

His Beloved 221

Chapter 221: Approval_3

"Am I finding a house for you now just to create trouble for myself?"

Thinking back on their past, Mu Yichen had always regarded Jian Yan as a big friend. Finding a house was a trivial matter, even gifting a house wouldn't be an issue. However, he was uncertain whether he should let Jian Yan live here regularly.

"Not necessarily."

Jian Yan responded with a light laugh.

Mu Yichen...

"Did something happen?"

Mu Yichen asked again.

"No, I just want to spend more time with my apprentice."

Jian Yan's eyes were always looking outside and had never glanced at Mu Yichen.

"Then you should find someone else to look for a house."

"Then I'll ask Mumu. I'm afraid she'll let me live directly in the studio. Think carefully about who will really benefit from the proximity when that happens."

The car started moving again, Jian Yan's words sounding like both a threat and a confession.

"I really regret going to look for you back then."

Mu Yichen sighed in response.

Jian Yan still smiled lightly, her face showing indescribable sorrow.

After returning to the studio, Jian Yan went inside first, while Mu Yichen stood by the car, watching his woman's car approach slowly. He walked over to help her open the door.

When Qin Mu stepped out, her expression was somewhat gloomy, and she couldn't help but ask, "Was the conversation unpleasant?"

"Indeed, it wasn't very pleasant!"

He said blandly, his gaze remaining on her.

Xiaomei felt too embarrassed to get out of the car, so she quietly stepped out, gently closed the car door, and scampered inside stealthily.

Afraid of disturbing the couple.

As soon as Xiaomei entered, she saw Jian Yan standing by the window, looking outside. She felt a complex mix of emotions but simply walked over and curiously looked on, feeling a bit awkward. She didn't understand why Jian Yan was so engrossed, almost as if lost in himself.

Mu Yi was by the car with Qin Mu, talking softly with his eyes lowered.

In Jian Yan's eyes, they had stood by each other in their youngest days, possessing each other at their prime. They were still so young, still somewhat childish, yet they couldn't be apart from each other.

He recalled the first time he encountered Qin Mu; Mu Yichen had come to him with a very tempting proposal, but his feelings towards Qin Mu...

Every time Qin Mu smiled and chased after him, the moment he turned around and saw the dazzling light of her smile, it felt like a needle prick to his heart.

Back then, he thought: How sad must this girl's heart be to wield such a genuine, brilliant fake smile?

He was really annoyed, annoyed that he knew too much.

Now, she was being cornered by the once naïve young man, and although they had known each other for over twenty years, they still seemed so fresh to each other. Her ears blushed with shyness, despite the sharp and disdainful look in the young man's eyes.

"If you can't even handle this small matter, are you even my man?"

She pinched his arm with her hand.

Mu Yichen glared with a childlike fierceness, holding his pinched arm but still glaring at her: I don't care.

Qin Mu was speechless and unconsciously looked towards the window.

She pushed him out of the way and then ran inside with her bag on her back.

Mu Yichen, still covering the pinched area, watched her run inside with a child-like sense of loss.

When he suddenly chuckled mischievously upon turning his head towards the window.

Jian Yan couldn't help but sneak a glance at the man outside, almost thirty and still so childish.

Does his role as a master require him to watch his apprentice flaunting affection? Would he even mind adding a little bit more to that?

After Qin Mu went in, she saw the two people by the window and stopped by the reception area:
"Xiaomei, what are you looking at?"

Xiaomei...

"I look at whatever the master looks at."

Xiaomei pushed the question back onto her master.

"The master can look, you cannot."

Qin Mu awkwardly insisted.

"Why not?"

"Because 'once a teacher, always a father.' What are you?"

"I..."

Jian Yan left the window to sit on an individual sofa, not wanting to give Qin Mu another glance.

Once a teacher, always a father!

Did she really regard him as her father?

All these years, whenever she smiled at him greedily, she didn't consider him an outsider but regarded him as a father instead.

He smiled unconsciously. Because he was facing away, Qin Mu couldn't see his emotions.

"Mumu, how old is your father this year?"

He lowered his head, deep in thought.

Qin Mu was startled, glanced at Xiaomei subconsciously, only to see Xiaomei immediately lower her head and pretend not to know anything, scampering away.

"I forgot! Over fifty?"

Qin Mu remembered Qin Haiming, but she couldn't recall his age.

"And what about your master?"

"Forty..."

After Qin Mu finished speaking, she realized the implication. It seemed the master was resenting her for making him seem old. She had thought he wanted to quarrel about Qin Hai, which startled her.

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Qin Mu walked over and sat down on the couch next to him, placing her bag beside her, "I'm not saying you're old, I'm just expressing my respect for you."

"You respect?"

Qin Mu was once again at a loss for words, unsure what had gotten into Jian Yan since his return.

"Then..."

"If 'Master' is enough, then just call me Jian Yan."

"Jian Yan? I wouldn't dare."

"You still don't dare?"

Qin Mu...

Jian Yan's sharp gaze fixed on her face and her watery, large eyes.

Yes, she indeed used to say it a lot, but then somehow...

A voice suddenly appeared in her heart, and she subconsciously looked outside. Mu Yichen had already left, but she suddenly realized it was all because of him.

It was his intense jealousy that had caused her to subconsciously change how she addressed him.

Ha!

Such an unconscious change!

Qin Mu herself was shocked after she discovered this, because on further thought, the changes in her lately were not just limited to that.

She used to think Mu Yichen was different during the day compared to at night, but now she felt like she herself was a completely different person with two faces from day to night.

She remembered how she had foolishly smiled looking at him today, and recalled everyone saying they seemed to be a perfect match, which made her unconsciously raise her hand to touch her face.

She had been smiling foolishly the whole time; her cheeks must have been sore, right?

But instead, she only felt the warm temperature on her hands.

Did the medicine she drank actually work? These past few days she hadn't felt her hands and feet get cold again.

When Mu Yichen arrived at the office, he saw Jing Feng. Jing Feng had finished his work and had gone to find him. He had a cup of tea in Mu Yichen's office, and watched as he returned without putting down his tea cup.

"Even a busy man like you has time to come here for tea?"

Having just one-upped Jian Yan, Mu Yichen was in high spirits, so he spoke with a bit of pride.

"Qin Mu's garment factory started operations today?"

"Mhm!"

Jing Feng nodded, then leaned forward to put down his tea cup, clasped his hands together on his lap, and fixed his sharp eyes on the somewhat childish man sitting across from him.

Love really had transformed him, like a bloom in spring.

Looking at Mu Yichen, Jing Feng felt a pang of jealousy.

"I heard that Xiaoqing went to fight with Qin Mu, and it seems she lost." Jing Feng stated his purpose.

Mu Yichen looked up at him and scoffed, "What, are you here to seek justice for your sister?"

"Talking about justice might be an exaggeration, but as her brother, I feel it's necessary to have a word with you—the man who nearly became her brother-in-law." Jing Feng spoke bluntly.

The two equally top-notch men stared intently at each other.

Mu Yichen sighed lightly, then with a smile said, "Then go ahead, I'm listening."

'Brother Yichen' was in no mood to quarrel with anyone.

"Xiaoqing was wrong to start trouble with Qin Mu, but the slap Qin Mu gave her was really too harsh."

"If we're talking about harshness, wasn't your sister organizing rumors to incite local residents to cause trouble at the garment factory even more severe? And your grandfather, hasn't he personally threatened my wife more than once?"

Jing Feng looked at him, unconsciously lifting his chin, his gaze becoming sharper.

"What else did Qin Mu tell you?"

"She didn't say anything. If it wasn't for your sister losing the fight with Qin Mu yesterday and then running to my house to cry to my mom, Qin Mu probably wouldn't have mentioned their fight at all—by the way, while we're on the subject, I also need to ask you: your sister scalded my woman with tea, so what do you plan to do to apologize to her on her behalf?"

Jing Feng suddenly stopped talking, just staring straight at Mu Yichen.

Now, Mu Yichen had a somewhat muddled demeanor, enough to make Jing Feng want to hit him.

But considering everything that had happened, Jing Feng could only helplessly laugh, "How about you hit me to vent for Qin Mu?"

Mu Yichen looked at Jing Feng and helplessly laughed too, but said, "I think that's a good idea!"

He actually had been holding back a lot of anger because of things related to Qin Mu.

"Come on then!"

Jing Feng leaned back into the couch, his hands on the back of it, posing as if he was ready to take a beating.

"As long as you have a clear conscience and know what's right and wrong, that's good. Jing Feng, we've been brothers for so many years, and I don't want our relationship to end over Jing Qing," Mu Yichen said as he stood up and walked behind the desk to flip through the documents his secretary had brought that morning, speaking without looking up.

Jing Feng turned to look at him, and Mu Yichen also glanced up at him. Standing gave him a slightly condescending, aloof manner.

"You're not wrong to intervene in Jing Qing's matters; I'd do the same if it were my sister. But Jing Feng, just as you must protect your sister, I also have to protect my woman. Do you understand?"

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"Hmm, that sounds very familiar."

"Really?"

Jing Feng recalled the words Qin Mu had said to him in the corridor of Helian Hao's house; indeed, they, as a couple, were a good match—they were both so clear-cut.

"Xiaoqing is in too deep; no matter what, you must show her some mercy."

"Actually, she does not need such a life. In Rongcheng, absolutely no lady of a reputable family can compare to her. But if she continues to ruin herself like this, it may no longer be the case."

Jing Feng said nothing; he knew all about the severity of the situation.

"And there's the matter of your wedding with Helian Hao, don't forget it was postponed because of her."

How could Jing Feng forget?

He was angry then, truly wishing he could have killed her, but she was his one and only precious sister — what could he do?

The wedding was delayed, Helian Hao went to work, and after briefly living in his apartment, he moved out, saying the time wasn't right yet.

Unless Helian Hao took the initiative to curry favor with Jing Qing, how could that possibly happen?

He couldn't force Helian Hao to do that either; Helian Hao was not someone who would fawn or flatter, so in the end, Helian Hao continued living as he wished, and Jing Qing continued being herself. The elders from both families played down the incident, but the most troubled one was Jing Feng, caught between a rock and a hard place.

The Helian Family already had a major grievance against his Jing Family. When he went to apologize, Helian Hao's father might have seemed unconcerned on the surface, but he surely harbored resentment for the Jing Family's tyranny and ruthlessness.

"You're probably very troubled that you can't stabilize your relationship with Helian Hao?"

"Just two days after going to the hospital, men were already sending her flowers."

"Is getting a certificate so difficult for you?"

Mu Yichen threw in a remark.

Jing Feng subconsciously turned his head to look at him again, and Mu Yichen raised his eyebrows but said no more.

"Were you the one who forced Qin Mu to register your marriage with you?"

Mu Yichen remained silent, but his expression made it clear.

Jing Feng almost immediately got up: Understood!

No matter what, he had to lock Helian Hao down in his pocket first; after that, even if the wedding gets delayed, at least she wouldn't be able to run away.

"Jing Feng, you owe me a favor!"

As Jing Feng was opening the door to leave, Mu Yichen suddenly, wickedly, called in a favor.

That favor, Jing Feng would grant him.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but feel pleased with himself, and then he sat down to start working officially.

They all had their own different positions, but fortunately, they were all clear about what was right and wrong in their hearts.

When Jing Feng went to find Helian Hao, she was performing a minor gynecological surgery. He stood outside the operating room, waiting, as women walked in and out, too busy to notice him, yet he couldn't help but glance at the women coming out of the small operating room, one by one, looking dejected, not knowing what was wrong. Some were supported by men as they left, others had no one with them, and some looked like a young couple fighting, the man trying to support the woman, but she refused, pushing him away with an elbow, clutching her stomach as she walked.

After about an hour, she finally came out, still in her white coat, her eyes a bit unfocused: Why did you come over?

"To take you somewhere."

He said.

"But I'm working, I can't leave!"

"I've already informed your supervisor."

Helian Hao blinked, and then muttered: Then I'll go change.

Jing Feng stood outside, his mind pondering how authoritative she looked in her white coat—so authoritative that he wanted to push her against the wall.

But he still couldn't force her.

He was well aware that not all the tricks Mu Yichen used on Qin Mu were applicable to Xiaohao, but he was really in a hurry now, so during these extraordinary times, he could only adopt some extraordinary measures.

Hmm, if she comes to settle accounts with him later, he could just pin it all on Mu Yichen—after all, that guy asked him for a favor, a favor that couldn't be given away for nothing.

The young master of the Jing Family was truly not one to be taken advantage of easily.

Helian Hao called Qin Mu that night: Come over to my apartment tonight.

Qin Mu didn't know what had happened, only telling Mu Yichen, who had asked whether she needed a lift, that she was going to Xiaohao's place that night.

Only later did she find out that Xiaohao had been forcibly dragged by Jing Feng to register their marriage, and she...

"He said this was a strategy taught by Mu Yichen."

"Er..."

As Mrs. Mu, Qin Mu felt genuinely embarrassed, but she truly had no idea how to comfort her best friend.

"We are as close as sisters, why does your husband have to scheme against me?"

Helian Hao asked her angrily.

Chapter 224: Approval_6

Two people separated by a coffee table, Helian Hao spoke to her angrily for the first time.

"But, why did you sign? If you just didn't sign, wouldn't that have solved it?"

Qin Mu wanted to save some face for her husband.

"Me, sign? I did absolutely nothing from beginning to end, all the signatures were done by Jing Jian himself."

Qin Mu...

He was not as gentle as Mu Yichen.

"All I did was go through the process with him, I accompanied him for a photo, and he didn't need me for anything else. Do you understand how I feel? It's like being kidnapped and forced to get this certificate with him."

Helian Hao rarely lost his temper like this.

"Then, where is the certificate?"

"The certificate? Jing Feng took it away, saying that all important things in the family would be kept by him."

After Helian Hao finished speaking, he clasped his head with both hands, practically going crazy.

Qin Mu...

She had no idea he was so thorough in his actions, so domineeringly placing a woman together with himself on a certificate—wasn't that knowingly breaking the law?

"Mumu, what should I do now? He said he would come later to help me move my things."

Qin Mu now believed it must have been taught by Mu Yichen, coming from the same mold as him.

"You really love him, don't you? Jing Feng."

Qin Mu asked softly.

Helian Hao looked up at her, at first, wanting to retort and, in the end, became a bit deflated and lowered his head again.

It was an admission!

"Then just move in with him—it's better than being alone and lonely, right?"

"That doesn't sound like you at all."

Helian Hao couldn't help but complain.

"Then what should I say?"

"Shouldn't you be scolding him on my behalf, and tell me to keep fighting him until the end, to never let it be easy for him?"

"But think about when I first came back, wasn't I with Mu Yichen already? Why should I keep two people who love each other apart?"

Helian Hao involuntarily looked up at her when he heard this.

"Is there a problem?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Mumu, when will you finally admit that you really love him?"

Qin Mu...

Why, when they were talking about Jing Feng, did the conversation suddenly turn to her and Mu Yichen?

"The reason I'm living with him is because I know that even if I lived on my own, he wouldn't let me get my way. You and Jing Feng are the same; you've been together since childhood, you understand each

other best, what you want and like. You've already made others happy and yourself miserable by not getting married on time because of Jing Qing. On other matters, do you really have to be so serious?"

Helian Hao just watched as Qin Mu rattled on, feeling that Qin Mu had really changed.

She was so cold when she came back, but now, it's as if...

She had grown more spirited.

Actually, Helian Hao thought this change was quite good.

So, she suddenly smiled, a smile tinged with complex emotions, which made the woman opposite her inexplicably nervous.

"Forget it, I often work overtime anyway. Even if I move in, we won't be able to see each other every day."

Qin Mu kept her head down and didn't speak, thinking to herself, not see each other every day? You're dreaming, my dear Xiaohao.

The two of them cooked a serving of Italian pasta. Qin Mu found Xiaohao's dishes to be truly beautiful. Xiaohao could also cook very well; even a simple pasta dish became extravagant in her hands. Remembering Feng Fanghua's disdainful look when she criticized her own cooking, Qin Mu couldn't help but feel a desire to laugh.

Why could she make a garment so beautifully but couldn't manage to cook a decent meal?

Often she would end up scorching even the fried rice.

Latter, when she got back home, she found her family eating bird's nest soup. As soon as she sat down, the maid served her a bowl, and Feng Fanghua held her bowl and asked, "What's going on with you two? Not coming home for dinner."

Qin Mu only then noticed that Mu Yichen was also absent, but she quickly guessed what Mu Yichen was up to—certainly out having drinks with Jing Feng, and maybe tonight several men would thoroughly enjoy a few drinks together. After all, this was a major celebration, and no matter how steady Jing Feng usually was, he would definitely be elated right now.

Oh, men!

Yet she didn't know whether it was appropriate to speak of it, so she just replied with a smile, "Xiaohao wasn't feeling happy and asked me to chat for a while."

Qin Mu understated it.

"Why was Xiaohao unhappy? Oh, was it because she couldn't get married to Jing Feng?"

"Uh, it's about work."

Qin Mu suddenly found she was quite smooth at lying.

"Oh, but Xiaohao seems like a good girl, a bit solitary, but I have a good feeling about her. At least she's not like Xiaoqing, who appears gentle and sensible, but the things she does really shock me."

Chapter 225: Approval_7

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but frown when speaking of Jing Qing. That girl even called her today asking her out for tea, which she declined using the excuse of accompanying Huanhuan.

Regarding Jing Qing, Qin Mu didn't say much in front of Feng Fanghua, fearing that Feng Fanghua might be offended by gossip behind someone's back.

"Huanhuan asked before going to bed why you all were not around. I said you went to a gathering with friends and would visit her after coming back, and she finally fell asleep."

"Mhm, I'll go accompany her after finishing this bowl."

"You haven't drunk your herbal medicine yet, wait a few more minutes and then go up after drinking it."

Qin Mu...

As Feng Fanghua was speaking, the maid came out to announce: "Young Madam's herbal medicine is ready, she can drink it now."

Qin Mu...

There was no escaping it, she resigned herself to the inevitable.

Thinking about how the sweetness of the bird's nest she was consuming would soon be overpowered by the bitterness of the medicine, and remembering that this was a kindness from President Mu, she decided not to brush her teeth or drink water after taking the medicine. She would wait for him to come back and let him taste it, hehe.

"You and Xiaohao have a good relationship?"

Feng Fanghua asked her again.

"Mhm, she's nice to me, although I haven't really helped her much."

Qin Mu said softly.

"Friends who spend a lot of time together end up helping each other out. It's good that you can get along well with her. Maybe it's because of the bond you shared as kids. Afterwards, I haven't seen her make any friends, probably just waiting for you to come back."

Feng Fanghua mused about Helian Hao's circle of friends over the years.

"Mhm!"

Qin Mu agreed.

"Did she mention her wedding with Jing Feng? Weren't the wedding gowns ready at that time?"

The wedding gowns were indeed ready, but...

"They will be fine, they must be."

Qin Mu said softly, truly wishing them well.

Jing Feng must be a man worthy of entrusting one's life to.

Helian Hao's judgment couldn't be wrong. Even though she's currently reluctant to be with Jing Feng, their feelings must have deeply taken root in her heart, probably more profoundly than her feelings for Mu Yichen.

They had always been so close from childhood. Once the relationship was confirmed, they thought everything would go smoothly. Who knew a meddling sister-in-law would cause trouble? Perhaps this is what people mean when they say no relationship is ever completely smooth sailing?

After drinking the herbal medicine, she quietly entered her daughter's room upstairs, only to fall asleep on her daughter's bed, unwashed and unchanged.

Mu Yichen, upon returning home, noticed nobody was on their big bed and frowned, wondering if she still hadn't returned from Helian Hao's place.

Jing Feng had said Helian Hao was very reluctant. What could they possibly be celebrating?

He picked up his phone to call her as he walked out, only to hear her ringtone in their daughter's room. He turned and walked towards the daughter's room.

Gently pushing open the door, he saw that she was indeed in their daughter's room, so he turned off his phone and put it in his pocket before stepping inside.

The ringing from the phone on the table beside her finally stopped, and she slowly woke up.

But her little daughter was still sound asleep in her arms.

As Qin Mu slightly turned, his blurry figure came into her groggy vision.

"You're back!"

Her voice was hoarse as well.

"Mhm, why did you fall asleep here?"

"Waiting for you."

She truly had been waiting for him, thinking he wouldn't take long to return. He would definitely come to see their daughter when he got back and would then take her to their room. Little did she know he would return so late.

And as soon as he spoke, she could smell the alcohol in his breath, and it seemed not just one kind.

Once these men start having fun, they really know how to enjoy themselves.

Mu Yichen looked down at her: "Shall we go back to our room now?"

"Mhm, carry me!"

Yichen immediately lifted her from their daughter's blanket. Qin Mu reached down to tuck in the daughter's blanket properly, and then they quietly left.

The room darkened again, and the hallway outside wasn't much brighter, but their own room wasn't far, and as they entered, the warm glow from a floor lamp by the window illuminated the interior.

He gently set her down on the bed and looked at her clothes, still the ones from noon: "Want to take a bath first?"

"Mhm!"

She wanted to refuse, but then she thought about visiting the factory and even going down to the workshop. It would probably be quite dirty if she didn't take a bath.

"Ask Auntie to change Huanhuan's bedding tomorrow. Is my hair very dirty?"

As she spoke, she began undressing herself. Although she was awake, her eyes were still bleary and her voice was slightly husky.

"Let me see!"

He bent down to kiss her.

"Why does it taste so bitter?"

Qin Mu suddenly burst into laughter, her eyes gradually brightening.

"I drank herbal medicine without rinsing my mouth!"

"On purpose?"

President Mu asked, frowning.

"Mhm!"

Qin Mu smiled mischievously, her eyes curving into crescents.

"Just wait!"

His gaze held a mischievous glint as he started to strip off her clothes.

"Let me help you!"

Qin Mu said, tugging at his suit jacket.

Mu Yichen gave her an approving look. Qin Mu felt the fabric of his suit, but then suddenly furrowed her brow.

Mu Yichen noticed her expression change to one of consternation and involuntarily looked down at his jacket as well.

In the warm light, as she turned to get a clear look at the red on her hand and gently rubbed it, she couldn't help but frown and mutter, "How did lipstick get here?"

Chapter 226: Lipstick Incident_1

"How could there be lipstick?"

Although the overhead light wasn't on and the room was dim, how could a woman not recognize what that was?

She asked again, her eyes heavy with gravity as she looked at the man in front of her.

Mu Yichen also looked at his clothes and then reached out to touch the spot. Because the suit was black, it was impossible to see if there was anything on it, but when he looked at his hand, how could a man who often encountered women's lipstick not recognize what it was, except...

How could there be lipstick on his clothes?

"Believe me, I definitely didn't!"

"You usually wouldn't, but you drank so much tonight."

Qin Mu frowned and moved from under him to the inside, looking at him with disdain: "You better explain clearly to me, or don't you dare get on this bed."

After speaking, she turned around and went to the bathroom herself.

Mu Yichen...

Damn it, how could there be lipstick on his clothes?

He turned to watch the woman enter the bathroom and then shut the door forcefully, and he couldn't help but sigh deeply.

When he was drinking, he had taken off his coat and had someone hang it up, and it wasn't until he was leaving that he put it on again. Indeed, some brat had invited two beauties to accompany them, but he definitely wasn't involved.

The more Mu Yichen thought about it, the angrier he got. He grabbed his phone to call that kid, but to his surprise, no one answered even after two attempts.

But his wife was angry, which was a serious problem. What now?

He probably couldn't even get into bed tonight. The thought of not being able to hold her while sleeping made Yichen feel irritable.

It hadn't been many days since they had been happy together. It had taken much effort for her to forget his true nature and just about when she was ready to open her heart to him, this incident happened...

The more Mu Yichen thought, the more vexed he became, and he continued to call the other party, who simply turned off their phone this time.

"Damn it!"

He threw his phone violently to the ground. The woman, showering at that moment, heard the loud crash and turned her head, her ears perked up for a good while before she resumed washing, only continuing once it had been quiet outside for a while.

When she came out after her shower, she saw that the room was empty and felt a pang in her heart. Had he left?

Instinctively, she went to look for him, but just as she was about to step out, she was tightly embraced from behind.

"I swear, if I ever do anything to wrong you, may I be struck by lightning."

Such a vicious oath?

Qin Mu was held so tightly she couldn't move, her hair obscuring her vision. She pushed her hair behind one ear and turned to look at his profile: "What were you just doing?"

"My phone died," he muttered. "Do you believe me or not?"

"I want to, show me the evidence."

Her eyes, bright and clear like a starry sky, focused intently on a spot, her words unmistakably clear.

"How about tonight? Will you let me hold you while we sleep?"

Qin Mu...

He looked like a child right now, and Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh softly.

"What difference does it make if I let you hug me? And what if I don't?"

"If you don't let me hug you, I'll have insomnia."

"Mu Yichen, can we please calm down a bit?"

She hadn't even started with him, and he was already sticking to her.

All questions should be saved until after she had no more strength to argue.

Because after she was out of strength, hitting him wouldn't do any good, and doing other things that would tire her out, he would actually feel sorry for her, but not so much with this, he even felt a sense of achievement.

He said, "I promise, I absolutely haven't done anything to wrong you, and I never will in the future."

He had said those words before.

She had always trusted him; perhaps he hadn't been involved with any other girls, but he couldn't guarantee that no girl had taken the initiative to throw herself at him.

"Where did you go for drinks tonight?" she asked, completely drained, her voice hoarse.

"Fei Ran!"

"Fei Ran?"

She lifted her exhausted neck, her eyebrows knitted in disbelief as she looked at him, the place being so chaotic.

"Jing Feng wanted to celebrate, so Jiang Zhiyuan took the initiative to book Fei Ran and even called a few girls over," he explained.

"Mu Yichen, can you please get off me?"

She was on the verge of tears, completely out of strength to resist, her voice both soft and soothing.

"I'll keep trying until I'm forgiven."

"Yichen, please spare me."

She felt her tear ducts were no longer under her control.

In the end, he offered a simple explanation, and afterward, she fell into a deep, oblivious sleep.

When she woke up in the morning, Mu Yichen was already gone. She lifted her gaze to scan the room, listening intently within the silence of the bathroom; he must have left early.

Qin Mu couldn't help but think: He surely feared being held accountable when autumn comes.

But she would surely settle this account. How did lipstick end up on his body?

Chapter 227: Lipstick Incident_2

Dammit, some woman dared to seduce her man? If she knew who it was, she would definitely teach her a harsh lesson, preferably maiming her face beyond recognition, making her lips so swollen they'd be thicker than a donkey's.

Qin Mu fantasized for a while, then gathered her spirits and climbed out of bed: Qin Mu, you definitely can't let this go.

After getting up, washing up, she went downstairs, spirited and lively.

There was no one at home, only herself.

The auntie said the lady had taken the young miss to her early education class, Mu Zihao had gone to meet a client, and as for the young master, because he left so early, she didn't know what he was up to.

In the morning, when Jian Yan saw her at work, he took an extra glance at her: Why are your eyes swollen?

"Hm? Are they?"

Qin Mu was certain she hadn't looked at herself closely in the mirror today; she had been driven nearly insane by that lip glaze. But swollen eyes? She had slept quite well last night, not even dreaming, and the auntie hadn't mentioned a thing during breakfast.

It was only when she sat down in the reception area with Jian Yan and took out her makeup mirror to have a look that she instantly put it back in her bag, then with a startled look gave Jian Yan a glance and promptly stood up: I'll be right back.

Jian Yan gave a helpless, bitter smile, thinking, have I not seen every side of you?

But Qin Mu immediately returned to the lounge to find eye patches and went to the restroom.

Ten minutes should be enough. After applying the eye patches, she lay down in the room, then reached for her phone to send a message to Mr. Mu to confront him. But with a flicker of thought, she gently placed the phone back down.

What was wrong with her?

Ever since she found out about the lipstick on his shirt last night, she had been as agitated as if on gunpowder, unreasonably relentless. Was it necessary to pick such a bone with him?

He had assured her he hadn't wronged her.

Then, while pondering, she suddenly realized she had become a bit too light-headed recently, as if completely forgetting her own surname, so dependent on him, so bullying him, so...

So without herself.

Why had she suddenly become like this?

Her heart was slowly sinking, and she sat nervously in the chair, motionless.

Mu Yichen texted her on WeChat, asking if she had gone to work yet. She glanced at the message and her heart skipped a beat, then typed out two characters: I'm here!

But after thinking it over, she didn't send it.

The phone was gently placed on the table, and she walked out on her own.

Xiaomei came over with coffee for her: What's wrong with you?

It was Qin Mu's absent-mindedness, having nearly bumped into her, that really piqued her curiosity.

"It's nothing, just take the coffee to the office!"

She ordered tiredly, then went downstairs herself.

Jian Yan was still sitting there. When he saw her sit down again, he couldn't help but look up at her. But the somewhat clumsy girl from just before had suddenly become a bit cold.

"What happened? You turned into an ice beauty after just one trip upstairs."

"No, I'm thinking about some things. Shall we discuss the spring show plans for the end of the year?"

"Sure!"

Jian Yan saw she didn't want to talk more about herself, so he didn't press. Qin Mu was very thorough when talking about the end-of-year show that had been in the planning. Jian Yan felt quite assured about it.

This time, Qin Mu suddenly changed her mind about not going to AM for the show.

"If not there, where then?"

"Right here!"

Qin Mu thought that with the beautiful mountains and rivers here, it should be a good place for a show.

"Are you sure?"

Jian Yan wasn't sure whether her decision was right or not. It was her first show in Rongcheng, and if conditions weren't met and the show didn't go well, a slew of problems could follow, directly impacting her career development.

"I'm sure!"

What was there to be unsure about?

The thing she was most unsure about right now was what she had been doing these past days. How had she gotten so close to him?

Not just their bodies, but their hearts. Why had her heart been so uncontrollably captivated by him?

It was terrifying to think about. Just the thought of these days and nights, cuddling and opening up in his arms, like a spoiled little wife pampered into oblivion, felt unreal to her.

It shouldn't be like this.

But what would happen next?

She returned to the office, Xiaomei came downstairs, and went to Jian Yan: Master, Qinqin seems troubled.

"Yeah!"

Jian Yan was of course aware that she was troubled.

It was just a trip upstairs, probably to apply an eye patch, but what had she thought of? Suddenly, she decided not to use AM for the venue and insisted on having it here.

Chapter 228: Lipstick Incident_3

But for some reason, this time, it didn't feel so bad.

Instead, it was as if she had hoped she would make such a decision.

"Then now..."

"Do your job well."

Jian Yan instructed her as he picked up the newspaper.

"Oh!"

Xiaomei answered dejectedly, even if Qin Mu hadn't figured out Jian Yan's thoughts, she, as an onlooker, could see everything clearly.

The colleagues just watched, many things were understood but it wasn't appropriate to say much.

It wasn't until Jian Yan noticed someone looking at him that he put down the newspaper and calmly met the gaze of his colleague.

Everybody got back to work seriously before he continued reading his newspaper.

But Xiaomei still went to Qin Mu's office: "Qinqin, have you noticed that Master has lost some weight recently?"

Qin Mu slowly raised her eyes to look at her, it took her a while to react. They hadn't seen each other for a while, but she still hadn't noticed any changes in him when they met again.

It was Xiaomei, however, who caught on to all of his actions.

"It seems like it!" Qin Mu muttered to herself as she thought about it; he indeed seemed to have lost some weight.

Probably because he was not eating well alone, right?

"It's not a matter of seeming, it's clear." Xiaomei whispered her complaints on behalf of Jian Yan.

"Then from today on, pay more attention to each meal, starting with ordering more nutritious dishes, and then make sure Master eats more, okay?"

"Mm, I'll make a call right now to set up the meal with the restaurant."

Xiaomei immediately nodded vigorously, happy to hear this, and went out to call and order a more nutritious lunch for Jian Yan.

This time, Qin Mu was truly certain of Xiaomei's love for Master.

If not, why would she feel so indignant on behalf of Master?

However, the first thing she needed to reflect on was that as a disciple, she indeed hadn't been doing well, only busy with her own things and never caring about whether Master was doing well or not.

Always saying that "once a teacher, forever a father," but when had she ever really treated him like a father?

Later on, she didn't carry her phone with her, and at noon, when the meal ordered from AM arrived, Qin Mu couldn't help but frown upon seeing the meal box: "Why is it ordered from here?"

"We are Mr. Mu's friends, so we get a discount of seventy percent, and the manager said they would only charge us for the cost of the meal, so wouldn't it be a loss for us not to order from them?"

Xiaomei explained as she opened up the food boxes one by one.

Qin Mu sighed internally, thinking about nourishing Master's body and didn't say anything more.

But Jian Yan, before starting to eat, said, "From now on, let's not order from them anymore. A discount of ten or twenty percent is a matter of saving face, but a seventy percent discount and you still dare to eat it?"

"Why not? If I get a bargain for free, why wouldn't I take advantage of it?"

As Xiaomei opened the last food box and sat down next to Qin Mu, the three gathered around a table full of dishes.

"Do you think they'll let you take advantage of them for free? Sister Qinqin and their boss are together now, and you get a seventy percent discount, but what if it ends later?" Jian Yan asked.

"How could it?"

"Forget it, let's eat!"

Qin Mu was a bit uncomfortable listening to this; now she was scared to even think about him.

"Right, let's eat first. Master, you should eat more."

As Xiaomei spoke, she began serving him food, her mind full of thoughts about making him eat well.

"How many times have I said not to call me Master? If you must call someone Master, then calling Mumu would be most appropriate, after all, you've been following her these years."

"If I can't call you that, then is Jian Brother okay, or how about Uncle Jian? Uncle Jian?"

Qin Mu...

Jian Yan was so frustrated by her that he couldn't speak and just picked up his chopsticks to eat.

Qin Mu didn't want to go back to the Mu Family home that evening, fearing she would have trouble explaining to the elders, but who knew that as soon as Yichen finished work, he drove straight to their studio's building.

Standing by the office window, Jian Yan smoked and watched the car stop as Mu Yichen, with his long strides, emerged from the vehicle and went directly into their studio.

After that, Jian Yan didn't need to think any more, Mu Yichen must have headed straight for Qin Mu's office.

Without hearing a knock, Qin Mu looked up when someone pushed open the door, and then she saw him enter with a cold face, slamming the door shut. He walked up to her desk, leaned on the edge with his hands, and looked at her with cold eyes: "Why didn't you reply to my messages or answer my calls?"

"You sent me messages?"

Qin Mu turned to search for her phone under the papers on her desk, but after a long while, she suddenly dropped all the papers, her confused eyes gazing at him: "Sorry, my phone isn't here."

She seemed genuinely innocent, but the man in front of her didn't believe a word, just laughing coldly.

"Last night, Jiang Zhiyuan went to send his friend off and took the wrong coat, and because of such a trifle, you've ignored me the whole day?"

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Qin Mu didn't speak. She didn't know whether she should argue or not. If she argued, she had a lot she could say, but if she didn't, wouldn't she just be misunderstood?

Qin Mu looked at his handsome face, which now bore an angry expression, and suddenly she couldn't bring herself to react otherwise, just gazing up at him.

Mu Yichen slapped the table hard, turned around coldly, and paced back and forth in front of her, as if he wanted to erupt with anger but had to restrain himself.

Qin Mu knew she had made him angry. Finally, she was willing to lower her head, uncertain if she could bear to continue seeing him so enraged.

"What's wrong with you? Do you find it funny to suddenly act like this?"

"The phone is really not with me. Do you have to make such a big fuss because I didn't contact you for one day?"

She said these words tentatively, in a cautious manner.

"Whether the phone is not with you or you deliberately threw it away to avoid my calls, you know better than I do."

He pointed forcefully at his chest, the nearly six-foot-tall man now looking like a petulant boy who had suffered a great blow.

"Qin Mu, I know what's on your mind, I know it clear as day, I..."

He wanted to continue, but he had to swallow those words because he knew how hard it had been to wait for this day. He didn't want to waste all his long effort because of a moment of anger.

"It's getting late. Let's go home for dinner."

In the end, he suppressed all his temper, and said that sentence with his head lowered to her.

So, she didn't even have time to make an excuse not to go back to the Mu Family, nor the courage to say she would drive back herself. Seeing him waiting by the car for her, she slowly walked over and opened the passenger side door.

Jian Yan watched quietly from upstairs, everything unfolding just as he had expected.

Jian Yan listened to the argument in the next office, and he could even imagine what they both looked like at that moment.

And what Qin Mu must be feeling sitting next to Mu Yichen now.

Jian Yan thought, no matter what, he should still send his blessings, after all, she was his only apprentice.

Hmm, I forgot to take the mobile phone after all.

On the road.

In such a large car, the air seemed thin, whether it was due to the cold weather or something else, there was a feeling of being unable to catch one's breath.

Qin Mu turned to look at him. "I think I forgot to bring my phone again."

Mu Yichen...

Turned and gave her a cold glance.

Qin Mu felt that glare was as if he was scolding her for not bringing her brain.

She indeed hadn't brought her brain today, she was on the verge of a breakdown, driven mad by the thought of how she had fallen completely into his tender trap these past days.

Suddenly, Qin Mu wondered, was it deliberate?

Deliberately coaxing her every night, making her unconsciously end up in his arms.

Now, she probably couldn't fall asleep at night without him.

The more she thought about it, the more defiant her expression became.

Every time she had some little scheme in mind, he seemed to guess it accurately, and Qin Mu was a bit scared.

But the cold harshness on the distinct profile stirred up an involuntary sense of pity in her again.

"Do you want to go back and get it?"

"No need."

He suddenly said, and Qin Mu felt it was a blessing. She whispered to him,

"Let your assistant contact this phone for anything."

He handed his black phone to her, focusing on driving while giving instructions.

Qin Mu, staring at the phone in front of her, took it after hesitating for a moment and then called Xiaomei.

"It's me!"

"Yeah, call this number for anything."

"Okay, hanging up!"

Mu Yichen was still focused on driving, she hugged his phone and looked at him, "Thank you."

Mu Yichen didn't even glance at her, struggling to keep his temper in check while driving properly.

"There's a flower shop over there, how about we buy some flowers to take home?"

She suddenly looked towards the roadside on his side, Mu Yichen looked in that direction and then steered the car toward it.

Qin Mu...

She had simply wanted to prevent him from sulking, not expecting him to drive there without a word.

Qin Mu had no choice but to get out and go buy flowers. Halfway there, she turned back and said, "I didn't bring my wallet, come with me, will you?"

"Go by yourself!"

He said as he took out his wallet from his suit pocket and handed it to her.

Qin Mu had no choice but to take the wallet through the window, turned with a sense of loss, and walked away.

Mu Yichen sighed lightly with exasperation. She had hardly taken a few steps when he got out of the car.

Qin Mu turned at the sound, immediately smiled broadly, and ran back to loop her arm through his as they walked inside together.

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Mu Yichen...

This little vixen wants to torture him to death, huh?

With a helpless sigh, he followed her into the flower shop.

"Welcome!"

The little hanging ornament at the door started ringing as soon as they arrived at the entrance. Qin Mu looked down at it and said cheerfully, "How cute."

Mu Yichen just looked at her with a bewildered expression. Qin Mu glanced up at him and immediately pushed the door open and entered.

"What kind of flowers would the two of you like to buy?"

"Ask my husband,"

Qin Mu said with a beaming smile, then looked up at Mu Yichen, "What flowers do you like?"

"You're buying them for me?"

Mu Yichen's brow twitched.

"Yes!"

"Did you bring money?"

He asked again.

Qin Mu looked at his despair-filled eyes and then down at the black wallet in her hand, hehe.

In the end, the two of them bought a big bunch of lilies and walked out of the shop. Mu Yichen still had his hands in his pockets, while Qin Mu did not forget to wrap one arm around his.

Hmm, it had become a habit.

It seemed as if her own mood wasn't that important anymore; what mattered was his mood.

Compared to the tense atmosphere that morning, she now felt relaxed, and then, arm in arm, they went back to the car. After putting the flowers in the backseat and buckling up her seatbelt, she turned to look at him, "If you like them, I'll buy them for you tomorrow."

"Humph!"

President Mu smiled and said nothing else.

Qin Mu felt rather cold and didn't speak anymore after that.

When they got home, Qin Mu gave the lilies to the butler, who was delighted to receive them. Although trying not to show too much excitement, the butler, who received flowers for the first time at her age, immediately found a vase and cherished them in her bedroom.

After dinner, Qin Mu coaxed Huanhuan to take a bath and go to bed. President Mu, unusually, didn't even bother with her until she had coaxed Huanhuan to sleep and an hour had passed; he still hadn't come to look for her.

Qin Mu knew that President Mu was truly angry.

But she didn't expect to fall asleep in her daughter's bed.

She had planned to return after her daughter slept soundly, but when she woke up and checked the time, it was already past five in the morning. She held her breath, careful not to wake her sleeping daughter, and quietly slipped out from under the covers.

Back in their room, she tiptoed to the bed, then carefully lay down and pulled the covers over herself.

She thought she'd just say she came back in the middle of the night if he asked; he would have been asleep by then and definitely wouldn't know anything.

But...

No sooner had she settled in bed and calmed her racing heart than he suddenly turned.

Qin Mu instinctively turned her head, her bright eyes fixed on his broad back.

Because she hadn't come back last night, he hadn't closed the curtains, and the moonlight poured in, allowing her to see the back of his head.

She became nervous again; was he awake?

Or had he not slept?

The more Qin Mu thought about it, the more frightened she became, so she bravely turned and reached out to hold him.

"Let go!"

President Mu said haughtily.

Qin Mu...

"I won't!"

She suddenly became petulant.

Mu Yichen really wanted to get angry, but being held tightly, his frustration soon dissolved into nothingness.

"You didn't want to come back, did you?"

In the silent room, he finally asked her seriously.

"No, I just fell asleep by accident. You didn't come to hold me like you usually do."

"If you don't cherish it, what's the point of forcing you?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but kick him gently with her foot.

She suddenly felt wronged.

Why hadn't he mentioned before that forcing her was meaningless?

Before, he would have tied her to him if he could, and now he suddenly says such hurtful things.

"Mu Yichen, you're not allowed to say that again, or else..."

"Or else what?"

He suddenly twisted around, looking at her with eyes full of challenge.

"Or I'll really leave!"

She declared stubbornly, her eyes fogging up.

"Leave? You won't even make it out of the front door."

She preferred...

To be willing to never leave the doorstep to his heart for her entire life.

In the morning, neither of them wanted to get out of bed, as if they had just regained what they had lost, clinging tightly to each other.

But they still had to go to work, and Mu Yichen drove her to the studio.

Jian Yan was standing by the window, smoking. As soon as Qin Mu entered, she instinctively greeted him, "Master Jian, good morning!"

"Hmm!"

It was no longer early!

But he still gently stubbed out his cigarette and acknowledged her with a nod.

Wen Runuan came to see her after ten, asking her for help with some clothing designs but also to talk about Jing Qing's situation.

"Jing Qing really can be extreme. There was a director who touched her once, and afterward, she seemed to have attempted suicide."