

# His Beloved Treasure

## *Chapter 2 - 02 Goodbye\_1*

She flew back to Rongcheng from Paris for her mentor's first fashion show in her home country.

The night in Rongcheng was so dazzling, and a wave of indefinable emotions surged in her heart as she looked at the colorful lights outside. It was like a fire growing stronger and hotter; her heart began to feel tight, and her focus started to blur.

Qin Mu stood in front of the full-length window in her hotel room, looking out at the night scene and unconsciously jutting her chin up a bit, her thoughts drifting.

She couldn't remember what the sky in Rongcheng used to look like. She lost her mother at seven and was sent to Paris at eight, and not even a few days had passed between the two events.

A team of seven, four men and three women, arrived. They dropped off their luggage, took showers, and went to the Chinese restaurant for a group dinner. Except for her and Xiaomei, all were good-looking foreigners with a passion for Chinese food, even more than her and Xiaomei.

"Sister Qinqin, there's a beauty over there who's been watching you all the time," Xiaomei whispered to her. Xiaomei was her assistant, beautiful in her own right, hardworking and observant, and the type that was as delicate as jade.

Qin Mu instinctively looked up towards the window, where two women sat looking at her with puzzled eyes.

Their stares were uncomfortable, as if wanting to dissect her, which was why she coldly returned the gaze of one particularly brazen girl who had been eyeing her.

"Why do I have this strange feeling that I've seen her before?"

"Maybe you have indeed seen her."

The one asking was Rongcheng's most esteemed leader's darling, Qin Mingzhu; the one replying was Rongcheng's top actress, Jing Qing. Both girls were pretty, but the actress was more elegant, while Mingzhu came off a bit frivolous and overbearing.

"Why isn't brother-in-law here yet? He's not standing us up, is he?"

"No, he always keeps his word, he must have been held up by something." Jing Qing held her tea and took a sip, her eyes expectantly looking towards the staircase.

A few minutes later, the man Jing Qing had been expecting finally appeared. Jing Qing was overjoyed, yet she calmly put down her teacup and smiled towards the direction he came from.

"Brother-in-law!"

Qin Mingzhu waved and called out loudly, seeming even happier than Jing Qing.

The surrounding people, including Qin Mu's table, curiously looked over.

They had actually met occasionally, but this was their first meeting in Rongcheng.

Today, he wore a black coat, black trousers, and spotlessly clean black leather shoes.

Hmm, he was undeniably more charming than before, with sharp and handsome features, and a figure that could captivate thousands of women. Yet, he seemed unaware of it, his stride only pausing at someone's expectancy.

He suddenly turned around, his brows slightly furrowed, but then he quickly strode towards the table diagonally opposite the window, where seven people of different skin colors sat, all looking at each other in confusion as to why he approached them.

Qin Mu stayed seated, just looking up at the man who was walking toward her.

He carried with him an icy chill, so sharp and clear that it made people afraid to get close to or think too much about it.

"When did you get back?"

"Tonight!"

He used the word "back," which made Qin Mu's heart feel somewhat damp, not knowing why she felt so sad as she kept gazing at him.

"Jing Sister, what's up with brother-in-law? Why did he walk over there? Who is that vixen?"

Jing Qing, of course, knew who she was, but simply smiled and said, "I don't know who that girl is, let's go take a look."

"Good, let me check out what this cheap temptress who dared to allure my sister's man is like."

"You know, can't you be less abrasive?"

"She's trying to snatch my sister's man and you expect me to talk nicely to her? Come on."

Mingzhu said arrogantly as she looped her arm through Jing Qing's and they walked towards them.

Qin Mu wasn't used to this kind of fuss, and just as she was guessing their identity, she heard a sharp voice addressing her first.

"Hey, where are you, the vixen from? What's your relationship with my brother-in-law?"

Sitting there, Qin Mu looked quite lower than them, but her presence overpowered both of them without any words; just a sharp look made the just-spoken Qin Mingzhu swallow her saliva.

"Mingzhu, don't talk nonsense. I'm sorry, she's young and doesn't know better," Jing Qing apologized.

Qin Mu coldly laughed and did not engage.

"Yichen, aren't you going to introduce her?"

Jing Qing appeared friendly and smiled at her for a moment and then turned to look at Mu Yichen and asked.

"She is someone irrelevant to the two of you. Aren't you hungry? Go have your meal first," Mu Yichen said, mentioning nothing about who she was, his voice filled with patience.

He was someone who never had patience for those unrelated to him, so these two girls must be of considerable importance to him.

Qin Mu subconsciously observed the three of them.

Jing Qing's hand instinctively wrapped around Mu Yichen's arm, and then she followed his lead and turned her head.

"This is my territory, Qin Mingzhu's. If you want to seduce my sister's man on my turf, be careful I'll have someone take care of you," Mingzhu warned.

"You're the cherished Qin Mingzhu of the Qin Family?"

"Hmph, scared now?"

"Then she must be the second young miss of the Jing Family?"

Mingzhu was startled and then scoffed disdainfully, "My sister just won the Best Actress crown. Have you never seen the world before? Not just anyone can come into our hotel."

If it weren't for seeing Qin Mu surrounded by posh-looking foreigners, she would have doubted whether Qin Mu was some uninformed nobody.

After Mingzhu left, Qin Mu remained silent for a long while, her friends worriedly asking her if she was okay. She slightly smiled, "Let's eat."