

## Sweet Love 2391

### Chapter 2391: You will be shaved to become a monk at a monastery.

The young man brushed it off. "Everything happens as planned; there's nothing special to celebrate, really."

The manager gave a smile, and soon, their drinks were served.

As the CEO sipped his tea in silence, the other man narrowed his eyes suspiciously at him, pursed his lips, and picked up his cup of coffee.

The two casually chit-chatted on some matters when Mu Yazhe did a one-eighty switch of topic. "My wife received a new script, where she's set to play as a car racer."

Startled, Qin Zhou nodded in agreement. "Eh, the script is good. The gold team is sure to create an iconic idol drama out of a best-selling novel."

"I'm not concerned with the roles she has to act; I only allow her to act because this is her interest. As for what I'm concerned about..." The man paused, looked squarely at the star agent's face, and asked brashly, "I heard that you wanted her to cut her hair short?"

Qin Zhou: "..."

*I knew it!*

*This man won't look for me unless there's something on his plate.*

In the first place, why would a busy CEO come looking for him with no apparent reason? Unless, of course, he was here for the affairs of his precious wife.

The thought prompted the manager to explain warily, "The heroine in the novel has a short crop, and since the script strictly follows the original character design, the director is requesting her to cut her hair short."

It was easy for the agent to use the director as the scapegoat conveniently, effectively steering clear of the blame in this matter.

"Are you telling me that the reason for my wife to cut her hair short is just so the team can keep to the original character design?" The young chairman was sounding unhappy by now. "Don't you know that we are going to take our wedding shoot soon? The preparation for our matrimony is underway, too. Don't tell me that you want her to get married with a crop?"

The gold agent broke in a cold sweat and turned a deaf ear to the man's complaint.

"There's no point in pretending not to hear me." The CEO knocked on the tabletop lightly with his knuckle and issued an ultimatum. "You're not allowed to touch her hair. If needed, you can let her wear a wig."

"But a wig will appear too fake in this instance! Her hair is too long for the wig to cover appropriately."

The man refused to accept that excuse. "Since the script is adapted from a novel, the character design can be modified. You can change the heroine to have long hair."

"But this won't fulfill the intention of the character design!" quipped the manager forlornly. "In the story, the heroine has a sharp, short crop that makes her look cool. Having long hair will weaken that image."

"Well, she can bring out that cool aura with her acting skills! Don't tell me that you don't have faith in her acting?"

He could only twitch his lips in response.

"I'm no expert in acting. All I know is that I want my wife to appear her best on our wedding day, so nobody is allowed to touch her hair."

The man's forceful attitude allowed no dissent.

In the end, the manager had no choice but to bargain. "Chairman Mu, can't we negotiate on this matter?"

"Nope."

His typical, tyrannical self did not allow any deviation. Moreover, he was not pleased that his woman had to suffer grievance of any kind.

Besides, his two precious sons would probably bawl their eyes out if they were to see her without her long hair.

This was enough to issue a stop order on her crown of glory.

The poor manager could only stare pitifully at the other man.

Mu Yazhe's eyes glinted ominously on his wife's manager and curled his lips into a frigid sneer. "If you dare to touch her hair, then I'll shave your hair off and send you to become a monk at a monastery."

*Pom, pom, pom!*

The threat hit the agent's nerve right on the spot.

### **Chapter 2392: You win!**

An image of him, donning yellow robes and sporting a bald head, kneeling in a temple while hitting the wooden fish[1] with an ashen face full of resentment and devastation suddenly appeared in his mind.

The very thought of it sent him involuntarily stifling a shudder once more and crying, "No! You can't be so cruel to me, Chairman Mu!"

*Isn't it just a haircut?*

*Is there a need for him to come all the way here and exert pressure on me over this matter?*

The manager's regretful feelings were written all over his face.

“You shouldn’t be so cruel to me, too,” retorted the other man. “This is my order. You’re not allowed to go against it.”

The star agent’s eyelids twitched hard before he suddenly started snickering when he recalled a certain matter. He smugly said, “You have no right to give me orders now.”

“What?”

Mu Yazhe shifted his gaze to him, looking baffled.

“You’re no longer Huanyu’s boss, so this means that you’re no longer my boss!” explained the ace manager before smugly adding, “It also means that you can’t make me follow your order!”

“...”

This time, it was the young chief’s turn to be rendered dumbstruck. He could not help but clench his fists tightly and glare at Qin Zhou when he noticed him looking as pleased as punch.

A wicked smile crept up the agent’s face as he said, “I, as Shishi’s manager, have the duty to fulfill the production team’s request! Besides, I’ve already straightened out her thoughts; her hair will be cut up to ear level and will grow out in a few months’ time, so you don’t have to worry about this matter, Chairman Mu. Isn’t it better that you turn your attention to your company’s affairs, instead?”

“Oh, is that so?”

A sly smirk appeared on Mu Yazhe’s face as he regarded the other meaningfully before picking up the cup of black tea and sipping the beverage. He then smilingly said, “You win, Qin Zhou.”

At that, he politely replied, “I’m flattered.”

After bidding his ex-boss goodbye, the manager secretly made a victory pose.

*That felt fantastic!*

When the man used to be the Mu Group’s chairman and Huanyu’s big boss, he was like a huge mountain weighing on his head. With Mu Yazhe no longer being his superior, he had managed to get back at him for once, so how could he possibly not feel overjoyed?

The manager was practically grinning from ear to ear as he made his way back to his car.

Alas, that smile was short-lived.

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Ever since Shengyu became a listed company, its financial wealth had been steadily growing and had even undergone another round of financing in that same week. In contrast, the Mu Group was in a difficult situation.

With many shareholders withdrawing their investments and selling off the company shares, Disheng Financial Group soon experienced a shortage of funds, resulting in many projects to be put on hold. As such, the company was suffering greatly from the daily loss of tens of millions of yuan.

In their desperation, the shareholders of the once-glorious Disheng empire were forced to consider selling off their shares in certain industries, and that included Huanyu.

Meanwhile, Shengyu had been madly buying the entertainment company's shares for these past two days. With their strong financial means, as well as swift and abrupt momentum, they had successfully acquired fifty percent of the showbiz company's shares.

It was clear that they were out to acquire Huanyu Entertainment forcibly!

Even though Mu Linfeng felt sore and indignant, holding onto Huanyu was not a wise move given the Mu Group's current situation. Thus, he could only choose to make a concession and forsake that subsidiary company in consideration of the bigger picture.

### **Chapter 2393: We will go select the bridal gown tomorrow.**

He did not think highly of the showbiz industry in the first place, nor did he have the energy to operate the entertainment company. Thus, since Mu Yazhe's departure, Huanyu Entertainment had devolved to a hapless orphan, who had been abandoned on a deserted island.

Three days later, when Qin Zhou stepped into the company again, he really could not grin anymore upon knowing that Huanyu Entertainment had been bought over. The moment he entered the CEO's office and noticed that the empty desk now had Mu Yazhe's nameplate on it, his countenance turned ashen at once.

The man sat in the spacious office, surveying his surroundings, when he saw the manager enter. He flashed the other a deep, meaningful smile.

"I suppose I have the right to give you orders now, right?"

While examining the star manager's ashen face, he nonchalantly added, "Oh, right; I invested in that production team. As the biggest investor, I'm sure that the director will readily agree to my one, small request."

He had invested ten million yuan into the production team.

The production team had been facing a shortage of funds, so upon seeing that someone with deep pockets was willing to invest in the drama, the director immediately happily agreed to his request with smiles and nods like the fawning bootlicker he was.

"Don't worry, Chairman Mu! Your request isn't a problem at all. We'll consider changing the hairstyle of the drama's female lead to long hair."

Qin Zhou: "..."

There was nothing he could do other than to grumble inwardly.

*What a hateful capitalist...*

*Money is the root of all evil!*

He thought to himself, *You win!*

That day, Yun Shishi returned home from the production set, feeling all delighted and chirpy like a little bird. She ran into the study and excitedly shared, "I got good news to tell you, hubby!"

She looped her arms around his shoulders, beaming with joy. By the looks of it, something good had happened.

Even though the man knew clearly about the source of her happiness, he feigned ignorance and asked curiously, "What sort of good news can make you so happy?"

"The director told me that they'll be revising the script, so the role that I'm playing can have long hair. In that case, I will only need a simple trim and won't have to cut a whole chunk of my hair!"

She was way overjoyed and ecstatic to hear this news, for she could keep her beautiful mane without getting into conflict with the production team!

The overly naïve her, however, did not think deeper into this matter and consider why the director was suddenly so friendly and respectful toward her or why the entire production team's attitude toward her had done a one-eighty. Thus, quite naturally, she had no idea that such a positive turn of events was only possible because her darling husband had secretly bribed the production team!

Mu Yazhe smiled. "As long as you're happy."

"Now, I can wear my bridal gown looking all pretty!"

The woman gave him a light peck on the cheek out of joy, and he could not help hooking his lips into a wide smile at that. He felt that this kiss was worth spending an astronomical sum to acquire Huanyu and investing ten million into her new drama.

He put his hand on hers and lightly patted it. "Go apply leave for tomorrow."

"Hm?" She did not understand the man's intention. "What for?"

A frown settled between his brows. "Don't we have an appointment to select your bridal gown tomorrow, dummy?"

"Ah!" The woman smacked her forehead in belated realization. "How could I have forgotten about it?!"

She then asked, "What time is our appointment?"

#### **Chapter 2394: The Two Little Lads' Anticipation**

"Continue with your work then. I'll give Qin Zhou a call and apply for leave."

With that, the woman left the study, humming away like a chirpy, little bird.

As Mu Yazhe watched his wife leave, he could not help but smile while lifting his hand to caress the spot where her lingering warmth remained on his face. That smile, though, soon faded and he assumed his usual stoic expression. After sipping on his coffee, he turned his attention back onto the computer screen.

The little twins pushed open the study door right at that moment, popping their heads in as they asked out of curiosity, “Daddy, we heard that you and mommy will be selecting her bridal gown tomorrow.”

He arched a brow. “Yeah. What about it?”

“I wanna go, too! I wanna go, too!”

Little Yichen raised his arm excitedly.

His twin looked at him in disdain. “What are you clamoring about?”

He answered all matter-of-factly, “I want to select a pretty bridal gown for mommy!”

“Fancy you dreaming of picking out a bridal gown for mommy with that aesthetic taste of yours!”

The other showed disdain for him once more. “Your taste isn’t reliable!”

With hands clutching his sore chest, he cried tearlessly, “Youyou, are you expressing doubt on my taste?!”

“You don’t have an eye for fashion.”

“...”

The younger lad suddenly proudly declared, “Leave the sacred mission of choosing mommy’s bridal gown to me! I’ll go with mommy to select her gown while you stay at home and mop the floor clean.”

He wailed when he heard that. “No! That’s unfair! How can you guys bear to leave me alone at home to do menial household chores while you all go out to play?”

Their father shot them a fierce look. “Quit squabbling and go back to your bedroom to sleep!”

“Okay.”

The twins sullenly hummed a reply of acknowledgment before closing the door.

Back in their bedroom, the boys tossed and turned on their beds but just could not fall asleep.

“Youyou...”

“What kind of bridal gowns do you think suits mommy?”

In the darkness, the younger twin slowly opened his eyes and lifted a brow. “Mommy has a fantastic figure, so she’ll look good in anything she wears.”

“Still, there must be a style that fits and looks best on her!”

He had done his fair share of research previously and, thus, had learned about the various types of bridal gowns.

The mermaid gown, for example, was made with satin, organza, and lace—materials that perfectly brought out the elegance and classiness that was unique to such a type of dress. The thing was that one’s figure played a very important role when wearing this type of gown. One would look regal and stunning in it if she had a lithe and graceful figure.

He, however, had full confidence in his mother's figure and had no doubts that she could perfectly pull off that type of gown.

Other than the mermaid gown, there was the more classic princess gown, which had a strapless, sweetheart design. This particular gown flaunted off one's beautiful shoulder and necklines.

Nonetheless, he preferred the A-line gown, which was elegant, mesmerizing, and subtle. This gorgeous, socialite-style gown with its pared-down skirt was a more suitable and flattering choice for his mother with her tall and slim figure.

"Ball gowns, the most classic type of wedding dress, aren't bad, either. Mermaid gowns with deep V necklines look good, too. I'm sure mommy will appear dazzling in it."

"How many designs did daddy ask the designer to come up with?"

"I heard that there are at least a dozen designs. It's more than enough for us to choose from!"

"We shouldn't think about it anymore. We need to sleep early to wake up early tomorrow!"

He retorted, "Well, then stop making noise and off to dreamland you go."

His older brother stuck his tongue out at him before hugging him and closing his eyes. "Good night, Youyou!"

#### **Chapter 2395: Marriage is another path.**

Soon, the older twin fell asleep and drifted into dreamland.

Youyou, however, remained wide awake despite having his eyes closed. Images of his mother in various types of gowns kept flashing across his mind. His little heart went pounding hard in excitement when he imagined her standing before him in a pure, regal, and holy-looking mermaid gown, appearing mesmerizing and alluring as she smiled gently.

*Ah...*

*Indeed. Mermaid gowns the best.*

Smacking himself on the forehead, he told himself, "What am I thinking about? I should sleep now, or I'll be feeling lethargic tomorrow!"

He then closed his eyes. However, he could not stop himself from indulging in his fantasies and only fell asleep when it had gotten very late into the night.

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That night was also particularly long for Song Enya. She tossed and turned all night but just could not fall asleep.

They had received news from the Mus that Mu Yancheng and Mu Shumin would be paying them a visit next week to discuss and prepare the marriage between the two young ones.

While her mother was overjoyed to know this, she was not as happy as how her mother felt upon knowing that she had achieved her goal.

After all, she no longer held any illusions about marriage and merely saw it as a path that she had to take.

*That's right.*

*Isn't marriage just another path for women?*

It was just that it was a path to doomsday for most unlucky women; only a few lucky ones could attain happiness, and she was unfortunately not one of them.

Her marriage was bound to be bleak and miserable, just like how it was for her disappointing parents.

Although her parents appeared to be a harmonious couple on the surface, they had always been fighting nonstop even when she was just a child. She witnessed first-hand how fragile marriage was and how hard it was to maintain it.

To be accurate, her parents' marriage was arranged. Her father did not love her mother, and vice versa, with the latter thinking that marriage was nothing but another path in life.

Because she understood that marriage not based on love would surely lead to a lifetime of misery, she had nothing but absolute abhorrence for arranged marriages. It was also why she had loved her uncle so desperately and madly.

She had the impression that only a married couple who truly loved each other would live happily ever after.

She could even imagine just how she would become like her mother after marrying into the Mu family. She would be staying at home, waiting at the empty bed, and constantly guarding her weak status.

Marrying into the Mu family indeed guaranteed one a lifetime of glory and wealth, much to the envy of others, but it also meant living in shackles for the rest of one's life.

*To think that I've become the unfortunate type of woman that I used to despise the most.*

*How ironic!*

After taking a bath, Jiang Qimeng, in her nightwear, entered her daughter's bedroom, switched on the lights, and asked softly, "Are you asleep, my daughter?"

"No."

"Let's go select your wedding dress tomorrow."

"Wedding dress?" Song Enya asked in exasperation. "Aren't we being too anxious to be selecting one now when I'm not officially engaged to Mu Yancheng yet?"

Her mother gave a disgruntled answer, though. "Engaged? What for? It's better off for you two to hold the wedding as soon as possible, lest more problems crop up!"

**Chapter 2396: Reduced to a Laughingstock**



She was biting her bottom lip when she suddenly burst into a scoff. “Don’t you understand what’s the situation here, mom? Just look at how the Mus are treating me; instead of coming and meeting us in person, they merely sent someone here to propose marriage on his behalf. Their lackadaisical effort clearly shows how low they think of me! They’re looking down on me and treating me as an object, yet you’re so anxious to take me to the bridal shop to select my gown! Won’t that be too unreserved of me?! If they find out that I’m so anxious to go select my gown when we’re not even engaged yet, they’ll surely see me as a laughingstock again!”

Shocked by the angry outburst, the older woman’s nose turned red. She felt aggrieved for herself, instead of on her daughter’s behalf, for her well-intentions had been met with snub!

“See you as a laughingstock?! Enya, do you know what will really make you a laughingstock? Wearing a simple gown at your wedding! All I want is to custom-make a beautiful gown for you to wear so that you’ll be married off in a grand fashion! This is what I can do for you, and it’ll help you to keep up with appearances!”

With rimming red eyes, she stared blankly at her mother. “How can I still expect to marry into the Mu family in a grand fashion at this point? This is no marriage. I’m shamelessly grabbing onto Mu Yancheng’s pants...”

A tear fell from one of her eyes as she choked through quivering lips, “I’m shamelessly grabbing onto Mu Yancheng’s pants and crawling into that family! Don’t you know how high and thorny their threshold is? I’m hurt all over, yet I still have to make myself believe that I’m highly respected. What right do I have to ask for a grand wedding? I don’t have the face to ask for this anymore.”

Struck dumb, the woman stared helplessly at her daughter.

“The grand wedding and whatnots are all just for your vanity!” spat the young missy sarcastically as she turned her head away in indignation.

Upon hearing this, Jiang Qimeng’s countenance turned frosty. She no longer bothered coaxing her daughter and, instead, retorted, “Is it just only for ourselves? To think I thought that you have become sensible and mature after going through all that. That’s apparently not the case, though, seeing how you’re still throwing a tantrum and venting your frustrations on me. Reflect to yourself; you’re the one who reduced yourself into this sorry state! Your father, for your sake, paid such a hefty price and didn’t hesitate to use a plot of land in exchange for your clean reputation! Your willful behavior should stop!”

“He did it for the sake of his and the family’s reputation as well!” her daughter countered.

At that, she shot back, “Since you’re aware that you’ve disgraced the family, what right do you have to say such things?!”

Her words jolted Song Enya hard. The young missy watched her mother stand up and coolly looked at her. “You’ll go with me to select a bridal gown tomorrow. If you refuse to go, you’ll settle your marriage affairs on your own!”

With that, her mother turned around and left.

She watched the door be slammed close before the bedroom returned to a state of silence.

Biting her bottom lip hard in indignation, she balled up her fists and crumpled the bedsheets in the process.

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The next day, by the time Jiang Qimeng got out of bed, her daughter, still in her pajamas, was already quietly sitting at the dining table and eating her breakfast.

### **Chapter 2397: Second-rate**

Jiang Qimeng came downstairs to see her daughter already sitting at the table having breakfast and asked in surprise, "Why? You're early today."

These days, the latter would hardly step out of her room at all and have breakfast with the former.

The young woman lifted her head to look at her mother. "Aren't we going to pick a wedding gown today? What time are we leaving?"

Jiang Qimeng looked at the wall clock and replied, "Well, it's getting late. Let's go out after breakfast."

"Alright."

After the two had their morning meal, the young lady drove as they set off for the mall.

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The IDO Queenstown Bridal Salon was the top, renowned bridal atelier in the whole capital.

It gathered under its roof all the top bridal brands in the world and was the only exclusive supplier in the country for brands, such as PRONOVIAS, ELIESAAB, ATELIERPRONOVIAS, LASPOSA, and so forth.

Its collection consisted of the world's top bridal gown designers. In fact, every single gown was sewn by hand and one-of-its-kind, but this was also the reason for the hefty price tag that came with each piece. The gowns were easily in the range of hundreds of thousands, or even millions; some had even pushed into the range of tens of millions of yuan.

The salon's philosophy was solely to bestow glory to love by giving the beloved bride a wedding dress which belonged to her and her alone!

The bride, in her extravagant and romantic gown, would be the one and only in her man's eyes on the most important day in their lives.

This bridal salon could be said to be the ultimate wedding dream of every woman. Being able to wear a designer dress from this atelier for their wedding was something that many women dreamed of!

After all, not every woman could get to wear a gown which was truly made for her on her wedding day.

The reason Song Enya selected this atelier was that it was once her dream to walk down the aisle with Brother Mu, wearing a gown specially designed by Queenstown Bridal Salon.

It was her dream to be his special bride on their big day. She could imagine the scene where she slowly walked up to him in her pristine, sacred gown and gently placed her hand in the cradle of his palm. The thought was enough to send her heart racing!

At this point in time, that dream had turned out to be an ironic fantasy that made a mockery of her.

As the young lady stepped into the bridal shop, the store clerk approached her enthusiastically.

As a specialty store selling luxurious wedding gowns, their service standard was naturally impeccable. Soon, she was led into the store by the sales assistant to pick a dress for herself.

The place was huge—covering a few hundreds of square feet—which was sufficient to display hundreds of wedding gowns.

The missy followed down the display rack, checking out the pieces as she walked past them. Each dress was unique and almost impossible to replicate, but none could satisfy this picky lady. Her mother lingered on each display, though, with eyes of astonishment as she held hands with her.

The middle-aged woman was not as picky as her daughter; hence, there were quite a few pieces that caught her fancy. Alas, her selections did not satisfy her daughter, for the other shook her head at her recommendations.

In the end, the older woman felt somewhat defeated by her daughter's fussiness and asked in resignation, "Enya, we've been here for some time. Are you really not interested in any of these gowns?"

The spoiled lady shook her head in disdain. What the store clerk had shown her were second-rate dresses.

This meant that these dresses were either made by the designers on the fly or tailored-made by them for certain clients but were rejected for one reason or another. As such, the prices of these pieces on display were slightly lower than the customized ones.

This was why these dresses were considered second-rate.

### **Chapter 2398: The Queen of Bridal Gowns**

Thus, naturally, none of these gowns could satisfy the proud missy's taste at all. Moreover, the realization that these were others' rejects was enough to make her feel cheap!

Noticing the lady's extreme indifference since she entered the store, the sales assistant could not help wondering why this bride-to-be, unlike the rest of the ladies who patronized this bridal shop, came without her future husband in tow. To her, this customer appeared to have been looking at the display rack for an utterly long time without expressing interest in any of the dresses. The lady might as well customize one to her fancy if none of these satisfied her. Though a customized gown was costly, those who came here would naturally be prepared to spend a bomb.

As such, the store clerk proposed enthusiastically, "Miss Song, if none of these dresses catches your fancy, we can take a look at the next dressing room where you can find European and American designs."

“These bridal dresses are leftover pieces from others, aren’t these?”

The sales lady turned awkward at her question but replied politely, “Every wedding gown in this atelier is individually designed for a bride-to-be. Of course, some clients may have shared the same aesthetic view as their designers. When it comes to those dresses, we’ll put them on display here for another lady to come by who may happen to appreciate their beauty, too.”

“The reason sounds elaborate, but at the end of the day, these are still rejects, aren’t these?”

The lady guest did not mince her harsh words, which immediately put this shop assistant on the spot; she, however, remained polite. “If you aren’t satisfied with any of these, we can get a designer to customize one to your liking!”

The missy glanced at her impassively and was about to say something when something flashy in her periphery caught her attention.

She looked across to see a champagne-colored wedding gown hanging conspicuously high above the rest. She was unsure what fabric the gown was made of, but from afar, it seemed to be glowing!

The gown was a deep-V design, with its hemline spreading to the floor like a pristine lily. The most amazing design would be the V-cut on the back of the gown, which fully revealed the bride’s charming shoulder blades and back curves. The shoulder straps and waistline were covered with extremely intricate hand-embroidered patterns. The reason the dress seemed to be sparkling was that every embroidery detail of it was inlaid with a tiny diamond. Although the diamonds were small, with one embedded in each stitch, an embroidery pattern this large could be estimated to hold tens of thousands of them!

*What a huge spend!*

Song Enya could not help letting out a sigh of wonderment inwardly as she unconsciously walked toward the gown and stood in front of it. As she stared at the intricate gown dazedly, her lips curled into a smile, finally displaying her satisfaction at something inside this store.

“This gown isn’t bad!”

The store clerk walked over, happy to reckon that something finally caught the eyes of this fussy customer!

However, when she looked to see which gown it was, her face turned embarrassed, and she quirked an eyebrow. Still, she managed to compliment the missy. “Miss Song has good taste, indeed! This gown was personally designed by Ms. Vera Wang herself!”

*Vera Wang!*

The missy was no stranger to that name, of course.

Vera Wang, the famous Chinese designer born in Manhattan, was one of the world’s top wedding dress designers. Her talent was true to her title as the ‘Queen of Wedding Dresses’.

**Chapter 2399: This dress was custom-made for another client.**

Every year, her designs at the star-studded Oscars would never go wrong.

Her wedding dresses had once led a fashion revolution. Owning a set of wedding gowns under her name was like wearing a regal diamond ring; it symbolized a love promise that was holy and sacred.

Of course, the price of her wedding gown was exorbitant. It was enough for one to buy an expensive race car, but still, people flocked to buy her creations.

Victoria Beckham wore her design on her wedding day, and for her wedding, Britannia wore a topnotch wedding dress designed by Vera Wang as she exclaimed in amazement, "I've never worn such a beautiful dress before!"

This showed the impact of that influential name.

"This is it!" said Song Enya as she pointed at the dress.

The store clerk hurriedly explained, "Miss Song, I'm very sorry to inform you that this wedding dress was custom-made by Ms. Vera Wang for another client. It already belongs to someone else."

"What did you mean?"

"This dress was specially designed for another client. It's not meant to be sold or displayed."

Cocking a brow in displeasure, the missy demanded, "Since you said that it's custom-made for another person, why was it put on display in such a conspicuous spot?"

"We put out this dress today because the customer is coming to the store to try it later. I'm very sorry."

The young woman furrowed her brows and gritted her teeth before asking, "How much?"

"?" The sales assistant looked at her in surprise.

"How much is this dress? I'll buy it."

"I'm very sorry but this wedding dress isn't for sale! This isn't about the money; Ms. Vera Wang specially designed this dress for the client. Besides, this dress is specifically customized to fit that bride's petite frame. The measurement may not suit you."

Song Enya was offended. "Are you mocking me for not having a good figure like her?!"

"Of course not! Miss Song, please don't misunderstand my intention! All our dresses here are one-of-a-kind and tailor-made for every client. If you can't find anything that suits you, we can get our designers to customize one for you!"

The proud lady held down her anger, took one last, longing look at the dress, then turned away, and walked off pettishly.

After browsing through another rack, she was attracted by another wedding dress in mermaid style.

The mermaid dress was a design that could best bring out the seductive curves in a woman. This one was elegant and outstanding, with a classic brassiere design. The most striking detail was the *su*-embroidery on the brassiere. The gorgeous hemline was especially eye-catching.

“How about this?” asked the rich lady as she pointed at the dress. “Don’t tell me that this dress also belongs to someone else?”

The store clerk took a look and smiled. “Miss Song, this gown has a brand name on it, so it belongs to another client, too.”

The missy crossed her arms over her chest in furious conceit as she took another look at the uniquely designed dress.

“Then, why don’t you tell me which dresses can I select from?”

The sales assistant felt jittery and apologized profusely before leading her away smilingly. “Please follow me.”

By then, any remaining enthusiasm left in the young lady had been swept clean by the store assistant, but her mother tried to console her. “Enya, don’t be angry. Who knows? You may be able to find something that suits your style over there?”

“Hmph.”

The woman gave a snort before following the assistant.

#### **Chapter 2400: Too enviable to be true!**

The woman gave a snort before following the assistant.

The store clerk took out a few selections shortly after.

It was worth mentioning that even the puny store clerks at this bridal salon had excellent taste. The missy was rather happy with the recommendations given by the girl and nodded in agreement when she was asked to give them a try. The sales assistant then brought the lady to the dressing room.

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Yun Shishi was up early today. After her husband returned home from his routine meetings, earlier than usual, they set off to try the wedding gowns.

Their two sons were up early as well and clamored to tag along.

The four drove to Queenstown Bridal Salon. After the man parked the car, the two adults each held one of their kids and stepped into the shop.

A few store clerks, who astutely came forward to greet the four enthusiastically the moment they stepped in, were taken aback when they saw the couple!

*Sheesh!*

*The man is just too good-looking! He's more handsome and eye-catching than those idols on TV!*

*The bride is so fortunate to be marrying such a man!*

The girls were equally stunned to see the woman standing next to him.

They knew her face well.

*Isn't this lady the actress who's been very popular lately?*

*She's the female lead in 'The Green Apple'!*

*Don't tell me... she's the partner of this handsome man?*

*Wow, this is gossip material!*

One thing worth noting, though, was that this bridal salon had no lack of prominent clients; thus, it held a strict code of privacy and confidentiality when it came to its customers.

"How are you, sir? Do you have an appointment with us? What's your surname, please?"

"My family name is Mu. I've already arranged for an appointment today."

"Are you, Mr. Mu?"

The store clerk was shocked to learn of his identity.

All the employees were well aware of this 'Mr. Mu'.

Their headquarters had sent over a dozen dresses a few days ago. Each piece was a creation by the top ten bridal designers in the world!

They could tell that this 'Mr. Mu' had spent a fortune to tailor-made a dozen dresses from top designers at one go!

This was extravagant and truly magnanimous!

They were guessing that this man loved his fiancée very much to splurge on her. Everyone was envious of the mysterious bride-to-be.

It was only now that they came to realize who his bride was!

"Welcome, Mr. Mu! Your specially ordered dresses are already with us. Do you want to try them on now?"

"There's no hurry."

The man waved his arm impassively. Turning his head to look at his wife, his face turned soft and gentle as he asked, "Do you want to have a look first? You can pick a few designs that catch your fancy."

He decided to have more than a dozen dresses custom-made from a handful of different designers because he wanted her to have options in case she was fussy over the design.

There should be something that interested her from the dozen dresses in different styles.

The woman broke into a chuckle when she heard that. "A dozen dresses? Why are there so many?"

"I'm worried that none may catch your fancy. A dozen of these dresses should give you sufficient options to choose from."

The few employees were turning green with envy as they observed the loving exchange between the two.

*This 'Mr. Mu' is a classic wife-slave!*

The gentleman was aloof, albeit polite, when he talked to them, but his attitude changed once his attention was on his pretty wife. The man was extremely attentive and caring when it came to her. His eyes, especially, shone with loving indulgence as he looked at her.

This was too enviable to be true!