

His Beloved 821

Chapter 821: Qin Mu's Plan_2

Qin Mu didn't look at her, simply saying coldly.

Upon reaching the underground parking lot, she shoved Qin Mingzhu into the car, but the two of them didn't hurry to leave. Under Qin Mingzhu's shivering form, Qin Mu remained silent inside the car.

Qin Mingzhu glanced at her, then looked around the car: You finally got a new car!

"It was given by Mu Yichen!"

Qin Mu just stated flatly, without any extra emotion, then turned sharply, her keen gaze falling on Qin Mingzhu.

Qin Mingzhu didn't dare to speak out of turn again, suddenly lowering her head: You must be really happy now, seeing me in such a state.

"Are you really in such a state? Weren't you, who just suffered a downfall in Rongcheng, able to find support in Beijing? The Wang Family's legacy is extensive, and almost all the Wangs are officials, whereas the Mu Family are merely honest businessmen."

Qin Mu said this, her eyes also dropping.

The atmosphere in the car became somewhat strange all of a sudden.

"That makes sense! The Wang Family's status is not something the Mu Family can compare with."

Qin Mingzhu suddenly mumbled, sniffing hard, while Qin Mu caught a glimpse of her with the corner of her eye, and suddenly let out a light laugh.

"I heard it's a boy?"

Qin Mu asked.

"Yes! But I don't like becoming a mother so soon, it's all your fault!"

Qin Mingzhu was annoyed again talking about this, her words mixed with a pained hiss due to the corner of her mouth aching.

"Maybe one day you'll thank me for it."

Qin Mu raised her eyebrows and started the car.

Qin Mingzhu turned her head to look at Qin Mu, who remained as detestable as she had been the year before.

Yet for some reason, her heart didn't understand why—was it because she had accompanied her downstairs, and was even taking her home?

Qin Mingzhu just kept looking at her, for a very long time.

Qin Mu went into the house with her, because Qin Mingzhu was afraid of being discovered by Qin Haiming having gone out for drinks, which would lead to a reprimand, and she had also nearly been assaulted.

Qin Mingzhu thought back on it and felt terrified; those two girls, who were originally on good terms with her, suddenly made an excuse to leave, and then the two male classmates began to approach her, gradually touching her here and there. When she resisted, she slapped them, only to be slapped back in return.

Wang Huanyu and Wang Mingyu were both sitting in their living room. Seeing the two women return together, the two men slowly stood up. Wang Huanyu, however, immediately came forward and grabbed Qin Mingzhu's face, which she instinctively covered upon seeing him.

"What happened? Qin Mu, you..."

"I wouldn't be so shameless!"

Qin Mu uttered blankly, but...

Wang Mingyu, standing aside, simply smiled at Qin Mu and nodded: Long time no see!

Qin Mu also nodded at him, not dwelling on the past, and turned her gaze to Wang Huanyu: You'd better let her go first, let her change her clothes and wash her face, and then, I need to talk to you.

Wang Huanyu was baffled by Qin Mu's words, his demeanor as though she were his elder sister.

"I'm going to change clothes!"

Qin Mingzhu didn't want to be seen by Wang Huanyu in such a distressing state, so she left upon hearing Qin Mu's words.

Wang Huanyu showed concern when she pushed his hand away.

"I'll go check on her!"

"She's fine!"

Qin Mu stated, very surely.

Wang Huanyu turned to look at her: "How do you know?"

"Of course, I know!"

Qin Mu earnestly replied and then went inside first.

Wang Huanyu had no choice but to follow behind her.

When Qin Haiming came back, he found several more people in the house, but seeing his eldest daughter there, he felt much more reassured.

"Did you two brothers come together?"

As Qin Haiming sat down on the sofa, he asked.

"Yes! My brother just came back from a business trip recently and is feeling a bit unwell, so I've been acting as his driver."

Wang Mingyu responded with a smile and said no more.

Qin Haiming nodded: I appreciate the effort you brothers have put in. It's just that there are some things I need to know, which is why I asked you to come over so quickly.

Qin Mu sat on the side without speaking, merely helping to pour tea after the auntie left.

Wang Mingyu couldn't help but take an extra glance at her while she was pouring tea. She, however, did not even lift her eyelids, simply remaining politely on the side.

"Where's Mingzhu?"

Qin Haiming asked, looking around and not seeing Qin Mingzhu, worried that she had gone out again.

"She's upstairs. There was a small accident, I'll explain it to you later."

Qin Mu stated.

Qin Haiming turned to look at his daughter, sensing that Qin Mu knew everything, thus he did not inquire further.

However, he still got quite a shock when Qin Mingzhu came down from upstairs: "What happened?"

Chapter 822: Qin Mu's Plan_3

Qin Mingzhu shed tears of grievance but stubbornly remained silent, merely sitting beside him and weeping on his shoulder.

Qin Mingzhu dared not speak, fearing that Qin Haiming would find out about her going out.

"I will explain this matter to you later."

Qin Mu was also a bit nervous, but still softly reminded him.

Wang Mingyu unconsciously lowered his head to suppress his laughter, thinking could all this be your orchestration?

On the surface, she appears genteel, but one look from her lets you know she's not as innocent as she looks. Wang Mingyu felt it was highly likely that this matter involved Qin Mu.

Now she is the calmest here.

"Dad! I'm fine! No need to interfere! But could you please not make me go with Wang Huanyu?"

Qin Mingzhu continued to confide softly, as she truly did not want to go.

"Mingzhu!"

Wang Huanyu was so annoyed by her that he got a headache, knowing that he had been very busy lately, yet still had to run around for her. But what about her?

Constantly resisting, continuously defying.

If not getting married wasn't enough, she even wanted to move out of the Wang Family's home.

Wang Huanyu didn't mind moving out with her, knowing she disliked constraints, but in a family like the Wang Family, it's not simply up to you to decide to live alone.

"It's no use calling me, because I will not marry into your family."

Having said that, Qin Mingzhu then got up and ran upstairs.

Wang Huanyu...

Wang Mingyu was accustomed to seeing Qin Mingzhu throw tantrums, so he did not react and just sat there like a competent younger brother, maintaining silence.

"Shouldn't the young master personally visit with his elders to propose marriage? Although he has already visited once, it's been almost a year. As the groom's family, shouldn't they make their intentions clear?"

Qin Mu asked this question on behalf of Qin Haiming after Qin Mingzhu left.

Qin Haiming actually needed someone to ask this question for him, but he didn't expect Qin Mu to understand him so well.

"Yes! My parents promised they will come over tomorrow!"

Wang Huanyu said, then added: "My parents hope we can complete the wedding soon. Our family has many rules, but Mingzhu has always been the treasure of the household, and the elders are very tolerant."

"My mom particularly likes to educate the youngsters, especially about etiquette."

Wang Mingyu then mentioned this, and Wang Huanyu nodded.

"I think it's good to learn some rules, don't you think so?"

After hearing this, Qin Mu responded and then looked at Qin Haiming.

"This girl has been spoiled since childhood. Speaking of learning rules, she should have learned them from her parents. It's also our fault as elders. When your parents arrive, I will apologize to them."

"She is your precious darling, there's nothing wrong with doting on her. Why talk about apologizing?"

Qin Mu whispered to him, also intending for the two brothers to hear.

At last, she knew that in front of outsiders, she was still supportive of him.

"Yes! Uncle, how could you be wrong? It's just because there are only two sons in our family, so we..."

"Don't mention that, it's good that your mother is teaching her manners and rules. In the future, as a member of your family, she will inevitably face various situations and relationships. How can she cope if she knows nothing?"

Qin Haiming waved his hand to stop Wang Huanyu from explaining further.

Wang Huanyu nodded: Thank you, uncle, for your understanding.

Qin Mu felt that Qin Mingzhu really didn't know what good fortune she had cultivated in her past life to be able to marry into such a good family despite her actions in this life.

That night, after Qin Mu returned home, Feng Fanghua asked her: How are things going with your sister?

"It's resolved!"

Qin Mu sat in the sofa and took a sip of water, mentioning it to her.

But the word 'sister' genuinely made her feel awkward.

"That's good! This girl has always been troublesome since she was little, now she's finally going to be a mother, she can't be as naughty and mischievous as before."

"She might suffer for a few years, but I'm actually quite happy about it."

Qin Mu said, then couldn't help laughing a bit, and moved closer to Feng Fanghua to take the little one in her arms: How come this little guy looks so chubby today?

"He's a bit chubby, but he's still small, so it's good for him to be sturdy like this."

The mother and daughter cooed over the little one for a while before Feng Fanghua asked, "Did your father entrust you with any matters?"

"No!"

Qin Mu shook her head.

"When your sister gets married, both you and Yichen should go!"

Feng Fanghua said.

Qin Mu looked at her non-understandingly, and Feng Fanghua had to explain: "Although you two are half-siblings, there are still some things that need to be done for appearances."

Chapter 823: Qin Mu's Plan_4

"Then let Yichen go, I'm not going!"

There's only so much Qin Mu can do.

"But you're her only sister."

"Mom! What sister are you talking about?"

Qin Mu felt a sudden sense of unease.

If her mom knew she had acknowledged the daughter of their enemy as her sister, she'd probably be so angry that she'd crawl out of her grave to find her, right?

Feng Fanghua was suddenly at a loss for words. She had finally found an excuse to convince herself that her thoughts were correct, but Qin Mu's words had twisted her thoughts back again.

After dinner, Qin Mu went to bed early, feeling like her period was coming, a cool sensation in her lower abdomen.

Although Mu Yichen said he could warm her up with his body, he still went to get her a hot water bottle and then lay behind her holding her: "Feeling any better?"

"Yeah! But my back is also uncomfortable!"

"I'll rub it for you!"

Mu Yichen said and lowered his head, his hand rubbing her back with just the right amount of pressure.

Qin Mu simply placed the hot water bottle on one side of her lower abdomen, pressing it slightly, and then lay on the bed letting Mu Yichen press down properly.

"Tomorrow the Wang Family will send someone over, the Mayor of Qin City has arranged it for AM, and they want us to accompany them."

"I happen to have a social engagement over there tomorrow, so I could go. What do you think?"

"Let's talk about it later! The Mayor asked you to check on their family, how's that going?"

Qin Mu propped her chin with her hands, a lack of focus in her eyes.

"There's nothing wrong with their family."

Mu Yichen had to say.

"It would be better if there were issues. I think it might do that girl good to suffer a bit, might even benefit her future."

Qin Mu said with a mischievous laugh.

Mu Yichen knew that his wife harbored a grudge against Qin Mingzhu, so he did not stop her. If it made her happy, she could even commit murder and he'd help send the knives.

Suddenly remembering the scene where she held a knife against Zhuo Wen, she really seemed insane that day, as if determined to kill Zhuo Wen. Thinking about it now, it still sends a chill down his spine.

"Wife!"

"Hmm?"

"We really can't go around wielding knives so casually in the future!"

Qin Mu...

Mu Yichen's voice wasn't loud, and he whispered into her ear as he spoke.

"Go away, I don't need you!"

Qin Mu knew what he was thinking about, immediately turned around, held the hot water bottle against her back as she lay down and covered herself with a thin quilt.

"I'm not going anywhere tonight. Looks like Aunt Flo is about to visit, so I need to do something about it."

Qin Mu...

That lustful Mr. Mu would only rest a little during those few days.

Ah!

That night, Mu Yichen did not have the heart to disturb her too much because she was in discomfort, so he finished up hesitantly and quickly.

However, he regretted it immensely the next day.

Because his wife really did start her period.

Qin Mu squatted in the bathroom: "Husband, I'm out of sanitary pads, could you please ask Mom to lend me one for now?"

Mu Yichen stood at the bathroom door, his brows furrowed listening to the cries inside, wrapping his arms tight around himself: "What did you say?"

"I'm out of sanitary pads, could you go ask Mom to lend me one?"

Mu Yichen really doubted his own ears, then just stood there dumbfounded.

His wife was surely not ordinary, asking her husband to borrow sanitary pads from her mother, this was something probably no one else in the world could do, right?

But later on, Mu Yichen still found himself at Feng Fanghua's room door. Feng Fanghua was combing Huanhuan's hair and seeing him with a troubled expression, she curiously asked him: "What's the matter, why the long face?"

Huanhuan also glanced at her dad and then continued to admire the pretty braids Grandma was combing for her in the hand mirror.

"That! You..."

How could Mu Yichen say it out loud, damn it.

After cursing in his heart, he was about to bite the bullet and continue, when Mu Zihao despised him from behind: "Stinking brat, why are you blocking the door so early in the morning?"

Seeing his father, Mu Yichen felt like he had found a savior and quickly grabbed the man who was about to enter: "I need to talk to you about something."

Meanwhile, Qin Mu was still squatting on the toilet waiting; she wondered if Feng Fanghua didn't have any, if any of the other aunts might, or maybe there might be some in Mu Qingxin's room?

Qin Mu thought he should come back to her if he couldn't get it from her mother, then she would send him to Mu Qingxin's room.

Almost half an hour later, he came back reluctantly: "Here you go!"

Qin Mu did not expect him to have borrowed it, took it and then drove him out, asking him to wait outside the door for orders.

Qin Mu washed her hands and came out of the bathroom: "Where did you get this from, Mom's place?"

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen answered, but his face wore a very unpleasant look.

"Wow! Mom's amazing. To think she still gets her period at her age."

Qin Mu murmured to herself, ignoring Mu Yichen's embarrassment and walked past him.

Mu Yichen leaned against the wall watching his carefree wife thinking he should have made a move last night to prevent her from being this energetic and tormenting him today.

"But, Mrs. Mu!"

"Hmm?"

Qin Mu turned her head when she heard him call her: "What is it?"

"Could you possibly not involve me in this sort of thing in the future?"

Mu Yichen was still leaning there; he felt determined not to do these things anymore.

Qin Mu...

"Who else am I supposed to ask? It's only you here!"

If it were in the studio, she'd ask Xiaomei, but of course, she had to ask the nearest person.

"You think it's really okay for me to ask my mother to borrow a sanitary pad for you?"

Mu Yichen squinted his eyes, seriously looking at her as he asked.

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Qin Mu ultimately did not attend the party, but the hotel sent over a bottle of fine red wine, with the manager personally providing service.

Qin Haiming had given her a heads-up; this banquet was attended by Zhang Rujia alongside father and daughter, so when she learned about the situation, she wasn't surprised at all.

Qin Mu continued to quietly design her fashion, also completing the several outfits prepared for Li Yu. That day, when Li Yu returned from out of town, he went straight to the studio, holding only a pot of grass in his hand.

"An old man was selling them by the roadside. I felt he was having a tough time, so I bought a pot and I'll give it to you. I'm not suited to take care of these little things."

Qin Mu didn't say anything else; the pot of flowers was placed in a corner of her office desk.

Li Yu sat down and lit a cigarette: "Is it really made by you? You know that every piece of clothing you personally make always brings me good luck."

Qin Mu laughed softly, giving him a glance: I didn't know I had the ability to bring people good fortune.

"You know now?"

Li Yu took a puff of smoke, his devilish gaze peering at her through the clouds of smoke.

Qin Mu looked down, and soon Xiaomei brought the clothes up from downstairs, standing at the doorway asking, "Shall we go try them on now?"

"Yes!"

Li Yu looked toward the door, then stood up, cigarette in hand, and walked out.

Xiaomei guided him to the changing room, while Qin Mu sat behind her office desk continuously gazing at the pot of green plant. Later, out of curiosity about its name, she searched on Baidu and found that it was called Lucky Bamboo.

Qin Mu also checked the price, then started watering it every day with peace of mind.

A few days later, the Lucky Bamboo died!

The day Qin Mu discovered her Lucky Bamboo had died in the studio, her mood crumbled. She had taken such good care of it and even specially changed it into a flawless, pretty little white pot.

Qin Mu went to see Helian Hao, who couldn't help but laugh after hearing it: Li Yu really overestimated you, thinking that if you can design clothes, you can take care of plants? If he knew you can't even cook, he'd probably look at you differently.

Qin Mu...

"But speaking of which, this Li Yu is quite attentive, isn't he?"

Helian Hao said, looking at Qin Mu with great interest.

Qin Mu sat on the sofa at her place, so frustrated that she almost couldn't eat: "Don't overthink it. I've already made it clear to him, if every man who comes to me for designing clothes looks at me twice or gives me a little something is interested in me, huh! I wouldn't believe it myself."

"Hmm! Or maybe he just wants a hookup."

Helian Hao spoke softly because she saw her mother-in-law coming from the kitchen after she started speaking, so she kept her voice down.

Qin Mu was startled by those words.

"What are you two whispering about? Afraid that I might hear?"

Helian Hao's mother-in-law brought out some fruit from the kitchen and placed it in front of them: "Mumu, you should come and visit our house more often. Recently, those two men have been busy, and just the two of us at home taking care of the children is also boring. Come over more often to make the house a bit more lively."

"Sure!"

Although Qin Mu felt it was improper, she still nodded and agreed.

Helian Hao of course knew that Qin Mu could not come over often. The grudge between the Jing Family and Qin Mu seemed to be in the past, but some things are impossible to act as if they were never seen.

"What's your son's name again?"

Mrs. Jing asked.

"Mu Chengyang!"

Qin Mu responded, smiling helplessly as she saw Mrs. Jing earnestly memorizing the name, and then added: His sister is named Mu Chenghuan.

"When did Huanhuan change her surname?"

"A long time ago!"

After Qin Mu moved into Mu Mansion, Feng Fanghua mentioned it to her, and she went to change it the next day.

"Surprised, aren't you? You thought the daughter was going to have your last name, but in the end, she followed the surname of the Mu family."

Helian Hao winked at her.

In response, Qin Mu sighed helplessly: "It's all fine, after all, my mother's last name is also Mu."

She might as well take her mother's surname; Qin Mu actually felt much more at ease with the surname Mu than with the surname Qin.

She will not want the surname Qin in her next life.

Mrs. Jing's expression turned a bit unnatural as she heard Qin Mu talk about her mother; she knew Qin Mu must still be harboring hard feelings about that matter. At that time, she really had no choice but to take that pocket watch to coerce get Qin Mu to release Jing Qing, though it was actually a plea.

But Qin Mu clearly didn't understand her inner turmoil, and Mrs. Jing slowly stood up: You two continue talking, I will go to the kitchen to prepare lunch for you.

"Mrs. Jing, there's no need to trouble yourself, I have a meeting with a client soon, and I will have to leave shortly."

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Qin Mu hurriedly called out to her, subtly refusing.

Helian Hao was unhappy when she heard Qin Mu was leaving: "You've only just arrived not long ago."

Her voice wasn't loud; she was holding Qin Mu's hand, genuinely not wanting her to go.

"Now that you are out of confinement, isn't seeing me just a matter of minutes? Besides, if you call me, don't I rush over immediately?"

Qin Mu chatted for a while longer, then Helian Hao walked her out.

"So Qin Mingzhu is really getting married this time, right?"

"Yeah, this time she won't run away anymore."

Qin Mu answered.

Was Qin Mingzhu's reluctance to get married really because of family?

No!

In reality, it was because she had a voice in Rongcheng, where almost all her childhood friends would listen to her. But now they no longer pay attention to her, even joining forces to bully and humiliate her. Once her attachment here was cut off, she naturally wouldn't resist Beijing as much.

However, it still depends on whether Wang Huanyu can help her establish a circle there. She's a girl who can't stand loneliness; just staying at home is definitely not going to work.

As long as Wang Huanyu helps her make new friends there, maybe the future will turn out well.

And for her, Qin Mu, there would be one less rival.

Qin Mingzhu might seem brainless, but every move she makes tends to be significant.

In the afternoon, driving to pick up her daughter from school, she was still the first one to reach the classroom door.

As soon as the teacher opened the door and saw her, she couldn't help but laugh: "Today it's Huanhuan's mom coming to pick up Huanhuan again! If Huanhuan's mom is in a hurry next time, you can call me, okay?"

Because many people immediately crowded around, the teacher couldn't say more, just giving her a sincere look.

"I'm not in a hurry, I just like being first."

Qin Mu understood the teacher's intention, nodded her head but said so.

The teacher finally recovered, then immediately waved to Huanhuan: "Huanhuan, your mom is here!"

Huanhuan seemed reluctant to leave, quietly playing with toys with her friends, but when she saw her mom, she put the toys back in their original place and went to find her mom with her little backpack.

One by one, the teacher started calling out the children's names; everyone was reluctant to leave the school but had to go.

Huanhuan was silent all the way. Before getting into the car, Qin Mu squatted down to her height and asked her, "Aren't you happy that mom came to pick you up?"

"No, I just wanted to play a little longer at school."

Huanhuan mumbled, slightly unhappy.

Qin Mu raised her hand to rub her head: "You love to play so much; shall we come early tomorrow, hmm?"

"Yeah!"

Huanhuan immediately nodded, becoming happy again at the thought of coming early.

Qin Mu picked her up, got her into the car, secured the door and was about to head to the front when a mother suddenly ran over with her daughter: "Huanhuan's mom!"

Qin Mu turned around upon hearing the voice, saw that woman's eyes were a bit evasive, nodded at her with a smile and glanced behind her, then said: "Huanhuan's mom, could you please let Huanhuan move to another classroom?"

"Why?"

Qin Mu asked, puzzled.

"Ever since Huanhuan joined the class, our Linlin has lost her place in the class, so can you talk to the teacher about switching Huanhuan to another classroom?"

"If it's your daughter who has lost her place in the class, why should my daughter have to move to another class?"

Qin Mu questioned with a naturally sharp gaze at the woman opposite her, somewhat annoyed.

"But our Linlin joined the class last year and is used to this class."

The parent continued, just wanting her daughter to have a good standing in the class, without feeling any negativity towards Huanhuan.

But...

"Oh! Our Huanhuan has just gotten used to the new environment and now she has to switch classes? Linlin's mom, I don't mean to say this, but you're really selfish! Our Huanhuan has always been a considerate child, but I absolutely will not yield on this matter. Huanhuan will stay in this class."

After saying this, Qin Mu got into the car and closed the door.

That Linlin's mom stood there holding Linlin's hand, watching her car drive away, still couldn't help but complain: "Isn't it just that she has some stinking money? What's so great about that, I'll take you to the teacher."

However, Huanhuan was excited all the way home. Since the front door was open when her mom and that aunt were talking, Huanhuan heard everything.

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She knew her mother was great, but she didn't realize how protective her mother would be. Suddenly, she felt like she was about to float away, but she tried hard not to laugh out loud from excitement, afraid that her mother might make fun of her.

When they got home, Qin Mu had just lifted her out of the car when she dashed towards the house. Watching her, Qin Mu couldn't help but mutter, "What's that attitude? Not even thanking Mom?"

"Grandma!"

As Huanhuan entered the house and saw her grandmother sitting on the sofa, she immediately ran over to her, calling out as if she missed her and couldn't wait.

"Oh, Huanhuan is back from school, huh! Is our Huanhuan feeling shy?"

Feng Fanghua cupped her granddaughter's face, surprised to see her cheeks puffed up red.

Huanhuan pulled away her hand and burrowed into her embrace.

After Qin Mu entered, she couldn't help but ask, "What's gotten into this girl?"

"She's growing up! Isn't that right, Grandma's big darling?"

"Huanhuan is the little darling!"

Huanhuan corrected her grandma with her head held high, then turned to look at her little brother who was sleeping in the stroller.

"Why isn't brother waking up?"

Huanhuan turned to ask her grandma after looking at her brother.

"That's because he just fell asleep."

Feng Fanghua had been holding him all afternoon and had just put him down a few minutes ago, her shoulders still aching.

"Mom, you didn't hold him all day at home, did you?"

Seeing Feng Fanghua massaging her shoulders, Qin Mu sat down next to her and began massaging them as she asked.

"I have nothing else to do, but my shoulders do hurt quite a bit today. Press harder."

Feng Fanghua said, asking Qin Mu to increase the pressure, while Huanhuan knelt beside and began massaging her legs, "Grandma, does it feel good when Huanhuan massages your legs? Should I press harder?"

Feng Fanghua was so moved she was on the verge of tears, this little darling always imitated the adults and was so sweet-talking.

"Truly! Our Huanhuan is so understanding!"

Feng Fanghua remarked emotionally, caressing her little head.

"This afternoon after school, a parent suggested that we have Huanhuan change classes, saying that ever since this girl joined the class, she's taken over somebody else's spot."

Upon hearing how sensible Huanhuan was, Qin Mu wondered if she was causing trouble at school and the teachers were keeping it from the parents.

"What's the reasoning behind this? Which parent? I'll go have a word with them tomorrow. Huanhuan has just gotten used to her new environment, why should we change classes? If they want to switch, let them switch. Wherever they like."

Qin Mu laughed upon hearing what Feng Fanghua said, finding it amusing how similar their temperaments were. Even their reactions were identical, both so protective.

Qin Mu thought carefully, in their family, the most rational one about Huanhuan's matters, could it be Mu Yi?

Considering Mu Yi's reaction whenever Huanhuan went to their bed, Qin Mu thought, maybe Mu Yi should take care of such trivial matters?

"Tomorrow I'll pick her up with your dad, you don't have to go."

Feng Fanghua worried that Qin Mu looked too gentle-faced, which might be why other people bullied her daughter and granddaughter, so she immediately stopped Qin Mu from going to pick up Huanhuan.

"Mom, I think it's probably nothing. What if Yichen takes care of it?"

"Him? He's good at business deals, but not good at anything else."

Feng Fanghua said, shaking her head.

Mu Yichen had just returned home and heard his wife and mother discussing him. As he approached, he asked curiously, "What are you saying I can't do?"

"Talking about someone wanting your daughter to change classes, your wife suggested you figure out a solution. Can you handle it?"

"Just today I donated a library to the school, and even wrote Huanhuan's name as the donor."

Mu Yichen mentioned another matter, ignoring the first topic.

The implication was, if the school didn't play nice, they could forget about the donation!

He sat across from the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law duo, looking at the little girl massaging her grandma's legs, then glanced at his wife: "Did the teacher say anything?"

"No! But why did you donate a library?"

Does Mu Yi really treat money like paper?

"It's good to donate money to the school."

Feng Fanghua was quite pleased with her son's actions.

Qin Mu felt...

It was utterly ridiculous!

So much money and nowhere to spend it?

She thought about her sizeable bank debt, while her husband casually donated a fortune outside.

"Oh!"

But she couldn't argue with her mother-in-law, so she just nodded in agreement.

Mu Yichen saw Qin Mu's reluctant expression and a smirk curled up on his lips: Was Mrs. Mu unhappy?

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Qin Mu glared at him when she heard that, her eyes clearly saying: Dare to say one more word and see?

Feng Fanghua turned to look at Qin Mu: "That's small change, but for our Huanhuan, during her years in kindergarten and later when our Chengcheng goes to school, it will be worth it."

Does it mean that this brother and sister are going to dominate the school?

The corner of Qin Mu's mouth twitched, and although she felt that children shouldn't be aggrieved at school, she still did not quite approve of such behavior.

However, being the poorest person in the family, she didn't really have a say, so she shut up.

After dinner, Mu Yichen took Qin Mu out for a walk again, but this time they went downtown.

They returned to the apartment.

Qin Mu asked him, "Didn't you say you wanted to go out for a walk?"

"Isn't this going out for a walk?"

In the elevator, Mu Yichen gave her an ambiguous look, wrapped his arm around her shoulder, and looked straight ahead.

Qin Mu...

Alright, Boss Mu is rich, Boss Mu is the boss, and what Boss Mu says goes.

"Mrs. Mu!"

"Hmm?"

Before exiting the elevator, Mu Yichen suddenly called her and still held her shoulder, but his eyes were sharper, staring at the elevator wall.

Qin Mu looked up at him, puzzled.

"Heard that Li Yu sent you another gift?"

Mu Yichen asked, very seriously.

"You mean..."

Qin Mu instantly remembered her withered Lucky Bamboo, which had lasted only two days.

It was supposed to be kept moist, but it died in just two days.

"What I mean? Could there be more than one incident?"

Qin Mu...

"Why not confess honestly?"

The elevator doors opened, and Mu Yichen turned and trapped her inside.

Qin Mu, frightened, held her chest and said, "Don't mess around in the elevator, if something happens, both of us will be in trouble."

Facing Qin Mu's reminder, Mu Yichen wickedly smirked, "An accident would actually be something I look forward to."

That intense gaze, as if he was about to devour her, was it because she had her period a few days ago?

So tonight...

Hmm! No wonder Mu Yichen said to return late when they left.

Qin Mu felt, maybe they wouldn't return at all!

Mu Yichen raised his hand, grasped her chin, looked at her tormented little expression, then happily lowered his gaze and kissed her.

Qin Mu was immediately so smothered she couldn't breathe, while Mu Yichen pinned her against the elevator corner and ravaged her wildly.

Until the elevator 'dinged' on a certain floor.

A lady entered and saw the man in the corner with his back to her, vaguely covering a woman's body, and turned her head away in embarrassment immediately.

The lady hesitated to look more, feeling every second was an eternity.

But Mu Yichen, looking at the petite woman pressed against his chest in his arms, couldn't help but gently kiss her hair, his hands becoming mischievous again.

Qin Mu suddenly remembered there was a camera in the elevator, and instantly felt awful.

"Hmm?"

But just as she pushed him, he made a noise, frightening her; she quickly raised her eyes, hurriedly covered his mouth with her hand, and used her eyes to signal him not to say another word.

By the time they reached the first floor, it felt as if they had waited an eternity.

When the lady got off, Mu Yichen turned his head to look outside, then immediately closed the elevator doors, and pressed up against her, wickedly squeezing her chest, making her nearly burst out: "Baby, continue!"

Qin Mu was about to break down, jumped onto his waist, and hugged him: "Let's continue back at the apartment, okay?"

"No good!"

Mu Yichen refused, his cold lips teasing her exquisitely beautiful, long neck.

Qin Mu, distressed, raised her head, her eyes misty but in the next instant saw the camera again, promptly lowered her head, and whined as if about to cry: "Stop teasing, there's a camera."

Mu Yichen...

He had actually forgotten about the camera just now, so he didn't continue but waited until they reached the twelfth floor. As soon as the elevator doors opened, he immediately carried Qin Mu and ran out, while still kissing her.

The advantage of having a strong man...

At this moment, his strengths were fully displayed.

Qin Mu, pressed against the door by him, continued to be tormented, had to reach back to input her fingerprint to unlock.

After the door opened, he put her down, but immediately turned her around to face the door: "Every month during these few days, I am about to burst."

His heart was like a blazing fire already burning fiercely, and Qin Mu at this point was like a glass of cold water that he had boiled.

"Be gentle!"

Qin Mu whispered in protest.

"Hmm?"

Mu Yichen didn't quite catch what she said, looked down at her, her red, flush face, especially her lightly closed eyes with long dark lashes, stirred his heart.

Chapter 828: The Chairman Mu wants to shut down her studio?_5

"Should I give Mom a call?" she asked.

"No need!"

Mu Yichen felt his wife still wasn't focused enough, even at this time she was thinking about calling home; was he not doing his job well enough?

So, he decided to apply a few more tricks to keep her mind off anything else.

But...

"Mom will worry!"

Qin Mu reminded in a low voice.

"She's already used to it."

Mu Yichen bit her gently and unconsciously let out a smile, reminding her.

Qin Mu...

Now, she was nearly fainting from being toyed with by the robust President Mu; she just wanted to appear not too miserable and weak, but it seemed President Mu had no intention of giving her that chance.

Mu Yichen still carried her to the sofa, for fear that too much force might hurt her against the door.

So, he supported her as they moved back towards the sofa.

Qin Mu wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, breathing weakly, feeling the warmth of his chest, even through his shirt.

Mu Yichen gently kissed her ear, soothing her as he carried her and sat down on the sofa.

He unbuttoned his shirt to let their skin touch.

In the dimly lit living room, the sufficiently spacious sofa had already become their tool.

The night is quiet, here passion runs deep.

— —

By the time they returned to the bedroom, it was well into the night, Qin Mu was weakly carried to bed by him, and he lay beside her looking at her feeble figure, about to collapse, and couldn't help but feel distressed, gently kissing her lips.

"I'm going to run the bathwater!"

"Don't wanna bathe now, let's do it in the morning!"

After Qin Mu muttered, in fact, she was afraid that he might lose control again in the bathroom.

"Then I'll grab a towel to wipe you down a bit; you're covered in sweat, okay?"

Qin Mu did not retort this time, but... wasn't it just about wiping off sweat?

The next day, Qin Mu had no strength to get up for work and answered Xiaomei's call only to hear her screaming on the phone: "The clients have been waiting for you for half an hour, didn't you say you'd never be late?"

"..."

Qin Mu's ears hurt from the noise, and the moment she remembered she had things to do today, she sprang up from the bed.

Her appearance was disheveled, her eyes empty as she gave the room a once-over.

Dead silent! Where is President Mu?

"Mu Yichen..."

As she called out for him, her entire throat complained, uncomfortable.

She thought she could call out gently last night, enticing him with her voice.

But...

She ended up following his command, losing herself to him.

Mu Yichen was preparing breakfast, therefore he didn't hear her calling.

By the time he came upstairs, she had already washed up and was dressing, tucking her white shirt into her blue skirt.

Her little behind was enveloped, not big but exceptionally perky.

He couldn't help but linger at the doorway, greedily gazing at her, unable to take his eyes off her neat figure.

When Qin Mu turned around and saw him, she couldn't help but tease: "Can you really enjoy this? I'm already late for work."

"I thought we both weren't going to work this morning. You have work?"

Qin Mu...

On second thought, it made sense; it was already past ten, and by the time she'd get to the studio it'd be past eleven. The clients had rescheduled already, so...

"Forget it! Have you prepared breakfast?"

Qin Mu suddenly felt a bit hungry.

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen responded, with his hands crossed over his chest, his eyes still fixated on her as she smartly got ready.

She tied her hair up, neither too high nor too low, revealing her face as fresh as a lotus out of water, and that beautiful, biteable neckline of hers.

Most importantly, today was the first time he saw her in that blue skirt; it made her legs look exceptionally long, long enough to elicit a reaction from him.

"Let's go eat, I'm starving!"

Qin Mu's throat was still uncomfortable, so she was in a bad mood.

It's normal to feel out of energy the next day after playing so hard at night.

Qin Mu comforted herself as she walked forward.

But Mu Yichen was blocking the doorway: "Dear, I suddenly have a great idea."

Qin Mu was puzzled when he called her dear, she looked up at him with curiosity: What great idea?

Seeing the domineering look in his eyes, Qin Mu's heart suddenly tightened, could it be...

"No way, I'll be spent if you come at me again!"

Qin Mu hastily took a step back, hugging herself defensively.

"Ten minutes!"

President Mu said cheerfully.

Qin Mu...

The thing is there was just-cooked breakfast downstairs, and he feared it would get cold if they dallied too long, losing its current flavor.

So ten minutes, he could already do that.

But...

The freak didn't even take off her underwear, ha!

From the outside, her top didn't look disheveled, and her hair was still neat, but underneath...

After Qin Mu went downstairs, she couldn't help but ask in the dining room: Are we having breakfast or lunch now?

"Sorry, I didn't control the time well, I'll definitely stick to the schedule next time."

Mu Yichen apologized to her, pretending to be very gentlemanly.

But Qin Mu had the urge to chew him up into mincemeat in her mouth.

Stick to the schedule?

Anyway, she wouldn't believe him again in the future.

"This skirt suits you very well today, wear blue more often."

President Mu suddenly remarked.

Qin Mu looked up at him, then couldn't help but tease with a laugh: "Dear, do you know how many blue clothes I have? From large to small, from fat to thin, though I seldom wear them, it's definitely not the first time, so can you tell me why you have such a beastly reaction today?"

She suddenly got serious, and Mu Yichen lowered his dark eyes, feeling that he had started a very poor topic.

She often wears blue?

But this dark blue skirt, he felt like he was seeing it for the first time.

But if he continued to argue with her, Mu Yichen feared the meal would get cold, so he quickly said: Let's talk over the meal.

Qin Mu then picked up her chopsticks again but couldn't help glaring at him once more before starting to eat.

So exhausted she almost felt faint, how could she have an appetite?

Her legs were so sore that she could hardly move.

In the afternoon...

She might as well not go to work.

But...

Qin Mu looked up at the man already eating, suddenly retracted what she had just said to herself; if she didn't go to work, wouldn't she just end up being tormented by him here?

Better sneak back home!

It would be best for him not to know where she is, to prevent him from following her.

"However, how many gifts has that Li Yu guy really sent you?" Mu Yichen brought up the topic from last night again.

Qin Mu's hand trembled with fright, almost unable to hold her chopsticks.

"How could I remember? It's not like I'm the one giving gifts to others."

Qin Mu muttered then suddenly felt like eating, bowing her head and hurrying through her meal.

Mu Yichen looked at her and chuckled, a touch of ruthlessness suddenly appearing in his devilish eyes.

"If there's a next time, we might as well not open the studio."

"What?"

Qin Mu's eyes widened in shock, nearly popping out. He wanted her to close down the studio simply because someone gave her gifts?

"I think you're more suited to be a full-time Mrs. Mu at home, you can draw whatever you like when you're free, there are enough people at home for you to draw, right?"

Qin Mu...

She never imagined President Mu could be so despicable.

He actually had the idea of making her close down the studio, which was terrifying.

Seeing his eyes quick as a leopard, a fire suddenly rose in Qin Mu's heart, climbing up to her throat.

"Mu Yichen if you dare to mess with my studio, I'll never let you off."

"You think I'm afraid of you?"

Chapter 829: Manservant

"Aren't you afraid of me? I am afraid of you, haha!"

Qin Mu stood up and stared at him seriously, as if the studio was already in jeopardy.

"As long as no one else clings to you, everything will be as you say, OK?"

Mu Yichen felt that she was being overly serious.

After hearing this, Qin Mu unconsciously grabbed her waist, smiled disappointingly, then raised her eyes and looked at him unhappily: "President Mu, can you please understand something? I have never allowed any man to pester me, I didn't even give other men the chance. It's you, again and again, letting those women have the chance to cling to you. By your logic, does that mean you can also stop going to work?"

"Okay! Not going to work is no problem."

Mu Yichen spread his hands, leaned back in his chair, looking especially calm.

"Mu Yichen, you are such a jerk!"

After last night my legs still hurt, the warmth upstairs is still in my body, but now...

The two quarrelled and then went their separate ways.

Qin Mu drove home, and while feeding her son in the room, she couldn't help but secretly shed tears, big tear drops.

She just couldn't accept it, he could be addictive in controlling her, but it shouldn't be too excessive.

Later, after Chengcheng slept, Qin Mu was drawing in the study, but suddenly the computer had a problem, she was so angry that she almost smashed the computer, but finally she quickly caught it as it was about to fall off the table.

A tremor went through her heart.

She was really too angry, regarding money matters, she was always careful, so she quickly put the computer back in its place.

She hurriedly called someone to fix it.

But after the computer was fixed, only the inside data could be taken out; it could not be used anymore. She didn't know whose computer it was, but anyway Mu Zihao said to let her use the best study at home for work and even gifted her a computer.

At the time, she was secretly pleased to see that the computer was only two years old, but it didn't last long.

Because the computer was broken, she went downstairs to chat with Feng Fanghua, who was folding Chengcheng's small clothes and said to her as she sat down: "Look at your son's new clothes, these few have just been disinfected, very clean."

"Is this new clothes you bought again? Aren't his new clothes a bit too much?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but complain, how come this boy is so lucky?

In the past, I heard people say that daughters should be raised in wealth, boys should be raised in poverty, so she worked hard to earn money for Huanhuan, but she didn't expect her son also required so much effort to raise.

"What are you saying? With our family's condition, even if he had a warehouse full of clothes it wouldn't be excessive."

Feng Fanghua looked up at her, then added a reminder.

"Mom! Don't you think you're spoiling the child too much? If this goes on, won't they lose their ability to be independent in the future?"

"Our family's money is enough to support both siblings, and don't you see Qingxin and Yichen lack independence? I have always pampered them since they were young, and doesn't Yichen still know how to cook?"

Feng Fanghua kindly reminded.

As soon as she mentioned this, Qin Mu had nothing more to say, but Mu Yichen is indeed capable of many things, it would just be better if he were more generous.

Suddenly Qin Mu thought, Mu Yichen being so ungenerous, might it be because Feng Fanghua indulged and spoiled him from a young age, giving him everything best, making him so selfish, domineering, and unreasonable now.

Today, he even threatened to shut down her studio, a studio she built from the ground up with hard work. If he dares to shut it down, she'll fight him to the death, literally to death.

She wouldn't care if he's the husband or whatever else.

Feng Fanghua looked at Qin Mu whose face looked a bit off and asked, "What's wrong? Didn't come home all night, too much indulgence?"

Qin Mu looked up, speechless.

What kind of topic is my dear mother-in-law bringing up?

But Feng Fanghua seemed to think she was overreacting: "It's like I'm not a woman myself; I've given birth to two children, both of you should be more restrained."

"Mom!"

Qin Mu couldn't stand it, her face flushed with heat as if cooked, totally red.

"Mom what! You look so bad, isn't it because of that reason?"

Feng Fanghua suddenly leaned in closer, her voice also pressed low.

"Mom, you really are..."

Qin Mu couldn't help but raise her hand to cover her face, feeling absolutely embarrassed.

Even if she's my biological mother, this topic still...

"Oh, still shy? You're a mother of two children!"

"Please don't say anymore!"

Qin Mu almost stomped her foot, covering her face while complaining.

"Alright, alright, I won't talk anymore, no more!"

Feng Fanghua nodded hurriedly, but couldn't help laughing at seeing her silly appearance.

Chapter 830: Manservant_2

Qin Mu is quite shy, but this was the first time Feng Fanghua noticed it.

Later, when Huanhuan was brought back, the family was chatting, and Mu Yichen also returned.

As soon as Qin Mu heard that the aunt announced the young master was back, she immediately stood up and left.

Feng Fanghua and Huanhuan looked up at her, both not understanding why she suddenly left.

When Mu Yichen entered, he glanced up to see Qin Mu going upstairs and then looked down at the sofa, where Feng Fanghua and Huanhuan were sizing him up as if there were strange symbols on his face.

"What's the matter?"

He asked as he walked over, about to sit down.

"You should exercise some restraint in the future, look how you've worn her out, she's all listless."

Mu Yichen was about to sit down, but how could he sit now? He thought, Ms. Feng, do you even realize what you're saying?

"I'll go up and check on her!"

Mu Yichen had no choice but to bow his head obediently, pretending to be calm, and hurried away.

"What's wrong with Daddy?"

Huanhuan asked her grandma as she watched her dad's retreating figure.

"Your daddy, he's feeling shy!"

Feng Fanghua touched her granddaughter's super springy little face and said with a smile.

Huanhuan seemed to hear some major news, looking surprised back at her dad's figure, but he was no longer in sight.

Mu Yichen went upstairs, but Qin Mu hadn't returned to her room.

The computer repairman had come and fixed the computer, and she was pouring things out.

Thinking she might still be unhappy about the conversation at noon, Mu Yichen went to the study to find her and knocked gently on the door twice.

Qin Mu didn't even lift her head: "No entry allowed!"

Mu Yichen smiled at those four words, then gently pushed open the door and peeked his head in to look at her.

"Mrs. Mu, I'm here to apologize."

"I wouldn't dare accept an apology, but my computer is broken, and I need a new one."

Qin Mu mentioned it casually, of course, if he didn't offer to give her one, that would be a big problem.

"What brand do you usually use? I'll have someone send a new one over right now."

"Just the same as the one in the studio."

Qin Mu deliberately did not mention the brand, to see how good his memory was.

Mu Yichen looked up at her and then smiled: "Ok!"

He took out his phone, intending to buy one from an online store. Qin Mu seemed to anticipate this, so she quickly looked up at him: "I need to use it tonight."

Mu Yichen...

He put away his phone, then squinted his attractive eyes, smiling faintly at her.

"Alright! I'll go buy it myself then; it must need to be me who goes, right?"

Qin Mu looked at him, her eyes saying: "You know what's best."

Mu Yichen, with no other option, had to go buy her a new computer.

"How about you come with me, Mrs. Mu? I'll be your driver. What do you think? Otherwise, if you're not satisfied with what I buy..."

"Then you'll have to go exchange it!"

Mu Yichen knew, with just one sentence, he had thoroughly irritated her.

So he nodded obediently and went off to buy her the computer.

As he was going downstairs, Feng Fanghua asked him: "We're about to have dinner, where are you going?"

"To buy the laptop for the young madam!"

Mu Yichen didn't even turn his head.

"Daddy!"

Huanhuan ran after him from the coffee table.

Mu Yichen had to stop: "Are you coming with me?"

Mu Yichen bent down and asked her.

"Hmm!"

Huanhuan nodded.

"That's good!"

Mu Yichen thought about it, taking Huanhuan with him. Even if the purchase wasn't good, he could still find a scapegoat.

So he went with Huanhuan in his arms.

"Buying a computer?"

Feng Fanghua murmured in confusion and then looked upstairs, knowing it was time for her to check things out.

"Madam, would you like to come to the kitchen to check on the dishes?"

The housemaid came out, mentioning that the chef was worried that Feng Fanghua might not be satisfied with the dishes, so she asked her to come and take a look.

"Alright!"

Fearing to ask too much might embarrass Qin Mu, and as a senior family member, one really shouldn't pry too much into the young couple's affairs, Feng Fanghua turned her head back towards the kitchen.

The dishes did indeed look a bit off.

But the chef immediately changed them according to her instructions.

Feng Fanghua really couldn't cook, but she sure had a sharp eye.

If the dishes weren't visually appealing, she just wouldn't have the appetite.

In this regard, Qin Mu was really very much like her: preferring no taste over poor presentation.

The grandfather-grandson duo ate their dinner outside, but they were both very happy; it was rare for them to make such a relaxed appointment.

The atmosphere at home was also quite good, except Feng Fanghua started to complain that it was a pity the grandpa and grandson pair missed out on such a great meal.

"Missed out? The food at home is so good they are probably sick of it, I bet they're happily eating out right now."

Mu Zihao reminded Feng Fanghua.

"Hmph! Your son really is heartless, couldn't he have bought the computer after dinner?"

Feng Fanghua said while glancing at Qin Mu, who in fright trembled to his core but could only give a sheepish smile: "I know I was wrong, I'll make sure he eats before he leaves next time."

"What's the difference? If a family eats together all the time, I think it's quite nice to be short one or two occasionally."

Mu Zihao wanted to comfort Qin Mu so she wouldn't be afraid.

Qin Mu wasn't really afraid of Feng Fanghua anymore; in fact, she respected her quite a bit and didn't want to let the elders down.

The feeling of disappointment...

She had experienced it too well, so she didn't want the people who loved her to go through that, especially the elders.

Perhaps it was because they spent a lot of time together, their family was already very harmonious, and that's why there was no secrecy between them.

"Dad does have a point!"

So she suddenly laughed and agreed with Mu Zihao.

"Hmph! You're trying to please both sides?"

After hearing this, Feng Fanghua couldn't help but snort with laughter, thinking to herself, this woman is such a fence-sitter.

Qin Mu, however, thought of a double agent.

When Mu Yichen returned home with his daughter, it was already past nine, and Chengcheng had gone to sleep.

Huanhuan was also getting sleepy, so the housemaid and Feng Fanghua took Huanhuan to bathe, while Qin Mu and Mu Zihao supervised 'Director Mu' setting up the computer.

However, 'Director Mu's' computer assembly skills were indeed...

After the computer was set up, Mu Zihao commented, "Your speed isn't cutting it."

Mu Yichen...

Mu Zihao looked at his son's deeply aggrieved eyes, said nothing more, then casually walked out, clearing his throat.

Mu Yichen then turned his gaze to the woman using the new computer, and at that moment, there was finally a smile on her face.

Just a computer worth tens of thousands, and she was so happy.

And this computer was bought by him no less!

Mu Yichen thought about it; her car was bought by him, so was the computer, and many other things as well, he had to buy her many more in the future.

As for the money she earned, she could save it for whatever she wanted, even for investments if she wished. Anyway, when it came to spending money, it should be him footing the bill.

Mu Yichen grew more and more proud of this thought.

One could even say that he was proud before the time had come to be so.

Later, Qin Mu looked up at him and said, "What are you doing here? I have to work."

"It's almost ten o'clock now, work?"

"If I didn't work during the day, of course, I have to work overtime at night."

Qin Mu said with conviction.

It was actually just an excuse not to go back to the room with him.

Not too pleased, Mu Yichen asked, "How long will you be working overtime?"

"That's not something 'Director Mu' needs to worry about."

Without looking at him anymore, Qin Mu started transferring files to the new computer.

Mu Yichen watched her for a long while before turning and walking out.

"Oh, right, thanks for the computer, 'Director Mu'!"

Mu Yichen turned his head, thinking that if she wanted to thank someone, she should do it more sincerely. A perfunctory thank you might suffocate a beggar, but trying to fob him, Mu Yichen, off like that just wouldn't do.