

His Beloved 971

Chapter 971: Now you realize how useful your family's General Mu is?_2

"Who's after your life? I just want to talk to Qin Mu!"

Qin Mingzhu wouldn't call Qin Mu "sister," yet she let go of Qin Mu's hand, her body still leaning in Qin Mu's direction.

Mu Yichen and Qin Haiming kept their heads down, acting like they were invisible.

"Then if you're traveling for work, I'll come visit you!"

Qin Mu had no choice but to say it, even though she was super reluctant.

"Really? I knew you weren't that heartless. When I go home, I'll tell my in-laws to prepare delicious food for you!"

Qin Mingzhu, happy like a child, beamed at Qin Mu coquettishly.

Qin Mu...

"Mingzhu, there's no need to rush and have your family buy groceries now. By then, we can arrange for the best chef in Beijing to bring ingredients to your house and cook."

Wang Huanyu had no choice but to offer a reminder.

The rain outside was still drizzling lazily. Qin Mu grew a little exasperated—it was all being made to sound like a state banquet.

"I'm not some VIP. A simple home-cooked meal is fine. Besides, there's also..."

Qin Mu wanted to say she might not even stay to have dinner, but she stopped herself, fearing Qin Mingzhu might cling to the topic and not let it go. So she simply turned to Mu Yichen and said, "Let's head back!"

"Alright!"

Mu Yichen nodded.

After bidding farewell to their hosts, Qin Mingzhu and Wang Huanyu walked them to the door. It was still raining outside, so the two of them shared an umbrella, standing by the car.

Qin Mu instinctively asked, "Didn't you drive here?"

"Coming here meant drinking for sure—white liquor at that. How could I drive?"

Mu Yichen reminded her.

Qin Mu: "..."

"Brother-in-law really came back with Dad!"

Wang Huanyu chimed in to clarify for Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu didn't have the energy to argue with Wang Huanyu, so she nodded in acknowledgment and let it go.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but let out a small chuckle. He thought to himself—now even outsiders are more trustworthy than him.

"You two head back then. Safe travels tomorrow!"

Qin Mu bid goodbye to the couple, while Mu Yichen opened the car door for her.

Once again, Qin Mu was the driver today. After their car drove away, Qin Mingzhu and Wang Huanyu remained standing in the rain. Wang Huanyu held onto the umbrella they'd just used, gazing in the direction the car had disappeared.

"Sigh! Who would've thought, one day, in such a dramatic way—"

Qin Mingzhu didn't finish her sentence, but her expression said it all.

She never imagined there would come a day when she and Qin Mu could coexist as sisters.

She still got jealous, because Qin Mu was deeply adored by Qin Haiming, but she'd still grown to like Qin Mu—still felt that Qin Mu was now part of her family.

On the way back, Qin Mu rested one hand on her arm, her voice weary: "So tired!"

Mu Yichen didn't even look at her. His face was unusually serious as he asked, "Weren't you saying earlier that you wanted to rally three or five friends to impeach me? Getting sleepy already?"

"Impeach you? Why?"

Qin Mu glanced at him with feigned surprise.

Mu Yichen finally cracked a smile, leaning back in his seat to stare at the rainy scenery outside. He raised his chin slightly, "Focus on driving!"

That deep, velvety voice—it was naturally meant to captivate women, wasn't it?

Qin Mu obediently played the role of his chauffeur, turning on the music. Jay Chou's "Silence" began to softly fill the car.

It was quite fitting for a rainy night like this.

Qin Mu couldn't help but hum along. Mu Yichen glanced at her from the corner of his eye, a flicker of surprise lighting up his usually composed gaze. He couldn't believe she knew the song.

In truth, Qin Mu was thinking to herself—it's a good thing Jay Chou's lyrics are hard to understand. Otherwise, given these words, in this car, the sentimentality might be enough to make someone frown in melancholy.

Mu Yichen turned slightly, watching her with his arms crossed. "Mrs. Mu!"

"Hmm?"

Qin Mu turned to look at him, a bit dazed.

"Focus on driving!"

That again?

Qin Mu didn't question it further, simply continuing to drive him home.

Later, several other songs played—probably from some music chart program, each track queued up in order of ranking.

When they finally arrived home, they saw the lights on!

The car slowed as Qin Mu drove it directly up to the house's entrance. Before turning off the engine, she glanced into the glass panel of the first floor. Inside, the elderly couple was sipping tea and watching TV.

It seemed, at this hour, the children were already asleep, leaving the two of them to their quiet time alone.

Feng Fanghua was an avid drama fan! Maybe out of boredom?

Mu Zihao was always by her side, without fail!

As Qin Mu parked the car, she turned to look at the man next to her, who didn't seem in any rush to get out. He sat there steadily, and she quipped, "If only you cared for me even half as much as Dad does for Mom, I'd truly be so grateful!"

"Grateful for what?"

Chapter 972: Now you realize how useful your family's General Mu is?_3

Mu Yichen's dark, ink-like eyes looked at her and asked in a deep voice.

Qin Mu: "... "

Yes, she had already married him. What else could she offer him?

"Get out!"

So Qin Mu helplessly reached for the car door, but her other hand was suddenly grabbed by him.

Before Qin Mu could turn her head, he had already leaned in close to her, cupped her face with one hand, and caught her off guard as he kissed her soft lips.

Suddenly...

The spacious car was silent. The sound of rain outside became surprisingly melodious.

Mu Yichen's lips parted slightly, and the tip of his tongue gently tangled with hers between her lips and teeth.

When Qin Mu was thoroughly lost in this kiss, someone inside the house inadvertently glanced outside.

"Hey! When did these two come back?"

Feng Fanghua asked curiously, her gaze lingering on the window.

Mu Zihao also glanced over, saying, "These kids. At least they know to leave us some space!"

Feng Fanghua turned her eyes to her husband, feeling... concerned about his intelligence.

"Let's leave! We're going to rest now! Watching them is just annoying!"

Feng Fanghua stood up first and walked past Mu Zihao.

Mu Zihao looked at her quizzically, "Who's annoying you?"

"You!"

Feng Fanghua murmured, not bothering to turn her head as she walked away.

Mu Zihao grumbled, "What did I do wrong? The kids thoughtfully gave us space to watch, so how about we keep watching a bit longer?"

Feng Fanghua replied, "Catch the replay tomorrow. Head upstairs now!"

At the staircase, Feng Fanghua turned her head again and shouted to the man stubbornly glued to the sofa.

Mu Zihao had no choice but to obey her, following upstairs loyally.

When Mu Yichen and Qin Mu stepped inside, they found the place empty. Qin Mu, held by Mu Yichen's hand, asked hesitantly, "Weren't they just here watching TV? They said the show would run until ten-thirty!"

"Are you stupid? Get upstairs and write your self-reflection!"

Mu Yichen shot a sharp glance at her naive expression, urging her.

"Write a reflection? How childish!"

Qin Mu immediately grabbed his arm and hugged it tightly, rubbing her face against it.

Mu Yichen...

"No matter what, the reflection needs to be written! Otherwise, next time you won't learn your lesson..."

Before Mu Yichen could finish his words, Qin Mu raised her hand and covered his mouth.

"Stop spouting nonsense!"

Qin Mu frowned delicately, her head tilted upward as she softly admonished him.

"Spouting nonsense?"

Mu Yichen pried her hand away forcefully, gripping it firmly in his palm. His other arm wrapped tightly around her slender waist, and his dark eyes were filled with an obvious desire to devour her.

Actually, Mu Yichen hadn't planned to make her do anything tonight—after all, she was utterly exhausted last night.

But now she seemed to have recovered nicely!

"If you're unwilling to write your reflection, then go clean yourself up and lay on the bed!"

Mu Yichen suddenly embraced her, speaking ambiguously and seductively.

Qin Mu: "Fine, I'll write the reflection!"

Pushing him away, she glared coldly over her shoulder as she put some distance between them. Then, with deliberate strides, she headed toward the staircase.

Honestly, she had only just begun to feel a bit better and was not eager to be subjected to his 'creative' positions again tonight, only to be unable to get out of bed tomorrow.

Still, regarding the reflection...

The words 'Self-Reflection' were confidently written across the top of the letterhead.

She then idly twirled her pen, her gaze fixed on the man seated opposite her.

The two of them lingered in the study, with Mu Yichen refusing to rush her: "If you can't finish it in half an hour, then only I get to call the shots afterward!"

Qin Mu gently rested the pen against her chin and curiously asked him, "Be honest, if it weren't for the family's massive business empire waiting for you to inherit, you probably would've become a teacher, right? Teaching was your real dream, wasn't it?"

Mu Yichen...

"Come on, say it!"

Qin Mu raised her eyebrows, her curiosity practically glowing.

Mu Yichen let out a helpless sigh: "Say what? If you don't finish, I'm about to carry you away!"

Qin Mu immediately caved, dropping her head to focus on the reflection letter as she wrote the first word: I...

I what?

"I know I was wrong—shouldn't have smoked!"

Qin Mu continued writing in neat, graceful handwriting. Mu Yichen watched her letters with a quiet admiration—they were as beautiful as her.

Qin Mu finished a line and looked up at him: "Do you think this expresses enough sincerity?"

Mu Yichen: "..."

"Do you think this single line is adequate?"

Qin Mu raised her delicate brows, her gaze filled with anticipation.

Mu Yichen chuckled softly, "You still have twenty-three minutes!"

Qin Mu: "..."

With his eyes, Mu Yichen silently asked her, "Not happy? Bite me then!"

Qin Mu had no choice but to lower her head again, continuing to write. But aside from those two sentences, her mind was a complete blank.

"How about I dictate it to you? Writing isn't one of my strengths—I'm better at dictation!"

Qin Mu lifted her head again to suggest. She suddenly felt like she had forgotten how to write many characters, and her attempts at writing were quickly devolving into doodling.

"Dictation? Your mouth is capable of doing plenty for me, but dictating isn't on that list!"

"Or, would you prefer to offer a different way to admit your mistake?"

Mu Yichen casually leaned back and stretched his legs forward.

Qin Mu stared at him in disbelief: "Pervert!"

Those two words were squeezed out despite her flustered expression!

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh. Seeing her cheeks turn bright red made him want to tease her more.

"Hurry up and finish writing. Once you're done, go to bed!"

Mu Yichen reminded her again.

Qin Mu lowered her head and resumed writing!

Two cigarette puffs had earned her days of torment—and now she was expected to write a self-reflection?

Ha!

Qin Mu felt this was possibly the most unfair deal in the world.

Occasionally glancing at him, she realized he was staring at her intently. Frightened, she quickly bowed her head, pretending to be a mischievous middle schooler trying to act like a good student diligently doodling on her paper.

"But seriously, was your original dream really to be a teacher? I thought it would've been something like playing basketball!"

Qin Mu suddenly looked up again, easily stirring his newly settled heart.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes held a fleeting softness, though the intensity of his feelings toward her hadn't diminished one bit.

"If I became a teacher, how could I provide for a woman obsessed with design like you?"

Chapter 973: He wants to support her

At that time, he also thought about choosing another career, but she was studying design. He figured that would probably cost a lot of money, and since his parents had given him such good conditions, he decided to give it a try. Then he could carve out a path to do what he truly wanted to do.

Later, the thing he wanted most—was just her!

— —

Qin Mu wasn't aware that everything he did was to provide her with a better life. But looking into his ink-black eyes, so deeply filled with unshakable affection, she suddenly didn't dare to ask further questions.

So, an extraordinarily reflective essay on self-examination was written just like that.

Twenty minutes later, she handed the essay to Mu Yichen.

"Here!"

Qin Mu walked over, leaned on his back, wrapped her arms around his neck, and stayed with him as they read the essay together.

Mu Yichen furrowed his brows slightly as he seriously finished reading the essay. "Not bad! Next time—"

"There won't be a next time!"

Mu Yichen raised his hand again to cover her mouth, giving a very serious and sincere promise.

Mu Yichen took her hand and kissed it, then turned to look at her. "Back to the bedroom?"

"Mhm!"

Qin Mu obediently agreed, but she suddenly noticed that his voice earlier had sounded a bit hoarse.

Mu Yichen set the essay aside.

When Qin Mu went out and found that he was still in the study, she became a bit curious. She turned back and saw him holding a book in his hands.

"What are you doing?"

Leaning against the doorway, she stuck there like a boneless figure, curiously asking him.

"Nothing!"

Mu Yichen put the book back on the shelf, then walked out and shut the door behind him.

That evening, the light pattering rain outside never stopped. After taking a shower, the two of them lay in bed, and Mu Yichen gently held her in his arms. They shared a peaceful night of sleep.

The rain outside was cold and heavy, and the wind scattered many leaves to the ground.

In the middle of the night, Feng Fanghua quietly carried Chengcheng into her own room.

Mu Zihao, half-asleep and dazed, shifted over to make space, as if even in his dreams, he couldn't forget the instinct to protect his grandson.

"The days are getting colder by the day, but this little guy sleeps so soundly," Feng Fanghua whispered to Mu Zihao as she tucked the blanket over Chengcheng's shoulder.

"Mhm! Kids aren't afraid of the cold!"

Mu Zihao mumbled groggily.

"What do you mean, 'kids aren't afraid of the cold'? I think it's just you being oblivious!"

Feng Fanghua grumbled unhappily at her husband, but seeing that Mu Zihao was already drifting back to sleep, she didn't keep complaining. She lightly rested her hand on Chengcheng's body, holding him as she fell asleep.

Just as she was about to drift off, she faintly heard Mu Zihao mutter, "Ah, nowadays, the grandkids have all the blessings. Nobody holds me when I sleep anymore!"

Feng Fanghua...

The old couple had been sleeping on the same bed for years. Sometimes they would each sleep on their own side, so they didn't always cling to each other. Who would have thought he'd still complain about it?

Feng Fanghua thought to herself, Tomorrow night, I'll hold you while you sleep. Just don't call me too sappy!

Had they not been tempered by the passage of time, Feng Fanghua reflected, thinking back to when they first got together, during those wild, heady days...

But time had quietly taken away their youthful faces. Yet after enduring, she felt grateful—grateful for Mu Zihao always staying by her side, and grateful that time hadn't worn down their relationship.

Morning!

The light pattering rain had finally stopped!

Sunlight bathed the earth, casting a golden glow on the asphalt roads.

In the city, people were on their way to work, while some headed toward quieter or more special places.

Qin Mu was also driving to the JY Store, listening to soothing, calming music.

When she reached the parking lot beside the store, she parked, stepped out, and gazed toward the entrance from afar. She saw staff attentively cleaning the windows, while the store manager was busy on a call, squeezing through the doorway.

Everyone was bustling—for life, for passion, for discovering the meaning of work.

When Qin Mu arrived at the entrance, the two girls cleaning the windows smiled and nodded to greet her, so she smiled back and nodded at them.

Once she pushed open the door, the store manager, who had just finished their call at the checkout counter, turned and spotted her. They immediately smiled and waved at her.

The two of them then sat in the lounge area, drinking coffee and chatting.

Qin Mu noticed the store manager had dyed their hair back to black. Smiling unconsciously, she remarked, "Although some people say black is plain, without a doubt, it truly suits you perfectly."

The store manager shyly smiled, running a hand through their mushroom-cut hair, now trimmed an inch shorter.

Soon, customers began arriving, and everyone got busy. Qin Mu sat quietly by herself, guarding her half-finished cup of coffee and flipping through the promotional catalogs for this season.

Chapter 974: He wanted to support her_2

It was mid-morning when a wealthy lady rushed in from outside, looking visibly anxious.

"Welcome, is there anything I can help you with...?"

"Stop wasting time! Take me to pick out a dress immediately. Hurry, I have a cocktail party to attend at eleven thirty!"

The woman seemed to be in her early forties, slender but with less-than-perfect skin. Her demeanor suggested she was no amateur.

She might not be in great health, possibly recuperating at home when an unexpected call from someone important disrupted her.

"Alright, please follow me this way!"

The staff member wasn't bothered about being interrupted and kept a polite smile, gesturing for the customer to follow her deeper into the boutique.

Qin Mu's eyes reflexively followed the silhouette as it moved.

The gowns were displayed at the very front on the left, perfectly positioned where Qin Mu could see the woman repeatedly trying on various dresses. She was visibly tense.

"Which one am I supposed to wear?"

The wealthy lady fretted, her brows furrowed tightly, making her complexion appear even paler.

"What about this black one? It accentuates your figure."

"Black? Black? Sure, let me try it on!"

Black looked great, but given her current poor complexion, Qin Mu exchanged a quick glance with the boutique owner, who came over. "What's wrong?"

"Do we have any makeup kits here?"

Qin Mu asked casually.

"There's one set I brought in a few days ago. Nothing high-end, though. Do you need it?"

"It's not for me!"

Qin Mu replied, her gaze fixed on the woman.

The lady tried a blue dress next. Her figure was stunning—slender and perfect for qipao—but her complexion was poor, and her hair was unkempt.

The boutique owner immediately understood Qin Mu's intent and fetched an enormous makeup box.

Qin Mu silently admired the owner's resourcefulness. This way, customers with urgent engagements wouldn't have to scramble—they could handle everything right here in the shop.

"Suggest she try the pale blue one, the one with pink embroidery," Qin Mu instructed.

"Got it!"

The boutique owner nodded. She remembered the pale blue qipao, a refined design perfect for someone with a slim body and narrow frame.

After a while, the woman emerged from the fitting room wearing the qipao. Even with her disheveled hair, her complexion seemed noticeably brighter.

Of course, the qipao deserved partial credit.

"If you're in a rush for your event, I can offer a complimentary makeup session. It's worth mentioning, though, the products aren't luxury ones."

"Really? Right now, I'm not picky! If you do a good job, I'll gift you a luxury set after the event!"

The wealthy lady exclaimed.

Qin Mu overheard this and bowed her head deliberately, trying not to laugh out loud.

The boutique owner glanced at Qin Mu, then turned back, gracefully nodding to the lady, inviting her to sit on the nearby sofa before unpacking the makeup kit to assist her.

While they were busy, Qin Mu discreetly ventured inward, selecting an ivory coat before stepping back out.

After finishing the makeup and tidying the woman's hair, the boutique owner completed the look. Qin Mu stood off to the side, arms draped with a coat, quietly waiting.

A staff member watched from the sidelines and thought the lady would likely become one of their VIP clients after receiving such queen-like treatment.

The wealthy lady glanced up and saw Qin Mu standing nearby. She froze momentarily, then instinctively noticed the coat on Qin Mu's arm, still adorned with a price tag. She glanced at Qin Mu again.

There was an unexplained familiarity.

"Are you... a movie actress?"

The wealthy lady hesitated, puzzled as she asked.

"You could say I've done a few commercials before," Qin Mu replied with a casual smile.

Hearing such an understated answer, the lady felt it didn't align with the memory in her mind.

"I may spend years at home caring for a sick elder, but that doesn't mean I'm disconnected from the world. Are you sure you're just someone who's done a few commercials?"

The lady turned to the boutique owner.

The boutique owner maintained a polite smile, briefly glancing at Qin Mu. Noticing Qin Mu's preference for low profile, she simply said, "She's the owner of this boutique."

The wealthy lady hadn't even heard of the shop before.

So she figured she must have made a mistake.

"Try on this one!"

The wealthy lady stood up, and Qin Mu unfolded the coat.

"Aren't you worried I won't be able to pay?"

Considering how disordered she had looked when she first arrived.

"Even if you can't pay, I could lease it to you," Qin Mu replied softly with a smile. The lady extended her arm, and Qin Mu helped her into the coat.

Chapter 975: He wanted to support her_3

"I guess you're definitely not an ordinary woman. It's just that I've been stuck at home these past few years, feeling like a fool. If it weren't for some important guests visiting his company today, I probably wouldn't have had the chance to step out of the house!"

The woman shook her head, put on her coat, and slowly walked to the mirror in front of her. When she saw the woman reflected within, the unfamiliar sight made her forget to breathe. She stared at the

image of herself, a woman who looked barely over thirty, and couldn't help but feel her eyes gradually blur with tears.

What kind of life had she been living these past few years?

She hadn't properly dressed up in years and had even forgotten what she used to look like.

The shop assistant went to help other customers, while the shop manager stood behind Qin Mu, looking at the youthful face in the mirror and feeling a touch of emotion.

Some people's faces are filled with stories; they leave you guessing, yet you can construct an entire tragic drama from them.

And this woman's life... her story truly resembled a tragic drama.

"My husband is hosting high-ranking officials at AM. I need to head over quickly; if I keep him waiting, he'll surely throw a tantrum."

The woman withdrew her gaze from the mirror and turned to look at Qin Mu and the manager.

Qin Mu and the shop manager smiled at her, and she smiled back—a bitter smile.

She realized she hadn't independently faced strangers like this in years.

After the wealthy lady left, Qin Mu and the shop manager stood at the entrance, staring at the black car for a long time.

"I thought she'd be a middle-aged woman."

The shop manager sighed.

Qin Mu also murmured thoughtfully, "Women! Why treat yourself so poorly, right?"

After speaking, Qin Mu turned to look at the shop manager.

"Anyway, I wouldn't treat myself that poorly."

The shop manager shrugged, thinking: if you're going to mistreat anyone in this life, never let it be yourself.

Qin Mu smiled at her again and then asked, "How about I take you to AM for lunch?"

"Sure! Maybe we'll witness a dramatic twist?"

"Her husband's social event is probably in the upscale banquet hall, so we won't see them. But suddenly, I have a craving for their fish soup!"

Qin Mu said.

"Then I..."

"You'll join me for the fish soup! Your complexion hasn't been great these past couple of days."

Qin Mu said earnestly, staring at her.

The shop manager immediately raised her hand to touch her face, unable to accept the idea of her skin looking worse.

However, the shop manager couldn't make it for lunch because her mother had arranged a matchmaking meeting for her.

As for Qin Mu, she ended up sharing a table with Wen Runuan.

Wen Runuan happened to also enjoy the fish soup there, so the two women hit it off and started chatting.

During a lull in the conversation, Wen Runuan asked, "Has anything interesting happened recently?"

"Nothing particularly interesting, but a wealthy lady came to our shop today to pick up a gown. She looked like the young madam of an influential family—said she'd been taking care of her critically ill mother-in-law at home these past years. Her husband was hosting high-ranking officials here today, so he finally let her out for a bit. Sounds like she has quite a story. Have you heard of her?"

Qin Mu's eyebrows moved a little as her sparkling eyes gazed at Wen Runuan.

"Doesn't this sound a lot like the second young madam of the Shen Family? I went to the Shen Family once with Mr. Zhang, and at first glance, I thought she was a servant. Only later did I realize she was the second young madam of the Shen Family. She's just over thirty, but she always seems so dowdy and aged."

Qin Mu...

What Wen Runuan said matched perfectly with what she was thinking.

Could it really be the second young madam of the Shen Family?

"This woman comes from a scholarly family and was the eldest daughter, but she later married the second young master of the Shen Family. I heard they were deeply in love at first, but then another man appeared—rumor has it he was the second young madam's old flame, her first love or something. The second young master was furious and forbade her from leaving the house ever again, even resorting to domestic violence against her."

Qin Mu...

She couldn't believe it—no wonder the woman was so thin and frail.

"But are we talking about the same person?"

Wen Runuan asked curiously.

Qin Mu couldn't be sure, so she shook her head, and the two women laughed foolishly.

"Ladies, your fish soup is ready! Careful, it's hot!"

The staff served the delicious fish soup to their table, along with a few side dishes.

After ladling soup into their bowls, they continued chatting.

"Has Li Yu contacted you recently?"

Wen Runuan asked while gently cooling her soup with a spoon.

"No!"

When Qin Mu answered, she couldn't help but think of overhearing Wen Runuan and Li Yu talking in the parking lot that day. Her heart suddenly tightened.

"He's probably out of town filming these days, bringing along his harem."

Wen Runuan deliberately added that last line to lighten the mood; seeing Qin Mu's expression, she felt she understood her well now.

Qin Mu seemed particularly afraid of getting tangled up in ambiguous relationships with other men.

"Do you know why he hasn't had a girlfriend all these years?"

"Because of Li Man?"

Qin Mu thought for a moment and easily guessed.

"Sometimes, you really make it hard to continue the conversation. Can't you pretend not to know?"

Wen Runuan was exasperated, thinking, "Can you be any more blunt?"

She had only asked to ease the awkwardness.

Seeing Wen Runuan laugh in frustration, Qin Mu couldn't help but lower her head awkwardly: "I really do feel a bit uneasy about Li Yu's matters!"

"Did Mr. Mu argue with you?"

Wen Runuan raised her eyes slightly, eager to hear the answer.

"It wasn't just an argument!"

Qin Mu replied softly, her eyes instinctively scanning her surroundings.

She couldn't shake the feeling that everyone in this hotel—even the table and utensils in front of her—were Mr. Mu's spies.

Wen Runuan showed a knowing expression and slowly nodded. Her ambiguous gaze only made Qin Mu more embarrassed: "It's not what you think!"

"How do you know what I think?"

Wen Runuan raised an eyebrow, her expression even more suggestive.

"You're so easily immersed in the story—how could I not know?"

Qin Mu said, glancing at her.

"Alright, alright, I won't tease you anymore. Let's drink the soup first."

Wen Runuan said.

Qin Mu was just about to thank her for her generous mercy when she glanced up and saw a woman upstairs quietly talking to someone. That woman she could never forget, especially the gown she chose for her—it was from her shop.

The man beside the woman, though his face was unseen, had a tall and upright figure.

"Is that her? The second young madam of the Shen Family!"

Qin Mu lifted her chin slightly. Wen Runuan, who was still sipping her soup, gave her a glance, quickly put down her spoon, and turned her head to look upstairs.

Chapter 976: Let's take a nap together when we have time.

"It really is her!"

Wen Runuan muttered to herself, her voice tinged with disbelief, her eyes filled with skepticism.

Qin Mu stood silently, her gaze fixed on the two figures upstairs, both of whom had their backs to her, heads lowered as if whispering about something.

Qin Mu couldn't decipher it but felt as though there was a compelling story behind it.

"But if that's not the second young master of the Shen Family, then who is it?"

Wen Runuan looked upstairs, noting the broad shoulders of the man. He didn't resemble the Shen Family's second young master she knew.

However, if Wen Runuan didn't recognize him, then Qin Mu had even less of an idea who he might be.

When the people upstairs turned around and inadvertently noticed someone watching them from downstairs, they couldn't help but freeze for a moment in surprise.

Soon after, the woman exchanged a quick word with the gentleman and began descending the stairs.

Wen Runuan was sipping juice through a straw. As she caught sight of the woman approaching, her brows arched in astonishment.

"Miss Wen! Oh, wait! I should call you Mrs. Zhang now!"

The second young lady from the Shen Family hadn't expected that the person seated with Qin Mu was Wen Runuan and greeted her politely first.

"I'd be happier if you just called me Miss Wen!"

Wen Runuan set down her straw, stood up, and said, "Long time no see! Madam Shen, you look splendid today."

"It's all thanks to the lady beside you!"

The woman whom Wen Runuan addressed as Madam Shen plainly didn't like the title but still maintained her smile.

Wen Runuan glanced at Qin Mu and introduced her, "She's no mere lady. She's the hottest fashion designer in the past two years and also the beloved of Master Chen!"

Qin Mu, standing awkwardly to the side, lightly moistened her dry lips and smiled, "I'm Qin Mu."

So many titles weren't necessary. If introductions were a must, knowing each other's names and professions was quite enough for the three women.

"I'm Hu Xiaoyan!"

Hu Xiaoyan extended her hand toward Qin Mu. In that moment, she wasn't the elegant young wife or someone's former lover but merely a self-assured woman.

She was slightly surprised upon learning Qin Mu's identity but shared the same independent nature as both Qin Mu and Wen Runuan.

After a few more exchanges, Hu Xiaoyan was about to order a glass of red wine when she noticed her husband walking up the stairs. She promptly set her wine glass down. "My husband's here; I'll be off!"

Only then did Wen Runuan and Qin Mu realize that her husband had shown up so late.

Qin Mu recalled how, back at the shop, Hu Xiaoyan had anxiously mentioned an eleven-thirty dinner meeting. Yet now, it was already half-past midnight.

And just now, Hu Xiaoyan had been upstairs conversing with that male friend for quite some time. What could have caused the Shen Family's second master to be so late?

Qin Mu thought that perhaps she'd been too idle recently, growing overly curious about other people's affairs.

When the second young master of the Shen Family saw his wife in an elegant pale blue cheongsam walking up to him, his expression subtly shifted. Clearly, he hadn't expected her to be dressed like that.

"New outfit?"

As Hu Xiaoyan took his arm and walked upstairs with him, the second young master asked in a low voice, his gaze carrying a hint of defiance.

"Of course! I wouldn't want to embarrass you!"

Hu Xiaoyan boldly met his stare, as if to say that even if his eyes harbored blades, and those blades pierced her heart during their exchange, she wouldn't flinch.

The second young master said nothing further, allowing her to hold his arm as they went upstairs together.

The gentleman had already been waiting in the private room.

This dinner gathering consisted of only three people.

The second young master had told Hu Xiaoyan it was for a group of ten or more people, yet...

Whether the second young master had deliberately orchestrated this situation, the two people reunited in that private room both understood in their hearts.

Hu Xiaoyan now felt fortunate that she and the man had left the private room to chat and even more fortunate to have run into Qin Mu and Wen Runuan, sparing her from an extended awkward encounter with that man.

After dinner, Wen Runuan received a call from Mr. Zhang and had to return to the office to handle a dispute among her performers. Before leaving, she slung her bag over her shoulder and said to Qin Mu, "It seems like I hold a title, but I'm worse off than a nanny. A nanny just has to clean up, but I have to deal with these bickering female artists—and I can't just sit by and watch the drama."

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh. "Go on! Maybe next time we meet, you'll have some juicy scoop about some famous artist's scandalously indulgent private life."

"Hmph! I won't let you down! Bye-bye!"

In a rush to resolve the conflict, Wen Runuan didn't linger and quickly left.

Qin Mu then headed to Mr. Mu's office on her own.

Hmm!

Mr. Mu wasn't there, which suited her just fine.

Standing by his grand desk made of premium wood, Qin Mu gently ran her fingers over its surface. Unconsciously, she walked a full circle around it.

Chapter 977: Let's take a nap together when we have time_2

Perhaps, when he first built this hotel, it was indeed for her. But to maintain such a grand hotel and keep it running so successfully, only he himself would know how much effort it took.

Even though Jing Feng has shares in the hotel, it's obvious that Young Master Jing is more devoted to his main job. Jing Feng is an excellent prosecutor, but as a shareholder...

Sometimes, Qin Mu thought, they were like family.

But there was no such thing as a perfect family, which is why there was that episode with Jing Qing.

Qin Mu thought about the moment before Jing Qing left, when they ran into each other here.

Did Jing Qing see her too?

She likely just pretended not to.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu received a WeChat message from Mu Yichen: "Let's go watch a movie tonight!"

Qin Mu was resting on his spacious, soft leather couch. After reading his message, she sent him a selfie along with a playful reply: "At your command, Mr. Mu!"

Mu Yichen was in his office smoking. When he opened the picture and glanced at it, he immediately took a deep drag from his cigarette.

He had to admit, his wife's collarbones were breathtakingly beautiful—so much so that he needed to calm down with a smoke.

His sharp, chiseled features, the piercing gaze in his eyes, his thin and indifferent lips, and those hands that one couldn't help but imagine being touched by—every bit of him was dangerously seductive.

He gazed wickedly at the woman in the photo, then, with a tinge of mischief, sent her a message: "Undo the buttons of your shirt and let me have a look!"

Qin Mu: "Is the focus really the shirt? Shouldn't the focus be that I'm currently in Mr. Mu's office, huh?"

Only then did Mu Yichen look closer at the photo. That couch—it really was his.

"What are you doing there?"

"I felt a little drowsy after having lunch with Wen Runuan, so I came up to take a quick nap."

Mu Yichen thought to himself: He had been reviewing documents in his office all afternoon, while that woman had been lying on his couch the entire time. If he had known, he would have taken his documents to her and stolen a few warm moments together.

This autumn chill—it's the kind that makes you long for someone to warm the bed for you.

To have skin-to-skin contact, day and night, without the slightest gap between them.

Mu Yichen put on his coat; the movie was booked for 6 PM, and it was now 4:30 PM.

He decided to pick her up at the hotel. Before the movie started, they'd even have time to get a bit closer.

Besides, it would save them the hassle of both driving separate cars and then not being able to ride back home together—something about that always felt a little off.

But just as he grabbed his coat and walked to the door, opening it, he heard a sudden "slap" sound.

Mu Yichen instinctively froze in place, listening to the conversation outside.

"If you can't marry me, why did you bother to string me along?"

Secretary Xi, feeling wronged, finally lost her temper at Qiao Yi, even landing a slap across his face.

Qiao Yi stared at her in disbelief. In his eyes, Secretary Xi had always been a calm and composed person, but now...

"Stop coming to bother me. If it's not work-related, please don't come upstairs anymore. It wasn't easy for me to get this good job, and I don't want to have to resign because of you—do you understand?"

Secretary Xi tilted her head up at the much taller man, whose courage, she felt, was much smaller than hers. Her voice was filled with sheer disappointment as she reminded him.

At that moment, the entire space grew silent. It was as if the sound of that slap was still reverberating faintly in the air.

That slap—like an endless rain of slaps landing on Qiao Yi's face over and over—was what it felt like to him, at least.

"You're right. Since I can't take responsibility, and since you refuse to give me more time, fine! I promise I won't wander up here for no reason anymore."

Qiao Yi nodded slightly. After saying this, he turned around and walked away coldly.

Secretary Xi stood there, her back ramrod straight, yet she felt as if her body no longer belonged to her. Even so, she stood tall, her hands slowly balling into tight fists.

Mu Yichen sighed and rubbed his temples in exasperation, thinking, That Qiao Yi kid, he really needs someone to knock some sense into him.

Secretary Xi unintentionally noticed that the CEO's office door was open. Realizing something, she quickly lowered her head and hurried to the restroom.

Afterward, Mu Yichen stepped out of his office and headed straight for the elevator.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu, unable to find proper paper, grabbed a random sheet. When inspiration struck, any available scrap with some space on it was enough for her to start sketching.

It had been a spur-of-the-moment idea to try out how sitting in Mr. Mu's chair felt, which was why she was sitting behind his large office desk.

By the time Mu Yichen arrived, it was already past 5 PM. When he opened the door, he saw her sitting there, focused on her drawing.

Because she was so slender, she didn't stand out at first glance.

It felt like it took Mu Yichen ages to finally notice her clearly. By the time Qin Mu realized he was there, he had already been standing at her side for a while, quietly watching her sketch with unwavering attention.

Chapter 978: Let's take a nap together when we have time_3

"Why did you come over? Weren't we supposed to watch a movie tonight?"

"I didn't want you driving all the way there again!"

Mu Yichen said as he turned around, leaning half-seated on the edge of the table.

Qin Mu tilted her head, still gazing at him: "Oh!"

"But the plan has changed last-minute!"

"Hmm?"

"I've got something I want to do, but of course, I need your support."

Mu Yichen spoke with a slightly serious tone, glancing down at her.

Qin Mu sensed that this might actually be something serious, so she lifted her eyes slightly: "Tell me!"

"Tonight, I want to set up a little scheme—invite Zhiyuan and Zhao Huai to drink together!"

"So we're skipping the movie for this boys-only drinking party?"

Qin Mu looked confused; what did this have to do with her?

"No, it's not just that! You need to call Secretary Xi and get her to come over too, and you need to be present as well."

Mu Yichen said with seriousness.

Qin Mu...

Later, Mu Yichen gathered everyone except for Qiao Yi and Secretary Xi at the office first. The men were quick to agree and exclaimed that they'd been wanting to do this for ages.

However, An Nan and Qin Mu didn't appear to be very supportive, furrowing their brows at the men as they cooked up these sleazy plans.

"This isn't fair to Secretary Xi."

An Nan couldn't just let them go through with it like this—someone needed to persuade her to willingly take part in the setup.

"If she's unwilling later, just prepare an electric baton for Xi Meng. One hit, and he'll be done for!"

Jing Feng and Helian Hao arrived after work to join in the fun, coincidentally walking in as An Nan raised objections. Jing Feng casually dropped this comment as he entered.

An Nan: "..."

Helian Hao: "I think Jing Feng's idea is spot on. They've been at each other like this for so long, and it's getting nowhere. If Xi Meng really marries someone else out of spite, she'd regret it in the future, and

Qiao Yi would regret it to the point of heartbreak. So tonight, why don't we mess with them properly? Later, if they end up together, we'll all have played a major part, and they won't hold this against us."

Qin Mu was stunned. As Helian Hao approached her, she was dumbstruck, thinking: Is this really the Helian Hao I know?

Helian Hao gracefully smiled at her: "What's wrong, little sister? Did I scare you?"

"Certainly!"

Qin Mu felt a little guilty but admitted it.

She couldn't help but think: won't there come a day when you scheme against me like this?

No wonder people always say never to underestimate women who usually seem so soft and gentle—they can be ruthless when they rebel!

Sure enough, ruthless is an understatement!

"Alright then, it's decided! Xiaomu, hurry up and call Secretary Xi; only you can convince her to come."

"Actually, Mu can do it too!"

Qin Mu thought it over. Carrying this burden was truly exhausting!

So she wanted Mu Yichen to handle it. As the boss, a single call from him would get Secretary Xi to jump through hoops, and immediately at that.

"Mrs. Mu, please take this seriously—it's a dinner invitation, not a work order."

Mu Yichen gave her a look, one that seemed to ask, "You really think it's appropriate for me to do this?"

Qin Mu thought it was perfectly appropriate but still fished out her phone.

Indeed, among everyone in the room, she was undoubtedly the closest to Xi Meng, though she still believed this whole setup was more than a little unethical.

"Pairing Xi Meng with Qiao Yi is unequivocally a loss!"

She said before dialing.

"Why don't we thoroughly interrogate Mr. Qiao for Secretary Xi's sake?"

An Nan agreed, even though she'd only met Xi Meng once.

Thus, the room full of people spent the entire evening scheming.

Qiao Yi parked his car directly in the hotel underground garage, while Secretary Xi, knowing there would be drinking involved, opted to take a cab.

Yet when Xi Meng got into the elevator from the first floor, she immediately saw Qiao Yi upon entering.

The sight left Qiao Yi momentarily stunned, his piercing glare fixed on her as though silently asking: "Why are you here too? This time, it wasn't me seeking you out."

Xi Meng, on the other hand, seemed entirely indifferent. She merely turned her head away, now facing the elevator door, quietly waiting.

When she noticed that Qiao Yi was headed to the same floor as her, she couldn't help but feel slightly strained in her breathing.

Qin Mu's invitation to dinner had puzzled her—while they were friends, their bond hadn't seemed close enough to warrant such a casual dinner plan.

After stepping out of the elevator, Xi Meng instinctively stepped aside. When Qiao Yi emerged from behind her, she simply said: "You go first!"

Qiao Yi glanced at her. Though he felt her thoughts ran deep, he held his tongue and lowered his head, walking ahead.

Lately, both of their expressions often carried traces of exhaustion.

Each time they met, there was so much to be said, but each encounter left their words lodged in their throats, the only thing that surfaced being their mutual frustration.

This wasn't what love ought to be.

Xi Meng watched as he walked ahead, avoiding following him toward the same destination. She remained in place until he stopped in front of a private room.

Xi Meng held her breath and hesitated.

Qiao Yi stood at the doorway and turned back to look at the woman still lingering at the elevator entrance. Xi Meng stared back briefly before turning away, heading in an entirely different direction.

She wanted to act as though her destination wasn't the same one as his. Qiao Yi felt a hint of disappointment but still pushed open the door and went inside.

"Xi Meng!"

Xi Meng had walked far enough away but heard a voice calling her from behind—someone was shouting her name from farther away.

She turned to see Qin Mu at the door of the room that Qiao Yi had entered.

"Come over! Where do you think you're going?"

Xi Meng: "..."

Xi Meng had never felt such a short distance could feel like she had taken centuries to traverse.

Qin Mu stood by the door waiting for her. As Xi Meng approached, looking slightly nervous, she confessed: "I just saw Qiao Yi walk into that room!"

"He did go in!"

Qin Mu replied with a serious tone, her expression equally solemn.

Just as An Nan said earlier, they couldn't make decisions for Xi Meng or Qiao Yi—they could only assist.

"Then I..."

Xi Meng lowered her head, remembering the argument earlier that afternoon.

"Whether or not you go in is entirely up to you! All I can say is there's quite a performance waiting inside, about you and Qiao Yi. If you're willing, take that step..."

Qin Mu finished with a faint sigh of resignation, then looked intensely at Xi Meng.

"Although we're not sisters, I truly believe that you and Qiao Yi being together means he prayed good karma in a past life. So if you decide to turn back now, that's OK too!"

Qin Mu smirked a little, but her gaze remained utterly focused on Xi Meng.

Xi Meng looked back at her while faint noise from inside seemed to prod her to enter.

Chapter 979: Unless the Secret Crush Becomes Reality

Xi Meng still entered the room!

Jiang Zhiyuan and An Nan, Jing Feng and Mu Yichen sat together, Qin Mu and Helian Hao sat next to An Nan, Xi Meng sat beside Qin Mu, and Zhao Huai and Qiao Yi sat together.

Once the dishes were served, everyone started to casually toast each other. Jiang Zhiyuan, this troublemaker, was always stirring things up. He lifted his glass and gestured toward Qiao Yi: "Old Qiao, let's have a drink!"

Qiao Yi was in a bad mood, and he didn't turn down any drinks.

The women, including Xi Meng, sat quietly to the side and watched. No one sympathized with Qiao Yi; they were all waiting to get him drunk.

Qiao Yi hadn't looked at Xi Meng once from start to finish. It wasn't until An Nan noticed the redness in Qiao Yi's face that she asked hesitantly: "Can I ask you a question, Mr. Qiao?"

Since An Nan wasn't too familiar with everyone yet, they didn't want to make her feel unwelcome. Qiao Yi smiled politely: "Please go ahead!"

He then concentrated fully to listen to what An Nan had to say.

"How many women have you ever loved, Mr. Qiao?"

An Nan asked.

The question was entirely unexpected. Everyone turned to look at her curiously.

Qiao Yi, however, looked toward Xi Meng, as if the question involved her.

Xi Meng's big eyes were also fixed on him. Xi Meng was wearing contact lenses today, so her gaze was particularly sharp.

But perhaps Qiao Yi assumed she wasn't wearing her glasses and thus stared at her so boldly.

"Can I choose not to answer that question?"

Qiao Yi turned back to An Nan, looking genuinely troubled.

"No, you can't!"

The three women chimed in simultaneously. Even Xi Meng was startled by them, but deep down, she felt a bit touched—it was clear they were asking for her sake.

Qiao Yi was also startled. The other men exchanged glances, then looked at Qiao Yi, thinking, "Well, since that's the case, let's just go along with their antics."

"Alright! Two!"

Qiao Yi said, instinctively glancing at Xi Meng again.

When Xi Meng heard him say two, her heart immediately clenched, and she found it hard to breathe.

"Two?"

An Nan asked in confusion, and the other women also looked at him with puzzled expressions.

Qin Mu and Helian Hao exchanged subtle glances, both silently assuming one of them was Jing Qing, and simultaneously feeling a chill for Qiao Yi—thinking, "Are you serious?"

"Yes! Two!"

Qiao Yi said again, casting another glance at Xi Meng. He then picked up a full glass of red wine that someone had poured for him, tilted his head back, and downed it all in one gulp!

"I've heard you secretly liked a girl for many years—is she one of them?"

An Nan continued probing.

The situation began to turn awkward, and everyone felt that this wasn't a suitable topic to continue discussing.

"Yes! But that was just one-sided. Now, I don't even think secret admiration counts as love—unless it turns into mutual love!"

Qiao Yi said, then stood up and poured himself another drink.

"Then..."

"Miss An, I think your questions are becoming a bit much!"

An Nan still wanted to continue asking, but Qiao Yi cut her off. After pouring himself a drink, he said, "Since Miss An has asked so many questions, she should share a drink with me!"

An Nan didn't refuse; since Qiao Yi had cooperated with her questions, she willingly picked up her glass and drank with him.

Jiang Zhiyuan watched the scene with a playful expression, thinking, "If you were my brother, I'd thank you on behalf of eight generations of ancestors for getting this woman drunk tonight."

"How about we let every lady here ask Mr. Qiao one question tonight?"

As soon as An Nan finished that drink, she boldly suggested and attempted to escalate further. Qiao Yi, impressed by her straightforwardness, flashed her a thumbs-up, and she used the moment to push her suggestion even further.

Qiao Yi's expression shifted slightly, as if sensing something. But he still nodded: "Alright, who's next then? Xiaohao? Xiaomu? Or..."

When Qiao Yi's gaze landed on Xi Meng again, he suddenly felt as though the air had been knocked out of him, unable to say her name aloud. He merely stared at her tranquil and composed eyes before slumping back into his chair, waiting for them to decide who would ask.

"Then I'll ask—is Xi Meng the second woman you've loved?"

Helian Hao suddenly broke the silence with her question.

"You can ask, but drink first!"

Qiao Yi leaned back in his chair. As childhood friends, they all had familiarity with each other's emotional states and didn't need to worry too much about offending one another.

Helian Hao matched An Nan's energy, downing a large glass of wine confidently.

Jing Feng, who was seated diagonally across from her, felt his heart soften at the sight. His dark eyes turned toward Qiao Yi, thinking, "I'll settle this for my woman later."

"Now you can speak, can't you?"

Helian Hao pressed him persistently.

Qiao Yi looked toward Xi Meng, then tugged uncomfortably at the tie around his neck. His neck was already flushing red.

Chapter 980: Unless a Secret Crush Comes True_2

"Yes!"

That single word wasn't loud, but to some, it carried the weight of a mountain.

"Will that be the last one?"

Qin Mu picked up her drink, took a sip, and only after putting the glass down did she ask this cutting question.

Qiao Yi looked at her and couldn't help but chuckle: "Xiaomu, you're really not cute at all!"

Qin Mu...

Mu Yichen shot a glance at Qiao Yi: "Stop talking nonsense!"

Mu Yichen always hated it when these men called his wife Xiaomu. That nickname was just too distinctive.

But they all stubbornly refused to change it, so at this moment, Mu Yichen really wanted to teach him a lesson.

"I hope so!"

Qiao Yi said, letting out a bitter laugh.

He looked at Xi Meng, and Xi Meng looked back at him!

Xi Meng picked up her glass, tilted her head back, and downed the drink in one go. Then she stared at him with anger and, before he could ask, she proactively questioned him: "Then why not get married?"

"Too soon!"

Qiao Yi said, with surprising seriousness.

Even though he'd already drunk enough to turn red-faced and thick-necked, he remained earnestly slouched in the chair, gripping the glass and speaking bluntly to her.

Too soon?

Or was it because it seemed too soon?

"Then can I ask all the ladies present here: is age really such a big deal to you?"

Qiao Yi suddenly shifted his gaze away from Xi Meng's face, just before he couldn't hold back anymore. Instead, he turned to the women seated nearby.

The three women clearly didn't want to engage with him. Sitting beside him, Zhao Huai saw the situation and poured another drink for Qiao Yi: "Let's have another drink first, and then we can slowly discuss this whole age thing."

Qiao Yi turned his head to look at him, chuckled once, but his throat burned uncomfortably. He couldn't help but gaze at Xi Meng while drinking.

Xi Meng had no idea what was wrong with him—was he hammered?

"But, I always thought once fate arrived, you'd just go ahead and get engaged and married!"

Jiang Zhiyuan, sensing the conversation wasn't going well, suddenly chimed in, his wistful gaze landing on An Nan.

An Nan was thrown off by that statement, her nerves tightening. Her originally slouched posture straightened up instantly.

Qin Mu and Helian Hao were both deeply unimpressed.

If you've got the guts, say it outright: "An Nan, I want to get engaged to you. I want to marry you. I want us to have kids."

But no, you only play coy...

"Don't you all feel the same way?"

Jiang Zhiyuan noticed nobody wanted to respond, so he asked again.

"Among all of us here, aside from Yichen, you're the one most afraid of not sealing the deal, aren't you?"

Zhao Huai joked.

"Yichen can worry about Xiaomu running off, why can't I be worried about my woman running off with someone else? Especially when she's surrounded by so many flies!"

As Jiang Zhiyuan reached the end of his sentence, his gaze drifted toward An Nan again. An Nan pretended not to understand and lowered her eyes to focus on her food.

Helian Hao covered her mouth as she leaned in close to Qin Mu to whisper. The two shared a quiet moment, unmistakably gossiping about Jiang Zhiyuan.

As Qin Mu was listening to Helian Hao's rant, her phone buzzed, prompting her to take it out and check.

Jiang Zhiyuan: "Damn! What's going on? Why is this woman avoiding my passionate gaze?"

Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis: "How would I know?"

Jiang Zhiyuan: "Xiaomu, aren't you my love advisor?"

Mu Yichen's Little Nemesis: "? You must be mistaken!"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes to glance at Jiang Zhiyuan. He was bowing his head furiously texting her.

Mu Yichen, watching the two of them huddled over their phones, unconsciously sighed: "Eat!"

When the one footing the bill calls for eating, everyone picks up their chopsticks in a hurry.

But Qiao Yi still had his gaze fixed on Xi Meng. Xi Meng had considered leaving several times, but on second thought, he had dared to sit there, and she was invited. Why should she leave because of him?

So! Out of stubbornness! She stayed!

"Old Qiao, let's have a toast!"

Jing Feng suddenly stood up, walked behind Qiao Yi, and took the bottle to pour him a drink personally.

Qiao Yi's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets. Normally, Chief Prosecutor Jing wasn't like this—he actually humbled himself to serve drinks to a brother.

"Damn! I feel like my whole body is burning. You didn't poison this drink, did you?"

Qiao Yi stared at the drink Jing Feng was pouring into his glass and asked.

"If that drink were poisoned, would you still dare to drink it?"

Jing Feng retracted his lowered gaze and looked at him, asking.

"Ha! Even if it kills me, I'd still drink!"

Qiao Yi suddenly let out a cold laugh, then raised the drink and downed it.

"By the way, is Secretary Xi really going to marry that fiancé of hers?"

"Yeah! Next week. I should start applying for marriage leave tomorrow!"