

His Beloved 801

Chapter 801: Expert at Annoying Wife (1)_2

Qin Mu quickly signed her name, doing so quite grandly.

Mu Yichen looked down, then said, "Let's go then!"

The contract was once again placed into the drawer beneath the coffee table, and he stood up.

Qin Mu, with sharp eyes, took another glance, then followed him.

Honestly, she thought it was possible they might have a quickie right here.

But when had her guesses ever been accurate?

She thought he would ask her to do that thing with him, but instead, he said he wanted to lend her money to buy a car.

Sigh!

So...

On the way back, it was him driving, and yet on the road turning towards home, the car slowly came to a stop.

A dark and windy night!

Did she really think she'd get through safely like that?

But Mu Yichen suddenly unbuckled his seat belt, then turned and pounced on her.

Qin Mu felt the seat suddenly recline backward, then the world spinning around.

All of a sudden, he was straddling her, skillfully pulling her shirt out from her pants and undoing her zipper in one swift motion, while his hands were stirring things up between her lips.

Qin Mu looked at the pitch darkness outside, yet here they were, doing this inside the car.

Shouldn't they at least turn off the car lights?

Otherwise, isn't it too eye-catching!

"Heard you're quite flexible, let's give it a try!"

Qin Mu...

When cool air hit her skin, he finally stopped blabbering, supported her butt, and then, indescribable.

When the two of them returned home it was already ten, the kids were asleep, the elders had gone back to their rooms, and only the two of them planned to find something to eat in the kitchen when the aunt told them there was dinner left for them.

So, the two of them, no, to be precise, Qin Mu, feeling a bit guilty, ate her dinner while Mu Yichen was exceptionally composed.

After dinner, Qin Mu suggested she go check on their son, and he would check on their daughter, but he kept following her.

Qin Mu felt this was all too familiar and a bit pressuring.

The two sat beside their son's bed, watching him sleep so sweetly, recalling those painful days.

The little guy still habitually licked his lips while sleeping, Mu Yichen quietly watched, and in a low voice softly asked her, "Doesn't he look just like you?"

That lip-licking action.

But how could it be the same? The little guy probably wanted to eat or drink something, while for her, sometimes it was because her lips were too dry, other times it was a reflex due to her mood.

And in Mu Yichen's heart, the son was mostly like her.

Mu Yichen's dark gaze turned towards Qin Mu, she's still so naive!

It was only after they visited Huanhuan that they returned to their room, and just as they crossed the threshold, Mu Yichen embraced her from behind.

Qin Mu was jostled forward, almost ready to fall flat on the ground, but he held her tightly.

"Mrs. Mu! Your husband plans to reward you a bit more."

"Hm?"

Qin Mu slightly turned her head to look at him, but before she could see him clearly, he suddenly picked her up.

On the large bed, he repeated what he had just done in the car.

Qin Mu thought to herself that she clearly heard him say he would reward her, but in the end...

Ha ha!

Isn't Mr. Mu's trickery a bit too deep?

The so-called trap is probably just like him, right?

Later, Qin Mu lay on the bed watching him smoke, and when he saw her looking over, he smiled at her, reaching out gently to stroke her hair like one would with a child.

Qin Mu lifted her head to stop his random strokes and asked him in a raspy voice, "That contract, did you come up with it yourself, or did someone help you?"

Mu Yichen's eyes flickered slightly: "Unspeakable!"

Qin Mu...

Keeping it a mystery, huh? Tsk!

Stubbornly, Qin Mu turned her head and muttered, "Forget it if you won't tell!"

Mu Yichen looked at her retreating figure, knowing she was still upset, knowing she still hadn't forgiven him, but to be together like this, he felt it was better than being apart.

That kind of life was downright maddening.

In this life, he's probably destined to die over her.

After finishing a cigarette, he quickly lay down and then went over to her side, hugging her from behind and even pinning down her leg.

"That hurts me!"

In the darkness, Qin Mu murmured in discomfort.

"How about this way then?"

Mu Yichen shifted positions and asked again.

His breath continuously lingered in her ear.

Qin Mu felt she really couldn't muster the energy, otherwise she would definitely want to ride him, let him know which position felt best.

But he couldn't be holding a grudge because she spoke out against him a few times, deciding never to let her be on top again, right?

Actually, such things entirely depend on the mood at the time, don't they?

Chapter 802: Expert at Annoying the Wife (1)_3

His disappointment in her wasn't about the matters in bed.

That's what Qin Mu thought, but she didn't feel like explaining it to him.

Anyway, she could bear anything, but she hoped the posture could remain the same, and the attitude could change sooner rather than later.

The next day, Qin Mu drove the luxury car that Mu Yichen had just bought for her to drop off Huanhuan, who kept repeating on the way: "Mommy, our car is so cool!"

Qin Mu snorted with laughter, thinking to herself, what's so cool?

Well, okay, it is pretty cool.

Before getting out of the car, Huanhuan muttered, "Mommy, our new car is really, really cool!"

"Get out of the car quickly, or you'll be late!"

Qin Mu stood beside the car as the door opener, feeling a bit angry as Huanhuan was so reluctant to leave the car.

What does this little girl even understand?

Huanhuan bounced ahead of her, and when she met a classmate she liked at the school gate, she ran off holding hands with them, and only waved goodbye to Qin Mu from a distance.

The teacher stood at the door watching Huanhuan's back: "Your Huanhuan is especially likable, almost every child in the class likes her."

"Really? As long as she's not causing trouble for the school, it's fine!"

Qin Mu smiled politely, responding diplomatically.

"How could she? She's very sensible!"

The teacher was also quite formal.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Qin Mu drove off, leaving the teacher envying how she changed cars every day.

When she arrived at the studio, this time Flower had become the Blue Enchantress.

Xiaomei stood at the office door with her: "The color of this vase matches the flowers quite well, but these flowers are really ugly!"

Even Xiaomei didn't like them, as if they were poisoned.

"As for that vase, can we not just stick any flowers in it from now on?"

Qin Mu pondered for a while, cocked her head, then instructed Xiaomei very seriously.

That vase was a gift from Mr. Mu after all. Even if Mr. Mu doesn't love giving flowers, it should at least be flowers from Xiaomei or a close friend, right?

Definitely not flowers sent by some other man.

"How about we put it at the service desk?"

Xiaomei contemplated and asked.

"Sure!"

She nodded in agreement, thinking to herself that as long as it's not using up her vase, it's fine.

So Xiaomei took it away, feeling disgusted at first, but then quite pleased.

The service desk, besides the service staff, is where Xiaomei spent the most time standing, and the location was also quite good; she happily switched to a crystal vase, put Flower in, added water, and brought it to the service desk.

The service desk staff promised to order Xiaomei some takeout at noon.

After sitting down, Qin Mu turned on her computer to edit photos and received a message from Mr. Mu.

"Is the car driving smoothly?"

"It's passable!"

Qin Mu thought about it, mainly recalling the previous evening, so she replied it was passable.

"Next month you'll have another car, specially designed for you. Do you know how much you owe me now?"

Mu Yichen asked again.

Qin Mu...

Why is he...

"Why are you buying me another car? I have enough already!"

Qin Mu thought to herself, is he intending to buy her off for her entire life?

But she wasn't willing to have her lifetime bought off by two cars.

"A lifetime! But even without these two cars, you are still mine for this lifetime, so you better accept it with a smile! Also, accompany me to a social event at AM tonight!"

Qin Mu...

After sending the message, Mu Yichen stood up, gently placed his phone aside, then left the desk, heading to a meeting.

Qin Mu was utterly dumbfounded.

Did she agree to accompany him to some damned social event?

She, a person who can't drink alcohol!

So with no work on her hands, she rushed to call Secretary Xi to confirm what kind of event it was and then went to the store to select clothes.

The store manager was especially happy to see her as it had been a long time since she last visited.

"Miss Qin!"

"Hmm! Bring me the photos of the gowns that have just been made this month. I need them."

"Yes!"

Qin Mu sat down in the resting area where an attendant kindly served her a cup of warm water in a crystal-clear glass that looked too beautiful to touch for fear of leaving fingerprints.

"Is this lady a regular customer here?"

The attendant asked softly, being very polite.

"Hmm, sort of!"

Qin Mu looked at the unfamiliar attendant and for a moment didn't know how to reply, responding with a habitual polite smile.

"No wonder our store manager serves you personally! I'm new here, so I'm not familiar with the regular customers, but if the lady needs anything, please feel free to ask me!"

The attendant added.

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu nodded.

"What are you looking for? You don't even recognize your own boss. Go over there and see, Xiaoxin can't handle it alone."

Chapter 803: Expert at Annoying the Wife (1)_4

The store manager, holding a brochure, followed behind her and couldn't help but complain.

Waitress...

"The boss is also a regular customer!"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and added another sentence.

The waitress apologized awkwardly and then went to help her colleague.

"Her name is Wang Fengli, she's here for an internship."

Qin Mu nodded without asking further, all the staff here was taken care of by the capable, short-haired store manager.

Qin Mu flipped through the brochure, and her eyes were drawn to the backless long dress on the front page – the weather was neither cold nor hot, quite suitable for wearing such a gown.

"Are you attending some event?"

"Yes! Going to a cocktail party, accompanying President Mu!"

Qin Mu nodded and kept looking through, but in her mind, she had already decided which one to choose.

"Wow, such a loving couple."

The store manager praised with a smile.

"That's just for show, our relationship is actually terrible! We've been in a cold war since before the New Year."

Since they were all acquainted, Qin Mu didn't hide anything and spoke casually.

"Really? It doesn't show at all."

The store manager said.

"That's true! Apart from our family, probably no one can tell."

In public, they still paid attention to appearances, and normally, they were the kind of people who stick to a fixed daily route.

In the end, Qin Mu still went to try on that dress, with a V-shaped back that beautifully revealed her elegant back.

The front was the same, though much subtler.

Paring it with a pair of ten-centimeter, super-thin stiletto heels, Qin Mu lifted her foot and saw in the mirror the heel hook up the hem of the dress to reveal a long, slender stiletto, and she couldn't help but say, "If President Mu makes me angry on the way... with one kick of mine..."

Standing beside her, the store manager felt a shiver run down her spine upon hearing this.

Her boss seemed so demure, but...

She gently put the high heels down, stood firmly in front of the mirror to check herself out from all angles, and casually gathered her hair.

"Should I get my hair done?"

"Yes, you can!"

"Or just fix it up myself!"

Qin Mu looked left and right again. Although she looked good like this, she always felt it could be inconvenient at times, so she gathered the hair at the front, then gently let it loose again.

She did this because she was used to styling models' hair on the spot, but her muttering left the store manager puzzled.

Originally thinking that on-the-spot alterations might be necessary, she was pleased to find the dress fit just right once worn. Thus, no adjustments to the dress itself were needed. The shoes were already paired, so Qin Mu decided to buy two breast pads to ensure the dress looked its best.

At noon she had a Western meal nearby, the only regret being that she couldn't drink wine.

In the afternoon, she headed straight to a lingerie counter in a shopping mall.

Mu Yichen drove to her studio just after four o'clock, only to find her new car wasn't there, but her old banger was still parked.

Thinking it over, he walked inside while calling her, but no one picked up.

Xiaomei said, "She said she had something to do and went out in the morning, hasn't come back yet."

Mu Yichen...

"But she should be back soon, there's a customer coming to see her later."

Xiaomei said, lowering her head to glance at her watch - it was about time.

Mu Yichen nodded, then went upstairs to wait for her.

He called her again, but still, no answer.

In fact, she was already on her way back to the studio, thinking it was Xiaomei urging her to meet a customer, so she just sped up, not picking up the call.

As she neared the studio, her car slowed down, and even more so when approaching the parking lot. She tried to reverse into a parking space, but...

Why does it seem so easy for others to park backwards, but for her...

She felt it was a bit difficult to reverse in; pulling out seemed easier.

The car accidentally bumped into another car. Despite the incessant warnings from the in-car audio system, it still collided.

Mu Yichen heard a car alarm going off, sounding like his, so he walked to the window, and then...

He instinctively wanted to get angry, but in the end, just raised his hand and ran it through his hair.

This woman really is...

Doesn't she realize how powerful the features of her car are?

Or had all the knowledge he passed on been completely wasted on her?

After getting out of the car, Qin Mu couldn't help thinking about her whole life, reckoning that in the next life she might still have to be his slave.

Then she looked up towards the building. Sure enough, he was standing there watching her, patiently and calmly.

Although Qin Mu couldn't see clearly, the image of him at this moment freely formed in her mind.

Chapter 804: Expert at Frustrating His Wife (1)_5

She could guess his mood at the moment; it must be that "damn it all" mood.

So she resolutely went upstairs to face her doom.

Who knew that just as she turned her head, she saw some colleagues standing at the entrance and windows on the first floor, all wearing disappointed expressions towards her.

"Sis, this car is brand new!"

The beautiful colleague said this, shook her head, and then turned away disappointed.

"I was thinking of taking it out for a spin later!"

Xiaomei muttered, feeling super wronged.

Her driving skills were actually just passable, but when she drove her little car, everything felt smooth. She finally got used to one car, and now she has to get familiar with another. Doesn't anyone understand her struggle?

"Right! Boss Mu is waiting for you upstairs!"

"I'd better not go up then, the client should be coming over soon, right? I'll wait for the client!"

Xiaomei looked at her, thinking do you really think you can escape this way?

Mu Yichen had not come downstairs, Qin Mu's gown was still in the office, and Mu Yichen was sitting behind her desk in the office, waiting for her.

Eventually getting bored, he lifted it to take a look; it was black and quite sparkly, and it looked pretty good.

After Qin Mu went upstairs and saw him sitting at her spot, she involuntarily snorted at his dark gaze and his domineering appearance as if he could look down on the entire world, "Have you been waiting long? I'll go change my clothes first! That car..."

"Go change your clothes first!"

Thinking, you're only thinking about the car now?

Boss Mu felt that Mrs. Mu didn't cherish the car he gave her enough.

But he couldn't bear to complain.

The car was quickly driven away by someone else after Qin Mu entered the bedroom, and soon after, a limited-edition sports car was parked in its place.

Xiaomei and the rest stood at the door, none of them wanting to go home.

That look in their eyes was one of despair!

How many years of hard work would it take to own such a car?

But later, Xiaomei thought, "One day I'll ask Qinqin to bring it over, and then we can all go for a spin!"

In an instant, everyone laughed carelessly again, and went to drive the few cars next to them to go home.

When it comes to knowing the feeling of having a generous boss, probably Xiaomei is the most qualified to speak.

She had driven almost every car that Qin Mu had driven.

Mu Yichen was waiting at the door for Qin Mu all this time. In fact, he had seen her wear gowns many times before, but the two of them rarely attended such events together.

In the past, she only went to gatherings with friends but now...

Yeah! Not just now, but in the future too, he would take her with him, making it inevitable for her.

As for whether she likes it or not...

They'll cross that bridge when they get to it.

Qin Mu quickly finished dressing up in the gown inside, and then she took out a light trench coat to put on over it since it was still a bit cold outside.

She styled her hair a bit higher to one side at the front and then stepped out of the room in ten-centimeter high heels.

Mu Yichen, hearing the door opening, looked up and was shocked by the sight of the beauty set off by the black gown.

The gown had sparkling stars on it, but it didn't make her flawless skin appear dull in the slightest. Because it was a V-neck gown, everything from her collarbones upward was alluring and left much to the imagination.

Mu Yichen's throat unconsciously tensed, and his brows immediately furrowed.

"Let's go!"

Qin Mu stepped forward, holding a shiny long gold clutch, and despite the high heels, she walked effortlessly.

If someone else said she was a model instead of a designer, no one would likely have any doubts.

Mu Yichen stood by the wall watching her, unable to resist the urge to light up a cigarette and take a few puffs.

This woman, like poison.

"What does the back look like?"

Mu Yichen asked in a low voice.

"Well—, it's just the normal kind, doesn't it look good?"

Qin Mu blinked and approached him.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but gaze into her eyes, unable to look away.

His sensual fingers also gently slid down from her chest – quite a lot was revealed.

"Is there still time to change into something else?"

"So old-fashioned! Let's go!"

Qin Mu got irritated, slapped his chest with one hand, and tried to walk away, but Mu Yichen hooked her slender waist and pulled her back into his arms, looking down at her with a patient gaze.

Chapter 805: Expert at Annoying Wife (2)

If it weren't for the waiter coming over to help her with her coat, Mu Yichen would never have imagined the "ordinary style" his wife mentioned was like this.

Although beauty was a feast for the eyes, the staff's professionalism deserved recognition; the staff member took her coat and left. Qin Mu stood with her bag in front of him, and, because it was too quiet, she looked up and saw his angry gaze, as if he was about to hit her any moment.

Qin Mu tossed her hair back: "Now you can't see it at all!"

"What do you want to be seen?"

Mu Yichen stepped forward, as if he was going to break her bones.

"Gentle!"

Qin Mu protested softly.

But it still drew attention.

Her hand was on his, and if he really broke her bones, she would have to lie in bed for a while, which would be miserable.

Mu Yichen's heart suddenly softened like water, as if a dried-up dam had been filled.

Her smile, like a little Angel, attracted all his attention.

Mu Yichen remembered there was serious business to tend to here, so he had to leave her, turned around, and nodded to the person diagonally across before taking off his own coat.

Qin Mu...

She was wearing such beautiful clothes, and then they were covered by his oversized suit jacket like this?

Why did she even bother wearing them out?

Qin Mu protested inwardly but didn't dare talk back to him, so she just braced herself and walked forward with him.

"It seems this beauty is President Mu's delicate wife! I've never seen President Mu bring her out before."

One of the older bosses, in his forties, smiled and greeted them, accompanied by his spouse who, despite being older, was very dignified and gentle.

"Such a beautiful girl, no wonder President Mu was reluctant to bring her out for us to see."

Another couple nearby commented.

Mu Yichen simply smiled lightly and introduced Qin Mu: "This is the boss of Shen Group, and this is his wife, the current vice president of Rong City Charitable Association."

Qin Mu had no choice but to greet them with a smile.

"This is the boss of Lin Tian, and this is his wife, who, although doesn't have a position, is the capable woman behind Boss Lin."

Mu Yichen continued the introductions.

But he only emphasized their wives.

Qin Mu didn't think too much, and just went along with the greetings.

Latter, Qin Mu saw Wen Runuan, so she excused herself with Mu Yichen and went over to find Wen Runuan.

Wen Runuan pulled her aside by the big screen to chat and took the opportunity to introduce her to some of the big shots present.

Wen Runuan would give Qin Mu a cue when mentioning certain people, and Qin Mu would take a serious look.

However, Qin Mu's memory wasn't very good, but she still made a mental note.

"But this coat..."

"It's Mu Yichen's, so annoying!"

Qin Mu complained and pulled it off, while Wen Runuan just laughed softly.

"I once asked President Zhang, I always dress so sexily, aren't you afraid of someone stealing me away, guess what President Zhang said?"

"What did he say?"

Qin Mu asked curiously.

"He said they can look but that's all useless!"

"Eh!"

Qin Mu's mouth twitched.

"In other words, looking is fine, after all in our circle, during filming and such, frequent exposure is normal, just no inappropriate behavior."

"That's why I say Mu Yichen is old-fashioned."

Qin Mu muttered again, and just then a waiter came over, and she simply pulled Mu Yichen's phone from her pocket and handed the coat to the waiter.

As soon as she took off the coat, it immediately caught the attention of several handsome men and beautiful women nearby, but upon noticing, she just smiled and nodded, her aura completely unleashed.

The people around also nodded back at her, some curious and went over to greet her.

Later, Wen Runuan couldn't help whispering in her ear: "If I had known, I would have kept the coat on!"

Qin Mu wanted to speak but there were people beside her, so she just hummed with a laugh.

"I heard Mrs. Mu is a famous designer, is the evening gown you're wearing tonight also designed by yourself?"

A beautiful lady asked, looking at the dress Qin Mu was wearing.

"Yes!"

Qin Mu answered.

"Wow! That's really impressive! Can we also come to Mrs. Mu's studio and have you design gowns for us in the future?"

"Of course! As long as you all pay, I will certainly do my best to design the most innovative and fitting attire for you."

Qin Mu said with a smile, thinking that this had unexpectedly become a way to promote her studio.

Wen Runuan was also surprised, but what surprised her the most was that President Mu was looking in their direction.

"Mrs. Mu, may I have the pleasure of asking you for a dance?"

A handsome man put down his glass and walked towards her, extending a gentlemanly invitation.

Qin Mu lowered her eyes, but she felt no surprise at being favored, just embarrassment.

"Sorry, my husband doesn't really like me dancing with other men."

Qin Mu could only tactfully refuse.

The handsome guy smiled: "Actually, President Mu is not as petty as you think!"

Qin Mu paused, wondering if President Mu was really that generous in public?

She was truly astonished.

However, since when was President Mu ever that generous to her?

"Who says I'm not petty?"

Mu Yichen suddenly came over, directly embracing Qin Mu's bare shoulders, casting a cold glance at the self-assured man whose face had now darkened.

"It seems Mrs. Mu truly is a treasure to President Mu. I was presumptuous and I apologize, Mrs. Mu."

The handsome guy was very perceptive and immediately apologized.

Qin Mu still managed a slight smile; she didn't feel there was anything to apologize for, but she understood that the man was probably afraid of Mu Yichen.

What exactly does President Mu look like in the eyes of others?

Mu Yichen looked down at Qin Mu: "Come out with me for a moment."

"Mmm-hmm!"

Qin Mu was still smiling, but her heart was starting to flutter.

Where on earth is he taking her?

"I'll be right back!"

Qin Mu whispered to Wen Runuan before she left.

Wen Runuan was about to nod when she heard a cold male voice.

"She won't be coming down!"

Wen Runuan's smile froze.

Qin Mu looked up at him in shock: "Hey! This is an important event!"

She had no idea of the real purpose of his bringing her to this reception.

Was he just showing off his wife, and she actually thought he was here for networking?

Since that guest room had been ordered not used anymore, they went straight to the lounge in his office on the top floor.

Later, when Feng Fanghua called her, Mu Yichen was being naughty behind her.

"Hello, mom!"

Qin Mu struggled to answer the phone with restraint.

"What time are you coming back? The baby is hungry!"

"Err... that..."

"Tell mom I drank too much tonight and can't come back!"

Mu Yichen whispered behind her.

Qin Mu...

Qin Mu hadn't figured out what to say yet, but Feng Fanghua had already hung up the phone.

Qin Mu...

After Feng Fanghua hung up: "Well! Don't expect her to come back tonight! Go prepare formula milk for Chengcheng."

She ordered the nanny beside her.

The nanny nodded and went to prepare the formula, while Feng Fanghua held her hungry little one: "Your son thinks I'm deaf! Really!"

Mu Zihao lifted his eyes, finally coming to his senses a bit: "What did he say?"

"How would I know what he said?"

Feng Fanghua was taken aback by Mu Zihao's question, not knowing how to respond, especially with that one still in her arms.

Mu Zihao, seeing his wife's expression, decided not to ask further. After all, for the past two years, he had seen his own couple showing affection in front of others, especially his son who was too attached to Qin Mu.

Sometimes it was like he had no bones; even when the elders were present, he would lie down on Qin Mu's legs.

While feeding Chengcheng the formula, Feng Fanghua suddenly muttered: "Otherwise, just wean him off his mother's milk; there's not enough anyway, and she's always getting dragged away by that big one and can't come home."

Mu Zihao nodded after hearing this: "That might be a good idea!"

However, no sooner had Feng Fanghua finished speaking than Qin Mu's milk supply increased.

Or perhaps it was because the two of them were finally sleeping together and her mood had improved a bit, so the milk increased?

Anyway, Qin Mu found it hard to sleep in the second half of the night, feeling a sudden pain.

Mu Yichen, who had been asleep, got up at her sighs: "What's wrong?"

"Let's go home!"

Qin Mu said.

"Huh?"

"I mean, there's a bit too much now!"

Mu Yichen had previously thought this wouldn't happen to his wife, even going online to check, as he was particularly worried about her becoming engorged, since he read it could be very painful.

Mu Yichen guessed it might be because she was under stress, and now he was even more sure.

Chapter 806: Expert at Frustrating His Wife (3)

Later, after Mu Yichen fell asleep, Qin Mu lay beside him, staring straight at him.

Qin Mu actually understood why he had such a temper. After all, the guy was born into affluence and surrounded by a bunch of spoiled kids.

However, she couldn't comprehend why, with his tall stature and broad back, his love was so domineering? Why was it so suffocating?

Still...

She couldn't help herself; she gradually buried herself into his chest, her arms soft and boneless as they gently wrapped around his waist.

—

In the morning, she changed into clothes from this side and had breakfast with him in the dining room before he dropped her off at the studio.

"Do you want me to pick you up in the afternoon?"

He held onto her as she was getting out of the car, his eyes still domineering, but his words were gentle.

"No need!"

Qin Mu gave a slight smile, calmly looking at him before he let go of her hand.

"Call me if you need anything!"

He released her hand, after seeing her unyielding gaze.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu nodded and then got out of the car.

The sun was shining brightly! And her mood was quite good too!

Mu Yichen watched her enter the studio before leaving. He understood that there were issues between them. If the two were not adapting to each other, they were moving towards separation.

He chose to adapt! So the car headed towards the direction of the sunlight.

Indeed, as long as they didn't touch on some extreme issues, weren't they almost always fine?

Qin Mu had designed several gowns for Li Yu that were already shaping up nicely. Xiaomei called Li Yu to come and have a look, but Li Yu said there was no need, as he was filming out of town and completely trusted their studio.

Xiaomei was quite surprised that Li Yu refused to come to the studio, but Qin Mu thought it was for the best, and even said: "If he comes again, just stay by my side all the time!"

"Huh?"

Xiaomei was stunned, as normally she would just serve tea and fetch documents during business talks and leave.

"Aren't you his fan?"

Qin Mu asked softly.

Xiaomei thought that was strange, but couldn't help asking her other questions.

"Qinqin! You and President Mu didn't go home after the event at the hotel last night, did you?"

"Hmm? How do you know?"

Qin Mu curiously asked.

Xiaomei stood in front of her desk, looked up with a laugh, then walked a few steps with her hands behind her back before suddenly turning to look at Qin Mu: "Because you two were on the top trending topics on Weibo!"

Qin Mu...

"Quick, check your phone! It said you were wearing a particularly sexy gown last night at a social event, easily winning the title of prettiest lady of the evening, and even made President Mu jealous enough to keep you locked up upstairs all night."

As Xiaomei spoke, she deliberately leaned over the desk with a suggestive look and tone.

Qin Mu...

Couldn't help but check her phone right after Xiaomei left, fearing some inappropriate photos might have been posted.

She remembered last night Mu Yichen didn't close the curtains and brazenly told her that no one would see them, but what happened?

The only pictures were of him pressing against her at the banquet and another of her talking softly to Runuan with her back to the camera, showcasing her beautiful back...

Cough cough!

Qin Mu read a few lines, then put away her cellphone, relieved there were no photos from upstairs, which settled her heart quite a bit.

But who would be so idle as to post her photos on Weibo, could there have been paparazzi that day?

She didn't know who might have posted her photos online, really, as her appearance last night was quite exceptional; as soon as they had entered, Mu Yichen was pressed against her for so long, it was not even a second's work for someone to snap a photo.

At noon, Qin Mu went home because she hadn't nursed her baby the day before, and she rushed home as soon as she was done with work today.

Feng Fanghua and Zihao had just coaxed the baby for a walk and returned when Qin Mu drove her old car back.

The old couple was pushing the baby stroller in front of the door, curiously asking as Qin Mu got out of the car: "Where's your new car?"

Qin Mu...

"There was a small issue, so I took it for repair!"

Although awkward, she still told the truth.

Feng Fanghua was even more speechless, sighed, and then lowered her head letting Zihao move the baby stroller into the room, as it was too sunny outside.

Qin Mu followed behind: "Did you go shopping? The weather is really nice today."

"With such nice weather, you still managed to have an accident? Did you get hurt?"

Feng Fanghua stopped, turned around and gripped Qin Mu's wrist, looking down at her.

"I'm fine, just a minor scrape while reversing."

Chapter 807: Expert at Frustrating His Wife (3)_2

Qin Mu said, not daring to admit that she hit President Mu's car.

"Ah! How could you be so careless? And about not coming home last night, was it also because of the car?"

"Oh, that was not the case, it really was because Mu Yichen had too much to drink."

Qin Mu's dark eyes swiveled, her words delivered with utter sincerity.

Feng Fanghua...

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao both use Weibo, especially Feng Fanghua, who occasionally promotes her public welfare project on it, and even started following Qin Mu recently, so of course she knew about this morning's trending topic on Weibo.

It's just that too many things had happened over the last few days, and she hadn't had time to process them all at once.

"Come and sit down before we talk, okay?"

Mu Zihao noticed that Feng Fanghua and Qin Mu were standing by the door, not coming inside, aware that his wife was taking things seriously again, so he quickly reminded them.

"Mom, let's go sit down and then talk, okay?"

Qin Mu immediately grabbed Feng Fanghua's arm, hugged her shoulder, and nudged her inside.

"Really, I can't do anything about you two, you're not young anymore, how come neither of you is mature?"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but grumble.

Qin Mu had nothing to say, like a child who had done something wrong, but after sitting down, she hadn't forgotten to massage her mother's shoulders, hoping her mother would be merciful.

"Ma'am, should I prepare formula milk for the little master now?"

The maid asked, coming out from inside.

"Oh, no need, I will feed him in a bit."

"Do you have enough breast milk? Maybe let's not... Yesterday, your dad and I discussed it and decided to wean Chengcheng off breast milk."

"Ah? But I do have milk now."

Qin Mu blinked, caught off guard and somewhat unable to accept this.

"Having some is fine, but what's the point if it's only enough for him to eat once or twice a day? Better to wean him off sooner, then you'll also be freer, right? Does it make you comfortable being like this all day long?"

Feng Fanghua glanced down at Qin Mu's lovely chest.

Qin Mu...

Comfortable or not, it's only for a year or so, but her son is still too young, she really can't bear to wean him off yet.

"Just a few more months, at least maintain it for a year, or ten months?"

Qin Mu tentatively tried to persuade Feng Fanghua.

"Sigh! I'm really thinking of you, looking at you young people these days, after having a child, you all want to go back to living your own life. Are you sure you want to drag it out like this?"

"Yeah! That's what I want, and my milk supply has gradually increased these past two days."

Qin Mu said, a bit embarrassed, burying her face behind Feng Fanghua.

Feng Fanghua...

Mu Zihao...

"I'm going to go upstairs to change clothes."

Mu Zihao knew that he was in the way, and quickly went upstairs.

Qin Mu waited until he was far away before emerging red-faced from behind Feng Fanghua.

Feng Fanghua was about to burst into laughter at her antics, Qin Mu was really shy.

"I'm asking you, the reason for your recent breast milk supply, is it because your marital life has harmonized again?"

Feng Fanghua suddenly asked in a low voice, finally unable to keep a straight face.

"Maybe! I'm not quite sure," Qin Mu replied with an extremely soft voice, her eyes downcast on her interlaced fingers.

Feng Fanghua pondered for a moment, then lifted her chin towards the baby carriage: "Then feed him quickly, your father has consciously made space for you."

"Okay!"

Qin Mu nodded, still carrying the child upstairs.

"This child, really! Immature!"

Feng Fanghua shook her head after watching her leave, then looked up to see the maid approaching with food, and started to eat.

"Is the soup ready? Let the young lady drink more of it at noon today."

Feng Fanghua asked.

"Yes, it is ready! The young mistress is in such a good mood today, she's sure to have a great appetite."

"Mhm!"

Feng Fanghua nodded at the maid's words, thinking to herself that if she were in a bad mood again, then her role as a mother-in-law would be truly worrisome.

And her precious son, could they finally enjoy a peaceful family dinner tonight?

At noon, Qin Mu indeed had a great appetite, drinking two bowls of soup and eating a bowl of rice. Although Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao didn't say much, they both felt more at ease.

In fact, throughout the recent cold war between the young couple, the old pair had been constantly concerned, always hoping they would reconcile, for without it, both seemed to be wilting away.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu didn't go to work, staying home holding her computer and editing photos.

Feng Fanghua went to the study, stood there watching her work with a stern face before going behind her to take a look.

Qin Mu's work had given her a whole new definition of fashion.

And their fashion, it all comes from the hard work of the designers, expressionless.

Chapter 808: Expert at Frustrating His Wife (3)_3

I don't know if everyone is like this at work, completely unaware that their faces are expressionless.

Qin Mu gets so engrossed in her work that she wouldn't even know if someone came into the room, or she would simply forget as soon as she looked down.

Feng Fanghua held a cup of coffee behind her, Qin Mu's nose felt a bit uncomfortable, she sniffed slightly and the smell of coffee immediately made her mutter, "Pour me a cup too!"

Feng Fanghua, looking at the computer screen, turned her eyes to Qin Mu, then couldn't help but ask, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah! Never mind!"

Qin Mu seemed to be talking to herself, her gaze fixed back on the computer screen.

Feng Fanghua laughed helplessly, and after a while, Qin Mu squeezed her neck, turned her head to look behind her, and then was startled by the person behind her.

"Mom! What are you doing here?"

"What else did you think?"

"I thought... it was Xiaomei!"

She thought she was in the studio's office, but it turns out...

Suddenly she came back to her senses.

Qin Mu quickly stood up to let Feng Fanghua sit down.

After Feng Fanghua sat down with her lukewarm coffee, just as she was about to take a serious look at the design, she turned to ask, "Want some coffee? You just said you did!"

"Ah? No, no! Definitely lost in thought!"

"That's why I said you should wean Chengcheng off breastfeeding, sigh!"

Feng Fanghua held the coffee sipping carefully as she seriously looked at the design.

"This is a tailcoat, who is it designed for?"

Feng Fanghua asked curiously, thinking the clothing looked quite nice.

"An American classical singer," Qin Mu said.

"It really is quite classical, not many people wear this nowadays, right?" Feng Fanghua asked again.

Qin Mu nodded her head, continuing to rub her neck.

As Feng Fanghua looked up at her, it was only then Qin Mu remembered to speak so Feng Fanghua would know: "Oh, yes! Yes!"

Qin Mu, like an obedient grandchild, quickly nodded in agreement.

"What on earth are you thinking about?"

Feng Fanghua asked her, getting up from the chair and leaving with a cup of disdain.

Qin Mu...

In fact, she wasn't thinking about anything in particular, just focused on one thing for too long, so for the moment she was a little slow to respond to other matters.

— —

In the afternoon, Mu Yichen went to pick up Huanhuan in his car, the setting sun wonderfully beautiful, even though it was near dusk.

He leaned against the black luxury car waiting for his daughter to finish school, then joined the large group of parents heading inside to pick up their children.

At four thirty-five, the school gates were slowly opened by the security guards.

The parents surged forward as if they were at a bustling market.

Mu Yichen actually wanted to go in, but then his stance relaxed and he leaned back against the car again.

He decided to wait until the crowd at the school gate dispersed before entering.

When the crowd thinned out, he slowly entered, found his daughter's class, and after entering, he saw little girls sitting on small stools and playing with toys, surrounded by a few little boys.

Mu Yichen was a bit annoyed after seeing no other girls; if he had known, he would have come in earlier, leaving only boys around, which felt a bit awkward for his daughter.

"Mu Chenghuan!"

Mu Yichen called out softly standing near the podium.

Huanhuan turned her head, her docile eyes looking at her father, then quickly gathered the toys back into the basket. "That's my dad! He's amazing!" she said to the few little boys beside her.

While tidying up, Huanhuan spoke to the boys.

The boys looked at Mu Yichen reluctantly and then immediately lowered their heads, their resentful eyes made Mu Yichen's heart jolt unconsciously.

Am I that scary?

Am I a tiger?

What's with those expressions?

But that's good!

He thought about it and then straightened his back even more firmly; he must present a tall figure to protect his precious daughter.

These kids, don't even think about running off with his daughter at such a young age.

Mu Yichen decided that next time he would make sure to come across even more formidable.

"Goodbye!"

Huanhuan ran to her father, said goodbye to the children gathered at the table, the little boys waved at her reluctantly but dared not look at her father.

"Let's go!"

Mu Yichen picked up Huanhuan, leaving the classroom at the fastest speed.

"Are those all your friends?" Mu Yichen asked Huanhuan on the way home.

"No way! All the kids in our class are my friends! But they said they stayed specifically to keep me company; didn't you see their parents at the door?"

Huanhuan sat in her booster seat, sharp as a tack, her little mouth remarkably agile.

Mu Yichen...

Really?

He thought they were just some onlookers.

"Dad! Why did you come to pick me up so late? Grandma and Grandpa always pick me up early."

Chapter 809: Expert at Frustrating His Wife (3)_4

Mu Yichen...

What the hell is "picking up early"?

Picking up before school ends?

After arriving home, Mu Yichen asked, and Feng Fanghua, standing next to him, helped Huanhuan take off her jacket: "Yes, we all pick her up half an hour before school ends!"

Mu Yichen...

Qin Mu had just found out too, she was almost crushed to death when she went to pick up that day, alright?

But she ran fast, amongst so many people, like a Young Pioneer racing to be the first at the classroom door, even giving the teacher a fright because she was slightly red-faced from running and barely maintained her composure without gasping for air.

So they all pick up early.

"Now that they're not learning much anyway, and we also didn't want Huanhuan to stay at school for dinner, so we just decided to pick her up early."

"Then why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Mu Yichen was a bit annoyed.

"We thought you knew!"

Feng Fanghua said casually.

Mu Yichen, feeling helpless, sat down on the sofa and forcefully pulled Qin Mu into his arms for a hug.

Qin Mu struggled hard, but without success.

"Daddy, don't hold Mummy like that, it'll hurt her very much."

Huanhuan reminded him kindly, very seriously.

Her big eyes watched her Daddy's arms embrace Mummy, and as soon as Granny helped her take off her jacket and straightened her hair, she immediately ran over, knelt beside Mummy, and removed Daddy's hand from Mummy's shoulder.

Qin Mu was suddenly moved, her precious daughter had become so sensible, knowing to care for her.

Mu Yichen...

"Mu Chenghuan, there are some things you may not know, your Mummy actually likes it when I hold her tightly like this."

Mu Yichen chuckled, hugged Qin Mu again, but watched his daughter's reminder.

"Mummy, is that true?"

Huanhuan asked her Mummy, very genuinely.

Qin Mu didn't speak, just slowly shook her head.

Huanhuan then looked at her Daddy, her eyes seemingly saying: "See, Mummy said she doesn't like it."

Mu Yichen leaned down to whisper into Qin Mu's ear.

Qin Mu shuddered all over.

Feng Fanghua couldn't stand it: "In front of the child, enough is enough, otherwise you two can just move out."

Lately, Feng Fanghua really couldn't bear it anymore, these two lovebirds flaunting their affection all the time without any sense of propriety.

Qin Mu, with a wronged look: "Mom, don't blame me, let him move out alone."

Mu Yichen reluctantly let go of Qin Mu, but his dark eyes kept staring at her, as if to say: you dare repeat that?

During dinner, Mu Zihao said: "You two should find time to pick up Grandpa, okay?"

"Hmm! This weekend then!"

Mu Yichen agreed, then turned his head to look at Qin Mu: "Will you come with me?"

"Sure!"

Actually, Qin Mu also wanted to visit the countryside.

Seeing her so cooperative for once, Mu Yichen was very pleased and continued to eat his dinner attentively.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao felt at ease watching the two of them chatting so pleasantly.

It's just that Huanhuan felt a bit unhappy, feeling like she was being overlooked again.

"Can I go too?"

Huanhuan asked, holding her little bowl.

"Huanhuan better not go, the countryside isn't as nice as here, and aren't we going swimming this weekend?"

The thought of swimming immediately excited Huanhuan: "Then I won't go, but you two better not fight again! And don't come back too late."

"You sure have a lot of rules!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but mutter.

"Hmph! Someone has to keep you in check."

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but laugh, thinking that she was also well-managed by her son and daughter.

Never backed down to anyone in her life, but rendered helpless because of her children.

After dinner, Qin Mu went to breastfeed her son, and then Mu Yichen took her out.

"Where are we going this late?"

Qin Mu asked.

Mu Yichen glanced at the moon outside, then lowered his head and stretched out his hand to her.

Qin Mu lowered her gaze, understood his gesture, and slipped her hand into his, as he said softly: "Just a walk."

Just a walk.

Mu Yichen held her hand and walked on quietly.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao held little Chengcheng and watched from the window: "If only your son had been this sensible earlier, he wouldn't have had such a long cold war with Mumu."

"Don't keep saying 'your son', isn't he our son?"

Mu Zihao reminded her.

"Hmph! As if you've never said that. Don't you often say 'your son did this and that'?"

Little Chengcheng didn't understand anything, but still couldn't help but perk up his ears to listen.

He tried hard to reach his mouth with his little hand, but Granny restrained his hand, so he was very upset and fidgeting.

Chapter 810: Expert at Frustrating His Wife (3)_5

"Grandpa, my drawing is done!"

Huanhuan had drawn a rabbit and immediately ran to the window with the drawing paper to find her grandpa.

Mu Zihao lowered his head to take Huanhuan's drawing paper and couldn't help but laugh excitedly: "Wow, our Huanhuan is really amazing, what a cute little dog you've drawn."

"Grandpa, that's a rabbit!"

Huanhuan felt wronged and looked at her grandpa disappointedly after speaking.

Mu Zihao...

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but laugh, if it wasn't for holding the little one, you would see her belly shaking with laughter.

Mu Zihao opened his mouth, speechless for a while, then held back his embarrassed smile: "Oh, Huanhuan drew a bunny, huh? But why is its tail so thin?"

"It's a very slender bunny!"

As Huanhuan spoke, she even wriggled her bottom, gently patting her own little behind.

Feng Fanghua was almost moved to tears; her granddaughter was so young and already cared about beauty.

"How about next time Huanhuan draws the bunny's tail a little shorter? Grandpa thought it was a dog because of the tail, okay?"

Huanhuan gave her grandpa a look that said, we have no common language, then turned around holding her drawing paper and walked away leisurely.

After about ten minutes, Mu Zihao was sitting on the couch about to drink tea when Huanhuan brought another drawing to him.

Mu Zihao looked at the drawing then glanced at his wife, that look asking: "What is this?"

Feng Fanghua caught his glance and then looked at the drawing, pretending to be very busy, she patted the little one in her arms: "Chengcheng has fallen asleep, I'll go put him down first."

Mu Zihao...

"Grandpa, does my drawing of the little dog still not look good? Look at its big eyes and nose."

"Oh! It's very lifelike, just like a real one."

Mu Zihao panicked, after hearing his granddaughter's words he hurried to praise her, only to find that Huanhuan was still not satisfied.

"Grandpa, I don't like you anymore! Humph!"

The little one turned and left to chase after grandma and brother.

Mu Zihao broke out in a cold sweat!

Looking carefully at the two drawings on the table, he had actually thought the second drawing was of a pig.

Turns out...

It was a dog.

The child must have drawn the dog for him, it's just a pity...

Mu Zihao reviewed in his mind, thinking that he can't let his granddaughter down again in the future.

But to his surprise, for the whole next year, he almost never guessed right.

It wasn't just him who didn't guess right, but also the couple who came back from a walk later.

Mu Yichen took Qin Mu for a stroll at the house entrance, the two holding hands and walking upwards, Qin Mu gripping his hand a little more nervously.

Mu Yichen moved his hand to the front and asked her: "What's the matter?"

"It's pitch-black, let's go back! The kids should go to sleep too."

Qin Mu winked at him.

"What do the kids going to sleep have to do with you?"

Mu Zihao asked, and because she was afraid, she suddenly raised her hand to wrap it around his shoulder, holding his hand with one hand and continuing to walk forward.

"We should go for a walk every evening after dinner, before the summer comes."

Mu Yichen thought that she definitely wouldn't want to go out in the summer.

"We can go out in the summer too, as long as we don't argue."

Qin Mu muttered, eyes fixed on the ground.

Mu Yichen looked down at her and chuckled: "Which kind of arguing are you talking about?"

Qin Mu...

A pair of beautiful almond eyes filled with emotion, but she didn't respond to him.

When the two returned it was an hour later, everyone had gone to rest, and they washed their hands and sat on the sofa, preparing to watch TV for a while.

Qin Mu turned on the TV, Mu Yichen sat beside her, his sharp eyes caught sight of the two drawings on the table, he picked them up to look closely and compare, then frowned slightly: "What's this? A pig? A dog?"

Qin Mu's gaze shifted from the TV and then over to them: "A rabbit, and a dog!"

With just a glance, she pointed them out accurately.

Mu Yichen looked at her: "How could you tell?"

"Don't believe me, ask her tomorrow!"

Qin Mu gave him a look of disdain and then told him one thing, lifted her leg barefoot into the sofa, stretched her legs out, and watched TV.

Mu Yichen examined those two drawings again, and actually, if it weren't for the slight size difference, he couldn't tell anything at all.

Rabbits...

Why do the rabbit's ears look so much like dog's ears? And that tail...

"Huanhuan had better not learn to draw in the future!"

Otherwise, she might drive the art teacher insane.

"I think she's quite talented though, it's a vain little rabbit. Look, there are two little red dots on its face, which means the rabbit is feeling shy."

Qin Mu pointed at the rabbit drawing, and Mu Yichen also looked over, before unconsciously turning to look at Qin Mu again, who blinked at him and gave him a reassuring smile.

"It's normal that you can't tell, after all, you really have no talent in this area."

Mu Yichen...

Why does he feel like he's being looked down upon? Mu Yichen, displeased, put the drawing aside gently, then raised his hand to hook around Qin Mu's neck and pressed her into his embrace.

"Ouch, it hurts!"

"It seems your butt is itching for a smack, isn't it?"

Mu Yichen whispered in her ear.

"If my butt itches, why do you pinch my neck?"

Qin Mu questioned in discomfort.

"Right, I should be spanking your butt directly!"

So he trapped her head under his arm and then used his other hand to hit her butt.

Qin Mu...

Truly freaking doomed! How come everything leads to a beating?

"Mu Yichen, don't be like this! Look, your mom is coming out, hurry up and let go, let go!"

Qin Mu couldn't help but make up stories.

Mu Yichen scoffed and then slapped her butt hard: "From that position, you can see Ms. Feng? Did you grow eyes on your butt?"

"No! It's true, look up if you don't believe me!"

Qin Mu's face turned red with embarrassment, feeling like it was about to explode.

Mu Yichen didn't believe her but subconsciously glanced up anyway.

Then...

"Mu Yichen, get out of here!"

Feng Fanghua blurted out.

"I'm rolling out right now! Taking your daughter-in-law with me!"

Mu Yichen said as he slung Qin Mu over his shoulder. Qin Mu couldn't help but cough twice from the discomfort her stomach felt against his shoulder.

Feng Fanghua stood by, almost lifting her foot.

Luckily Mu Yichen ran fast, otherwise, she would have kicked him right in the shin.

Qin Mu had it worse. With her hair hanging down blocking her sight, she could see a pair of lady's slippers near her husband's shins.

"Mom, save me!"

Qin Mu raised her hands, but lifting her head didn't reveal her face.

"Oh dear! I really just..."

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but put her hands on her hips. She felt she was on the verge of a breakdown; her son and daughter-in-law were just so unreliable.

It seems she's had a lifetime of worries and will have to continue worrying in the future.

Upstairs!

Qin Mu, after being tossed onto the bed, had two tears hanging at the corners of her eyes: "Mu Yichen, my stomach hurts!"

"Stomach hurts? Anything else hurting? How about here, does this hurt?"

He pounced on her, one hand below her lower abdomen.

Qin Mu's legs instinctively closed together: It hurts! Stop!

Mu Yichen laughed: "Stop what?"

That look in his eyes was ambiguous, something the whole world could understand.

Qin Mu's heart skipped, knowing she couldn't escape tonight either.

"Mu Yichen, tell me the truth, have you been secretly taking some kind of drug behind my back?"