

His Beloved Treasure

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"I'm saying you and your mother have no shame! Ah!"

"Smack!"

The entire hall fell silent, the sound resonating sharply!

Qin Mu forcefully pushed the man beside her, stepped forward, and indifferently delivered a slap.

Qin Mingzhu's head spun, her cheek burning with pain, and in the vast space, no other voices could be heard.

"Playing the thief while shouting 'catch the thief'? Does your conscience not hurt at all?"

Qin Mu advanced, her slender fingers jabbing one after another into the area above her heart.

Mingzhu retreated, she advanced!

"If I hear that kind of talk again, it won't just be a slap. Do you hear me clearly?"

"You... you..."

Qin Mingzhu, covering half of her face, struggled to utter a complete sentence. Since childhood, she had only bullied others; no one had ever laid a finger on her.

"Did you hear me or not?"

At that moment, Qin Mu was genuinely furious to the point of boiling over, her voice several decibels higher than usual.

"Heard, I heard!"

Qin Mingzhu was terrified, responding in a trembling voice.

The pitiful creature that seemed isolated could actually be so wicked.

Low murmurs now filled the previously solemn hotel lobby. While the conversations were in foreign languages, they did not escape the ears of Qin Mu and Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen, completely disregarding others' stares, stepped forward and held her shoulder, "Did it hurt your hand? Let me see."

Mingzhu's eyes nearly popped out as she saw her brother-in-law treating that status-grabbing wretch with such tenderness. Subconsciously covering her face, she turned to look at Jing Qing.

Jing Qing's complexion wasn't looking any better, just barely contained due to the crowd.

"Let's go upstairs,"

Mu Yichen said softly, his departing gaze cold and sharp towards the girl who had just slandered his woman.

"Sis, is she crazy or what? Are you just going to let her take your husband away?"

Qin Mingzhu turned and looked at Jing Qing in confusion.

"What should I do then?"

"Fight! Fight back the way she took him; what's your status, and what's hers? Mom and dad have always said you're smart, so why are you doing such a dumb thing?"

Mingzhu looked at her unknowingly, then walked out in disappointment.

Jing Qing remained silent, letting out a helpless smile before leaving.

Dumb?

"If I were like you, that would truly be dumb."

Jing Qing caught up with Qin Mingzhu and, on the street, wrapped an arm around her shoulder, cooing in a low voice, "How about sister takes you for some tasty food? After eating, we can shop at the luxury stores. We shouldn't leave empty-handed, right?"

"I can't afford that luxury."

"But your sister can."

Paris' nights were not very cold, and very quiet.

After returning to the room, Qin Mu was unusually silent, sitting in the living room with her head down like a child who had done wrong.

Mu Yichen took off his coat and walked over, Qin Mu looked up, "Mu Yichen."

"Let's go take a bath."

Qin Mu didn't speak, merely fixating her gaze on him.

"You're taking Qin Mingzhu's words to heart?" he asked her softly.

"Shouldn't I?"

"I heard it took you a good three months following Jian Yan before he accepted you as an apprentice. Why were you so adamant?"

"Because he's one of the few great designers, both domestically and internationally."

"If all you wanted was a stable life, did you really need to make him your mentor?"

After coming out, she sat on the carpet in front of the glass wall, drying her hair, and he went to take a phone call before coming back with a hairdryer to stand behind her.

The outside window showcased a brilliant starry sky, while the inside was undoubtedly serene.

"When do you plan to return home?"

She tilted her head slightly, while his eyes were lowered, focused intently on her hair.

"Trying to rush me out?"

"Just asking."

His movements in drying her hair paused slightly, his eyes lifted, but then he continued his task as if it were nothing.

"Anytime!"

"I'll take you to the airport when it's time."

Her hair was nearly dry, she looked up at him: What's up?

"Are you serious?" he asked quietly.

In those dark eyes, a light shone that was heartbreaking.

"Mhm!"

Their gazes met, one resilient and enduring, the other silent as still water.

He suddenly chuckled but said not a word more, simply cradling her face in his hands.

Mu Yichen stayed in Paris for three days, but ultimately didn't take her back to Rongcheng.

She stood alone in the empty guest room, sunlight streaming in, looking up through her fingers at the rays of light, and then at the ring on her hand.

Her heart, suddenly stirred.

Her long eyelashes fluttered gently, her eyes filled with surprise and the melancholy that comes with knowing the truth.

Qin Mu continued her life in Paris, which she considered free and happy, until three days later when she received a call from the mayor of Qin City.

"Your aunt's health has taken a serious turn for the worse, Xiaomu, does it really matter where a person is buried when they die anyway?"

The man who had doted on her as a child spoke to her like this now.

She could still summon memories from her childhood, a time when he had loved her mother.

Back then, she often saw him embracing her mother in every corner of their home, declaring his love for her.

But in a flash, other women came knocking at the door.

She remembered coming home from school one day to find the couple that always appeared so loving, fighting fiercely, and then the man storming out.

She remembered her mother's heart-wrenching sobs.

And she could never forget the sight of her mother lying dead in a pool of blood.

"So, for that person who's going to die anyway, why do you care where she's going to be buried?"

"Xiaomu, I hope you understand your dad."

"I really wish my 'dad'—was already dead!"

Understand?

Soon after her mother died, that woman moved into their house, slept in her mother's bed, and when he sent her abroad he also said please understand your dad.

The call hadn't ended, but she could no longer make out what the person on the other end was saying.

She didn't understand before, but she understood later.

Wasn't it all for his own selfish desires?

All those mistakes made in the heat of the moment were not worth understanding.

She hung up on Qin Haiming and booked the earliest flight back home, saying to Xiaomei before leaving, "I'll bring Huanhuan over as soon as possible, please take care of her for these few days."

"Sure, rest assured about Huanhuan. But you must take good care of yourself," Xiaomei advised in a low voice, seeing her eyes redden.