

His Beloved 491

Chapter 491: My Darling Baby_1

"What, I'm only allowed to seduce your husband, and you're not allowed to fight fire with fire?"

Qin Mu tucked one hand lightly into her pocket, a sharp glint beginning to show in her eyes!

"I seduced your husband?"

Jing Qing, hand on her hip, felt so humiliated by Qin Mu's words that she was about to explode in rage.

"Jing Qing, why pretend to be clueless? In Rongcheng, who doesn't know about my relationship with Mu Yichen? Surely no one in the Jing Family is unaware that Mu Yichen and I are already legally married, right?"

Qin Mu asked her, somewhat irritated.

"I know, so what?"

"Don't tell me you're blinded by love, I actually think your IQ's been eaten by a dog!"

Qin Mu was indeed provoked by those words, so...

her speech became a bit harsh!

She knew that initially, Jing Qing did care about Mu Yichen's marriage, but later on, she had no choice but to let go of her concerns.

Qin Mu was very clear in her heart that Jing Qing's pursuit of Mu Yichen wasn't just about feelings; actually, Jing Qing was also driven by her unwillingness to accept defeat.

She was angry; a proper young lady actually stooped to do such foolish, demeaning things, making Qin Mu feel like her rival was so unintelligent that it was an insult to her own IQ.

After hanging up the phone, Qin Mu opened the door to leave, only to see a man standing outside smoking.

Jian Yan seemed to have been smoking quite a few already; Qin Mu found the smell of smoke heavy, making her even more irritable.

"Can't you smoke a little less?"

Qin Mu reproached him, her temper being quite big at the moment.

"Rival?"

After taking a puff of his cigarette, Jian Yan asked her, a faint light in his eyes.

Hearing that low voice, Qin Mu felt as if her heart was pricked.

"She considers me a rival, but in my eyes, she's nothing but a loser!"

With her hands behind her, leaning against the wall, Qin Mu started chatting with Jian Yan.

"That confident?"

Jian Yan asked her with a smile.

"Of course, you wouldn't understand what it feels like when you meet someone you think is a competitor, only to find out they're a complete letdown in every way except for bullying by authority."

Qin Mu looked up slightly at the wall in front of her; the place was quite simple but somehow felt very secure.

"I've encountered many like that! In business!"

Jian Yan was still chuckling softly, his gaze always deep, sometimes his smiling expression making people nervous.

Qin Mu felt exactly that way.

"Master!— —"

She suddenly called him that, having something to say but afraid of making him overthink, so she got up and went to work.

Master, I really miss the days when I was just your apprentice, just the woman Mu Yichen cared about, just a simple creator.

And now, back in Rongcheng, she felt like her wings were tied with string, wanting to fly but only able to flutter desperately.

After she left, Jian Yan continued smoking, his brows furrowed into a frown.

Qin Mu always said she didn't care, but weren't her words, which seemed indifferent, actually proof of her care?

Mu Yicheng had indeed changed her!

Jian Yan's eyes held a look of loss; he knew all he could do was support all her decisions, yet he couldn't feel happy about it.

By the time he finished his cigarette, she was already busy, showing not the slightest awareness of being pregnant.

— —

This show was many times larger than the ones back home. Before the show began, they did a simple rehearsal, with male and female models wearing tonight's clothes walking out from behind the runway.

Jian Yan and Qin Mu sat with their respective teams below, watching intently; Jian Yan uncharacteristically wore a pair of black-framed rectangular glasses, staring straight at the stage, his breath held.

Qin Mu and her team were also whispering among themselves, their gazes frequently observing the stage.

No matter how beautiful the models from anywhere in the world were, as long as they were professional, they were bound to carry any fashion outfit with grace.

They also invited a famous male singer from Paris to sing on stage, and before the show started, they gathered for photos.

Many designers from home and abroad came to the event, and of course, many bigwigs from the international fashion circle and the entertainment elite were present.

Mu Yi came with Zhao Yan, and they brought Huanhuan along.

To be honest, although Huanhuan was only three years old, it was clear she was already quite accustomed to such scenes.

Jian Yan and Qin Mu stood among the crowd, and some late-arriving fashion celebrities also had to stand, chatting with those they knew occasionally.

Chapter 492: My Darling Baby_2

Qin Mu unintentionally glanced over and saw among the seated fashionistas in the front row, Jing Qing occupied one of the better seats.

She hadn't looked at the seating arrangements beforehand, but still felt a bit irked upon seeing Jing Qing there.

Although she couldn't deny that Jing Qing indeed had an extremely good figure and was among the most beautiful of actresses, Qin Mu simply couldn't feel comfortable with her.

Qin Mu thought that there was a reason people called her aloof.

When Jian Yan saw Jing Qing, she nodded at him. Jian Yan smiled slightly, turned to the girl beside him, and whispered in her ear, "Keep your mind on the stage."

"Of course!"

"Trouble, one of the male models' trouser legs got torn backstage."

Jian Yan's assistant strode out from inside, then broke into a jog, and spoke near Jian Yan and Qin Mu's ears.

Jian Yan frowned, "Isn't there a spare?"

"No!"

The assistant said.

Hearing this, Qin Mu turned to him and said, "You can't leave here, I'll go over!"

"Mhm!"

Jian Yan trusted Qin Mu a great deal, so when she said she would go, he had no worries at all.

It was only when Mu Yichen saw his wife enter the backstage with the male assistant that he turned to Zhao Yan and said, "Take care of Huanhuan for me."

Zhao Yan subconsciously took Huanhuan in his arms but didn't quite understand what Mu Yichen was intending!

Not until Mu Yichen's silhouette entered the backstage did Zhao Yan have to laugh and say to the little girl in his arms amidst the beautiful music, "Your dad really can't take his eyes off your mom!"

"Daddy loves mommy!"

Huanhuan looked at Zhao Yan and said, her innocent big eyes making it impossible for Zhao Yan to doubt her, leaving him no choice but to laugh and playfully nuzzle her head.

Mu Yichen walked in and saw that among a group of models there was a space left empty; while those models looked at him with curiosity, he saw the woman squatting on the ground, sewing a man's trousers.

If she weren't in this profession, he would have immediately gone to lift her up.

But now, he simply suppressed the urge in his heart and just watched her silently, deftly sewing with a needle and thread.

"Darling, hand me that scarf!"

The female model immediately ran to the makeup table and fetched the scarf. Qin Mu, with scissors at her feet, took the scarf and cut it down the middle, tearing it in half, then went on to sew one half and connect it to the waistband of the trousers.

As Qin Mu stood up, both Darling and the assistant couldn't help but laugh.

Such accidents were common during runway shows, and Qin Mu had handled countless such situations big and small, so this occurrence was nothing unusual for her.

"Please check the light boards again, Zhang Yang. Move any that aren't smooth."

"Alright!"

Once Qin Mu made sure everyone was okay, she went back out, but as she walked toward the exit, she saw Mu Yichen standing there watching her, which made her heart skip a beat. She then smiled, "Why aren't you out front watching? There are a lot of beauties there!"

"I don't like ones that are too beautiful," said Mu Yichen, with his hands in his pockets and eyes fixed on her.

"Shouldn't you say that I'm the most beautiful?"

Qin Mu blinked her eyes, understanding his meaning but still couldn't resist making a joke.

Mu Yichen merely looked at her once more and then wrapped his arm around her shoulder to walk outside.

"If it were any other time, would you let other men sew trousers for you?" Mu Yichen whispered in her ear as he took her outside.

Qin Mu looked up at him and saw the annoyed yet indulgent look in his eyes, prompting her to also wrap her arms around his waist from behind.

Under the dazzling lights outside, Qin Mu was nonchalantly led by Mu Yichen to the front.

Later, Mu Yichen went over to where Huanhuan and Zhao Yan were, and Qin Mu found Jian Yan, "It's done!"

Jian Yan chuckled, muttering, "I guess the fashion trend for this fall is going to be revised by you again."

"Thank the master for the opportunity!"

Qin Mu gave him a respectful bow with hands folded in front.

Jian Yan sighed helplessly, his gaze never straying from the stage.

Jing Qing was sitting in the front, with other actresses chattering with her, but she didn't hear a word, her gaze fixed on Qin Mu.

Mu Yichen had moved back into the crowd's corner, allowing Qin Mu and Jian Yan to be at the forefront.

Jing Qing actually wanted to grab Mu Yichen and ask him why he didn't go to the hotel to find her; was it because Qin Mu found out?

As just a minor assistant, Yang Qianxi stood in the corner on tiptoes trying to look inside.

Chapter 493: My Darling Baby_3

All of this was once her favorite, now she could only admire from a distance.

But it didn't matter, because better than the runway was the man on her right, not far from her were Mu Yichen, Huanhuan, and Zhao Yan, of course, her eyes were mostly on Mu Yichen.

When Huanhuan saw Yang Qianxi, she waved to her; Yang Qianxi used to give her snacks, so they had a decent relationship back then.

Yang Qianxi also waved to her, smiling at Huanhuan as usual.

"It's Auntie Qianxi!"

Huanhuan whispered excitedly in her father's ear.

Mu Yichen frowned upon hearing that name, until Huanhuan cupped his face and turned him to look back.

Yang Qianxi obviously hadn't expected Huanhuan to do that and nodded shyly, not wanting to seem impolite.

Mu Yichen just helplessly glanced at his daughter.

Yang Qianxi wasn't qualified enough to warrant his nod.

Huanhuan, on the other hand, communicated with Yang Qianxi with her eyes for a while, her arms wrapped around Mu Yichen's neck all the time.

"Auntie Qianxi, come here!"

Huanhuan called out to her.

Yang Qianxi, upon hearing Huanhuan's call, subconsciously pointed to herself, and after seeing Huanhuan smiling and nodding, she walked over, still somewhat nervous.

"Mr. Mu!"

Mu Yichen didn't speak, only watching his daughter, unsure what she was planning.

"Auntie Qianxi, long time no see!"

"Yes, Auntie Qianxi changed jobs!"

As Huanhuan greeted Yang Qianxi, she responded with her gentle voice.

"Oh!" Huanhuan thought for a while, tangled her hands for quite some time before she replied, still quite happy.

"Huanhuan!"

Qin Mu approached and noticed her daughter was chatting with another woman and seemed to be getting along quite well.

"Mommy! It's Auntie Qianxi!"

Upon hearing Qin Mu's voice, Huanhuan turned her head and pointed out Yang Qianxi to her.

"Mommy knows!"

Qin Mu glanced at Yang Qianxi but didn't greet her, just smiled and picked Huanhuan up into her arms, "Come with mommy over there, uncle is waiting for you!"

"Okay!"

"I'll take her to find Jian Yan."

Qin Mu whispered to him, and Mu Yichen, tired of having Yang Qianxi around, nodded.

But as Qin Mu walked away with Huanhuan in her arms, Yang Qianxi didn't leave his side. Zhao Yan managed to take his eyes off the male models coming out just in time to see a beautiful woman standing next to Mu Yichen, and unintentionally smiled, "Isn't that Miss Yang we met the other day?"

When Yang Qianxi heard someone greeting her, she slightly leaned forward and nodded in acknowledgment, "Hello!"

Zhao Yan smiled harmlessly, but after catching Mu Yichen's cold expression, he had to look back at the runway seriously. At this moment, the music switched to a more dynamic style, the male models adopted a more unique catwalk, and after watching for a few moments, Zhao Yan's mind wandered, unwittingly scanning the seats in the front row and recognizing several familiar faces, he inclined his head towards Mu Yichen and whispered, "All acquaintances here, is that my sister-in-law's love rival?"

"No!"

Mu Yichen replied indifferently.

"Oh?"

Zhao Yan didn't believe him and looked at him with skeptical eyes.

"A love rival is based on the assumption that I have feelings for that woman, but apart from your sister-in-law, I have no feelings for any other woman!"

Mu Yichen's icy voice defined what it meant to be heartless.

"This is awkward!"

Zhao Yan looked at Jing Qing, who was clearly deeply in love, like fatally poisoned!

It wasn't until Jian Yan brought Qin Mu and the team onstage that the crowd looked anything but ordinary models; their attire wasn't as distinctive as fashion models, but neatly tailored and elegantly dignified nonetheless.

Jian Yan and Qin Mu gave their speeches in turn, and then Jian Yan continued, "Next, I would like to invite a special guest from China, a major contributor to our event. Please welcome our sponsor, Mr. Mu Yichen, President of the Mu Family Corporation!"

Qin Mu had already been suspecting when he mentioned their home country, and nearly laughed out loud when she heard the name Mu Yichen. Hesitantly, she looked towards Jian Yan.

Jian Yan gazed at her affectionately and smiled, continuing to applaud.

Qin Mu and the others stepped aside, still clapping.

Mu Yichen, dressed in a black coat, took the stage and stood under the spotlight, looking only at Qin Mu: "Allow me to introduce the true hero of this show, a beautiful lady from the same city as I am, Ms. Qin Mu!"

Qin Mu's clapping slowed to a halt, her dazzling eyes fixed on the man in front of her.

His expression shifted slightly as he extended his hand to her.

Qin Mu had no choice but to reach out, her hand meeting his palm, and he easily pulled her to his side.

"The most talented and youngest fashion designer in Rongcheng, JY's beloved protégé, my—darling treasure!"

Mu Yichen's dark gaze was fixed on her; Qin Mu held her breath in fear as she thought he would reveal her identity to the world before he finished his sentence.

But amidst the applause, he called her his darling treasure.

Qin Mu felt as if her heart had been tenderly reshaped after being crushed.

She could barely breathe, just gazing up at him.

She knew how much he had done for her; he could bear the jealousy of introducing her as Jian Yan's protégé, without mentioning the words that she was his wife.

Qin Mu felt a prickly sensation in her lustrous eyes and, unable to consider how many people were present, she impulsively moved forward, tiptoed, cupped his face, and delivered a deep kiss.

Yes! A deep kiss!

In that moment, it was as though the rest of the world ceased to exist.

All Jian Yan could do was awkwardly lower his head as everyone else openly watched his protégé locking lips with her man.

Huanhuan in Zhao Yan's arms couldn't help but shout, "Mommy, Mommy, Daddy, Daddy..."

Zhao Yan was pestered to the point of ear pain, yet he was helpless.

It was then Zhao Yan understood just how fiercely in love Mu Yichen was with a woman who harbored such a fire in her heart.

Mu Yichen wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close into his embrace, kissing her deeply as he bent his head, his hand unable to resist cradling the back of her head to deepen their kiss.

By now, everyone around had stood up, almost as if by contagion, all screaming and clapping.

Jing Qing sat alone in the front row, her eyes filled with stunned disbelief, her blurry gaze fixed on the stage, and then she slowly stood up.

Chapter 494: On Pampering Wife_1

This is not what she wanted to see.

Yichen had publicly admitted that Qin Mu was his darling.

Jing Qing had heard that this show was sponsored by a tycoon, but she had never expected it to be Yichen.

She didn't care how much money Yichen had spent on the show, but that he openly called Qin Mu his darling in front of so many people.

Even hearing it with her own ears, she couldn't believe such a nauseating confession, not even if she died.

She slowly stood up, finally in line with everyone else present.

Her blurred gaze contained something sharp, and her hand clutching the latest Chanel bag was so tense that her fingers were turning white.

It was as if the pain of loving someone never fully revealed itself.

Even though her heart felt as if it had been stabbed to pieces, she still refused to give up.

The spotlight rested on the two kissing figures on stage, while Jing Qing glared at them fiercely from the shadows.

Yang Qianxi didn't have it much better than her, in fact.

Yang Qianxi found herself wanting to laugh, but she was on the verge of tears.

She had often heard about Yichen and Qin Mu's public displays of affection, but now, at this moment...

She felt wronged to her limit!

In fact, she still didn't understand that it was precisely because Qin Mu knew she would end up like this that she had dismissed her.

The next day, Qin Mu and Yichen took Huanhuan and Jian Yan to say goodbye and quickly flew back home amidst Feng Fanghua's relentless calls.

The show must have been the most tiring for Jian Yan, but no doubt the most profitable for Qin Mu.

Yichen's confession was like declaring his love for her to the whole world.

It was only that when the three of them encountered Jing Qing and Yang Qianxi again at the airport, Yang Qianxi's eyes couldn't conceal her own feelings when she saw Yichen, the only thing she could control was her mouth.

With a lowly call, "President Mu, Miss Qin!"

Qin Mu looked at her and said nothing, instead turning to gaze at Jing Qing before saying to Yichen, "You sit inside!"

Yichen gave her a look and then carried Huanhuan to sit inside.

A family of three in their designated seats, with Qin Mu on the outside.

Jing Qing also sat outside, while Yang Qianxi sat on the inside, remaining quiet and reading a magazine.

Jing Qing occasionally glanced over at Qin Mu, "There's never a shortage of gold-diggers in the world, but now that I think about it, there seem to be very few as glorious as you."

"Indeed, I am lucky!"

Qin Mu held "Pride and Prejudice" in her hands, having taken off her coat and wrapped a shawl around her shoulders for the show, and specially dyed her long, oriental black hair, making her appear calm and composed.

Jing Qing hated how Qin Mu dismissed her with just a few words.

"But being too lucky as a woman isn't always a good thing, after all, so many women have had their lucky times, but in the end..."

Jing Qing suddenly gave a low chuckle.

"Are you talking about yourself, Miss Jing?"

Qin Mu turned slightly, noting Jing Qing's face turn noticeably pale.

Jing Qing turned to look at her, her gaze sharp as a knife.

"Spoken with such deep understanding; it sounds like a personal experience. It's as if people like us who never had a chance to feel it wouldn't understand what it's like."

Qin Mu continued to speak with a smile.

The smile that hid a knife's edge; anyone who had been around in society for a while knew a trick or two.

Meanwhile, Yichen seemed not to have heard anything, entirely focused on reading a book with Huanhuan, yet Huanhuan would lift her eyes every few seconds to look at her mother and the 'bad auntie.'

Huanhuan felt like they were arguing, even if there was no shouting.

Qin Mu later noticed Huanhuan looking at her and stopped speaking, but Jing Qing dropped a sentence, "You don't deserve to be treated too precious, you'll soon feel what you claimed to have never felt."

"Unless her man dies!"

Yichen leaned slightly against the seat, his words balanced, just loud enough to reach Jing Qing's ears.

In the first-class cabin, for a moment, the silence felt as if it would freeze over.

With a realization of her fortunate life, Qin Mu turned to look at Yichen, feeling a slow sadness well up inside her. Fearful that Huanhuan might overthink, she took his hand and wrote a few characters in his palm.

Yichen felt the characters she wrote, yet his eyes were fixed on her face.

Huanhuan curiously watched her mother write, not understanding and looked up at her parents. Both remained silent, patting her head and smiling at her.

Huanhuan sighed like a little adult, as if tired of her parents' mushiness, her young face secretly blushed while she pretended to be engrossed in her book.

Chapter 495: On Pampering Wife_2

After getting off the plane, Qin Mu and the others came out through the VIP passage. Huanhuan wore a pair of super cool children's glasses, while Qin Mu and Mu Yichen were dressed as before in simple, comfortable clothes.

It wasn't long before they saw Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao waiting for them. Qin Mu became nervous and licked her lips, a small habit of hers, but she still took a deep breath and followed the father-daughter duo forward.

Jing Qing and Yang Qianxi were behind them. Yang Qianxi was holding all their belongings, while Jing Qing only had her purse in hand, her face completely hidden by sunglasses and a mask.

"Why did you only just get back? I've been waiting for half an hour!"

Feng Fanghua asked urgently as she took Huanhuan.

"That's because you came early, not because we were late!"

Mu Yichen said.

"Grandpa, Grandma!"

Huanhuan happily kissed Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao, and was then lifted into Mu Zihao's arms. "Did my sweet granddaughter miss Grandpa?"

"Very much!"

Huanhuan sweetly said and kissed his cheek again.

"Uncle, Auntie!"

Jing Qing, wrapped up tightly, gently greeted them as they walked over.

Feng Fanghua was startled by her because she couldn't see her face at all, only recognizing her by voice. Once she realized who it was, she could only smile awkwardly: "Xiaoqing? It's certainly not easy for a big star to go out."

Feng Fanghua couldn't stand it that she wrapped herself up so tightly just to chat.

As for Jing Qing, her face was already expressionless beneath the wrapping.

After following behind the elderly couple, Jing Qing stood there feeling awkward. Some people were looking at her, and she was so accustomed to those stares, and already impatient, that she quickly lowered her head and walked away.

Yang Qianxi struggled as she dragged one large and one small suitcase behind her.

On the way back, it was Mu Yichen driving, with Mu Zihao, Feng Fanghua, and Huanhuan cozy in the back seat.

However, the atmosphere in Jing Qing's car was quite chilly, with Yang Qianxi in the front seat, not daring to make a noise.

After thinking it over, Jing Qing took out her phone: "Do me a favor!"

Yang Qianxi didn't know who she was calling, but Jing Qing's command truly frightened her.

Later, Jing Qing returned to the Jing Family house, and Yang Qianxi went back to the office.

"Should I call Qin Mu? Should I call President Mu?"

On the way back, Yang Qianxi kept pondering that question, but just like the last time, she could not bring herself to make the call.

After returning home, Qin Mu was dragged back to the bedroom by Mu Yichen, who placed her directly on the bed: "You're not allowed to move again!"

She sat in the center of the bed, leaning against the headboard.

Mu Yichen sat next to her and issued his stern command.

"Please, I'm perfectly fine!"

"No! Absolutely not!"

"Then I'll stay still, but could President Mu pour a glass of water for little me?"

Qin Mu said with a smile, not wanting to disobey him.

Mu Yichen stroked her head, then went to pour her some water.

She actually did feel somewhat exhausted, but at the same time, she felt extremely happy. This trip had been the happiest one in many years.

Her hand gently rested on her lower abdomen, and Qin Mu couldn't help but whisper softly to the little one inside: "See that? Your dad is such a domineering guy!"

Her voice carried a complaining tone, yet her eyes were filled with deep affection.

After Qin Mu fell asleep, Mu Yichen finally went downstairs. Feng Fanghua saw him and whispered to Mu Zihao, "Did you see? That's your good son!"

"Indeed, he's not bad!"

Mu Zihao said proudly, his face brimming with satisfaction.

"What are you talking about?"

Mu Zihao walked over and sat down. As he picked up his tea, he asked.

"After coming back, he didn't even drink a sip of water and took care of her until she slept, only then did he think of resting."

Feng Fanghua quickly poured him a cup.

But Mu Yichen chuckled: "If I don't take good care of my wife, how can I take good care of your grandson in my wife's belly?"

"Humph! Without my grandson, you wouldn't take care of her? Think about how many years you owe me!"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but grumble.

"Ah, Fanghua, you're not being fair. Children and grandchildren have their own happiness. You can't hold a grudge just because they're pursuing their own happiness."

The old man sat there with the steadiness of Mount Tai, emitting a presence that made his words unquestionable. Feng Fanghua had no choice but to fall silent.

Mu Zihao couldn't resist teasing: "Only you, Dad, could make your daughter-in-law swallow her pride. But if you keep complaining about my wife, I may have to get angry too!"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh at the sight of his father, despite his age, still doting on his mother.

Feng Fanghua turned red with embarrassment from the teasing: "I'm not talking to the three of you anymore."

After Feng Fanghua left, Mu Zihao seriously asked, "Did you gain anything from the trip to Paris?"

Chapter 496: On Pampering Wife_3

"Mm! Basically, everything needed is already in hand, and Zhao Yan is in charge of wrapping things up."

Mu Zihao nodded while listening, his expression also a bit somber, "Our family's pharmaceutical factory has been around for a good number of years, no matter how successful you are in other ventures in the future, but you must promise Dad, you can't abandon this pharmaceutical factory."

"You've said this at least two hundred times, if not three hundred."

Mu Yichen replied seriously.

"Hmph, when I wanted you to join the military, you went off to do business instead, and now you have the nerve to order your son around?"

The old master's head full of white hair, his criticism came with no softness in his voice.

Mu Zihao was conversing with his son, and upon hearing his father bring up the past, he immediately objected, "Dad, how many years ago was that?"

"Hmph! Why does the Jing Family want to outdo you at every turn, isn't it because you're in business and he's in politics? If back then you had taken the path I laid out for you like his son did, you both wouldn't be so far apart today, would he dare show you any disrespect?"

A bit of liverache surged within the old master at the thought of the past events.

"Dad, everyone has their own path they want to take, I..."

Mu Zihao suddenly realized that what he was saying resembled exactly what the old master had said to Feng Fanghua just moments ago, and he suddenly closed his mouth.

The old master raised his eyebrows as if he were watching a drama unfold.

Mu Yichen also raised his eyebrows, suppressing a smile as he watched his father, thinking that he would have to be more careful with his words in the future to avoid ending up like his dear dad.

Later, Mu Yichen received a WeChat message from Jian Yan asking, "Got home?"

"Arrived!"

Jian Yan did not send a message to Qin Mu, but to Mu Yichen instead, which both surprised and relaxed him a bit.

That night, Qin Mu had a dream. She dreamt that she woke up on a boat, the sea so calm it was like the quiet before a tsunami.

Only when she opened her eyes and saw his warm chest did she gently snuggle into it, "What time is it?"

"Half-past ten in the evening! Are you hungry?"

"A little!"

Mu Yichen looked down at her, while Qin Mu wrapped her arms around his waist, "Just let me hold you for a while."

She knew he wanted to go get something for her to eat, but she could tolerate being hungry for now; she didn't want to endure being alone. She wanted to hold him and to feel his presence.

"Mu Yichen, should we name the baby or leave it to our parents and grandfather?"

"What do you think?"

Mu Yichen replied softly. In truth, he had already thought of several names, but he guessed that the elders had their ideas too.

"How about the elders give the proper name, and we come up with a nickname, would that be good?"

Qin Mu asked him softly.

"Mm! It can't be Lele, right? Qiao Yi has a dog named Lele!"

Mu Yichen's brows furrowed slightly, speaking somewhat irreverently but actually quite seriously.

Qin Mu looked up at him, nearly unable to restrain her laughter, if not for the warmth in his deep eyes that touched her heart.

In the evening, the kitchen had prepared an incredibly expensive nourishing soup for her, but the moment Mu Yichen lifted the lid, she immediately felt like throwing up, covering her mouth to hold back the sensation of nausea as she looked at him with watery, pleading eyes.

Mu Yichen's brow furrowed, a look of disdain on his face, but...

Qin Mu didn't know how she managed to gulp down that bowl of soup. It looked deceptively soft and tender, but it was truly horrendous to drink.

So much so that after she drank it, she ran to the restroom and threw up twice the amount.

Qin Mu thought of the airplane meal she had eaten and really felt it was a waste.

When she came out of the restroom, Mu Yichen was already waiting for her with a cup of boiled water. The water looked very pretty in the clean glass.

Touched by his considerate gesture, she took the cup of water and quickly took a sip.

"In a bit, I'll take a bowl to Mom and Dad's room and let the two old folks have a taste," Mu Yichen murmured, his eyes deep.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh twice, "Why are you so bad?"

"Would you love me this much if I weren't bad?"

"Who said I loved you?"

She said and was about to walk forward.

Her body was blocked, and Mu Yichen instantly wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her back, his dark eyes looking down at her slightly reddened face, "Do you love me or not?"

"Love!"

Qin Mu teased him.

Mu Yichen was so irritated his teeth itched, but he couldn't hit her. He could only lower his head and bite her shoulder through her clothes, making her wince with pain. However, she didn't cry out, and the smile on her face couldn't be suppressed.

"Do you love me or not?"

He kissed her neck, and he couldn't help but ask again for some reason.

It was as if at that moment, a devil in his heart was urging him to confirm her feelings, as if without her saying it out loud, his heart would not be at ease.

Something seemed to have hit Qin Mu's heart hard, probably a fist. It ached dully.

"What are you two doing?"

Feng Fanghua came out for a drink and saw them hugging inappropriately and asked.

Qin Mu was still holding a cup in her hand and, startled, the water in the cup swished around.

Feng Fanghua looked down and went to the kitchen, muttering, "It's this late, do whatever you need to in your own room."

"You go back to your room first, I'm going to help Mom with the soup!"

The topic was thus interrupted by Feng Fanghua. Mu Yichen frowned as he watched Feng Fanghua's retreating figure, then looked down at Qin Mu.

"Don't overdo it!"

Qin Mu whispered a reminder, then went upstairs first.

"What's that smell?"

Feng Fanghua also frowned when she smelled something in the kitchen.

"Isn't it the nourishing soup you asked the kitchen to stew tonight? Just now, Mumu vomited twice after drinking it."

Mu Yichen said, and then picked up another bowl as he spoke.

"You're going to drink it?"

Feng Fanghua sipped her water, looking at her son ladle out more soup.

"No, this is for you and Dad. Pregnant women can't drink it, but we shouldn't waste it. I heard it's quite expensive, right? You've always been frugal."

Feng Fanghua...

Feng Fanghua went back to her room chuckling, "Old Mu, your son has come to honor you!"

Mu Zihao was wearing reading glasses and reading the newspaper on the bed. He took off his glasses when he heard that, showing a satisfied expression, "Let's see what you've brought me. I'm a bit hungry."

Feng Fanghua laughed mischievously, got into bed, and leaned against the headboard.

Mu Yichen walked over to Mu Zihao and handed him the bowl.

Mu Zihao stretched his neck to look at it and immediately sat back down after smelling it, "Isn't this what your mom bought for Mumu?"

"But she vomits just from smelling it now, and you're not pregnant, so don't waste it. Go on."

Mu Yichen urged.

Mu Zihao...

— —

The next evening, Qin Mu was at the apartment with Huanhuan waiting for Mu Yichen to come back and cook, but he was unexpectedly detained due to social obligations and couldn't return, so mother and daughter ended up cooking a bowl of noodles for themselves. Huanhuan looked very disdainful as she watched her mother, only begrudgingly accepting the bowl of noodles upon seeing her mother's crestfallen expression.

But it was past ten o'clock in the evening and Mu Yichen still hadn't come home. After putting Huanhuan to sleep, Qin Mu went downstairs, took out her phone, and called Helian Hao, "Xiaohao, is Jing Feng with you?"

Chapter 497: Floating unease_1

"Here!"

"You give him the phone!"

"I can't get through to Mu Yichen right now, do you know where he is entertaining tonight?"

Qin Mu quickly descended the stairs while asking.

"Isn't it AM? You seem very anxious?"

"It's ten o'clock now, he promised me he'd definitely be home by nine. I'm pregnant now, if nothing happened to him, he'd definitely have called me if he wasn't coming home this late."

She sat in the dark first floor, in the living room sofa.

"Don't jump to conclusions. No one dares to touch him in Rongcheng. I'll make some calls and get back to you, wait for my phone call."

Jing Feng hung up Qin Mu's call and she held her phone, her head buried in her chest.

At that moment, her heart seemed to have an ominous premonition, desperately trying to emerge.

Qin Mu always felt like something had happened!

— —

Jing Feng lay in bed and called AM to make sure Mu Yichen wasn't there, and then he called Qiao Yi, who said they did have an engagement tonight, but it was canceled at the last minute.

Jing Feng had no choice but to get out of bed, "Yichen might have had an accident, call our brothers to make sure no one knows where he is, and then let's meet at AM!"

Helian Hao sat there, "What exactly is going on?"

"Qin Mu said she can't get through to Mu Yichen's phone and she suspects something happened to him."

Jing Feng said while dressing.

Helian Hao's heart panicked and she also got out of bed, "I'm going with you, I'll go to their apartment."

"It's too late, be careful!"

Jing Feng felt a headache coming on, but he knew the relationship between Helian Hao and Qin Mu so he didn't dare to stop her.

"Yeah! Keep the phone open at all times. We'll keep in touch."

The couple hurried out the door.

Helian Hao suddenly stopped before getting into the car, turned around and called, "Jing Feng, should you call Jing Qing?"

Jing Feng's tired eyes looked at her, and for a moment both of them stood still as if all their thoughts had been exchanged through their gazes.

"I got it!"

Jing Feng quickly left and Helian Hao then got into the car to find Qin Mu.

At that time, Qin Mu was still downstairs waiting for Jing Feng's news. She was sitting restlessly when she heard a knock on the door. Her dark eyes lifted and the very next moment, she immediately got up and ran to the door.

But when she hurried over and saw Helian Hao's face as she opened the door, her heart began to throb with excitement and her eyes flooded with tears, blurring her vision.

"Don't worry too much, maybe his car broke down on the road and at the same time, his phone just happened to die?"

Helian Hao hugged her as they walked inside, softly comforting her.

"For the past two days, I've felt so stifled in my heart. I thought it was because I was pregnant that I felt this way, but now—Xiaohao, I have a very strong feeling that something bad is going to happen."

After sitting down, Qin Mu looked down, her voice calm as she spoke. She lowered her gaze and habitually tried to remain cool, but her tightly twisted hands betrayed the semblance of calmness on her face.

Helian Hao gently embraced her, took her cold hands in his, and comforted her in a low voice, "It won't happen, you're just overthinking because of the pregnancy."

Qin Mu quietly leaned on Helian Hao's shoulder, and suddenly noticed how lean Helian Hao's shoulders were, and thoughts of leaning against Mu Yichen made her heart ache again.

— —

Jing Feng and the others drove separately to meet near AM. Jing Feng, seeing his brothers smoking outside, didn't get out of his car. With so many people having no news of Mu Yichen, he suddenly thought of what Helian Hao had said before leaving. Clenching his phone tightly, he hesitated for a few seconds before turning it on and dialing Jing Qing's number.

But that night, he couldn't get through to Jing Qing's number either.

Jing Feng's frown deepened. Then he hung up the unanswered call and immediately called home. They told him that Jing Qing hadn't come home that evening, and then it dawned on him—something was wrong.

Qiao Yi, Zhao Huai, and Jiang Zhiyuan leaned against a car, blowing smoke rings into the chilly air and continuing to make calls, searching everywhere that might know where he was.

Jiang Zhiyuan suddenly startled, having forgotten to flick the long ash from the cigarette between his fingers. When he involuntarily shook his hand and the ash fell, his face tense, he spoke, "Could Brother Chen have been kidnapped?"

Qiao Yi's back was to the light, his face in shadow, indecipherable, and the others were visibly shocked.

Brother Chen kidnapped?

Who would dare to kidnap him?

"Call Yang Bo!"

Qiao Yi suddenly spoke up, Jiang Zhiyuan, too, remembered that guy and quickly dialed the number, while Zhao Huai, too anxious to even smoke, waited.

Chapter 498: Floating unease_2

If both of them disappeared from Rongcheng tonight, then they could probably guess what happened.

"How do we explain this to Xiaomu?"

Later on, the four of them gathered to smoke and think of a solution. Zhao Huai asked worriedly.

"I don't know how to explain it, but if anything happens to her again, we might as well never see Mu Yichen again."

Jing Qing looked at his brothers and suddenly felt extremely restless.

"I suddenly thought of someone!"

As Zhao Huai fiddled with car keys, he suddenly mentioned in a low voice.

The others looked at him.

"Yang Qianxi! She's now Jing Qing's assistant. I heard she was with Jing Qing a few days ago at a show in Paris. According to Zhao Yan, the way she looks at Yichen is as if she's deeply poisoned."

The moment Zhao Huai finished his words, they all inhaled a breath of cold air.

"If this was just a debt of passion, that'd be easy to deal with!"

Qiao Yi replied after listening.

But Jing Feng didn't think so, nor did Zhao Huai. After all, considering the relationship between Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, if either of them really had done something with someone else, the situation could be very troublesome. They might even be hoping it was some other kind of set-up.

Qin Mu waited until midnight but couldn't wait any longer. Seeing Helian Hao already asleep beside her, she took a blanket to cover him, then took her long coat and left the house.

By the time she drove out of the neighborhood at half past midnight, she felt terrible. She had to go out and try her luck.

She called Jing Feng. When it took a long time for the other end to pick up, Qin Mu started to have other thoughts.

"Have you not found him yet?"

"Hmm! Yang Bo is already helping out. Don't panic yet!"

"I got it!"

Qin Mu didn't continue the conversation. She hung up his call and then dialed Yang Qianxi.

It took a long time for the other end to pick up, but she felt her waiting wasn't in vain.

"Hello?"

"Where are you?"

Qin Mu asked, listening to the faint voice on the other end.

"I, I'm at Meilin's house!"

The voice from the other end got even weaker, even trembling.

"Got it!"

Qin Mu hung up the phone, then used Baidu Maps to find the directions to Meilin's house, which turned out to be a bed and breakfast.

The night wind was cool, but how could it be colder than someone's heart?

Qin Mu's car turned into the tree-lined path that led to the bed and breakfast on the mountain.

There was only one car parked there, and Qin Mu recognized at a glance that it was Jing Qing's car.

Actually, her mood stabilized somewhat at that moment. She opened the car door, her eyes full of coldness as she looked at the dark bed and breakfast and walked toward it.

At that moment, she felt no fear whatsoever.

Until she was struck fiercely on the back of the head just as her hand grasped the doorknob, her hand weakly released it.

Finally, darkness fell before her eyes!

Finally, she couldn't remember anything, except for one name.

Mu Yichen!

— —

The next morning, when Qin Mu woke up, her hair was disheveled, and she wasn't wearing anything.

And lying on the blanket that covered her was a man.

Qin Mu, her head aching, touched the back of her head and slowly sat up in a particularly simple room that had nothing but a bed.

She was still groggy, thinking she was at home, in bed with Mu Yichen, until she saw the simplicity of the room and gradually her eyes became sharp.

Listening to the pounding of her heart, she turned to look at the naked man lying next to her under the blanket, and then...

Wang Mingyu!

He lay stark naked on her bed.

Qin Mu suddenly found it hard to breathe, her gaze gradually filled with loathing, then with listlessness. She couldn't see clearly at all, just suddenly felt that she must be having a nightmare, only wanting to quickly leave this filthy place that made her want to vomit.

She threw off the blanket, shivering as she picked up her clothes from the floor, wrapped herself in her coat, her head lowered as she rushed outside.

At this moment, her mind was a blank.

She couldn't remember anything, only feeling that this nightmare had to end quickly.

It was the moment the door opened, she was bumped into by someone rushing out of another room.

She could feel that person was just as panicked because his body was ice cold.

But what she never expected—

"Mumu!"

Then she heard a familiar voice.

Qin Mu nervously looked up and then her eyes filled with the sight of Mu Yichen's face.

This! It truly was a nightmare!

He excitedly gripped her arms tightly as if to confirm she had come to find him.

But then he immediately noticed her disheveled appearance, her hair so wildly unkempt, her face streaked with tears, and even beneath her coat...

Chapter 499: Floating unease_3

His expression was indescribable in that moment, as if he had been cruelly thrown from the clouds to the ground, suffering a fall as disgraceful as a dog eating shit.

Qin Mu simply lifted her eyes to look at him, and she was gradually remembering something.

He really was here, but...

Where was he last night?

"Mr. Mu!"

Behind him was a voice all too familiar to Qin Mu.

Yang Qianxi!

Yang Qianxi came running over, looking disheveled and embarrassed as if she had just been through something scandalous.

Qin Mu's heart seemed to suddenly plummet off a cliff.

Her eyes brimming with weighty emotion, Qin Mu could no longer see clearly.

She only tried to choke back a sob, forcefully pushing away the man gripping her shoulders before the tears could fall down her cheeks.

She turned and hurried towards the stairwell, her steps staggered and rushed.

The guesthouse wasn't very large, yet...

"Mr. Mu!"

Yang Qianxi was behind him, clad only in a simple nightgown.

As Mu Yichen tried to chase after Qin Mu, the disheveled Yang Qianxi grabbed hold of him, and in that moment, Mu Yichen wished he could punch the woman in the face, but—

It was then, that the man emerged from Qin Mu's room wearing only shorts and a tank top.

Mu Yichen's dark, hawk-like eyes instinctively searched for the source of the noise, and Yang Qianxi also involuntarily looked that way.

Wang Mingyu walked out, his face darkening when he saw the two of them, and then he froze.

Suddenly, Mu Yichen remembered the disheveled way Qin Mu had bumped into him, and his fists clenched tightly before swinging fiercely at Wang Mingyu.

Yang Qianxi was inadvertently pushed by him, her body slamming into the cold wall, where she stood huddled and embarrassed, not daring to approach.

"Wang Mingyu!"

Mu Yichen gritted his teeth, he didn't need to speak the harsh words, because he would act on them.

Completely bewildered, Wang Mingyu remained frozen in place until Mu Yichen, wearing his crumpled suit, hastened downstairs, then Wang turned to see the girl standing by the wall, her face streaked with tears, and his brows furrowed.

Qin Mu's car was shaking on the way back to the city, her face was wet with tears, streaming down ceaselessly.

She had meant to go to Meilin's house to find Mu Yichen last night, so why did she wake up in the morning lying in the same bed as Wang Mingyu, and naked at that?

Her slender hands gripped the steering wheel with all her might, her face indescribably distressed.

Trembling, she dialed a number: "I want to see you!"

Her voice sounded weak as if quivering.

She had traveled that road in the city for over a year, but for the first time, she felt so frightened, so desperate.

Like a little bird finally with its wings broken, with no more hope of soaring once again.

After returning to the city, Mu Yichen immediately went home, Qin Mu's car was not in the garage; he rushed upstairs, and when he saw the woman eating with his daughter in the dining room, his gaze became somewhat scattered.

"Mu Yichen, where were you last night? Where's Mumu? Why didn't Mumu come back with you?"

Upon seeing him, Helian Hao breathed a sigh of relief, but then he asked again anxiously.

Mu Yichen's heels suddenly gave way, and under Huanhuan's puzzled gaze, he turned and ran back outside.

Helian Hao...

Huanhuan was holding the big bowl of small wontons that Helian Hao had helped her cook. She looked at Helian Hao curiously while Helian Hao turned to glance at her, afraid of startling her, then said softly, "Your daddy had to go to work because of an emergency meeting, can you stay with auntie today?"

Huanhuan recognized Helian Hao and obediently nodded her head.

Helian Hao immediately went to find her phone to call Jing Feng, "Hello? Mu Yichen has come back, but Mamu is nowhere to be found."

"Yichen came back? Did he mention where Xiaoqing is?"

"What?"

Helian Hao had no idea what had happened last night, but suddenly remembered the words Qin Mu had whispered to her... Could something really have happened?

That day, not daring to take Huanhuan to the Mu Family, Helian Hao went to the hospital with her instead.

There was still no news from Jing Qing. Jing Feng wanted to contact Mu Yichen, but Mu Yichen wasn't answering his calls and was just searching the whole city for Qin Mu.

Jing Feng went to the hospital and involuntarily frowned again when he saw Huanhuan there.

"He came back this morning looking disheveled. When I asked him where Mamu was, he didn't say anything. He just glanced at Huanhuan and left. Now, I can't get through to his phone or Mamu's phone. What on earth happened last night?"

Helian Hao asked anxiously.

"Weren't you with Qin Mu last night?"

"I was, but later when she seemed to have fallen asleep, I lay down beside her — and when I woke up, she was no longer at home."

Helian Hao spoke with some guilt; if she had taken good care of Qin Mu last night, perhaps nothing would have gone wrong.

Jing Qing's gaze fell weakly: Xiaoqing was still missing. What exactly happened last night?

"Didn't you call Mu Yichen? He might know something."

"He's not answering the phone at all!"

Jing Feng responded.

Huanhuan sat in the chair that Helian Hao used while working, clutching the Barbie doll that Qin Haiming had bought her, but her eyes were on her uncle and auntie.

"What exactly happened? Why did they suddenly disappear? Mamu is pregnant; if something happened to her..."

Helian Hao couldn't bear to continue, for her heart began to tremble as she spoke.

Jing Feng looked down, lost in thought, with his brows continuously furrowed.

Later, Yang Bo called Jing Feng to tell him that both Qin Mu's and Jing Qing's cars had been spotted at an inn on the outskirts of the city called Meilin's Home the previous night.

"I need to head out of the city."

Jing Feng said to Helian Hao after hanging up the phone.

"Is there a lead?"

"Yang Bo said Xiaoqing's car is there."

"Then go quickly!"

Helian Hao urged anxiously.

Jing Feng then left her office, and Helian Hao intended to see him out, but the phone on her desk began to ring.

Huanhuan was the first to answer. After hearing the voice on the other end, Huanhuan immediately called out, "Mommy!"

Helian Hao walked over and stood there, making sure she had heard the word "mommy" clearly before softly coaxing Huanhuan, "Can Huanhuan give the phone to auntie?"

Huanhuan looked at her, then handed over the phone.

"Hello? Mamu, is that you? Where are you?"

Helian Hao asked nervously, her hands tightly gripping the phone.

Chapter 500: The play is performed very well_1

Rongcheng was suddenly hit by a heavy rain that day.

"If someone asks, just tell them you haven't seen me since you handed Huanhuan over to me."

"What exactly happened last night?"

"Nothing!"

Qin Mu lowered her head, and when her eyes caught sight of the ring, tears clung to her eyelashes and almost fell, but ultimately they did not.

"If it's really nothing, why would you come here and tell me not to tell anyone about your whereabouts? Mumu, what happened that you can't even tell me?"

Helian Hao looked at her anxiously, really wanting to delve into Qin Mu's heart to see what had happened, but she ultimately couldn't.

It wasn't because she didn't dare, but because Qin Mu's heart was like a fortress made of copper walls and iron barricades, harshly keeping her out.

"It really is nothing! It will pass soon!"

Qin Mu whispered, and later even gave Helian Hao a smile.

— —

Later, Helian Hao met with Mu Yichen and relayed to him what Qin Mu had entrusted her with. Mu Yichen then asked with a single word: Is she alright?

Helian Hao, looking at Mu Yichen's bloodshot eyes, felt an indescribable, heavy pain inside and nodded: Yeah! She's fine!

Mu Yichen didn't inquire further, and it seemed like the matter was left in the past.

— —

That day, the rain continued to pour!

Mu Yichen's car was parked outside Qin Mu's studio. Her car had always been there, sometimes taken by her colleagues, but Qin Mu never showed up again.

He sat in his car indifferently, listening to the rain outside, watching others take her car and bring it back again, several times in a day.

Eventually, the staff at the studio noticed him, but no one dared to approach him to say anything, as if the relationships among everyone had changed overnight.

But there was one person searching tirelessly across the city for Qin Mu's whereabouts.

That was Wang Mingyu.

The man who had bonded with Qin Mu over running in the park.

The man who had once helped Qin Mu escape a predicament in the hospital.

The man who one morning awoke to find out he had slept with Qin Mu.

The day Mu Yichen arrived at the office, Qiao Yi followed him inside: "Wang Mingyu is here!"

"I didn't seek him out, and yet he dares to come to me?"

Mu Yichen's dark eyes turned chillingly cold as he stared ahead.

"It's likely our people will have a hard time stopping him, I heard he underwent special training abroad in the past few years."

Qiao Yi reminded him.

Mu Yichen was well aware of Wang Mingyu's story, but what of it?

"If they can't stop him with their hands,—"

Mu Yichen looked at Qiao Yi, his eyes cold as if he were about to kill.

Qiao Yi understood him, nodded, and then clutched his phone as he went out to make a call.

Mu Yichen sat back in his chair, only to hear a sudden loud thump outside.

Secretary Xi stood up startled from her desk and watched in shock against the wall as Qiao Yi fell to the ground. Then she looked at Wang Mingyu, not daring to intervene.

"Mu Yichen, where is Qin Mu?"

Wang Mingyu burst into the room, pointing at Mu Yichen and demanding.

Mu Yichen's dark, hawklike eyes lanced towards his angry face—the man who appeared a few years younger than him was indeed brimming with youthful arrogance.

"I want to know where she is more than you do! Sadly!"

Mu Yichen finished speaking and then lowered his gaze, his cold eyes obscured by his long lashes.

Wang Mingyu, feeling powerless, let his arms droop and breathlessly forced out the words from his throat: "That night, I drank too much!"

Wang Mingyu was heartbroken and could hardly remember what happened that night. He only remembered drinking, and then everything was a blur.

In truth, he really liked Qin Mu, but he would never stoop so low as to use such a method.

However, when Yang Qianxi told him that Qin Mu had just left his room, God only knows what he felt at the time.

And at that moment, in this imposing office, the chill was terrifying.

Behind that solemn desk, the man in the executive chair, upon hearing those words, easily snapped the pen he was holding in his hand.

Two distinct emotions coexisted in the silence of the office space.

Mu Yichen's heart, which had just begun to calm down, was again stirred by his irresponsible mention of being drunk, and gradually, it swelled into a tsunami-like rage.

"Tell me where she is, I'll apologize to her!"

Apologize?

Mu Yichen wanted to laugh, but slowly stood up instead, his enigmatic gaze fixed on the somewhat confused man across from him.

Secretary Xi helped Qiao Yi up, dabbing at the cut on his mouth, just as they heard the clattering sounds from inside; both turned simultaneously towards that expensive door panel.