

His Beloved 481

Chapter 481: Loyal to Brother Chen_2

"Yichen is taking Huanhuan with him on a business trip with his wife, and I don't agree; Huanhuan must stay home with me."

Feng Fanghua continued to voice her thoughts.

As soon as the old master heard this, he turned his head to look at Mu Yichen, "You're taking the child on a trip with your wife; don't you think she will get in the way of your time alone together?"

"Not at all!"

Mu Yichen looked at Huanhuan. They had plenty of time for themselves, but taking Huanhuan to their old home in Paris was important. He felt that Huanhuan had always missed life in Paris. Whenever she saw Paris on TV, she would watch it more attentively than usual.

"Then take her with you!"

Mu Zihao said with a slap on his thigh.

Feng Fanghua turned to her husband in surprise, "Whose side are you really on?"

"In a few months, your grandson will be born, so take a break now and consider it an early vacation for yourself."

Mu Zihao looked at her and reminded her gently.

"I don't want a vacation; I don't mind the fatigue. I'd be happy to be tired out by my own grandchildren."

Feng Fanghua was still so adamant.

"That settles it then!"

Mu Yichen stood up from the couch, holding Huanhuan.

"We're having dinner with Jing Feng and the others tonight, so we won't stay long. Grandpa, we'll have drinks with you when we get back from Paris!"

"Mmm!"

The old master nodded, knowing his grandson's temperament.

Feng Fanghua was so aggrieved she almost cried, but Mu Yichen had already walked out carrying the child.

Qin Mu could only greet the elders and hurriedly follow him out.

Mu Yichen walked so fast that Qin Mu had to jog to keep up.

"Why are you walking so fast?"

After they left the room, Qin Mu whispered to him as she followed closely.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Feng will come to her senses."

Qin Mu...

"Oh!"

After hearing Mu Yichen's response, Qin Mu was momentarily stunned. She looked up at his stern profile, then dropped her gaze and quickly followed him out. She was quite afraid of the grandmother chasing after them.

The three of them left the Mu Family home and drove straight to AM. It was planned for days to congratulate Qin Mu on her second pregnancy, just in time to see them off before their Paris trip.

Jing Feng, Helian Hao, and Jiang Zhiyuan had also found a girl to accompany them. Qiao Yi was a perennial bachelor, not bothering to hide his bachelor status, and Zhao Huai was also alone, although he didn't seem as pitiful due to his younger age.

When Mu Yichen and his party arrived, they noticed an unfamiliar face. Mu Yichen didn't say anything, but Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh and asked, "Jiang Shao, this beauty is...?"

"My woman!"

Jiang Zhiyuan replied with a sour tone, casually placing his hand behind her, then responding with little interest.

"Oh!—I meant her name."

With a nod, Qin Mu continued to ask with a smile.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Name? What was that?

He had randomly picked her up at the entrance when he came in, and now when he turned around to look at her, he found out they were really strangers.

The beauty, too, looked at Jiang Zhiyuan with a disapproving gaze.

Now everyone in the room watched Jiang Zhiyuan with a mix of curiosity and anticipation of his embarrassment.

Jiang Zhiyuan laughed awkwardly, "Hehe, does my woman need a name?"

"I'm An Nan!"

The girl introduced herself quite boldly, her long straight black hair resting on her shoulders, and she wore a white shirt under a thin dark trench coat.

The others held back their laughter, but their glances conveyed their low expectations for Jiang Zhiyuan.

Jiang Zhiyuan stopped fiddling with his hand on her shoulder, feeling a loss of face as the girl had remained so composed.

Jiang Zhiyuan was feeling challenged by Qin Mu's second pregnancy, and had decided he must bring a woman to the gathering. But a few words from Qin Mu had left him looking bad.

"Xiaomu, why do you always give me a hard time?"

Jiang Zhiyuan asked sadly.

"My fault, my fault!"

Qin Mu pretended to be very apologetic, responding earnestly to him.

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"The dishes are all ordered, you two check if there's anything else you want to add."

Qiao Yi passed the menu to Qin Mu, she glanced at it, then looked at Helian Hao. Helian Hao smiled at her from across two people, so Qin Mu closed the menu, "No need, Xiaohao has surely ordered for me."

"Of course, a special meal for the expectant mother!"

Helian Hao replied with good humor.

"Love you!"

Qin Mu winked at her, the two women exchanged looks, making the surrounding men almost unable to bear it.

The meal began with Jiang Zhiyuan harping on about Mu Yichen and Qin Mu having a second child, until someone knocked on their door.

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Jiang Zhiyuan glanced at the table, "Everything we ordered should be here, right?"

"Indeed, it is!"

Jing Feng looked at the table once more before sitting back down.

Zhao Huai, who was sitting at the edge, stood up to open the door.

When he opened the door and saw Jing Qing, he was first taken aback, then greeted her with a smile, "Jing Qing, what brings you here?"

"I was entertaining some guests nearby and heard you were having a gathering, so I thought I'd come by." Jing Qing said as she peeked in, scanning the room. Aside from the unfamiliar face of An Nan, the rest were all known to her.

Huanhuan was alone, playing with toys. When a toy fell and rolled toward the door, she chased after it. It stopped at Jing Qing's feet; Huanhuan instinctively looked up from the toy to Jing Qing's face. Upon recognizing her, she immediately grabbed her toy and retreated back to her parents.

Qin Mu immediately embraced her, bending down to gently kiss her forehead: "It's alright!"

Only after seeing her mother's eyes did Huanhuan relax somewhat.

Jing Qing couldn't help but laugh, "It seems like Princess Huanhuan is scared of me!"

She had walked in on her own, and since Zhao Huai was already behind her, he couldn't say anything else and closed the door.

"Why doesn't the little princess like me? Is it because I haven't given her any toys?"

Jing Qing smiled and greeted everyone, not moving any closer though she was just two people away.

Huanhuan peered up at her from beside Qin Mu's leg, gripping her toy tightly.

Qin Mu looked up, "She's just shy!"

Those three simple words, though, made it clear that she and her daughter were not familiar with Jing Qing.

Jing Qing's expression changed momentarily, but she smiled again and stood straighter, "Your daughter has a poor memory, doesn't she? We've met several times already."

She pulled out an empty chair to sit down, placing her elegant bag on top, and looked up at everyone with a beautiful smile, "You don't mind me joining you, do you?"

After asking, she finally fixed her gaze on Qiao Yi. Qiao Yi was initially looking at her, but when he saw her looking his way, he looked down instead.

"Why does it get so cold every time I show up at these gatherings?"

Jing Qing looked around, puzzled as why it seemed everyone suddenly lost their appetite.

The girl who introduced herself as An Nan curiously surveyed the large table, thinking that this group must all be the wealthy elites of Rongcheng, judging by their attire, taste, and treatment, especially since Jing Qing was immediately recognizable as the Best Actress from a couple of years ago.

And to think the Best Actress was so unwelcome among these people, how sad.

Suddenly, Qin Mu remembered what Wen Runuan mentioned about Yang Qianxi stalking Mu Yichen. Her eyes instinctively sharpened as she looked in Jing Qing's direction.

Jing Qing was looking at her too, seemingly with a magnanimous demeanor, "What's the matter? Although I've taken your assistant, I haven't bothered you lately, have I?"

Qin Mu merely smiled faintly.

It wasn't that Qin Mu intentionally spared her face, but rather she didn't want to have a fallout in front of everyone.

Although tearing into someone like this is livelier with more people, Qin Mu simply didn't enjoy it.

She'd deal with it after returning from Paris, she thought to herself.

"Why is everyone here tonight, Jiang Zhiyuan, have you got a boyfriend?"

Jing Qing asked, looking toward Jiang Zhiyuan.

Jiang Zhiyuan smiled awkwardly, waving his hand slightly, "Yep!"

That "yep" once again drew contemptuous glances.

Jing Qing didn't understand and took it that he really had a girlfriend, "Well, congratulations then!"

Jing Qing poured herself a glass of wine and said,

"Thank you!"

Jiang Zhiyuan put another hand on An Nan's back, his other hand holding his wine glass as he leaned in to clink glasses with her.

"Welcome to our band of brothers and sisters."

Jing Qing politely said to An Nan.

An Nan also raised her glass and said softly, "Thank you!"

Although Jing Qing was a celebrity, she knew that she wasn't unique in this setting, and An Nan wasn't lacking in self-awareness either.

But to others, Miss An was far too composed.

Jing Qing took another look at her, certain that Miss An recognized her and also felt that Miss An was no ordinary character. She thought it would be too much trouble to ask more now and decided to have someone investigate slowly later.

"Tomorrow, Yichen and Xiaomu are going to Paris on a business trip together. We're celebrating for them tonight."

After drinking with her, Jiang Zhiyuan's fondness for her multiplied, prompting him to add another sentence.

"Oh? So, it looks like they'll be gone for quite a while, huh?"

Saying this, Jing Qing turned to look at Mu Yichen and Qin Mu.

"It's just for half a month, but since they've just had their second child, we feel that we should treat them to a meal no matter what, so that's why it's like this now."

Jiang Zhiyuan continued, holding a glass of wine that had just been filled.

Right now, he was the one talking the most.

"I know about that. By the way, do you still like the sneakers I bought for you? Yang Qianxi knows your tastes pretty well, so I had her go to the mall to choose them for you personally."

Jing Qing said to Qin Mu in a soft voice that sounded like a caring older sister after hearing those words.

But Qin Mu found that gesture incredibly phony.

"They were accidentally taken away by a little dog that my partner is taking care of."

Qin Mu said to her with a smile.

Jing Qing...

The scent of gunpowder was in the air, and no one had expected Jing Qing to so generously gift shoes to Qin Mu, nor did they expect that Qin Mu would not appreciate it.

"That's a real shame! Wearing high heels is very dangerous for pregnant women, which is why I immediately thought of getting you new shoes."

"But it's quite unusual to give shoes as a gift, isn't giving shoes a way of telling someone to leave?"

Helian Hao bluntly asked.

Jing Feng was already a bit upset by the arrival of his sister, and with his wife speaking up, he felt an even greater headache coming on, showing evident signs of fatigue in his eyes as he looked at Helian Hao.

"Send whom away? Send Qin Mu or the child in Qin Mu's womb? Am I that malicious? Sister-in-law, you really think too highly of your sister-in-law."

Jing Qing looked at Helian Hao with a smile as she spoke.

"I don't really think highly of you, just that I suppose you've already considered both of the questions you just mentioned, haven't you?"

Helian Hao laughed lightly, her gaze sharp as a knife hidden within a smile.

"My dear sister-in-law is really something... Miss An, I apologize for making you witness this!"

Jing Qing laughed awkwardly, grinding her teeth to keep from making a fool of herself in front of others.

An Nan dared not interject, just silently smiled.

"If you truly wanted to take care of me as a pregnant woman, why didn't you send the supplements you got for me along with the shoes to my studio, but instead had your assistant deliver them to President Mu's office?"

Chapter 483: room card_1

"Miss Jing can't come up with an answer?"

Qin Mu smiled faintly, her keen gaze piercing right into Jing Qing's black pupils.

If before Qin Mu wanted to keep calm and steady, now she only wanted to tear Jing Qing's hypocritical mask to shreds.

Jing Qing looked at her, and for a whole minute, she just smiled in front of her—a smile that was filled with grievance, as if she had been wronged.

During that minute, the atmosphere in the private room was chilly, as if a large syringe had quietly entered the room, secretly drawing away all the warmth.

Jing Feng glanced at Qin Mu, then towards Mu Yichen, and when Mu Yichen also lifted his eyelids to glance at him, he didn't show any reaction.

"I just suddenly remembered that I had some tonics I hadn't brought you, and it just so happened that I was near Yichen's company running an errand at that time—Are you satisfied with this answer?"

Jing Qing had never felt herself groveling like this before, as if she were a palace maid being questioned.

"Actually, I'm not satisfied! But we are here to drink! Talking about this just kills the mood!"

Qin Mu's sharp apricot eyes looked at her, so piercing that it seemed they could gouge Jing Qing's eyes and make them bleed.

Jing Qing had no choice but to suppress her heiress temperament and turn her face away.

"Mr. Jiang, how about another round of finger-guessing games?"

All of a sudden, Qin Mu rolled up her sleeves and spoke to Jiang Zhiyuan.

Jiang Zhiyuan was initially startled, but then he immediately cracked a smile: Sure!

Someone needed to liven up the atmosphere, and of course, it was most fitting for the person who caused it to cool down to do so.

Qin Mu, with Huanhuan at her side, played the finger-guessing game with him, and when Jiang Zhiyuan lost, his companion An Nan drank for him, and when Qin Mu and Huanhuan lost, President Mu drank.

Jing Qing soon felt unbearable staying there, watching as they blatantly ignored her, and she stood up unconsciously.

Mu Yichen was about to drink for the mother and daughter who lost, when she suddenly stepped forward, dodging the glass in his hand: I'll drink for you!

The crowd...

Mu Yichen's eyes, filled with sharpness, stared at her, while Jing Feng also immediately looked over and uttered: Jing Qing, put it down.

But Jing Qing didn't comply, and before tears could fall, she raised his glass to her lips and downed the drink in one gulp.

Qin Mu followed everyone's gaze to look over, but only saw Jing Qing's eyes, desolate and pleading, as she asked her in a hoarse voice: Are you satisfied now?

Jing Qing shed tears!

Large teardrops fell down her cheeks in front of everyone, genuinely making some feel sympathy.

But Qin Mu's heart remained numb.

Jing Qing put down the glass on the table's edge, then turned to grab her bag and strode towards the exit.

The loud slam as the door closed once again chilled the atmosphere in the room.

Jing Feng glanced over at Qiao Yi, who was also struggling to contain himself and rose to follow her.

Even if it meant only being able to follow her silently in the darkness, when she walked down the street, wiping away her tears with strong steps, Qiao Yi quietly stood guard from a dark corner not far away.

Later, Jiang Zhiyuan and An Nan played the finger-guessing game, while Qin Mu and Helian Hao chatted while eating fruit.

Mu Yichen, holding Huanhuan, drank with Jing Feng, who seemed very displeased, and couldn't help asking Mu Yichen as he looked at the two people chatting, "Do you think it's appropriate to spoil her like this?"

"What's wrong with it?"

Mu Yichen asked in a deep voice.

"Do you have to make Jing Qing lose face in front of so many people?"

Jing Feng pressed the question in a low voice.

"My wife is standing up for your wife, or do you prefer watching your sister walk all over your wife?"

Mu Yichen looked at him and asked indifferently.

Jing Feng naturally did not like the disdainful tone and looks Jing Qing had for Helian Hao, but when he saw Jing Qing pushed to tears by Qin Mu, he immediately felt that Qin Mu was truly too much. When had the Jing Family ever been humiliated so badly?

However, Mu Yichen felt that Qin Mu was not too much at all. Jing Qing indeed did those things, and she had such an air about her at the dinner table; it was good for Qin Mu to put her in her place.

After dinner, when everyone was about to disperse, Jiang Zhiyuan wrapped his arm around Qin Mu's shoulder and wouldn't let go: "Let's play two more rounds. I don't believe that I, a big man, can lose to you, a little lady."

Qin Mu helplessly tried to push him away, but he just wouldn't budge.

It was Mu Yichen who kicked him from behind, directly sending him flying to the door.

An Nan and Qin Mu both jumped with fright, especially An Nan, who was clearly startled by the kick.

Jiang Zhiyuan was kicked right to the door.

Just then, people from another private room came out, and it looked as if he was kneeling before them.

Raising his head, Jiang Zhiyuan then immediately lay on the ground as if dead drunk.

Chapter 484: room card_2

An Nan nervously stepped forward, but Helian Hao held her back: "Pretend!"

An Nan...

Jiang Zhiyuan's father frowned as he looked at his own son and then turned his gaze to some people standing inside the room: "What's going on here?"

"Uncle, Zhiyuan drank too much!"

Zhao Huai said awkwardly.

Mu Yichen and Jing Feng nodded awkwardly at him, "We'll take him back."

Upon hearing this, Jiang Zhiyuan's father finally breathed a sigh of relief, then his eyes moved to the girl Helian Hao was holding, and An Nan also looked at her curiously.

"Who is this young lady?"

Jiang Zhiyuan's father asked with a hint of expectancy.

"That's your daughter-in-law!"

Jiang Zhiyuan slurred as if he were speaking drunk.

"Hmph!"

Jiang Zhiyuan's father looked down, then with hands behind his back he strode forward. There were many people behind Jiang Zhiyuan's father, so Jiang Zhiyuan continued to lie on the ground.

Qin Mu laughed all the way home, while Huanhuan was a bit confused and scratched her soft hair.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, "We might have to fork out the money soon!"

Hearing his words, Qin Mu looked at him curiously: "What do you mean?"

"Intuition!"

Mu Yichen furrowed his brows as he felt his own heart, his brow twitching slightly.

Upon hearing him say so, Qin Mu reflected carefully and indeed started to feel that Jiang Zhiyuan and An Nan seemed quite fitting.

An Nan looked like a pretty decent girl; dealing with Jiang Zhiyuan, the not-so-decent young master, might be quite suitable?

That night they went to bed after washing up, and early the next morning they rushed to catch the plane to Paris.

It was Huanhuan's first time flying with her parents, and she was clearly excited, eagerly choosing her own food when the flight attendant came by.

Qin Mu was reading a novel and unconsciously smiled when she saw Huanhuan's eager small figure.

Mu Yichen, wrapped up in a newspaper, looked like a peacefully handsome man.

This business trip felt more like a family trip for the three of them.

Above the sky, beauty was beyond description.

When Qin Mu looked out the window, it felt as if her heart was wrapped in layers of cotton, soft, sweet, and warm.

Huanhuan sipped her drink while flipping through a picture book. After she'd had her fill but hadn't finished, she held it up high for her dad.

Mu Yichen turned to look at her, then took her drink in his hand. He hadn't had this kind of drink for many years, but having a daughter, it seemed he'd returned to the past, and under his daughter's expectant gaze, he took a sip.

The flight attendant brought them more food, and Huanhuan ate as if she was a competitive eater.

How many people actually find airplane food this delicious?

Or perhaps the joy of flying with parents as a child is exceptional? Expressing such happiness in this manner.

Upon landing, Mu Yichen received them at the company branch there and took them straight to Qin Mu's apartment in Paris.

Qin Mu almost sold the place at one point, but ultimately hesitated and kept it, never imagining it would be so useful in the future.

Huanhuan seemed to remember this place, and as soon as the door opened, she rushed in with her eyes slightly teary.

Qin Mu, thinking about all the times she and Huanhuan had spent in this apartment, also felt sentimental.

Mu Yichen, handling the luggage, entered and saw both mother and daughter so moved, he couldn't help but sigh lightly: "You two go rest on the sofa, I'll put the luggage inside."

Jian Yan knew the code to her place, so he had already arranged for a cleaner to come before their return. When Qin Mu went to boil water in the kitchen, she saw Jian Yan's personal cup placed in a corner and not in the cabinet above, which meant he must have stayed late the previous night.

Huanhuan was already rummaging for her old toys in her room, and after Mu Yichen left the master bedroom, he found Qin Mu in the kitchen about to boil water and stood there without moving: "How does it feel to be back?"

Qin Mu turned and looked at him with a faint smile: "It's no longer as it was yesterday!"

Her eyebrows twitched slightly, and Mu Yichen stepped forward to embrace her: "But I'm still here!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile. Yes, no matter how much things had changed, he was still there.

She looked up at him, and Mu Yichen nestled his chin in the crook of her neck, lightly kissing the edge of her ear.

However, glancing up unintentionally, he caught sight of Jian Yan's distinctive cup. In contrast to Qin Mu's preference for cleaner colors, that cup was much darker, leading Mu Yichen to guess it wasn't Qin Mu's.

"This cup is..."

Qin Mu set up the kettle, pressed the on switch, and then glanced at the cup: "It's Master's. He came by yesterday to open the door, and the cleaning lady came to tidy up."

Chapter 485: room card_3

"He still has a personal cup here?"

Mu Yichen frowned, even though his voice wasn't loud.

"Xiaomei has one too, are you going to get jealous?"

Qin Mu looked up at him, gently caressing his neck with her hand, her soft gaze questioning him.

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen's brows furrowed.

He didn't care whether Xiaomei had her personal cup here, but Jian Yan was a different matter.

Seeing him leave, Qin Mu had no choice but to follow: "Dear, please don't get angry over this, okay?"

Starting a cold war just after they'd arrived in Paris was truly unwise.

Qin Mu quickly caught up and grabbed his arm, looking up at him pleadingly.

The calling of "dear" was what made Mu Yichen stop in his tracks.

She held his arm, looking into his dark eyes: "Can we discuss this matter later? We just took a long flight back, how about we get something to eat and then rest?"

Mu Yichen let out a helpless sigh: "If I were you, I'd throw that man's stuff out of here immediately."

"Fine! I'll throw it out right now!"

Qin Mu said as she let go of him and headed for the kitchen.

Mu Yichen turned to watch her, not believing she would actually do it.

And sure enough, once in the kitchen, she filled a cup with boiling water and then turned to look at him.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes were filled with a forbidding gloom; Qin Mu ran over, clutching his waist recklessly and kissing him with both hands holding his face.

Mu Yichen...

What could make him surrender more easily than this woman's kiss?

Jian Yan received a call from Qin Mu in the evening, and Mu Yichen had personally prepared a Chinese dinner, with Qin Mu contributing a vegetable salad.

Sitting together, Jian Yan and Mu Yichen actually seemed quite harmonious. Although they appeared to be adversaries, they were still two good-looking men of different ages. Jian Yan possessed a mature and somber air that Mu Yichen lacked, and the cold and domineering aura of Mu Yichen was something Jian Yan didn't have.

Qin Mu opened a bottle of wine from the inside: "Tonight you two should drink less, I'll stick with juice for company."

"Me too!"

Huanhuan held up her cup of orange juice and told them.

Both men softened at the sight of Huanhuan.

Jian Yan felt he had underestimated just how much Mu Yichen cared for Qin Mu. The Patriarch Mu, known for pampering his wife, was also truly a suspicious person.

Of course, since Qin Mu was pregnant this time, it was not unreasonable for him to come along.

"How's the recovery going?"

As he picked up his wine glass, Mu Yichen challenged Jian Yan with his question.

"Thank you for your concern, Mu President. I've completely recovered now," Jian Yan said with a knowing smile.

Their dinner was kept light because of Jian Yan's stomach, and Qin Mu served them each a bowl of soup. Jian Yan enjoyed it, but Mu Yichen glanced at her, not quite used to it.

"Have some soup before the wine!"

Qin Mu immediately looked up at him with a caring reminder.

Mu Yichen picked up his bowl to drink the soup while Jian Yan sipped his soup spoon by spoon, as if they were competing for the most exquisite pleasure on earth.

However, Huanhuan was holding her cup of juice and looking at the two men, feeling as if they were about to fight.

"This soup must be made by President Mu, right? Mumu doesn't have this kind of culinary skill," Jian Yan asked with a smile after finishing his soup.

Qin Mu looked embarrassed as she lowered her gaze. Mu Yichen laughed and said: "Having my wife's mentor's approval is indeed an accomplishment for me."

Mu Yichen raised his glass to toast with Jian Yan, who, in true mentor fashion, accepted the toast without any pretense.

For some reason, the atmosphere in the dining room was so strange it was nearly suffocating.

Huanhuan quietly lifted her cup toward Jian Yan: "JY, I want to drink with you too."

Jian Yan looked down at her and gently clinked his cup against hers, indulgently smiling: "Huanhuan, why do you want to drink with JY?"

"Because I love you!"

Huanhuan said mischievously, her eyes crinkling with laughter.

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu...

But Jian Yan was quite gracious, stroking her hair and then downing the rest of his wine.

Huanhuan felt quite honored, gulping down several large sips of juice.

Mu Yichen went downstairs to see off Jian Yan, the two men lighting up cigarettes and chatting for a while below.

Taking a drag, Jian Yan said: "You came to Paris this time specially to take care of the pregnant lady, didn't you?"

"She's more important to me now than anyone else. I can't leave her side for a moment during this time!" Mu Yichen declared seriously, his youthful arrogance still apparent.

"Yeah, I heard that as soon as you arrived, someone else followed right after," Jian Yan commented.

Chapter 486: room card_4

Jian Yan hung her head low, slowly took a puff of her cigarette, and started speaking to him.

Qin Mu was unaware that someone had followed them.

Qin Mu also received a WeChat message from Helian Hao that Jing Qing had arrived in Paris with Yang Qianxi to attend an event.

This is getting lively, thought Qin Mu, certain that they would definitely meet with Jing Qing and her group on this trip.

Mu Yichen didn't tell Qin Mu about this, and Qin Mu didn't mention anything to Mu Yichen either. The next day, Qin Mu took Huanhuan to JY Studio, while Mu Yichen went alone to a meeting at their subsidiary company.

Today, several models were trying on dresses, and Jian Yan was supervising his subordinates working when Qin Mu and Huanhuan arrived; it was then that his gaze shifted.

"Qin!"

Former colleagues greeted her.

"Hi! Thanks for your hard work!"

Qin Mu said with a smile, her hands full of tasty treats for everyone.

Jian Yan stood with his arms folded, leaning against the wall watching her, remembering when she first came to the studio.

Later on, few who hadn't eaten breakfast went over to eat the lovingly bought bento boxes she brought, and Qin Mu immediately took over their tasks and dived into the alterations.

Jian Yan occasionally stepped forward to check the fit around the models' waists, whispering instructions to her.

Huanhuan sat on the sofa watching TV by herself; the television here mostly played fashion-related content, and Huanhuan snuggled into the couch, holding a bag of chips given to her by someone, watching a fashion show.

Perhaps due to growing up in such an environment, she knew to adjust her clothes and stretched her back, trying to make her waistline more prominent while lounging on the couch.

At noon, Mu Yichen had lunch at a restaurant near his company and happened to encounter Jing Qing, Yang Qianxi, and several Parisian celebrities there.

Mu Yichen was with a young and handsome manager from his own company. They were planning on having a simple meal, but they didn't expect Yang Qianxi to come over and invite them.

"Mr. Mu, Miss Jing has asked me to invite you to join them at their table, and this gentleman is welcome too," she said.

Since they all had Asian faces, it was easy to communicate. Still, Mu Yichen's manager looked at Mu Yichen with anticipation, as he found the prospect of joining a table full of celebrities quite exciting.

Mu Yichen glanced up and saw several foreign celebrities gesturing for them to come; they had already cleared a good spot for them.

Mu Yichen turned to his colleague and asked indifferently, "Do you want to go over?"

"It's just mingling, you know, for such an opportunity."

Mu Yichen then stood up and led him over without saying much more.

Yang Qianxi followed them, her heart thumping wildly due to the briskness of his walk, which made her feel as nervous as a deer startled.

Afterward, Yang Qianxi ended up sitting next to Mu Yichen and kept serving him like a little maidservant, pouring tea and handing him water. Mu Yichen's manager frowned involuntarily at this scene; he had always thought that Jing Qing was the one who liked Mu Yichen.

"I wasn't expecting you to actually come to the fashion show with Qin Mu."

Jing Qing didn't find anything unusual about Yang Qianxi serving tea; in her eyes, Yang Qianxi was fit for just that. She spoke in a low and soft voice with a familiarity that suggested she knew Mu Yichen quite well.

"What's so hard to guess about that?"

"Aren't you going to introduce me, boss?"

The company's manager clearly wanted to get acquainted with Jing Qing, admiration written all over his face.

"Hello! I'm Mu Yichen's childhood friend, Jing Qing!"

"Oh? Childhood friends?"

This handsome manager immediately thought of Qin Mu, but something told him they didn't look like they were five years apart.

"If living in the same courtyard for a few years counts as childhood friends, then I have too many to count. Actually, this is Miss Jing Qing, the second daughter of the prestigious Jing Family of Rongcheng."

Mu Yichen, unwilling to let her use such an intimate title, gently but firmly distanced himself from their relationship.

"I'm Zhao Yan, it's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Jing!"

The good-looking manager reached out his clean hand, and Jing Qing, seeing it, accepted the handshake out of necessity because Mu Yichen was there. She would have preferred shaking hands with Mu Yichen, recalling that they rarely had the opportunity to do so.

After shaking hands with Jing Qing, the manager, who identified himself as Zhao Yan, proceeded to shake hands with the female celebrities nearby.

Mu Yichen simply sat back lazily, uninterested in joining the buzz.

After finishing the meal, when someone asked him for his WeChat, he just gave a faint smile and coldly replied, "Sorry, I don't have WeChat."

People were surprised but couldn't really say much in response given his attitude. Zhao Yan promptly took out his phone to add everyone on WeChat and said with a smile, "I have it! Add me, and I'll refer you to him later."

Mu Yichen glanced at him and looked out the window, distinctly displeased.

Jing Qing cast a glance at Yang Qianxi, who still sat quietly beside him eating lunch. Provoked by Jing Qing's look, she immediately stood up.

"I'm staying at the RS Hotel, come see me tonight."

She deftly slipped a room card into Mu Yichen's pocket.

Mu Yichen did not see the room card but turned his head toward her since her voice had suddenly changed, and upon seeing Jing Qing instead of Yang Qianxi, he frowned unintentionally, "If there's something to say, say it here."

"You'll know when you come over tonight. I promise, after you see me tonight, I won't bother you anymore, and I'll forget about you."

Jing Qing looked at him earnestly.

Chapter 487: Use the enemy's own tactics against them_1

Yang Qianxi saw Jing Qing slipping the room card into Mu Yichen's pocket and asked her after returning to the hotel, "Why did you give Yichen the room card?"

"What else can a woman give a man a room card for?"

Jing Qing, having put down her bag, stood there with a proud posture and glanced at Yang Qianxi.

"But he already has a child with Qin Mu!"

Yang Qianxi was somewhat agitated.

"So what? If it's mine, no matter what, I will figure out a way to get it. You just need to help me pick out the clothes for tonight, and remember, they must be sexy."

Although Qin Mu usually dressed conservatively, Jing Qing didn't think that Mu Yichen would like a woman who was still conservative in bed.

Or perhaps it was inconvenient to do many things within Rongcheng, so might as well take advantage of this evening.

Jing Qing frowned unconsciously as she saw Yang Qianxi standing there in a daze, "What's the matter with you lately?"

"I just think that people should have a bottom line. They already have two children. Don't you think you're shameless?"

Yang Qianxi turned and walked out angrily.

As Jing Qing watched her leave, shameless?

Jing Qing laughed unconsciously, "When it comes to shamelessness, I'm no match for Qin Mu!"

Jing Qing believed that all these years between Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, it had been Qin Mu's scheming that prevailed.

After Yang Qianxi went out, she took out her phone, intending to call Qin Mu, but suddenly recalled the words Qin Mu said when asking her to leave. Thinking of Mu Yichen, she deleted the dialed number and placed the phone back in the back pocket of her pants.

It wasn't her place to meddle in this matter, or else she wouldn't have a good outcome in Rongcheng later on.

As for the matter between Jing Qing and Mu Yichen...

Yang Qianxi's eyes flickered, and then she strode outside.

Jing Qing found a bottle of perfume that she had been reluctant to use. She vaguely remembered he liked this scent and lightly sprayed a bit on her neck, confidently smiling at the fresh and elegant beauty reflected in the mirror.

Mu Yichen took Zhao Yan to meet Qin Mu in the evening, and upon seeing her, Zhao Yan called out, "Sister-in-law!"

Qin Mu felt very satisfied with this address and greeted him with a smile, "Hello!"

"I'm Zhao Yan, Yichen's junior in school, now in charge of his projects here."

Zhao Yan introduced himself with a smile.

Qin Mu nodded; there were quite a few people in the studio. After picking up Qin Mu from work, they all walked out together.

Mu Yichen was holding Huanhuan, and Qin Mu turned to say to the man who wanted to see her out but was stopped, "Master, we're going back first; I'll come over earlier tomorrow."

"Hmm!"

Jian Yan wanted to escort her but just couldn't get away, so he could only watch her wave goodbye from afar.

Jian Yan felt a bit upset; after signing some documents, he walked forward two steps but ultimately stopped.

She had already gotten into Mu Yichen's car.

"Zhao Yan is a good cook; later, let him be the chef at our place!"

"Isn't that inappropriate?"

Mu Yichen joked with Qin Mu, who felt it was improper.

"You shouldn't take it too seriously, sister-in-law. It's my fortune that the seniors like my cooking! Honestly, although I've seen sister-in-law on TV, I never thought you'd be so charming in real life."

"Watch your words!"

Mu Yichen said while driving the car.

"Haha, I'll watch my words. But really, you're much better than Miss Jing. I felt she was a bit old the moment I met her."

Qin Mu, hearing the mention of Jing Qing's name, couldn't help but become curious for a moment, "You guys encountered Jing Qing here?"

"Right? We bumped into her at lunch; she even said she was Yichen's childhood sweetheart."

Zhao Yan talked incessantly.

"Well! Yichen's childhood sweethearts are quite numerous."

Qin Mu glanced at him, her bright eyes twinkling, and she spoke sincerely.

Zhao Yan suddenly had nothing to say, and Mu Yichen was silent as well. Qin Mu turned to look at the little guy in the child safety seat behind her: "Huanhuan, what do you want to eat tonight? Let's order now!"

Qin Mu thought to herself that she must not be polite, or others might think she was being pretentious, which wasn't good.

After Zhao Yan arrived at their not very large little house, he was taken to the kitchen by Qin Mu. As he prepared the ingredients, he muttered, "Sister-in-law, living here with your conditions is a bit stifling, isn't it? Let Yichen find you a bigger place."

"I'd like that too, but I'm worried Yichen won't part with it!"

Qin Mu chatted with him frivolously, leaning on the door frame.

"Yichen won't part with it? Could it be that Yichen, who is so generous with others, would be stingy with you? I've long heard about the two of you. They say Yichen left his family for you when he was young. I really admire this unwavering affection, brother."

Zhao Yan spoke as he took the vegetables out and put them in the sink, busying himself with work, his actions brisk and speech rapid.

Chapter 488: Use the enemy's own tactics against them_2

Qin Mu's gaze drifted towards Mu Yichen as he approached, his hand resting on her shoulder, "Don't listen to his nonsense!"

"I think what he said was quite good!"

Qin Mu turned her neck to speak to him, then went to find Huanhuan.

Mu Yichen went in to help, and between the two men, it was quite a spectacle.

Qin Mu helped Huanhuan take off her coat, changed into comfortable clothes once they got home, and Huanhuan curiously ran into the kitchen to join in the fun, discovering Dad and Uncle blessing the gathering together, a scene too beautiful for words.

Qin Mu stood by, watching, but her eyes were filled only with her darling daughter.

She took a drawing from the studio that she hadn't finished, settling down on the sofa to work on it while they cooked.

The two men were indeed efficient at preparing dinner; in less than half an hour, five dishes and a soup were ready.

Qin Mu put down her drawing paper, washed her hands, and joined the meal, praising the food before rubbing her hands together, "Looks like I'm going to be stuffed tonight!"

"Just eat as much as you like, I'll cook for you again next time,"

Zhao Yan said as he distributed chopsticks.

"That honor is certainly not yours to claim!"

Mu Yichen reminded from the side with a calm tone.

Zhao Yan raised an eyebrow, not daring to retort, knowing indeed it wasn't his turn.

"Thank you for coming to our house and cooking, here's a toast to you!"

Qin Mu raised her glass to Zhao Yan, even though her cup was filled with water.

"Thank you, little sister-in-law!"

Zhao Yan held his drink with both hands, looking very much the part of a younger brother.

"If you really feel awkward, you can just call me Qin Mu!"

Qin Mu sincerely suggested to him.

"Then I—dare not. I've heard that Brother Qin and the others call you 'Xiaomu'—"

"Call her sister-in-law!"

Mu Yichen didn't even glance his way, but his indifferent voice was indeed directed at him.

Zhao Yan had to suppress a laugh, pretending to be serious: "I won't stand on ceremony with you, little sister-in-law!"

By the time Zhao Yan left, Huanhuan was already falling asleep on Mu Yichen's shoulder, and after Zhao Yan had left, Mu Yichen carried Huanhuan back to the room.

The guest room used to be Xiaomei's, now temporarily lent to Huanhuan.

"Did you always sleep together before?"

Mu Yichen asked as he lay down.

Qin Mu was already somewhat tired, so she lay down early. After he joined her in bed, she leaned against him quietly in his arms.

In response to Mu Yichen's question, she softly confirmed that in the past, she and her daughter were together—fragile and heavy, yet their warmth was hard to come by.

Unlike now, now Huanhuan is happy every day, and so is she!

"Was it because of Huanhuan that you pushed me out when I came over that time?"

He asked her in a low, husky voice that seemed gentle.

As if afraid to touch on her painful memories.

Qin Mu's eyes shone like the stars in the sky, habitually twinkling, yet done so slowly.

She quietly pondered over that moment, then shifted in his arms, reaching out to embrace him: "Mu Yichen, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could stay like this forever?"

"That's exactly what we're going to do!"

"Thank you for coming with me to Paris this time!"

This trip felt different from all her previous work trips. Before, each visit had been a hurried affair, as if she were a zombie, busy just for the sake of survival.

Mu Yichen gently wrapped his arms around her, his lips lightly touching her forehead.

Perhaps he came with her because he knew how difficult it had been for her to raise Huanhuan on her own; he didn't want her to struggle alone with a child any longer.

Jing Qing had prepared a candlelit dinner, having thought through all the words she'd say. Yang Qianxi was sent away, and Jing Qing sat alone in the restaurant of the presidential suite, facing the glimmers of light.

She had loved him since she was a child, looking up to him as high as the sky, a man so lofty that only she could match his stature.

Jing Qing thought that she would definitely get her way tonight, confident enough to persuade him to drink that glass of wine.

Yet by after ten o'clock, she was still waiting for him, her initial girlish longing for a man fading to indifference in just two hours.

Clutching her phone tightly, she told herself not to make a call right then, but she wanted to know where he was at the moment; could he have been held up or was he on his way?

Yang Qianxi too was anxiously waiting. In fact, Yang Qianxi was quite aware of what Jing Qing intended to do that night. Hearing a knock at the door, she immediately looked towards it and went to open it, only to see a woman in a sexy black slip dress.

The robe Jing Qing wore over it was not tied, revealing her beautiful collarbone which was easily visible to anyone.

Chapter 489: Use the enemy's own tactics against them_3

Yang Qianxi looked at her nervously, "Miss Jing!"

"Could you please make a call to Yichen for me and ask where he is?"

Jing Qing, holding her pink cell phone, entered and gave a cold command before sitting down and casually picking up a magazine from the couch to suppress her excitement.

Standing at the door with Jing Qing's cell phone in her hand, Yang Qianxi's eyes followed the somewhat weary figure inside. She was clear in her heart that Jing Qing had not succeeded; Mu Yichen had not come.

This only increased Yang Qianxi's esteem for Mu Yichen. She had seen Jing Qing slip her room card into Mu Yichen's pocket. A man who rejects a woman's room card is rejecting that woman himself. She felt she had not harbored unrequited love for the wrong person because only a true man could maintain such integrity. She found herself falling even deeper for Mu Yichen.

Yang Qianxi closed the door with her cell phone in hand, sat down opposite Jing Qing, and silently dialed Mu Yichen's number.

The other side rang continuously but nobody picked up.

They rarely went to bed early, so when Yang Qianxi called, his phone was vibrating but the clothes were not in the bedroom; therefore, the two sleeping people couldn't possibly hear it.

Yang Qianxi felt an inexplicable sense of loss. After hanging up the phone, she looked up at Jing Qing and whispered, "No one answered!"

Jing Qing looked up at her, the irritation in her eyes now irrepressible.

She snatched the cell phone back and then dialed the number herself.

The clear ringing continued, yet still no one answered.

Could it be he didn't see the room card she gave him?

Or was it that he truly didn't want anything to do with it?

Jing Qing got up and returned to her own room without saying anything more to Yang Qianxi.

Yang Qianxi stood up, looking toward the door, and her repressed emotions remained unreleased, even after that door was closed from the outside again.

Yang Qianxi was unable to pinpoint the feeling but felt that some emotions she had been suppressing were almost bursting forth; it seemed she was very fond of that man.

Seeing Jing Qing consumed with thoughts of Mu Yichen every day, she wondered how she could help Mu Yichen escape Jing Qing's pursuit.

Truthfully, she did not want Jing Qing to be with Mu Yichen at all.

The night in Paris had deepened, yet her mood was far from bright. She had studied design but ended up as a costume assistant to an actor. What would come next?

Would her path keep sloping downward?

Mu Yichen...

She murmured that name in her heart, thinking he must be the kind of man who could bring a woman back to life.

The next morning after Mu Yichen got up, he looked for his phone in the coat's pocket only to find something hard in one of the lower pockets.

Qin Mu had followed him as well, originally intending to cling to him for a while, but the moment she hugged him from behind and tilted her head, she saw the room card in his hand.

Qin Mu's eyes widened instantly, "Whoa! Did you miss something?"

Mu Yichen frowned as he looked at the room card and then glanced at Qin Mu, a trace of unfathomable confusion in his downcast eyes.

Qin Mu, on the other hand, was smiling as she looked up at him. Of course, she had no reason to be worried since no one had slipped a room card to her.

Mu Yichen sighed as he recalled the events of the previous day, "Yesterday Jing Qing asked me to go to her room last night, but I completely forgot!"

Mu Yichen told the truth.

Qin Mu's eyebrow raised slightly but her expression remained calm.

"As for this card..."

He flipped the card in his hand and chuckled unintentionally, "I really don't know when she put it there."

Qin Mu watched him for a moment and, upon realizing he wasn't lying, turned her attention away from him and took the card from his hand, saying, "Since you don't know anything about it, give this card to me."

Mu Yichen watched her indifferently.

Qin Mu casually slipped the card into her trouser pocket, a fleeting malice in her eyes.

Jing Qing actually wanted to seduce her man into bed?

Haha!

After breakfast, Qin Mu, with Huanhuan in tow, went to that hotel and smiled as she spoke to the receptionist in French.

"Hello, a young lady misplaced her card in my husband's pocket yesterday. Could you please return it to her?"

The reception staff, two Caucasian girls, looked at each other upon hearing her words, as if doubting their own ears.

With Huanhuan still in hand, Qin Mu gently placed her hand on the counter and, seeing them nod in agreement, tapped the desk lightly and thanked them politely with a smile.

However, as she was leaving, she suddenly turned back, "Oh, please tell her that trying to seduce someone else's man really does not suit her status as a lady of a distinguished family. Remind her to think before she acts in the future."

Chapter 490: Use the enemy's own tactics against them_4

Qin Mu had been smiling the whole time, and after finishing speaking, she led Huanhuan out, brimming with joy.

The two attendants watched the mother and daughter, with their fine figures dressed in branded parent-child outfits, walk out and couldn't help feeling it was surreal.

Yet, the message was still conveyed to the distinguished guest in the luxurious presidential suite.

The butler pressed the doorbell, Jing Qing was inside chatting and having morning tea with a few celebrities. Hearing the bell, she got up to open the door, accompanied by a close friend.

The staff member spoke fluent English, explaining the origin of the card to her and tactfully relayed Qin Mu's words.

The room butler was also quite embarrassed, especially since this young butler found it somewhat awkward to speak of such matters, and after delivering the message, he bowed and left.

Jing Qing, however, stood frozen at the door holding the card.

Her friend laughed and said, "What's this all about? Is there really a man you, Jing Qing, can't handle?"

Jing Qing turned to look at her, giving a wry smile, "Let's go back inside and talk about it!"

The actor simply shrugged and didn't pry further, but once inside, everyone's curious eyes were on Jing Qing. The words were soft, but everyone was all ears and caught the gist of it.

However, Jing Qing managed to brush the matter aside with a simple sentence.

"I have only loved one man from childhood to now, and I will only love that man for the entirety of my life."

If a girl loves many men in her lifetime, she might be looked down upon, but if she only loves one, she seems stubborn yet genuine to people.

Some admire this, calling it courage.

In truth, whether it's courage, obsession, or something else, opinions vary.

Upon arrival at the studio, Qin Mu and Huanhuan began working. Perhaps due to exhaustion, Qin Mu felt slightly nauseated again but suppressed the feeling while she worked.

Jian Yan, ever observant, had his staff bring her a cup of sour plum drink.

When the staff member handed it to her, pointing at the master who was focused on his work, Qin Mu nodded in understanding and thanked him.

The sour plum drink was probably simmered in advance, yet the sensation of sipping it from the cup was still comforting.

Qin Mu watched as Huanhuan collected scraps of fabric in the studio, her arms already filled with beautiful and textured pieces. Qin Mu called out to her, "Huanhuan, come here!"

Huanhuan, with round, wide eyes, looked up at her mommy calling for her and immediately ran over, curious about the pretty cup in her mother's hands.

Qin Mu crouched down, then held the cup up for her to see.

Since Huanhuan also liked sour plum drink and this one had no additives, Qin Mu boldly let her drink more.

Huanhuan's expression instantly became animated.

After helping a model with her dress, Jian Yan walked over and saw Huanhuan's cute expression, crouched down, and took her hand, "Do you like this too, Huanhuan?"

"Hmm!"

Huanhuan affirmed with a sound but said nothing more, just planted a sugar-water stained kiss on his cheek and then scampered away.

Jian Yan turned his head to look at Huanhuan while Qin Mu couldn't help but sigh, "She seems to really like you, always kissing you."

"I like her a lot, too!"

Qin Mu feigned surprise.

Jian Yan grasped Qin Mu's wrist to help her stand, her hands still cradling the cup, but she stepped back, leaning against the makeup mirror and looked down.

Jian Yan's gaze shifted away, "If you're too tired, take a rest. Just help keep an eye on things for me!"

"Hmm! I know you didn't bring me here just to help out," Qin Mu whispered.

She knew well that Jian Yan had only wanted to give her a chance to show herself.

Knowing that she understood, Jian Yan didn't say more, just turned to lean beside her.

The cup Qin Mu was holding now had been personally selected for her at the supermarket by him; he knew she would like it.

Qin Mu looked from the cup in her hand to where the colleagues were still busily engaged and quickly joined in with them.

Jian Yan laughed helplessly, knowing she wasn't one to shirk, but he hadn't expected her to work as hard as she did before she was pregnant.

But then he remembered how she had been when she was pregnant with Huanhuan—it must be fate. No matter when, she took her work seriously.

He still recalled the vow she made when she first approached him, declaring that she would always put her career first, and it seemed, looking at her now, she hadn't broken that promise.

And that little girl still picking up fabric scraps, would she one day become a great designer like her mother?

It was only natural for Huanhuan to like design, as she swiftly cleared the fabric scraps off the couch, piling them higher than her own head without seeming to mind the mess and congestion, as if she was used to it.

Then she stripped all seven of her Barbie dolls, ready to design new clothes for them.

Jing Qing later directly called Qin Mu's mobile. Seeing the caller ID, Qin Mu took her phone to a quiet place to answer.

She found a small warehouse, closed the door after entering, and only then clearly heard the question.

"Qin Mu, what on earth are you up to?"

"What's the matter? You only allow yourself to charm my husband, yet I can't reciprocate with the same method?"