

His Beloved 231

Chapter 231: Lipstick Incident_6

There were only two people in the office when Wen Runuan spoke, and the woman who was cutting the fabric couldn't help but lift her head, pushing up the frame of her glasses with a puzzled look at the woman sitting on the sofa.

"If you want to know about her past, why don't you come over and rest for a while? I should know quite a bit about her," she said.

Wen Runuan had been enduring silently at Jingshang for quite a few years without making a move, Qin Mu thought this perhaps had much to do with Jing Qing's relationship after all, so she later sat with her on the sofa and had tea.

"It was after she attempted suicide that news of her getting engaged to President Mu spread throughout the city. From that point on, I dared not compete with her anymore. The drama I starred in this year was also shot around that time. Back then, President Mu and the Jing Family were suppressing Jingshang, so President Zhang had no choice but to shelve my drama and broadcast several of her dramas on various channels instead."

Indeed, it was from that time that Jing Qing began to rise to fame.

"Which year was it? The year Jing Qing attempted suicide."

"It seems it was two or three years ago, in the winter," Wen Runuan said pensively as she held the teacup. She looked at the high-quality tea leaves and smelled the aroma, and although she liked it, she still put the teacup down.

Qin Mu thought back to the first time she had been intimate with Mu Yichen. He had left before dawn and didn't see her again for a long time after that.

In other words, it was probably around that time that Jing Qing attempted suicide.

Qin Mu hadn't expected Jing Qing to have the courage to do something like that; she wouldn't dare attempt such a thing herself.

"Don't you like it?"

Returning to her senses, she looked down and softly asked Wen Runuan who had set down her teacup.

"No, it's because I'm planning to have a baby."

Wen Runuan didn't feel the need to hide this from her, but it still took Qin Mu by surprise. Wasn't this the peak of her career? Was it really the right time to have a baby?

"I know what you're thinking, but President Zhang isn't getting any younger."

"So are you two planning to get married?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"Not really, aren't you and President Mu also not married? A woman doesn't only consider having a baby for a man after getting married, right?"

Qin Mu couldn't refute, nor could she agree, and could only offer a sincere smile.

When she gave birth to Huanhuan back in the day, it was for herself, not because of Mu Yichen.

But she had also thought, if she had had a loving family back then, wouldn't she have wanted to keep the baby? It would definitely have been their child, after all.

Thinking of the bond they had shared since childhood...

"If you think it's worth it, then it's worth it."

Qin Mu said in a low voice.

"Yes, I think it's worth it. I'll take a year off from filming after I get pregnant, but I don't think I'll disappear without a trace this time, will I?"

Wen Runuan asked tentatively.

Qin Mu nodded: Yes!

Wen Runuan also smiled at her, but as they were chatting, Xiaomei suddenly ran up: Qinqin, Qin Mingzhu and her mother are here.

Qin Mu cast a doubtful glance towards the door, but then responded with composure: I know!

"It looks like we'll have to continue our chat another day."

"That's fine. I'll get your gown ready in the next few days, and we'll see each other then."

"All right!"

Wen Runuan got up, walked downstairs shoulder to shoulder with Qin Mu, and the mother-daughter pair sitting in the downstairs reception area were startled to see them together, both staring at Qin Mu and Wen Runuan with wide eyes.

"Take care!"

Wen Runuan bid farewell to Qin Mu at the door and left. Qin Mu watched her get into the nanny car and drive away, then turned back to the reception area.

"Was that Wen Runuan just now? Are you two close?"

Qin Mingzhu asked unconsciously what was on her mind.

"That's probably none of your business, state your purpose here."

Qin Mu sat on a single sofa beside them, her hands gently clasped together as she looked at the mother and daughter.

"Since you're being so candid, I won't beat around the bush. I've heard that you make good cheongsams, and next month I'm going with Mingzhu's dad to an important event, so I've come to you for one."

Qin Mu...

Xiaomei, who happened to be walking by with some documents, couldn't help but shoot Zhang Rujia a look as if she were seeing a monster when she heard this.

"What's that look for? My mom wants you to make a cheongsam for her because she respects you."

"But not just anyone gets a cheongsam made by Qinqin."

As Qin Mingzhu frowned at Qin Mu's expressionless response, Xiaomei, clutching the documents, said authoritatively.

Qin Mingzhu immediately glared at her: Who do you think you are? Is this your place to speak?

"She's my most capable assistant. Do you say she has the right to speak or not?" Qin Mu asked with an icy tone.

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Qin Mingzhu immediately stamped her foot in displeasure and reached out to pinch Zhang Rujia's arm, "Mom, look how annoying she is all the time."

"All right, all right! You two are sisters after all, does it have to be like this? Qin Mu, your father intended for us to reconcile, so I came here to order a cheongsam to put his mind at ease. Don't you think you should show some gesture?"

Zhang Rujia looked at Qin Mu and started scolding her unhappily.

They were actually here to make amends with her?

"Ha, after all the things you and your mother have done, you think coming to our Qinqin to order a cheongsam is trying to make amends? What do you take our Qinqin for? Besides, why should our Qinqin reconcile with you?"

Xiaomei couldn't help but snort with laughter, finding the disdainful expressions on the faces of the mother and daughter amusing.

"Hey, are you stupid? Don't you know what status my mother and I have? Do you want to leave Rongcheng that badly?"

Qin Mingzhu was truly exasperated and suddenly stood up from the sofa.

"We've been here so long, not even a cup of tea, and then some little assistant dares insult us. You are being very disrespectful, you know? Apologize to me and my mother right this instant, or I'm telling you, this young lady will turn her back and refuse to recognize you."

Qin Mingzhu's eyes were indeed bright with anger, and the way her eyes bulged almost comically incited hatred.

"So what if you are powerful and influential? Do you not have to abide by the law because you are powerful and influential? You are threatening me here, but I can also sue you, and as for your family, the legal punishment should be one degree harsher."

Xiaomei was uncompromising, striking back with every word.

"You, you dare to intimidate me?"

Qin Mingzhu's mouth fell agape, utterly disregarding her proper attire and refined makeup.

Finally, Qin Mu could not listen any longer. She rolled up her sleeves and slowly stood up, "What are you trying to do, huh?"

"I... Didn't you see how disrespectful that little brazen hussy was to me?"

"What did you call me? Qinqin, I can't take it anymore."

Xiaomei was so angry she turned pale, glanced back at Qin Mu, and really seemed about to go at it with Qin Mingzhu after tossing her documents onto the desk behind her.

"Apologize to her!"

Qin Mu raised her hand to stop Xiaomei, her sharp gaze commanded Qin Mingzhu with a cold order.

"Apologize? Why should I?"

Qin Mingzhu stood on tiptoes, clenching her teeth with fury.

"Because you lack verbal morality."

Qin Mu declared sternly, her eyes filled with murderous intent.

"I won't!"

Qin Mingzhu vehemently disagreed, and Zhang Rujia also got up, "Qin Mu, you are going too far. Others bully your younger sister, and it is fine if you don't help, but why do you side with outsiders?"

"I've never seen someone so shameless. Qinqin, don't stop me. Let me settle this once and for all with them."

Qin Mu didn't even bother to judge whether her words were reasonable, but simply used her arm to forcefully block her from moving any further ahead.

Some things were okay for her to do, but not for Xiaomei.

"Outsiders? Who is the outsider?"

Qin Mu's piercing gaze fixed on them.

"Qin Mu, you really are going too far. I'm going to let your father see your disgusting face and let him know that you, and all the little whores in your studio, all of you... Ah!"

Qin Mu didn't say another word, but leaned over to splash a large glass of cold water straight into the hostile face of Qin Mingzhu.

Xiaomei suddenly felt vindicated, wanting to laugh but striving to hold it back, looking at her Qinqin with a cold face against the mother and daughter.

"You may have your clothes made, but first, I won't lift a hand, and second, if you're here for the cheongsam design, keep your mouth clean. Otherwise, get out. My studio will no longer welcome you beauties, never ever."

After saying that, Qin Mu turned and walked away.

Xiaomei snorted coldly because Qin Mu had vented for her, and she also walked out.

Meanwhile, Qin Mingzhu stood there with her hands spread open, her mouth agape until her jaw nearly dislocated. She could not have imagined Qin Mu treating her with such rudeness, and now she was so angry she wanted to tear Qin Mu to pieces.

Zhang Rujia, seeing her daughter with a face soaked in water and her chest also wet, got even angrier in an instant.

"Qin Mu, stop right there!"

Zhang Rujia said and walked around the sofa, quickly heading toward Qin Mu, who already had left the reception room, before Qin Mingzhu could start crying.

Qin Mu stopped in her tracks, her cold eyes shooting toward the woman approaching her.

Qin Mu thought, one should really be grateful she was sent away at the age of eight. Otherwise, staying in the Qin Family might have cost her life.

Seeing the woman approaching her with furious determination, recalling her own mother, she considered that this was the culprit behind her mother's death, this very woman, who used her youthful body to win over her father's heart, causing her family to fall apart and perish.

After being abandoned overseas for more than a decade and then returning, this woman still kept troubling her relentlessly. Where did this woman get her daring? Was she not afraid that every night she would be haunted by nightmares?

This was the woman who had captivated her father's heart. She desperately wanted to question that man, what exactly had he seen in this woman? In terms of morality, this woman could not compare to her mother in any way; in terms of looks, this woman was nothing but slyly charming, devoid of any respectable virtues.

What was this woman trying to do now?

"With your father not here today, I, as someone who should exercise eldership, should properly teach you a lesson in his stead."

Chapter 233: Will you get tired of it_1

"I'm going to give you a lesson on behalf of your father today, you unfilial daughter."

Rujia Zhang stepped forward and raised her hand to slap Qin Mu.

Young and agile, Qin Mu quickly dodged to one side as Rujia Zhang swung her hand.

It happened in an instant, Rujia Zhang, off-balance from the force of her unmet slap, fell askew onto the cold, hard floor.

"Ah! My back!"

That cry, characteristically of an older person, immediately drew the attention of all the studio workers, who could no longer remain seated. They stood up one by one, looking towards the staircase.

There lay the once haughty lady sprawled on the ground, one hand over her head as she hadn't had time to retract it after the slap and was now too pained to quickly pull back, and the other hand fiercely clutching her back, her face twisted with severe pain.

"Mom, mom!"

Seeing Rujia Zhang's condition, Qin Mingzhu felt both embarrassed and scared, but instinctively ran up to her.

"Mom, how are you? Are you alright?"

"Call an ambulance, quickly."

Rujia Zhang struggled to get those few words out.

"Bitch, call an ambulance for my mom now."

Kneeling on the ground, Qin Mingzhu cradled her mother, looking up frantically at Qin Mu, demanding.

Qin Mu, with her head lowered, gave a cold glance before turning and heading upstairs.

The people on the first floor naturally did not want to meddle further. They had never seen such an elder before and were curious to see what she would do if they did not interfere.

"Mom, where does it hurt?"

Qin Mingzhu asked anxiously, panic-stricken and on the verge of tears.

"No one is allowed to help!"

After going upstairs, Qin Mu stood on the steps, high above, and commanded the people below.

"Don't worry, no one's going to help!"

Xiaomei, playing along, said the words and couldn't help but let out a snicker.

It was then that Qin Mu, walking inside, caught sight of Jian Yan not far away.

"Master!"

Qin Mu walked over, called out, then followed him into the office.

"Do these mother and daughter often come to trouble you?" he asked flatly.

"Not often, but every time they do, something definitely gets stirred up," Qin Mu remarked casually, as they took their seats opposite each other in the office.

"I gather from what I've heard that your father is keen to make amends with you?" Jian Yan lifted his eyes, asking softly.

"Something like that, but as you know, our relationship as father and daughter can no longer be the same as it was before I was eight. The fact that my mother died is undeniable, and no matter what, I can't just chat and laugh with him as if nothing happened."

Jian Yan was silent for a moment, then smiled upon seeing her able to laugh: Be happy, don't be too hard on yourself.

"Hmm!"

Jian Yan thought, her prompt agreement didn't necessarily mean she understood the meaning of not being too hard on herself.

But in time, she would come to understand it all, because she was growing, and her progress in design over the past few years had been rapid.

When it comes to family, perhaps one must go through much before they can understand what they truly want in life.

He sat quietly, watching her, as if he could see his former self.

Back then, he was full of passion, stubbornly pursuing what he wanted, his losses and gains in equal measure.

"Mumu!"

He suddenly called out, injecting a thread of vitality into the quiet space.

"Hmm?"

"My greatest hope for you is that you succeed in your career and find happiness in your family."

Qin Mu didn't know why he was being so serious all of a sudden but couldn't help laughing: "Master, that's a really big expectation."

People who are successful in their careers and happy in their families are rare in this world.

"If you can only choose one, I hope you choose family happiness."

Qin Mu was puzzled again; her master was acting a bit strange today.

"In the future, everything I have will be yours. You can work hard, but don't overdo it because nothing is more important than feeling satisfied and warm in your heart."

Qin Mu...

Everything he owns will be hers?

Why does that statement feel so heavy? Or rather, very heavy?

"You've been helping that actress design a new gown recently, right? Design the best gown in the shortest time, using the simplest fabrics."

After finishing his words, Jian Yan got up and left, while Qin Mu stayed, still trying to make sense of it all.

She understood what Jian Yan said about designing the gown, but she didn't understand what was going on with him today, why he suddenly said those things that seemed so out of the blue.

Chapter 234: Will you get tired of it_2

Qin Haiming, upon hearing that his wife had been hospitalized, promptly called Qin Mu. It was only then that Qin Mu had gone to the bedroom to sleep, but when she picked up the phone and heard the voice she disliked, her subconscious reflex was to hang up.

"Mumu, don't hang up, Daddy has something to tell you," he said.

If it had been before she turned eight, those words would have been truly heartwarming.

He spoke as if trying to comfort her. She used to love how tenderly her father would counsel her when she was a child. His smile was always warm, and his eyes always radiated strength and gentleness.

She didn't know why she could still remember those times. Was it because such happy memories were so rare?

She was about to hang up the phone but brought it back to her ear. Standing silently in front of the desk in the vast room, she listened to the voice on the other end.

"I heard from your aunt that she went to see you about a dress. She said you were upset because she's an elder," his voice still had warmth, as if he was gauging, searching for the right amount of force to use.

Qin Mu just listened silently.

"Mumu, I truly hope our family can get along well. Even if we can't, couldn't we at least interact like relatives? I've met Huanhuan—by chance—and I really like that granddaughter of mine. Your aunt also says Huanhuan resembles me somewhat."

"You've said so much. What exactly are you trying to express?"

Qin Mu couldn't take it anymore. Why suddenly bring up her daughter?

"Daddy just really misses you. He wants to make amends, be good to your daughter, have your aunt be good to you, and your sister, Mingzhu, she's hot-headed but not malicious by nature."

"Not malicious by nature? Have you forgotten who almost got me assaulted in the mall restroom that time? Have you forgotten who hurt me repeatedly, slandered me?"

Qin Mu snorted coldly and after saying these things to the phone, she finally didn't want to hear another word from him and hung up.

Then, silence.

In the quiet, she could hear the pain in her own heartbeat.

After Qin Haiming hung up, he sighed helplessly, then dialed another number: "How is your mother's condition now?"

"It's very bad, Dad. After such a big incident, are you going to do something about it or not? I saw with my own eyes that little bitch Qin Mu pushing my mother. My mom is so old; wasn't that far too much?"

"You're saying your mom was pushed down by Mumu?" Qin Haiming hadn't listened carefully earlier and was shocked now.

"Don't you know how your treasured daughter behaves? She looks down on everyone in our family now. The nicer we are to her, the more she thinks we owe her. Mom just said a few words like 'your father

hopes our family can get along,' and she got angry. I called her 'sister,' and she splashed water all over me. My clothes are still wet, you can come see for yourself."

"I have another meeting soon, Mingzhu, you stay at the hospital and take good care of mom. We can talk about the rest tomorrow."

Qin Haiming felt a bit gloomy after hanging up this time, his eyes hazy.

Qin Mu had a fiery temper; he would believe she could do something excessive, but he always thought he owed her, hoping it would just blow over.

Later, because he had a meeting, he decided to talk to Qin Mu later on. After all, hitting an elder was a serious disrespect.

But Qin Mu had no idea about his plans. Shortly after their conversation, she returned to her office to work.

The clothing factory had already started operating. In fact, she no longer needed to make clothes by hand, but she still wished to personally finish working on Wen Runuan's dress.

Before the factory began, they hired many famous masters, so she was quite confident in its operations. Moreover, with the year-end show upcoming, she had no time to make clothes for others personally.

In the afternoon, Mu Yichen texted her: "Miss me?"

Qin Mu glanced at their phone and smiled unconsciously. She didn't plan to reply, but then she thought of yesterday when she had set down her scissors to send him a message: "Miss you so much I can hardly remember."

Mu Yichen had just finished a meeting and was sitting in the conference room smiling at the message on his phone.

Qiao Yi was sitting in a chair diagonally across from him and seeing his previously stern face light up, he guessed it must be a message from Qin Mu.

No matter what, whenever he faced any troublesome matters, it seemed even the unintentional words from that woman could cheer him up.

Perhaps this is what others would call fate?

Chapter 235: Will you get tired of it_3

Only Qin Mu could tame him.

"It's Qin Mu, right?"

When Mu Yichen looked up at him, he asked.

"Yeah, why haven't you left yet?"

Everyone else had gone, and Mu Yichen thought he would leave as well.

"I plan to personally take responsibility for this project, so I stayed until the end to discuss it with you alone."

"Have you thought it through? Africa isn't like any other country."

Mu Yichen took him seriously and became serious as well.

"Anyway, I'm tired in Rongcheng, so it might be better to go out and see the world. Although Africa is tough, maybe I can think less about the people here and even find some enjoyment amidst the hardship."

The corner of Qiao Yi's mouth twitched, indicating that Jing Qing's indifference had truly hurt him.

"Okay, tonight I'll call that kid Jiang Zhiyuan and Jing Feng to throw you a farewell party."

Mu Yichen was annoyed whenever he thought of Jiang Zhiyuan, especially remembering the lipstick incident, which occurred because of him. Since that day, Jiang Zhiyuan had been avoiding him and had not met with him. He was certain that Jiang Zhiyuan would be at the farewell party for Qiao Yi tonight, and he was determined to make that kid personally apologize to his wife.

"Tonight, I'll take you out for dinner. Qiao Yi is heading to Africa, so let's all go and give him a send-off."

After that, Qing Mu received that WeChat message. This time, she truly had no objections and agreed very readily.

But by six o'clock in the evening, she wasn't ready to leave yet when the mayor's car stopped in front of her house.

Just as she came out with her backpack, as before, he stood by the car, looking up at her as she descended the stairs, his eyes as if saying, "I have all the patience in the world for you."

"Is something the matter?"

She approached him, already guessing that it had something to do with those two women.

"Mumu, when you have time, go and apologize to your aunt. Even if you don't regard her as family, she has taken care of your father's daily needs all these years. Just give her the basic respect she deserves, and dad won't force you to do anything else," Qin Hai said reassuringly.

Qin Mu felt that something about his words was fishy; could it be that those two women had exaggerated the story? She couldn't help but laugh softly, and when she looked up at the star-filled sky she thought: You say you want to acknowledge me, but you don't trust me, do you?

"Trust? Of course, dad trusts you," Qin Haiming said, unaware of her thoughts, but pondering his response.

"If you trust me, why would you say those words to me? What have I done wrong that I should apologize to her?"

Qin Mu looked at him seriously.

At that moment, she was calm because she was disappointed.

"No matter what, your aunt came to make peace with you, but you pushed her down, and now she is lying in the hospital. Don't you think you should bow your head to her? Huh?"

"I pushed her down? Did she say that, or did your precious daughter say it?"

Qin Mu asked with a sneer, her fingers lightly curling around the strap of her bag, and then her keen gaze returned to the man before her.

The starlight was sufficient for them to see the doubt and mockery on each other's faces.

"So you didn't push your aunt down? You didn't splash Mingzhu with water? It's all Mingzhu lying? Can you assure dad of that?"

"Why should I make a promise to someone who doesn't trust me? And please, don't refer to yourself as my dad in the future, because my dad, is kind-hearted, warm, and the person who trusts me the most, but you..."

Qin Mu shook her head disappointingly, then regarded him again, smiling: "Mr. Qin, goodbye!"

She bowed slightly, she could still offer him a bit of respect, but that was the only relationship left between them now.

"Mumu..."

"In the future, you can call me Miss Qin or Qin Mu, but the name Mumu was my mother's favorite, and since you've remarried and driven her daughter out of the house, you no longer have the right to call me by that name."

"Mumu, dad really wants to make it up to you. Won't you give dad even a little chance? Even if you don't like your aunt or Mingzhu, can't you occasionally visit your aging father at home? He can't sleep well because of you; he feels remorse toward your deceased mother; he feels guilty for having abandoned you abroad. Mumu..."

"You're thinking too much," she said, feeling the need to set things straight with her father, believing there was no need to dwell on a relationship that had run its course.

"Mumu, to make a stand for yourself in Rongcheng, in the Mu Family, you can't do without dad's support. Don't be so stubborn, okay?"

"She doesn't need your disturbance," a voice said.

As the father and daughter were unable to communicate, he walked slowly out of the darkness.

Qin Mu turned toward the sound the moment she heard his voice, and it only took a second for her vision to blur upon seeing him clearly.

Chapter 236: Will you get tired of it_4

"Not interfering with Mumu is the greatest support you can provide. As for everything else, she has me; that's enough."

Mu Yichen stepped forward, his arm sweeping behind Qin Mu to embrace her, his gaze fixed on the man before him as he replied.

"Mu Yichen!" Qin Haiming murmured, frowning deeply.

"Yes, it's me. She's in Rongcheng, and I will protect her completely. Whatever she wants, I'll help her get it. As for you, if you can sincerely stand behind her and support her, reach out when she needs it, that would be great. But if not, then we won't blame you. Just please, refrain from disturbing us again."

"What gives you the right to speak to me like this? You think because you and Mumu have a child you can do whatever you want with her?"

Qin Haiming raised his hand and pointed at him, visibly displeased with his son-in-law's arrogance.

"I'm under her authority; she calls the shots in our family. So, you don't need to worry about her being wronged in our home."

Mu Yichen responded with confidence.

"Really? Are you so sure your parents will treat her as well as you claim? And you, what about that day you were indulging yourself at Fei Ran thinking I wouldn't know?"

It was only at the mention of Fei Ran that Qin Mu finally reacted, lifting her eyes to look at the man opposite her.

"You're not so idle as to worry about a citizen's lineage, are you? Even if you have the time, we certainly don't want your interference."

Qin Mu couldn't understand why this man, with so much free time, didn't go and see his injured wife but instead wasted time here with her, especially when he didn't trust her at all.

What was there to even talk about?

"What I did at Fei Ran's, drinking, that's true. But I have a clear conscience regarding my own woman. If there's nothing else, please stop bothering us. We have other matters to attend to, so we'll be leaving now."

Mu Yichen lowered his gaze to Qin Mu and confirmed with her before walking her to the car.

He had actually been there for quite a while, just out of sight, which is why he hadn't been detected.

Only to find out that during the conversation between the father and daughter, Qin Haiming completely distrusted Qin Mu yet still talked of father-daughter affection.

After Qin Mu got into the car, he closed the door for her, then turned to look at the man still standing there, squinting: I can guarantee with my integrity that Mumu is not the kind to harm elders voluntarily; you'd do well to ask your wife and daughter what really happened. You shouldn't have a hard time figuring out the truth.

Qin Haiming stood to the side, watching the tall, young man enter his car, yet he hesitated to return to his own.

"Actually, there's no need to say so much to him. Even if he understands this time, he'll still doubt me in the future. We have a barrier between us, so no matter how much I try, things will never be like when I was under eight."

As the car started and moved away, Qin Mu spoke calmly, then turned to look at him and suddenly chuckled, leaning lightly on his shoulder, looking ahead at the flickering lights.

"This relationship, if we can have it without strings, we will. But since you aren't willing to use it, let me be the bad guy."

As Mu Yichen drove, he glanced at the woman leaning on his shoulder in the rearview mirror and commented.

Only then did Qin Mu look up at him, curiosity shining in her eyes.

Mu Yichen smiled but said nothing further.

Qin Mu probably understood what he meant, or perhaps she knew there was no way to avoid entanglement with that man. As long as she didn't have to deal with him personally, she really didn't mind how Mu Yichen handled the situation.

Especially since he was so protective of her.

All her frustration from meeting Qin Hai dissipated because of Mu Yichen, and suddenly, Qin Mu felt it was wonderful to be in the car with him like this.

She would support whatever he wanted to do because he would never harm her.

He was always there to defend and help her.

Thinking of the clothing factory incident made Qin Mu's heart heavy again; she owed him so much, and with that thought, she reached out to hold onto his arm tightly.

At a stop, Mu Yichen paused the car, looked down at her mischievously, and asked curiously, "What mischief are you thinking of?"

Because he asked right next to her ear, the cool breath on her ear made her mind stray, and she subconsciously looked up at him with sparkling eyes, raising a hand to gently touch his face.

"Let's discuss this issue more thoroughly later."

"Mu Yichen!"

Mrs. Mu felt quite stifled, but since they were back on the road, she could only hold onto him tightly, conveying all her emotions to him in this manner.

Chapter 237: Will you get tired of it_5

It's a feeling of happiness! Emotion!

After arriving at AM, the two hugged and walked toward the elevator. Jing Qing and her friend just happened to arrive too. Twisting her head at the elevator entrance, she caught sight of them and immediately greeted Mu Yichen with unconcealed joy, "Yichen, what a coincidence."

"Mm!"

Mu Yichen responded indifferently, then subconsciously looked at his own woman.

Qin Mu actually thought this was for the best. It wasn't necessary for Jing Qing to greet her in front of him; she wouldn't exchange pleasantries with Jing Qing either. Pretending they were invisible to each other was ideal.

But how could Jing Qing not see her?

"I heard that Qiao Yi is going to Africa for a business trip lasting half a year, and later I will go to see him off."

Jing Qing said this with a smile, gentle and proper.

Mu Yichen, however, did not look at her again or say anything more.

Qin Mu was even more determined to act invisible, not making a sound, for fear of disturbing the delicate atmosphere.

A person needs quite a large number of faces, she guessed it would be difficult to keep count.

After reaching the restaurant, Jing Qing and her girlfriend were the first ones to exit the elevator, followed by the two of them.

Qin Mu kept her eyes forward the whole way. As they exited, Mu Yichen purposely pinched her waist, causing her such pain that she nearly couldn't help but cry out. Lifting her eyes to look at him, she forcefully elbowed him.

"Ah!"

So it was actually Brother Yichen who covered his chest in pain, bending his originally straight back.

Qin Mu immediately felt embarrassed, for they had stepped out of the elevator and everyone, hearing the noise, looked toward them, Jing Qing included, turning back curiously.

They could have passed by uneventfully, but Brother Yichen just had to cause a scene.

"It's nothing, nothing!"

Brother Yichen deliberately lifted his head and pretended nothing was wrong, smiling, then rubbed his chest and straightened his back, forcefully hooking his arm around her shoulder as they walked together.

Qin Mu wished she could push him far away, but he wouldn't allow it, his hands gripping her shoulders so she couldn't move at all.

Jing Qing watched the two of them pass by her and walk toward the elegant redwood stairs, unconsciously opening her mouth.

"This Young Master Yichen is really strange," her friend couldn't help but say with a laugh.

"Is that so?"

Jing Qing's voice was dispassionate, her expression just as indifferent. Her friend, noticing Jing Qing wasn't happy, knew better than to continue the topic.

Yet Jing Qing's gaze lingered on the playful pair as they made their way upstairs.

Jing Feng had asked her if she wanted to see Qiao Yi off. She had said no.

She knew Qiao Yi's feelings for her, but she truly felt he was unworthy of her.

But he had come.

"Let's go have dinner first!"

Their table had been reserved in advance, so the waiter quickly approached upon seeing them, and the two women followed him to their seats.

After sitting down, her friend asked, "This Miss Qin doesn't appear to be all that remarkable, though she seems to have quite a temper."

"More than just that. Today she even beat her stepmother to the point of hospitalization, and I heard her half-sister didn't escape unscathed either."

"Oh my, is that really true? How could she dare?"

Jing Qing laughed helplessly, shaking her head as if to say that appearances can be deceiving.

"How could Yichen like such a girl? Doesn't he know about Miss Qin's behavior?"

"Even if he knew, he probably wouldn't believe it. His eyes are blinded now."

As Jing Qing spoke, she couldn't help but look again in their direction, her eyes filled with longing.

"That's true. Men usually go haywire when bewitched by a woman, both heart and brain shutting down."

The other woman shook her head, then sighed with a sense of resignation as if moved by the conversation.

"Hmph!"

Jing Qing snorted with a bitter smile. Why couldn't she enchant him? It would have been nice if she could cause either his heart or brain to malfunction.

Seeing her expression, her friend guessed the reason; after all, everyone in town knew Jing Qing was once the designated fiancée of Mu Yichen, the woman he was to marry, the future lady of the Mu Family. But now, Qin Mu was living in the Mu Family home, and she even had a child with Mu Yichen. Though seemingly without official status, this was better than having nothing at all, wasn't it?

"You really shouldn't worry too much. Men get fascinated by the fresh temper of young girls, but sooner or later, they'll be captivated by another fresh girl. They always tire of one woman after a few years."

Upon hearing this, Jing Qing picked up her tea, sipped it lightly, and managed a courteous smile.

Chapter 238: Will you get tired of it_6

That's Mu Yichen, could he possibly grow tired? It's been more than twenty years!

After Mu Yichen and Qin Mu went into the private room, about seven or eight boys arrived, Xiaohao and another girl were also there, heard she's another boy's little girlfriend.

Do all these boys like girls much younger than themselves?

Qin Mu looked at the girl who still seemed very naive, but usually, old cows like to eat tender grass.

For some reason, she found herself unconsciously glancing at her own man.

She lowered her gaze to drink her tea, masking her emotions, thinking to herself, her man was quite tender, she shouldn't be having these thoughts.

Qiao Yi sighed unconsciously as he looked at his younger brothers who all had girlfriends: This time I go to Africa, I might bring you guys back an African girlfriend.

"Hahaha, as long as you have fun there, we'd be glad to meet her, hahaha."

Another playboy teased with a laugh.

"Xiao Zhi is only twenty-four this year, and he's already got a girlfriend."

Qiao Yi looked at the boy and shook his head in despair.

"Bro, having a girlfriend isn't a big deal, look at Mumu whose kids are already a few years old, and Xiaohao almost got married to Brother Jing Feng too."

The handsome young man spoke up immediately.

Qin Mu and Xiaohao, who did not expect to be named, one quietly drank her tea, the other faintly said, "What do you mean we almost got married? We are already married!"

"Right, right, right, I forgot there wasn't a wedding, but you registered afterward."

The handsome young man slapped his forehead as he spoke.

Qin Mu...

"Looks like you need a beating if you don't get one every few days, huh?"

Jing Feng asked in a deep voice.

"No, bro, my girlfriend is here, have some face, save some face ha."

The boy had a handsome smile, a proper young master from a prominent family, and had met the girl he liked early in life, wishing for a lifelong love.

"Forget it, just because your girlfriend is here." Helian Hao eventually said.

"Thanks, Xiaohao, you're a true brother."

"Who's your brother? You should call me sister-in-law in the future."

Jing Feng turned his head to look at Helian Hao, and that was a deep, thousand-year-long gaze.

Helian Hao's face flushed red, not expecting him to suddenly bring up 'sister-in-law'.

"Yes, sister-in-law, sister-in-law, heh heh, I didn't expect you both to become sisters-in-law, considering you guys had to call me 'brother' when we were kids."

Bringing up the old times!

Qin Mu could hardly remember clearly anymore, she only remembered a boy in big pants, yelling from the mountains for them to go to school together.

Time, always the most heartless.

"Sigh!"

Qiao Yi shook his head again, wishing he could roll off to Africa that instant, saving himself the embarrassment in front of these ungenerous people, being a single dog was simply too hard.

And today, Young Master Jiang was exceptionally quiet, sitting motionless, not speaking, just listening to them talk.

Mu Yi occasionally glanced at him, and he would stretch his mouth into a straight line, giving Mu a very flattering smile.

Qin Mu watched their back-and-forth, guessing it was because of the lipstick incident, because they almost broke up over that matter, so she decided to adopt the attitude 'eyes on the nose, nose on the heart'; she'd better not meddle in the brothers' affairs.

But when the men all started to drink openly, suddenly, the door was pushed open from the outside. It wasn't someone coming to serve food, but the gentle and elegant celebrity, Jing Qing.

"I heard Qiao Yi is leaving for Africa, may I come and see him off?"

Jing Qing spoke softly, not caring about the strange looks from everyone as she went straight in after asking.

"Qiao Yi, have a smooth journey!"

She held a wine glass in her hand, walked over to him with a smile, and spoke to him.

Like an old friend, yet with a certain intriguing politeness.

Qiao Yi smiled faintly, his smile tinged with bitterness and stood up with his glass: Thanks!

A casual remark, followed by a clink of glasses with her, he then raised his glass and drank down the red wine in one go.

At that moment, Jing Qing was a bit embarrassed, but did not show any inappropriate expressions, just smiled as she watched him finish his drink, and then herself lost the urge to drink.

She looked around at the table full of familiar faces that felt somewhat strange.

"Jing Qing, would you like to sit down and join us for a bit?"

The handsome young man just asked.

"No, thanks, I'm here tonight with friends, I just came to give Qiao Yi a send-off, you guys have fun."

Jing Feng didn't say a word until after she left.

Once the door was closed again, everyone reflexively looked at Jing Feng and Mu Yi, Jing Feng lifted his eyes, "Why look at me? Who's turn was it to drink?"

Chapter 239: Will you get tired of it_7

"The two younger sisters-in-law haven't had a drink with Brother Qiao Yi yet!"

Suddenly someone called out.

"Then let's toast to Brother Qin!"

Qin Mu stood up first, raising her glass. Helian Hao also stood up, saying, "Qiao Yi, I wish you a smooth journey."

"Thank you, you beauties."

Qiao Yi quickly filled his glass to the brim again, this time not as gloomy as when he had drunk with Jing Qing.

The two women giving him face really put their men out of sorts, as they never received such attention usually.

"I've been to Paris to see you many times, but I've never seen you send me off before."

Mu Yichen, one hand resting on the back of her chair, bent down to whisper in her ear as Qin Mu sat down.

Qin Mu smiled subconsciously but did not respond, her piercing gaze resting low on the cooling dishes on the table.

"Yichen, if you're going to be jealous too, you're really turning into a vinegar jar."

Someone joked.

"What's wrong with being a vinegar jar? Do you have any vinegar?"

Mu Yichen raised an eyebrow, in no way embarrassed by this.

Qin Mu held back a laugh, knowing all too well that if the normally serious President Mu became unserious, he could be truly difficult to handle.

Even his jealousy was so willful.

"Fine, forget I said anything."

The young master nodded, realizing that it indeed was the case.

Later, everyone was a bit drunk and talked about staying in the guest rooms upstairs. Mu Yichen had a few extra drinks: "Fine, let's stay. We'll all go to the airport to see off Qiao Yi together tomorrow."

He then quickly arranged for guest rooms, and Mu Yichen pulled Qin Mu to the room she had stayed in before with the fastest speed.

Qin Mu felt like President Mu might have a thing for nostalgia.

"Why don't we go home? I only drank a little and can drive."

"We're not going back!"

Going home every day was too tiring.

He was a little tipsy, resting his forehead against hers at the doorway.

Time trickled by slowly, yet the hearts of the two people were drawing steadily closer.

Outside, the stars were dazzling, creating a mutual radiance with the indoor lights, magnificent and enchanting.

This night was destined to be peaceful and enriching.

In the big bed, the silver light of a crescent moon shone through.

In another room, Young Master Jing was rarely staying in a hotel with his little wife and, of course, seized the opportunity.

Helian Hao, having just been through that incident, retreated to the edge of the bed as soon as she saw his devouring gaze.

Both had just taken a shower.

"Get away from me! I knew you didn't have good intentions, sleeping here."

Helian Hao kicked him angrily, then turned to sulk at the edge of the bed herself.

Young Master Jing...

The next day, everyone went early to see off Qiao Yi. President Mu had to attend to an emergency at the factory, so he went there, while Qin Mu sat alone in the now quiet living room.

"Stepdaughter Beats Stepmother and Lands Her in the Hospital: A Violation of Heaven's Will!"

This headline...

As she read on, the photo of the woman in the hospital gown in the VIP ward and her bedside companion was deliberately blurred.

Someone dared to publish such a report, which could impact whether Haiming could be re-elected or not, right?

Although the news didn't mention any specific names, those familiar with the mother and daughter would recognize them.

She sat calmly on the sofa, reading through the content on her phone before switching it off.

Her serene gaze and helpless expression eventually led her to place the phone in her bag next to her, stand up, sling the bag over her shoulder, and leave the hotel.

Yesterday, the mother and daughter went to design a cheongsam; that was a lie, the truth was they were looking for trouble, wasn't it?

Wen Runuan called her when she was already on her way to the studio.

There was an event in the afternoon, but she suddenly found out that the dress she was supposed to wear was two sizes too large and had no choice but to come to the studio again.

After Qin Mu fixed the dress for her, Wen Runuan stroked the fabric at her waist and couldn't help but exclaim in admiration, looking at her reflection in the mirror she laughed and said, "Are you only responsible for design in the future? Aside from your clothes, I don't think I'll like anyone else's."

"Thank you for the affirmation!"

Qin Mu stood in front of the desk and paid Jing Qing a compliment for her good figure. As soon as his discerning eyes spotted a thread on her leg, he immediately picked up the small scissors for cutting threads that were nearby, walked over to her side, bent down, and deftly snipped off the stray thread.

Wen Runuan looked down, then unconsciously smiled: "You can even see such a tiny thread?"

"After you put it on, I realized it was my mistake," Qin Mu answered.

Wen Runuan turned her head and asked: "By the way, about the sudden interview this afternoon, I've decided to personally announce to the public that you are my designer, is that okay with you?"

"Sure!"

Qin Mu's sharp eyes looked towards the floor for a moment before nodding.

"That's great, then from now on you will be my personal designer; you can't easily design clothes for other female celebrities."

"Designs for your company are fine, but I still have to accept other commissions."

"Of course, I know your ambitions aren't limited to just me."

Qin Mu did not falsely agree, but Wen Runuan wasn't one to force her.

She is a designer, but not a designer for just one person; no one can change that.

"Did you see a piece of news on the internet today?"

Later, Wen Runuan sat on the sofa, looked up at her, and asked.

Qin Mu stood in front of the desk again, leaning gently on the edge while looking down at the woman on the sofa with a slight smile.

"About the mother and daughter who came to see you yesterday?"

"Yep!"

"So, does that mean you really are the mayor of Qin City's daughter?"

Qin Mu, unconsciously lowering her head to laugh, didn't even know what she was mocking, or was it because she truly couldn't deny it?

"Mr. Zhang told me about it, but I've always been hesitant to believe it; I've never heard you mention it, nor has the media reported extensively on it, only some gossip that no one knows whether to believe."

"But now, whether it's true or not, it's all false."

Qin Mu said unenthusiastically in a low voice.

"Why?"

"If your mother died because of your father's affair, could you still act like a good father and daughter with him?"

Wen Runuan fell silent, the atmosphere in the office becoming heavy.

"With Qin Haiming, it is just like that. His blood runs through my veins, and the relationship between us is only sustained by this blood. I can't ask him to bring my mother back to life, nor can he take away the blood in my veins."

Wen Runuan suddenly laughed bitterly.

"So, you accepted Mr. Zhang's offer to be my designer because we have similar life experiences?"

"Perhaps, but the bigger reason is Jing Qing!"

Qin Mu continued to speak frankly.

The two women chatted for a bit longer and it was after this conversation that they truly understood each other's past, and then parted ways.

After work that evening, Qin Mu packed up her things early, preparing to return to the Mu Family.

The sky outside was a dull gray. As she came down from the second floor, she looked up and saw an older man with white hair walking in.

"Miss!"

It was Qin Haiming's driver.

"Why are you here?"

Qin Mu asked curiously and also courteously lowered her head a bit.

"Miss, Mr. Qin said there are some things he wants to give you."

The driver always looked at her tenderly, the look in his eyes when greeting her full of pity, but he eventually got to the point.

"I'm afraid there's nothing left for me at the Qin Family's, right?"

Qin Mu asked softly, her eyes growing sharp at the mention.

"It's about the belongings of the late madam."

The driver bowed his head as he finished speaking and glanced at her as if to confirm something.

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at him; the driver, seeing her questioning gaze, bowed his head closer to his chest.

Her mother's belongings?

Weren't they all burned or thrown away a long time ago?

Chapter 240: Mrs. Mu's Petty Revenge_1

It was a photo of a family of three, the little girl dressed in a white princess gown sat on her father's lap, smiling so happily, beside her was her most beloved mother.

Qin Haiming quietly looked at the photo, and it was as if he had suddenly returned to that era.

However, when Qin Mu was brought to the Qin Family, things did not go so smoothly in meeting Qin Haiming, who was in the study at that time.

Qin Mingzhu had just taken her mother out of the hospital that afternoon, and she was just about to go out to drink with friends after dressing up when she saw the woman walking into the living room alone; her eyes immediately bulged with fury.

"Qin Mu, how dare you show your face at home?"

Qin Mingzhu glared at her, sizing her up from head to toe with a voice even more piercing.

"It was your father who asked me to come."

Qin Mu did not want to engage in futile arguments and simply threw out a bland reply.

"My dad asked for you? How is that possible? For sure it was you who came on your own initiative. Tell me, are you trying to take over our house? Let me tell you, there's no way; now get out, get out right now."

As Qin Mingzhu spoke, she stepped forward to push her, but Qin Mu extended her hand to grasp her sister's hand that was attacking her chest: Qin Mingzhu, if I wanted to take over this house, I wouldn't have waited until today. Go ask your dad if you want to know whether he summoned me or not.

"My dad isn't even home."

Qin Mingzhu saw her own hand was caught, and although she felt her wrist might break, she still refused to let Qin Mu walk any further inside.

"Since he's not here, then I shall take my leave."

Having said that, Qin Mu pushed her to the side.

Qin Mingzhu almost fell from the push and immediately pounced at Qin Mu as she turned to leave: Qin Mu, how dare you push me, this isn't over between us.

Qin Mu's long hair was violently tugged from behind.

Instantly feeling a numbness in her scalp, Qin Mu reflexively reached behind to grab Qin Mingzhu's hand: Let go.

"I won't let go; I'm going to rip all your hair out."

With that, Qin Mu's not so long fingers gripped Qin Mingzhu's hand placed on her head forcefully, so she couldn't move, and drove her sharp nails deep into the back of Qin Mingzhu's hand.

"Ah, you little bitch, how dare you pinch me, I'll kill you!"

"Stop it!"

Suddenly, a fierce shout came down from the upstairs, and Qin Mingzhu quickly shifted her gaze, at once pretending to be the victim: Dad, save me, my sister started hitting me as soon as she came in.

The aunt who had been in the corner all along couldn't help but frown as she listened, but no one dared to say anything.

By the time the two stood up properly again, both their clothes and hair were disheveled, but both were just as stubbornly defiant.

Qin Haiming looked at the state of his two daughters and frowned deeply: Why are you fighting? Is there something you can't communicate properly about? You are sisters.

"We are not!"

This time, the two of them spoke in unison unexpectedly.

Qin Haiming looked at them displeasedly, their bedraggled and stubborn appearance made him involuntarily sigh: Who's going to explain to me what the fight is about?

"I just asked her why she came to our house, and she started hitting me and told me to get out."

Qin Mingzhu finished speaking and glared viciously at Qin Mu, as if she wanted to gouge out her eyes.

"How about you? What do you have to say?"

Qin Haiming then looked toward his older daughter who had been silent.

Qin Mu looked up at him, and that look made Qin Haiming feel as if his daughter was ready to send him to hell.

"You called me here but don't trust me, what am I supposed to say?"

Qin Mu asked in a heavy voice, her demeanor cold.

Qin Haiming inadvertently gave her another look: How do you know I don't trust you if you don't speak?

"I don't want to waste my breath. What is it that you wanted to give to me?"

Qin Mu didn't want to argue in her defense; to her, those things were meaningless. Qin Mingzhu was the kind of girl who would naturally be ruined by her own doing without Qin Mu having to accuse her.

"Dad, what are you going to give her?"

When Qin Mingzhu heard their father was going to give something to this outsider, she immediately perked up and asked anxiously.

"Didn't you say you were going out? If you're not going now, then go upstairs to take care of your mom. Come with me!"

After speaking to Qin Mingzhu, Qin Haiming called for Qin Mu to follow him to the study.

Qin Mu followed him and upon entering the study, the heavy scent of the past made her nose sting all at once.

"Did Mingzhu hit you first?"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes but did not see him, because as she looked for him, she first noticed the photo on his dark-colored desk.

The photo was too old; it seemed to have faded.