

## His Beloved 241

Chapter 241: Mrs. Mu's Petty Revenge\_2

A heart felt as if it was gripped by something, held tightly in its clasp.

Qin Haiming looked into her eyes, decided not to ask any further, and just looked at the photograph instead.

"Do you remember this photo? It was taken in our old house. I still remember you had just come home from school," he said.

So, there was a bit of Mu Yichen in that photo as well.

It was because he had escorted her home, and as he watched her take the photo, he wanted to join them but was too shy to say so. He just watched them, a family of three, taking the picture.

Suddenly, Qin Mu remembered that day when Mu Yichen had been very upset. When she came back to her senses, her eyes had already begun to mist over. She stood there quietly, holding her breath.

"Did you call me here just for this photo?" she asked.

"Don't you want it?" he replied.

"The person is already dead. What use do I have for a photo?" she asked, turning her head.

She had photos of her mother.

She also had photos of their family of three.

But when she went to Paris, she cut the photo of the three people into one with just two people.

All those photos were still in Paris. She hadn't brought them back.

"Yes, what use are photos when the person is dead? But when I stumbled upon this photo today, it filled me with a myriad of emotions. Mumu, if we could go back to the past..."

"You would still do things that betray my mother because you are a man who can't resist temptation," Qin Mu interrupted coldly and directly as she looked him in the eye.

Qin Haiming drew in a breath of cold air. He hadn't expected Qin Mu to address such a topic so bluntly and mercilessly.

"Perhaps not?" he suggested.

"There's no way to verify that now, my mother is gone, and there are no time machines in this world; it's not like in novels where you can be reborn and go back," she said, looking into his eyes, which finally fell due to disappointment.

"So this is why you have changed so drastically in temper and character? Because you can't go back to the past, you've become so stubborn, so wilful, so extreme? To the point of hurting your aunt so badly that she had to be hospitalized?"

"Do you still firmly believe that it was me who sent that woman to the hospital based on Qin Mingzhu's words? What are you doing here then?" she questioned sarcastically.

It was truly ridiculous.

She wouldn't take the photo. She would let this man figure it out himself. If he could bear to throw it away, it would only prove she was right. If he couldn't, then he deserved the agony.

"Was it really not you?"

Qin Haiming asked again.

"There are surveillance cameras in our studio. But even if you watch them and believe me, it's too late now, Mayor of Qin City. Remember, I mentioned the only relationship left between us is to not disturb your citizen," she said.

After speaking, Qin Mu turned away.

"Mumu, even if Dad didn't trust you immediately, it's because we've been apart for years," he called out.

"No, it's because you trust your pillow talk partner too much," Qin Mu stopped, replied to him after he finished, and then walked away without pausing.

Qin Haiming looked down at the photo on the desk and suddenly felt a tinge of irritation. He actually didn't believe in his daughter, who had always been so warm to him. He followed her instinctively.

"Qin Mu, what did Dad give you?"

Qin Mingzhu had already packed up and was waiting in the living room for Qin Mu to come out, immediately blocking her way and asking.

"You should ask your dad. Also, don't think that nobody knows just because today's news on the internet didn't name names. Do you think you're taking revenge for yourself? Don't forget, there's going to be a re-election in Rongcheng soon, and whether your father can be re-elected might very well be in your hands," Qin Mu advised sharply.

Upon hearing this, Qin Mingzhu's face changed dramatically, and she stuttered, "What... what are you talking about? I don't understand?"

"Whether you understand or not, the notoriety of you and your mother is well-known in this city. No matter how blurry that photo is, people who know you will recognize it. If it gets to the higher-ups, just think carefully," Qin Mu warned, unsure why she felt the need to warn Qin Mingzhu—perhaps to scare her?

"Qin..."

Qin Mingzhu immediately went to chase after her as she walked away.

"Qin Mingzhu!"

But she had only taken a few steps when another voice called out from upstairs, causing her to look back and her face to turn even paler.

"Dad!"

"Is what your sister just said true?"

"She, she... how would I know?"

Qin Mingzhu's eyes darted around, and the next moment, she immediately denied it.

"You don't know? I've been aware of the news on the internet since this morning, so why are you playing dumb with me?"

Qin Haiming said as he made his way down the stairs, resting on the railing, his expression hardening.

"I'm not what you think. If you don't believe me, ask my mom!"

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As soon as Qin Mingzhu saw Qin Haiming's expression, she sensed something bad, and immediately raised her voice.

"I'm asking you mother? The things you've been doing behind my back, you'd better come clean tonight. If I have to find out for myself, you won't get off so easily."

Qin Haiming, already beside her, looked at his daughter with disappointment, seeing her scared to death and still trying to argue.

"I, I..."

"What are you and your daughter up to? Why was it so noisy just now?"

The person who hurt their bones from a fall finally decided to get out of bed and stood on the steps, asking while unsteadily holding onto the side.

By then, Qin Mu had also finally stepped out of their house.

The driver waited beside her: "Miss, let me take you back."

"No need, thank you!"

Qin Mu softly declined, nodded, and began to walk away.

Mu Yichen's car was already heading over, and she had just taken a couple of steps when she saw his vehicle turning her way, so she stopped in her tracks.

And so the Qin Family's driver drove back into the estate.

Mu Yichen got out of the car, saw her disheveled hair, her face somewhat beside itself, and her clothes all wrinkled. He frowned unconsciously, stepped forward, and grabbed her hand: "Who hit you?"

"Qin Mingzhu!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile, thinking about all the tough situations she had faced abroad, and yet she was rendered helpless by that girl pulling her hair.

"I'll go find..."

"No need!"

Qin Mu held him back, she was very calm at this moment, and not even joking with him, but earnestly said, "With Qin Mingzhu's temperament, it's easy to get back at her. It's fine to wait until we meet her outside next time to take revenge."

Mu Yichen looked down at her, then reluctantly glanced over at the Qin Family's house again.

Once in the car, Qin Mu said, "Can we go to the apartment first?"

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly. He couldn't let this incident slide, but understanding Qin Mu's intentions, he nodded and immediately drove in the direction of the apartment.

In the apartment, she took a shower and then immediately used a hairdryer to dry her hair. Mu Yichen was waiting for her outside, and when she came out again, she was wearing clean, tidy clothes. She walked past the sofa and saw him leaning back into it, and so she went straight over and sat down on his lap: "Let's go. Don't make mom and dad worry."

"I should have arrived earlier."

"The situation at that time was not suitable for you to see," Qin Mu said, holding back her laughter.

Her eyes showed such composure, as if the whole affair was just a trifling matter of no great consequence.

"Mrs. Mu, it's my obligation and my responsibility to protect you."

"You've already protected me well enough," she said, placing her hands on his shoulders: "Now let's hurry back home. Mom, dad, and Huanhuan are waiting for us to come back for dinner."

"I'm not going back!"

He said irritably. He had rushed over to the Qin Family as soon as he received her message but still missed the action.

Seeing his handsome face fall, Qin Mu couldn't help but sigh softly, coaxing him: "Don't you want to see mom and dad, or miss our daughter? We didn't go back last night, and if we don't go back today, Huanhuan might get sad, thinking we don't want her anymore."

"So you didn't want her before?"

Qin Mu...

In his anger, he could say hurtful things, and Qin Mu found herself at a loss for words.

Yes, she had often left Huanhuan and Xiaomei at home when she was traveling on business with Jian Yan. She had been irresponsible.

"Starting today I want to be a good mother. Take me home, please!"

She had no choice but to act coy.

In the quiet living room, the two gazed at each other, and then Mu Yichen wasn't in the mood to go home at all.

"Let's go back later. Tonight let our daughter sleep with us."

Qin Mu...

The very next moment, Mu Yichen reached under her freshly worn shirt with his hand, his eyes intensely electric as he looked at her, a reminder both of negotiation and of his intent to possess.

She felt her heartbeat quicken, and she knew what was about to happen as soon as he reached out. She soon melted in his arms.

They didn't even have time to turn off the living room light before he stood up straight, carrying her toward the bedroom.

Because they hadn't returned for dinner, they were both chided upon their return, and Qin Mu couldn't argue any points, even enjoying the scolding at that moment.

On the other hand, Mu Yichen seemed a bit impatient: "Has Huanhuan gone to sleep? Let's go see her."

"You're already annoyed after just a couple of remarks? Are you thinking of moving out again after having moved back in not long ago? Don't you want to live with us old folks?" Feng Fanghua sat on the sofa, discontentedly placing her teacup back on the table, her expression increasingly stern.

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Qin Mu subconsciously glanced at Mu Yichen, then lowered her head and continued to remain silent.

"And you, don't think that just because you aren't speaking, you're off the hook. Would he have stayed out all night if you had insisted on coming back? Rongcheng isn't so large that one needs to spend the night at a hotel, right? Even tonight, why suddenly go to the apartment? Can't fit in the house anymore?"

Feng Fanghua rambled on and on. Mu Yichen was getting impatient, but Qin Mu was about to burst into laughter.

Feng Fanghua saw her lips constantly moving and with no sense of seriousness, unconsciously furrowed her brows even more: "Qin Mu, I'm talking about you. Can't you take this seriously?"



"Yes! It's not that I'm not taking it seriously, it's just that I really like it!"

Qin Mu finally couldn't hold back her laughter, her eyes shone brightly as she looked at the woman sitting with poise on the sofa.

Feng Fanghua was so shocked she nearly couldn't close her mouth—could someone being scolded not be angry or hurt, but instead say they really like it?

Is she sick?

"Thank you for making me feel like I'm being treated as a daughter."

Feng Fanghua...

Mu Yichen was even more unhappy: "What daughter?"

Qin Mu cast him a glance, not caring whether he liked it or not, only wanting Feng Fanghua to express herself: "I will definitely insist on coming home early from now on, and try to have dinner with you and Dad every day. I promise."

The ignored man was feeling a bit miffed on the inside.

And just as Feng Fanghua had prepared many things to say and teach them, she suddenly became speechless, mouth agape for quite a while, involuntarily turning to her husband who had been trying to hold back laughter, awkwardly she had no choice but to turn the topic to him: "Old Mu, are you also not taking this seriously?"

Mu Zihao raised his hand, but never lifted his head, fearing that if he did, his laugh-contorted face would be observed.

"All sick, really sick!"

Feng Fanghua immediately didn't know how to handle the embarrassment, slowly stood up while mumbling, and finally pointed at Qin Mu, and by the time she finished, she had retreated outside the sofa and then returned to her room.

"It's getting late, I'll go back to my room too."

Mu Zihao saw his wife leave and also stood up.

"Goodnight, Dad!"

Qin Mu was still standing, obediently nodding and greeting.

"Hmm! You sleep early too."

Mu Zihao nodded and left. When it was just the two of them, Mu Yichen sat in the sofa like a young master, but Qin Mu was still standing, looking puzzled and asking him, "Why are you sitting down? Let's go upstairs."

"You haven't had your medicine."

Medicine?

Qin Mu...

The herbal medicine indeed worked, but it was also incredibly bitter to drink.

Qin Mu hurriedly checked on her daughter in her room, and then reluctantly went with him to the dining room. The maid served them the medicine before going to rest, and the two stared at each other.

"Has it been half a month already? Why don't you try some, President Mu? You might enjoy the flavor."

Qin Mu moved the bowl slightly with both hands, gazing down into it with a look of dread, knowing just by looking that it was bitter, and sensing by smell that it was utterly noxious.

She then looked up, devilishly smirking at President Mu, urging him to give it a try.

Mu Yichen unconsciously raised his eyebrows and reclined leisurely against the back of the chair, his gaze steady as he eyed her bowl, not uttering a sound until finally he chuckled, "Good medicine is bitter to the taste, Mrs. Mu better drink it while it's warm."

Qin Mu...

"President Mu doesn't want to taste it? Don't you love your wife enough to share some of her burden?"

Qin Mu rested her elbows lightly on the edge of the table, looking dissatisfied at the somewhat indifferent young master across from her, trying to cajole him.

"No way!"

Mrs. Mu completely lost the will to coax him further, silently sipped the medicine bowl by bowl, each sip being truly...

Mu Yichen had actually sneaked a taste before. The flavor was indeed bitter, but compared to the side effects of Western medicine, this was clearly more suitable for nourishing her body. It was bitter, yes, but considering the hardships she'd endured over the years, the bitterness in this medicine was nothing to her.

And sure enough, she quickly finished a bowl.

Qin Mu then eyed the other bowl in the thermos; Mu Yichen proactively helped her pour it. With a look of absolute resignation, she watched as Mu Yichen filled it up without saying another word, and gradually sipped it down.

After taking her medicine, Qin Mu immediately went to the kitchen and got a spoonful of honey to put in her mouth, still eating it when she was embraced from behind.

"Good medicine is bitter, but getting your body in order is more important than anything else, isn't it?"

"Hmph!"

Mu Yichen wrapped his arms around her waist, resting his chin on her shoulder and cooing softly to her, Qin Mu could only let out a hum of laughter; after all, he was right.

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"Once you've recovered, your hands and feet won't be cold anymore, and then you can help me warm the bed,"

Qin Mu lowered his gaze, feeling the taste of honey in his mouth was a bit strong, but then it gradually melted within: "I need a cup of warm water now."

"I'll pour it for you!"

After kissing her neck forcefully, Qin Mu turned his face to let him kiss her enough before he let go.

After she drank a cup of water, the two of them went upstairs together.

Mu Yichen looked at the little girl who had already been brought to their room and unconsciously turned his head to look at the woman standing beside him: "You really do keep your promises."

"Of course!"

Qin Mu replied, not at all ashamed but rather taking pride in it.

Back at the apartment, he had said that once they were back, he would cuddle with Huanhuan to sleep.

Mu Yichen nodded and then went to the bathroom to take a shower first, while Qin Mu lie on the bed, grinning foolishly at her daughter.

"Mrs. Mu, come and take a shower,"

But just as she had lay down for a bit, Mu Yichen called her into the bathroom.

Qin Mu guessed that he had probably just heated the water and called her.

Without much to say, she went to join him for the shower.

Although sometimes he was inappropriate, often taking advantage during showers, this time he was truly behaved, scaring her for less than thirty seconds after the shower before he put on his pajamas and went outside.

Qin Mu tied up her hair and wrapped it in a towel before leaving the room.

Mu Yichen lay beside his daughter, quietly watching the sleeping Little Huanhuan.

"What are you thinking about?"

Qin Mu lied opposite him, curiously asking as she watched him gazing at their daughter lost in thought.

"I'm thinking about Mu Qingxin,"

Qin Mu thought of Mu Qingxin, and knowing too little to ask more, just listened quietly.

"This girl has been out for a few years now. Seems like she doesn't plan on coming back after finding a man,"

"Are you saying your sister started dating early?"

"It's not about dating early, but it is indeed a little early,"

He had intended to find someone suitable for her in the city in these two years, but she had gone to a different place on her own...

And because she was afraid her parents would object, she has yet to dare to come back.

"Then she must really love that person," Qin Mu propped her hands beneath her face and said thoughtfully, her mind drifting far away.

"What makes you think so?"

The dark eagle eyes looked at the woman across from him, steadfastly catching the loneliness in her eyes.

"Because if it wasn't for loving someone deeply, how could she be willing to stay away from home for so many years? She must really miss you, but she's also afraid of never seeing that man again."

Once a woman is torn between family and love, especially at a young age, she's likely to choose the man.

"What about you? Did you stay in Rongcheng because of me?"

He suddenly asked insistently.

Qin Mu finally snapped back to reality, looked into his deep eyes, took a deep breath unconsciously, and then smiled: "Yes!"

Mu Yichen felt that although the word was said confidently, the actual probability was very small, but he wasn't enthusiastic: "Let's sleep."

"Mm, goodnight!"

Qin Mu continued to smile, then silently closed her eyes.

Some topics between them were best left touched upon lightly.

Just as Mu Yichen didn't know why she suddenly coaxed him later on and made up with him.

Was it because she realized she loved him, or just out of guilt for all he had done?

However, no matter the reason, he was very glad that the choice she made was to be with him.

On the day she didn't answer his calls or his messages, he knew she was working late in the studio before he went to find her. He knew she must have been overthinking again, hesitating. That day he was really scared, if she retreated to how she was when she first came to Rongcheng, if she started rejecting the feeling of being with him again...

He had deeply experienced her coldness more than once, so he truly didn't want a next time.

Fortunately, in the end, she chose to make him happy.

He thought, day after day, year after year, he would always win her heart and hear her sincerely say she loved him.

The night grew deeper and quieter; he could even hear the air gently operating in the room. Watching his daughter sleeping soundly next to him and the woman he loved most, he felt immensely satisfied, yet he was reluctant to fall asleep.

That night, Qin Mu had a dream where Mu Qingxin suddenly came back.

She couldn't see the face clearly but only watched the figure dressed in a long skirt and a knitted jacket, with blue canvas shoes on her feet.

Perhaps it was true that what one thinks about in the day, they dream of at night.

When the sky lightened with the first glimmer of dawn, some of those asleep began to wake.

On the streets, sanitation workers were already sweeping, with a gentle breeze blowing, and they wore thick uniforms, heads bowed, diligently sweeping the roads they must have swept thousands of times over.

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Occasionally a car passed by, and the leaves on the road that hadn't yet been swept were stirred up, only to slowly settle down again.

Everything was still quiet, so even the slightest noise could be heard by those present; the workers sweeping the ground lifted their heads when they heard the pleasant sound of the leaves being lifted, then bowed them again, continuing their sweeping.

In the neighborhood, windows lit up one by one, carelessly at first, but soon someone's kitchen began to make noise, followed by bathrooms, and then the sounds of people leaving for the day.

By the time the sun rose, the park and the plaza were already bustling with many people, country music dominating these areas, with old ladies focused on their square dancing routines, and others playing badminton, kicking shuttlecocks, or engaging in a variety of other sports.



The ultra-luxurious kitchen at AM also bustled into activity – chefs dressed in professional uniforms, with neatly arranged chef hats, began preparing perfect breakfasts and snacks.

Soon the high-end rooms began requesting room service, and the well-dressed butlers were ready to go. Shortly after, the service began, coordinating with the kitchen, pushing trolleys on their way to deliver meals to the guests.

It wasn't until nearly ten o'clock that the hotel's activities began to slow down, yet preparations for lunch had to start quickly.

When lunchtime came, whether it was for socializing among the big shots or for white-collar workers with proper jobs, anyone who knew how to enjoy life chose a good hotel for dining.

Mrs. Mu hosted her guests here as well.

In a moderately-sized private room with four chairs, only two were occupied, one by the same noblewoman from last time. After receiving the design and confirming the details via video with her master, she then started dining with Qin Mu.

"I'm really troubled by this time, but your master is becoming more and more slippery and particularly difficult to deal with."

The noblewoman sounded a little complaining, but because she still quite liked the clothes designed by Qin Mu, she didn't say much more.

"Master is just trying to create more opportunities for his apprentices," Qin Mu said, laughing.

"That's true. Your master does truly like you, or else he wouldn't pass on all his insights to you."

The noblewoman nodded, wholeheartedly agreeing with Qin Mu's statement.

"Indeed!"

Qin Mu felt a bit guilty upon hearing this comment.

"By the way, the person who caused you trouble at the studio last time was the second young lady of the Jing Family, wasn't it?"

"You remember that?"

"How could I forget? I thought you were definitely at a disadvantage under those circumstances. I didn't expect you to be able to turn the situation around."

The noblewoman remembered the scene and still felt nervous, thinking that she likely couldn't have avoided being taken advantage of in the same situation.

"Fighting is probably not Miss Jing's strong suit," Qin Mu said with grace.

"She has lived in such an environment since she was young, so she must be quite arrogant. Fighting and cursing are probably not her fortes, but I'm sure she's more calculating than you. I suspect she hates you because of Young Master Chen. You need to be careful."

Qin Mu wasn't expecting to be given such a reminder, and after listening, she nodded and smiled, promising to be cautious.

"Although she can't beat you, girls raised in big mansions can be very crafty. If you're not careful, ten of you might not be able to outwit her."

Since the conversation had suddenly turned to Jing Qing and there was so much to say, Qin Mu just listened and took note.

The benefits Qin Mu received from that luncheon were substantial. The elegant and proper noblewoman was a friend of her master but had been referred to her by Jian Yan, likely due to Jian Yan that she was so earnest in offering her warnings.

After bidding farewell to her distinguished guest, Qin Mu went back inside, asking a staff member nearby, "Was that Qin Mingzhu who came in before me at noon?"

"Yes!" The staff member, startled, responded immediately with respect.

"Has she left?"

"I don't think so!"

The staff member didn't understand what she wanted to know, but because he knew she often came and went with the boss, he told her everything.

Qin Mu's sharp eyes glanced inside for a second or two, then she moved closer to the staff member and whispered something in his ear. The young man's eyes lit up, and he turned to run back inside.

Qin Mu couldn't help but smirk involuntarily, but when she saw someone approaching, she felt her expression was inappropriate. She forced herself to lick her lips, struggling to hold back her smile, and then turned and walked out with a swagger.

Qin Mu didn't know if her plan would work, but she always felt that she had to find an opportunity to get back at the Qin Family for her past grievances, and this opportunity seemed pretty good.

#### Chapter 246: Mrs. Mu's Petty Revenge\_7

Just over half an hour later, the person who had been laughing and talking like a queen in the private room suddenly started to feel uncomfortable, involuntarily reaching to scratch her neck and the area beside her chin.

At first, none of the seven or eight people at the table noticed her restless behavior, but eventually they realized something was off.

The girl who had been sitting beside her curiously looked at her ceaselessly scratching her skin, which had once been as smooth as jade, and observed the reddened patches speckled with tiny dots.

"Oh no, Mingzhu, why do you have so many red spots on your neck?"

The warm touch of the girl's hand on her neck stirred concern.

"Hmm? Really? I don't know why, but suddenly it's so itchy."

Qin Mingzhu continued to scratch, getting more forceful by the minute.

A few of the boys couldn't stand seeing her delicate skin being treated so roughly, their gazes filled with covetousness, but then they pretended not to harbor such thoughts and feigned concern, asking, "Should we go to the hospital? You don't seem quite right."

"Yeah, it could be some food allergy." Another person reminded.

"I really can't take it anymore, hurry up, take me to the hospital quickly."

She wanted to scratch her back but, with so many boys around, she had to endure and not long after was escorted out of the hotel by a few of them.

The staff member standing by the door watched as a whole troop of them came out from inside, involuntarily craning his neck to see, and eventually couldn't help but chuckle softly.

In fact, Qin Mu didn't know for sure at the time, only to find out later that indeed, they were all allergic to the same fruit.

Later, the young fellow told the manager about the incident, hoping the manager would relay it to Qin Mu. The manager didn't have Qin Mu's number but did have Xiaomei's, so he told Xiaomei, and eventually the news reached Qin Mu's ears.

In Qin Mu's office, Xiaomei asked curiously, "So what exactly is your relationship with this incident?"

"The relationship, well, it's just me taking a small revenge on Qin Mingzhu, but it should make her suffer for a few days."

Qin Mu had been drawing with Jian Yan, and upon hearing Xiaomei's question, he set down his pen and smiled at Xiaomei.

"Uh! Can you reveal the details?" Xiaomei immediately wanted to know more.

"Well..." It was a long story, and Qin Mu was thinking about where to begin.

"Didn't you see she was drawing?"

Jian Yan chimed in.

Xiaomei...

Knowing Jian Yan disliked interruptions when they were together, Xiaomei felt wronged but had no choice but to lower her head, apologize, and leave.

After Xiaomei left, Qin Mu turned to look at the man sitting opposite him: "Weren't you a bit too harsh on Xiaomei?"

"Me, harsh on her? Did I?"

Jian Yan hadn't felt he'd said anything wrong at all.

"Haven't you noticed that Xiaomei really likes you?"

"And you? Haven't you noticed that besides Mu Yichen, someone else likes you even more?"

Qin Mu's gaze grew distant, startled.

"So, if you don't even know about your own affairs, how can you blame me for not knowing that Xiaomei likes me?"

Qin Mu...

"Master, I think you've been acting strange lately."

Qin Mu tried to smile, though it seemed difficult.

"Let's get back to drawing, remember to add the embellishment at the cuff."

"Yes!"

Qin Mu dared not ask more and continued drawing.

Suddenly, he felt that Jian Yan supervising his drawing was very much like a master supervising his apprentice. It reminded him of being monitored by teachers at school, then by the master, and later by Director Mu.

After finishing work, Mu Yichen came looking for her. Xiaomei and the others were packing up to leave and greeted him politely upon his arrival.

"Is Director Mu here to pick up Qinqin? She's upstairs drawing with Jian ge."

A handsome guy mentioned.

"Thank you!"

Mu Yichen replied indifferently, courteous enough, and after pausing for a couple of seconds, he turned and headed upstairs.

Xiaomei wondered if this kid had lost his mind. He actually told Mu Yi that the mentor and student were drawing together, without realizing that the boss cared very deeply about this love rival.

Mu Yichen walked over softly, the door was open.

Just this detail made him feel slightly better. He strolled around, turning slowly, his dark eyes gradually lifting to see his beloved wife with her head down, intently drawing. Jian Yan sat opposite her, leaning in, with one hand gently pressing on a point on her drawing paper.

"Wouldn't this area look more spacious without this point?"

"Try erasing it!"

Qin Mu also seriously contemplated the design on his shoulder, feeling that something was off.

Mu Yichen just stood at the doorway, fixedly. Their voices were soft, absorbed in their work, and he stood there silently for two minutes without them noticing him.

After that, he took a deep breath and then raised his hand to knock on the door.

His sharply defined contours were somewhat cold and oppressive, as if suppressing a small flame.

His gaze was exceptionally sharp and alert, making people smile unconsciously, and then they straightened up their backs while sitting in their chairs.

"Since when did you become so polite, Boss Mu?"

Qin Mu then lifted her head and saw her dear husband had arrived.

"Did I disturb your work?" he asked lightly, smiling as he stepped forward.

"Now that Boss Mu is here, I'll head back too! Oh, and thank you and your wife for helping me find that apartment."

When Jian Yan finished speaking, he had already stood up with the poise of a mentor, smiling as he bowed his head and walked out.

Qin Mu watched him leave without understanding what had happened, and only withdrew her gaze when his figure vanished. Her eyes then turned to the man who had been staring at her all along, and she subconsciously put down her pen, straightening her stiff back: What's wrong?

His eyes were clearly amiss.

But then he managed a slight smile: Nothing!

What could he say? His wife had not noticed anything unusual.

Qin Mu...

Nothing?

Clearly, there was something.

"Has Master been acting weird lately, have you noticed?"

Qin Mu asked him curiously, looking into his eyes more seriously.



Mu Yichen couldn't help but frown, attempting to smile without actually smiling.

"Qin Mu, do you really think your husband is not jealous?"

Boss Mu squinted his eyes, struggling to contain his anger and barely managing to smile with a menacing, intimidating air.

"Uh!"

"Can't you leave work now?" he asked, his brow still furrowed.

"Hmm, just a little longer."

She looked down at the drawing she was working on, then picked up her pen again but couldn't help glancing up at him: You just mentioned being jealous, jealous of what?

"Keep drawing."

Mu Yichen, hands in his pockets, said this and then fretfully went over to the window.

Qin Mu...

Brushing her off like that? Why wouldn't he tell her?

Qin Mu had no time to seek confirmation, as she had to finish her drawings quickly, leave work, and head home, having promised Fanghua that she would try to have dinner with her every night, and she must keep her word.

On the way home, Mu Yichen was still not in good spirits. This wasn't the first time, in fact, many times he had seen his wife and her mentor with their heads almost touching while working. And with Jian Yan suddenly saying he would be staying in town more often, it was odd if Mu Yichen felt happy about it.

While Qin Mu was drawing, Mu Yichen took out his phone and sent a message from the window: Let's have a couple of drinks tonight.

No punctuation.

"Sure!"

The reply also had no punctuation.

Chapter 247: wants to hold grandson\_1

Mu Yichen didn't leave the house until after dinner, and Qin Mu didn't know why. After he left, Feng Fanghua, curious, asked Qin Mu, "Why is he going out so late again?"

"I also... probably to meet Jing Feng for a drink," Qin Mu guessed, thinking it inappropriate to say he didn't know or that it wasn't suitable to discuss.

"Is he on good terms with Jing Feng?" Feng Fanghua immediately latched onto the mention of Jing Feng as Qin Mu retracted his gaze from the outside and nodded, only to see the anxiety on Feng Fanghua's face.

"His relationship with Jing Feng won't change just because of the old master of the Jing Family," Qin Mu reassured somewhat subconsciously.

"That would be best; as long as those two get along, the Jing Family can't do much against Yichen no matter what they try. Eventually, Jing Feng will be the one calling the shots for the Jing Family," Feng Fanghua immediately found a new lead to discuss once Qin Mu mentioned Jing Feng, and Qin Mu, aware that she was planning for the future, just nodded, trying to smile but finding it somewhat difficult.

Feng Fanghua looked at her granddaughter, who was falling asleep in Qin Mu's arms, and asked, "Have you two been avoiding pregnancy recently?"

The abrupt change of topic startled Qin Mu, making her dark eyes sparkle exceptionally.

"Don't get mad at me for being blunt, though you two haven't had a wedding, you've registered your marriage, and Huanhuan is already three years old. Don't you want to give her a little brother?" Feng Fanghua sat on the sofa, looking at her adorable granddaughter and then at the woman holding her.

Qin Mu clearly hadn't considered giving Huanhuan a little brother, but the thought of having another child had crossed her mind. She didn't care whether it would be a boy or a girl.

Mu Yichen had never mentioned having a preference for a boy or a girl either, just that he wanted another child with her.

"You're still young now, and this is the best time for your body to recover quickly after having a baby. Don't wait until you're twenty-seven or twenty-eight to have another one. It's harder to recover after giving birth, and it'll be harder to maintain your figure," said Feng Fanghua, encouraging her.

Qin Mu wasn't certain if she was right but suddenly felt a sense of unreality.

"Today, I even asked Huanhuan if she wanted a little brother. She does want one! If you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself tomorrow morning," Feng Fanghua said with a laugh, as if it were true.

"Uh, okay!" Qin Mu could only weakly agree.

"You've been taking care of your body recently. Once it's better, you should try for a baby, okay? While your father-in-law and I can still help out," Feng Fanghua suggested.

Qin Mu nodded with a smile after a moment, letting her glance fall as she hid the hesitation in her eyes.

"The best news your father and I could hear right now is that you're pregnant and are giving us another grandchild. Then, I'll have nothing more to ask of you, and you can do as you please," Feng Fanghua continued, holding her cup of tea gently.

Qin Mu couldn't help but chuckle involuntarily; she understood Feng Fanghua's meaning now.

In other words, as long as she had another son, whatever trouble she or Mu Yichen might cause with the Jing Family or anyone else, Feng Fanghua wouldn't care.

Looking down at her sleeping daughter, Qin Mu didn't take Feng Fanghua's words to heart, but suddenly thought, perhaps it was indeed time to give her daughter a brother or sister?

Just like how she herself had been alone outside since she was little with no one to care for her. Would it have been less lonely with a brother or sister?

And with Huanhuan being so adorable, how could she let her feel lonely?

The feeling of not being loved or cherished, she thought it best not to let her daughter experience that. So, yes, it was time to have another child.

After tonight, she was very certain about wanting a second child.

However, she didn't rush to tell Mu Yichen; she simply stopped drinking coffee and so on.

While Qin Mu and Feng Fanghua were discussing the possibility of a second child, the Qin Family was in high spirits.

"Mom, look at me. The doctor said it's an allergy. It's been killing me," Qin Mingzhu complained as she rubbed her itchy skin.

"Let me see! How did this happen? You've never had allergies before, and I don't have allergic reactions either," her mother replied.

Even though medication had been prescribed, the welts on her body took a while to dissipate and still itched. Qin Mingzhu, arriving home and seeing her parents sitting and drinking tea, immediately went over and began to act coquettishly in front of Zhang Rujia.

Qin Haiming, however, couldn't help but lift his gaze, recalling his past: "I'm allergic."

Mother and daughter both curiously looked at him, Qin Haiming offered a slight smile: "I'm allergic to kiwifruit, and Qin Mu has the same issue."

"What?" Qin Mingzhu asked with curiosity, thinking it odd since they never ate that fruit at home.

"Looks like all three of us in the family have this problem. It must be hereditary," Qin Haiming said with a bit of pride, but the pleased expression on his face was faint.

Chapter 248: wants to hold grandson\_2

"What? Allergic to kiwifruit? Did you eat kiwifruit?"

"No, I ordered a fruit platter today, but I never liked sour things like that, so I didn't eat any."

Qin Mingzhu was puzzled, recalling that there had been no kiwifruit in her lunch at all.

"It must have been that fruit that caused your allergy, didn't the doctor say?"

"The doctor only mentioned it was probably an allergy to something, but didn't specify what."

She had hung on an IV drip all afternoon in the hospital, and after coming out, she was still a bit groggy, completely unaware of how she suddenly became allergic.

Although her skin was very sensitive, she had always taken good care of it.

"It should be better in a couple of days; if not, go back to the hospital tomorrow for more shots."

Because she and her father had nearly come to blows after an argument the day before, Qin Mingzhu obediently nodded her head today without daring to talk back.

Zhang Rujia was even more delighted to see Qin Haiming caring for his daughter and couldn't help but sigh, "Ah, our family really has been unlucky lately. I'll go to the temple and burn some incense tomorrow; maybe that will help."

"Burn what incense? It would be better if you and our daughter refrained from causing me any more trouble."

Qin Haiming had never believed in those things, but he felt a headache coming on just thinking about the difficulty his wife and other daughter Qin Mu gave him. He just wanted to be nicer to Qin Mu because he truly felt guilty.

"You talk as if we're jinxes. Haven't you ever heard the saying 'it takes two to tango'?" Zhang Rujia muttered under her breath.

"It takes two to tango?"

Qin Haiming smiled, raised his hand, and lightly tapped on the back of Zhang Rujia's hand, "Does it make a sound or not?"

Zhang Rujia cried out indignantly and then looked at him with a pitiful expression, "What are you doing?"

"I'm just showing you that it's not true that one hand can't make a noise. From now on, stop provoking Qin Mu, okay? When you see her, be polite, don't be aggressive. After all, she never got much out of our family."

Qin Haiming said.

"Mom, listen to Dad, he's taking his eldest daughter's side." Qin Mingzhu whispered as she gripped Zhang Rujia's arm.

"Taking her side? If I really were, would I not have made a big deal about all the things you've done to her?"

Qin Mingzhu thought about the slaps she had received and couldn't believe her ears.

Qin Haiming sighed helplessly, "I'm busy, and you don't bother to discipline her properly. All she knows is to indulge herself outside. Isn't it time for her to find a job?"

"What's the big deal about her? She's just a bit immature," Zhang Rujia said, then turned to her daughter and whispered, "If your father really took her side, you wouldn't have had such an easy time. From now on, you're not allowed to falsely accuse your father, got it?"

"Oh!"

Qin Mingzhu agreed, her heart almost bursting with glee.

She knew that Qin Haiming still favored her.

"It's getting late. Since you're not feeling well from the allergy, go take a bath and get some rest. Your mother and I will have some tea and then it's off to bed for us too."

"Okay, goodnight Mom and Dad."

Qin Mingzhu got up cheerfully, kissed each of their faces, and then happily went upstairs.

Qin Haiming watched his daughter leave with a smile, always feeling she was still a child at heart.

"Mingzhu has grown up so fast, hasn't she?" Zhang Rujia said softly to him.

"Yes!"

But he suddenly remembered the time when the mother and daughter first came to his home, and thinking of Qin Mu back then, he couldn't help feeling guilty again.

"No matter the past, husband, from now on, can't the three of us just live well together?"

Zhang Rujia's hand was holding his, her eyes brimming with sincerity.

Qin Haiming looked up at her, "One condition, take good care of Qin Mu. I owe her that. I don't want you two to be enemies. Can you do that?"

"For you, even if it's a great grievance, I'll bear it. Didn't I let it go when she pushed me down this time?" Zhang Rujia said softly.

"You let it go, but didn't your daughter teach her a lesson for that?"

Qin Haiming recalled the incident, still feeling a bit of a headache.

"That's just my daughter being filial. If she didn't care for me, you'd be the one worried." Zhang Rujia pushed his hand away and continued.

"True!" Qin Haiming scoffed, feeling there was some truth to it.

"Let's go to bed, no more tea!" Zhang Rujia said, and Qin Mingzhu nodded. The two of them went upstairs together.

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Mu Family.

Qin Mu waited until nearly half-past eleven, her eyelids fighting with each other, before she finally fell asleep cuddling her daughter without realizing it.

But the next morning, she awoke to find herself sleeping in her own bed without having opened her eyes.

The morning's man had more vitality and tenderness, still dressed in comfortable pajamas and pants, his strong arms propping up his head as he lay on his side.

Chapter 249: wants to hold grandson\_3

Although he returned late, he woke up very early and lay on his side next to the woman, watching her until she woke up.

Qin Mu habitually reached out for him in the morning, wanting to cuddle in his arms a bit longer. Mu Yichen let her wiggle around in his embrace until he couldn't help but laugh when she tickled him.

Realizing he was awake, Qin Mu squinted and lifted her head to look at him, "You're awake? What time did you get back last night?"

Her voice was still groggy as she spoke then lowered her head again, finding a warm spot on his chest to snuggle closer to.

Feeling his heartbeat, she suddenly thought of the phrase 'strong and powerful,' which was indeed very apt.

"I came back at midnight, isn't Mrs. Mu planning to wake up?"

"I am awake, just squinting for a little while longer."

Qin Mu's sleepy voice admitted then continued to hug him, unwilling to get up.

"Then, shall we talk about the location for your end-of-year fashion show?"

He gazed down at the woman in his arms, his voice very gentle yet undeniable.

Qin Mu instinctively opened her bright eyes, realizing he might know something, fluttered her long eyelashes twice before lifting her head to ask, "What do you want to say?"

"Why not hold it at AM?"

His dark eyes stared straight at her, piercing deep into her soul.

"Did you meet with Jian Yan last night—?"

So far, only Jian Yan knew about this.

"Yes!"

He didn't deny it, admitting it frankly.

Qin Mu's heartbeat involuntarily quickened at his admission, then after managing to calm down, she opened her mouth and took a while before she remembered that matter, "Don't you think the studio is a good place?"

"Is the studio as reputable as AM?"

Mu Yichen asked her in a serious, deep voice.

It was as if they were discussing business and not merely a squabble over a location.

Qin Mu gradually let go of him, faced with his persistent gaze and her own stubbornness, she could only smile helplessly, "I can't always have my shows at AM. I want my own place, something that lets all the guests know about our studio."

"For the next two years, at least for the next two years, do it at AM!"

Mu Yichen told her seriously.

"And the reason?" Qin Mu asked curiously.

The two lay face to face on the bed, a small distance between them, one above the other, each holding on to their own reasoning.

"The reason is that your current reputation isn't enough. If I don't help you create a buzz, you can only imagine who would attend your show, even though you have Jian Yan."

The last few words hit Qin Mu hard.

But what he said made sense. When she made that decision, it was for fear of being unable to untangle her relationship with him, but now they were getting along again.

And they were planning to have a second child, so...

"Alright, I agree!"

Qin Mu said seriously but then threw herself back into his embrace after speaking.

"How come you're so easy to talk to this time?"

Mu Yichen wrapped an arm around her, suspiciously asking her, his eyes half-narrowed.

"We're like this already, why would I be afraid to rely on you more?" She mumbled, then hugged him even tighter.

Mu Yichen laughed involuntarily, his hand stroking her head: "You've finally seen the light!"

Qin Mu didn't bother with him, just wanting to hug him tightly when suddenly she was flipped over and pinned down: "Mm, it's hard to control oneself in the morning."

"Don't even start!"

Qin Mu's ears heated up, and she cast a sultry glance at him before looking away.

Mu Yichen laughed, covering her lips with his, kissing her deeply for a long while before reluctantly letting go and continued to kiss her in various ways.

Qin Mu subconsciously squinted up at him, her smile barely restrained yet as if she had fallen into a pot of honey.

"Mu Yichen!"

"Hmm?"

"Do you prefer a boy or a girl?"

She wrapped her arms around his sturdy waist and asked, then unconsciously licked her own lips.

"Hmm? As long as it's yours."

President Mu was actually a bit confused at first, but then he laughed too when he thought it through.

"But you already have a daughter, don't you want a son more?"

"As long as they're like you, I'll love them."

He whispered softly, kissing her eyelashes, her lips, his hands gently caressing her soft, warm skin.

"Mm!"

She responded softly and then couldn't help but take the initiative to kiss him again.

She believed his words, just like his love for Huanhuan, simply because that was their child.

Knowing he wasn't predisposed to favor sons over daughters, she actually breathed a sigh of relief—who can guarantee their second child would be a boy?

As for Feng Fanghua and the rest, she could only say she would try her best.

Chapter 250: wants to hold grandson\_4

During breakfast, he held Huanhuan, followed by Qin Mu, and as soon as they descended the stairs, they were greeted by the household staff. Mu Yichen responded with an uncharacteristically cheerful reply, causing everyone to look up at him in surprise before smiling secretly and lowering their eyes.

Seeing the affection among the family members, Qin Mu felt a surge of energy, and the tiredness brought on by Mu Yichen earlier disappeared.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao had just settled at the dining table when they saw them arrive, and they were delighted. Mu Zihao smiled and said, "Let my granddaughter come to me."

"Grandpa, good morning, Grandma, good morning!"

Huanhuan politely greeted them and, after being put down by Mu Yichen, went over to her grandparents and gave them a kiss on their cheeks while standing on tiptoes.

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile, thinking to herself how Huanhuan really knew how to warm a person's heart. It was no wonder Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao adored her so much.

"Good morning to Grandma's sweet granddaughter. Why did you sleep in so much today?"

"Because Huanhuan had a dream, I dreamed of Princess Sophia."

Huanhuan remembered her dream.

"Oh? Who is Sophia?" Mu Zihao asked curiously, not recalling a princess by that name.

"Sophia, of course!"

Feng Fanghua explained on behalf of her granddaughter, mentioning the animated series she had been watching, one she would insist on watching later.

"Look at me!" Mu Zihao said, embarrassed.

After Qin Mu arrived at the studio and realized her master wasn't there, she asked the people downstairs, "When did the master say he would arrive?"

"Our boss is sick; he should be lying at home now."

A handsome guy had just come in and responded when he heard her asking, prompting Qin Mu to inquire, "Xiaomei, where are you?"

"I'm here, here!"

Xiaomei, who hadn't had time to apply makeup at home and had gone to the restroom to fix it upon arriving at the studio, ran out to look upstairs.

"You accompany me to visit the master."

"Okay!"

Xiaomei was internally ecstatic, but the thought of meeting Jian Yan made her instinctively dash back to the restroom; she needed to ensure her makeup looked natural, as she knew Jian Yan preferred natural-looking girls.

Qin Mu drove, while Xiaomei sat beside her, fidgeting like a bride-to-be, her big, dark eyes never ceased looking around anxiously.

"Haven't you been to his apartment before?"

She had heard that their apartments were next to each other.

"I have."

"Then why are you so nervous today?"

"I've never seen the master—no, the boss—sick."

Qin Mu chuckled; some of the staff liked to call him boss, others called him Brother Jian, and, even more daringly, some called him Uncle Jian. Only Xiaomei's way of addressing him fluctuated.

After ringing the doorbell of his apartment for quite a while, someone finally answered. Jian Yan was dressed in a white, long T-shirt and comfortable sleeping pants. Seeing the person before him, his heart involuntarily quickened, and he stared intently at the person in front of him with his deep black eyes.

"I brought you breakfast."

Xiaomei, noticing that she wasn't in his eyes, lifted the takeout bag she was holding and then entered the apartment first.

Qin Mu, on the other hand, felt her heartbeat slow for a moment with Jian Yan's stare, and then she weakly asked him, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, it's nothing!" Jian Yan lowered his head, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Qin Mu walked in and immediately supported his arm when she saw him turn and begin to faint.

"Were you not fine yesterday? Why are you so weak today?"

Mumbling, Qin Mu held his arm, intending to guide him inside, while Jian Yan was fixated on her hand supporting him, forgetting everything else.

Since he didn't respond and wasn't moving forward, Qin Mu had to look up at him again and saw him staring at her hand as if in a daze, "Are you alright? Master? Jian Yan?"

"I am a bit out of it; help me to the sofa."

"Okay!"

Xiaomei, watching the two walking together from inside, felt an ache in her heart. She thought about the makeup she had meticulously applied, the nervousness she had felt on the way, wishing she could stay and take care of him. But what happened instead?



He only saw the person at her side even though she was right in front of him when he opened the door.

Xiaomei watched Qin Mu supporting Jian Yan, and her eyes fell.

"Xiaomei, will you help the master?"

"Oh, sure!"

Qin Mu understood her feelings well and immediately made room for Xiaomei, watching as Xiaomei blissfully wrapped her arm around Jian Yan's arm, while Qin Mu went ahead to prepare his breakfast.

"Didn't you go out for drinks with Mu Yi last night? Did you drink too much?"

Qin Mu originally wanted to ask him other things, but now she wasn't in the mood, only concerned about his illness.