

His Beloved 911

Chapter 911: This is cool_2

"Mr. Mu, Mrs. Mu."

Li Yu greeted them in a polite tone. Qin Mu had applied thick makeup on her neck, yet Li Yu still noticed the faint marks left behind by a man.

"Shall we eat together? Since we already ran into each other!"

Mu Qingxin suggested.

And thus, it became a lunch for four.

"I heard you went out of town to film."

Qin Mu casually greeted him.

"Yep! Just got back today!"

Li Yu replied simply.

Qin Mu nodded, then glanced up to catch the man sitting across from her. Her entire back stiffened instantly.

Ah, great!

She had forgotten that Mr. Mu really didn't like Li Yu.

"There's a dish at this restaurant that I absolutely love; every time I travel back, I make sure to come for a meal."

Li Yu offered an explanation.

"Oh! No wonder people say they always see you here. I thought it was because you liked the ambiance."

Mu Qingxin quickly carried the conversation forward, not leaving Li Yu hanging.

"Of course, the atmosphere here is also very captivating."

Li Yu immediately added.

AM in Rongcheng was the number one seven-star hotel, ranking among the top three in the country. Naturally, the ambiance and every other aspect were top-notch.

Qin Mu, however, quietly gave Li Yu a thumbs-up in her mind, feeling it was impressive how Li Yu managed to compliment Mu Yichen's hotel so smoothly.

Even Mu Yichen seemed to enjoy the remark. His previously sour expression noticeably shifted.

The two men sat on one side, and the two women on the other. Qin Mu faced Mu Yichen, while Mu Qingxin faced Li Yu. Whenever Qin Mu raised her eyes, she saw Mu Yichen staring back at her. Naturally, he noticed her observing him as well, and his face darkened instantly.

Qin Mu...

The four had a "pleasant" lunch together.

In reality, it was mostly the other three chatting. Mr. Mu, being the big boss, ignored them the whole time, instead continuously throwing glances at Mrs. Mu.

But Qin Mu couldn't be bothered with him. As they parted ways, she deliberately asked Li Yu, "I bumped into Li Man a few days ago. Have you two been in touch?"

"No!"

Li Yu replied briefly without offering much explanation.

Qin Mu felt she might become a matchmaker someday.

After Li Yu left, Mu Qingxin also departed. Standing at the hotel entrance, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen stared at each other. When Mu Yichen's car was pulled up, Qin Mu asked him, "Will Mr. Mu give me a ride to the studio?"

"No!"

Mu Yichen bluntly refused without a shred of courtesy.

Qin Mu...

He pressed down on her hand and forcefully pushed her into the passenger seat.

Qin Mu...

Of course, the car didn't head toward her studio.

Mu Yichen drove straight to the office building.

"I only have one meeting today. After it's done, we'll pick up Mu Chenghuan from school together."

"And what am I supposed to do while you're in the meeting?"

Qin Mu asked him.

"Weren't you just saying this morning how exhausted you were? Take a rest."

Mu Yichen's dark eyes looked at her with utmost seriousness.

Qin Mu...

Later, while Mu Yichen discussed business with a few senior executives in his office, Qin Mu actually fell asleep in his private lounge.

At 4:30, the two of them drove to Huanhuan's school and walked to the school gate to wait for her. There, they overheard some moms around them whispering.

"I heard she's a designer, but last time, she had the nerve to tell a parent to transfer their kid. Absolutely no manners."

"Really? She actually looks pretty nice."

"People like that are just wolves in sheep's clothing!"

"Exactly. And then she marries a good husband on top of it? What a piece of work."

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen kept their heads down, overhearing everything, and thought to themselves: Do you all think we're deaf?

For the first time, even Mu Yichen wasn't pleased to hear someone praising Qin Mu for marrying a good husband.

"Ugh! A designer, huh? Why do I feel like she looks more like an ad model?"

Suddenly, a woman wearing a mask scrutinized Qin Mu's face and voiced her suspicion.

Qin Mu had a bad feeling and suddenly wanted to find something to cover her face.

"Oh! She really does look like one! Wasn't she in that shampoo commercial with Li Yu recently...?"

A parent, looking uncertain, blurted it out with wide eyes.

"I remember now! Wasn't there a perfume ad on TV last year or something? I think that was her too."

Qin Mu had initially planned to confront them sharply, but now that they'd brought up so much history, she started feeling a bit intimidated.

The school gates finally opened slowly, and the parents stopped gossiping about them. Qin Mu let out a big sigh: "What the hell..."

The rest of the words lingered in her mind.

She wouldn't go so far as to curse aloud. Even when she got furious, she'd insult someone without stooping to profanity.

Chapter 912: This is cool_3

Qin Mu watched everyone walk in and suddenly came back to her senses. Regardless of Mu Yichen's questioning reaction, she suddenly ran inside on her eight-centimeter heels, pushing through the crowd and charging forward...

But...

Today, she still didn't get the first place.

Qin Mu got angry, took a couple of breaths, and gritted her teeth. But when she saw the parent greeting the teacher, she couldn't believe it and gnashed her teeth harder.

Isn't that the bitch who was just scolding her at the gate?

Wearing a mask, ha, Qin Mu wouldn't have recognized her without that pink mask. Covering her face so tightly in the middle of summer is one thing, but wearing a mask can't even shut her mouth, damn...

Qin Mu felt like cursing for the umpteenth time today.

"Huanhuan's mom is here too!"

The teacher quickly greeted Qin Mu politely upon seeing her.

The parent gave Qin Mu a dismissive look after hearing the teacher call her Huanhuan's mom.

"So you're Huanhuan's mom. I didn't expect Huanhuan's mom to be a big star."

The parent ridiculed, arms crossed over her big chest.

No, Qin Mu felt it was more disrespectful, like a provocation.

Qin Mu smiled faintly: "Is the lady with the mask a victim of domestic violence?"

"What?"

Faced with Qin Mu's calm demeanor, the parent raised her hand to touch her masked face, her eyes widening even more.

"Oh! I'm just saying, aren't you afraid of getting a heat rash wearing that mask in this hot summer? Or is it really... domestic violence?"

Qin Mu didn't expect that Xiaomei's previous joke could become useful to her.

"You're the one who's a victim of domestic violence, your whole family is."

"Maliciously hurting others entails legal responsibility, madam."

Qin Mu kindly reminded her, but of course, her expression was no longer as accommodating as before.

As Qin Mu's face changed, the woman got angry too: "Ha, acting like you really understand the law, like I'm some legal illiterate. It's just a few bucks, so what if you have money?"

"If you want to compare wealth, that's possible, but if you want to compare etiquette with me, ha, you've got a long way to go."

Qin Mu's face hardened, and her eyes suddenly turned cold as a knife.

The woman's throat tightened, but she was unwilling to show weakness: "Etiquette? If you had any, would you make other people's children transfer schools?"

"Which ear of yours heard me making other people's kids transfer schools?"

Qin Mu glared with anger.

"Whether you did or not, you know yourself!"

The woman gave her a disdainful look, then, when her son came out, immediately grabbed his hand: "We're leaving, don't want to talk to such an uncultured person anymore."

It was the first time someone called Qin Mu uncultured, so in anger, she thrust out her high-heeled shoe.

The woman, also in high heels, immediately fell to the ground, surrounded by a crowd, shrieking in her predicament.

The little boy, scared, shrunk back against the wall. After tripping the woman, Qin Mu realized it was inappropriate, especially in front of a child.

Moreover, the child was clearly terrified.

Huanhuan had already come out, along with the teacher, and so many parents were watching her.

"Fanfan!"

"Huanhuan!"

Huanhuan called out to Fanfan, and Fanfan called back, running over to hold Huanhuan's hand, positioning her behind: "Don't let that old witch see you, she'll give you a poisoned apple."

Qin Mu twitched involuntarily. Witch? Poisoned apple?

And these two little ones, at such a young age, their hand-holding protective stance, why did it seem so familiar yet so strange?

Everyone was staring at the woman on the ground, and when people were wondering if the witch was Qin Mu or the woman on the floor, the boy pointed at the woman slowly getting up: "It's her, she drove my mom away and took my dad."

"What?"

Everyone was confused.

Qin Mu was also confused—not the real mom?

But it hadn't seemed that way initially, especially when she was holding the child's hand so sincerely.

Qin Mu suddenly felt embarrassed, glancing up to see everyone looking at them, some holding phones to snap photos or videos, she instinctively said, "Please respect personal privacy and put down your phones."

No one listened to her, a group of moms not seeming to care and enjoying the spectacle.

Qin Mu was quite overwhelmed, and when the woman covered her waist and stood up, ready to quarrel with Qin Mu, Qin Mu suddenly shouted: "If anyone posts a video of this online today, my husband is very powerful, you all know it, oh!"

As soon as Qin Mu said that, the children gathered at the classroom door and parents standing outside froze.

But those with phones raised, only a few put them down, and some were still recording as if they were deaf.

Qin Mu overheard a sentence.

"Wow, this is for my Weibo video."

Qin Mu...

Everyone turned to look at that woman like a warrior!

Qin Mu felt like her reputation was ruined—as soon as that woman posted on Weibo, she'd be completely finished.

If that whole part went out, wouldn't many see her threatening others?

Ha-ha, her twenty-something years of reputation, about to be utterly ruined!

Qin Mu started feeling downcast, staring miserably at that warrior woman.

Mu Yichen stood at the entrance of the school building, waiting for them to come out, but after waiting so long without seeing them, he went inside.

Who knew the inside was packed tight, Mu Yichen unconsciously took his hands out of his pockets, his dark eyes adding a touch of coldness.

Finally spotting Qin Mu amidst the crowd, Qin Mu gave him a weary smile, signaling with her eyes: wait to see the Weibo video.

"Hey! Why can't I upload it?"

Suddenly, someone muttered softly.

Qin Mu's downcast eyes lifted again, suddenly remembering how Le Yuanyuan once had someone smear her on Weibo, so later anything related to Mrs. Mu's name was dealt with by Mr. Mu through special connections...

Chapter 913: Dominant President Mu

So, any video related to her name or face cannot be uploaded without approval, unless she and Mr. Mu give permission.

Hahaha...

Qin Mu was laughing uncontrollably inside. She then lowered her head and extended her hand to her daughter: "Let's go home!"

"Oh! But what about Fanfan?"

Huanhuan placed her hand in Qin Mu's palm.

"Of course, Fanfan will go home with his mom or his aunt."

Qin Mu had no choice but to tell Huanhuan the truth. Even though that woman really made people uncomfortable, she still had to act seriously.

Huanhuan turned to look at Fanfan. Fanfan let go of her hand and said, "You guys can go back. That old witch wouldn't dare bully me. Otherwise, my dad will beat her up."

At this point, the woman angrily turned her head, and her mask slipped off.

Qin Mu: "..."

The crowd: "..."

She was just saying it casually, but then...

After being shocked for a while, on the way home, she suddenly felt gloomy.

Qin Mu and Huanhuan were sitting in the back. Huanhuan looked at her mom, who kept gazing out the window lost in thought, and couldn't help but tug at her: "Mom!"

Qin Mu snapped back to reality, turned her head, and looked at her daughter, lifting Huanhuan onto her lap.

"What are you thinking about, Mom?"

The man driving in front glanced at the rearview mirror but didn't say anything. Qin Mu smiled faintly: "Oh, nothing. Mom was just enjoying the scenery."

"Oh! Those trees are running so fast."

Huanhuan stretched her eyes to look outside and commented.

Qin Mu chuckled softly and ruffled her little head.

But in her heart, she couldn't help but think that if that woman was suffering from domestic violence, her injuries wouldn't just be superficial.

Sigh!

Since it's someone else's family business, she couldn't intervene much. Thinking about it, she decided to push away those negative thoughts.

"Huanhuan, what do you want to eat for dinner tonight?"

Qin Mu lowered her head to ask Huanhuan.

"Huanhuan wants to go to McDonald's."

Just as the car passed by a McDonald's, Qin Mu heard this and lifted her eyes to see.

"You little rascal!"

Mu Yichen, worried about his wife and daughter, quickly followed them to avoid any trouble and joined them as they got out of the car.

On the way, he carried Huanhuan in his arms while Qin Mu walked beside them. Together, the three of them picked up Huanhuan's favorite snacks to-go.

The weather suddenly turned gloomy, and when they arrived home, big raindrops started falling.

Mu Yichen's car didn't have an umbrella, so he took off his jacket and covered Huanhuan's head, sheltering her carefully as he made a quick dash inside.

Qin Mu covered her head with her arms.

Mu Qingxin was standing at the door waiting for them. As soon as they entered, she grabbed Huanhuan from Mu Yichen's arms. When she pulled off the jacket covering Huanhuan and revealed her little head, Huanhuan let out a silly giggle.

It seemed like she thought it was a very amusing experience.

Qin Mu and Mu Yichen sighed helplessly and shook their heads, while Mu Qingxin burst out laughing.

Thinking back to her own childhood, she remembered how much she enjoyed those moments when her dad picked her up on rainy days and forgot to bring an umbrella. She could hide under his jacket and feel an inexplicable joy despite getting wet.

"Huanhuan didn't get wet, did she?"

As Huanhuan ran inside, Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao lifted their eyes to check her. Seeing her body mostly dry, though her hair was a bit messy, they were reassured. Feng Fanghua still asked.

"Nope! Dad's jacket covered me!"

Huanhuan ran to her grandma and grandpa, covering her messy hair with her hand to emphasize how well she stayed dry.

"Ah, so that's how it is! Good thing our Huanhuan didn't get wet. Huanhuan, let's drink some water first, okay?"

"Okay!"

Feng Fanghua picked up the warm water she had prepared and handed it to her.

After dinner, Huanhuan and her little brothers all went to bed. The two men were banished outside to smoke, while the three women stayed inside chatting.

The father and son miserably looked through the window at the women inside. Mu Qingxin was animatedly gesturing and speaking, which Mu Yichen referred to as "making a fuss."

"When we were kids, it was just like this. That's why my brother instinctively does the same things now. It shows he's truly grown up."

Mu Qingxin reminisced about their childhood while praising him.

Qin Mu...

Grown up?

"What are you talking about? Your brother is already a father of two kids. What do you mean by grown up or not grown up?"

Feng Fanghua scolded her lightly.

"I'm telling the truth! Back then, my brother was still just a kid."

Mu Qingxin insisted, sounding a bit stubborn.

Thinking about the rare moments they spent together as children, there was a hint of nostalgia. Her brother's youth had all been devoted to the woman beside him now.

Chapter 914: Dominant President Mu_2

Mu Qingxin's gaze darted sharply toward Qin Mu, and Qin Mu was startled, instinctively taking a step back.

"Hey! You're the woman who stole my brother's youth. You better buy me lots and lots of clothes, got it?"

Qin Mu felt a little bewildered and reflexively nodded, agreeing slowly.

After all, Miss Mu was practically threatening her.

Did Mu Yichen really give her his entire youth?

He had attended university and built his career in the country.

Still, thinking about how he stood by her during her toughest days...

Qin Mu decided to accept the grievance handed to her by her little sister-in-law.

Because honestly, it didn't feel like a grievance—Mu Qingxin was pretty adorable.

"Qingxin, who else treats their sister-in-law with such little decorum? Yelling and screaming like this, don't you have any manners?"

Feng Fanghua, as the mother, couldn't stand watching her daughter boss around her daughter-in-law like that, especially given their family's status. Feng Fanghua hoped Mu Qingxin would learn to be more measured at times.

"Mom, she's not just my sister-in-law—she's my sworn enemy! Besides, if I were too polite to her, why don't you ask Qin Mu if she'd feel weird about that?"

Mu Qingxin finished her sentence and glanced back at Qin Mu.

"Honestly, I could test it out and see if she'd feel uncomfortable."

Provided that you start being courteous to me first.

Qin Mu forced herself to smile, her voice still calm.

Mu Qingxin...

Feng Fanghua sighed helplessly: "Ah! I really don't know what to do with the two of you. These past few days, the weather's gotten cooler. I've placed new blankets in your rooms; remember to use them if it gets cold."

Feng Fanghua suddenly remembered the change in weather and brought it up to them.

"Mom, you're worrying for nothing. Do you think Qin Mu would feel cold? She has Mu Yichen to warm her bed. Unlike me, who only has Ziyu to keep me company. Ah! Why does Ayan always go on business trips? It leaves me all pitiful at my parents' home, unloved, uncared for, dependent on others."

Mu Qingxin suddenly put on a sour, sorrowful expression.

"That's enough!"

Feng Fanghua responded.

Qin Mu silently picked up her teacup, straightened her back, and slowly sipped her tea.

Watching Mu Qingxin clown around like this was actually pretty entertaining.

Outside, there was suddenly a loud splash, as though water had been poured down from the rooftop. The three women all turned to look outside and saw that it had started pouring rain out of nowhere.

The father-and-son duo standing outside had disappeared too, and Qin Mu sprang up almost immediately, turning to head toward the door.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Qingxin stayed seated, looking out from afar.

"Dad, are you okay?"

The butler and maid, who rushed over at the same time as Qin Mu, were holding towels to offer the father and son.

"I'm fine, I'm fine!"

Mu Zihao replied, expressing his gratitude for his daughter-in-law's concern, but when he looked up, he saw Qin Mu busily drying Mu Yichen's hair and shoulders. Instantly...

Qin Mu didn't say anything to Mu Yichen, but the moment he jumped inside, she had already grabbed a towel and started drying him.

"Dad, it's a bit chilly. Hurry and take a shower and change into dry clothes."

Qin Mu instructed softly, then lifted her worried gaze toward Mu Yichen: "You too!"

"Who was it that just kicked me outside?"

Mu Yichen's deep, smooth voice questioned her as his dark eyes locked onto her.

Qin Mu...

"Follow me upstairs."

Mu Yichen continued to hold her gaze, issuing an order.

Qin Mu cast a glance at Mu Zihao—how could a daughter-in-law not display proper etiquette when in her father-in-law's home?

"Just go, just go!"

Mu Zihao said as he also headed inside.

Qin Mu followed Mu Yichen up to the second floor. Mu Zihao muttered to himself on his way in: "Our Mu Family matriarch doesn't even care about her husband's life anymore!"

The voice wasn't loud, but the woman sitting on the sofa, teacup in hand, heard it clearly. Suddenly, she lost her will to drink.

Mu Qingxin tried her best to stifle her laughter, and after a while, she asked: "Mom, doesn't comparison just amplify the pain? That girl sure dotes on my brother, doesn't she?"

The mother and daughter had both witnessed the scene just now.

"Only Mumu cares for your brother. Why don't you go care for your father instead? We raised you all these years for nothing."

Worried her husband might catch a cold, Feng Fanghua hurriedly put down her teacup and got up, moving swiftly yet gracefully toward the interior of the house.

Mu Qingxin...

Thought to herself, you're all just taking advantage of the fact that my husband isn't around, huh? Hmph!

She leisurely picked up a huge plate of fruit from the table, hugged it, and switched the TV channel.

Once Ziyu went to bed, her blissful personal time began—no need to mention how much joy it brought her.

Mu Yichen came out from the bathroom after his shower but frowned at once when he didn't see Qin Mu.

Qin Mu pushed the door open from outside, holding a cup of ginger sugar water in her hands.

Chapter 915: Dominant President Mu_3

"Auntie made ginger syrup water for you and Dad to drink."

Qin Mu walked over and handed the steaming cup of ginger syrup water to him.

Mu Yichen took the cup, his eyes lowered as he looked at her: "Mrs. Mu, you've truly made me see you in a whole new light today."

Qin Mu...

"By the way, let's not tell Dad or Mu Qingxin about the incident at Huanhuan's school this afternoon, okay?"

Qin Mu quietly requested as she watched him drink the ginger syrup water slowly.

He let out a snort of laughter, then glanced at her: "If you perform well, maybe."

Qin Mu...

It was too easy to perform well.

Qin Mu immediately nodded with a cheerful smile, looking at him flatteringly: "No problem! Whatever Mu's orders are, I promise to fulfill them to your satisfaction."

"Go take a bath first. Wear the outfit we bought a couple of days ago."

Mu Yichen kindly reminded her as he carried the water cup and walked towards the window.

Qin Mu...

The rain, which had fallen in the afternoon, started again all of a sudden.

Mu Yichen's tall, upright figure stood quietly by the window, watching the rain pour down. He felt this time it would rain for a long while.

His phone began ringing lazily on the bed. His jet-black eagle eyes shifted from the window to the ringing phone on the bed, his gaze was deep as the ocean.

Afterward, he picked up the phone, placed the ginger syrup water on the coffee table, and returned to the window to answer the call.

"Speak!"

"He dared to cause trouble right under my nose? Make sure he can't survive in China. Also, prepare a copy of the parent information for Mu Chenghuan's class and bring it to my office tomorrow."

Mu Yichen hung up after finishing, not bothering to explain further in response to the doubts on the other end.

It was just that he had heard some things, so it was essential to know both yourself and your enemy.

— —

The next morning.

Nobody knew when the rain stopped, but by the time everyone in the house started waking up one after another, beautiful sunshine had already spilled into the house.

Mu Qingxin was holding Ziyu's hand, teaching him to walk. The maids were busy cleaning, and Feng Fanghua, as the mistress of the house, was the first one to wake up.

After getting out of bed, she saw the little one taking two steps on his own before running swiftly into Mu Qingxin's arms. She couldn't help but feel excited.

"You should stand a little farther away from him. What's the use of being so close?"

Feng Fanghua felt a surge of excitement inside but masked it with her usual cold demeanor, fitting her consistent style of having a sharp tongue but soft heart.

"What if he falls? I only have one son—wait, Mom, when my brother and I were kids, you wouldn't have treated us the same way, right?"

"Then why didn't either of you end up disabled?"

Feng Fanghua retorted with annoyance.

Mu Qingxin hugged her son in her arms, sitting on the floor, and gently wiped away the drool he had left behind in excitement from walking just now. Then, she sweetly said to him: "We won't listen to Grandma, okay? Mommy would never let our Ziyu fall."

Feng Fanghua...

"Madam, Miss Huanhuan is awake too."

"I'll be right up!"

Feng Fanghua immediately turned around to head upstairs after hearing from the maid.

"Oh come on, Mom, just let the maids help Huanhuan get up. Why do you need to personally go?"

"She's my precious granddaughter."

Feng Fanghua left these words behind.

Mu Qingxin...

"Ziyu, don't be sad, okay? If Grandma doesn't dote on you, Grandpa will. If Grandpa doesn't, Daddy will. Anyway, our Ziyu has plenty of people who love him."

Ziyu had absolutely no idea what she was saying and reached out to tug at the corner of her mouth. Mu Qingxin...

Meanwhile, the room belonging to Qin Mu and Mu Yichen was still very quiet.

Perhaps it was because the morning outside was so cold while the bed was so warm, making it extra hard not to linger in the cozy sheets.

"Brother? I was just wondering—what do you two plan to have for breakfast today? Chinese or Western? Congee or milk?"

Mu Yichen completely ignored her, while Qin Mu couldn't help but excitedly kick her legs, almost jumping up, which perfectly suited the man in the bed's intentions.

Ever since Mu Qingxin returned, Mu Yichen had a strong premonition that every morning he would get disturbed, so he made it a habit to lock the door every night before sleep.

Thus, Mu Qingxin went downstairs disappointedly.

Meanwhile, the two were continuing inside their room.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh: "What is it with you two siblings?"

"She's always been like this since she was a child."

Mu Yichen answered.

"Really?"

Qin Mu genuinely didn't know.

But as Mu Yichen said, that girl had always been mischievous and a troublemaker, constantly leaving him to clean up her messes.

Even after she grew up and secretly got together with Jiang Yan, he was still quietly looking after this darling little sister.

Mu Yichen later reflected that Mu Qingxin's reckless personality might have been the result of his indulgence, along with their beloved parents.

However, he had no interest in dwelling on this now, as he was busy serving his dear wife.

Chapter 916: went to work with a teeth mark

Service Delivered

Qin Mu was almost driven mad by Mu Yichen, feeling unbearable pain, yet still having to soothe him with an overly good temper: "That's enough, come on up."

"So soon?"

Mu Yichen acted like he did not quite agree, narrowing his sharp eyes at her.

"Yes! Stop it, just come on!"

Qin Mu, feeling aggrieved, shifted her body slightly closer to him.

His hand lingered provocatively below her stomach, but he refused to give her any relief.

It felt as though someone was running a blade lightly across her skin in thousands of cuts — her body bleeding all over but without damaging the inside. Yet, she had long reached her limit of tolerating this painful itch, and after being tormented to the edge of madness, she just wanted something even fiercer.

When the two of them finally came downstairs, Mu Qingxin stopped them: "Why did you two lock the door in broad daylight?"

"What do you think? A woman who has had a child shouldn't have trouble understanding that."

Mu Yichen, hands in his pockets, coldly rebuked his younger sister.

Mu Qingxin...

Huanhuan stood in front of Mu Qingxin as a shield for her, while Mu Qingxin held Huanhuan's hand but suddenly found herself speechless.

Huanhuan raised her head to look at her aunt, suddenly feeling that her aunt seemed a little different.

"Qin Mu, will you do something about this or not?"

Mu Qingxin grew impatient, realizing Huanhuan was of no help, and directly started venting her anger at Qin Mu.

"Do you think I can control your brother? Everything in this household is decided by him."

Qin Mu spoke while raising her hand, palm up, clearly buttering up to Mu Yichen.

Mu Qingxin thought that this married pair was outrageously shameless.

Just as they were talking, Li Man sent a WeChat message. Qin Mu reached into the oversized pocket of her dress and took out her phone to glance at it.

Li Man: "Can I join my lovely goddess for dinner tonight?"

After reading the message, Qin Mu turned to Mu Yichen and Mu Qingxin: "Li Man is asking me out for dinner tonight."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming too! Ask her if Li Yu will be there; tell her to invite Li Yu as well."

Mu Qingxin, upon hearing Qin Mu's words, got excited.

Mu Yichen's sharp gaze swept coldly across Mu Qingxin, looking extraordinarily stern.

Mu Qingxin instantly held her breath.

Qin Mu also glanced at Mu Yichen, then held his arm and coaxed him: "Let's go have breakfast first."

Mu Yichen turned and walked with her to the dining area, with Mu Qingxin following behind and making small, playful fist movements at his back.

After breakfast, Qin Mu walked outside with Mu Yichen, and she said to him: "Why don't we go together tonight?"

"It's a dinner for you ladies; what's the point of me crashing it?"

Mu Yichen responded, his expression visibly displeased.

"But what if Li Yu will be there too?"

"You already know the answer!"

Before leaving, Mu Yichen raised his hand and gave her shoulder a firm pinch, making her bones ache.

As Qin Mu watched his car disappear into the distance, she sighed helplessly but still didn't decline the date with that girl.

However, she did bring Mu Qingxin along.

Qin Mu didn't drop Huanhuan off at school because Mu insisted on avoiding any further troubles, so the elders were tasked with escorting Huanhuan instead.

At the school gate, Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao overheard people pointing fingers and whispering about them, which made Feng Fanghua frown instantly. She walked over to a teacher near the entrance and asked: "What's this all about?"

"You aren't aware? Yesterday, Huanhuan's mom argued with another parent outside the classroom and even stretched her foot to trip that parent. The whole scene was quite unpleasant."

The teacher spoke quietly, and even appeared regretful after finishing her words, as both Feng Fanghua and Mu Yichen carried an aura that inspired deference.

"I need to speak to your principal."

Feng Fanghua said only this, and after watching her granddaughter enter, she pulled Mu Zihao along to meet with the principal.

The principal arranged for them to watch surveillance footage. Though the sound was inaudible, Feng Fanghua could tell from the parent's facial expressions that people surely had critical opinions of Qin Mu.

"Since when did our school become so reckless? Isn't it a bit overboard for parents to behave so brazenly on campus? Our family donated so much money, but was it just to let our daughter-in-law be subject to this kind of treatment?"

"The family situation of that student Zhang Fan is rather complicated. That was his stepmother, and her character is indeed questionable."

The principal, a refined and independent woman in her fifties, had dealt with Feng Fanghua enough times to understand her personality. Thus, she spoke humbly, using a tone as diplomatic as possible.

"I don't care about all that. Since my granddaughter is attending this school, I don't want her hearing any nasty remarks. Besides, I know my daughter-in-law's character better than anyone here. That woman must apologize to her face."

Chapter 917: went to work with a teeth mark_2

Mu Zihao listened for a while, then stepped out to make a phone call. When he returned, he leaned close to Feng Fanghua and whispered something. Only then did Feng Fanghua lower her voice, turning to look at her husband in shock.

"If something like this happens again, we'll transfer schools."

Feng Fanghua stood up as she spoke, her fiery and relentless personality on full display.

"Sorry, she's the kind of person who can't stand to see her family being mistreated."

Mu Zihao, trailing behind her, raised his hand to stop the principal from escorting them out. He apologized as well.

The principal wouldn't dare let Mu Zihao apologize and quickly nodded earnestly: "Don't say that. Low-quality parents really do affect the little ones."

But what parents do—is that something kids or schools can control?

That afternoon, before dismissal, the principal posted an announcement in the school's public group, prohibiting certain behaviors.

On the way back home, Feng Fanghua looked at her husband from the passenger seat: "Yichen really said so?"

"Yesterday, both of them came to the school together. Someone bullied your daughter-in-law—can he ignore that? Word has it, they started investigating the background of that family last night, and it's already being handled today."

"Now that's more like it!"

Feng Fanghua, still fuming, couldn't get over those parents calling her daughter-in-law rude. The thought made her stomach churn with anger.

"Besides, why would you go through the principal for something like this? You're just adding to their workload."

Mu Zihao reminded her again.

"Even if it means adding to their workload, I had to say something. Keeping quiet would feel suffocating—you wouldn't understand!"

Mu Zihao heard her out and chuckled helplessly. How could he not understand? They've been married for so many years, and her temper still hasn't changed. In fact, it seems to have grown even hotter over the years, so much so that many people outside now fear her fiery personality.

When Feng Fanghua saw Mu Zihao's resigned expression, the corner of her lips curled up involuntarily. Over the years, how could she not know her own terrible temper? But wasn't it his fault for indulging her in everything?

Her lips, as if coated in honey, smiled wider and wider.

Eventually, before laughing out loud, Feng Fanghua turned to look outside. Mu Zihao glanced at her while driving: "Should we take Ziyu home too?"

"He's not my real grandson. Let's take Chengcheng home instead, and Ziyu can come along."

Feng Fanghua replied.

Mu Zihao simply smiled and said nothing.

Qin Mu visited Wen Runuan's company that morning, bringing Xiaomei along to help adjust her dress.

Wen Runuan's office had recently been upgraded to something larger, which Xiaomei found overly extravagant. She couldn't help but ask, "Sister Runuan, don't you think this place is too big? Don't you miss the warmth of your previous space?"

"Warmth is for home! What's there to be warm about in a company? I'd take over Director Zhang's office if I could!"

Wen Runuan quickly covered her mouth after speaking, laughing gleefully.

After securing the hem, Qin Mu stood up and pinned the needle casually to the cuff of his shirt sleeve. He gently tugged at Wen Runuan's waistline: "All done!"

"Is this your secret weapon, Sister Runuan? You always wear this dress for major events."

Xiaomei asked curiously.

"Exactly! This was the first dress Qin Mu made for me, and it's the one that helped me win quite a few awards. So now, I always wear it. Everyone thinks it's because I'm nostalgic."

Wen Runuan spoke, spinning in front of the mirror.

"Right? This is the fourth time it's been altered, isn't it?" Qin Mu looked down at the dress.

"Sigh, the waistline's always getting loose or tight. And just a few days ago, that little rascal chewed a hole in the hem. Do you think his two little teeth are too sharp?"

Wen Runuan muttered.

"Why do I suddenly picture teeth gripping a bicycle—or a car?"

Xiaomei blurted out.

Qin Mu: "..."

Wen Runuan: "..."

Xiaomei: "..."

"I heard Li Yu has been gathering the entertainment industry's four rising starlets to shoot a palace drama. Did he ask you to make a cameo?"

The three of them were sipping tea when Wen Runuan posed the question to Qin Mu.

"Four rising starlets?"

Qin Mu's brow furrowed slightly.

"That's right! If he manages to round them all up, the production will likely start filming out of town soon. With his current clout in the industry—and that infuriatingly handsome face of his—I bet plenty of girls would jump at the chance to act alongside him."

Wen Runuan never expected Li Yu to be so ambitious. Within a few years, Li Yu might carve out a significant presence in Rongcheng.

"I wouldn't know. He hasn't approached me."

Qin Mu thought for a moment before answering candidly.

"If he approaches you again, President Mu is going to abuse you at home!"

Xiaomei said, holding her teacup, then glanced at Wen Runuan: "You weren't there last time, but after she shot an ad with Li Yu, her situation was downright tragic. President Mu probably left marks all over her from his domestic abuse."

Chapter 918: went to work with a teeth mark_3

Qin Mu laughed in exasperation, thought about it for a moment, then smiled humbly before seriously asking, "Xiaomei, are you just sour grapes because you can't have them?"

Xiaomei...

Wen Runuan...

Qin Mu saw Xiaomei finally quiet down, raised her hand to put an arm around Xiaomei's shoulder, and patted her lightly.

Xiaomei, feeling wronged, was on the verge of tears. "Do you really think no one wants me? Tons of men stand in line wishing they could take a bite out of me!"

"Are you referring to Zhao Huai wanting to share a bed with you after becoming 'bros' with you?"

Qin Mu asked again.

Xiaomei...

"Whoa! What's going on here?"

Wen Runuan was stunned too.

"Specifically, there was a man who said he wanted to date me, but after a while, we somehow became 'bros' instead."

This time, Xiaomei wasn't upset—she shook her head regretfully.

"If you're looking for a boyfriend, I can help! I've got plenty of charming young men on hand."

Wen Runuan quickly chimed in with a righteous offer.

Xiaomei was so delighted she was about to cry, looking at her in disbelief.

"Forget it! I'm afraid if she gets a boyfriend, she'll slack off and start neglecting her work for me."

Qin Mu tightened her arm around Xiaomei's shoulder again, genuinely worried this silly girl might lose track of what she's supposed to be doing.

"You're sabotaging Xiaomei like this! You've already got kids and a family—can't you at least let Xiaomei find a man to keep her warm at night?" Wen Runuan joked.

"Exactly! Going to work every day with bite marks all over, making all the single people in the office a hot mess with nowhere to vent—boss, don't you think this is your fault?"

Qin Mu...

Well, it's true—none of their studio staff seemed to be in proper relationships...

Should they arrange a social mixer or something?

They can't just stay surrounded by drawing papers and fabrics all the time, right?

In the evening, Qin Mu and Mu Qingxin headed out for dinner together, but halfway there, Mu Qingxin ran into a couple of her male classmates and ended up going with them instead.

Qin Mu had no choice but to go to the dinner alone.

This time, Li Man had booked a small, quiet private room.

When Qin Mu arrived, Li Man immediately poured her a cup of tea and said as she sat down, "We'll be adding someone to our party soon."

"It's not going to be Li Yu, is it?"

Qin Mu asked, already having a hunch in her heart.

"It's him! Can you do me a favor? Just sit here properly and don't take any of what I say to heart."

Li Man spoke as she pushed the cup of tea closer to her. When Qin Mu accepted the tea, she reminded Li Man, "I'm not sure how much I can take."

"I understand!"

Li Man smiled gratefully.

"Actually, you don't need to worry. I won't humiliate you. I'm just going to torment Li Yu."

Torment Li Yu?

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at Li Man. After a conflicted moment, she steadied herself but couldn't help thinking—among this group, Li Man might be the only one who could openly talk about tormenting Li Yu.

Sure enough, Li Yu walked in after pushing the door open but paused in visible surprise when he saw Qin Mu.

"Come in!"

Li Man glanced at him and casually hollered.

Li Yu looked back at Li Man briefly, then walked over and sat down between the two women. He turned to Qin Mu with a smile, "Why are you here with her?"

Before Qin Mu could respond, Li Man had already jumped in, "Don't you know? Mrs. Mu and I are good friends now."

Qin Mu didn't refute it. Li Yu glanced at Qin Mu, whose expression conveyed an odd mix of restraint and indifference. It was evident she didn't care much for the situation but wasn't particularly annoyed by it either. He ignored Li Man and grabbed the teapot to pour himself some tea. "Have you ordered the food?"

"Yes. All your favorites."

As his long-time younger sister, Li Man seemed to know his preferences thoroughly.

Li Yu said nothing, only pulling out a cigarette from his pack and holding it at his lips before looking for his lighter.

But before he could find it, Li Man had already produced her own lighter and lit it for him.

Qin Mu stayed quiet, but she couldn't help noticing how Li Man seemed to know every small detail of Li Yu's behavior.

Li Yu froze for a moment, then lowered his gaze.

Qin Mu suddenly remembered the times she had quarrelled with Mu Yichen.

Was it because of family dynamics that they couldn't stay together?

Qin Mu speculated about why Li Yu didn't reciprocate Li Man's feelings.

She couldn't believe that Li Yu genuinely disliked Li Man. Li Man had plenty of good qualities, and when Li Yu entered the room, he only glanced at Li Man once before intentionally avoiding eye contact—an avoidance that hinted at fear or reluctance. After all, he was patiently 'enjoying' being tormented by her.

"JY's advertisements should start airing on major TV channels soon, right?"

Li Yu took a puff of his cigarette, settled his emotions, then smiled and asked Qin Mu.

"Yes! That's right!"

Qin Mu replied.

"I've got a feeling your boutique's going to get swamped with customers right away."

Li Man joined the conversation cheerfully.

"I share that concern, which is why we've already implemented purchase limits early in the month."

Qin Mu nodded in agreement and explained.

"Wow! Coming up with purchase limits—that's so you! But a lot of big international brands seem to do the same thing."

"Yeah! Otherwise, our studio's designers would be worked to the bone, and the factory wouldn't be able to keep up."

"Why not hire more workers? As far as I know, Mu seems to have developed a lot of properties—you'll definitely have the resources. Also, if your ads are out and you're only keeping a single store in Rongcheng, isn't that a waste?"

Li Man shared her thoughts and then posed her doubts.

"We don't do unprofitable business, but what we aim for is boutique customization, not just earning through quantity."

Qin Mu held her tea cup and shared her business philosophy.

"Wow, that reminds me of several century-old brands whose owners seemed to have the same mindset as you."

"They're probably stricter than me, though my mentor had a similarly strong personality."

Qin Mu felt she had a fairly decent temper.

"Are you talking about JY himself? I've heard that except for high-profile shows, he doesn't make public appearances anymore."

"So many responsibilities have fallen on the shoulders of our studio staff."

Chapter 919: Actually, the type I like is someone like you.

Qin Mu shrugged, thinking to herself how Jian Yan had really become more outrageous over the past two years, yet he was still her good mentor.

"Sounds so cool, only really amazing people can achieve that, but I think you're already very impressive now. It seems like no one in the fashion circle domestically doesn't know the name Qin Mu."

"Luckily, it's not 'Mrs. Mu' those three words."

Qin Mu felt a sense of relief in her heart after hearing that.

She was worried that the fame of 'Mrs. Mu' would overshadow Qin Mu, and then Mr. Mu would become unbearably smug.

"Li Yu, do you think Qin Mu will be as impressive as her mentor in the future?"

Li Man rested her chin on her hand and turned to look at Li Yu, with eyes seemingly full of anticipation, yet more filled with melancholy.

Li Yu bowed his head with a half-smile, then looked up at Qin Mu: "I think you won't become someone like your mentor; you are Qin Mu."

Qin Mu: "..."

Li Man: "..."

At this moment, Li Man felt as if her chest had been punched hard, almost leaving her breathless. Her eyes showed obvious disappointment, but she had to maintain the composure expected of her.

She didn't want to appear petty in front of Li Yu; the two of them had argued too much in the past, and she didn't want their future interactions to continue like that.

But sometimes, she really wanted to stand up, point at his head, and scold him fiercely.

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu had nothing else to say and awkwardly lowered her head.

"That's also true, everyone should be themselves, how can one be someone else's substitute."

Li Man added.

She looked down sadly, finally.

Li Yu still didn't look at her.

Qin Mu felt the atmosphere was a bit off, maybe she should go out and give these siblings a little time alone?

"I'll go to the restroom!"

Qin Mu said, putting down her teacup and then stood up to walk out.

The room suddenly became extremely quiet, neither of the two paid attention to each other, just sitting in their respective places.

Qin Mu washed her hands in the restroom, and when she thought she saw a familiar face pass by, she instinctively glanced outside.

But she didn't see that woman anymore, only Li Yu walking in.

Qin Mu was startled: "Why did you come out too?"

"Otherwise? Sit there and watch her cry?"

Li Yu was afraid he couldn't take it.

Then he looked at Qin Mu and gave an helpless smile: "She asked you to come just to show you how awkward things are between us."

Qin Mu...

Turns out, he knew everything.

"My dad and aunt get along quite well, and she treats me well too, but we're just family, nothing more."

Li Yu lowered his head, saying this while still mocking himself.

Qin Mu just quietly watched him, listening to him speak.

"But you want me to date my sister?"

Li Yu laughed, but there was a kind of love-hate in his eyes.

At least, that's how Qin Mu felt.

"I'm sorry for the trouble she's caused you, but Qin Mu, don't let her use you anymore, it's not worth it."

Li Yu looked up at her, finally smiling at her.

Qin Mu recalled Wen Runuan saying that he had great ambitions, and at that moment, she believed it.

"Did you drive yourself here?"

"Mm!"

Qin Mu answered him quietly.

Li Yu nodded: "Be careful on the way back."

He turned to leave, and Qin Mu was still standing in the restroom, gradually hearing her own heartbeat.

"By the way! Actually, I've always liked your type!"

He suddenly came back, confessing to her from the doorway.

Qin Mu...

"But given you're a married woman, I choose to be more than friends."

Less than lovers?

Qin Mu watched him leave, then listened to the pain of her own heartbeat.

Later, Qin Mu felt like she had been teased, and was somewhat displeased.

When she returned, Li Man was already smiling again, though her eyes were red.

"He left because of something, let's eat."

The dishes were already served, and Li Man was carefully picking them for her.

Qin Mu watched, but didn't have much appetite, just quietly observing.

"Do you dislike it when others help with picking food? I've heard people abroad are more independent and dislike being fussed over like this?"

Li Man looked up and asked her.

"Are you alright?"

Qin Mu asked her softly.

"He told me to keep pretending!"

Li Man's voice was somewhat hoarse, and she lowered her head, closing her eyes tightly, but big tears fell down.

She shook her head forcefully, trying to keep her mouth shut, but having held back for too long, she eventually broke down, crying out loudly.

It was because she had held back too long, too long, and finally, it erupted.

Qin Mu moved closer, gently soothing her back, yet all the while saying nothing.

Chapter 920: Actually, the type I like is someone like you, too.

"I chose this path because of him. This path is so hard, so bitter, yet I'm not afraid. What I fear is that he doesn't love me."

Li Man leaned sadly against Qin Mu's shoulder, her hands covering her tear-streaked face, and her hoarse voice finally slipped out through her fingers.

Qin Mu didn't know what to say.

Hadn't she once been afraid, too? Afraid enough to not dare pursue what she wanted?

Li Man was far more courageous than her, but Li Yu didn't have the resolute heart of Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu didn't know why this was the case. She could only gently smooth the woman's trembling back and silently accompany her in this moment.

Later, when Li Man finally cried herself out and left, Qin Mu waited at the hotel entrance for Mu Qingxin to come out. As it turned out, Mu Qingxin was drunk.

Hearing her laughter, Qin Mu turned her head and saw her being supported by a female classmate and a male classmate. She looked as though she didn't even recognize herself anymore.

Qin Mu simply stood quietly at the entrance, watching until they brought her over.

"Sister Mu, I'm sorry, this girl gets completely out of control when she starts drinking."

The young man was the same one Qin Mu had arranged to intimidate Qin Mingzhu last time. Seeing Qin Mu now, he greeted her obediently as Sister Mu.

Qin Mu gave him a quick glance in acknowledgment before lowering her gaze to look at Mu Qingxin.

At this moment, Mu Qingxin's hair was disheveled, her eyes red and swollen, as if she'd just had a fierce argument with someone. When she lifted her eyes and saw Qin Mu, she gave a silly smile and even tried to reach out to pinch Qin Mu's cheek. Qin Mu instinctively leaned back slightly, and her classmates quickly restrained her.

"It seems like she had a fight with her husband!"

One of the female classmates, though nervous upon seeing Qin Mu, couldn't resist speaking up.

Looking at Mu Qingxin in this state, Qin Mu also felt something was wrong. But with one person after another, sigh!

Suddenly, memories of her frequent arguments with Mu Yichen surfaced. What right did she have to criticize others for their flaws?

Their car arrived two minutes later, and the group helped Mu Qingxin into the vehicle.

On the way back, Mu Qingxin kept muttering, even more incessantly than Li Man had earlier in the private room.

"Jiang Yan is such a bastard. All he ever does is focus on his career, focus on his career. And what about me? Why bother getting married to me?"

She cried, growing more and more devastated.

Qin Mu drove the car home, nearly hauling Mu Qingxin out of the vehicle — it took every ounce of her strength.

Once at home, Feng Fanghua saw the situation and quickly rushed to take over, but the sight of her daughter, drunk beyond recognition, broke her heart. "What's going on here?"

"It looks like she had a fight with Jiang Yan!"

Qin Mu spoke softly, nearly drained of energy.

The housekeeper came over to help Qin Mu get Mu Qingxin into the bedroom.

"Take Ziyu to Chengcheng's room first."

Qin Mu mentioned as she noticed the pale, sleeping little one on the bed.

The housekeeper quickly carried the child away; scaring the kids would be worse than anything.

"This girl... fighting with her husband and doesn't say a word to us? I wondered why she came home so late the other night, turns out..."

Feng Fanghua sighed deeply in frustration, unable to finish her thoughts. She pulled the blanket over her daughter.

Qin Mu leaned forward to tug the blanket up fully before hearing the housekeeper greet Mu Yichen outside. Mu Yichen had already showered and was waiting for Qin Mu, but was surprised to see this scene.

Turning her head, Qin Mu saw the man standing sideways at the doorway. Mu Yichen glanced at Qin Mu before looking at the fool on the bed, whose hair was wet from crying.

"What's wrong with her?"

Mu Yichen asked in his deep voice.

"Mom, I'll head back to my room now."

Qin Mu said to Feng Fanghua.

"Go ahead!"

Feng Fanghua agreed and followed her out, softly closing the door behind Mu Qingxin.

Qin Mu lightly grasped Mu Yichen's arm and walked back to their room with him, speaking softly once there: "Seems like she had a fight with Jiang Yan. Probably because Jiang Yan is constantly traveling for work?"

Qin Mu sounded unsure, glancing up at Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen exhaled in exasperation. "So little self-control."

He seemed disappointed in Mu Qingxin, but as an older brother, his heart naturally ached for his sister.

"But Jiang Yan really is very busy."

Qin Mu said softly.

"The older members of the Jiang Family are constantly watching him like hawks. Do you think he can just secure his position and do nothing afterward? That he can live blissfully with his family and ignore everything else?"

Mu Yichen reminded Qin Mu, his tone filled with resignation.

Qin Mu...

"Since Mu Qingxin chose that man, she should be supporting him. If she becomes a burden to Jiang Yan, then she isn't worthy of his love."

Mu Yichen stated.

Hearing such a harsh evaluation from Mu Yichen was rare, making Qin Mu find it unexpectedly striking.