

His Beloved 891

Chapter 891: new regulations (10)_2

When Secretary Xi came in to deliver coffee, she accidentally walked into a scene she shouldn't have seen—Qin Mu was straddling Mu Yichen's waist, playfully bickering with him.

Mu Yichen was lying on the sofa, laughing like a spirited, handsome young man.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

Secretary Xi quickly apologized, then, without setting the coffee down, she turned and left in a hurry.

Qin Mu's face was flushed bright red with embarrassment. She tried to get off him, but he tightly held onto her hand.

"Stop messing around! Or I'll really get angry!"

Qin Mu lowered her voice, warning him. Knowing Secretary Xi was just outside, she deliberately kept her voice hushed.

A moment ago, she'd been so angry that she had completely forgotten herself.

The thought of how wild and unruly she had acted in front of him just now...

Qin Mu's big, dark eyes stared down at the man pinned beneath her. "Let's see if you dare bring in those people again to mess with me!"

Mu Yichen suddenly murmured, "Mrs. Mu, you have no idea how adorable you are!"

"And Mr. Mu, you're equally adorable, you know?"

Qin Mu raised her hand and pinched his chin, mimicking his domineering CEO-style demeanor. She tilted her chin up and praised him.

Mu Yichen...

"Weren't we supposed to discuss the household rules first? Let's deal with that before doing anything else."

Qin Mu stared at him for a moment, then suddenly shifted to a more serious tone.

After all the commotion—the arguing, the hitting, the yelling—her anger had finally subsided.

This time, Mu Yichen didn't stop her as she climbed off him.

Qin Mu sat on the sofa beside him, picked up her bag that had fallen to the floor earlier, and retrieved a printed sheet of paper from it.

"Take a look first. Since we're setting rules for the household, as a member of the family, I obviously need to contribute too!"

Qin Mu sat upright on the sofa. Although she was still visibly exhausted and slightly pale from her earlier outburst, and her lips were a bit dry, she now radiated a confident arrogance.

Mu Yichen sat up from the sofa, glanced at her seriously, then picked up a printed sheet of paper from the table.

He unfolded the paper and started reading—from the first rule down to the fifteenth. When he finished, he lifted his eyes and chuckled helplessly, "Mrs. Mu, are you serious?"

"If you're serious, then so am I!"

Seeing him treat her effort lightly, Qin Mu mimicked his tone.

"Alright!"

Mu Yichen responded, then got up to retrieve another set of household rules from the table to show her.

"Since you want to give your input, I agree. Take a look at this first and let me know what's missing—we can add more later."

Mu Yichen sat back down beside her, formally presenting the documents to her.

Qin Mu acted indifferent as she took the papers, only to be startled: it was three pages long.

"Mu Yichen, are you trying to kill me with all these rules?"

Qin Mu glared at him with her big eyes, as if accusing him of malicious intent.

"Of course not! These rules are for both of us to follow. Besides, I've added a few specific ones for Huanhuan and Mu Chengyang."

Qin Mu couldn't believe it. She stared at him, then lowered her head and began reading carefully to confirm.

He hadn't only been trying to control her—he'd even laid out such strict expectations for their children.

In that moment, Qin Mu thought to herself: could it be that this husband of hers was a fake?

Mu Yichen noticed her serious expression and continued reviewing the rules she had drafted—all of which seemed designed to curb his behavior.

Unable to help himself, Mu Yichen raised his eyes to glance at the little woman beside him. How deep were her thoughts?

Yet, the more she acted this way, the more he found himself falling for her—wanting to keep her close, to hold her tightly forever.

"Even though they're still young, rules are vital to maintaining order."

"You're such a pervert! Why am I playing along with a pervert like you?"

Qin Mu found his words absurd, utterly laughable.

And yet, she kept reading, continuing to sift through his overly strict and utterly mortifying household rules. Lifting her head, Qin Mu proposed, "Why don't we set some practical and realistic rules instead? Yours are too obsessive—they don't even count as real household rules. You just want me glued to your side forever, don't you?"

Qin Mu bluntly confronted him.

The two of them locked eyes in silence. In that moment, Mu Yichen suddenly thought his little wife was absurdly intelligent and refreshingly direct.

"So you'll sign it?"

Mu Yichen's gaze seemed to ask for her approval, but his words didn't sound like they were asking at all.

Qin Mu smiled slightly, then glanced at the paper in his hand. "If you sign mine, I'll sign yours."

Mu Yichen lowered his eyes to review her paper again, then nodded. "Deal."

He stood up to grab a pen, while Qin Mu's heart began to race nervously.

Chapter 892: new regulations (10)_3

If I don't feel like doing this anymore, do you really think these rules can restrain me?

But the kids...

Once those two little ones grow up, they'll probably overthrow these unequal terms their father has set now.

Qin Mu suddenly thought of those wealthy family dramas where kids rebel against their aging parents, fighting to abolish the rigid house rules, causing the elderly parents to get so angry their hearts nearly give out...

Mu Yichen had already sat back down beside her and signed his name elegantly in the lower right corner of her agreement.

Qin Mu lowered her gaze to watch his beautiful signature, trying hard to stay composed.

When he handed her the pen, Qin Mu shot him a sharp look and took it.

But before signing, she methodically crossed out several clauses on each page.

"Never defy your husband under any circumstances. What if you cheat then?"

"The wife must not spend the night with any man other than her husband. This is too vague—what if I stay overnight at my boss's house? And during business trips at our studio, it's not always just female coworkers."

As Qin Mu explained her reasoning, she crossed out those two clauses, along with several others. When she felt it was good enough, she carefully reviewed it once more before signing her name on the last

page, adding a note at the end: If the husband violates any of the above clauses, the same applies to the wife.

Mu Yichen looked at the house rules he had painstakingly drafted, now a complete mess thanks to her edits. Yet...

After signing, Qin Mu looked at him seriously: "Mr. Mu, can we move on from this matter now?"

"Are you making that face because you think your man is immature?"

Mu Yichen squinted slightly, smiling meaningfully as he asked.

"Pretty much exactly that!"

Qin Mu answered him with utter seriousness, her eyes full of disdain.

"In that case, let me add another clause: If another man sends you flowers or gifts, you must refuse."

"Not happening!"

Qin Mu retorted, grabbing her bag to leave.

But as soon as she stood up, Mu Yichen pulled her back and tugged her onto his lap.

"I have to go to work!"

Qin Mu reminded him, completely unafraid.

"Doesn't the house rules state that if the wife resists, the husband has the right to persuade her?"

Qin Mu's eyes shifted slightly as she thought carefully—there was indeed such a clause.

"Yes! But I really need to go back to the studio now."

In truth, the lunch meeting with the director hadn't been scheduled for today but for tomorrow; she had deliberately avoided staying with him.

"How can a husband possibly let you leave before convincing you?"

Mu Yichen's lips curled into a subtle smile, his hand already grazing gently along her slender legs.

Qin Mu suddenly realized what his definition of "persuade" actually meant and wished she could gouge out her own eyes for not seeing this trap earlier.

A hundred precautions, and yet one mistake?

Later, the two of them went downstairs together, and Qin Mu even clung affectionately to Mr. Mu's arm, chatting with him the whole way.

It was as though she were deliberately trying to flatter him, smiling at him seductively all the way until they exited the office building.

The reception staff were visibly stunned; if they hadn't known better, they might have thought two celebrities had shown up—the man strikingly handsome and elegant, the woman charming and radiant, an impossibly enchanting beauty!

Even their backs captured the attention of passersby.

Once outside the office building, however, Qin Mu stopped smiling, feeling as though she'd demeaned herself to the point of seeking shady favors from him.

But had she?

More than just one oversight, it seemed!

— —

Two weeks later, Qin Haiming was finally discharged from the hospital. Though he wanted an earlier discharge, the hospital firmly refused and pleaded with him to stay.

Qin Mu personally went to fetch him, serving as both driver for him and Uncle Wang.

When they returned home, the house looked completely refreshed, with a vase of beautiful lilies prominently displayed on the coffee table.

Qin Haiming sat down and couldn't help but smile, the house finally felt like a home.

"Mu Yichen went to a provincial meeting but wanted me to let you know he'll be back tonight to celebrate your discharge."

Qin Mu said while helping put his things down.

"Alright! You've been busy all morning, go sit down—leave the rest to them."

Qin Haiming nodded and motioned for Qin Mu to take a seat.

Just as the housekeeper brought tea over, Qin Mu sat down to prepare tea for him.

"Miss, you shouldn't head out at lunchtime. Have a proper meal with the boss—the car's been repaired, so I'll go check on it."

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Uncle Wang said this, then left hurriedly as if a bit anxious.

"This car is more important to him than his own life."

After Uncle Wang left, Qin Haiming commented.

"That's because it's been with him for so many years!"

When something stays with you for a long time, even a small object can evoke deep feelings, let alone a car that's been driven for decades.

"Yeah! Have some tea. You and Yichen have been working hard for me lately."

Qin Haiming looked up at Qin Mu and spoke to her generously.

"We're still young; there's nothing hard about it."

Qin Mu didn't take it seriously. On the contrary, she was quite happy that this period had given her an opportunity to shine.

If it weren't for this accident, the father and daughter might still be stuck in silent meetings with nothing to say to each other.

"Even the young need to rest. Do you think being young means you should keep charging ahead nonstop? It's not true! At any stage in life, we need to give ourselves a chance to breathe, otherwise we might end up burdened with ailments by middle age, right?"

Qin Haiming told her.

Qin Mu suddenly wondered if he had overexerted himself during his middle years, leaving behind a legacy of health problems.

Thinking carefully over the years, he had always worked tirelessly to achieve milestones. News reports only ever talked about Mayor Qin attending various events, but never anything about his personal life.

"I'll go to the kitchen and see what Auntie is cooking."

Feeling a sudden discomfort in her heart, Qin Mu stood up to temporarily avoid him.

Qin Haiming didn't stop her, but he had no idea everything she had been thinking about.

"Miss!"

Auntie was stewing fish soup. When she saw Qin Mu come in, she greeted her cheerfully, then continued adding ingredients to the pot.

"Thank you for your hard work!"

Qin Mu smiled and said, walking closer to look, unsure how she could help.

"It's no trouble! I'm paid to do this, and my boss treats me very well."

Auntie replied to Qin Mu, but couldn't help watching her lovingly. "Now that you're at home to chat with the boss, he must be very happy."

Qin Mu didn't know why Auntie suddenly brought this up and awkwardly responded with a smile.

"Over the years, although there have been others in the house, the boss has always seemed lonely. Ever since you came home, you'll come by more often, right?"

"I will!"

"My children are all busy, but they make it a point to come home at least once a week. Sometimes, even when I'm out, they visit anyway to check on me. You must do the same."

After hearing so much, Qin Mu finally understood what Auntie meant.

"I'll visit him often, but could you stop calling me Miss? If you don't mind, just call me Mumu."

"Alright, Mumu!"

Auntie called her by the name, finding those two syllables so warm that she couldn't resist looking at her lovingly again.

At noon, Qin Mu had a meal with him at home. After his nap, Qin Mu went out to the store, where she picked out two sets of mature, understated men's suits and had the store manager wrap them up for her, along with a light-colored, comfortable cheongsam.

The store manager couldn't help but ask curiously, "Are these for gifting? This time, they don't seem like something for your mother-in-law."

"For the Auntie who takes care of the family."

Qin Mu answered lightly and politely.

"Oh!"

The store manager never pried into her affairs, and this time was no different.

A clerk helped carry the clothes to her car. Qin Mu had coffee with the store manager, who took the opportunity to report this month's sales figures.

Their promotional advertisements hadn't yet aired on TV, but more and more people were coming in, drawn by reputation.

The clothing factory had been working overtime recently. The factory director had approached her several times, asking to hire more workers. At first, Qin Mu thought it better to pay existing workers extra for overtime rather than adding new staff. But after listening to the store manager's report, she decided instead to hire more workers—preferably experienced veterans in the field.

"Starting this month, let's introduce a purchase limit."

Qin Mu thought for a moment.

"Purchase limit?"

The store manager asked in confusion.

"Yes! If cars can have purchase limits, why can't clothing? Besides, we specialize in professionalism, not volume."

Qin Mu added.

"Although our brand has a strong reputation, I still want to ask: are you sure about this? If we enforce a purchase limit, our revenue will definitely take a big hit."

"It won't!"

Qin Mu was confident in this area. Besides, their advertisements would soon be aired on TV. By then, more people would inevitably come. If they didn't start limiting purchases now, doing so later would invite all kinds of public backlash.

"Alright then!"

The store manager currently didn't quite understand. In her view, making money was the priority, and sales numbers were the most direct indicator of business success to competitors. But months later, she regretted having tried to prevent Qin Mu from implementing the purchase limits.

Chapter 894: new regulations (10)_5

In the evening, after Mu Yichen returned from the province, he drove straight to the Qin Family. At that time, Qin Mu was already playing chess with Qin Haiming.

Qin Mu was playing chess just to keep her grandfather company; who would have thought that a few months later she'd be playing to pass the time with this leader?

"The son-in-law is here!"

The aunt heard the noise and came out to greet him, smiling as she approached Mu Yichen.

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen responded, handed the gift box in his hand to the aunt, and then walked to the living room.

Seeing the father and daughter playing chess, Mu Yichen quietly sat on the side and watched. When he noticed that Qin Mu was about to be defeated by the leader, he instinctively glanced at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu said: Don't remind me!

Mu Yichen couldn't help but smile, thinking, do you want me to remind you or not?

Qin Haiming also chuckled: "Just the two of you, think you can beat me?"

Hearing this, Qin Mu immediately grabbed Mu Yichen's hand: "You play!"

Mu Yichen looked up at her: "Didn't you just tell me not to remind you?"

"But the leader has already issued us a challenge."

That meant they were in this together now; they had to win, or how embarrassing would that be?

Mu Yichen then continued the game for her. Qin Mu finally had time to sip her tea, but she still watched the chessboard with a worried look.

She always felt that the leader was very good at chess; last time at the Mu Family, he even defeated the old man.

Sigh! The two of them couldn't quite beat the old man.

Thinking of her grandfather, Qin Mu suddenly missed him. But her grandfather was adamant about not coming back; she called him in the afternoon to check in, and he said he wouldn't come back until the cabbages were fully grown.

Cabbages! But she didn't even like to eat them!

She hoped her grandfather wouldn't bring back too many cabbages when he returned.

After dinner, the two of them drove home, and halfway there, Mu Yichen suddenly honked and then slowly stopped the car.

Qin Mu, who was ahead of him, stopped her car as well when she saw him stop.

Mu Yichen got out of the car, and when she approached, he leaned against the car with one hand on his hip and asked her, "How's this place?"

Qin Mu looked around, puzzled; there was nothing special except darkness.

It was already late summer, and the night air was a bit cool. Qin Mu curiously asked him, "Why did you suddenly stop the car? What's so special about this place?"

Mu Yichen suddenly chuckled, then leaned close to her ear and whispered.

Qin Mu's ears turned red, and she instinctively gave him a disdainful look: "Mu Yichen, you're such a lecher."

Qin Mu said and then turned to leave. Mu Yichen quickly caught up, hoisting her onto his car.

Qin Mu was forced to sit on the hood of his car: "Stop it! Isn't it up to you at home? There are so many mosquitoes out here."

Qin Mu had no choice but to gently remind him, pitifully.

"Beg me!"

Mu Yichen pressed down on either side of her and asked in a low voice.

Under the moonlight, Qin Mu looked at the man with piercing eyes, and suddenly, she felt captivated.

"Please!"

So when she said those two words, she felt a bit shy.

Mu Yichen glanced at her car: It's better to drive one car when you're out with me next time.

Qin Mu agreed; if they drove one car, they wouldn't have to stop like this halfway.

But as for Mr. Mu, who had such shameless thoughts even halfway, Mrs. Mu expressed her disdain, albeit happily.

They returned home not too late. Mu Qingxin and Feng Fanghua were watching a TV drama together, and the TV volume wasn't too loud, so the two were particularly focused.

As soon as Mu Yichen heard the noise upon entering, he grabbed Qin Mu: "Don't chat too much."

Qin Mu looked up at him playfully and nodded immediately: "Got it!"

The two women were delighted to see the couple return, especially Mu Qingxin: "Qin Mu, come here!"

"Who are you calling?"

Mu Yichen walked over with Qin Mu, unhappily reminding: Mind your attitude.

The elder brother's authority made Mu Qingxin stick out her tongue, then she winked at Qin Mu, who could only lower her eyes and pretend not to see.

"How's your dad doing?"

Feng Fanghua asked after watching them mess around for a while.

"He's recovering well."

Qin Mu replied.

"That's good! Qingxin and I are watching this drama; do you want to join us?"

Feng Fanghua asked.

Qin Mu glanced at the TV drama, and oh, it was just as elegantly dressed Li Yu appeared, frightening her into quickly looking away.

But Mu Yichen was staring at her intently, thinking, "I feel like smacking you for being so guilty."

"Um, you see..."

Qin Mu slowly turned around, seeking Mu Yichen's opinion.

"It's too late!"

With just a faint remark, he refused.

"Forget it, forget it, go upstairs quickly, don't stay here and annoy me."

Feng Fanghua got angry, feeling her son was just there to cause trouble.

Selfish and not considering others' feelings; with only three women in the family, they couldn't even watch a drama and chat comfortably together.

"Brother! It's really not good for you to be like this every day. What if you get tired of it?"

Mu Qingxin kindly reminded.

"Even if I get tired, it's not for you to worry about."

Mu Yichen glanced at her, then turned to Qin Mu: "Aren't you leaving yet?"

Qin Mu raised her hand to wave goodbye to them, not daring to make a fuss, and then turned around to lead the way.

Mu Yichen followed behind her.

Feng Fanghua's lips moved, but she didn't utter a word.

It was Mu Qingxin: "Mom, is there something wrong with brother?"

"What?"

Feng Fanghua was taken by surprise, still startled.

"Look at him sticking to Qin Mu every day, does he have an Oedipus complex?"

Mu Qingxin speculated, and saying it startled even herself.

"You child, honestly... What Oedipus complex? Qin Mu is several years younger than him."

Feng Fanghua gently patted Mu Qingxin's shoulder and scolded before reminding her.

"Oh! But you don't have to hit me! So it's more like an obsession with Qin Mu. Anyway, his problem is definitely psychological. Could...brother be mentally disturbed?"

Mu Qingxin said this, wide-eyed, almost scaring herself into a heart attack.

Feng Fanghua had just glanced at the TV for less than half a minute before Mu Qingxin distracted her again.

"Are you watching the drama or not? If not, go to bed!"

Lady of the Mu Family, fully asserting her authority.

Mu Qingxin didn't want to sleep. Now she especially liked spending time alone with Feng Fanghua, as what she missed most after getting married was her.

So she clung to Feng Fanghua's arm: "Don't be mad! I'm just worried about brother!"

Mu Qingxin soothed her in a low voice.

"Sigh! If your brother can't be without Qin Mu is considered a sickness, then what about you being unable to be without Jiang Yan? A person who didn't even come home for years for him, do you still have the nerve to say others have issues? Forgot how you came back with that big belly?"

Feng Fanghua thought for a moment, then turned her gaze to her daughter, bringing up the past.

Mu Qingxin's mind instantly went blank, unable to remember anything, only staring straight at the massive TV across from her.

As the saying goes, some things are better left unsaid!

"Mom, I have an idea!"

"Hmm?"

"Hehe!"

Mu Qingxin suddenly whispered something in her ear, then jumped up in her slippers and ran upstairs.

Feng Fanghua sat there, just feeling like how could this girl still be so childish even after becoming a mother.

Mu Qingxin ran to the door of Qin Mu and Mu Yichen's room...

Chapter 895: Someone is peeping

"Go fill up the bathtub and wait for me."

"Yes! Your little servant will go immediately!"

— —

Mu Qingxin pressed her ear against the door, listening intently. She held her breath, not daring to make a sound, but she couldn't hear anything.

Mu Yichen stood by the door, his head lowered for a moment. Then he glanced at the door and let out a chuckle.

He placed his hand on the doorknob, but after a moment of thought, he withdrew it and pressed the lock instead.

Mu Qingxin heard the click of the lock, which startled her enough to instantly move her ear away. Her wide eyes stared at the door, and only after a few seconds of no movement did she cautiously press her ear back against it.

Then...

Mu Yichen closed the bathroom door and directly scooped up the woman who was in the process of running the water.

"Wasn't I good?"

Qin Mu was holding a small box of rose petals in her hand. It had been a gift from a store clerk a few days ago, specifically for bathing. The packaging was beautiful, and the petals were meant to create an ambiance. Qin Mu had accepted it, and since they were taking a soak tonight, she decided to use it.

But unknowingly, she gave Mu Yichen a certain signal—one not even she was aware of.

Mu Yichen stood behind her, his hands pressing lightly on her lower abdomen. He whispered softly, "Very good!"

Qin Mu let out a brief smile and then, pretending to be professional, tilted her chin and sprinkled the petals into the water bit by bit.

Mu Yichen thought she still had a childlike heart. When she was young, she loved to pluck flower petals while muttering nonsense. Now that she was a mother, she still enjoyed playing with petals.

"Mrs. Mu!"

"Hmm?"

"There's a little puppy eavesdropping outside the door. Do you think we should cooperate or ignore her?"

"Huh?"

Qin Mu had just emptied the box of petals. She turned her head to look at him in disbelief.

They didn't own a dog!

But in the next instant, she figured it out and whispered, "Qingxin?"

"Who else could it be?"

Mu Yichen asked with a helpless laugh.

Qin Mu...

That girl was addicted to eavesdropping, wasn't she?

"Then we..."

Qin Mu's heart fluttered with nervousness. She felt like they were sneaking around.

"We're in the bathroom!"

Mu Yichen whispered to her and then picked her up.

Qin Mu instinctively clung to his neck, nearly scared to death by him.

"I'm just putting you in the bathtub!"

Mu Yichen said softly, his eyes filled with mischievous intentions to torment her in various ways.

As a result, Qin Mu couldn't feel happy, only increasingly flustered.

Mu Yichen gently placed her in the tub, then stood by her side and signaled with his eyes, "Come help."

Qin Mu lay in the water, refusing to move, her nerves so on edge that she couldn't force a smile. "No way, you do it yourself!"

"Be good!"

Mu Yichen's seductive voice left no room for her to resist.

Qin Mu had no choice but to kneel in the tub and help him undo his belt.

Damn! It was insanely hard to undo.

And after it was undone...

Mu Yichen wasn't just a gentleman in appearance anymore. Now, he was pure beast.

Qin Mu looked up at him and asked, "Darling, is that good enough?"

"Couldn't wait anymore?"

Mu Yichen asked in a low voice, maintaining the demeanor of a refined gentleman—except for those eyes of his.

At that moment, Qin Mu wanted to punch him, but sadly, she wasn't in a position to do so.

"Fine, I'm ignoring you!"

Qin Mu sat back in the tub, playing with the water and splashing it over herself.

Mu Yichen stood there for a while, watching her. With such a beautiful woman soaking in the tub, how could he not be tempted? His blood was already boiling.

Outside, Mu Qingxin listened for a while longer. Feeling frustrated, she straightened up. Her back was sore, and after the first two sentences, she hadn't managed to hear anything else.

Turning to leave but unwilling to give up, she grabbed the doorknob with both hands and rattled it forcefully. Knowing it was locked, she twisted and tugged at it stubbornly.

Inside the bathroom, the door was locked, but they could still hear the noise.

Qin Mu grew nervous, clutching the edge of the bathtub. "Stop, she's coming in!"

"The door's locked!"

Mu Yichen reminded her matter-of-factly.

Qin Mu turned to look at him. "Really?"

Mu Yichen didn't answer her. Inside the bathtub, things were already chaotic.

The next morning, Qin Mu didn't go to work. Mu Qingxin came downstairs around nine, spotting Qin Mu lounging on the couch watching TV. She couldn't resist a snort before marching over to snatch the remote from her hand. "You've got the nerve to sit here watching TV?"

"What? Mu Missy gets to eavesdrop on private conversations, but I can't watch TV?"

Qin Mu smiled calmly and asked, her tone good-natured.

"You, you, you... Humph! Picking on me doesn't make you impressive. If you're so great, go pick on Mu Yichen instead."

Mu Qingxin spun around and changed the channel, landing on a particularly gory movie in the middle of the day. After just one glance, even she couldn't stomach it.

The living room fell silent except for the grotesque sounds coming from the TV, which were particularly eerie.

Chapter 896: Someone is peeking_2

In less than half a minute, Mu Qingxin finally switched the channel back.

Qin Mu tried hard to hold back her laughter. After thinking for a bit, she leaned closer and quietly asked, "Why did you eavesdrop last night?"

Mu Qingxin...

Qin Mu asked softly and cautiously, but Mu Qingxin's face slowly turned red.

She was just being mischievous, that's all.

As a younger sister, the greatest fun seemed to be eavesdropping on her brother's secrets—now it was on the secrets of both her brother and sister-in-law.

Did she really want to hear them... doing something?

Not really.

"But I didn't hear anything!"

Mu Qingxin's voice grew quieter.

The sound on the TV became louder again. Qin Mu noticed her embarrassment and suggested, "How about we take Chengcheng out for some shopping?"

"Chengcheng is still at home?"

"He's asleep. Mom and Dad took Ziyu out."

"Alright then, let's go look at clothes, okay? To your store!"

Mu Qingxin suddenly regained her cheerfulness, smiling at Qin Mu playfully.

Qin Mu thought for a moment. "Alright, I'll go wake Chengcheng up first."

Qin Mu agreed, and the two of them carried Chengcheng, grabbed the stroller, and headed out.

The weather was pretty nice. The two carried the baby to the store, startling the staff as they entered. Later, while strolling with the stroller, they ran into Li Yu's younger sister, Li Man.

Seeing her, Li Man exclaimed happily, "I came here to try my luck; I didn't expect to really bump into you!"

"Oh? I thought you came to shop for clothes,"

Qin Mu joked.

"Of course I'm here to shop too—meeting the boss means I can get a discount!"

Li Man's face flushed slightly. She glanced at the little one in the stroller and asked, "Is this your son?"

"Yep! But he doesn't know how to greet people yet."

Qin Mu leaned over slightly, trying to get the little one attempting to stand up in the stroller to say something.

"Ah! He's so tiny!"

Li Man said, bending down and extending her hand.

Chengcheng raised his eyes briefly, as if realizing the pretty auntie wanted to carry him, and happily reached out to her.

Qin Mu...

"Wow! He's quite hefty!"

Li Man said while holding Chengcheng, marveling at his big, bright eyes. "Wow, his eyes are so lively."

"Right? Just like mine!"

Qin Mu said, deliberately widening her own eyes.

"He does resemble you a bit!"

Li Man studied them seriously and commented.

Qin Mu felt a little disappointed.

Just "a bit!"

"But he looks more like his dad!"

Li Man had seen plenty of the news about Mu Yichen and thought the little guy had the same cool vibe as his dad.

Qin Mu didn't know what she was thinking, but she felt a bit crestfallen.

Mu Qingxin came out of the fitting room in new clothes and noticed the unfamiliar beauty chatting with Qin Mu while holding her big nephew. Curious, she stepped closer and asked, "Is she your friend?"

Mu Qingxin's gaze carried a hint of wariness as she looked at the stranger.

"This is Li Yu's younger sister, Li Man. She's also a TV industry professional—a brilliant behind-the-scenes worker."

Qin Mu was briefly stunned by how stunning Mu Qingxin looked but quickly introduced her.

"She's Mu Yichen's younger sister, Mu Qingxin—your brother's number-one fan!"

Qin Mu introduced Mu Qingxin to Li Man, and Li Man looked at Mu Qingxin with slight wariness in return.

"She's married!"

Noticing Li Man's guarded expression, Qin Mu quickly added.

"Really? She looks like she just graduated from college! I'm Li Man, nice to meet you!"

Li Man relaxed a bit upon hearing she was married, freeing one hand to offer a handshake.

"Hmph!"

Mu Qingxin chuckled lightly, then leaned toward Qin Mu and whispered, "What's up with you? Don't go befriending strangers!"

Qin Mu gently patted her shoulder and whispered back, "The outfit looks great! I'll explain later!"

"Alright then!"

Mu Qingxin dropped the matter, adjusted her long dress, and asked, "How do I look?"

"Fair-skinned, beautiful, perfect—you're what they call a natural-born clothes model,"

Li Man remarked sincerely while still holding Chengcheng, giving Mu Qingxin a careful once-over.

Mu Qingxin...

"Really? I'm a natural clothes model?"

Mu Qingxin felt this was the best compliment in the world, and immediately let go of her earlier wariness toward Li Man.

Qin Mu retrieved the baby from Li Man's arms and smiled helplessly at Mu Qingxin's sudden change in demeanor.

"Yes, you're flawless! But wouldn't black be too heavy for autumn? I noticed a light-colored dress over there with a similar style,"

Li Man suggested as she headed toward a row of dresses. Mu Qingxin followed eagerly.

Chapter 897: Someone is peeking_3

Qin Mu stood to the side, watching the two of them suddenly lean their heads together. She sighed helplessly and whispered to Chengcheng, "Your aunt just warned me to be wary of others, hmm?"

Chengcheng seemed to not understand what she was saying, as her hand kept reaching for Qin Mu's chest.

Qin Mu...

Li Man and Mu Qingxin were changing clothes while chatting about Li Yu. Mu Qingxin started feeling that Li Man was acting strangely.

After answering a call, Li Man rushed off with the clothes she had bought. Mu Qingxin had her own clothes packed, and as she continued shopping with Qin Mu, she asked, "Do you think she has... a brother complex?"

"Technically speaking, they're not related by blood. Li Man is one-sidedly infatuated with Li Yu. However, what Li Yu truly feels... we have no way of knowing," Qin Mu explained, holding her coffee.

"Oh! So that's the situation! But isn't Li Yu chasing after you?"

Mu Qingxin nodded in understanding but couldn't resist her curiosity, asking another question. She often heard Feng Fanghua's TV chatter about Li Yu chasing after Qin Mu.

"Why would he chase me? He probably just wants to work with me! He keeps trying to get me to act with him—that's the truth," Qin Mu explained honestly after thinking for a moment.

Because if Mu Yichen heard about Li Yu chasing her... hahaha! She wouldn't have peace in her life anymore.

"Is that so?"

"Yes! Don't bring him up in front of your brother!" Qin Mu lowered her voice to warn her.

"Then..."

Mu Qingxin glanced down at the clothes she just bought.

"I'll cover it all!" Qin Mu quickly offered.

Since ancient times, younger sisters-in-law have always known how to take advantage of their sisters-in-law. Qin Mu felt she couldn't break that tradition!

"Then I must thank you, sister-in-law!" Mu Qingxin suddenly adopted a polite tone.

Qin Mu thought, you're just as cunning as your brother. Indeed, siblings!

Mu Yichen was attending a meeting but suddenly felt a bit bored. He picked up his phone and sent a message to his beloved wife.

Qin Mu snapped a photo of the shopping bags containing the clothes Mu Qingxin bought and then messaged him: "Your little sister's haul—husband, will you reimburse me?"

Mu Yichen chuckled aloud.

"No reimbursement!" Mu Yichen replied with three words. Qin Mu...

As expected, siblings. But no reimbursement was fine too. Even if he transferred money, she hadn't planned to accept it. Buying things for her own family seemed like the happiest thing ever.

"Should we pick out a couple of things for Mu as well?"

"You know my size for undergarments!" Mu quickly replied, as if this meeting had finally become a little entertaining.

Seeing the message, Qin Mu almost spat out her coffee.

Mu Qingxin noticed that something was off with Qin Mu and immediately craned her neck to look at her phone.

Qin Mu glanced up slightly and quickly flipped her phone over.

"Hmph! Just a short while apart, and you're already messaging?"

Qin Mu just smiled silently, while Mu waited impatiently and sent another message: "Why aren't you replying?"

When Qin Mu heard the notification sound, she sneakily picked up her phone again. Meanwhile, Mu Qingxin was still trying to spy curiously.

"Someone's snooping." Qin Mu replied.

Mu Yichen didn't send another message but felt quite pleased.

It must be Mu Qingxin! He thought!

His subordinates noticed that Mu Yichen's focus wasn't in the meeting anymore and unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief. However, the department manager giving the presentation grew increasingly nervous, thinking it might be because their department's performance was subpar, making Mu Yichen lose interest.

When the meeting adjourned, Mu Yichen immediately asked for Qin Mu and Mu Qingxin to join him for dinner at AM. Qin Mu and Mu Qingxin, pushing Chengcheng along, made their way from the underground parking lot to the elevator.

Liu Jingyuan happened to be in the area for a business dinner. Before stepping out of his car, he heard a familiar voice. When he emerged and looked toward the source of the voice, his heart couldn't help but race a little.

But he just stood there in the distance for a few seconds before slowly walking in that direction.

As the elevator arrived, Mu Qingxin entered first. While Qin Mu was pushing the stroller into the elevator, she encountered some difficulty. Liu Jingyuan immediately pulled his hands out of his pockets and bent down to help.

"Thank you!" Qin Mu instinctively said as she looked up. Seeing that it was Liu Jingyuan, she was a bit surprised, and her gaze lingered for a moment.

"Mr. Liu!"

In the elevator, Qin Mu politely greeted him.

"Mm!" Liu Jingyuan responded with a faint smile.

Standing between them, Mu Qingxin observed their awkward exchanges of glances. She couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, feeling like there was a lot she didn't know about.

Meanwhile, Chengcheng paid no heed to any of it, energetically shaking the toys in her hands up and down.

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For a moment, the only sound in the elevator was the noise from the toy and Chengcheng's babbling.

Liu Jingyuan lowered his head to look at the little one in the stroller and chuckled softly, "She looks just like you!"

Upon hearing this, Qin Mu raised her eyes slightly, "Really!?"

It was rare for someone to say the baby resembled her. Qin Mu felt a little happy inside, though she didn't dare to show it too much.

The three of them stepped out of the elevator together, with Liu Jingyuan walking ahead and Qin Mu pushing the stroller alongside Mu Qingxin at the back.

Liu Jingyuan turned around, "I'll take my leave now."

Qin Mu nodded politely, and Liu Jingyuan departed.

For some reason, Mu Qingxin thought of a particular phrase:

Destined to meet briefly, yet enveloped in deep emotions.

Mu Yichen was standing not far away. When the supervisor saw him, he began offering suggestions. Yichen had been patiently listening, but when Qin Mu and Liu Jingyuan appeared, his composure seemed to waver.

"My brother is right there!"

Mu Qingxin whispered to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu followed the direction of Qingxin's gaze and saw Yichen. She pushed the stroller and walked over with Mu Qingxin, "President Mu, you got here pretty early, huh!"

"How did you run into him?"

Mu Yichen remained composed in front of others.

"Well, just happened to bump into him in the parking lot!"

Qin Mu replied.

"From now on, don't park in the parking lot—just leave the car right by the hotel entrance."

Mu Yichen instructed.

"Oh dear, Chengcheng, we're like two giant third wheels here. Let's go wait at the table first."

Mu Qingxin picked Chengcheng up from the stroller and left, thinking to herself that she truly couldn't bear to watch any longer.

"Madam!"

The supervisor politely greeted Qin Mu upon seeing her.

Qin Mu nodded in acknowledgment.

Mu Yichen placed a hand lightly on her back, guiding her toward the table. As they walked, he asked, "Did you buy the underwear?"

Qin Mu...

"We'll go buy it together this afternoon!"

Mu Yichen leaned slightly, murmuring in her ear.

"After lunch, Chengcheng needs to go home for her nap."

Qin Mu lowered her head, trying to maintain composure as she walked alongside him. In reality, her back felt stiff with tension, startled by her husband.

While his gaze remained forward, Mu Yichen tilted his face slightly near her ear, "Have Mu Qingxin take care of her."

— —

"Brother! I have a suggestion to make!"

After they sat down, Mu Qingxin spoke up while holding Chengcheng.

Qin Mu thought to herself, your brother just set you up—are you trying to turn the tables on him already? Yet, she remained quiet and took no part in the exchange.

"What kind of suggestion?"

Chengcheng reached out for Mu Yichen, so he took her in his arms and asked casually.

"Next time when you're out with Qin Mu, why not blindfold her? That way, she won't see other men and won't be able to charm their souls away."

Mu Qingxin offered a friendly suggestion.

Mu Yichen's deep, black eyes turned to Qingxin, aware she was teasing him, but he chose not to respond.

"I really have to stress that I don't think I have that kind of charisma,"

Qin Mu remarked helplessly, clarifying again.

"You might not think so, but someone certainly does! Right, brother?"

Mu Qingxin glanced at her elder brother, thoroughly familiar with his expression.

And that especially provoking look.

"Order the food!"

Mu Yichen managed to maintain his temper quite well in the restaurant.

Watching the playful banter between the siblings, Qin Mu felt a tad envious, "I wish I had a younger brother."

"Hmm?"

Mu Yichen raised his eyes to look at her, puzzled.

Mu Qingxin gazed at her curiously as well.

"So I could have someone to bicker with every day—and then teach him a lesson afterward."

The siblings were utterly speechless in response!

"It's a good thing you don't have a younger brother! Otherwise, he would've suffered under your tyranny just like I do under our brother's!"

"Exactly! Maybe the two of you would even end up as a pair of star-crossed lovers—then Jiang Yan would be out of the picture."

Qin Mu nodded, wholeheartedly agreeing.

"Huh? Well, it's really fortunate you don't have a younger brother. I still prefer our Ayan."

The mention of Jiang Yan immediately transformed Mu Qingxin into a dainty and lovey-dovey woman.

After lunch, Mu Yichen thoughtfully arranged something good for Mu Qingxin, who then joyfully carried Chengcheng home for a nap. Meanwhile, Qin Mu was dragged by Mu Yichen to go underwear shopping.

The feeling of shopping for underwear together as a couple...

"How about I order some custom designs for you online? Or I could personally sketch a design? Or even hand-make them for you?"

Before arriving at the lingerie store, Qin Mu grabbed him, thoughtfully offering a suggestion.

Mu Yichen listened all the way to the end, his expression growing slightly serious, "That's not a bad idea. In fact, how about you handle all my clothing—inside and out—from now on?"

"No problem at all! Then for now..."

"Let's still go pick up a couple of pairs first."

Mu Yichen firmly held onto her hand, making sure she couldn't escape even if she wanted to.

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Qin Mu felt strongly resistant in her heart, even the sales associate's expression when she looked at them was rather peculiar.

"Do you two need any assistance?"

The sales associate politely stepped forward. This attractive man and woman made her reluctant to move her gaze away.

Indeed, the couple's height, figure, and appearance were impeccable in every aspect.

This was the most upscale lingerie counter in the city. Both of them had been here before, but this was their first time coming together.

Since they were already here, Qin Mu picked out two items for him, and while she was at it, selected two for herself.

Mu Yichen gave her full authority, then sat on a sofa inside the store, quietly watching Qin Mu shop the entire time.

There were passersby and a few others shopping for lingerie, yet all their gazes were fixed on Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen remained composed, his eyes trained on Qin Mu, but Qin Mu noticed those women were staring at her husband. How could that be allowed?

Qin Mu handed the lingerie to the sales associate, then walked over, elegantly bending her long legs as she sat on his lap. Under his bewildered gaze, she raised her hand and wrapped her arm around him: "Darling, why don't you help me pick two sexy lingerie pieces? Which style do you like me in? Sheer? Red? Super short?"

Qin Mu flirtatiously batted her eyes at him. Mu Yichen...

The surrounding people had to awkwardly avert their gazes, but one wealthy lady standing nearby couldn't help but laugh: "I thought you two looked familiar, turns out you're Yichen and Yichen's new bride."

New bride?

The couple's ears tingled slightly. When they looked up, they saw the lady, and Qin Mu immediately sprang off his lap, greeting her gracefully: "It's been a while, Mrs. Chen!"

"How commendable that the Young Madam of the Mu Family remembers me! At the last gathering, your aunt even mentioned you, saying you were so busy drawing all day you nearly became foolish, and didn't even pay attention to men. But looking at the two of you now, isn't everything quite lovely?"

The lady swayed her curvaceous hips, her words dripping with false cordiality.

Qin Mu's eyebrow involuntarily twitched upon hearing this. Feng Fanghua would say that about her?

Actually, at the banquet that day, when Mrs. Chen mentioned she had been fighting with her husband, Feng Fanghua casually remarked that every couple has arguments. She mentioned how this young couple from their family also quarreled every few days, but young people make up just as quickly after fighting, usually in bed.

By the time Mrs. Chen repeated it, the story had morphed into something entirely different.

Mu Yichen remained seated and unmoving, merely watching as the woman held his wife's hand. It left him distinctly uncomfortable—weren't they not even close friends? Why pretend to be so intimate?

Moreover, that was his hand, his hand!

Qin Mu, too, didn't particularly enjoy it, but at this moment, it didn't seem appropriate to wrench her hand away directly.

"Actually, we've always gotten along quite well. I fear my aunt might just have been joking to lighten Mrs. Chen's mood. On the contrary, I've heard Mrs. Chen and Mr. Chen have been talking about divorce lately? Oh dear, you've barely been married, why mention divorce already? And if you divorce, where would Mrs. Chen go find another husband who's as rich and good-looking as yours?"

Qin Mu feigned courteousness with a wide grin, offering her "comfort."

Mrs. Chen...

Speaking of Mrs. Chen and the eldest son of the Chen Family, they were well-known in Rongcheng. Mrs. Chen, a former international beauty queen, had married into the Chen Family's oldest son after years of being together. Though they'd just recently formalized their union, rumors abounded throughout the city that their marriage was heading for a split, and whispers claimed Mr. Chen had found himself a new flame.

Qin Mu had even seen a photo the other day, thinking how amusing it was that Mr. Chen cycled through lovers of the exact same type.

As Qin Mu spoke, she nonchalantly pried Mrs. Chen's hand off her own, then smiled and said, "Men certainly prefer gentle women, like in our family. Mrs. Chen knows Yichen and I were childhood sweethearts, right? Honestly, it's only thanks to my charming and sweet demeanor that Yichen has always kept me so cherished. Isn't that right, Yichen?"

Qin Mu teased playfully, grinning as she addressed Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen merely shot her a disdainful glance, then grabbed the lingerie magazine beside him to flip through.

Qin Mu...

Mrs. Chen...

Mu Yichen realized after opening it that he'd acted a bit impulsively, but since the magazine was already open...

He feigned composure and continued flipping through the pages.

The women featured inside were all strikingly beautiful, especially those clad in seductive lingerie—plunging necklines, perfectly edited long legs, and the intricate detailing of the skimpy panties.

Mrs. Chen let out a low chuckle: "Is that so? But it seems Yichen's hands are cherishing quite a few women these days."

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Mrs. Chen finished speaking and swayed her petite waist as she walked away.

She wore a peach-red cheongsam, particularly cinched at the waist—so tightly that her slim waist was on full display. Qin Mu genuinely felt an urge to rush over and snap her waist in half.

Mrs. Chen finally left, but her departure left Qin Mu flustered, her face turning slightly red with anger. In a flash, her sharp gaze locked onto the man sitting on the sofa.

Mu Yichen eventually put the magazine down, slowly and reluctantly raising his slightly furrowed brows.

Qin Mu walked over: "What do you mean by that?"

"It was purely instinct!"

Mu Yichen shrugged, lifting his gaze to look at her with an expression of great perplexity.

Qin Mu really wanted to kick him, but with others lingering around in a public space and her own rising status as a minor celebrity, she quickly restrained herself.

"Salesperson, ring this up!"

She called out, casually grabbing two sexy pieces of women's nightwear and tossing them onto the counter. She muttered, "Charge the gentleman behind me—he's paying."

The salesperson nodded blankly, a little flustered.

By the time Mu Yichen approached her from behind, he had already taken out his card.

He had initially planned to have her pay, but seeing her foul mood, he didn't dare provoke her further and promptly pulled out his wallet and card.

On the way out, Qin Mu, bag slung over her shoulder, walked ahead. Mu Yichen couldn't help but notice how his wife's little hips swayed seductively as she moved. Fighting back a smile, he followed behind her, carrying seven or eight shopping bags, playing the roles of her Flower Guard and nanny.

Back home, Feng Fanghua and Mu Qingxin were already having tea in the living room. Qin Mu turned to take four bags from the man behind her, then headed toward the sofa.

"Mom, Qingxin, here are gifts for you!"

Qin Mu spoke cheerfully, opening the bags slightly to take a quick peek—then handed them out accordingly.

"Wow, nightwear? I just so happen to have forgotten mine, ha ha!"

"Why are you buying this type again..."

Feng Fanghua glanced at Qin Mu disapprovingly, but since Mu Yichen stood nearby, she didn't speak further, instead shooting Qin Mu a knowing look.

"Last time you mentioned Dad likes you wearing things like this! But anyway, today it was Mu Yichen footing the bill!"

Qin Mu beamed at Mu Yichen before turning her palms upward in a playful gesture. "Could you please take the rest upstairs for me, Mu Yichen?"

Mu Yichen let out a low chuckle: "If you need anything else, just call me downstairs."

Cooperatively, Mu Yichen hurried upstairs; after all, discussing lingerie amongst three women was awkward for him.

Once he was gone, Qin Mu made a mischievous expression toward his retreating back.

"Hey, isn't shopping for lingerie with your husband exhilarating?"

Mu Qingxin teased, waiting until Mu Yichen had left before smirking at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu...

"Yeah, totally exhilarating!"

Qin Mu slumped onto the sofa, leaned over to pour herself a cup of tea, holding the body of the cup in one hand and supporting the bottom with the other, gulping down the entire cup in one go.

Mu Qingxin observed her demeanor—it didn't look particularly "exhilarating."

"What are you two talking about?"

Feng Fanghua hadn't caught on, her reflex-like reaction granting an exasperated interjection.

"Mom, doesn't your daughter-in-law's face look off? A bit... grayish, no?"

Mu Qingxin fixed her eyes on Qin Mu, directing her question toward the nearby older woman.

Feng Fanghua set aside the nightwear and raised her gaze to Qin Mu's face, only then noticing her somewhat sullen expression.

"What's wrong?"

"Don't even start; I just came across a certain Mrs. Chen."

Qin Mu poured herself another cup, once again downing it in a single gulp. Suddenly recalling something, she stood: "I'm going to the restroom for a bit."

Her hands had been touched by another woman earlier, and Mu Yichen had even gone out of the way to remind her on the way home that he disliked her being touched by others—insisting she wash her hands eight hundred times.

As Qin Mu washed her hands, she mused over why she was being so obedient.

The more he demanded she wash, the more she wanted to rebel by not washing. In the end, after a single wash, she briskly dried her hands and left the restroom.

Mu Yichen, noticing Qin Mu's sour mood, stayed in the bedroom playing on his phone. He sent a quick WeChat message to a friend in media to distract himself.