celebrities is the simplest and most effective way to build the brand," explained Qin Mu.

"Like what, for instance?"

"Like, as soon as I got back, Jing Qing asked me to design her a dress for the red carpet. And when she stunned everyone there, I made a profit," answered Qin Mu.

"She probably mentioned your name reluctantly at the time," Feng Fanghua couldn't help but comment, recalling that interview.

"Yep!" Qin Mu also couldn't help but laugh at this, thinking to herself that in life, one always has to do a few things they're reluctant to do to be fulfilled, even if you're a wealthy young lady; one cannot always do as one pleases.

Qin Mu drank another bowl of the medicine, and by the time she finished, their mother-daughter conversation had also nearly concluded. So even though honey had been added, the drink was particularly bitter.

Feng Fanghua said with a smile, "This afternoon, Jing Qing sent over a basket of fresh oranges again, honey tangerines freshly picked from the mountain. After you finish, I'll let you have some."

"I could eat several pounds in one go," Qin Mu immediately brightened up at the mention, and as they had been conversing so freely, she replied with childlike enthusiasm.

"Eating so many oranges can cause heatiness."

"Hehe, I'll be fine," she said, not feeling the slightest bit 'heaty,' only wanting to indulge a bit more.

Mu Yichen came back and smelled the scent of traditional Chinese medicine; upon entering, he saw the mother and son chatting on the sofa, and Qin Mu had just finished his second bowl of bitter medicine.

"Auntie, can we have just one bowl tomorrow?"

Qin Mu asked with a smile as he handed back the bowl.

"Our bowls at home are too small."

"Let's give Madam a big bowl tomorrow."

Head of the family Mu said as he walked over.

Qin Mu and Feng Fanghua looked at him, and he took a seat on the single sofa nearby, sitting with the air of an emperor arriving, gazing at his woman.

"Fine, considering how hard you worked to find me a traditional doctor, and also for my mother's sake, I won't hold it against you."

Qin Mu muttered with a smile, but his eyes clearly showed annoyance.

Mu Yichen laughed: When did I start needing my mom to give me face? Haven't you two always been at odds?

"That's what you say; we never said that."

Feng Fanghua corrected her son with a smile, sipping her tea before speaking.

Mu Yichen glanced at Feng Fanghua and then at Qin Mu. He shook his head helplessly and, noticing the absence of Mu Zihao and Huanhuan, asked curiously, "Where are Dad and Huanhuan?"

"Your dad went out to play ball with his friends. Hearing that the two old men both brought their grandsons, he also took Huanhuan with him."

So they went to compete over grandsons; Mu Yichen raised an eyebrow and said nothing more.

"Tonight, it's just the three of us for dinner. You two wouldn't mind me being the third wheel, would you?"

"We would!"

"We wouldn't!"

The couple spoke at the same time, only the husband said they would while the wife thought otherwise.

"To think, I watched you grow up, changing your diapers."

Feng Fanghua complained to her son with a look of exasperation.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu...

It was a good thing she had finished her medicine, or she feared she might have spit it out.

After dinner, the two of them went out for a run, but it wasn't long before Qin Mu began to get side stitches, nearly unable to keep up with him. Mu Yichen turned around and ran backward so that she could catch up.

"Can we take a break?"

"Is this what you call regular exercise back in Paris?"

He asked, as she unconsciously held her waist with one hand.

"But it's been over half a year since I came to Rongcheng. Where would I find the mood to exercise in that time?"

Qin Mu thought about the number of times she had run recently, and it was truly few and far between.

"From now on, let's run a lap every night."

She deeply regretted agreeing to see the traditional doctor who mentioned her lack of exercise. So, after dinner, Mu Yichen dragged her out for a run. He had prepared all the gear for her, but her body wasn't ready yet.

Later, the two of them walked up the mountain. Suddenly, Mu Yichen grabbed her arm, and Qin Mu's heart started pounding. It was already a bit cold, and she nervously asked him, "What are you doing? There's no path behind us."

Chapter 208: 87 Do you remember\_1

Mu Yichen suddenly lowered his head, remembering a time when he was abroad.

Back then, there were no streetlights in that place, but here, there happened to be one, although its light was blocked by the branches. Still, some light filtered through the leaves and fell right on her face.

"Do you still remember?"

"Yeah!"

— —

The next day, as soon as Mu Yichen went to work, someone knocked on the door. Jiang Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai entered his office together, "Let's have a big meal together at noon."

"It's only nine o'clock, and you two are already thinking about lunch?"

"Yeah, I was actually sleeping, but Jiang Shao got me up. He said that last night..."

Zhao Huai repeated to Mu Yichen everything Jiang Zhiyuan had told him.

"Now, my buddy is just hoping something happens after a few drinks."

Jiang Zhiyuan glanced at Zhao Huai and winked, "You're the only son of the Jiang Family, you've got to leave an heir!"

"Come on, Mu Yichen, don't bring up what shouldn't be mentioned, okay?"

Jiang Zhiyuan immediately sprang up from the chair, his hands frantically pulling at his own hair.

Zhao Huai, not wanting to be involved, quickly stepped to the side. Mu Yichen quickly lowered his gaze, his long eyelashes hiding his dark eyes.

After all, someone interrupted his good time last night. Even if it was his own brother, he had to let off some steam.

Thinking about last night, Mu Yichen's eyes softened unconsciously, as he had wanted to relive old memories with her.

It seems he'll have to buy that mountain in the future, and seal off that road.

Of course, he hadn't even considered whether his wife would agree or not.

"By the way, I just remembered, that road is very close to your place, do you know that kid?"

"Alright, I've got important things to do now. You two go wait for me at AM."

"Then I'm going to take a nap first. Maybe I'll wander into the wrong guest room again and bump into some beauty. That'll show you sick-minded guys that I have no issues."

Jiang Zhiyuan leaned to the side, his hand pressing on the desk as he spoke seriously, then turned and left.

"He's crazy!"

Zhao Huai said to Mu Yichen, then also got up and left, "Buddy, you've got my car keys."

After they left, Mu Yichen sent a WeChat message to Qin Mu: Do you know who saw us last night?

Qin Mu was cutting fabric when she picked up her phone. She was puzzled by the message from Mr. Mu, wondering who bumped into her yesterday. Then she remembered they had been spotted by a car in the mountains last night.

"Who?"

"Jiang Zhiyuan!"

Qin Mu...

She was about to reply, but while holding the large scissors in one hand, she lost her grip on the phone with the other, and the phone pitifully dropped to the floor, startling her.

Later she replied to him: He didn't realize it was us, did he?

"Yeah!"

Qin Mu felt much relieved seeing his message, thinking that if their friends saw them like that on the mountain, they'd never be able to clear their names in this lifetime.

"What are you doing?"

"I'll show you!"



Qin Mu immediately sent him a photo. Mr. Mu opened it and couldn't help but laugh: No wonder her hands aren't as good as before, fiddling with scissors.

"Really?"

"Yeah."

Qin Mu was amused by his comment, but in the end, she laughed because there weren't many people who could joke with her like that.

"My new phone almost broke when it dropped on the floor because of you."

"Husband will buy you a new one."

Yeah, having a rich husband is great. Qin Mu felt a surge of pride unconsciously, and thinking about finishing the gown for her client, she stopped chatting with him.

At noon, she and Xiaomei went out to eat. At AM, they ran into Jing Qing and several directors and actors who were also going out for lunch. Jing Qing came over to greet her when she saw her, "What a coincidence, huh?"

"It seems so!"

Qin Mu greeted Director Chen with a smile, seeing him approaching, "Director Chen, what a coincidence."

"I thought it was you from far away. How about it? Want to join us at the same table?"

"No, thanks. We're also with a client. Let's have a get-together some other time."

"Sounds good, we'll get in touch by phone when we're free," Director Chen responded with an understated nod.

"Since Miss Qin doesn't deign to dine with us, let's go!"

Jing Qing, unhappy that the director gave Qin Mu so much attention, immediately turned and left.

Qin Mu watched as the group left en masse and then suddenly realized that the person behind her was unnaturally quiet.

In fact, Xiaomei had been clutching her phone the whole time, absorbed in something. Only later did Qin Mu learn that Xiaomei was checking the actors' profiles. She was so excited during the meal that she could hardly eat, constantly telling Qin Mu who the male actor was, what big dramas he had been in. Qin Mu couldn't help thinking how terrifying it was to be a fan. When Huanhuan grew up, she must never become a fan; otherwise, what if she forgot about her mother?

Chapter 209: 87 Do you remember\_2

An actor from the private dining room Jing Qing and others were in walked out, glanced down at the two women eating downstairs, and then headed toward the staircase.

"Miss Qin!"

"Helun!"

Just as Qin Mu was about to look up, she heard Xiaomei call out first and immediately became curious, turning to Xiaomei.

"Shh!" Helun raised his hand, of course with a touch of trying to look cool.

Xiaomei responded with her own cooperative gesture, shrinking her neck and making an OK sign with her hand.

Qin Mu...

"May I sit here?"

Helun asked, but before Qin Mu and Xiaomei could respond, he had already pulled out a chair and sat down, then he turned to Qin Mu: I have seen the advertisement you shot, and I think it was very good.

Qin Mu looked at him more intently, smiled slightly: Thank you!

Compared to Qin Mu's passive composure, Helun seemed more calculating, gazing at her for quite a while before speaking again: I would like to invite you to play the lead role in my new movie, a classic romance novel I'm directing myself. I didn't expect to run into you today, otherwise, I would have brought the script for you.

Xiaomei at the side held her breath, not daring to speak much, but inside she was extremely excited.

"Sorry, I'm afraid I'm not that lucky."

Qin Mu responded tactfully.

"Rejecting so straightforwardly? We can discuss the price or anything else. I primarily chose you for your look, which suits the female protagonist very well."

"Sorry, I still can't accept. If Mr. Helun doesn't have a suitable actress, I could recommend someone."

How could Qin Mu agree?

Mu Yichen hates it when she acts.

For him, she wouldn't agree...

And for some reason, lately whenever directors and the like approached her, the first thing she thought of was Mu Yichen, thinking that he disliked it, she would not go through with it, and only then did she think about her own work.

"Oh? Who might that be?"

"Wen Runuan!"

Helun's gaze at her suddenly paused, then he lightly smiled again, his fingers resting on the dining table pinching each other and then suddenly tapping lightly on the table.

"Are you close with Miss Wen Runuan?"

"Not really, I've only met her once or twice, but I think she's a decent actress."

"That's true, but she's currently in a special relationship with Jingshang's CEO, and since I'm not from Jingshang—, you know."

Qin Mu didn't understand; she didn't understand the many intricacies of their circle, but if they truly wanted someone, there should always be a way to cooperate.

"I didn't expect Miss Qin to brush me off so easily." Helun's smile seemed a bit strained, though his words were not harsh.

"My specialty is fashion design, Mr. Helun, so if you ever need help designing evening gowns, I'd be delighted to offer my services."

"Oh? That can be arranged right now."

Helun wasn't expecting this pleasant surprise, and Qin Mu didn't make a fuss either, nodding in agreement immediately. Xiaomei, who had been upset about Qin Mu refusing Helun's movie offer, instantly bloomed with happiness again.

The next morning, Wen Runuan got up and called Qin Mu from the dressing room: Did you tell Helun to look for me for a movie?

"I mentioned it, he really approached you?"

"Yeah! I've read the script, and considering Helun's reputation in the industry, I'm actually quite interested in working with him."

"Isn't that a happy development?"

"Just afraid that Chairman Zhang might not be pleased."

Qin Mu couldn't help but chuckle; it was for a man after all.

"Speaking of which, did you know Helun from before?"

Wen Runuan asked curiously, glancing at the man changing clothes in the room.

"No, I had just heard of him, and happened to run into him yesterday at dinner."

"I see, I won't keep you then, he's up now, I'm going to join him for breakfast."

Wen Runuan quickly hung up the phone, but Qin Mu suddenly realized who the "he" in Wen Runuan's words was and couldn't help but laugh as she looked at the man beside her.

"Wen Runuan?"

"Yep!"

Mu Yichen didn't want her getting too close to the people in the entertainment industry's big dye vat, but considering her job he couldn't help it, though he felt an involuntary increase in worry.

"I heard from the restaurant manager that Helun came to see you yesterday while you were dining. Don't you want to explain that to me?"

"Helun? Haha, I'm not telling you!"

Qin Mu smiled mischievously and then attempted to run off.

Say that again?

"Wen Runuan just called me about the Helun matter."

Later, Mu Yichen said, "If Helun comes looking for you again, don't forget to tell me."

"And what if it's someone else?"

"Figure it out yourself!"

Figure it out myself?

Qin Mu thought to herself, if I really do that you'll get angry again.

After finishing their meal and just as they stepped out of the restaurant, Jing Qing came over to visit. The aunt walked from outside into the living room, "Madam, Miss Jing is here! And Miss Qin too."

The aunt spoke softly when she said this, but she gave Feng Fanghua a knowing look, prompting Feng Fanghua to sigh helplessly: If they're here, they're here!

Since she couldn't exactly shove them out, she might as well put on a show.

"Auntie!"

"Auntie!"

The two of them, arm in arm like sisters, walked in. Feng Fanghua sat on the sofa and elegantly raised her hand to gesture for them to sit.

"What brings you two together today?"

"I haven't been feeling well recently, and Grandpa asked me to rest at home. When I have nothing to do, I tend to spend all my time with this girl." Jing Qing said with a smile.

"I just love hanging out with Sister Qing."

Qin Mingzhu laughed even more cheerfully, her expressions lively as she spoke.

"Yeah, you've always loved clinging to your Sister Qing since you were little, that's true."

Feng Fanghua might not dare to say much, but she had watched them grow up with her own eyes and knew a lot about them.

"Auntie, I like clinging to you too, I'm just afraid of annoying you."

Qin Mingzhu added.

"How could you? You're not much younger than Qingxin, and you went to the same school when you were little. Why would I find you annoying?"

Feng Fanghua responded politely.

"Auntie, if that's the case, I'll have to come over more often."

Qin Mingzhu continued, always playing the innocent in front of her elders.

"Sure!"

Feng Fanghua agreed.

"Now auntie needs to take care of Huanhuan, she doesn't have the time to entertain you too much, so don't you dare come over to cause trouble."

Jing Qing warned Qin Mingzhu like an older sister would.

"Huanhuan? Oh right, auntie, I've been meaning to ask, are you really sure that little girl is your biological granddaughter? Don't forget, Qin Mu has been abroad all these years, and her lifestyle has been quite improper."

Qin Mingzhu commented from the side, while Jing Qing sat quietly next to her listening. Despite hearing that Feng Fanghua had already gone for a DNA test at the hospital, Jing Qing couldn't help but lift her chin upon hearing Qin Mingzhu's words.

"Oh?"

Feng Fanghua looked up.



"All those years she would only call my dad to ask him for money. Just think about it, what reasons does a young girl have to constantly ask her not-so-rich father for money? Apart from being frivolous, what else could it be? I heard she had unclear relationships with many boys in their university, and Yichen had already returned to the country back then; he must have been deceived."

Chapter 210: 88 Dare to swear? \_1

Qin Mu forgot to bring her notebook and heard people gossiping about her as soon as she came back, so she stopped unconsciously at the door.

"Auntie, you really should investigate her life in Paris over the years, to see besides Yichen, what other men she has been with. In the last two years, she no longer asked my father for money; I heard it's because she was hanging on to that big designer Jian Yan."

"Jian Yan? Isn't Jian Yan her mentor?"

"You believe that? That's just to fool outsiders," Qin Mingzhu stated confidently with details.

"But Auntie, I think other matters are easy to discern as true or false, but you really should look into her relationship with Jian Yan. With a big designer like him, who hasn't taken on apprentices for so many years, why did he take on Qin Mu?"

Jing Qing spoke slowly, echoing Qin Mingzhu's words as if she was also worried about Mu Yichen being deceived.

Feng Fanghua unconsciously furrowed her brow and was silent for a long while before sighing.

When Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu exchanged glances and saw Feng Fanghua seem to waver, they continued, "Auntie, whether it's true or not, it still deserves investigation. If it's inconvenient for you, I can send someone to check."

Feng Fanghua looked up at Jing Qing again. Investigate? And she would send someone?

Qin Mu suddenly remembered that time Mu Yichen showed her those photos, and she let out a laugh unconsciously, thinking there was still a need for further investigation?

She adjusted the strap of her backpack on her shoulder and then walked in with long strides.

When Auntie heard the sound of high heels, she turned her head towards the door and asked immediately, "Has the young madame returned?"

"Yes!"

A gentle response from Qin Mu, who then walked swiftly to the sofa.

Qin Mingzhu immediately became tense, gripping Jing Qing's hand tightly, and Jing Qing also startled for a moment but soon composed herself.

"Why have you returned?"

It was Feng Fanghua, who was more composed.

"I left my drafting notebook at home!"

Qin Mu answered calmly and then looked down at the two women sitting opposite her, "Miss Qin and Miss Jing, how come you have time to visit our home today?"

Our home?

Jing Qing also unconsciously clenched her fist: "I came to see Auntie."

"Right, we came to see Auntie," Qin Mingzhu said, straightening her back and holding Jing Qing's hand.

"Then why did you start speaking ill of others?"

Qin Mu smiled faintly, looking down condescendingly at the two women seated on the sofa, her eyes sharp and shrewd.

"Speaking ill? Where did we speak ill? Were you eavesdropping on our conversation? That's quite rude," retorted Qin Mingzhu, unable to hide her disdain.

"Rude? Who's rude here, when I hear outsiders gossiping about me in my own home? Is it me who is rude or you? And Miss Jing, you mentioned an investigation; there's something I forgot to ask you. Recently, you hired a private detective in Paris to follow my mentor and me. Are you aware that such behavior is illegal? If there's a next time, I'll have to get my lawyer to have a proper talk with you."

Qin Mu looked coldly at Qin Mingzhu and then hinted at the woman sitting next to her, who was looking down, lost in thought.

"A lawyer to talk with me? On what grounds?"

"You've violated my right to personal freedom and my right to privacy, among various other rights which I may not be fully aware of. Why should I be the one to explain this to you? If you ask Jing Feng, he could probably list dozens of accusations against you."

"How dare you say I've violated your rights? I only wanted Yichen to know what kind of flirtatious woman you really are."

Jing Qing stood abruptly from the sofa, showing a cold face to Feng Fanghua for the first time.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu didn't back down either, and the two of them faced each other with palpable tension.

Feng Fanghua leaned slightly back and looked up at the two of them, feeling unsettled.

Qin Mingzhu also stood up slowly and quietly moved behind Jing Qing to join her in staring at Qin Mu.

"Flirtatious? Whether or not I'm flirtatious, Mu Yichen knows best. Do you think he needs your special investigation to know about me? Before he even considered becoming involved with me, he had already thoroughly investigated everything about me, which includes his own daughter."

Qin Mu stated each word firmly, without conceding a point.

It also reminded Feng Fanghua once again that her daughter-in-law was by no means a pushover.

"Really? What about Jian Yan then? So many people wanted to apprentice under him, but he refused them all. Why did he take only you? Yichen might be manipulated by you, but I see right through you."

"If there's anything improper between Jian Yan and me, I'm willing to swear I'd get myself killed. Would you dare do the same?"