

## His Beloved 291

Chapter 291: General Mu's demanded compensation (1)\_5

"Miss Qin, can I sleep here?"

Qin Mu looked at her and put down the document she had just opened, "What do you mean?"

"The apartment I lived in when I came to Rongcheng was found by Qin Mingzhu. Now that she has no use for me, she has taken the apartment back. When I returned last night, I found that my luggage and everything had been thrown downstairs."

Yang Qianxi said this and lowered her head even more.

Qin Mu's gaze dropped; she didn't expect Qin Mingzhu to be so ruthless, but then again, she wasn't surprised, for that woman was never really a philanthropist.

But was she herself a philanthropist?

"If you don't mind, you can squeeze in with the colleagues for now. They all live in one apartment complex, each with their own room."

Qin Mu thought it over and spoke since there were no spare rooms available at the moment. One was reserved for her own use, and Mu Yichen would sometimes come to use it; she didn't feel like giving it to someone else.

"Really? Thank you, Miss Qin!"

"That's a place they rent together, and whether they can accommodate you or not is also uncertain. Go discuss it with them first before coming to thank me."

Qin Mu then opened the document again to read intently because she had to meet with clients and needed to carefully double-check everything to ensure everything was correct.

"Yes!"

Yang Qianxi knew Qin Mu wouldn't help her so readily and realized that for a stranger to offer this much help was already more than enough. She nodded her head and left.

Only after she had left did Qin Mu turn her head back towards the door corner and let out an involuntary sigh.

So whatever you do, never do business with Qin Mingzhu; that girl may seem foolish at times, yet in some respects, she is particularly calculating.

Yang Qianxi made her request to the colleagues, but no one paid her any attention. Seeing their reluctant faces, she bit her lip and added, "Miss Qin asked me to discuss it with you all. If you're unwilling, then never mind."

Everyone remained silent, merely exchanging glances as if they could communicate their intentions through eye contact alone.

"We don't have any spare rooms. Xiaomei is in Paris but will be back soon. If you were to stay, you could only sleep on the sofa, and you would need to find your own place quickly."

A young man whose Chinese was not very good made the decision.

Upon hearing this, Yang Qianxi was beside herself with gratitude: "Thank you, thank you all. I'll definitely find a place quickly, and I'll pay you for the days I stay here."

The cost of living in Rongcheng was exceedingly high. She had always been poor and struggling, and although she thought she had found an opportunity to turn her life around, it turned out to be a mere dream, and now she had run out of money. At this point, all she wanted was a place to sleep. She spent the night at a very ordinary hotel last night; not to mention the noise and cleanliness, the accommodation fee of over three hundred yuan was startling to her.

The others, seeing her pitiful state, finally decided to let her stay for a few days.

As for the luggage in the corner of the doorway, they had noticed it early on, but if Qin Mu hadn't spoken up, they really wouldn't have wanted to take her in at the outset since she was a plagiarist.

Having secured a place to sleep, Yang Qianxi hurried to the location where Wen Runuan was filming. Runuan's assistant, upon seeing her, was initially displeased but then couldn't help but suppress the coldness and said, "Then follow me!"

Yang Qianxi, aware that she was a stranger to these people and knowing that the assistants to big stars often carried an air of importance, simply followed and got to work.

Wen Runuan looked at her curiously, "What did you use to do?"

"I studied fashion design, but I've just graduated."

Wen Runuan took another look at her because although Yang Qianxi's photo had not been exposed in the newspapers, she didn't think much of it. It was just someone Qin Mu had recommended, so she nodded, "Then help me with the styling!"

"Okay!"

Yang Qianxi saw Runuan agree and nodded her head before turning to look at the fashion garments hanging on two rows at the side. She had noticed them as soon as she entered.

Wen Runuan waited anxiously, concerned she lacked the eye for fashion that Xiaomei had, but she also thought that someone chosen by Qin Mu shouldn't be too far off.

"Do you have a special connection with Qin Mu?"

Wen Runuan always felt that an average girl wouldn't immediately gain Qin Mu's favor right after graduation.

After picking two outfits, Yang Qianxi turned to Runuan while holding the clothes upon hearing the question. In her eyes, Runuan was aloof, though her face gave off a girl-next-door vibe—her eyes, however, seemed merciless.

Yang Qianxi still selected clothes for her, but as Runuan went to the changing room, she couldn't resist calling Qin Mu, "Have you gone mad, letting someone who plagiarized your work into your studio?"

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Qin Mu was about to meet with a client when he heard this and couldn't help but laugh, "I'm currently short of hands here, and my client has just arrived, so let her help you out for today. If she's not suitable, come find me again, and we can talk more when we have time to meet."

"I think you're being particularly irrational!"

Wen Runuan added another word before hanging up the phone.

Qin Mu knew that he was indeed not as rational as some people, but it shouldn't be that bad.

At the very least, he had always known what he wanted, and in the eyes of his partners, he was calm and restrained. Yes, they also thought he was particularly rational.

Qin Mu couldn't help but smile lightly, "I understand what you mean, but doesn't her willingness to candidly talk to you about her past also prove she can't be all that bad?"

"But aren't you afraid this could be nurturing a tiger only to court calamity?"

"Firstly, I'm very happy that you're so concerned about me. Runuan, if you truly consider me a friend, can you trust me?"

He asked softly, seriously asking this after feeling that Wen Runuan's relationship with him wasn't just a typical utilitarian one.

"All right! I won't disturb you further. We'll talk another time when we're free."

Wen Runuan hung up the phone, feeling helpless. She indeed didn't trust that girl outside, but she trusted Qin Mu, even though it was risky.

Qin Mu took the clients to the factory for a tour; after which they went out to have a meal together, and in the evening, upon returning home and just after stepping out of his car, he received a call from Xiaomei saying they had returned to Paris and checked into the hospital.

"You take good care of him for now. I'll be on the flight that leaves tomorrow afternoon at four."

Qin Mu said to her as he closed the car door and walked towards the house.

"Qinqin, in truth, you know I don't find it a burden."

At that moment, Qin Mu's brisk steps suddenly stopped when he heard Xiaomei's voice tremble, sensing that Xiaomei perhaps didn't want him to rush over.

No, that must be an illusion. How could Xiaomei not want him to go? After all, it's better to have two people watching over than just one. Moreover, Jian Yan was his mentor; he absolutely must be there at such a critical moment. Otherwise, if nothing goes wrong, that's fine, but if something does, he would never be able to forgive himself for the rest of his life.

Feng Fanghua was having tea with Mu Zihao when they heard footsteps. Feng Fanghua gave Mu Zihao a look and glanced at the woman walking in with her head bowed.

"Dad, Mom, I'm back!"

Qin Mu looked up to see the two elders in the sitting room drinking tea, one with downward gaze and the other with a sharp look in his eye.

Qin Mu knew that Feng Fanghua was concerned about her trip to Paris, but she was going to go regardless, so she took the initiative to sit down by the sofa, "Dad, Mom, I still need to tell you that I've bought the tickets to Paris for both Huanhuan and myself."

"You..."

"Just go. As teacher and student, if nothing unexpected happens, it's all good. If something does happen and we stop you tonight, would you never forgive us, would you never forgive yourself? Go, take Huanhuan with you."

Feng Fanghua was about to argue when Mu Zihao looked up with a composure and responded like this.

Feng Fanghua turned her head in disbelief looking at her husband. Before Qin Mu came back, they had agreed upon what to say, but in a blink of an eye, he had changed his stance.

The lights in the living room were still warm. Mu Zihao's eyebrows moved slightly while looking at his wife, and simultaneously placed his hands on her interlocked ones. That comforting gesture seemed simple, but it quieted down Feng Fanghua, who was fuming inside, and she turned away in anger to look elsewhere.

Qin Mu finally realized that for Feng Fanghua, Mu Zihao's opinion weighed more heavily than that of her own children, evidenced by how Feng Fanghua was now biting her tongue for Mu Zihao's sake.

"It's getting late. Go get some rest. Your mother and I are still waiting to watch a program later."

"Oh! All right! Thank you, Dad, thank you, Mom!"

Qin Mu stood up but did not forget to express his gratitude, of course not just to Mu Zihao, he couldn't exclude Feng Fanghua.

"I don't agree with this!"

Feng Fanghua was no longer as harsh as before but made her stance clear.

"I'll make the decision at home. You go and rest!"

Startled, Qin Mu stood still for a few seconds before quickly walking away.

Fearing that Feng Fanghua would call her back, she started taking quicker steps as she began to ascend the stairs.

After Qin Mu went upstairs, Feng Fanghua then turned to look at Mu Zihao, pulling her hand out of his palm with a very serious expression.

"Do you realize what you're doing? In the end, she's just a girl in her early twenties, looking after a forty-year-old man, and they share such a close relationship. If word gets out, no one will think it's just a plain teacher-student relationship regardless of whose ears it reaches, not to mention Jian Yan being such a talented individual."

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Feng Fanghua's voice was not loud, but it was full of heartfelt concern.

The large living room was actually very quiet, with just the two of them conversing softly.

"But in the end, they're just trying. If others don't understand, can't we, as family, understand her?"

Mu Zihao's voice was even lower, and his eyes were filled with indulgence and generosity towards his wife.

"But—I still feel it's not appropriate."

Feng Fanghua was so anxious she felt a stomachache coming on.

"If we, as her family, can't understand and support her, then she will truly be alone. She has finally found a little sense of belonging in this family, and if you stir up trouble over this..."

Mu Zihao didn't continue, but his point was made.

"I'm now seriously doubting it's because she wasn't taught properly when she was young that she can't distinguish what's important now. If her mother were still here, would she let her go and attend to another man after marrying Yichen?"

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but ask another question.

"If her mother was still here, would she have been left all alone abroad?"

Mu Zihao continued speaking.

"She's all alone? I'm the one who's all alone, okay? Didn't my son follow her right after?"

"Fanghua!"

Mu Zihao could only hold her shoulders with both hands to calm her down.

"I know what I'm saying is unpleasant. I don't have many pleasant words to say. You know I've been outspoken since I was young, and anyway, I don't agree with Qin Mu going to Paris."

Feng Fanghua was held by her shoulders and didn't move, but her attitude was very clear, with her gaze and aura entirely in protest.

"We couldn't stop this even if we tried. As long as our son doesn't say anything, why should we interfere? Huanhuan isn't home these days; it's a good opportunity for me to take you hiking, how about that?"

Feng Fanghua was moved by what he said, but at that moment, she really didn't feel like going hiking at all.

"I have to call Mu Yichen, that kid. I don't believe he won't be jealous."

From Feng Fanghua's understanding of Mu Yichen, that kid was probably already stewing in jealousy.

Mu Zihao still wanted to stop her, but seeing that she had already dialed the number, he could only helplessly stand down and let her go ahead and hit the wall.

They were both believers in love, even though they were older.

But they were also aware of the various kinds of accidents and even some very irresponsible behaviors that might occur between a man and a woman left alone.

Yes, at this moment Feng Fanghua was overthinking, but she couldn't stop herself from this line of thought.

Feng Fanghua was calling Mu Yi when Qin Mu was about to hold Huanhuan on her way back to her and Mu Yichen's room. Qin Mu heard a couple of sentences, but she didn't stop walking. She was afraid that Huanhuan would be woken up and didn't want to let some words disturb her.

This trip to Paris was non-negotiable.

She understood Feng Fanghua's concerns. Feng Fanghua's heart was entirely devoted to this family; she didn't want any members to be involved in scandals or to tarnish the Mu Family's reputation.

Qin Mu had also reflected lately, wondering if staying here was right or wrong. She feared she might bring controversy to the Mu Family, but she, Huanhuan, and Mu Yichen were now a unit; she couldn't walk away as easily as she used to.

Moreover, once she came to terms with the various issues facing a household living together, she had prepared for them all. So now, she could face these issues calmly, particularly with Mu Zihao willing to speak rationally on her behalf.

Later, after she had taken a bath and laid down, just having covered Huanhuan with a blanket, she heard her phone ring. She immediately turned to look and saw a video call request from President Mu on her phone. Not wanting to wake Huanhuan, she quickly answered it, but didn't aim the phone at her face. Instead, she placed it on her legs and pinched her cheeks hard a couple of times to feel more at ease, before finally bringing the phone up to her face.

During his last visit, they had parted on bad terms, but now she just wanted to take a good look at him.

Yes!

And indeed, she saw him very clearly. He seemed to be using the projector mode to chat with her, lying on the bed, wearing the dark pajamas provided by the hotel that looked like the expensive, specially prepared kind.

She even spotted his toes moving. His chest rose and fell slowly, as if in contemplation?

Upon seeing his face and his deep eyes that seemed to draw her in, Qin Mu instinctively wanted to look away.

"Going to Paris tomorrow?"

He was straight to the point, his dark, proud eyes fixed on Qin Mu through the camera.

"Yes!"

His voice was cold and distant, his gaze sharp. Qin Mu, feeling uneasy inside, quietly agreed.

Just then, she had involuntarily inspected him from head to toe and even thought about the feel of his solid chest. Qin Mu was surprised she had allowed her thoughts to wander so far, and after snapping back to reality, felt a little annoyed and turned away to look at her daughter to steady her emotions.

"I probably can't stop you, but take off your pajamas and show me as compensation, can I?"

#### Chapter 294: General Mu's demanded compensation (2) surprise attack\_1

He must have just taken a shower, Qin Mu looked at the man with still damp hair in the video, his cleanliness emanated a crisp freshness, mixed with a bit of youthful vigor and the robust scent of health, and she couldn't help but laugh, laughing at herself for surely having hallucinations.

She actually felt he was filled with an aura of abstinence.

All she had switched on was a dim floor lamp, yet his dark eyes truly locked onto her slim neck as if screaming to tear her clothes apart.

Unfortunately, while he seemed so close, the screen barrier was something he could never penetrate no matter what.

Dressed comfortably in a silk pajama set tonight, Qin Mu had the seductively eerie feeling of her exposed collarbone, as she held her phone and chuckled unwittingly, then turned the screen toward her daughter: "See that? Are you sure you want to proceed with discussing the topic of taking off clothes with me?"

Zihao, deeply hurt, suddenly sat up; she saw him lower his head for several seconds without another move, then all of a sudden he stood up from the bed: "How about from now on you don't move, and watch your husband perform, how does that sound?"

Before Qin Mu could speak, her eyes involuntarily widened, because the person in the video was giving a sleepwear stripping performance.

"I'm telling you, it's okay to take care of him, but leave the personal care to the care workers there, after all, they're also paid, understand?"

He continued to undress while talking, his gaze particularly sharp as if fearing she wouldn't remember his words clearly, so he became serious.

Qin Mu didn't speak, just pretended to watch him calmly.

"There's no need for me to explain further which details you're not allowed to take care of, since you're a smart person, right?"

The way he was looking at her now was rather contemptuous, very annoyed.

Qin Mu licked her dry lips and said with a smile, "You'd better explain a few more things to be sure, otherwise I'm afraid I might carelessly do something you wouldn't be happy with!"

"You... Qin Mu, I'm telling you, don't push me too far, or else I'll chase you to Paris and you won't see him for the rest of your life, believe it or not?"

He's still angry? After droning on for so long, Qin Mu couldn't be bothered with him.

At that moment, when he suddenly stood up, she couldn't see his face, and after he lay down again, although his hand was aimlessly moving over his abdomen, she finally got a good look at his face and promptly hung up the video call.

The man on the other end of the video who called himself the young master was burning with desire, almost wishing he could pass through the screen to pull her over to the bed.

Too bad he was unable to.

Then, frustrated, he punched the bed.

He refused to believe she hadn't felt anything just now, imagining in his mind she was also coming to him, and he felt significantly more relaxed in an instant, quickly finding the spot to log on to.

After relieving his frustration, he texted her calmly: "The hospital care workers are very professional, rest assured, okay?"

"Don't understand!"

Qin Mu sent him a three-word reply, then placed her phone on the bedside table and turned to embrace her daughter to sleep.

She didn't want to continue seeing his messages about this.

Does she look foolish?

She knew better than to hire a male caregiver; there's a clear distinction between men and women.

Even if it were her own father who got old and was hospitalized in the future...

She suddenly realized she no longer had that blessing; her dear father had his precious Mingzhu, no need for her.

The next morning, after washing up, she went downstairs with Huanhuan to find that Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were not home; the butler told her they had gone hiking and would not be back for a few days.

Qin Mu nodded in thanks and then took Huanhuan to her studio, where she had a few matters to arrange that morning, and the staff were also happy to see Huanhuan again; she then focused on her work.

In the afternoon, mother and daughter drove themselves to the airport, parked the car, and headed straight to the VIP lounge, watching her daughter having a great time made her smile unconsciously.

Qin Mu knew why Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua were not home early in the morning; Mu Zihao wanted to avoid further conflicts with her, and Feng Fanghua was probably protesting in that way.

She was afraid too, fearing their mother-in-law and daughter-in-law relationship might not be good and fall into crisis again.

But what she feared even more was not being there when her master needed her, fearing that she would regret it for the rest of her life.

Actually, it was a very simple matter; her master was having surgery, and she as his disciple just needed to take care of him for two days.

If it were before her marriage, there would be no need for any concerns or to think so much.

Chapter 295: General Mu's demanded compensation (2) surprise attack\_2

But then she established a relationship with Mu Yichen...

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were actually at the café near the airport; when Qin Mu drove to the airport, both of them saw her car.

Feng Fanghua felt a chill in her stomach unconsciously. Mu Zihao saw she was having a hard time digesting the news, so he took out his phone and went to the restroom. Soon, Feng Fanghua's phone rang.

She looked down and saw the word "brat" flash across the screen, her heart leaped, and she immediately answered the call.

Her son didn't often call her out of the blue.

However, she still subconsciously glanced in the direction of the restroom, thinking why her husband was taking so long in there when she answered the call, then she heard her beloved son's voice on the other end.

"Ms. Feng, I saw a nice sheep; is it okay if I buy it for you and Huanhuan to play with?"

Australia isn't short on sheep, is it?

"Are you trying to hoodwink me? Your dad must have called you, right? Did he tell you to pacify me?"

Feng Fanghua guessed as much right away, still sharp-tongued as ever.

"Nothing gets past Ms. Feng, does it? I told my dad I'm not good at this, but he just wouldn't believe me."

"Hmph! I can't be bothered with your matters. If Qin Mu really ends up with her master, then you do whatever you want, just bring my granddaughter back to me, and I'll thank you."

Feng Fanghua hung up after speaking. That kid actually wanted to buy her a sheep?

There are plenty of sheep in our country, okay?

He only knows how to sweet-talk that woman, but not how to please his own mother, Feng Fanghua thought, growing angrier by the minute.

Mu Zihao came out of the restroom after she finished the call. He didn't sit down but said: Let's go; our old buddies are already here, we need to get on the plane too.

Feng Fanghua gave him a glance: You guys go ahead, I'm not going!

Going home!

She used to be interested in hiking, but now she just wanted to stay home, enjoy the air conditioning, drink bird's nest soup, watch TV, and gossip with the house staff—that was more comforting than traveling thousands of miles to climb a mountain.

When Mu Zihao heard her say this, he looked down at her. Feng Fanghua picked up her fancy handbag and walked out proudly. Mu Zihao...

If his lady wasn't going, why would he?

He had to use his phone to let his friends know that he and his wife were canceling the trip.

On the way back, Feng Fanghua said, "When she gets back, if she's starved my granddaughter a little skinnier, see if I don't give her a piece of my mind."

Qin Mu and Huanhuan were in first class. Huanhuan was like a little girl flying for the first time, constantly looking outside at first. Then, as the plane took off, her expression suddenly became exaggerated.

Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh at the sight, the child's excitement as if she had never flown before. Those pure, big eyes were filled with childish wonder, and her little mouth moved as if all her hair was standing on end.

"Mommy, the plane is moving!"

Huanhuan suddenly turned her head and exclaimed.

"Then we must sit tight!"

Qin Mu instructed before letting Huanhuan snuggle into her seat.

Huanhuan leaned in, looking out the window as they flew higher and higher, her mood becoming more and more exceptional.

Meanwhile, Qin Mu wondered what it would all be like when she returned.

When they arrived in Paris late at night, Qin Mu didn't disturb her colleagues or friends. She had someone send the luggage to a taxi and took Huanhuan back to the apartment.

After thanking the driver for moving the luggage to the doorstep and him leaving, she unlocked the door carrying Huanhuan with one arm and dragging the luggage with the other. Once inside, she closed the door and placed Huanhuan on the bed in the bedroom before turning on the air conditioner.

Because she was afraid of Huanhuan catching cold, she didn't dare to change her completely, but knelt on the bed to help the little girl remove her jacket. After covering her with the blanket, she went to adjust the airflow of the air conditioner.

Having been away for too long, there was only instant noodles left in the kitchen cabinet. Even though she was exhausted from the flight, she couldn't sleep and boiled a pot of instant noodles for herself. Just as she was about to take a bite, her phone rang.

Picking up the phone from the table, she saw it was from President Mu, and she felt warmed inside: You're still up this late?

"Are you in Paris?"

The voice on the other end asked, sounding tired.

"Yep, back at the apartment, Huanhuan's asleep!"

She mentioned her daughter unconsciously, stirring the noodles with her chopsticks.

"And you? Don't go to the hospital so late, wait until morning."

Qin Mu knew he was worried about her and sighed softly: I know, you rest early, I'll eat a little then go to sleep too.

"Didn't you eat on the plane?"

Chapter 296: General Mu's demanded compensation (2) surprise attack\_3

Mu Yichen felt a wave of anxiety upon hearing that she was eating.

"I ate, but I'm a bit hungry again."

How could she tell him that she couldn't eat at all?

"Then you should rest early later, I'm hanging up now!"

"Okay!"

Mu Yichen did not disturb her further, and after Qin Mu put down her phone, she hurriedly ate some instant noodles.

Early the next morning, she left the house holding Huanhuan, and the mother and daughter went to a restaurant for some breakfast, mainly for Huanhuan. Seeing other people in the diner eating their breakfast made Huanhuan especially eager with her meal.

Qin Mu felt that the people here were so laid-back, living such a comfortable life.

If it were in China, most people's breakfasts would be consumed in such a hurry and with so much anxiety, even in restaurants they would eat quickly and then rush off.

The mother and daughter, both dressed in dark coats, arrived at the hospital and met Xiaomei and Jian Yan. Jian Yan was still staying in a deluxe ward, but he had grown even more haggard.

It wasn't until Huanhuan walked up to his bedside and smiled at him that he lifted his hand and touched Huanhuan, "Did you miss Uncle?"

Huanhuan nodded vigorously: "Very much!"

Jian Yan was very happy. If it were before, he would have picked up Huanhuan by now, but now, he probably could not lift her, and he felt a sense of involuntary disappointment.

He didn't even know if he would have a tomorrow.

Jian Yan looked up at Qin Mu, noticing her somewhat dark eyes: "Didn't sleep well last night?"

"I got back a bit late, but I can hold up."

Qin Mu thought to herself, compared to your condition, I'm absolutely fine.

"There's nothing much going on in the hospital now, Xiao Mei and Li Sen are here. Take Huanhuan back for some rest."

"The surgery is this afternoon, how can I go back and rest?"

Qin Mu asked softly, then said, "Keep an eye on Huanhuan for me, I'm going to ask the doctor some questions."

Xiao Mei had asked a lot yesterday, but didn't quite understand, so when Qin Mu said she was going to find the doctor, she nodded repeatedly, stepping forward to hold Huanhuan's hand: "Don't worry, I'll take good care of her."

In fact, Xiaomei missed Huanhuan too, and Huanhuan was happy to see her beloved aunt. Qin Mu then left the room, coinciding with the doctor's arrival at the office. Hearing someone knock, the doctor turned and saw a Chinese woman, he asked instinctively, "How can I help you?"

He spoke in English, but Qin Mu knew he was French, he probably worried she wouldn't understand French.

It was a long day, from waiting for the surgery to being on the operating table.

Qin Mu, Huanhuan, and Xiaomei stayed outside the operating room, all with somber expressions. The usually cheerful Huanhuan, seeing her mother and aunt so nervous, couldn't help but feel anxious too, along with two men standing opposite them, who also kept their heads down, silent and brooding.

When Secretary Xi arrived, Qin Mu was surprised. Secretary Xi went straight to the floor where the operating room was. As the elevator opened, she immediately spotted the woman holding a child not far away and quickly approached her.

"Madam, our CEO sent me here to accompany you."

Qin Mu, holding Huanhuan, looked at the woman in front of her dressed in very casual warm clothing, and it took her a while to react.

Although he always spoke bothersome words, he had been doing things that showed he cared about her.

At that moment, she was beyond saying thank you, because the wait had already silenced her for too long.

Even after Jian Yan was taken into the ICU, no one dared to breathe a sigh of relief. The doctor said the surgery was very successful, but he was still sent to the ICU.

Qin Mu handed Huanhuan over to Secretary Xi: "Please accompany Huanhuan to my apartment. If you're not in a hurry to go back to China, please help me look after her."

"Alright, no problem."

Secretary Xi looked through the glass outside the ward at the man inside lying at death's door and nodded to Qin Mu, then took Huanhuan by hand and left the hospital.

Xiao Mei still stood by, tearing up, worriedly asking: "Qinqin, will he wake up?"

"If the surgery was successful then he will surely wake up. He's just too weak right now, give him some time."

Qin Mu whispered comfortingly, seeing Xiao Mei's face covered in tears, she raised her hand to wipe them away: "Stop crying, your eyes are all swollen."

"I'm scared!"

Xiao Mei suddenly hugged her tightly: "Qinqin, I'm so afraid of losing him. I used to blame him for not seeing me, but now, I would be satisfied just to watch him from afar, as long as he wakes up I can give up everything else."

Qin Mu gently patted her back, feeling upset herself as she watched Xiao Mei cry so hard.

Qin Mu inadvertently saw the two men still standing there, gently patted Xiao Mei's shoulder, and after Xiao Mei moved away from her shoulder, she walked over to thank them and asked them to help look after the studio for the time being. Everyone had worked together before, so there was no need for too much formality. The two men assured her that they would notify her of any change in Jian Yan's condition, and after receiving Qin Mu's thanks, they left.

Chapter 297: General Mu's demanded compensation (2) surprise attack\_4

Afterward, the two women waited constantly, and Secretary Xi also reported to Mu Yichen about Jian Yan's condition and Qin Mu's.

As the doctor passed by, he told them to go home and wait, that the patient would receive the best care here, but neither of the two women wavered.

"Qinqin, do you want to go back?"

It was late at night, what time exactly was unknown, when the two girls were sitting on the ground, gazing at the man inside the glass chamber when suddenly one turned to the other and asked.

Qin Mu was almost asleep, but when she heard the voice, she opened her eyes and smiled: No need.

"But Huanhuan..."

"Secretary Xi is there!"

Qin Mu was already out of strength, and after speaking, she turned her gaze back to the glass chamber opposite.

They were so close to each other, yet he was alone, circling the brink of Ghost Gate Pass.

At that moment, the whole area was eerily quiet, so much so that she could even hear her own heartbeat.

When Mu Yichen tried to call her, her phone had automatically turned off without her realizing, so Secretary Xi had to come to the hospital in the middle of the night once again, not leaving until she saw Qin Mu and Xiaomei still there, quietly taking a picture before she left.

Mu Yichen's heart clenched as he saw the photo; she was always so foolish, repaying even the smallest kindness with her very life, yet she was clueless about looking after herself, which scared him as he feared she wouldn't last much longer.

While they were anxious about not being able to accompany each other, back home a storm had already started brewing; the gossip and entertainment magazines were abuzz with reports that JY, the most mysterious and popular fashion designer of recent years, had a sudden heart attack in China and flew back to Paris for surgery. His devoted student, Qin Mu, had dropped everything to stay by his bedside without a moment's delay, inevitably reminding people of a stunning mentor-student romance.

And at this moment, Jing Qing was still not in the city!

Feng Fanghua slapped the newspaper onto the coffee table in front of her with a force: Pure nonsense, what did I tell you?

The maid stood by her side, not daring to say much. Such news had been abundant over the past couple of days, and today a picture of Qin Mu holding Huanhuan by the operation room had been published, provoking Feng Fanghua's anger to erupt.

"Get me in touch with the CH media; I want to speak to their leader," she commanded.

Feng Fanghua immediately called an acquaintance, and afterward, she just stood behind the sofa, phone in hand, waiting. Her indignation was unabated when she loudly scolded the maid before the call: No matter where this news originated from, the media knew full well that Qin Mu was staying with our Mu Family and still dared to publish such news. For this alone, I should sue them.

Soon her phone rang. Immediately after seeing the unfamiliar number, she answered with a cold voice: Hello, this is Feng Fanghua!

It had been many years since she had announced her name with such haughtiness.

The person on the other side, however, didn't share her presence or courage, their voice and tone exceedingly polite.

While Feng Fanghua was incensed by the entertainment gossip of the past few days, Qin Mingzhu and Zhang Rujia were gleeful. After watching the entertainment news on television, Zhang Rujia turned off the TV, then, after taking a sip of tea, calmly said to her daughter: Didn't I say that retribution doesn't come without its time?

"Mom, now Qin Mu won't be able to stay with the Mu Family anymore, right? Oh, who do you think leaked this to the media?"

Dressed in a light green dress, Qin Mingzhu sat next to Zhang Rujia, her eyes rolling with calculation.

"Hmmp! Besides the Jing Family, which media outlet would dare offend the Mu Family like this?"

On hearing this, Qin Mingzhu immediately remembered what Jing Qing had mentioned to her previously, and with a slap of her hand exclaimed: Oh, I remember now, Jing Qing has been having someone follow Qin Mu, hahaha, this will be good to watch.

"Just let them tear each other apart. Now is your chance to reap the benefits without involvement, don't you see?"

Zhang Rujia's eyes narrowed with cunning as she observed her daughter's delight, not intending to let her daughter get drawn into this battle.

"Mhm, mhm!"

Qin Mingzhu nodded vigorously, assuring her compliance.

"And in front of your father, don't show any pleasure, try to take Qin Mu's side as much as possible."

"You're making it hard for me, aren't you? At best I can keep silent, but to speak up for her?"

Qin Mingzhu sat up straight all at once, very reluctant to go along with the plan.

"Are you a fool? If you don't do this, how can you convince your father that you truly see Qin Mu as a sister? And how can you make him believe that actually, it's her mentor whom Qin Mu has feelings for?"

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Qin Mingzhu looked confused, staring foolishly at her mother.

"This is a grand performance, you just need to do as I say. It won't be long before, not to mention winning back your father's heart, even the young master Yichen might be yours!"

Zhang Rujia raised an eyebrow at her daughter, and Qin Mingzhu's heart raced with blush at the latter: "Mom, don't talk nonsense."

"You don't like him?"

Qin Mingzhu didn't speak, how could she not like him.

"Just play the role of the good sister for now. When Mu Yichen returns, go find him, and remember to call him brother-in-law."

Zhang Rujia continued to signal to Qin Mingzhu, who nodded vigorously while taking notes.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in Jing Feng's apartment was also quite oppressive, with two people watching the news on the sofa. The entertainment report on Qin Mu's and Jian Yan's beautiful teacher-student romance was too much for Helian Hao to bear, who turned off the TV and turned to Jing Feng to ask: did this have anything to do with your sister?

"She's filming on location, what could it possibly have to do with her?"

Jing Feng hadn't ruled it out, but he felt it to be unlikely, after all the distance between them.

Moreover, Mu Yichen had long asked him to warn Jing Qing to pull back the people she had planted around Qin Mu, and he had already warned Jing Qing very seriously; he didn't believe Jing Qing was that foolish. She clearly liked Mu Yichen, so how could she continuously oppose him?

"Filming? As if that could keep her from doing something bad?"

Helian Hao laughed. She truly found it funny. Even though she knew deep down the kind of spoilage Jing Feng showed for his sister, she just couldn't accept Jing Feng's self-deception.

"Xiaoqing does like Mu Yichen, but she's not bored enough to fabricate rumors and cause trouble."

"Humph, I think not. Aren't there plenty of unsavory things she's done?"

Helian Hao crossed her arms angrily. Wanting to call Qin Mu but afraid of disturbing her, yet not calling made her uneasy. She had to clear Qin Mu's name; she couldn't let her be framed for no reason.

"Xiaohao, at the very least give me some time to figure out the truth and then we can come to a conclusion, okay?"

Jing Feng sighed helplessly. He knew Helian Hao despised his sister, and he acknowledged his sister indeed had issues. But currently Jing Qing was filming out of town, how could she be aware of the events in the city?

"Fine! You always talk about evidence, right? Then you'd better hurry up and find the evidence to prove your sister's innocence, while I, need to do what I should do."

Helian Hao said as she stood up, grabbed her purse by the door, slipped on her high heels, and ran out.

Jing Feng glanced outside, not expecting her to really leave like that.

Her feelings for Qin Mu seemed even deeper than for him, and he had no choice but to make a call to Mu Yichen. After hearing the situation, Mu Yichen responded indifferently: I don't care!

With a single tone of indifference, he hung up the phone, and then there was no other sound.

Jing Feng was still holding the phone, unable to snap back to reality for quite some time—a classic case of the emperor being less anxious than the eunuch, and he had experienced it far too many times.

Jing Feng didn't understand why no one suspected the Qin family mother and daughter, and didn't Qin Mu possibly offend others in Rongcheng? Why did it seem that everyone suspected Jing Qing?

As for Helian Hao, as the sky was getting dark, she arranged to meet Wen Runuan. Compared to the casual comfort of Wen Runuan, Helian Hao looked much more formal and stylish. Their different job natures, different personalities, and backgrounds, yet they sat together for the same purpose.

Seemingly mismatched, but perfectly in sync.

After ordering at a Western restaurant, Helian Hao shared all her thoughts with Wen Runuan.

Wen Runuan immediately nodded her head: I agree with your approach. I'll contact Director Zhang to liaise with reliable media. If they can write about a teacher-student love affair, why can't they write about childhood sweethearts?

"Yes! That's what I was thinking, but in terms of media relations, I'm completely clueless, so I had to come to you."

Helian Hao was surprised at Wen Runuan's swift agreement but felt even greater admiration.

"Don't worry, I've got this."

Wen Runuan assured Helian Hao earnestly and responsibly. Helian Hao felt somewhat relieved after hearing this and didn't forget to add: It's probably best not to let Mumu know about this for now; she must already be at the end of her tether with everything else.

"I understand!"

Wen Runuan nodded and agreed.

"Some people are strange, full of deceit and promiscuity, not understanding what kindness and friendship are, thinking men and women can't just be friends? Or is it that their minds are filled with such dirty thoughts?"

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Wen Runuan couldn't help but shake her head after that, thinking about those who stir up rumors and getting a headache.

She herself had been framed and misunderstood many times. There was an incident where Director Zhang even got angry, and it took a long time for the two to reconcile. Only when such an incident happened to Qin Mu did she suddenly realize that it wasn't her communication that was the problem; it was that some people's thoughts were simply too unclean.

"Yes! And usually, these people think they're above everyone else!"

Every time Helian Hao thought of Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu, it made her teeth itch with irritation, but her temperament was not of the kind to loudly condemn others, to reason?

Sometimes the truth is no match for twisted logic.

She later truly understood why her parents always talked about power and influence. She used to hate it when her parents constantly mentioned those words, but now, she truly understood that only when you have power and influence do you have the right to stand against evil forces. The weaker you are, the easier it is to be trampled underfoot.

She finally understood why Qin Mu said she needed Mu Yichen's support; Qin Mu had realized the importance of power and influence earlier than she had.

It's like whatever Jing Qing does, there's always someone backing her, which is why she's so brazen and composed, right?

Helian Hao almost got a headache every time she thought of that sister-in-law. In front of friends, Jing Qing was always so sensible and understanding, but what was she like as a pampered lady at home?

"Who would have thought I'd be on the same side as a sister-in-law of a movie queen? Is that considered a miracle?"

Runuan smiled as she chatted with her at dinner.

"You know about the fact that I got registered with Jing Feng?"

Helian Hao first shook her head helplessly; then, upon reflection, she immediately looked up at Runuan with surprise. How did Wen Runuan know about that?

Wen Runuan...

Wen Runuan had no idea about their registration; it was public knowledge in Rongcheng that the Jing family's eldest son and the Helian family's miss were childhood sweethearts who had privately pledged their lives to each other.

Seeing the suspicion in Wen Runuan's eyes, Helian Hao was also stunned, thinking she might have misunderstood something.

The next day, the gossip news about the teacher-student relationship in Rongcheng had all but faded, replaced by the wonderful tale of Rongcheng's top bachelor and JY's beloved disciple being childhood sweethearts. Moreover, the internet began to circulate many photos of the two growing up together. Even though Rongcheng's top bachelor had never smiled in the photos, their gazes and actions around each other, even without any intimate photos, could not escape the eagle eyes of the citizens and fans looking for clues—every one of them proof of their love.

Overnight, a turnaround!

Jing Qing was getting ready to return to the city at the airport when her expression changed drastically. She unconsciously stopped and suddenly turned to look at her assistant: Check the fastest flight to Australia and book a ticket.

"We're going to Australia?"

The assistant was following her and responding to fans' messages on her phone. When she heard this, she thought she might have missed some schedule due to being too busy.

"Not us, just me. Also, when you get back, help me look for Wang Wei and post some photos of Yichen and me from our childhood to the internet. You know the password to my email, right? The photos are all in there."

The assistant nodded blindly, completely baffled and not knowing what her boss was up to.

Jing Qing's eyes were hidden behind black sunglasses, and she wrapped a beautiful light-colored scarf around her head. Seeing passers-by about to recognize her, she immediately turned and headed for the VIP lounge.

Her assistant had grown accustomed to her various moods; even without seeing her eyes, she could sense Jing Qing's disposition. After realizing what was happening, she glanced around and then immediately shouldered the heavy bag, following Jing Qing while continuing to check her phone for the nearest flight schedules.

To Jing Qing, some things were best done when the three of them were not in the city.

The weather outside was still gloomy, as if winter had come early.

Within a few hours, she was on a plane to Australia, and it was a secret journey!

The sky in Australia was particularly blue, unlike the noisy city of Rongcheng. It was more tranquil here, and people were warmer.

Of course, such a noon was both beautiful and aspirational.

Until the wrong person showed up.

That day, Mu Yichen was having a casual yet well-known Western meal with a client next to the hotel when the enchanting movie queen suddenly appeared in his field of vision.

She first caught the eye of his client, and only when Mu Yichen realized no one was responding to him did he look up. Then, turning his head, his sharp eyes immediately caught sight of Jing Qing.

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Jing Qing clutched the latest Chanel clutch bag as if strolling casually past the restaurant window, her inadvertent glance back, even with the most fashionable sunglasses hanging on the bridge of her nose, stirred the spring desires of numerous men inside.

At that moment, Mu Yichen unconsciously lowered his gaze, feeling the situation was far from as simple as it appeared on the surface.

"Wow! Look how beautiful she is, just like a celebrity."

The middle-aged business partner across from Mu Yichen exclaimed, his eyes fixed on her.

"She indeed is a Chinese celebrity."

Mu Yichen said coolly, his head still lowered.

As the client was staring, dumbfounded, Jing Qing entered the restaurant and made her way towards them, standing behind Mu Yichen and locking eyes with him.

The client instinctively stood up, his adoration evident and intensifying.

"Hi!"

Jing Qing took off her sunglasses and greeted Mu Yichen's client with politeness, smiling so gently and charmingly that it almost triggered the man's heart condition.

While Mu Yichen simply cut a piece of beef leisurely, placed it in his mouth, and chewed forcefully.

"Hi! You are the most beautiful Chinese woman I have ever seen."

As soon as Mu Yichen heard this, he immediately frowned, thinking the long-term Australian resident was being ridiculously ignorant.

"Thank you!"

Jing Qing reached out to shake his hand. He appeared to just lightly hold her fingers, but Jing Qing couldn't pull away, her smile stiffening as she looked down at the man who was still eating and asked, "Yichen, aren't you going to introduce us?"

Mu Yichen didn't speak, simply finishing the beef on his plate before downing the wine in his glass. Then, wiping his mouth and hands with a napkin, he stood up.

"I don't see any necessity to do so, I have to leave first for an urgent matter!"

Mu Yichen gave his client a cold look, gently tossed his napkin on the table, and, grabbing his suit jacket from the back of the chair, walked out.

"Yichen!"

Jing Qing called out to him in desperation, her hand still in the grasp of the man.

"Yichen? You know him?"

"He is my fiancé!"

Desperate, Jing Qing blurted out that Mu Yichen was her fiancé. The client instantly released her hand, and upon gaining her freedom, she immediately turned and rushed after Mu Yichen.

"Yichen, Yichen..."

Jing Qing, in high heels, chased after him. Since his hotel was not far from there, he had walked back and forth, but he had not expected to be caught by her like this.

Mu Yichen, annoyed by her shouting, frowned even more when she caught up and grabbed his arm: Let go!

Jing Qing, noting his expression, then looking at her hand on his arm, reluctantly let go.

"After meeting a good friend abroad, one wouldn't just stand by and watch them suffer, right?"

"Stand by and watch them suffer?"

Mu Yichen asked with a puzzled tone.

"That was your client, right? His impolite gaze at me, why didn't you help me?"

"Didn't you go over and greet him yourself?"

Mu Yichen looked at her coldly, paused for a moment, then continued to walk on.

Jing Qing had no choice but to follow him, saying as she walked, "I went over to him because I saw you with him; I greeted him because I ran into you here and met your client, and I didn't want to be rude.

"You're overthinking it."

Mu Yichen stopped looking at her and just walked on quickly.

"Yichen, now that we've met here, aren't you even a little bit happy to see me? Just a brief chat? It's been a long time since we saw each other."

Jing Qing felt terrible. She stopped in her tracks while he continued walking on.

As she struggled to breathe, her chin quivered with the effort to hold back tears, her lower lip caught between her teeth. He didn't like women who talked too much, so she had been too talkative just now. Now that she had stopped, would he turn back to glance at her?

If it had been Qin Mu, would he have walked away without a second thought?

If Qin Mu's hand had been held by another man, would he have just walked away?

Had he always been so heartless?

Towards her, alone?

In fact, she didn't know that he was heartless towards Qin Mu too, but it was a completely different kind of heartlessness.

He could despise Qin Mu to the core, hysterically yelling at him to get lost, but that was still different from being heartless towards any other woman.

When she realized her tears were falling, her chin was already trembling. The client from the restaurant had caught up to her, his suit tight over his beer belly, gasping for breath as he reached her, seeing her cry and feeling an increased heartache. His eyes became gentle and soft, "My beautiful miss, did you quarrel with Mr. Mu?

"Do you know which room he is staying in?"

She looked up, her eyes brimming with tears as she asked the greasy middle-aged man she detested the most.