

His Beloved 991

Chapter 991: One mountain is higher than another.

Qin Mu still kept her gaze lowered after they left, Wen Runuan looked at her curiously: "What's wrong? Some kind of grudge with that beauty?"

"She herself said she's new to Rongcheng, what kind of grudge could I possibly have with her, though maybe there will be one soon!"

Qin Mu said quietly, then continued drinking her soup.

"Seems like there's some unknown matters here! But W hasn't introduced any fresh blood in the past two years, let alone such a young designer. This Bian Jingwen must have some background!"

"Mm!"

Qin Mu nodded.

Wen Runuan could tell from Qin Mu's expression, although she wasn't saying much, she definitely knew something about this girl.

"You're killing me here!"

Wen Runuan sighed and continued drinking her soup.

The woman, completely immersed in her own thoughts, was unaware of the earlier conversation, with a wooden gaze she looked at Wen Runuan.

"What did you just say?"

"Get out of here!"

Wen Runuan was so frustrated she raised her hand to playfully press Qin Mu's head.

"Just spaced out for a bit!"

Qin Mu said while protecting her head.

"Let's eat! We'll talk slowly after eating!"

Wen Runuan said to her.

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"So you're saying you applied for a job at JY Studio and she didn't want you?"

"Yes!"

"Did she see your resume?"

Bian Jingwen, sitting with her boss lady at a table on the corner upstairs, disclosed all she knew about Qin Mu.

"She did! Precisely because she saw it, it was such a blow to me! Does she hate rich people?"

Bian Jingwen asked in a low voice, glancing towards the window downstairs, the two individuals were having a meal and chatting, seemingly quite happy.

"Hate the rich? I heard she's the legitimate daughter of Rongcheng's top man, if she hates the rich, there's probably only one reason."

The boss lady also glanced downstairs, somewhat puzzled.

"What?"

Bian Jingwen looked at the woman sitting across from her and asked.

"I heard she was sent off to Paris as a child, maybe she has some psychological scar? Seems like she doesn't have a good relationship with her father now either."

The boss lady shared what she knew, though she was only partially informed.

"Is that so?"

Bian Jingwen chuckled slightly, her gaze turning somber and complex.

"This woman isn't simple; being able to tame a cunning old fox like Chen Shao and having the founder of JY on her palm. You know how skilled her hands are?"

The boss lady, as if joking, put down her chopsticks and explained to Bian Jingwen with both hands clenched into fists.

The two women looked at each other, before long Bian Jingwen blushed and laughed, the boss lady laughed too.

"Ah! Men really can't resist the allure of a beauty."

The boss lady suddenly picked up her chopsticks and while picking up food, shook her head thoughtfully, reminiscing about when she joined W years ago.

"But a beauty doesn't necessarily need to allure men!"

Bian Jingwen said.

"I only chose to place you in the company because I valued your independence from men!"

The boss lady said sharply, her piercing gaze on her.

Bian Jingwen smiled slightly and picked up her chopsticks to eat with her.

But Bian Jingwen wasn't truly content, although everything seemed to be moving toward her desires since arriving in Rongcheng, she knew the road ahead wasn't smooth, her real rival wasn't someone weak like Zhang Rujia.

The woman downstairs, younger than her, wasn't foolish, on the contrary, she was very smart.

In this design competition, she must claim first place, she absolutely wanted Qin Mu to know that there are many talented designers in this world other than her.

After the meal Qin Mu and Wen Runuan walked downstairs together, Wen Runuan whispered in Qin Mu's ear: "I noticed someone upstairs kept watching you!"

"Bian Jingwen!"

Qin Mu understood, speaking with a low voice.

Wen Runuan couldn't help but cast another glance at her.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu went to the Qin Family, Qin Haiming seemed in poor health since Zhang Rujia's death, Aunt had called her saying he was unwell again today, so Qin Mu took a casual men's clothing item from the store to see him.

Qin Haiming was watching the news on the sofa, upon hearing the sound of high heels, he turned his head to look, at this moment Qin Mingzhu wasn't home, this sound was almost absent in their home.

Upon seeing Qin Mu, first he was moved, then he simply smiled faintly: "Why did you come back?"

"Aunt said you've been skipping meals for the past two days, of course, I had to come back and check on you!"

Qin Mu carried the box over, seeing his haggard face, she felt a twinge in her heart.

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Qin Haiming lowered his head and smiled: "Not having an appetite is no big deal. I'm not busy lately, just resting at home, sitting all day. How can I feel hungry?"

"Then get up and move around. If not, how about I buy some exercise equipment for the house?"

Qin Mu wanted to get him a gym membership, but thought it might be inconvenient for him, so she suggested this instead.

Qin Haiming looked at her intently. Over time, her concern for him had grown, and Qin Haiming noticed and kept it in his heart.

She had probably let go of past matters, but Qin Haiming found it hard to calm his heart.

"Sit here by me!"

Qin Haiming pressed his hand against the sofa next to him and said to her.

Qin Mu was startled, and her expression became somewhat awkward.

But she still put down her bag and, pretending to be casual, sat beside him: "What's up? Need reading glasses now?"

Qin Haiming chuckled again after hearing this and raised his hand to hold hers.

Qin Mu was instantly at a loss for words, her eyes inexplicably moist.

"How many years has it been since daddy held your hand, huh?"

Qin Haiming's eyes were just as moist.

They seemed to have gone through many cycles to finally be together calmly like this.

For a long time, he was ashamed to bring up the word 'dad,' Qin Mu wouldn't call him that, and he wouldn't address himself as daddy. But today, she returned as a regular daughter caring for her father and Qin Haiming couldn't help it.

Qin Mu felt her heart tremble, inexplicably unable to lift her head, she buried her face into her chest.

Another hand lay on her leg, clenched tightly.

The word 'dad' was something she had longed for but felt unattainable.

She hadn't forgotten the image of a father, she just couldn't believe this day had come.

"I know, I don't have the right to ask you to call me dad again. They say calling me leader is also a term of endearment, don't you think?"

Qin Haiming slightly lifted his eyes, trying to smile at her, the loving gaze in his eyes was unmistakable.

Qin Mu tried hard to muster some expression, but with her head lowered she couldn't even glance at him.

Qin Mu even felt her breathing becoming shallow.

Although this living room isn't as big as the Mu Family's, it's still spacious. All Qin Mu wanted was to sink into the dust, wishing she hadn't come at all.

"Can you help me check if the herbal medicine in the kitchen is ready?"

Seeing her discomfort, Qin Haiming released her hand.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu agreed softly and got up, heading to the kitchen with her head down.

Watching her tiny back, Qin Haiming couldn't help but twitch his lips, his eyes filled with affection.

Qin Haiming thought that gradually, they could surely become like a father and daughter who have been close for many years. She'd start finding him annoying, and he could call to question why she hadn't visited home in so long.

Qin Mu was slow-paced, not quick to enter a certain scenario with others, but he found this quite well, her mother was the same, and so was he!

Qin Haiming thought of this, grasping the remote control again, as he looked toward the TV, the warmth in his eyes slowly fading!

Qin Mu went to the kitchen, where the aunt quietly spoke a few words to her, then asked: "Can you come by every day recently, Miss?"

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu's voice was so soft, it seemed to resonate within her.

But the aunt heard it anyway, couldn't help but smile a little, feeling that the bond between father and daughter reaching this point wasn't easy.

Qin Mu returned to the living room holding a bowl of herbal medicine, presented it directly in front of him: "Herbal medicine is bitter!"

Qin Haiming said nothing, just took it after casting her a glance.

Herbal medicine usually is bitter, but taking it from her hand made it different.

Qin Haiming found today's herbal medicine quite alright.

Qin Mu sat for a while before finally mentioning: "Bian Jingwen stayed in Rongcheng!"

Qin Haiming downed the whole bowl of medicine, even after Qin Mu said this, he didn't pause.

Only after finishing did he look at Qin Mu: "You're saying that young woman is here..."

"She went to W a few days ago, you know that design company, don't you?"

Qin Haiming nodded a little.

Qin Mu sighed lightly: "I have a premonition that she's probably here for someone."

Qin Haiming furrowed his brows too: "You think she's here for you or me?"

"Hmm, precisely, I feel she's come for me, but I can't figure it out, I don't know her, could it be because of Mingzhu's mother?"

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Qin Mu now wouldn't casually call Zhang Rujia's name in front of him; the deceased should be respected, especially since Qin Haiming is in poor health, so she pays special attention.

"But her mother's death has nothing to do with you, and..."

Qin Haiming frowned, reached out to put down the bowl, and lightly pinched his thumb and forefinger together.

"Do you also suspect it's related to her, don't you?"

Qin Mu suddenly felt that Qin Haiming shared her thoughts.

"Yes!"

Qin Haiming admitted sullenly.

Qin Mu's sharp eyes lowered, her long lashes hiding the expression in her eyes.

For a moment, the living room fell silent. Qin Haiming thought for a while and then looked up at her: "Be careful in every aspect. If she just wants to compete with you in design, that's fine. But if there's more to it, does Mu Yichen often pick you up?"

"You don't need to worry about me, I just wanted you to know about this."

Qin Mu realized he was worried about her and quickly explained.

"If I don't worry about you, who else could I worry about? Mingzhu nowadays doesn't work at the Wang Family, living a carefree life as a noble lady; only you are by my side and can often come to see me. Also, if I don't care about you,—I'm not so great as to live for a city."

Qin Mu couldn't help but look at him again. Qin Haiming smiled slightly: "When you're settled, Dad plans to retire! Hmm?"

"Okay!"

Qin Mu lowered her eyes again, tears threatening to spill.

This time, Qin Haiming kept his gaze on her. Qin Mu left at around four. Mu Yichen called, knowing she took a taxi to the Qin Family, and told her to wait for him. Upon hearing Qin Haiming was unwell, he specially brought some supplements.

On the drive home, Qin Mu told Mu Yichen in the car: "Today, the leader referred to himself as Dad!"

Mu Yichen: "..."

"He also held my hand!"

Qin Mu recalled the last time the leader held her hand like this; she was seven years old.

Mu Yichen could not help but turn to look at her after hearing her words. Qin Mu also looked at him, smiling slightly: "What's wrong?"

"Nothing!"

Mu Yichen's brow furrowed slightly, then relaxed, reminding himself that they are father and daughter, what's a hand holding?

"Is he having health issues?"

"Yeah! He's somewhat internally weak, so he's been drinking herbal medicine these days."

Qin Mu replied, then looked towards the roadside. Passing by a cake shop, Qin Mu said, "I want cake."

She'd been indulging in sweets lately, so Mu Yichen slowly parked the car by the roadside, and Qin Mu went in herself.

While waiting for her, Mu Yichen idly searched online about why women like sweets. To his surprise, some claimed it was due to having a daughter. He was startled, thinking he might have unintentionally won the prize again but then remembered Aunt Flo had just visited, so he relaxed. Others said they craved sweets during their period. Mu Yichen laughed unintentionally, then looked towards the shop again.

That thin silhouette captivated his gaze.

Qin Mu bought four desserts and came out, happy like a child, holding a dessert cup and savoring bites as if each was significantly important.

A cold wind gently blew, lifting her long hair that briefly obscured her eyes, seeming to hurt them, causing her to close them painfully before using her spoon hand to adjust her hair.

Mu Yichen sat in the warm car, quietly watching her, wondering if she was just as carefree when alone.

In a short time, countless emotions arose within him as he stared straight in her direction.

Later, Qin Mu stopped eating and ran to the car. He leaned over and pushed open the door for her, thinking she might be frozen solid.

Once inside, she pushed her hair behind her ears, revealing her pretty little face, and quickly lowered her head to take a bite of dessert, then offered it to him: "Try it!"

Mu Yichen glanced down at her, considering that her hair had just dipped into the dessert cup. But for some reason, when she brought it close, he opened his mouth.

He then started the car and asked her: "Why did you buy so much?"

"There are many people at home!"

Qin Mu responded briefly, continuing to eat her own.

"Next time you visit the leader's house, bring one for him too."

Mu Yichen didn't speak; his deep eyes seriously focused on the road ahead, but he understood inside that this woman and her father were quietly undergoing a transformation.

The people he once thought would never interact again are now gradually approaching that father.

The reason—

Mu Yichen guessed it might be because Qin Mu had let go or perhaps because she had moved on.

When they arrived home, it suddenly began to rain; the car windows were quickly splashed by raindrops.

Autumn rain is always particularly piercing.

When the wind blows, it really stings when it hits the skin.

Just as Qin Mu was about to get off, Mu Yichen held her back: "Wait!"

Qin Mu looked at him curiously. Mu Yichen opened the car door and got out first, ran to the back and opened the trunk, took out a black umbrella, opened it and held it over to her side.

Qin Mu then realized she'd likely been tricked before. He would often tell her that he didn't keep an umbrella in the car, so every time he arrived home, she would go out with one to greet him.

Qin Mu glanced at him after getting out of the car. Mu Yichen directly wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her close as they walked in together.

Qin Mu asked him: "Didn't you say there's no umbrella in the car?"

Mu Yichen released her when they reached the door, folded the umbrella, focused on the rainy outdoors, and said to her: "It must have been the butler quietly put it in."

Qin Mu saw him looking so serious, not at all like he was lying.

"Oh!"

Qin Mu responded casually, yet Mu Yichen, noticing her indifferent and slightly skeptical expression, looked at her seriously.

"You don't believe it? Why would I deceive you about this?"

Mu Yichen slightly turned towards her, with a half-smiling, half-serious expression.

"Well! Whoever is involved knows best, right?"

Qin Mu's mischievous eyes briefly caught his, then she turned to walk inside.

However, her wrist was immediately caught by Mu Yichen's warm, strong palm.

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Qin Mu was almost pulled down by him, if not for Mu Yichen's two hands tightly grasping her slender waist.

Qin Mu heard her heart suddenly beat irregularly, those dark eagle eyes gazing at her gentle as water eyes, causing her ears to slowly turn red and hot.

"What do you mean?"

Mu Yichen's charming gaze watched her, his pleasing voice slowly pouring out from his lips, making her heart feel like it was sprinkled with boiling water drops.

The wind outside was a bit strong, the rain was also becoming fierce, the wind blew the raindrops in through the door, lightly brushing their faces.

Qin Mu was still awkwardly held by him, the pain from when he suddenly grabbed her waist had not subsided, she was startled by his faint three words, now with the wind and rain, Qin Mu felt her breath become insignificant, her scared eyes slowly lifted until she finally met his gaze.

"Mom! Dad!"

Huanhuan suddenly ran out from inside, her mischievous voice immediately pulled them back to reality, both turned to look at that tender face, that little person, Huanhuan laughed carefree, disturbing them just to turn and run away.

Mu Yichen: "..."

Qin Mu: "..."

Then the two of them looked at each other, Mu Yichen steadied her, letting her stand properly before releasing her.

Qin Mu no longer provoked him, lowered her head, pressed her heel into the ground, gently turned inwards, hands tangled behind her, carrying the dessert, slowly walked inside.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes gazed at the figure walking away, his expression moved slightly, relaxing a bit.

About the umbrella issue! She guessed right!

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"What were you two messing around at the door for? It's frighteningly cold today."

Feng Fanghua asked her.

Qin Mu handed the dessert to the aunt before walking over to sit next to Feng Fanghua: "We weren't messing around!"

"If you dare to fight again, I'll throw both of you out."

Feng Fanghua looked at Qin Mu's still blushing face, scaring her.

Qin Mu immediately tensed up, Mu Yichen walked over, sat down, but smiled: "Would love nothing more."

That cool voice indeed made both the Mu Family mistress and the Mu Family daughter-in-law yield to him.

Mu Yichen slightly raised his eyes: "What's wrong?"

"How did I give birth to such a careless son?"

Feng Fanghua sighed, eventually saying it casually.

Mu Yichen didn't mind, then looked at Qin Mu, who ignored him, wondering why earlier she felt as if Huanhuan had exposed something.

Meanwhile, Huanhuan was already snatching her brother's toys.

The two were sitting on the carpet playing with toys, at first, Huanhuan coaxed Chengcheng, later Chengcheng, ignorant, took more toys from his sister's side, the sister was upset and then lay down, taking all the toys in front of her brother.

Chengcheng, with a look of confusion, stared at his big sister, those dark, shiny eyes were almost identical to his sister's, but...

Chengcheng felt he might have a fake sister.

Huanhuan raised her eyes, grumbled a little unhappily: Why take them all?

Chengcheng didn't understand, just tried to grab his sister's toys, but the sister twisted, seeing Chengcheng about to cry, she benevolently gave a toy to her brother: "Here! Don't compete with me again, okay?"

Chengcheng looked down at the ugliest toy his sister held out to him, a bit reluctant, but still picked it up, his eyes continued to stare at his sister mournfully.

Qin Mu unconsciously frowned: "Mu Chenghuan, give your brother some more toys."

Huanhuan turned to look at her mom, seeing her mom's stance ready to bite her, her mouth immediately twisted, then unhappily tossed toys one by one to her brother: "All yours, humph!"

Qin Mu: "Mu Chenghuan, you're overdoing it!"

Qin Mu's eyelashes twitched, immediately became fierce again.

"Enough, enough, it's not right to educate like this."

Feng Fanghua hurriedly stopped her.

"Mom, if you keep spoiling her like this, she'll act domineering outside too later."

Qin Mu only reminded Feng Fanghua.

"What's the problem with that! Girls always tolerate others, even if they don't want to, what's good about that?"

Feng Fanghua, of course, knew Qin Mu was right, but seeing her granddaughter's eyes turn red, how could she not feel pain.

"I don't care, her attitude is just wrong!"

Qin Mu stood up from the sofa, walked to the carpet beside the sofa, picked Chengcheng up from there:
"Think about it and come find me to reflect, understood?"

Huanhuan looked at her beloved mom with tearful eyes, Qin Mu seldom was so fierce before.

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Huanhuan, feeling aggrieved, immediately got up and ran towards her grandma.

Qin Mu felt a pang of heartache, but still thought it couldn't be let go so easily, so she went upstairs holding Chengcheng.

Chengcheng seemed very happy, as if he was carefree and had plenty to play with in his mother's arms.

Feng Fanghua watched Qin Mu leave with Chengcheng, then looked opposite: "And you, why don't you say something to your wife?"

"It was the girl's fault, to begin with!"

Mu Yichen glanced at Huanhuan, whose chubby cheeks already had two tears on them. Mu Yichen leaned forward slightly, his elbow resting on his knee: "Cheng Huan, come here!"

Huanhuan glanced at him again, a bit worried, but obediently left her grandma's embrace and went to her father's side.

During dinner, Qin Mu ignored her. When she noticed Huanhuan looking at her, she raised her eyes slightly, but her gaze was as sharp as a knife.

Huanhuan sat opposite her, feeling wronged and bowing her head. Her dad told her to be a good girl and never fight for toys with her brother again, but...

Huanhuan felt she needed to seriously consider the issue of whether her brother was worth letting go of all her toys.

Thus, that dinner was exceptionally quiet. Later, Mu Zihao came back from outside and didn't know what happened, just felt the atmosphere at this meal was a bit off.

After dinner, Qin Mu was forcibly dragged into a room by Mu Yichen: "She's just a child!"

"She's spoiled by your parents."

Qin Mu angrily shoved him, turned her head away, unhappy to look at him.

Mu Yichen sighed in helplessness, she was stubbornly upset, and mentioned his parents.

Mu Yichen had no choice but to go forward, embrace her stubborn little body from behind: "My Mrs. Mu, don't you know your daughter is always the most generous good kid at school?"

"That's only because the teacher is flattering your family!"

Qin Mu retorted, unhappily wiggling in his arms. She couldn't break free, so she simply stopped moving, but her expression remained stubborn.

"So, is there nothing good about our Huanhuan? For example, people say she looks a lot like her mother? Is it only like people of our Mu Family?"

Mu Yichen suddenly raised his head, as if contemplating while asking her.

Qin Mu immediately turned her head upon hearing that: "What do you mean your Mu Family? What about me?"

Mu Yichen saw her expression and felt a sweetness in his heart, pulling her tightly into his arms: "Who was the one who said Mu Family, my parents, and completely distanced oneself from this family, was it you or me? Hmm?"

After saying this, he looked down at her, his eyes truly full of tender affection, as gentle as water.

Qin Mu looked at him in disbelief, just now she...

"Remember now? Want to say again whether you are part of our Mu Family?"

"Annoying! Always bullying me! If you're so capable, make your daughter a bit better behaved."

Qin Mu raised her hand and hit his chest lightly, not angrily, but out of nervousness and worry—worry that her daughter might grow up to be a little tyrant. Little tyrants aren't scary, but becoming an aggressive one like Qin Mingzhu would be frightening.

"She will change! She's only in kindergarten now, and not yet used to Chengcheng starting to fight for her toys. Once she adjusts to Chengcheng's growth, she will naturally learn to yield to her brother. Trust me, Mu Family girls are always very caring and righteous."

Mu Yichen knew how anxious she was, so he gently reassured her.

Qin Mu felt slightly comforted by his analysis.

"Then are Qin Family girls not caring and righteous?"

Qin Mu looked up at him again, seemingly like a little chili pepper, making the man holding her want to pull her directly onto the bed, no, it's best to deal with it on the spot!

Mu Yichen just held her in his arms again, letting her face rest against his shoulder: "Silly!"

Qin Mu: "..."

For some reason, she suddenly felt no energy to argue with him and found this moment so cosy.

Slowly, a sigh escaped, before she lifted her hand to hug his waist: "Mu Yichen! I'm really worried!"

"I'm here!"

He slightly bowed his head, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Yes, he was there!

As long as he was there, all troubles could be resolved.

Qin Mu leaned against his shoulder again and only laughed after a good while.

Since she had her period, she couldn't do anything. After Mu Yichen showered, he lay beside her, unable to help but sigh, pinching her cheek and asking: "This auntie, when will she finally leave?"

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Qin Mu looked up and couldn't help but tease him with a smile, "Your Aunt Flo just arrived this morning, and you're trying to chase her away so soon. She'll be heartbroken."

Mu Yichen: "..."

His dark eyes seemed like they were about to devour her, and his hand had already slipped beneath her pajamas as she tilted her head back.

Qin Mu felt a bit uncomfortable from his touch, "Stop it! What if you stain the sheets!"

"I'm not touching Aunt Flo!"

Mu Yichen continued to caress her upper body.

Qin Mu...

He may not have touched Aunt Flo, but she couldn't help squirming. She was worried Aunt Flo might make an appearance due to her movement, and they'd have to change the sheets again. Even if he handled it, Qin Mu still felt it was a hassle, especially with the autumn cold.

"I heard you've been enjoying fish soup at the hotel with Wen Runuan lately?"

"Hey! The staff at your hotel really love to tattle, don't they? I just went for some soup, that's all."

Qin Mu raised her eyes, slightly dissatisfied as she reported to him.

"They're not tattling; they just want to show they care about you. Plus, I asked them to keep me updated on your activities."

"What?"

Qin Mu looked at him in disbelief.

"So I'm even well-informed about your menu!"

"Mu Yichen, you..."

Qin Mu angrily tried to push him away.

Mu Yichen leaned in closer, pressing his forehead against hers and said, "It's not surveillance, it's care! Want to talk to me about Bian Jingwen?"

The playful banter between them came to an abrupt halt, and Qin Mu got serious, "What's there to say about this woman? She bumped into us when she was out dining with her boss lady and pretended to greet us. Did you know? Her boss lady doesn't even know she applied for a job at my place."

Mu Yichen's expression turned slightly serious as he held her and analyzed, "She might not have known before seeing you, but afterward, she could definitely tell W's boss lady about having met you, because she'd worry about you meeting the boss lady again."

Qin Mu: "..."

"So you should be careful with this girl."

Mu Yichen advised.

"You're scaring me! Apparently, she's really different from her loudmouth sister! I've got someone challenging her in a design contest; do you think she'd hire a hitman to kill me if she loses?"

Qin Mu's eyes widened with fear, the room fell silent except for her voice echoing inside.

"It's possible!"

Mu Yichen said, then laughed as he pressed her head into his embrace, "How can you be so silly? Does she have the capability to harm you? I'll make sure she meets her downfall before she even tries anything."

Qin Mu felt uncomfortable being pressed down, wriggled free, and looked up at him with curiosity.

She suddenly remembered Qin Haiming asking if he frequently picked her up lately; so, was he planning to escort her to and from work every day?

"If you notice someone following you in the coming days, don't be alarmed; it's one of our people!"

Mu Yichen spoke earnestly to her.

Today, he'd gone to the office building to take care of this matter first. He wasn't at ease letting Qin Mu go unprotected, so he arranged for someone to watch over her.

Qin Mu's heart started pounding wildly, suddenly recalling that scene from the movie where a hitman seemed so unfeeling. She felt tense; could that woman really be planning to eliminate her?

Qin Mu felt like she hadn't lived enough and wanted to live a long life.

"Stop overthinking, okay?"

"What's wrong? I just can't stop overthinking!"

Qin Mu looked at him with big eyes, feeling like she was losing control of her thoughts!

Mu Yichen couldn't help but firmly press her head down, then lifted her head up, holding her face as he kissed her, his muffled voice only emerged when he moved onto her, "Maybe you could help me relieve this? Hmm?"

Qin Mu immediately pushed him hard; she definitely didn't want to help him with that, he'd be enjoying while she'd probably be exhausted.

Or more embarrassed by his wicked gaze.

Whenever Mu Yichen needed to vent during her period, it felt different from usual.

He was fierce and it frightened her.

But her fear of this made her forget about another matter, for Mu Yichen, Qin Mu was like a little sparrow, easily toyed with in his hands.

Later, she closed her eyes in fright and kept yelling: I'm asleep! I'm tired! I'm asleep!

"Come sleep in my arms!"

Mu Yichen saw her covering her face and knew what she was afraid of, then immediately issued a low command.

Qin Mu scooted over to him, but felt something different against his abdomen, immediately wanting to escape, but her hips were pinned down by him first.

"Just sleep like this!"

Qin Mu admired her own self-control, surprisingly falling into a dead sleep while tightly embraced by Mu Yichen in such a state.

Mu Yichen only lowered his head after her body was no longer tense, giving her space to breathe, and quietly watched her peaceful sleeping face.

Her face was flushed, and Mu Yichen took her hand, placed it on his waist, and gently tucked her long hair, which had fallen across her cheek, behind her ear.

Her beautiful face, one that haunted his dreams, once again stirred his heart.

"Silly woman!"

He mocked her, but his gaze was filled with affection.

The rain outside continued, and as for the future, no one really knew what would happen.

But for now, he would do his best to keep her safe.

Mu Yichen thought, no matter when, they should face everything together.

Even if she couldn't accompany him, but how could he bear to let her go forward alone?

In her life's journey, he was destined to be her companion.

In the deep of night, Mu Yichen lowered his head and placed his most devout kiss on her forehead, lingering for a long time without lifting away.

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Morning!

When Qin Mu crawled out from under the covers, her waist was still a bit sore. She speculated it might be due to losing too much blood on the first day.

Mu Yichen was no longer in the room, and she struggled to sit up, feeling a bit weak, and the emptiness of the room made her heart uneasy.

Her heart started racing again, beating irregularly. She panted and looked towards the door.

Where had he gone?

Chapter 997: The Luckiest One

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Qin Mu lay on the bed, trying to breathe deeply, eyes alert, staring at the ceiling light, feeling the intense beating of her heart.

Mu Yichen gently pushed open the door and walked towards the bed with a cup of brown sugar water.

Qin Mu slowly closed her eyes, her breathing gradually becoming more normal than before.

The restlessness ceased when he came in carrying the brown sugar water.

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Qin Mu sat up with a start, her hair disheveled, looking in a terrible state at the man approaching her.

"Mu Yichen, where did you go so early in the morning?"

"Aren't you going to the bathroom yet?"

Mu Yichen simply said, gently placing the sugar water on the bedside table.

Qin Mu, feeling guilty due to the brown sugar water he was holding, was momentarily speechless. Her eyes slowly moved down to the bed where she saw a red stain on the blue sheets, instantly feeling ashamed and unable to bear it, she ignored her physical weakness, jumped up, and ran barefoot to the bathroom.

"Slippers!"

Qin Mu stopped as Mu Yichen reminded her, already bending down to fetch her shoes, placing them at her feet.

"Thank you!"

Qin Mu was moved, but quickly expressed her thanks and ran off.

Mu Yichen sighed helplessly, then folded the quilt and started changing the sheets.

By the time she came out after washing up and changing into clean clothes, Mu Yichen had already replaced the bed sheets and made the bed.

Her pajamas were dirty and had been left in the bathroom.

Qin Mu, unaware of his awkwardness, just hung her head like a child who had done something wrong, walking over without looking up.

"Drink the sugar water first!"

Mu Yichen couldn't bear it anymore, lifted a corner of the quilt, and waited for her to finish the sugar water before getting on.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu obediently walked over, picked up the brown sugar water, drank it, and then got back on the bed.

After losing too much blood, she didn't want to get out of bed; she was so weak she just wanted to stay in bed.

"Don't go to work today!"

Mu Yichen seriously instructed her.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes a little, feeling a bit ashamed, but given how long they've been together, she cleared her throat softly: "Since you noticed, why didn't you wake me up earlier to change?"

"Mrs. Mu, do you think I sleep with my eyes open? By the time I noticed it, it was already dry!"

Mr. Mu frowned slightly, but explained earnestly.

Qin Mu: "..."

Sitting on the bed with the quilt over her legs, she kept her head down, softly tugging at the fabric of the quilt, and the room fell silent.

Mu Yichen chuckled helplessly and asked, "Do you want me to stay home with you?"

"No, no, you go to work!"

She quickly declined, looking up at him again.

Mu Yichen, dressed and ready, went downstairs, where Feng Fanghua was just coming out of the kitchen. Seeing him about to leave, she stopped him: "Aren't you having breakfast?"

"It's already late, I'll have lunch instead!"

Mu Yichen said and was about to leave.

"Hey! You..."

"Oh right! She's not feeling well today, don't go and wake her up; if she's hungry, she'll come down for something to eat on her own."

Mu Yichen suddenly turned back. Feng Fanghua thought her darling son was being considerate and kind to her, but instead...

"Not feeling well? Isn't it just her period?"

Feng Fanghua mumbled after his tall figure left the house.

"Madam! Should I call the young mistress for breakfast?"

The housekeeper came out and spoke suddenly from behind her.

"What's the point? Didn't you hear our dear Chen say the young mistress isn't feeling well? She'll eat when she's hungry; just call my granddaughter to eat."

Feng Fanghua recalled Qin Mu's displeasure about spoiling Huanhuan too much and thought to herself that this woman was getting harder to please.

The housekeeper said nothing, just thought the perpetually muttering lady was cute, and went to fetch Huanhuan for breakfast, stifling a laugh.

Qin Mu slept until nearly eleven, and later got up because if she didn't change her sanitary napkin, she'd probably stain the fresh sheets her husband had just put on.

After using the bathroom, she felt more awake, glanced at her sleepy face in the mirror, twitched her lips, and turned on the faucet to wash up.

After freshening up and changing into something clean, she began to feel hungry and went downstairs to eat.

Feng Fanghua was at home alone, and seeing Qin Mu come downstairs, pretended not to notice, her eyes fixed on the TV screen.

"Morning, Mom!"

Feng Fanghua: "..."

"Where are Dad and Chengcheng?"

Qin Mu looked around but couldn't find the other two members of the household, and curiously asked, even though she was very hungry, she went to sit with Feng Fanghua on the sofa first.

Chapter 998: The Luckiest One_2

"Your dad took Chengcheng out to the park, he said the weather's been nice for the past few days, perfect for having fun."

Feng Fanghua glanced at Qin Mu, offering a brief explanation.

Qin Mu nodded, thinking it made a lot of sense.

Feng Fanghua noticed Qin Mu didn't pick up on her displeasure at all, and unconsciously sighed: "Aren't you hungry?"

Qin Mu:... Hungry!

"Then why don't you go eat something? The kitchen's kept it warm for you."

Feng Fanghua finally looked at her, seriously reminding her.

"Then I'll come keep you company later!"

Qin Mu quickly stood up; she was really starving.

Once Qin Mu left, Feng Fanghua snorted, thinking to herself who cares if you keep me company.

But if Qin Mu didn't come back to keep her company after eating, she'd definitely be unhappy.

Qin Mu drank a bowl of porridge, then suddenly her appetite opened up and she ate a bit more.

When she returned to the sofa, Feng Fanghua was displeased, staring at her: "How much did you eat?"

"Suddenly got really hungry!"

Qin Mu laughed awkwardly, suddenly realizing Feng Fanghua seemed unhappy today.

"Mom, are you not happy today?"

Qin Mu asked instinctively.

"Hmm!"

Feng Fanghua hesitated for a moment, then responded sulkily.

"Did Dad or Mu Yichen upset you?"

Qin Mu thought it couldn't possibly be Huanhuan or Chengcheng; no matter how those kids acted up, they couldn't annoy Feng Fanghua unless it was those two men.

Feng Fanghua didn't say anything, just looked at Qin Mu's confused expression helplessly, thinking this girl never considered she might be the problem, only assuming the men in the family could upset her?

"Ah! Mumu! Sometimes, I think you're quite smart! But sometimes!—"

Feng Fanghua's hopeless gaze didn't finish the sentence, shaking her head and then looking at the TV screen with disappointment.

Qin Mu: "..."

Qin Mu kept Feng Fanghua company for a bit but then started feeling sleepy, her body was limp and uncomfortable. Feng Fanghua caught her in the corner of her eye a few times, seeing tears always in her eyes, stood up: "I'm going out for a walk, you keep watching!"

Qin Mu dazedly looked up: "Do you want me to come with you?"

"Sure!"

Feng Fanghua saw her trying to tough it out, answered deliberately.

"..." Qin Mu was stunned.

"You better go upstairs and sleep, after all, they won't be back for dinner, I might as well wander around the pharmacy and grab lunch there, you spend your time at home as you like."

Feng Fanghua finished speaking, stood up, returned to her room to change clothes, and carried out her most beloved Chanel black classic bag, which she'd had for countless years.

Once the house was empty, Qin Mu tiredly leaned on the sofa, planning to enjoy the blissful life after a big expenditure, then lay on the sofa watching TV, not even half an hour passed before she turned over for less than thirty seconds and fell dead asleep.

Because she fell asleep, lunch was delayed for an hour and a half, so after having lunch at one o'clock, she returned upstairs to sleep again.

She slept until four in the afternoon, energetically called Feng Fanghua: "Mom, I'm going to pick up Huanhuan, you and Dad don't need to go!"

"What? You're going to pick up Huanhuan? You better not go, your dad and I are just about to take Chengcheng there."

Qin Mu had already dressed smartly, taking the car keys and heading out, hearing this made her quicken her pace: "Mom, I'm already on the way! That's it for now; there's police ahead, I'll hang up!"

Qin Mu thought, it was so difficult to go get that spoiled little girl, but the more difficult it was, the more she wanted to go.

Feng Fanghua was still at the pharmacy, because Huanhuan finished school at five, so the couple always timed it perfectly. Qin Mu went ahead today, which gave her quite a fright.

"This girl really has no awareness of being a public figure! Does she think she's just an unknown designer?"

As soon as Feng Fanghua hung up the phone, she started to nag.

Mu Zihao had just sent off the manager of the pharmacy; hearing this, he couldn't help but chuckle: "She needs that awareness, remind her later."

Feng Fanghua heard Mu Zihao's indifferent tone, even laughing, grew angrier.

"Why should I remind her? She doesn't care herself."

Feng Fanghua muttered, but sighed helplessly.

Nowadays, besides Qin Mu herself, everyone in Rongcheng sees Qin Mu as a celebrity, not just a simple advertising star, she's made cameo appearances in several dramas, all in important roles that can leave a good or bad impression, and those few minutes of acting were executed so brilliantly by her that she's already deeply entrenched in the citizens' hearts.

Chapter 999: The Luckiest One_3

Qin Mu still felt she wasn't an actress, just an ordinary person who had done a few small commercials.

The incident at the kindergarten last time, although Qin Mu didn't suffer any loss, still some people began criticizing her.

Qin Mu happily went to the kindergarten as always. She was used to people pointing and whispering about her, and she waited patiently for the school gates to open.

After coming out, she put on her sunglasses, coolly glanced at the crowd gathered at the gate, and then looked down at her watch.

Five minutes to go, she stood outside the car and didn't want to get back in, despite the cold wind blowing. But the cold wind made her feel refreshed.

Qin Mu leaned against the car, holding her phone in one hand and her other hand in her pocket, quietly scrolling through her screen.

"Huanhuan's mom?"

Qin Mu heard someone call her softly, turned her head, and saw a gentle-looking woman in her thirties standing next to her, smiling humbly.

"Can I ask you for an autograph? My sister-in-law really likes you. Knowing Huanhuan is in the same class as our little guy, she's been urging me to ask you for an autograph, please, please!"

The woman rubbed her hands together as she pleaded.

"Did you bring a pen?"

Qin Mu instinctively felt moved and asked softly.

"Yes, I did!"

Because she was prepared to ask for an autograph whenever she ran into her, she had put a pen in her bag days ago.

Qin Mu noticed that although the woman's bag was not extremely luxurious, it was still a decent brand, yet she didn't have any airs of a wealthy housewife, likely staying at home...

Qin Mu suddenly recalled the second young mistress of the Shen Family who had visited her shop to buy clothes, and she signed her name in the woman's notebook at that moment.

"Thank you, thank you! My sister-in-law has a really bad temper, and she's been mocking me these days. Tonight, it seems like I can finally fulfill my duty."

After the woman finished speaking, she felt relieved, and then the door opened.

Everyone rushed forward, but this time Qin Mu didn't follow the crowd in. She leaned against the car, with both hands in her coat pockets, watching the scene quietly.

Then she quietly lowered her head!

She used to think her life was going badly, without parents, and even Yichen left her.

But now, it seemed that there were so many unfortunate people, and she was the luckiest one.

Later, when Qin Mu went inside, she happened to run into Fanfan's stepmother picking him up. As she held Fanfan's hand and came out, she saw Qin Mu at the door, instinctively lowered her head, avoided her, and walked away holding Fanfan's hand.

Qin Mu: "..."

"Hi! Long time no see, little handsome guy!"

Qin Mu looked down to see Fanfan winking at her, so she raised her hand and gave Fanfan a cool greeting.

"Auntie, long time no see! I'm going home, bye-bye!"

Fanfan was so lively!

"Bye-bye!"

Qin Mu said goodbye, and Fanfan's stepmother tugged at him, but she wasn't angry, as if saying: Little ancestor, let's go!

Qin Mu walked inside with her hands in her pockets. As she passed by strangers, she either nodded with a smile or walked with her head down.

Finally, at the classroom door, the teacher seemed to see something amazing and was too excited to speak for a moment. Turning around, she called to Mu Chenghuan, who was tidying up toys inside: "Huanhuan, your mom is here to pick you up!"

Huanhuan glanced up, shocked at the words "your mom," and when coming out, kept her head down, not daring to look at her.

Qin Mu reached out to her, then smiled at the teacher and asked: "Teacher! Has Mu Chenghuan been behaving in class lately?"

"She has! Huanhuan is the class's little star, always eager to be in front and even helps me with cleaning."

The teacher seemed habitually kind, but Qin Mu didn't quite believe it. Seeing Huanhuan not daring to look at her, she didn't ask further.

"Thank you for your hard work, teacher! Huanhuan, say goodbye to the teacher!"

Qin Mu gently shook Huanhuan's little hand.

"Goodbye, teacher!"

Huanhuan lifted her eyes a bit, then glanced slightly at Qin Mu. Qin Mu felt at this moment that Huanhuan wanted to look at her but didn't dare, distinctly a little clever devil.

Don't think this little one lowered her head out of fear, it's not the case.

Huanhuan's nature is more curious than afraid.

On the way back with her, Huanhuan sat in the back looking out the window, and Qin Mu sometimes heard sighs, more than once.

Chapter 1000: The Luckiest One_4

Huanhuan's little grown-up act is somewhat similar to her aunt, carefree and pretending to be melancholy.

"Mu Chenghuan, about the incident of fighting with your brother over toys yesterday, do you have something to say to me?"

It would be best if the mother and daughter reconciled outside to avoid any communication issues when they return home.

The car stopped under an old tree by the road, and Qin Mu turned to look at the girl in the back.

Huanhuan also looked at her with big eyes, then helplessly sighed and lowered her head to look at her fingers.

Qin Mu didn't rush her, just quietly waited.

"I will let my brother have his way in the future! But mom, shouldn't boys also let girls have their way?"

"But your brother is not even one year old, are you expecting him to let you have your way?"

Huanhuan sighed again, as if she was resigned.

"Anyway, try not to be the family tyrant anymore, okay?"

Huanhuan nodded, though still a little unwilling.

"Although your brother is taking your toys now, he actually puts them down after a few minutes, and don't you realize that you have so many toys at home that we're almost out of space?"

Qin Mu thought for a moment, then sharply looked at her daughter in the back to remind her.

Huanhuan seemed to realize suddenly and then looked up, almost unable to hold back her laughter, trying hard to suppress it: true!

"So..."

"But mom, you always favor my brother more!"

Huanhuan suddenly crossed her arms proudly and looked out the window with her head held high.

"Since you recognize your mistake, how about mom admitting her mistake too? From now on, mom will absolutely treat both of you equally, no favoritism!"

"Okay! That's the mom I love!"

Huanhuan immediately cheered up.

Qin Mu had no choice but to smile: "Sit properly! We need to go home!"

"Okay!"

The autumn breeze was lovely!

Their car arrived home without any obstacles.

Feng Fanghua and Chengcheng were playing outside, waiting for them to come back.

"Grandma!"

As soon as Huanhuan got out of the car, she ran to find Feng Fanghua.

Qin Mu closed the car door and also walked forward: "Mom, on such a cold day, you're waiting outside for us!"

"Who's waiting for you! Chengcheng didn't want to come inside, so I stayed outside with him, and while we're at it, waiting for our little princess."

Feng Fanghua said, looking down at her adorable granddaughter, who was a joy to behold no matter how you looked at her.

Qin Mu helplessly lowered her head: "Oh!"

Feng Fanghua glanced at her again: "Your son is looking for you, aren't you going to pick him up?"

Qin Mu was startled and immediately looked up at Chengcheng, who was reaching out his little hand, wanting to find her.

Qin Mu picked up Chengcheng, and Feng Fanghua immediately held Huanhuan's little hand: "Let's go inside, your grandpa bought you ice cream."

Ice cream...

In the big autumn...

But Huanhuan seemed to have wanted it for a long time and finally got it.

Qin Mu didn't want to comment much to Feng Fanghua, and she often wanted to eat ice cream or something, if it weren't for her period today, she thought she might have gone to snatch a couple of bites.

Huanhuan sat properly on the sofa eating ice cream, and Qin Mu helplessly glanced at her, Huanhuan seemed to do it on purpose, licking the spoon on her tongue repeatedly, and giving her a cheeky smile.

Chengcheng was holding onto the table, with his little legs buried, finally learning to stand but wanting to walk, wanting to find his sister to have some of his sister's ice cream.

In the evening, Mu Yichen returned only after finishing a social engagement, and then he heard that Qin Mu was in Huanhuan's room, which made him unconsciously look upstairs.

"Yichen! Come to the study for a moment, I need to talk to you about the pharmaceutical business."

Mu Zihao stood up from the sofa and stopped Mu Yichen before he went to find his wife.

"Okay!"

Seeing his father's serious expression, Mu Yichen agreed, then bowed his head and went with his father to the study upstairs.

After Qin Mu finished telling Huanhuan a bedtime story, Huanhuan turned, hugged her toy, and went to sleep. Qin Mu leaned against the side of the bed, quietly watching, and then pulled up the blanket that had slipped off her shoulder.

Once Huanhuan was sound asleep, Qin Mu left her room and headed back to her own, passing by the study just as the door opened.

She instinctively turned her head, and Mu Yichen glanced up to see her as well.

Qin Mu opened her mouth about to speak, but since Mu Zihao was also there, she greeted with a smile: "Dad!"