

## His Beloved 341

Chapter 341: Compensation Required by President Mu (9)\_5

Mu Yichen slightly turned his body, looking at the woman in his arms with warm eyes.

"I'm afraid I still don't know enough."

Qin Mu remembered what those women had said and couldn't help feeling sour.

"Hmm? Did you hear some rumors?"

"Humph!"

Qin Mu didn't want to deal with him after he finished speaking, and turned her back to him.

"Don't even think about shouting!"

Mu Yichen also turned to embrace her, hugging her and nibbling at her ear.

"Ah!"

Qin Mu instinctively struggled, and as she was lying on the edge of the bed, she accidentally lost her balance and tumbled down.

Mu Yichen immediately looked down at the ground.

Qin Mu, supporting her sore back and frowning, yelled, "Mu Yichen, you bastard?"

Mu Yichen suddenly smiled mischievously and then placed his hand on the ground.

He wore a ring on his finger that he seemed to really like. Since putting it on, he had never taken it off.

Qin Mu just watched, and before long, her eyes became tearful.

"Why do you always wear that ring? Doesn't it make you uncomfortable?"

Qin Mu later asked him, resting on his chest as the light softened.

"You don't want to wear it anymore?"

He asked.

"No, I just feel like you don't cherish it enough. Haven't you seen that TV show? That man's wife bought him a ring, and he would take it off to shower and work, afraid of wearing it down."

"Rings aren't afraid of wear and tear, and a worn ring is more valuable."

To him, taking off the ring was the lack of regard for the marriage.

Actually, Qin Mu was only trying to tease him and make him nervous, but she didn't expect his words to make her nervous instead.

"You are so educational now, I'm so sleepy!"

Qin Mu suddenly rolled off him, not expecting to still be dependent on him. He immediately clung to her, rolling with her and pressing on top of her, whispering, "Tired already? We haven't taken care of the important matters."

"Hmm! Just let me rest for the night!"

Mu Yichen realized Qin Mu hadn't noticed that he had been quick and efficient these last two nights, which made him a bit sad. But seeing how tired she had been lately, he could only refrain from taking her tonight.

He just didn't expect her to fall asleep so quickly.

Mu Yichen later got up and made a phone call. Assistant Qin in Africa said he would hurry back before the New Year, urging him to send someone more capable in his stead, as he didn't plan to go back. It was simply no place for humans.

After putting down his phone, Mu Yichen could not help but smile helplessly, then looked at the WeChat message from Jing Qing, a photo of her slumped drunk over the table.

When he realized she might be in trouble, he almost immediately called Jing Feng, "Go to AM to pick up your sister, she's drunk."

After hanging up, he called the hotel immediately, "Jing Qing is drunk upstairs, send someone to take care of her right away, and remember, don't leave until Jing Feng arrives."

The staff immediately arrived at the huge banquet hall, but despite the complex crowd and several drunk people, they couldn't find Jing Qing.

The manager immediately called Mu Yichen back while ordering everyone to continue the search.

"President, Miss Jing is no longer in the banquet hall!"

"Check the surveillance, seal off the underground parking lot and the hotel's front entrance."

Mu Yichen saw from the photo that she should still be in their hotel, but where had she gone?

The surveillance footage found Jing Qing within five minutes. She was in the restroom, smoking a special kind of cigarette.

When Jing Feng arrived at the hotel, he immediately took the cigarette from the woman who had forgotten her own identity due to intoxication, caressed her with one hand, and examined the cigarette closely with the other. Then he crushed the cigarette on the wash basin and washed it away before carrying Jing Qing out.

The staff were terrified, and Jing Feng turned to them and said sternly, "Not a word about tonight's incident is to be leaked."

Everyone knew the relationship between the Jing family's young master and their boss, so naturally, no one would speak out.

But the sight of Jing Qing sitting on the ground and leaning against the wall, smoking as if she didn't even know who she belonged to, was deeply concerning.

Was it not an ordinary cigarette she was smoking?

Now all that was left were guesses, and neither Jing Feng nor Mu Yichen wanted the news to spill. The employees, who were paid to do their job, didn't think any further and went their separate ways.

Meanwhile, the banquet hall was still as noisy as ever.

Jing Feng took Jing Qing straight back to the apartment. Helian Hao woke up in the middle of the night and frowned unconsciously when he saw the woman lying on the couch: "What's wrong with her?"

"She drank too much!"

Chapter 342: Compensation Required by President Mu (9)\_6

He gave a faint sound.

Helian Hao walked over and, seeing that Jing Qing was indeed drunk, sighed unconsciously in his heart.

"Could you please turn on the air conditioning in the guest room? Let her stay here tonight."

"Sure!"

What else could Helian Hao say? It wasn't excessive for a sister to stay at her brother's house, especially since she was so drunk that she probably couldn't find the Jing Family's front door if she were thrown out.

Plus, if she were to go back in this state, the old master of the Jing Family wouldn't know how to make a fuss, and he might blame Jing Qing's drunkenness on Mu Yichen or Qin Mu.

Afterward, Jing Feng stayed awake very late, while Helian Hao fell asleep quickly.

Later, before dawn, Helian Hao heard arguing outside. The noise made it impossible for her to sleep, and the man in her bed was gone. Listening more closely, she realized it was the siblings quarreling.

"I don't care how you got involved in that kind of relationship, but from now on, if you dare touch me again..."

"So what? What can you do to me?"

The siblings glared at each other, neither willing to back down.

Helian Hao initially wanted to intervene, but after peeking through the gap in the door and seeing the situation, she didn't dare to enter.

She felt that there must be some important matter that made the siblings argue so intensely.

"What can I do to you? The most I can do is tell our parents, tell grandpa, and let them know that their beloved daughter of the Jing Family is actually a junkie."

Jing Feng was furiously grinding his teeth, unable to believe that his own sister could get involved with such things.

Outside, Helian Hao, having heard everything, was scared pale and covered her mouth with her hand, daring not to make a sound.

"I smoke that stuff when I'm under too much pressure with no way to vent. What am I supposed to do? You want a good granddaughter, a good daughter, a good sister, and I am none of those. I am just a woman who fell in love with Mu Yichen, just a woman who grew up in a special environment. I just want to get my love, why won't any of you give him to me?"

Jing Qing yelled hysterically, with tears the size of beans flying down her face. She was angry, she was crazed, because her only secret had been discovered.

She had drunk too much the night before. After what Qin Mu said to her, she couldn't take it and just happened to have friends who smoked, so they did it together.

She didn't know how that friend left, but when she woke up, she was in her brother's apartment.

"Brother, can you give Yichen back to me, please? He listens to you the most. Can you ask him to come back to me? Just like before, even if it's just pretending, please?"

Jing Qing suddenly moved forward excitedly and grabbed Jing Feng's pajama sleeve, begging him desperately and in deep sorrow.

Jing Feng let out a helpless sigh, knowing his sister was deeply trapped, and only now realizing the scale of the disaster he had caused.

He should never have given her hope from the start, then maybe she wouldn't have resorted to taking that stuff in her pain.

"Brother, I beg you!"

"Xiaoqing, he doesn't love you, he never has!"

Jing Feng grabbed her wrist, and as she was on the brink of despair, he gently pushed back the bracelet that was wrapped around her wrist, revealing the obvious scar underneath.

He sighed helplessly and quietly gazed at the scar.

Back then, it was because of that scar that he asked Mu Yichen to take care of Jing Qing under the pretext of helping her make connections in the entertainment circle. He had thought that perhaps there was a chance that Mu Yichen would notice Jing Qing's goodness and forget Qin Mu in Paris.

But he had not anticipated that he was being too naive, as Mu Yichen's feelings for Qin Mu were already unfathomably deep, and his help towards Jing Qing was always just seen as repaying a debt.

Jing Feng suddenly laughed softly: "Xiaoqing, perhaps it's my fault, but you really can't go on like this."

"Why? Brother, why?"

"Mu Yichen and Qin Mu are already married. Huanhuan is almost three years old, and they're planning on having a second child."

"What about me? What am I?"

Jing Qing asked him, then suddenly laughed despairingly, released his arm, and sat down on the edge of the bed, asking him heartbroken.

"If Yang Ming isn't good enough, we'll find someone else? Your fate is bound to be yours in the end."

"In this lifetime, I only recognize Mu Yichen, in life and death, only him."

Jing Qing, though she had agreed to her family's wishes for arranged dates and such messes, it was all just to make the elders happy. In her heart, she never considered being with anyone other than Mu Yichen.

Chapter 343: Compensation Required by President Mu (9)\_7

"Tell me, how long have you been smoking this stuff?"

Jing Feng later asked her softly.

Jing Qing had calmed down but, upon hearing that, just looked down at her thin hands: "A few months."

Perhaps it started when she learned that Qin Mu and Mu Yichen were already married. She had managed to maintain her composure when Qin Mu returned, and even when she knew that Qin Mu and Mu Yichen had a child, she had held on. But when she found out that they had officially registered their marriage, she completely fell apart.

Although she was hanging on and kept telling herself that this wasn't the end, there was another voice in her head saying she had failed.

Jing Feng suddenly chuckled, she didn't need to elaborate, he understood it all too well.

"I'm going to find him!"

Jing Feng suddenly turned around.

But when he headed out the door, he saw the woman blocking his path just outside.

"Who are you looking for?"

Helian Hao asked him, her gaze somewhat cold.



"Stay out of this."

Jing Feng realized that Helian Hao might have overheard, but he still didn't want her getting involved in this matter.

"All the problems lie with your sister, not with Mu Yichen and Qin Mu. What's the point of going after them? Just because of your sister, should everyone else live against their conscience?"

Jing Feng looked up at her: You really shouldn't get involved in this.

"I insist on getting involved!"

Helian Hao stubbornly said, spreading her arms to block his way.

Jing Feng was already feeling a headache when he sensed a gust of wind beside him, followed by the sound of a slap.

"Helian Hao, what right do you have to dictate what my brother does?"

Jing Qing stormed out furiously, and with a raise of her hand, slapped Helian Hao across the face.

Helian Hao, with her mouth corner bleeding, instinctively brought her hand to her swollen cheek, thinking how absurd the world was.

Jing Feng, upon seeing the injury on Helian Hao's face, was both heartbroken and angry. Jing Qing turned back to complain: Brother, you really shouldn't have married this woman, she... Ah!

Jing Feng's slap landed on Jing Qing's delicate cheek, immediately making her see stars and lose her balance, tumbling to the ground.

Helian Hao, startled by Jing Feng's slap, didn't pity Jing Qing but suddenly felt a pain in her lower abdomen.

Jing Feng caught her before she fell, she muttered in a daze, "Maybe it's low blood sugar."

Her face was deathly pale, and her breath began to falter. When Jing Feng reached to lift her, his hand touched her thigh and felt something wet. As he raised his hand, his face turned even paler than Helian Hao's.

Helian Hao suddenly fainted, and Jing Feng, with a murderous look in his eyes, glanced at the disheveled woman on the ground, a look of pain and hatred after disappointment, then quickly picked up Helian Hao and rushed outside.

Jing Qing, seeing the blood on the floor, was also scared out of her wits, still covering her face, but obviously panicked.

Jing Feng, driven mad, drove Helian Hao to the hospital, with her slumped unconscious in his arms, staining the white leather seat.

They had just been planning to have a child, or more accurately, he had been, while Helian Hao was still hesitating.

But now it seemed that Helian Hao was pregnant.

It's just...

He didn't dare to think any further, simply speeding through one red light after another, causing accidents and pile-ups without being able to care, rushing to the hospital at full speed.

Upon arriving at the hospital entrance, he parked the car where it was closest to the entrance regardless of whether it was allowed, then immediately ran to the other side to open the car door and lifted her out.

That morning, she had been wearing light-colored pajamas, which by now, were stained red on her rear and legs.

"Quick! Save her!"

#### Chapter 344: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_1

The weather was gloomy, as if it were about to snow.

— —

"Come to my apartment; Jing Feng isn't here, and I'm feeling a bit unwell."

Upon receiving Helian Hao's message, Qin Mu left Mu Yichen's house and drove through the heavy snow to Jing Feng and Helian Hao's residential area. Several people were pointing at the building and talking below the apartment. Smelling the burning scent, she immediately ran upstairs. The apartment was on fire, and she ran inside in panic, shouting, "Xiaohao, Helian Hao?"

There she saw a person clad in women's clothing lying on the sofa. Convinced it was Helian Hao, she ran over at once.

However, the woman lying on the sofa with piercing eyes was not Helian Hao.

Jing Qing suddenly grabbed her neck, then plunged a knife viciously into her chest, "Qin Mu, go to hell!"

She suddenly woke up from her dream, sitting up in bed, her apricot eyes staring blankly ahead.

It took her quite a while to regain her senses, to finally remember she was in their apartment. Qin Mu's breath slowly calmed, but the scene of Jing Qing stabbing a knife into her chest just wouldn't leave her mind.

A dream that exhausted all her energy!

She lay back on the bed weakly, thinking of calling Helian Hao after dreaming of her house being on fire. But as she reached for her phone, she heard Huanhuan's childish voice coming from the doorway.

"Mommy, get up, Daddy's calling you to eat."

Huanhuan ran in, trying hard to climb onto the bed, gripping the sheets tightly.

Qin Mu gave up the idea of making a call and instead turned and gently touched the hair of the girl who was still trying to clamber up onto the bed edge.

After washing up, she went downstairs with Huanhuan. Mu Yichen had already prepared breakfast. Seeing the lifelessness in her eyes, he unconsciously stepped forward, wrapped his arm gently around her shoulder, and asked, "Why do you look a bit tired?"

"Maybe it's because I've been dreaming all night, drawing designs in my dreams."

Mu Yichen laughed softly, indulgently wrapped his hand around the back of her head, and pressed her face up to his, planting a kiss on her forehead.

Qin Mu quietly accepted his soothing gesture. After breakfast, Mu Yichen took Huanhuan to the office building, while Qin Mu went on to the studio to continue meetings, drawing designs, and making clothes.

Yang Qianxi came to her office to bring her coffee and casually asked, "Designer Reno told me to ask if he can show some of the best-selling designs you made in the past years on the catwalk."

"Sure!"

Qin Mu's hand, holding a pen and drawing, paused. She lifted her gaze for a few seconds to consider, then looked up at Yang Qiandixi, "Do you think we need to invite a celebrity to boost the show?"

"Of course, that would be ideal," Yang Qianxi said happily.

Qin Mu nodded and was about to get back to drawing when her phone rang with Jing Feng's number. She hesitated, then picked up, "Hello?"

"Mumu, I had a miscarriage!"

Helian Hao's voice came through the handset, laden with unbearable sorrow.

The colleagues bustling downstairs watched her rush out in haste, then drive away.

Yang Qianxi was puzzled; she had just taken a phone call and then left without a word.

When Qin Mu arrived at the hospital and went to the ward, seeing the woman with red-rimmed eyes from crying, she immediately felt heartache and rushed over.

When Helian Hao saw her, the tears that had just stopped began to flow again. She said nothing. No sooner had Qin Mu reached her than Helian Hao painfully hugged her, burying her face deep into Qin Mu's body.

Helian Hao wasn't one to wail, but her pain was hard to hide, especially at that moment.

Jing Feng stood by, watching Helian Hao hug Qin Mu, shaking with grief before he realized how much Helian Hao now rejected him.

Helian Hao didn't want him near her, yet she clung to Qin Mu and began to sob softly.

Although there were three people in the ward, it still felt eerily quiet, with the soft crying sounding like a blunt knife stabbing everyone's heart.

Qin Mu knew that no words were adequate at a time like this. She just stroked Helian Hao's back gently, trying to ease some of her stiffness.

Jing Feng, unable to stand it, lit a cigarette, and the smell quickly reached the two women. Qin Mu finally looked up at him, wanting to ask what exactly had happened. She hadn't even had the chance to celebrate Helian Hao's pregnancy—how could there be a miscarriage so suddenly?

Jing Feng glanced back at her and then walked out.

Chapter 345: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_2

His silence unconsciously reminded Qin Mu of Jing Qing.

That dream in the morning, was it really because of his and Jing Qing's relationship, or because of Helian Hao and Jing Qing?

Qin Mu was not sure. Later, when Helian Hao fell asleep out of exhaustion, Qin Mu stepped out. He just leaned against the wall, looking somewhat despondent as he smoked.

It seemed like just a few hours had made him much more haggard and aged.

"Can you give me an explanation?"

"It's a long story!"

He said when Qin Mu asked him for an explanation.

"Is it a long story, or are you afraid to tell?"

Qin Mu was suspicious of Jing Qing, so she didn't mince words with him.

Jing Feng, hearing his little sister's name and looking at her, took an annoyed drag of his cigarette and said, "Mind your own business."

"If it were you lying in that hospital bed today, I wouldn't bother. But that's my closest sister in Rongcheng. You're telling me to stay out of it?"

"Their sentimental debt, isn't it all because of you in the end?"

Jing Feng retorted coldly, losing his temper.

Qin Mu...

Suddenly, the corridor fell silent. The two of them just stood on opposite sides. Qin Mu felt a sudden chill in her body, and her heart turned cold as well.

"Why don't you blame your sister for being too selfish and wilful? Why do you still say it's because of me when you clearly know everything? Just because one hates me, and the other likes me?"

After a while, the corridor echoed with a voice full of despair.

Qin Mu looked at him with disappointment, knowing that he wasn't oblivious, but his heart had likely been blinded by family affection for too long.

"I take back everything I just said."

Jing Feng commented indifferently with a puff of his cigarette.

"You don't have to!"

Qin Mu gave him a defiant, sharp glance, turned her head, and went back to the ward.

Qin Mu didn't care what Jing Feng said at all. A best friend's man could be considered a friend, or could be treated as an acquaintance. Such relationships were not worth getting angry over.

She just hoped Jing Feng could be someone who understood reason, not just momentarily, but always.

They say ignorance is bliss, but she thought, some things are best understood clearly for a lifetime.

Late, she stayed with Helian Hao, drawing pictures in her hospital room.

After Helian Hao woke up and saw her drawing, she felt a bit sorry, "Am I disturbing your work? You've been so busy lately."

"Are you giving me empty pleasantries?"

Qin Mu looked at her reproachfully, putting the drawing pen and paper aside.

"Jing Feng just went to get you some brown sugar. I've made you a cup; it's in the thermos. You should get up and drink some now."

Qin Mu said, then stood up and helped her to sit.

"Actually, having a miscarriage is not as scary as you think, and I'm not as frail as Lin Daiyu."

Helian Hao's voice was still weak, as she had been drowsy from the anesthetic shots.

"Then why are you lying in bed, so pale?"

After helping her sit up, Qin Mu went to get the thermos and poured a cup of brown sugar water for her.



In this winter, at this moment, drinking a steaming cup of brown sugar water couldn't be more perfect.

Jing Feng was still very considerate. Later, he called Jing Qing, but she didn't answer, so he went back to the apartment to check.

"What exactly happened this morning? Why did you suddenly have a miscarriage?"

Qin Mu stood by and asked while watching her drink the water.

Helian Hao's eyelashes trembled slightly, and a bitter smile spread across her lips.

She didn't even know she was pregnant, and as an obstetrician, she had been unaware of her own pregnancy.

She wanted to laugh, but thinking of Jing Qing, she couldn't bring herself to smile at all.

"Jing Qing seems to have taken that stuff. Jing Feng discovered it and argued with her this morning. Then I overheard it, and so I..."

Helian Hao recounted the incident to Qin Mu, who felt a bit weak in her legs and sat back down in the chair.

"She's really hopeless!"

Qin Mu murmured to herself.

"It's not just that she's hopeless. Her temperament has changed a lot. She used to at least pretend on the surface, but now..."

Helian Hao stopped talking, gritting her teeth instead.

She thought of the little Little Douya she had just lost and didn't even want to face the Jing Family anymore.

As for Jing Feng...

Maybe they should have never been together in the first place. Perhaps she shouldn't have gone with him to get the certificate, and even if they did, she shouldn't have stayed with him.

"I'm sorry!"

Qin Mu said these three words upon seeing Helian Hao suddenly appear distraught.

"Sorry?"

Helian Hao asked, puzzled.

"Yeah. Although some things aren't nice to hear, they're not without reason. If it weren't for my involvement between you two, maybe you and Jing Qing wouldn't have ended up in such an ugly place today."

Chapter 346: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_3

Qin Mu actually felt very guilty at this time. Although she had said those words to Jing Feng, she knew in her heart that this matter was not completely unrelated to her.

"With her personality, we could never be on the same page. As long as I don't stand with her, our rupture is inevitable sooner or later. It's just that you are the one who hastened this rupture between us, but even without you, there would be someone else to push today's events forward," she said.

Helian Hao took her hand and said, lowering her head when she felt that the side of Qin Mu's finger joints was hard.

"Have you been drawing a lot lately?"

Helian Hao asked with concern.

Qin Mu couldn't help but embrace her; Helian Hao was still worried about her even after suffering a miscarriage.

"Xiaohao, get well soon, and then let's try to get pregnant together, alright?"

Qin Mu said wholeheartedly.

Helian Hao laughed helplessly, "Mm!"

The miscarriage was a big blow to Helian Hao, but it wasn't enough to drive her to madness.

She suddenly felt that perhaps it just wasn't the right time for this child after all.

Even though she had been so upset that she trembled, by now she had already calmed down.

Actually, Helian Hao wasn't in a hurry to get pregnant again; she just didn't want Qin Mu to worry too much.

Qin Mu and Jing Feng accompanied her as she was discharged from the hospital. Helian Hao didn't ask about Jing Qing again. As soon as Jing Feng placed her on the bed, she told Qin Mu, "Go back early. You also have things to be busy with. I'm fine now."

"Okay, contact me anytime if there's anything," Qin Mu said in a low voice as she glanced at Jing Feng, who had just steadied himself.

"Mm!"

Helian Hao smiled and agreed, and Qin Mu turned her head to leave, but at the bedroom doorway, she suddenly looked back at the woman on the bed, still seeming lost: "Xiaohao, remember, you're more important to me than anything. Contact me the moment anything comes up, or else I'll be very sad."

"I know!"

Helian Hao was startled by her sudden formality but then understood her intention and nodded in agreement.

Qin Mu didn't look back this time, but once she was outside, the cold wind hit her, making her feel as if her heart was pierced by a thorn.

And a very thick thorn at that.

The next morning, the Weibo topic was about Jing Qing smoking.

Jing Qing was having breakfast at home with the family patriarch, her parents, all while constantly checking her phone, her hand shaking more and more. Then, at a sudden outburst, she slammed her phone on the table: "Damn it!"

The loud exclamation startled the patriarch, and Jing Qing stood up and walked away without a second word.

"Stop her!"

Jing Xianzong immediately ordered the two maids standing nearby.

"Miss!"

The maids were always afraid of Jing Qing, but they knew who was the head of the household and had to follow orders.

"Can't I even go upstairs? Can't I make a phone call?"

Jing Qing turned to face the three elders at the dining table, on the verge of crying, her voice trembling.

"You left your phone behind!"

Jing Xianzong glanced at her phone left on the dining table.

Jing Qing immediately turned back to get her phone and then reluctantly went upstairs.

The patriarch frowned unconsciously, "What exactly is going on? Is there some dirty news on the internet again? Go and check."

Once the patriarch spoke, the maids immediately went to check the news on their phones.

They eventually found the sensitive topic on Weibo.

The patriarch's face turned pale upon hearing, "Outrageous!"

"Except for our own family, nobody else should know about this, right?"

Jing Qing's mother asked.

"How could that be? There's also the person who gave her those dirty things," Jing Xianzong said immediately, his gaze sharp.

The Jing Family patriarch was so angry that he slammed the table: "Find this person for me, I will not let her go."

Jing Xianzong and Jing Qing's mother exchanged worried glances, concerned about the patriarch's methods and also worried about their daughter's scandal being exposed.

After all, it concerned Jing Qing's future career development, and since she was not married yet, if the rumor turned out to be true, which family would still want to marry their daughter?

After going upstairs, Jing Qing called her agent; the agent's phone had been ringing off the hook since early morning, all from gossip magazines asking if the cigarettes Jing Qing smoked were problematic. He had been explaining to each of them until he was parched, and now with Jing Qing calling to hold him accountable, he felt like cursing but had to endure since he couldn't afford to offend Jing Qing's family background.

#### Chapter 347: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_4

That morning, Qin Mu and Mu Yichen were nestled on the sofa scrolling through Weibo, or more accurately, Qin Mu was the one scrolling through Weibo.

Mu Yichen glanced at it unintentionally, his eyes paused for a moment before he looked down at the ring on his hand, his long lashes hiding any expression in his eyes, making it impossible to guess what he was thinking.

Qin Mu didn't speak; she was in his arms, looking at it, and she thought he understood.

Huanhuan stood by the coffee table, drinking yogurt, feeling a bit sad that mom and dad were cuddled on the sofa ignoring her, so she quickly walked over with her yogurt, wriggled, and squeezed in between them.

All the little thoughts Mu Yichen and Qin Mu had were pushed aside by the sudden intrusion of this little girl.

Mu Yichen raised his hand and gently stroked her head, and Huanhuan energetically rubbed her head against the palm of his hand.

Qin Mu shifted slightly to give her daughter enough space, quietly watching the father and daughter play.

Later, she went to the studio. Helian Hao called her, "Mumu, are you telling me that the trending topic about Jing Qing on Weibo this morning has something to do with you?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu sat down, one hand holding the phone and the other reaching for a stack of drawing paper beside her.

Jing Feng suspects it was your doing, I'm worried he might trouble you, so be prepared, gotta hang up now," said Helian Hao, who was still in bed without getting up, leaning on the headboard and chatting on the phone with Qin Mu. Hearing footsteps, he quickly whispered a caution before hanging up.

Qin Mu didn't have time to explain further, but she also didn't like to explain too much.

As soon as Qin Haiming returned, he invited her to a private restaurant for a meeting, a place that wasn't very large but seemed rather old.

The two sat in an elegant private room, Qin Haiming still in his suit and shoes, looking fairly amiable and approachable.

Qin Mu, as always, could not smile at him, but when Qin Haiming asked her to order, she did so, and she didn't hesitate to drink tea when he offered it.

The private room was filled with a silence that was nearly immediately awkward.

Even breathing seemed superfluous here.

"You've lost a lot of weight since I last saw you, I heard you've been busy preparing for a show?" Qin Haiming asked the girl sitting across from him in a soft voice.

"Yes!" Qin Mu answered softly, tasting the tea in her mouth that seemed bland and tasteless.

The entire room was decorated in a retro style, reminiscent of ancient times, including the dark red high-end partition next to them that seemed very old.

Occasionally, Qin Mu observed the decoration of the private room, sometimes looking down at the tea cup in her hand with a single tea leaf floating on the surface. She suddenly remembered that her mother had said a tea leaf standing on the water's surface meant a guest would be visiting the house.

Hmm, were there any guests coming to her and Mu Yichen's house?

Qin Mu couldn't help but zone out because if she didn't, it'd be even more awkward.

Seeing that her cup was half-empty, Qin Haiming raised his hand to pick up the clay teapot to refill her cup and then asked quietly, "On this trip for a meeting, I heard them mentioning you."

"Me? What do people like you have to discuss about me?"

"Their families are mostly from the fashion circle and heard you are Jian Yan's apprentice, they all think highly of you," Qin Haiming spoke softly.

Qin Mu's mouth twitched slightly, wanting to smile, but bitterness quickly spread to her lips first.

They...

How did they know about her?

Hadn't the whole world forgotten that he had a daughter like her?



Why then did someone there know about her?

Qin Mu subconsciously looked up at him, her eyes filled with complaints and suspicion.

Qin Haiming just smiled at her, and when he heard a knock, he said, "Come in."

Qin Mu also shifted her gaze away from his face, nodded politely to the uncle who came in to serve the dishes: "Thank you."

The uncle didn't speak, just smiled back at her after putting down the dishes and also nodded at Qin Haiming before leaving.

"Try their cooking and see how it is," Qin Haiming said softly.

Feeling a bit hungry, Qin Mu also picked up her chopsticks.

Sometimes she felt that the chopsticks were as stiff as the pencils she used to draw with, but sometimes they seemed too stiff.

Like now, she felt as if the hardness was hurting the muscles used for gripping a pencil.

"Though work is important, don't forget to take care of your health, alright?" continued Qin Haiming with concern.

Qin Mu looked up at him subconsciously, but didn't retort.

She suddenly remembered Qin Mingzhu saying he had Zhang Rujia prepare a room for her at their home; since he still harbored the illusion of wanting her to go there, why shouldn't she make good use of it?

She planned to stop always being at odds with him.

#### Chapter 348: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_5

Just as Feng Fanghua said, he should be the person who could support her the most in Rongcheng, other than Mu Yichen.

Seeing that she was unusually quiet today and even a bit obedient, Qin Haiming also felt more comfortable; when he had the driver pick her up, what he worried about the most was not her refusal, but rather that after she arrived, she would oppose him at every turn.

"How's your relationship with that kid Mu Yichen recently? The Jing Family girl hasn't been pestering him again, has she?"

Qin Haiming asked again.

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu gave an affirmative reply, reminded of the matter with the Weibo topic.

Qin Haiming noticed the sharpness in her eyes, and subconsciously narrowed his: Mumu?

Qin Mu looked up at him, somewhat confused as to why he suddenly called her.

"Eat some vegetables!"

After a while, that uncle served another dish and soup; Mayor Qin didn't order a whole table-full of dishes to waste extravagantly, he appeared quite thrifty in this respect.

She was well aware that Qin Haiming was not entirely worthless, otherwise how could he have become the mayor of this city.

But the harm caused in her early years was too great; now, in the eyes of outsiders, he remained a man with a shiny exterior, a considerate husband, a father who doted on his daughter, and even a lofty leader, because it was only after his wife died that he remarried.

Later on, Qin Mu found it hard to eat; eventually, she forcefully chewed the food and swallowed it down.

She told herself that she was already blessed!

After the meal, she quietly got into his car again, sitting with him in the back, one on each side, while the driver drove earnestly, silence filling the carriage.

Later, when they arrived at her studio, it seemed as if all three people inside heaved a sigh of relief.

Qin Mu quickly opened the car door: Goodbye!

Qin Mu said softly before getting out of the car, and then she left.

Watching her walk away with her back straight, Qin Haiming couldn't help but smile unconsciously, appreciation in his smile.

"Have you noticed that this girl has changed somewhat?"

"She's still family after all, how could she always be so cold? Especially since the young miss inherently shares the gentle and proper nature of Madam."

The driver commented.

"Hmm! In terms of striving for progress, Mumu indeed outshines Mingzhu by quite a lot. The sisters are almost the same age, but one is still idle at home while the other has already started her career."

Qin Haiming nodded, commenting unconsciously.

"The second young miss is just spoiled by you and Madam, no, the second young miss is actually still a bit young."

The driver corrected himself immediately upon realizing his slip.

"Ah! With me, do you still need to be so cautious? What has happened here while I was away?"

"I overheard once that the second young miss caused some trouble at the elder miss's studio, something about stealing design drafts, but the miss and Madam always spoke so that we couldn't hear clearly, so I'm not certain."

The driver spoke leisurely, but Qin Haiming was startled by these words.

"Did Mingzhu really do such a sordid thing?"

"I didn't hear clearly, you should just pretend I didn't say anything."

The driver was a bit frightened; after all, he still needed to work for his living and feared Zhang Rujia making trouble for him again.

Qin Haiming frowned and sighed.

The 27th of the last lunar month was Qin Mu's show; on the 26th, she received a phone call from Feng Fanghua asking her to come over to her house. Since everyone was busy, Qin Mu asked softly, "Mom, can it wait until after tomorrow night?"

"Come over right now, no, just go straight to the airport."

Qin Mu...

It was already getting dark, and she drove to the airport once again.

After parking, she immediately arrived at the arrival gate, seeing Feng Fanghua standing there nervously, continuously rubbing her hands and looking expectantly inside.

Qin Mu instinctively looked inside -- there were still quite a few people at the airport, but she had no idea whom Feng Fanghua was waiting for.

"Mom!"

Qin Mu went over and called out apprehensively.

Feng Fanghua turned around and saw her looking nervous, but didn't think much of it and frowned, "Why are you only here now?"

"There was some traffic on the way."

It was the peak hour for congestion, and she had done her best to avoid congested routes and come as quickly as possible.

But she had no idea who this VIP was that required Feng Fanghua to personally pick them up from the airport.

"Mu Qingxin said she would arrive by six; why is it half-past six and she still hasn't arrived?"

Feng Fanghua kept looking around as she spoke.

"Mu Qingxin?"

Qin Mu repeated the name subconsciously, the already dizzy and busy woman feeling even more bewildered.

Feng Fanghua ignored her and pulled out her phone to call Mu Qingxin.

Chapter 349: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_6

The call was quickly answered, "Mom!"

"Have you gotten off the plane? Where are you? Your sister-in-law and I are waiting for you at the arrival gate."

"Mom, sorry, something came up last minute, I can only come back tomorrow night."

"What?"

Qin Mu didn't know what was said on the other end, but guessed that Mu Qingxin had suddenly changed her mind by watching Feng Fanghua's face fall.

"Mom, I'll bring someone back for you to meet tomorrow. He's coming back tonight and asked me to wait for him at home, Mom? Mom? Mom?"

Feng Fanghua angrily stuffed the phone into her bag and stomped out.

Qin Mu had no choice but to follow hurriedly, not understanding anything.

"If you dare, then don't ever come back!"

The always proud Madam Feng couldn't help but shed tears as she reached the parking lot.

Qin Mu...

"Go on with your work, I'm going back."

Feng Fanghua said.

Qin Mu...

Standing at the door, she remained somewhat dazed as she watched Feng Fanghua board the Mu Family car, then walked towards the parking lot while dialing Mu Yichen's number: Is it because your sister said she was coming back and then didn't? Mom seems to have cried.

"Where are you?"

"At the airport! But I'm heading back to the studio now. Take Huanhuan to the old house."

Qin Mu said as she walked.

"Got it!"

Mu Yichen, toting Little Huanhuan, was almost at the apartment but turned towards the Mu Family mansion instead.

A vacant large house near the studio had been rented and renovated by Qin Mu, complete with a runway installed.

The models were already in place, and Jian Yan had even managed to invite a famous Parisian male singer and a female model to boost the show, but Jian Yan didn't come in person.

Xiaomei said he'd been very busy lately. Qin Mu initially wanted to have Jian Yan over once he was well, but then thought better of it and didn't push the matter.

Fortunately, Yang Qianxi was sharp enough to take over Xiaomei's work seamlessly, and the rest of the team, being old partners, seemed busy in a chaotic manner but were actually operating in an orderly fashion.

In the temporary changing room built behind the runway, designers with their assistants were busy adjusting the models' outfits. As soon as Qin Mu returned, she immediately joined the bustle.

It had been exactly one year since she came over with Jian Yan to organize the show.

It seemed like nobody had the time to be sentimental, only immersing themselves earnestly in their work.

When Mu Yichen arrived back at the Mu Family home with Huanhuan, Feng Fanghua had just been seated for a couple of minutes, her eyes visibly red.

Mu Yichen had already called Mu Qingxin on his way, understanding the man's desire to see her as soon as he was back from his business trip since he was a man too, but he also felt angry that his sister lacked her own opinion, especially seeing his mother's eyes reddened from distress.

"The young master is back!"

"Hmm!"

The elderly couple looked towards the door when they heard noises from the entrance.

"Grandpa, Grandma!"

Little Huanhuan seemed to have forgotten the day her grandma and mom had quarreled, cheerfully trotting to them as she entered the room.

Feng Fanghua immediately lowered her head and turned her face to quickly wipe away tears, then smiled again upon hearing her granddaughter's voice.



"Grandma, don't cry!"

Huanhuan, initially heading for her grandpa's arms, immediately switched to her grandma's embrace upon seeing the tears and began to help wipe them away with her little hands.

"I'm sorry for scaring our Huanhuan that day."

Feng Fanghua immediately touched the little girl's cheek with her hand and then pulled her onto her lap, kissing Huanhuan tearfully.

Huanhuan had already forgotten the incident and just kept wiping underneath Feng Fanghua's eyes.

Mu Yichen stood and watched for a moment, then sat down on a solo sofa nearby.

"Qingxin is probably waiting to bring her boyfriend to meet you tomorrow, just one day later," Mu Yichen said to Feng Fanghua.

"It would be better if she didn't come back at all!"

Feng Fanghua stubbornly muttered, lifting her chin proudly.

"If she really didn't come back, you'd scold her for being heartless and cold, wouldn't you?" Mu Yichen said.

Feng Fanghua felt upset being stopped by his words, holding her granddaughter and said to him, "What are you doing here all of a sudden?"

"It's the frightening command of my wife, telling me to come back and comfort you," Mu Yichen replied helplessly, as if to imply that without an order from his leader, he wouldn't have come on his own initiative.

"You just do whatever she says?"

Feng Fanghua glared at him once more.

"Mom, can we talk calmly and not frighten Huanhuan, please?" Mu Yichen then looked down at the little girl in Feng Fanghua's arms.

Feng Fanghua immediately fell silent upon hearing this.

Mu Zihao had been sitting aside in silence, until Feng Fanghua suddenly became pitifully mute.

Chapter 350: Compensation Required by President Mu (10)\_7

"Didn't I ask you to come and make your mom happy? Are you making her happy or angry?"

Mu Zihao questioned him.

Mu Yichen...

Afterward, Mu Yichen had dinner with Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao, though he didn't eat much.

Later, when Feng Fanghua coaxed Huanhuan to sleep, Mu Yichen chatted with Mu Zihao for a bit before standing up and leaving.

When Feng Fanghua came downstairs again, she felt a sense of emptiness seeing her son no longer at home.

Mu Zihao whispered, "He's gone to keep his wife company at work."

Feng Fanghua snorted coldly. "That boy is the very definition of forgetting his mother for his wife."

Mu Zihao poured her a cup of flower tea. "His wife is telling him to be filial to you, isn't that the same thing?"

"How is that the same? It's far from it!"

Feng Fanghua complained, though she understood the reasoning in her heart.

She thought about how busy Qin Mu had been these past few days, even being dragged to the airport for nothing, and she did feel a bit remorseful.

But most of the time, she let those things fade with the passing time and chose to forget them.

"Tomorrow is your daughter-in-law's show. Let's take Huanhuan and go watch it together."

"Are you sure?"

Feng Fanghua looked uncertainly at Mu Zihao.

"Why? You'd better not tell me you're not interested."

Mu Zihao looked at her, his eyes filled with indulgence.

"Are you planning to see those pretty girls again? Is that why you're suggesting we go watch with me?"

Feng Fanghua eyed him and retorted.

Mu Zihao was stunned for two seconds before he burst out laughing. "Your granddaughter is that big, and you're still jealous?"

"I'll be jealous for a lifetime."

Feng Fanghua muttered.

Mu Zihao wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "Silly, have I ever cared for anyone else in my life?"

Feng Fanghua looked at him and didn't say another word. She then lowered her brows, thought about the words Mu Yichen had said, the scene where Qin Mu was so accommodating to her, and the show tomorrow night.

Mu Zihao gently held her, wishing she wouldn't always be so petty with Qin Mu. Instead, he hoped she'd be as tolerant of Mu Yi as she was with her daughter, to be more forgiving toward Qin Mu, because Mu Zihao knew in his heart that their son had set his mind on that person, and if they were to accept him, they should do so wholeheartedly. Otherwise, life is too hard to endure with such a long string of grievances.

Because they were all busy at the studio, nobody noticed that President Mu had already arrived.

Qin Mu insisted on holding the show in her studio. He knew what she was thinking and let her be.

Even though the venue was different, it suddenly felt like a year ago. Her manner of working hadn't changed at all; she was serious and earnest from beginning to end.

Later, it was Yang Qianxi, who was running around, who first spotted him. He was leaning against the doorway, smoking, and had not gone inside.

Yang Qianxi peeked inside. Seeing Qin Mu was still busy, she went over to greet him on her behalf, "President Mu!"

Mu Yichen turned his head slightly, the moonlight catching his long eyelashes, though he wasn't looking at the person inside.

"Miss Qin is busy working inside, would you like to come in and sit down?"

Yang Qianxi looked at him with nervous and admiring eyes of a young girl.

Mu Yichen didn't speak to her but simply dropped his cigarette to the ground, crushed it out, and then walked in with his hands in his pockets.

Yang Qianxi turned and watched him walk inside, feeling a touch of coldness in her heart, but she didn't complain. She just turned and followed behind him.

"Miss Qin, President Mu is here."

After Mu Yichen walked over, he sat down on a simple chair to the side, not intending to disturb her until Yang Qianxi went over to convey the message to him.

In her voice, there seemed to be an unknowing joy and excitement.

Qin Mu was pinching a piece of fabric on the model's body, her lips holding a very thin needle. Hearing the voice, she instinctively turned her head to glance behind her. It was just a moment's stupor, her heart warmed, but she quickly took the needle from her mouth and asked faintly, "Didn't I tell you to go to the old house?"

"Yeah! You do your work, don't mind me."

Mu Yichen said with a shallow smile to her.

Yang Qianxi stood by, feeling awkward for a moment. After thinking it over, she lowered her head and ran off again.

Mu Yichen kept watching Qin Mu, and of course, Qin Mu understood the look in his eyes. She sighed helplessly and then continued to work.

Outside, the silver crescent moon hung high, brightening the night sky, as if heralding that the next day would be good weather.

Now, fashion moguls from out of town had already arrived at AM, and Qin Mu's show was poised for launch, bound to make an impact.

It was quiet outside while the studio was lit up, and a petite figure was bustling in the kitchen with what she believed was the most important matter.

Mu Yichen eventually couldn't resist and lit a cigarette. A few smoking colleagues, drawn by the smell, glanced at him. Mu Yichen knew they probably wanted a smoke too, so he distributed his cigarettes among them.

"Everything here is flammable, be careful."

Qin Mu couldn't say much more, since it was Jian Yan who had started the habit of smoking to manage stress when tired.

Jian Yan would light a cigarette whenever, wherever he was troubled, so his protégés followed suit.

A female colleague from Paris, particularly uninhibited, had torn her collar a bit too large. She smoked her cigarette while commanding the model to turn for her inspection, looking every part the boss lady.

"President Mu, would you like a cup of milk tea to warm up?"

A few minutes later, a faintly sweet voice suddenly arose from behind him. Curious, Qin Mu turned her head. Yang Qianxi was standing by Mu Yichen, holding a cup of milk tea, waiting for him to take it.

The people who heard this all looked puzzled, but Yang Qianxi just stood there with a gentle smile, innocent and well-meaning.