

## His Beloved 351

Chapter 351: Compensation Required by President Mu (11)\_1

Mu Yichen also looked up but only gazed at the steaming cup of milk tea in her hand.

The next second—

"I don't need it, give it to Miss Qin. Besides, since you seem to have so much free time, why not make one for everyone?"

President Mu lowered his eyes, his reminder cold and indifferent.

Everyone...

Qin Mu's keen eyes quietly fell as doubt rose in her heart, yet she turned back to her work.

"This..."

Yang Qianxi looked somewhat troubled as she glanced at the milk tea in her hand and then turned to look at Qin Mu, her expression filled with disappointment and difficulty.

"I don't need it either, you drink it yourself!"

Qin Mu's indifferent reply came as she buried herself back in her work.

Yang Qianxi...

Holding the milk tea, it suddenly seemed to her like a hot potato, unsure of how to deal with it. Looking at how everyone was looking at her, she almost burst into tears of grievance.

Yang Qianxi wondered why everyone turned so cold towards her just because she made a cup of milk tea for Mu Yichen. Wasn't she just trying to show her support because the big boss was staying overtime with them?

But now, everyone looked at her as if she had committed a crime. Recalling the ostracism she faced when she first came here, she felt a wave of panic.

Later, Mu Yichen found an unoccupied sofa, casually moved the clothes aside, leaned back comfortably, and fixed his gaze on Qin Mu's face as she worked. He couldn't help but smile, pulling out his phone to take a photo of her.

When everyone was so tired they were nearly paralyzed, Qin Mu looked up and saw Mu Yichen sleeping on the couch. Her heart stirred. As she tried to sit up straight, she suddenly heard her back and joints crackling, her neck so stiff it took a while to lift, and she had to rub it forcefully with one hand.

She glanced at her watch; it was three o'clock in the middle of the night. She couldn't help but call it a night: "It's late, everyone go to sleep. Have an early lunch tomorrow, then come back here to gather."

Realizing that they had almost finished their work and needed to be fresh for tomorrow, everyone put aside their tasks and left.

Qin Mu sat down next to Mu Yichen on the sofa, which was still cluttered with fabrics and discarded clothes. She turned her head slightly, and Mu Yichen conveniently rested his head on her shoulder.

Qin Mu dared not move, but a rare expression finally crossed her usually stiff face.

She couldn't help smiling faintly, Qin Mu lowered her gaze to the ring on her finger, her eyes suddenly sharp. Thinking back to Yang Qianxi, and having neglected her until she looked up and saw Yang Qianxi cleaning, Qin Mu's heart softened.

"Qianxi, you should go back too!"

Qin Mu said with a weak voice.

"What about you guys?"

Yang Qianxi was sweeping the floor and turned to look at the man and woman when she heard Qin Mu— him leaning on her shoulder asleep, her looking somewhat tired but still composed.

"We'll be heading back in a bit,"

Qin Mu said softly, smiling at her.

"Alright then, take it slow on your way back."

Yang Qianxi said as she placed the broom aside gently, then took her coat from the hook by the door and left. When she reached the door, she couldn't help looking back. At that moment, Qin Mu was already facing sideways, focused once again on Mu Yichen, gently tapping his nose with her finger.

Yang Qianxi felt her heart stir, a sting in her chest as if compelled by a thorn.

Deep into the night, Qin Mu intended to wake him so they could drive back together, but somehow, she ended up lying with him on the not-so-large sofa.

Late into the night, the whole house quieted down, two people lying inside, one of them unable to fall asleep for a long time.

Qin Mu knew in her heart, Yang Qianxi couldn't stay. This woman had taken a liking to her husband, that look of a young girl adoring a grown man, seemingly harmless but in reality a potential threat if she allowed Yang Qianxi to stay around.

If Jing Qing was her rival, then Yang Qianxi would become her greatest hidden danger if she continued to linger.

Since she abides by the principle of doubting those unworthy of trust, and having already given a chance that led to issues, she couldn't continue playing the good person.

A bit later, Qin Mu suddenly felt chilly and burrowed forcefully into his embrace, barely opening her eyes and seeing the dimly lit sky before realizing she was outside and being held by Mu Yichen.

Battling the mercilessly cold wind, she couldn't help but snuffle.

"Not sleeping?"

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Her voice was husky with fatigue as she asked him, holding his neck with her hands and her face pressed against his chest.

"Sleep, let's go back to the studio to sleep."

Mu Yichen carried her back to the studio and after they reached the room on the second floor, he first put her down, then went to switch on the air conditioning to a comfortable temperature, and the two of them lay down on that bed which they had slept on many times and once again entered dreamland.

In even the coldest of quilts, it probably only takes two people to warm it up, so afterward Mu Yichen also slept soundly.

Meanwhile, at Rongcheng AM, it was the busiest time for breakfast around eight in the morning, not just for the hotel guests, but also for the many locals who loved their breakfast.

Jing Qing, having heard that some acquaintances were coming, invited Qin Mingzhu to join her for breakfast and arranged to meet those acquaintances.

The girls' breakfasts were also very refined, they were always on a diet and seemed much more particular than others.

Jing Qing was responsible for introducing the most distinctive breakfasts at AM, and the visiting socialites, fashionistas, and a notable actress were all salivating at her descriptions.

Jing Qing of course chose the best spot in the entire restaurant to accompany the visiting beauties for breakfast.

No sooner had breakfast been served, than the actress took a delicate and beautiful small bites, the melt-in-your-mouth sensation led her to involuntarily gobble up the whole thing, and her facial expressions were indeed varied and rich.

"How is it? I didn't lie to you, did I?"

Jing Qing asked with a smile.

"Mmm, you guys should try it, it's really delicious!"

The first actress to taste said.

Another was a young lady from a prominent family, but she hesitated at the sight of the sugar in the breakfast, only relenting and picking up her chopsticks to try after seeing the other actress's expressions and enthusiasm. After nibbling a tiny bit, she couldn't help but take another larger bite, and then looked at the others with an expression that seemed to have undergone a hundred transformations.

Together with Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu, there were six people, making for a perfect breakfast table, and they all enjoyed the meal.

After breakfast, Jing Qing invited everyone for morning tea, choosing a private room upstairs where they could sit all morning. After all the guests were led there by the staff, Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu spoke in hushed tones outside for a moment before rejoining them.

"Actually, I'm quite curious, all of you are fashion experts, and you've seen all kinds of fashion shows, so why come to see a show by a designer who's only been in the country for less than a year?"

As Jing Qing sat down, she casually brought it up as though it was just idle chatter.

"She's not just any designer, I heard she has designed gowns for many big celebrities abroad, including royalty."

The actress with some fame in the country answered.

"And I remember reading an article that said that Miss Qin had even designed a gown for Miss Jing, and that time you stole the spotlight on the international red carpet."

The socialite asked curiously, feeling that Jing Qing seemed to harbor some animosity towards Qin Mu. Unsure if she was correct, she decided to ask about it.

Upon hearing the socialite's words, Jing Qing couldn't help but give a forced laugh, "Miss Wang sure knows a lot. Do Rongcheng's gossips travel all the way to A City?"

"I just skimmed over it online when I was bored."

The socialite replied with a light smile. She knew Jing Qing through the older generation's connections, but she personally found Jing Qing to be quite fake and didn't like her much.

The actress and the two high-status women from the fashion industry also curiously watched the unfolding scene, suddenly feeling a bit confused by the commotion.

"The gown Jing Qing wore was made by Qin Mu, but who says that Jing Qing shines brightly solely because of Qin Mu's credit? How could Jing Qing have won the Best Actress at the Golden Horse Awards for two consecutive years without her own beauty and intelligence? Even before Qin Mu came to Rongcheng, Jing Qing was already an award-winning actress. So obviously, the credit still lies with our Jing Qing herself for being gorgeous and distinctive."

Qin Mingzhu suddenly spoke up, completely forgetting the previous incident where Jing Qing had blamed her for plagiarism.

Listening to her speak, Jing Qing naturally kept silent, sitting with dignity like an outsider, and only after Qin Mingzhu finished did she smile and say, "My sister here, who's followed me growing up since she was a child, just loves to flatter me. You should take her words with a grain of salt."

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"How is this flattery? In Rongcheng, who dares to provoke you, Jing Qing? Even if you go to other regions or foreign countries, who would dare touch a hair on your head when they know you're from the Jing Family? Granddad would skin them alive. Besides, your beauty and temperament are unmatched by any of us combined, let alone others."

Jing Qing felt especially pleased by Qin Mingzhu's words and couldn't help but take a few more glances at her.

The other ladies were also beauties in their own right, and all had some status in the fashion circle. Naturally, none of them were truly convinced by these words but didn't refute them because of the mention of granddad skinning someone alive.

"However, speaking of which, since whoever is running this show can pull it off, they must not be an ordinary person. Setting aside Jing Qing's incident, think about all the gowns she has made for celebrities, those that have been used in concerts; everyone has seen them."

Another lady with some prestige in the fashion circle stirred her sweet soup with a spoon and spoke calmly, her eyes quietly fixed on the soup bowl.

"This is something only you outsiders believe. Have you forgotten about her remarkable master? Have you forgotten about the news on Weibo from a while back? It's probably 'done by her master' to please her and make her happy,"

Qin Mingzhu emphasized the last few words with a louder voice.

"This designer indeed has an unusual relationship with her master. Her master stayed in Rongcheng for a long time not long ago, always accompanying her in her studio, often seen together all day in the office."

Jing Qing, afraid they wouldn't believe her, spoke in a suppressed voice, gradually elaborating.

A few of the women exchanged glances, one of them a fashion expert and the editor-in-chief of a fashion magazine. Upon hearing this, she involuntarily lowered her gaze, and her mouth twitched slightly, seemingly disapproving of such remarks.

"I hear Qin Mu is the mayor's eldest daughter of Qin City. That makes you sisters, right?"

Suddenly, the editor-in-chief, who had been silent in her white coat, spoke up, her question striking at the heart of the matter.

Qin Mingzhu was suddenly stunned, having entirely forgotten that someone might know about this; now she only regretted her eagerness to discredit Qin Mu without thinking about how to handle such tricky questions.

When everyone looked at Qin Mingzhu, Jing Qing's lashes fluttered subtly, and then she looked up at them with a smile, saying, "What sisters? Qin Mu was long ago driven out of the Qin Family. Only Qin Mingzhu is the daughter of the Qin Family."

The women were hardly able to believe it, but indeed they had dug up Qin Mu's past. Qin Mu did go abroad when she was eight and had just returned this year.

They were unclear about Qin Mu's situation with JY, but they were very aware that Qin Mu and Mu Yichen had a three-year-old daughter.

"It's said that Mr. Yichen and Miss Qin Mu have a three-year-old daughter, and that Miss Qin moved in with Mr. Yichen as soon as she returned. Mr. Yichen, being such a smart man, surely wouldn't choose a girl with bad conduct, would he?" asked Ms. Wang, a socialite.

"Don't even mention it; Mr. Yichen has been temporarily bewitched by that vixen, so it's indeed possible he's been fooled temporarily and can't distinguish good from bad,"

Qin Mingzhu said.

Hearing this, Jing Qing instinctively pondered for a moment, and everyone turned their attention to her.

Each of these beauties was sharp and astute, how could they not guess what was happening by now.

As for Jing Qing, she felt even more that things were going awry. Originally, she had come with full confidence, knowing everyone and having granddad's support. But not even having finished her tea, she realized that none of these women were on her side. She thought it was time for her to speak up personally.

Qin Mu arrived at AM at 10:30 a.m., because several well-known domestic and international fashion magazine editors were there, along with some acquaintances, including the queen editor-in-chief of Beijing's fashion magazine—the same one having tea with Jing Qing. She made a special trip to visit beforehand.

Unexpectedly, when she inquired about the editor-in-chief, the staff said she was having tea with Jing Qing. Qin Mu had a bad feeling about this; Jing Qing inviting these people for tea could only mean one thing—slandering Qin Mu's image.

It could even sabotage her show tonight, so how could Qin Mu let Jing Qing succeed?

The hotel's management found her downstairs and immediately came over to take orders.

"Miss Qin! The boss has called ahead, today I'm at your disposal,"

Qin Mu took an extra look at the executive unconsciously and politely nodded her thanks. The two went upstairs together, the executive asking in a soft voice, "I haven't seen Xiaomei, the assistant, for a while."

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"She's currently in Paris, and probably won't be back for a while,"

Qin Mu replied with a smile, actually feeling a bit nostalgic for Xiaomei, but still prioritizing her master's health.

"I see!"

The executive nodded, standing side by side with her in the elevator.

"Has everyone had breakfast this morning?"

"Some had breakfast with Miss Jing, while the rest were in their rooms, mostly in groups of three or five, and some alone,"

the executive responded.

Qin Mu nodded after hearing this. On hearing that Jing Qing had invited people for breakfast, her keen gaze lifted slightly, and then she made a request, "Would you please have the staff send morning tea to the guests still in their rooms and prepare a delicate gift for their rooms as well?"

"Sure, the cars arranged for tonight are all according to Mr. Mu's instructions, all top-level treatment, so you can rest assured about that,"

the executive promised, also mentioning the car arrangements.

"Thank you for the hard work!"

Qin Mu nodded and gave a sincere smile of gratitude.

Latterly, Qin Mu also visited the rooms of several influential and familiar guests. Three women in their thirties were gathered in one of their rooms chatting. She had the tea sent there, providing them something to do, and they insisted she sit on the sofa and join them for a cup of tea and a chat.

After she finally took her leave from them, she happened to meet Miss Wang and the editor-in-chief of Queen magazine from Beijing, just coming back from the tea restaurant. Upon meeting, they paused briefly before smiling and greeting each other.

"Miss Wang, Editor Zhang, thank you both for honoring us with your presence,"

Qin Mu approached, exchanging pleasantries with a smile.

"Miss Qin, how come you're back here?"

"I just happened to have some free time and decided to visit some old friends who've come from afar. I heard Editor Zhang and Miss Wang were invited by Miss Jing for tea, so I didn't want to intrude,"

Qin Mu said softly, her candid and distant gaze proportionate to each other.

"If Miss Qin is free now, perhaps we could chat in my room?"

Editor Zhang, who knew something about Qin Mu since she had interviewed JY two years ago and therefore had a good impression of her, suggested this, and Qin Mu also nodded, "Sure!"

"Miss Wang, if you're free, please join us."

"Sure!"

Miss Wang, who preferred tranquility, was delighted at the rare opportunity to discuss fashion with Editor Zhang and Qin Mu, so she readily agreed.

The three of them proceeded to Editor Zhang's room. Upon sitting down, Editor Zhang said, "Jing Qing gets more and more inscrutable. She used to be so aloof that interviewing her was akin to overcoming a gauntlet of challenges, but now she suddenly comes to chat and have breakfast with us."

"Do you two have some kind of grievance?"

Miss Wang also inquired.

Upon hearing Editor Zhang's comment, Qin Mu was not in a position to say much. However, after Miss Wang asked, Qin Mu couldn't help but laugh softly, saying only, "I suppose so!"

It's probably common knowledge among the elite of Rongcheng that the young lady of the Jing Family and the golden girl of Qin City had a falling out over Chen Shao.

"Over Chen Shao?"

Editor Zhang asked.

Miss Wang didn't speak, she simply observed Qin Mu quietly.

Qin Mu's eyes flickered slightly before she calmly said, "I believe so. I've heard they were quite close before I returned."

"Sweat! Jing Qing sure is delusional. If Chen Shao really had feelings for her, why wouldn't he have brought up marriage after all these years? Even the news of their supposed engagement came from the Jing Family, not the Mu Family. Does she really think she can fool everyone?"

Editor Zhang had long been fed up with Jing Qing's diva behavior. Their magazine once wanted to feature Jing Qing as a cover queen, but not even the most humble of invitations could secure her presence.

"I'm also quite curious. It's been said that Chen Shao and Miss Qin went abroad to study together when they were younger and later had a daughter. Especially since you moved into the Mu Family's house recently, why haven't you two married?"

Miss Wang asked with curiosity, her inky eyes fixed on Qin Mu.

Qin Mu instinctively touched the ring on her finger, feeling a bit nervous sitting in front of two ladies with such keen perception, especially since Editor Zhang was the magazine editor; some things she dared not say casually. She subconsciously looked towards Editor Zhang, "I wonder if the things we discuss here today, Editor Zhang, could be kept from the press?"

Editor Zhang straightened her back, gazing at Qin Mu's sharp eyes then at Miss Wang sitting beside her, before clapping her hands generously, "Fine, let's regard today's conversation as a chat among sisters. I promise not to let it out."

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"I'm sure you've already dug up my past thoroughly, aware of my family, aware of the cause of my mother's death, and that I lack a sense of security in marriage. So, does the phrase 'a plain ring to bind a lifetime' convince you?"

Qin Mu said with a smile, raising her hand for the two ladies to see.

The plain ring sat quietly on her finger, looking as though it had grown there because she had worn it for some time, modest and tacit.

Miss Wang and Editor-in-Chief Zhang exchanged a glance.

Qin Mu didn't really say much, but they decided not to inquire further.

"It's almost lunchtime, and thanks to Mr. Mu, it should be a good meal. I hope you both enjoy it. Once tonight's work is over, if you're still in Rongcheng, I'd be happy to guide you around," Qin Mu offered.

"What if we want to have a meal with Yichen?"

Editor-in-Chief Zhang suddenly asked with a smile.

"Leave it to me!"

Qin Mu, seeing their earnest desire, did not decline.

Although she felt somewhat guilty about troubling Mu Yichen, perhaps it was better not to keep score in a marriage. After all, having bothered him so much already, one more meal wouldn't make a difference.

"Then it's settled, how about tomorrow noon?"

"Sure!"

Editor-in-Chief Zhang didn't expect Qin Mu to agree so readily. Although she wasn't sure if Qin Mu could really persuade Mu Yichen to join them for a meal, Zhang was willing to believe based on Qin Mu's sincere commitment.

Miss Wang said nothing further, choosing instead to walk Qin Mu to the door.

Only afterwards did Miss Wang ask, "Do you really want to have a meal with Yichen?"

"I'm here on a rare occasion. If I don't get to meet a key figure of Rongcheng, that would be a real pity. Also, seeing how indulgent Yichen is with Qin Mu, securing this meal seems almost certain."

"Indulgent? How could you tell?"

"Didn't you notice? Since we set foot in Rongcheng, we haven't had to worry about anything. When we go to other places for shows, we don't get such treatment. We had someone to greet us at the airport, luxury cars at our disposal, dinners, breakfasts, morning teas, and those little gifts. Although Yichen hasn't shown up, if he wasn't indulging Miss Qin, how could everything be taken care of so meticulously? I bet if Qin Mu asked for it, he would sign over this hotel and rename it after her in an instant."

"Editor-in-Chief Zhang, you really have a keen eye."

Miss Wang said with a laugh, while Editor-in-Chief Zhang smiled lightly, "We haven't finished our tea yet, shall we continue?"

"Sure, having met you today is serendipity, let's go!"

Finding someone with shared interests, there was no desire to go shopping during the day; they were content to chat until they lost track of time.

Qin Mu drove her little car back to the workshop, to that seemingly modest house that could accommodate hundreds of people. Seeing everyone still busy inside, she immediately removed her blue coat, rolled up the sleeves of her white sweater, and joined in.

"I'm back!"

Qin Mu had just walked in, about to take over the needlework from a colleague, when she heard a familiar voice.

At the door, Xiaomei stood with arms wide open, looking as if she'd come to surprise everyone. Seeing everyone staring at her in shock, her smiling face began to fade in fright.

"Why are you back?"

Qin Mu asked anxiously.

"JY told me to come back to support you and not to return!"

Xiaomei said, looking a bit heartbroken as her face fell.

The men suddenly started whistling and clapping, and the room erupted into cheerful shouts...  
Xiaomei...

"You heartless bunch."

She said in fluent French, rushing in.

After hugging everyone one by one, she finally approached Qin Mu, "I heard you are planning to replace me, is it true?"

Xiaomei pouted, looking pitifully with cheeks puffed out.

"Ah!

Qin Mu shook her head helplessly and gave Xiaomei a big hug.

At that moment, as Yang Qianxi arrived with freshly brewed coffee, she froze upon seeing Xiaomei.

Everyone gave her a cold glance and then immediately immersed themselves back in work.

"You first go and check Amei's outfits. She'll be here soon, and we need to ensure there are no issues when she arrives."

"Got it!"

Xiaomei dived right back into work. As she passed by Yang Qianxi, she turned her head, pushing back the coffee cup in Yang's hand with an involuntary touch, "Thanks!"

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Yang Qianxi watched Xiaomei take coffee to the back, feeling as if needles were pricking her heart.

Qin Mu simply lifted his gaze unintentionally and, having seen that scene, just buried his head back into his work.

Qin Mu knew in his heart that letting Yang Qianxi simply walk away like that would be inappropriate, so, how should he manage the aftermath?

These matters now didn't permit time for careful consideration, because a car had quickly arrived from out of town and pulled up directly to the front of their studio.

Mu Yichen was standing by a first-floor window of the studio, smoking, when he noticed three women getting out of the pricey luxury car, his brows unconsciously narrowing slightly.

"Is this the place?" said one of the slender women, dressed in a black coat.

"This is it!"

Another woman emerged from the driver's seat, clad in a deep blue coat, and walked towards the inside first.

The remaining woman also got out, carrying a bag, and followed the woman in front into the building.

Mu Yichen shifted slightly and, with a slight smile, greeted the approaching woman: President Fu!

"President Mu, long time no see!"

Fu Huan stepped forward; Mu Yichen stood behind the sofa without moving, and the woman named Fu Huan approached and shook his hand gently.

"Let me introduce you, these two are my friends, Yuan Xin, and this is Fei Yun."

"It must be Mrs. Wang and Mrs. Gu, right?"

President Mu, with formal politeness, shook hands with them in turn.

Fei Yun, upon seeing her idol, couldn't help but reveal her girlish shyness, even her black coat couldn't conceal a hint of maturity.

Yuan Xin, on the other hand, was quite composed, smiling as a form of greeting.

"All the other guests have already checked into AM. The show is at 7:30 PM. Would the three of you like to go have some tea and wait?"

"Actually, I brought some items over. I thought Miss Qin might agree to use our company's jewelry on the models?"

Mu Yichen's keen gaze lifted slightly, then he smiled lightly: I'll give her a call.

"Thank you!"

Fu Huan nodded, then everyone sat on the sofas to rest while Mu Yichen went to call Qin Mu.

Qin Mu, upon hearing this, naturally came back immediately. Originally, since they were showcasing fashion, they hadn't required high-end jewelry, but if there were outstanding pieces available, that would be better than good.

Since it wasn't their first meeting, Qin Mu immediately shook hands with them. Fei Yun, replacing Liu Ying as Fu Huan's assistant on this occasion, took out the previously prepared photos of the jewelry from her bag to show.

Four women sat on the sofa discussing business, while Mu Yichen stood quietly behind Qin Mu, observing.

Fu Huan had dominated the jewelry scene in Rong City—her ambition impressed Mu Yichen, especially since her husband was among the few men he respected. Fu Huan's formidable ambition in a woman made him find the power couple somewhat intimidating.

"The items are all in the car; if you agree, we can join your work right now."

"Alright, if the jewelry gets damaged or something else happens during use, I will compensate at the market price."

Qin Mu thought it was necessary to clarify this matter up front.

"This is your studio's remuneration."

Fu Huan said with a smile.

Qin Mu, taken aback by her powerful presence, couldn't help but chuckle to herself: Do these tycoons really not treat objects as money?

Since they didn't want to overshadow the fashion with the jewelry, they had opted for more refined pieces this time, but none was cheap. Qin Mu felt a myriad of emotions but still nodded. After all, saying too much would just be too pretentious.

That evening, the fashionistas from Rongcheng, guests from other cities, and even some foreign friends and acquaintances all came to attend the show.

The seats below the stage were all neatly arranged and marked with the names of these fashion-forward individuals, so everyone could take their designated seats when the time came.

Fu Huan, Yuan Xin, and Fei Yun were helping out inside all along. As the main designer, Qin Mu, along with Xiaomei who was also there, watched the three work in harmony. Xiaomei felt a bit of a heartache and involuntarily asked, "You guys must be best friends with such good rapport, right?"

"That's true, but the main thing is, the two of us used to be her assistants."

Fei Yun laughed. Reflecting on her role change, she was impressed with herself.

Xiaomei was taken aback, subconsciously looking at Qin Mu, as if she felt guilty for not having the same rapport with her.

"Wasn't it you who insisted on sticking around at my company? Still, have the nerve to say you were my assistant, when you hardly showed up for a few days a month—do I not know about it or does Sister Xin not know?"

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Fu Huan asked bluntly.

Xiaomei whispered in Qin Mu's ear, "Although we're not as in sync as they are right now, by the time we reach their age, we will definitely be that in sync."

Qin Mu...

A pair of bright, dark eyes couldn't help but look at Xiaomei, who was tilting her chin up confidently, nearly making Qin Mu laugh, but in the end she just helplessly lowered her head and continued to work.

Models had already lined up backstage, and in an hour, the show would begin.

"Miss Qin, Mr. Mu's father and mother have arrived, and so has Little Huanhuan,"

Yang Qianxi suddenly ran in and said.

Qin Mu turned to look, then handed her needlework to Xiaomei, "I have to go and greet them."

Xiaomei, aware of Qin Mu's concerns, nodded in understanding, took her work, and then Qin Mu nodded to Fu Huan and the others as a greeting before she left.

Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua, holding Huanhuan, arrived early, and after stepping out, Qin Mu looked at the seats on both sides and directly in front. She whispered something to the staff member managing the area, who nodded in acknowledgment before she strode off again.

"Dad, Mom, you're here!"

"Mummy!"

Just as Qin Mu greeted them, Huanhuan saw her and immediately reached out for her mommy from her grandfather's embrace.

Qin Mu took Huanhuan and then said to them with a smile, "It's a bit early now, Yichen is over at the studio. Would you like to go there?"

"I see cars have already started to arrive outside; we'd rather not go there. Where shall we sit?"

"Mr. Mu, Mrs. Mu, would it be alright for both of you to sit in the front row?"

The staff member Qin Mu had spoken to approached and asked for their preference, Feng Fanghua heard the implication and asked, "Does that mean we get to choose?"

"Of course, please choose at your discretion,"

Qin Mu immediately agreed with a smile.

"Then I'll sit on the left side. What do you think, Old Mu?"

"Whatever makes you happy,"

Mu Zihao promptly said, and Feng Fanghua looked towards the best seats on the left but hesitated to sit down as they were labeled with the names of two big names from the fashion industry.

However, the staff member swiftly tore off the names, "Please take your seats!"

"Let these two sit next to me,"

The staff member was decisive, and Feng Fanghua was in a good mood as she wanted to take photos with the two fashion VIPs, so she coldly commanded.

The staff member glanced at Qin Mu, and with her smile, he arranged to have two chairs brought over, labeled them with the names of the two VIPs, and moved the subsequent chairs a bit further back.

It was just as Feng Fanghua had said; fortunately, they arrived early and avoided the awkwardness of seat rearrangement as people began to trickle in a mere ten minutes later.

The task of hospitality was not Qin Mu's responsibility; Xiaomei, the assistant, ended up tending to the guests.

Qin Mu was busy backstage the whole time; Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu also came in later, and upon entering, they saw the well-dressed attendees already seated and waiting. Qin Mingzhu whispered into her sister's ear, "Why are there so many people?"

"A large crowd isn't necessarily bad, the show is just beginning, isn't it?"

Jing Qing replied quietly, then stood there looking inside, and suddenly spotted Yang Qianxi. She couldn't help scoffing: Has she been following Qin Mu all this time?

"Exactly, she's practically Qin Mu's lap dog now. Oh, and I heard she even helped your company's Wen Runuan with her outfit."

"Hmph! Do you have her number?"

Jing Qing asked in a low voice.

"I do!"

"Send her a message saying I want to see her!"

As Jing Qing said this, she looked down and saw Little Huanhuan chasing a balloon coming her way, with someone passing by her side...

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Jing Qing suddenly felt as if someone had pushed her from behind. Her heels stumbled forward, and as she passed by the person beside her, she caught the hem of their skirt. She stumbled towards Huanhuan with a look of horror on her face when she saw a little girl in front of her.

Huanhuan stood there, holding balloons, watching the woman in the white dress about to fall on her, her eyes growing more and more panicked.

"Ah..."

An unexpected scream filled the air just as Qing Mingzhu grabbed Jing Qing's arm. The woman firmly collapsed onto the ground.

"Careful!"

Just as the woman was about to topple onto Huanhuan, a dexterous shadow suddenly whisked Huanhuan away from danger.

Feng Fanghua ran over, her face pale with shock.

The man, surprised as he held the little girl in his arms, examined her. Huanhuan had been dizzy from his swift rescue, but when she opened her eyes again and saw his handsome face, she was stunned.

The man sighed in relief and gently set Huanhuan down.

"Huanhuan!"

Feng Fanghua hurried over anxiously and then thanked the man in front of her, "Thank you so much!"

"Not at all!"

The man said this and glanced at the entrance. Jing Qing was still being checked by Qing Mingzhu for injuries, but her eyes involuntarily drifted to him. When she saw the man's piercing eyes fixed on her, she startled and immediately averted her gaze.

The man frowned unconsciously but when he turned his gaze back to Feng Fanghua, a flicker of concern flashed briefly before he simply instructed, "Take good care of the child!"

"Of course!"

Feng Fanghua picked up Huanhuan and held her tight as the man nodded and walked away.

When Mu Yichen arrived, he saw Feng Fanghua holding the child at the entrance. He walked over, took Huanhuan, and asked, "Why are you standing at the door?"

Huanhuan, still clutching the balloon, pointed outside when she saw her father.

Feng Fanghua looked in the direction Huanhuan was pointing and leaned close to her son, whispering, "A guest almost fell and hurt Huanhuan just now, but that young man saved her."

Feng Fanghua said, looking at the young people around the many cars outside.

"Jiang Yan!"

Mu Yi followed his daughter's gesture and murmured two words as he looked.

Mu Yi let out an involuntary sigh. Recognizing that figure from just a silhouette, he told Feng Fanghua to take Huanhuan back to their seats, then he himself stepped outside.

This time, after returning to their seats, Feng Fanghua kept Huanhuan securely in her arms, not allowing her to run off again.

Mu Yichen went outside and saw Jiang Yan standing next to a car, talking to someone inside. He cleared his throat softly.

The car window was immediately closed from inside. Jiang Yan looked up to see him, paused for a moment, and then a smile suddenly appeared on his face.

Two well-built men standing together, Mu Yichen cast a devilish glance through the car window, knowing who was inside without seeing them. He took out a cigarette case, offered a cigarette to Jiang Yan, who accepted and then produced a lighter to lit the cigarette for Mu Yichen first.

"When did Jiang arrive in Rongcheng?"

After taking a drag, with one hand in his trouser pocket and the other holding the cigarette, Mu Yichen turned his wicked gaze back to the car and asked casually, adding a fierce flair to his actions.

"Just got here ten minutes ago."

Jiang Yan slightly raised his eyebrows, bringing the hand with the cigarette up to pinch the bridge of his nose, his voice low.

Mu Yichen, with his deep gaze fixed on the bustling house, said coolly, "Just now, thank you for saving my daughter, Jiang."

"It was nothing... but maybe Mu should watch out for the lowlifes under his own roof."

When Mu Yichen heard those last two words, he couldn't help but shoot a sharp look at him.

Jiang Yan returned the gaze. Though typically aloof, he wasn't cold-hearted. Sensing Mu Yichen's look, he glanced involuntarily at the car window.

"Your daughter may have been harmed on purpose just now."

Jiang Yan reminded him again.

Mu Yichen's gaze turned icy at the warning, nodded, then looked back at the car, "Can the person inside come out now?"

That question conveyed his displeasure.

Jiang Yan too glanced at the car and suddenly found it difficult to remain solemn, giving a wry smile, "Big Brother-in-law, my wife is pregnant right now, so please be a bit gentler."

Mu Yichen looked at him coldly, thinking, so now you call me big brother-in-law?

"Qingxin wanted to see my sister-in-law's show, but she was afraid meeting her in-laws might start a war, so..."

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"Then you guys just stay here."

After listening to Jiang Yan's explanation, Mu Yichen took another drag of his cigarette, crushed it out on the ground, and turned to walk towards the other side.

Soon, another black sedan pulled up, unassuming yet conspicuous. Anyone in the know would immediately recognize it as the vehicle of someone important.

Qin Haiming, dressed in a suit that, while perhaps years old, was still immaculate, stepped out of the car. He looked at the various cars parked outside and then walked inside.

As he looked up at the resplendent night sky, a faint smile curved his lips involuntarily. Once inside, he stood in a corner, watching the runway with interest.

While others were commenting on the models, what he saw were his daughter's creations, one after another, being presented before his eyes.

He believed that Qin Mu had paid a high price, perhaps a heavy one, for this moment.

"You actually found time to come!"

Mu Yichen greeted him after seeing him.

Qin Haiming glanced at him and smiled faintly, "If Mumu doesn't call me 'Dad,' you probably won't call me 'father-in-law,' right?"

Mu Yichen didn't respond, just slightly moved the corners of his mouth.

Indeed, Mu Yichen had no choice; after all, this man had made Qin Mu suffer too much.

Qin Haiming sighed helplessly, "She has truly grown up. If anyone dares to tell me again that she relies on Jian Yan, I will honestly be angry. During this time, Jian Yan hasn't set foot in Rongcheng. We've all seen her working herself to exhaustion in the studio, haven't we?"

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen couldn't help but look towards the runway, his typically sharp and aloof gaze softening with emotion.

"She has lost a lot of weight recently, don't forget what you promised me, that you would take good care of her."

"That's my negligence; I'll fatten her up as soon as possible."

Mu Yichen couldn't help but laugh at the thought. With so many beauties on the stage, all he could think about was how to nourish his wife, especially since his father-in-law had mentioned it.

"Is Mingzhu here as well? I thought I saw her car outside just now."

"Yes, she's with Jing Qing."

Mu Yichen looked in that direction but also remembered the words Jiang Yan had just reminded him of, which suddenly brought a coldness to his eyes.

Qin Haiming sighed when he saw his daughter with Jing Qing, not sure what was going through the girl's mind. She had called Jing Qing ungrateful just the other day, yet now she seemed to have forgotten her pain as soon as her wounds had healed.

Mu Yichen, however, didn't see it that way; he felt that Qin Mingzhu must have her own plans unless she was truly naive.

Qin Mu came out and greeted a few guests that she hadn't seen during the day, then headed over to Feng Fanghua's side, squatting down to play with Huanhuan.

Huanhuan giggled and pressed the blue balloon she had been holding against Qin Mu's forehead. Qin Mu played along with her.

Feng Fanghua let out an exasperated sigh, "So many people are watching!"

Qin Mu had no choice but to take the balloon off her head and stood up, "Then I'll go backstage to get ready. There are a few more guests I need to attend to!"

"Go ahead!"

Feng Fanghua was actually quite fond of this show; it might have seemed average from the outside, but the uniqueness of the clothing truly stood out on the inside.

Mu Yichen watched Qin Mu coaxing Feng Fanghua and then standing to the side to chat with Fu Huan and the others. He thought she would probably be exhausted to the point of physical collapse tonight.

Well, no need to work tomorrow; she could sleep until daylight.

Later, Mu Yichen escorted Qin Haiming as he left, noticing that the car was still parked there, with Jiang Yan standing by the rear seat talking to the woman in the window. He seemed nervous seeing Mu Yichen come out.

As soon as Qin Haiming's car had left, Mu Yichen thought for a moment, then walked over and instructed, "First, go to that studio over there."

"Okay!"

Jiang Yan, relieved at being granted permission, thought that as long as he had gotten past his big cousin, everything else would be easier to handle.

Mu Yichen sat in the passenger seat, glancing back slightly. In the dimness behind him, the woman appeared more nervous, her head lowered, not daring to look at him.

As Jiang Yan drove, following Mu Yichen's indicated path, Mu Yichen watched the nervous woman in the rearview mirror. Her hands constantly resting on her belly... and that belly...

Mu Yichen had actually been keeping up with the news on Mu Qingxin, but Jiang Yan had been very secretive about her protection. Recently, he hadn't received any specific updates on his sister's situation and had thought that some major upheaval had occurred in the Jiang Family which led Jiang Yan to hide his sister away. It turned out that the answer was her stomach.

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Mu Yichen quickly came to terms with the situation, but he wondered whether Mrs. Feng could accept it as easily as he had.

This girl had suddenly run off and then had a child with another man, and this man was so dangerous, with an uncertain future.

When they arrived at the studio and the car stopped, Mu Yichen got out and subconsciously opened the door behind him. The girl, shorter than him, now seemed even smaller in flat shoes as she stepped out weakly and called out, "Brother!"

Even her voice wasn't clear.

"Hmm!"

Mu Yichen managed to utter with great effort, his expression grave.

Jiang Yan grew even more nervous watching the siblings together. Having heard from Mu Qingxin that Feng Fanghua was extremely difficult to deal with, and since he had not yet fully taken over the Jiang Family's assets, he really didn't know whether Feng Fanghua would think highly of him.

"Let's go inside first!"

Mu Yichen said, glancing at Jiang Yan, who immediately came over from the other side, clinging to Mu Qingxin.

"Take good care of her!"

Mu Yichen said, and Jiang Yan agreed. After Mu Yichen gave him the password, he let them go in first while he stayed outside to call Mu Zihao.

After all, a fashion show was not a good place to recognize relatives, especially under such unusual circumstances.

Mu Zihao, on site, took the call and immediately conveyed a message to Feng Fanghua in a low voice.

Feng Fanghua looked at him in disbelief, her wrinkled eyes unusually red, and her eyes shimmering with tears.

Then she took Huanhuan's hand and they hurried outside together.

Jing Qing, who was talking to someone in a corner, dropped her gaze curiously when she saw that scene and said in a low voice to Qin Mingzhu, who had been following her, "Let's go and have a look."

Qin Mingzhu glanced at the door, recognized those two silhouettes, and immediately followed them out.

In the lobby of the studio, the reception area, a family of four finally reunited.

Feng Fanghua came rushing in, even tripping over herself in haste, finally seeing her daughter whom she had missed day and night.

Mu Qingxin was somewhat afraid of her mother, so when she saw Feng Fanghua coming so hurriedly and emotionally, she nervously held her belly and slowly stood up.

"Mom, Dad!"

Mu Qingxin called out softly, feeling a wave of sadness for not having seen Mu Zihao in such a long time.

Mu Zihao didn't speak but was shocked to see the large belly of his daughter, and then the man who stood up with her, his hand resting on his trouser seam trembling slightly as he subconsciously gripped it.

However, Feng Fanghua was trembling as she slowly walked forward.

Huanhuan didn't know what had happened, just curiously watching her aunt's belly.

Jiang Yan, seeing Feng Fanghua, was very respectful this time, formally greeting her, "Hello!"

Feng Fanghua looked at him coldly, wondering if this was the man who had just saved her granddaughter?

She turned angrily towards her daughter. What could she say now? Looking at Mu Qingxin's belly, she couldn't utter half a word.

To Feng Fanghua, Mu Qingxin's belly seemed at least eight months along. During the years Mu Qingxin had been away without returning, Feng Fanghua had always assumed her daughter might have been drawn to the outside world's splendor, never expecting her to have actually fallen for a man from outside.

Feng Fanghua was shivering with anger yet couldn't vocalize a word.

"Mom!"

Mu Qingxin called out to her again, took her hand, and was on the verge of tears. She hoped for Feng Fanghua's forgiveness but didn't know how to begin.

"Don't call me Mom!"

Feng Fanghua's voice trembled with anger and weakness, tears spilling out as she spoke. She tried to suppress them, not wanting to lose face in front of that outsider in her heart, her gaze filled with anger and disappointment at her daughter.

"Mom, I was wrong!"

Mu Qingxin, who was more like Mu Zihao in temperament, soft and mild, was pained and worried seeing Feng Fanghua so upset, plaintively trying to appeal to her with a sorrowful plea.

"I really was wrong, I will never leave for so long again."

Mu Qingxin, holding Feng Fanghua's hand, began to cry as she spoke.

Upon hearing his daughter's cries, Mu Zihao felt pained, and so did Jiang Yan, though he dared not say a word at this moment.

"It's my fault, I didn't have the ability to keep you with us, not as much as a man you hadn't known for long. He says stay and you stay, never coming back—it's my fault."

As Feng Fanghua spoke, her tears flowed freely.

Mu Yichen didn't know what to say. He knew how much resentment Feng Fanghua had bottled up inside, and the way Mu Qingxin had returned was too extraordinary.