

His Beloved 501

Chapter 501: performed very well in the play_2

Wang Mingyu was admitted to the orthopedic ward of the hospital as a child.

Mu Yichen didn't even open the door to his office that afternoon.

There was total silence around; Secretary Xi didn't dare to go in and report for work.

And there was still no news from Qin Mu.

It was as if she had disappeared from Rongcheng.

That day, Xiaomei was dining at AM and ran into Helian Hao when she went to the restroom; Helian Hao was also there for a family meal, and they started chatting in the restroom.

"Has she contacted you?"

Helian Hao asked in a low voice.

"Of course! We can't do without her for so many things at work; we call each other every day."

Xiaomei nodded in agreement; it seemed that ever since the incident with Qin Mu and Mu Yichen, she had matured quite a bit, become much steadier.

"You're really lucky; there's a man in town who's probably growing old waiting for a phone call from her."

Helian Hao remembered how thin Mu Yichen had looked when he saw him that day and chuckled bitterly.

"Are you talking about Director Mu? He's been to the studio too, but he always just parks his car there without getting out."

Xiaomei had something she wanted to say about Mu Yichen but stopped herself.

"Has it been over a month?"

Helian Hao asked her.

"Forty-five days!"

Xiaomei remembered clearly because Qin Mu had made plans with her to go to the clothing factory that day.

Helian Hao sighed helplessly, "When she gave birth to Huanhuan, she was alone; now..."

"Now she's not alone!"

Xiaomei said, her eyes becoming misty, too, as she spoke.

Helian Hao nodded again, "I came to dine with my parents; let's talk more when I'm free."

"Okay!"

Helian Hao left, and Xiaomei, after washing her hands, also returned to the dining table.

In the past, she always felt happy dining at AM, but now...

Even the discount they received felt joyless.

Her colleagues all felt the same, heavy-hearted, as if their once-favorite dining spot in Rongcheng, which had the best environment and offered a sense of superiority, had suddenly become the place that saddened them most.

But when they finished eating and were about to leave, they suddenly heard sneering laughs coming from behind.

"Hey! That girl from the studio!"

Xiaomei frowned; what did they mean, "that girl from the studio"? Didn't they have names?

When she turned and saw it was Qin Mingzhu, Xiaomei immediately wanted to slap her, but then she remembered Qin Mu's admonition to be more patient.

"Isn't this the poor girl kicked out of her house by her father? I heard all your accounts have been frozen; how do you still afford to eat in such a fancy place?"

Xiaomei asked mockingly; while she could refrain from hitting her, she couldn't help but taunt her.

"You... now that Qin Mu is gone, do you think your studio can last a few more days in Rongcheng? Pack up and leave as soon as possible, so it won't be too embarrassing when you're kicked out!"

Qin Mingzhu said, with her arms crossed and chin tilted upward, as she started arguing.

"Who gets kicked out first remains to be seen!"

Xiaomei said coldly, then turned around: "Let's go!"

"Oho, you walk away because you can't win the argument? If you dare, call that dead girl Qin Mu to defend you!"

Qin Mingzhu shouted.

"Take good care of that face of yours, wait until Qinqin comes to smack you to Korea for plastic surgery."

Xiaomei turned back and was about to confront her when a colleague held her back.

"You..."

Qin Mingzhu, upon hearing "face", subconsciously raised her hand and touched her own, remembering that any clash of words with Qin Mu usually ended with her getting a figurative and literal slap in the face, and she was scared.

Now, just thinking about Qin Mu made her face feel cold, and because of this, her hatred for Qin Mu grew.

Yet now she didn't even know where Qin Mu was, which only fueled her hatred more.

She had intended to provoke Xiaomei to see if she knew where Qin Mu was, but she didn't get the result she wanted; she only ended up being threatened. Fuming, Qin Mingzhu went back up to the private room upstairs where she was dining with Wang Huanyu. She had made the excuse of going to the bathroom to pick on Xiaomei and dared not linger too long.

Meanwhile, someone who had also been dining upstairs went out to smoke and observed the scene from a dark corner, then quietly ordered the person behind him, "Find a way to bug Qin Mingzhu's private room!"

"Yes!"

The subordinate nodded and immediately turned to arrange this task.

Mu Yichen went back to the private room where Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai were, and seeing him brooding and smoking in solitude made them a bit anxious: "What are you thinking? You must have smoked at least eight cigarettes during this meal, haven't you?"

Mu Yichen squinted at the cigarette held between his fingers, what could he do?

Chapter 502: The performance was quite satisfactory_3

After Qin Mu became pregnant, he cut down on smoking, but now that she was gone, he had picked it up again.

Later, a staff member placed a pen on their table. Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai curiously stared at the pen, while Mu Yichen sat there indifferently.

"Boss, everything has been done as you ordered!"

Mu Yichen's eyes lowered, and the staff member nodded and left.

Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai instinctively leaned forward, then listened to the sounds coming from it, a man and a woman moaning, both of them...

Mu Yichen's pitch-black eyes lifted slightly, then he continued to listen.

It was only after he had overheard Qin Mingzhu speaking with Xiaomei outside that he began to suspect Qin Mingzhu.

That afternoon, when they returned to the office building and got out of the car, they saw a woman standing in the rain.

It was Jing Qing!

A girl stood behind her, holding an umbrella but not daring to come close to her.

Jing Qing stood determinedly in the rain, gazing persistently at one of the three men.

All of them held umbrellas, but it was still easy to tell them apart by their familiar silhouettes.

Mu Yichen glanced at her once and then turned to leave, as did Zhao Huai, but Qiao Yi turned around and walked toward Jing Qing.

When the umbrella covered Jing Qing, he looked down at her with tears and rain on her face and whispered, "What's the point of this?"

"That night I—"

"Maybe you didn't do anything that night, but what about your assistant?"

Qiao Yi whispered to remind her.

Jing Qing looked at him in surprise, then turned to look at the woman holding the umbrella behind her.

Yang Qianxi was startled, unconsciously stepping back.

"Yichen will never forgive you in this lifetime, Jing Qing, you've always known what he most wanted. Don't come looking for him again, or one day he might just destroy the Jing Family... It would be best to prevent that day from coming!"

Jing Qing was still staring at Yang Qianxi, unable to snap out of it even after Qiao Yi finished cautioning her, as if her brain had short-circuited.

Qiao Yi grabbed her hand and made her hold the umbrella handle, then turned and walked inside.

Only then did Jing Qing look at his somewhat broad back, but it wasn't long before she again couldn't resist turning her head to stare intensely at her assistant.

"Miss Jing!"

As Jing Qing stepped forward, the assistant instinctively took another step back, calling out in the process.

Jing Qing wanted to slap her, but after thinking it over, she only clenched her fist. She let go of the umbrella and walked into the car from the rain.

Yang Qianxi turned to watch the car drive away. In such heavy rain, Jing Qing had just left her behind?

Yang Qianxi's heart trembled violently; she always felt Jing Qing had been too cruel to her, remembering the way Jing Qing had schemed against her before.

She didn't know what Qiao Yi had just said to Jing Qing, but she felt that Jing Qing's look at her had been a bit off.

It wasn't until that day at the company when she took advantage of Jing Qing's meeting to try to find Mu Yichen's phone number on Jing Qing's phone left in the room.

Since that day, they had never seen each other alone. She missed him, and was going crazy with longing!

Yang Qianxi quietly saved the number into her own phone before putting Jing Qing's phone back in its place.

Just as she was about to stand up, Jing Qing pushed the door open from the outside. Panic-stricken, Yang Qianxi scrambled to her feet and stumbled over her words before finally calling out, "Miss Jing!"

"I forgot to take my phone!"

Jing Qing's gaze was somewhat empty as she looked at her, uttering only a faint response.

Yang Qianxi immediately bent down to get her phone and turned around to hand it to her, "Here!"

Jing Qing still watched her, her eyes like a dead person staring at a living one who had done something wrong, terrifying Yang Qianxi so much that she hardly dared to breathe.

Yang Qianxi felt she might need to resign.

"Oh, right! Later, go and handle a task for me!" Jing Qing walked away then turned back at the doorway and instructed Yang Qianxi—who was contemplating resignation—once again.

Yang Qianxi felt Jing Qing's voice was devoid of warmth. She subconsciously nodded and agreed, "Okay!"

"Take my car. It's a bit far. Remember to go early and come back early!" Jing Qing said.

Yang Qianxi just nodded vigorously!

Only then did Jing Qing leave, but the resolute look on her face never changed.

Driving Jing Qing's car to pick up the clothes, Yang Qianxi thought about resigning all the way. And she needed to make a phone call to Mu Yichen; she had to see him again, to let him know that her feelings were unconditional. She just wanted to see him occasionally; she wouldn't try to monopolize him completely like Jing Qing did. Just occasional meetings—that's all she wanted. She wouldn't disturb his life with Qin Mu, not at all.

Thinking this way made Yang Qianxi feel much better, and she stopped considering how terrifying Jing Qing could be.

But at the red light at the intersection, her brakes...

With a loud "bang," there was a crash!

Rong City's evening news reported that Jing Qing's car had been destroyed, but she had miraculously survived the ordeal.

As for Yang Qianxi, she was only mentioned as 'the assistant.'

On TV, Jing Qing said during an interview while looking panicked, "I don't know what happened. I just sent my assistant to fetch some clothes for me, and then this catastrophe happened."

"Miss Jing, the police inspected your car afterwards. Regarding the brake failure, we suspect someone tampered with your car. In fact, the intended victim was you. Do you have anything you want to say?"

The reporter asked her, holding a microphone.

Jing Qing was surrounded by bodyguards, with reporters all in front.

She shook her head, her face tense as if she was about to faint at any moment under the gloomy skies.

"I have nothing to say. With my status, I don't need to engage in open and secret fights with anyone in the industry. If it really happened as you speculated, that someone intentionally wanted to harm me, I first want to apologize to my assistant, who has not yet awakened. Next, I want justice for her. What kind of grudge must one have against me to want to take my life?" Jing Qing spoke, her voice breaking with emotion as she began to cry.

"Miss Jing, don't be too anxious. We're all fans of yours; we wish you well and will also help find the culprit to bring them to justice," the reporter, a woman with precise words, said.

"Thank you very much! And thank you on behalf of my assistant as well. I can take whatever comes, but right now, what concerns me the most is my assistant. Please, let's all pray for her together, wishing her a speedy recovery, okay?"

Chapter 503: Mommy, it's Daddy_1

Jing Qing put on a good show in public, acting every bit the model boss.

— —

The Mu Family's house had returned to the loneliness of a year ago, no, it was even worse than before.

Even though the old master had moved back in, the sudden disappearance of Qin Mu and Huanhuan made this home, which had been warm for over a year, once again lack its lively atmosphere.

In the spacious and elegantly simple living room, by the window, the old master sat on the sofa, reading the newspaper through his reading glasses. Feng Fanghua brought over some tea from the kitchen and sat down.

"Jing Qing really touched people's hearts today. Her own car was tampered with, yet she only worried about her assistant," she remarked.

After putting down the newspaper, the old master leaned forward to drink some tea, just as Feng Fanghua had finished pouring it for him and gently placed the teapot aside.

"Sigh! If only she was as kind-hearted as she seems on camera!"

Feng Fanghua thought about Jing Qing's past actions and found herself with little trust in her.

"What? Has that girl Jing Qing done many unkind things?"

"The separation between her and her husband, although Yichen came back and said nothing, I always felt it had something to do with Jing Qing. I watched that girl grow up since she was little, but now I really can't say I understand her anymore," he reflected.

Feng Fanghua slowly shook her head as she spoke, feeling somewhat uneasy inside.

Listening to his daughter-in-law's words, the old master frowned slightly and then slowly picked up the newspaper again: "If this matter between my grandson and granddaughter-in-law has anything to do with that Jing girl, then I must go to the Jing Family and demand an explanation. They really take too many liberties."

"Sigh! Your son and I always thought it's better to avoid trouble when possible and keep the peace, trying not to fall out with them. After all, you and old Mr. Jing were good friends back then, and we've put Qin Mu through a lot of grievances to maintain a good relationship with the Jing Family, Dad..."

"What? You let my granddaughter-in-law suffer for the sake of that family? Are you foolish?"

"Isn't everything I do for the sake of our family?"

Apart from the old master, nobody had ever called Feng Fanghua foolish; she felt incredibly wronged being called foolish now.

"Hmph! Why bother with whether another family is happy or not for the sake of ours? Hasn't that girl suffered enough since she was young? How could you bear to make her suffer grievances?"

Feng Fanghua...

The old master's eyes were downcast, but the words he uttered were so sharp that they made Feng Fanghua feel ashamed.

The old master raised his eyes to look at his daughter-in-law, who was too embarrassed to talk back, before he sighed again: "Think about it, that girl was sent abroad by her father—her mother was your closest friend in town, besides being the wife of Jing Xianzong. She could have received grievances from anyone else in town, but you two, being her mother's friends, how could you do such a thing?"

"I was wrong. If she comes back, I'll be sure to treat her well, okay? But where is she now?"

Feng Fanghua felt extremely anxious remembering they still had not found Qin Mu's whereabouts. She also didn't know how her grandson was doing.

"Yichen probably knows, he just doesn't want to say," the old master speculated after thinking for a bit.

Feng Fanghua looked at him excitedly, finding herself at a loss for words. She had asked Mu Yichen over a hundred times, but no matter how she asked, his answer was always the same three words.

"Enough! We can only wait and see how things unfold! But once that girl is found, if she wants to come back to live here, you'd better take good care of her," said the old master to his daughter-in-law.

"I know I need to take good care of her. She is pregnant now, and no matter how heartless I am, I couldn't possibly argue with her at this time, could I?"

Feng Fanghua didn't think she was particularly unreasonable. Why did her father-in-law see her as such a bad woman?

"Call my grandson and tell him to come home for dinner later," ordered the old master.

"Okay!"

Feng Fanghua truly felt relieved at the old master's words; she was really worried about her silly son. She had been shamelessly visiting his company recently to see him, distressed at how thin he had become.

When Mu Yichen came home in the evening, Mu Zihao also returned from outside, so he waited by the car for his son to approach, and they walked in together.

"Any news from Mumu?"

Mu Zihao asked as they walked.

"No!"

Mu Yichen's dark eyes looked ahead, void of warmth.

"Are you really without news, or do you not want to tell?"

Mu Zihao stopped him at the door, and Mu Yichen turned to look at his father, a helpless wry smile on his face: "You really are my father!"

Mu Zihao involuntarily let go, raising his eyebrows in understanding as he grasped the meaning behind those words.

Chapter 504: Mommy, it's Daddy_2

"Let's go!"

Mu Yichen stood to one side, waiting for Qin Mu to enter first before following him inside.

After they returned, they washed their hands in the restroom and went directly to the dining room, where Feng Fanghua was already sitting with the old man.

The old man looked up to see his son and grandson return and showed a face full of satisfaction, "Where did you two bump into each other?"

"At the entrance!"

Mu Zihao sat down and casually responded.

"I thought you weren't planning on coming back today, you rascal."

The old man then lifted his gaze to his beloved grandson sitting across from him.

"How could I not come back when you summon me?"

Mu Yichen picked up his wine glass, took a small sip, then licked his lips in compliment.

"Hmph! If only you were that obedient!"

The old man glanced at him and then picked up his chopsticks to eat.

Feng Fanghua had a stomach full of questions but didn't know where to start, and she was worried that asking might spoil her son's appetite, so she held back.

Mu Yichen wasn't unaware of what Feng Fanghua wanted to ask, so he didn't look at her while eating. He just quietly ate his meal, drank his wine, and even accompanied his grandfather for two shots of the clear liquor.

Feng Fanghua wanted to persuade him out of concern, but the old man gently pressed her hand down, signaling her not to interfere.

After Mu Yichen finished drinking, he said with a low chuckle, "I will sleep at home tonight!"

"I'll have someone change the bed sheets for you later; it's been a while since they've been changed!"

"No need!"

Feng Fanghua nodded eagerly, about to instruct the housekeeper to change the bedding when Mu Yichen immediately refused, and his gaze swiftly shifted to the maid with a cold indifference.

The maid, frightened, dared not move any further, and Feng Fanghua's eyes also paused for a moment before nodding, "Alright, if you say there's no need, then there's no need!"

Mu Zihao exchanged a knowing glance with the old man, aware of the reason for his nephew's refusal and sighed helplessly in his heart.

Later, after having his fill of drink and feeling a headache, he went upstairs to sleep.

It was as though the moment he returned to that room, he could smell the perfume she used to wear.

The room seemed to retain everything about her; he walked wearily over, one hand unbuttoning his shirt as he sat at the end of the bed and looked despondently at the sofa in front of him.

He actually saw her sitting quietly there, drawing. When she was inspired, her drawing was incredibly fast; he could hear the intimate friction between the pen tip and the paper.

His eyes gradually became dry, and he lowered them slightly before snapping back to reality.

How could she still be in this room?

Remembering the morning they met in a strange place and then the sudden appearance of Yang Qianxi, she probably never wanted to see him again.

Lately, he always felt so tired, like a walking corpse.

Each night was mysterious, calculated, but after he knew the truth, he just wanted to quietly resolve the matter.

Everyone had their grudges to settle and he didn't believe those who wanted to ruin their marital bliss would end well.

Indeed, retribution began with Yang Qianxi!

Indeed, retribution manifested quickly on a person.

He was keeping his temper in check, trying to stay calm and waiting. Once this sick revenge started, it wouldn't end until everyone involved got their just deserts.

As for Jing Qing, it was better she didn't show up now, at least she was safe!

He just wanted to see her, but suddenly she didn't want to go out.

His biggest worry was that she would shut herself away again. Although Huanhuan was now with him, he was still concerned.

Late at night, he lay in the bed they had once shared and dialed her number, listening to the continuous ringing without hearing it picked up.

Yet, he felt extremely happy.

Waiting was always torturous, but this time, he found it enjoyable.

Hearing no response was better than hearing the cruel words of a breakup.

Mu Yichen was actually quite afraid of her saying "break up"—truly afraid.

The next day, Mu Yichen went to work. Qiao Yi came to his office, noticeably nervous, "Jing Qing tampered with her car by herself."

"Hmm!"

He was calm, as if he had known all along.

Qiao Yi, however, grew more nervous and even agitated, "Did you ask me to tell her that so she would do this?"

"I thought you knew from the start!"

This time, Mu Yichen lifted his eyes, his dark gaze shooting straight at him.

Qiao Yi felt his heart lurch.

He should've guessed it, but he didn't think Jing Qing would act so rashly. At worst, he imagined, she would just curse out that woman and then force her to leave Rongcheng for good, but never to such an extreme.

Chapter 505: Mommy, it's Daddy_3

"Will she go to prison?"

Qiao Yi's arms were shaking slightly as he thought over and over, and then he asked Mu Yichen with a headache.

"That's her business! Since she dared to do it, she naturally prepared herself to face the consequences. If you truly care about her, then don't interfere with anything."

"Yichen, you're being too cruel!"

Qiao Yi said to him with furrowed brows, his emotions somewhat out of control.

Mu Yichen had just lowered his eyes to look at a document. When he heard that sentence, he immediately lifted his gaze again, but it was a cold and deadly stare.

"Qiao Yi, has love clouded your judgment?"

Mu Yichen couldn't help asking him sternly.

Qiao Yi just stared at him intensely but couldn't say a word.

Mu Yichen then lowered his head to work again, and Qiao Yi left with a huff, turning around and going out.

Secretary Xi was startled by the slam of the door and looked up, holding her glasses, only to see Qiao Yi exiting with a dark face.

"Assistant Qin!"

Secretary Xi called out, but he didn't turn his head.

Secretary Xi...

Having no idea what had happened and not daring to ask, Secretary Xi lowered her head back to her work.

After leaving the company, Qiao Yi immediately called Jing Qing: "Where are you?"

"At the apartment, why?"

"I'm coming to see you right now!"

Qiao Yi, in a hurry, blurted out a sentence and hung up the phone, then headed to the parking lot to drive off.

Later, Mu Yichen received a message from Zhao Huai: "Where did Brother Qin go?"

Mu Yichen glanced at it but didn't respond. He knew that Qiao Yi had gone to find Jing Qing. Over the years, Qiao Yi had always been struggling with his own feelings, but in the end, he couldn't let her go.

So, why bother wasting these years?

With nothing better to do and having not received any message from Mu Yichen, Zhao Huai followed the trail of Qiao Yi's car. He truly didn't expect him to go to Jing Qing's apartment. According to what Zhao Huai knew of him, in all these years he hadn't set foot in that apartment alone.

Zhao Huai's car was parked outside, and as he saw Qiao Yi's car enter the complex, he leaned against it, smoking. He was curious to see how long his Brother Qin could stay inside.

Qiao Yi knocked on the door, and when Jing Qing saw him, she was furiously angry but still immediately pulled him inside: "Come in quickly!"

"Why are you so nervous?"

"Didn't you notice the paparazzi outside?"

Jing Qing asked him breathlessly, as if he had committed the greatest error under heaven.

"Nope!"

But when Qiao Yi came in, the corridor was empty, not even a ghost in sight.

Jing Qing looked at him incredulously but trusted his intuition enough to believe him.

"You should stay indoors as much as possible recently and not accept any interviews."

Qiao Yi warned her anxiously.

"Why?"

The two stood in the living room, arguing vehemently.

"Why? If Yang Qianxi is dead, it's still okay, but if she's alive, do you think she won't suspect that you tampered with the car yourself?"

Qiao Yi questioned her urgently.

"She dares?"

Jing Qing turned her head toward the window and walked over; she felt a heaviness in her chest and became irritable every time this subject came up.

"What makes her think she can't? You think you're the only one who can make sacrifices? Xiaoqing, stop everything else. Otherwise, go abroad, or from now on live quietly as the second young lady of the Jing Family."

"Qiao Yi, what gives you the right to decide my life?"

Jing Qing turned around and looked at him with cold eyes as she asked lightly.

"I decide your life? How dare I decide your life? If it weren't for all I've done these years—I'm begging you, do you really intend to ruin yourself?"

Qiao Yi felt he had truly exhausted every effort, but it seemed he just couldn't get through to her.

"I ruin myself? Even if I'm forced to ruin myself, I'll do it after destroying those who keep me from happiness."

Jing Qing's voice rose; she was genuinely angry to hear Qiao Yi lecture her as if he were an advisor.

She hated that Qiao Yi wanted to restrain her, to control her.

"You already caused Yichen and Qin Mu to break up. What more do you want? Yang Qianxi is still lying in the hospital unable to move. Isn't that enough?"

Qiao Yi questioned her again.

"Not enough, of course it's not enough! This is still far from what I want!"

Jing Qing suddenly laughed, and even the most beautiful clothes lost their appeal on her at that moment.

"It seems I need to have a talk with the Jing Family's old master!"

Seeing that she was so obstinate, Qiao Yi nodded as if to admit that his efforts to persuade her had ultimately failed, and with those words, he turned and walked outside.

"Wait! You're not allowed to go see my grandfather."

Jing Qing hurriedly ran forward and blocked the door.

Qiao Yi looked down at her standing guard in the doorway, his heart twisting suddenly at the sight of the numerous red veins in her eyes.

"Then promise me, stay here quietly and wait for this to blow over, okay?"

Qiao Yi's eyebrows knitted slightly as he spoke in a low and gentle voice, attempting to persuade her.

"Fine! I promise! But you're not allowed to go see my grandfather!"

Qiao Yi nodded, hearing her finally relent.

Jing Qing hung her head for a long time, then asked him, "Is there still no word from Qin Mu?"

"No, Yichen has been searching for her all along."

Only then did Jing Qing let Qiao Yi leave. After he went downstairs, he was still somewhat confused. As he drove out and saw Zhao Huai standing there fiddling with a lighter, with a cigarette in his other hand, he stopped the car: "Why did you follow me?"

"Xiaomu isn't around, and Brother Yichen hasn't assigned me any other tasks!"

Zhao Huai said somewhat boredly, slipping the lighter into his pocket.

"Let's go; we still have to leave for a business trip this afternoon!"

Qiao Yi nodded and then left first.

Zhao Huai followed behind him, glanced at the time on his wristwatch—barely more than half an hour had passed—and thought to himself that certainly it wasn't for that reason.

Zhao Huai didn't understand why Qiao Yi was so fixated on Jing Qing; he clearly felt that Qiao Yi was sometimes annoyed by her, but at other times, it seemed he cared about her particularly.

— —

"Mommy, come and see, the flowers are blooming!"

In a certain residence by the warm window, Huanhuan dragged Qin Mu over to stand in front of the pot of begonias, happily pointing out the blooming begonia flower to her.

Qin Mu looked down at the flower blooming so vibrantly but gently stroked her daughter's hair.

The phone suddenly rang, and she, dressed in a plain, comfortable dress, turned her head to look at the phone.

Hearing it, Huanhuan immediately ran to the sofa, grabbed the phone, and turned to Qin Mu: "Mommy, it's Daddy!"

Chapter 506: Long time no see_1

He often called, but he would hang up before she could answer each time.

Qin Mu thought he probably felt the same way as her!

She hadn't been out for a long time, just stayed at home watering the plants and tending to the fish. When she had some free time, she learned to braid little Huanhuan's hair, her head full of braids.

Huanhuan was always very patient, sitting in front of Qin Mu letting her do her hair, while she would braid her Barbie doll's hair. Of course, it could only end up in a tangled mess, then she would look up with puckered lips at her beloved mom.

— —

That night, Qin Mingzhu went back to get some things, thinking that if her father asked, she would say she was getting things and stay if the weather was bad, then that would count as a visit home.

But when she returned home and saw the scene inside, she was completely stunned.

The two females, one big and one small, sitting on the sofa, weren't they the ones she had — —

Qin Mingzhu's mouth hung open and she couldn't utter a word for a while, only approaching slowly.

"Miss is back!"

The auntie came out of the kitchen with food, and after seeing Qin Mingzhu, she asked.

The two on the sofa who were reading turned their heads towards the door, then stared at Qin Mingzhu's contorted face.

Qin Mu put down the book in her hand and held her breath as she watched her step forward, step by step.

"Why are you in my house?"

Qin Mingzhu quickened her last few steps, walked around to face Qin Mu, and asked with a frown, raising her hand.

"Are you sure this is still your house?"

Qin Mu's features remained delicate, her gaze devoid of ripples, as she calmly asked a question.

"If this isn't my house, is it yours?"

Qin Mingzhu pressed hard with anger in her voice, then her eyes suddenly widened and with a tremble, she moved forward a bit more: "I know now, you came back to Rongcheng just to wait for today, right? You've done everything to drive my mom and me out and then moved in with that dead child, you are so terrifying!"

Qin Mingzhu accused, thinking she had figured everything out.

"Mommy!"

Huanhuan, saddened by being called a dead child, tugged at her mother's hand.

Qin Mu looked down at her: "It's okay! Go play with Grandma!"

Qin Mu whispered, then turned her eyes toward the auntie who stood aside.

The auntie stepped forward and picked up Huanhuan to take her inside.

Qin Mu then turned her gaze back to her: "Don't talk nonsense in front of children. She is a flower of our country, she doesn't deserve to be defiled by your words."

"You— then take her and leave, get out of my house, and I won't say anything about her."

Qin Mingzhu stuttered, then said to her again.

"Why are you so flustered?"

Qin Mu observed her trembling hands and couldn't help asking with curiosity.

"I—I'm unwell! Yes, I'm unwell!"

Qin Mingzhu's eyes flickered and then she nodded vigorously in agreement.

"Who's unwell?"

The man of the house had finished his work in the study upstairs and had come down and heard his younger daughter's voice.

"Dad! Dad, I missed you so much!"

Qin Mingzhu turned and immediately ran over to embrace him, hugging him and starting to cry pitifully.

Qin Haiming instinctively looked at the other daughter standing by the sofa.

"Didn't I tell you never to come back?"

"But I missed you! I'm your daughter, no matter what, you can't abandon me."

Qin Mingzhu clung to him even tighter.

"Stop making a child's tantrum. If I tell you to leave, you leave, okay?"

"I won't leave! Why can she stay here and I can't? I'm also your daughter; you can't be biased."

As Qin Mu listened to Qin Mingzhu, she glanced at her father's troubled appearance, then circled around him and went upstairs.

Qin Haiming frowned worriedly: "Mingzhu, behave yourself for a while, and after some time, I'll ask you to come back. Be good and listen to me this time, okay?"

Qin Haiming looked at his daughter seriously.

Qin Mingzhu looked up at him: "It's all because of her, isn't it? Dad, can't you see clearly? From the very beginning, it's all been a play directed and acted by herself. She's taking revenge for my mom and me replacing her. She purposely came to stir discord in our relationship, to ruin our family."

"It's not as grave as you make it out to be. Besides, it's Qin Mu who needs her father the most right now, and Dad can't neglect her."

"I don't care; if she stays here, I am staying too!"

Seeing that her father was so determined to kick her out for Qin Mu's sake, Qin Mingzhu released him and ran upstairs.

Qin Mu's room had been tidied up by Zhang Rujia during her stay. Afterward, only the bed sheets and such were changed. After Qin Mu returned to her room, the auntie brought Huanhuan to find her: "Eldest Miss, the younger Miss seems to have settled in; she just ran to her own room."

Chapter 507: Long time no see_2

"Mmm!"

Qin Mu calmly agreed with a nod and when he looked up and saw how tense the aunt was, he gave her a grateful smile.

The aunt said anxiously, "That girl is capable of anything, you should stay away from her now that you're pregnant."

"Okay! I'll definitely keep my distance from her!"

Qin Mu agreed, but in his heart, he was already thinking of leaving.

Once Qin Mingzhu knew he was here, then soon everyone else would know too.

And since their store was about to open, he couldn't hide even if he wanted to.

Having not seen him for nearly two months, Qin Mu thought maybe it wasn't necessary to hide anymore. Now wasn't the best time to leave Rongcheng, so he might as well meet up!

Qin Mu packed his luggage that very night. He went to Qin Haiming's room to say goodbye. Qin Haiming asked him, "Is there no room for discussion?"

Qin Mu didn't speak, just shook his head.

"Have I ever asked you about anything since you moved in?"

Qin Mu didn't speak, and indeed, he hadn't.

"If you don't want to talk, I won't force you, Mumu. I just hope I can do whatever I can for you."

"I really did trouble you a lot during this time!"

Qin Mu nodded to him, then stepped out the door.

Qin Haiming wanted to stop him but knew his temperament was much like his own; once he decided on something, not even eight bulls could pull him back, so he didn't try to stop him.

Qin Mu and Huanhuan dragged their luggage out of the room and walked towards the staircase when Qin Mingzhu, who had just finished her shower, came out and blocked their way.

"Hey! Are you trying to escape?"

Qin Mingzhu stood at the top of the stairs blocking his path and looked down at the luggage in his hand.

"Please move aside!"

"I won't move. How do I know you haven't sneaked any antiques or any valuable items from our family into your suitcase?"

Qin Mu furrowed his brow at her raging demeanor and retorted, "Do you think everyone is as unclean as you?"

Qin Mu asked.

"What did you say?"

"I said, do you think everyone is as dirty as you?"

"If you've got the guts, open up your suitcase. I want to see whether you packed it or not."

Huanhuan, holding Qin Mu's hand and seeing Qin Mingzhu roll up her sleeves as if she was going to hit her mother, clung tightly to her Barbie doll and pushed it towards Qin Mingzhu.

Qin Mingzhu, still in her high-heeled slippers, felt an assault on her lower abdomen. Instinctively covering it, she lost her balance and toppled over backward.

Qin Mingzhu's instinct was to grab Huanhuan.

Qin Mu quickly grabbed Huanhuan's hand and pulled her into his arms. Mother and daughter stood upstairs watching Qin Mingzhu tumble down the stairs, emitting a horrific cry.

Huanhuan, nervous, leaned into Qin Mu's chest, clinging tightly to him.

Qin Mu also held Huanhuan close, watching Qin Mingzhu fall and thinking she wouldn't die, at worst she might be disabled.

But unexpectedly, she curled up on the ground, clutching her stomach and groaning in pain.

The aunt ran out from the first floor, took a startled look at the person on the ground, and after a long pause, she ran over, "Miss, are you alright?"

"My stomach hurts so much!"

Qin Mingzhu's weak voice.

Qin Mu slowly rose to his feet and watching the scene below, suddenly feeling uneasy.

Huanhuan might have caused a disaster!

Qin Mu, holding Huanhuan, went down the stairs, then told the aunt, "Call an ambulance first!"

"Okay!"

The aunt, looking at the situation, couldn't keep calm anymore. It wasn't until Qin Mu came down and told her to call an ambulance that she shakily got up to make the call.

Qin Mu looked at the little girl in his arms, covered Huanhuan's eyes, then with her in his arms, he strode outside.

Qin Hai stepped out of his room and upon seeing his younger daughter lying on the ground, he too went down the stairs with heavy steps, "What happened?"

"The young miss had an accident falling from upstairs, it seems!"

The aunt said anxiously.

Qin Hai asked, "Where's the eldest miss?"

"The eldest miss just took Huanhuan and left!"

Qin Hai had a bad feeling that this might be related to Qin Mu.

"Dad, it was Qin Mu who pushed me, Dad..."

Qin Mingzhu, while clutching her stomach and speaking weakly to him, had her white dress already stained red with blood.

Qin Hai frowned at her and inadvertently noticed the tall slippers on her feet.

He had warned her about not wearing such high slippers at home, yet she didn't listen.

And her body, why was it bleeding?

When Zhang Rujia arrived at the hospital later, she looked hysterical, her face pale; seeing the man standing outside the ward made her rush over immediately, "Husband!"

Chapter 508: Long time no see_3

Qin Haiming turned to look at her, his eyes cold.

"What have you been doing with her lately?"

Qin Haiming asked her in a cold tone.

"What? What do you mean? What do you mean by 'what have I been doing with her'? What's wrong with our daughter? I called home and was told by the nanny that she fell down the stairs. How could she fall down the stairs in her own house?"

Zhang Rujia asked him with a nervous look in her eyes.

"Your precious daughter, she's pregnant!"

Qin Haiming ignored her subsequent words, just responding to the initial ones, his face turning green with anger.

"What?"

Zhang Rujia's hand, which had been grabbing his clothes, suddenly let go, looking at him in disbelief, her eyes gradually becoming empty.

"Didn't I tell you to keep a close eye on her? Can you even understand what I'm saying?"

Qin Haiming angrily looked at her and questioned again.

"How could that be? She's with me every day..."

Zhang Rujia tried to refute, but then she suddenly remembered the night her daughter did not come home, and afterwards, Qin Mingzhu mentioned going to the hospital. Zhang Rujia, anxious, turned around again and grabbed his arm, "Husband, could the hospital have made a mistake? How could she be pregnant?"

"Hmph! Go ask her yourself!"

Qin Haiming shook her off and stood aside, asking indifferently.

Only then did Zhang Rujia remember her daughter in the hospital room, and she pushed the door and walked in.

Qin Mingzhu was sobbing softly, as if she had been greatly wronged.

"Mingzhu, your father said you're pregnant, is it true?"

Zhang Rujia asked her in a hushed voice, she could hardly believe that her carefully raised daughter would get pregnant, especially when she had no partner. Whose child was it?

"Mom! It wasn't on purpose, please don't be angry, okay? Besides, the child is already gone, I—"

"Who said the child is gone?"

Qin Haiming entered the room and looked at the girl crying on the bed.

Qin Mingzhu shrank back in fright at the sound of his voice: "Dad!"

"Whose child is this?"

"This—I, I don't know!"

Qin Mingzhu had the name on the tip of her tongue, but she dared not say it.

"What's the matter with you, still not speaking up? Do you want to drive me to my grave? Tell me right now, when did this happen? Whose child is it? Or were you... outside?"

"I didn't, I didn't!"

Qin Mingzhu shook her head incessantly.

"Didn't? Then how did this child come to be?"

Qin Haiming saw right through the evasiveness in Qin Mingzhu's eyes. The more she tried to hide something, the easier it was for her eyes to betray her.

"I—The child is already gone, isn't it? Let's not discuss it anymore, it's just a nightmare, right, a nightmare!"

Qin Mingzhu curled up on the bed, continuously comforting herself. She didn't even dare to look at her parents again, just nervously shrinking under the blankets, muttering to herself in the end.

"The child is still there!"

Qin Haiming reiterated that statement again.

Qin Mingzhu then looked up again, staring at him in disbelief.

The child is still there?

How could it still be there?

Falling from such a high staircase, she felt her legs had been injured, how could it still be there?

And so much blood had been shed!

Qin Mingzhu kept shaking her head, "No, the child must be gone by now, definitely gone!"

"You seem to really hope that this child doesn't survive?"

Qin Haiming suddenly made this startling discovery, his precious daughter was such a ruthless girl, she actually wanted to terminate that little life.

But if that was the case, why did she get pregnant in the first place?

"Mingzhu, what on earth happened? Just spit it out!"

Zhang Rujia was also getting anxious, she had been hoping that her daughter would marry into a good family to better her life, but who knew her precious daughter had gotten herself pregnant with someone outside.

"Mom! Please stop asking, I can't tell, I really can't!"

Tears incessantly welled up in Qin Mingzhu's anxious eyes.

"You might hide it temporarily, but not for a lifetime, if you don't speak up, I will investigate it myself!"

Qin Haiming turned and left as he spoke.

"Dad—, do you care so much about this matter because you're worried I'll disgrace you? What about Qin Mu pushing me down the stairs, then?"

"How did she push you down the stairs? And why would she do that, once I figure that out, whichever of you owes the other an explanation, I will make sure you give each other that explanation."

Qin Haiming left after leaving those words behind.

But as he reached the door, he couldn't help but pause: "Don't let her go anywhere during this time, make sure she rests well in the apartment."

"I understand!"

Zhang Rujia responded quietly.

Qin Haiming left.

Zhang Rujia looked down at her daughter and couldn't help but give her a hard pat on the back: "What on earth is going on?"

"Mom, you're so annoying, just stop asking, ok?"

Qin Mingzhu irritably covered herself with the blanket.

Having rolled down from such a height and still having her child, after losing so much blood, how was the baby preserved?

Meanwhile, Qin Mu took a cab with Huanhuan to Xiaomei's apartment, Xiaomei held Huanhuan and wanted Qin Mu to come in as well, but Qin Mu stood outside and said, "You take care of her for now, give her to Mu Yichen if you see him tomorrow."

"What about you?"

"There are some things I haven't figured out yet, I must understand them."

Latter, Qin Mu took a cab to Qin Haiming's place, where Qin Haiming had just returned from the hospital, and father and daughter ran into each other.

After getting out of the car, Qin Mu joined Qin Haiming in his car and asked worriedly, "How is Qin Mingzhu doing?"

"She almost had a miscarriage, but now she's fine, where's Huanhuan?"

He asked in return, sounding weary.

"I took her to my friend's place, she shouldn't see certain things. Huanhuan pushed her a bit, but..."

"How could Huanhuan possibly push such a big person like her?"

Sitting side by side, father and daughter, Qin Haiming asked slowly.

"So, you suspect this incident is..."

"At first, I thought it was you who accidentally pushed her down the stairs, but then at the hospital, I discovered..."

Qin Haiming trailed off and shook his head, while Qin Mu looked at him, somewhat moved.

Just then, a light suddenly shone on the back of their car, Qin Mu turned to look.

She knew that car all too well!

Chapter 509: Together Again_1

He stepped out of the car, standing by it in a light-colored coat, patiently waiting.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked back, her heartbeat noticeably quickening.

Witnessing her sudden change, Qin Haiming couldn't help frowning. "What on earth is going on between you two?"

Qin Mu didn't speak but intertwined her hands tightly together.

"Mumu! Mu Yichen hasn't bothered you these days, but he's been waiting for you," Qin Haiming reminded her.

Only then did Qin Mu glance at him slightly. Qin Haiming sighed faintly, "Although I don't know what happened between you two, considering the recent news—and the fact you were even able to stay at

my place—have a proper talk with him. No matter what, your dad is willing to be your safe haven, but that man is the one you'll rely on for the rest of your life."

"What if I told you I've also had thoughts of suicide—what would you think?"

Qin Mu stared straight at the man next to her and asked.

Qin Haiming's hand on his leg visibly shook, and his gaze turned anxious.

"Mumu!"

He seemed to understand something.

Qin Mu's lips moved slightly, then she got out of the car.

Qin Haiming's car eventually left the place. Qin Mu turned to look at the man next to that car, who had already lit a cigarette.

Qin Mu turned decisively and walked toward him. Mu Yichen didn't put out his cigarette but simply looked at her after taking a puff, with a gaze that was both cool and indifferent, yet somewhat refreshing.

He just watched her quietly, as if he had a thousand words to say but swallowed them all back down. He seemed unable to open his mouth to speak and took another harsh drag of his cigarette to suppress the wicked feelings in his heart.

Perhaps, neither of them knew how to speak to each other.

Qin Mu observed his exquisitely handsome features that now looked cold enough to chill someone's heart, so she lowered her head. The taxi from earlier had long since gone, and she turned to walk east.

Mu Yichen took another puff of his cigarette, then, with apparent concern, followed after her.

The night was so frightening. He quickly caught up with her within a few steps and firmly grabbed her wrist. "Where are you going?"

At his anxious voice, Qin Mu felt a warmth in her eyes and suddenly stopped, unable to move or look up again.

"Come with me!"

He grasped her hand, refusing to let go, intending to take her back to the car.

"That day..."

"I don't care!"

Qin Mu didn't move, just lowered her head, steadfastly wanting to tell him what had happened that day.

Mu Yichen interrupted her in time, his stern voice conveying that he didn't care.

Qin Mu didn't know why she suddenly felt like laughing and disbelief raised her eyes to look at him, "You really don't care?"

She didn't believe it.

She was sure he didn't either.

What kind of person was Mu Yichen?

Stubborn, cold-blooded, how could he stand someone else touching his belongings?

"I have no choice!"

His piercing gaze met hers, a determined "no choice" causing Qin Mu to choke up involuntarily.

They both had no choice.

"I'm fine, there's no need for you to worry!"

She pushed his hand away and told him stubbornly, keeping her head down.

Mu Yichen watched her with lowered eyes, a gust of wind blew by, and he felt as if half of his face had swollen.

"Do you—because you care?"

"Yes! I care!"

His eyes suddenly showed shock and disappointment, and he suddenly thought that she cared that he had slept with another woman.

And sure enough, Qin Mu's answer was just as he thought.

It felt as if his heart had been swiftly slashed by a sharp blade, gashing out a long wound that immediately bled profusely.

"I can pretend that nothing happened, but I can't face you!"

Qin Mu looked at him, and her words were not harsh or pretentious, they were just merciless.

"So we should break up? Just let those damned people win?"

He raised his hand in anger, frowning and starting to argue with her.

"No! They don't have the right to win!"

Qin Mu replied softly to him, her gaze both cold and calm, then she turned to leave.

In that moment, Mu Yichen found himself without the strength to follow her, just standing there as if his feet were nailed to the ground, his dry eyes fixated on the direction she was leaving, watching her silhouette grow more distant.

Finally, she was willing to leave that house, but not for him.

The next day, Qin Mu went to the studio. Everything seemed to have returned to normal. She worked on drawings in the office with dedication, while Huanhuan ran up and down the stairs.

When Xiaomei went out on errands and received some promotional flyers for a kindergarten, she brought them back to Qin Mu's office for her to see. Qin Mu only glanced at them casually before ignoring them completely.

Chapter 510: Together Again_2

.....

"Don't you want Huanhuan to go to kindergarten and make new friends? She's already over three years old!"

"I currently have no plans for her to attend kindergarten, not to mention we're strangers in a foreign land here."

Qin Mu's response was indifferent.

Xiaomei was shocked to hear the phrase "strangers in a foreign land" but then thought there might be some truth to it.

Indeed, they were strangers in a foreign land.

While the two of them were chatting, someone suddenly knocked on the office door. Xiaomei curiously glanced at the door and then went to open it, expecting it to be a colleague. However...

"You are..."

"Wang Mingyu, I'm looking for Qin Mu!"

He politely stated his name.

When Qin Mu heard that voice and name, her hand trembled while drawing, her sharp apricot eyes lifted for a moment, but soon lowered again. She just folded the paper she was working on, crumpled it, and threw it into the trash can.

Xiaomei didn't know what this handsome man wanted, she simply instinctively turned her head to look at Qin Mu.

But the expression Xiaomei saw on Qin Mu's face did not seem to welcome the handsome man.

"Um, Qinqin..."

"I'm not available for visitors right now!"

"You must see me!"

Qin Mu coldly declined, but before Xiaomei had a chance to convey the message, she was pushed aside. Wang Mingyu walked in on his own, and with equal seriousness, told her that she must see him.

Qin Mu was unwilling to lift her eyes to look at him, "It seems I have no business dealings with Young Master Wang."

"But we have private dealings!"

"I'm at work right now, please wait for any private matter until after work."

Qin Mu lowered her head and took a new sheet of paper to draw on.

Xiaomei stood by the door, unsure whether to stay or leave.

"Could this lady please leave us for a moment?"

Wang Mingyu turned his head and spoke to Xiaomei at the door.

Xiaomei nodded, took another look at Qin Mu, and then quietly stepped out, feeling like they needed some private space.

Although Qin Mu didn't stop Xiaomei from leaving.

As soon as Xiaomei left, she couldn't help but eavesdrop at the door.

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at Wang Mingyu, "If you've come because of what happened that morning, I think there's really no need for this visit."

"But you and Mu Yichen separated because of what happened that morning."

"The separation is a private matter between me and Mu Yichen, not because of you."

"I don't believe it!"

He laughed, saying as he held his waist with both hands, "I went to find Mu Yichen, I wanted him to tell me where you were, Qin Mu—"

"If Young Master Wang really knew how much trouble he has caused others, he wouldn't reappear at a time like this in their sight, right?"

Qin Mu suddenly put down the pen in her hand, her hands involuntarily went through her long hair holding her head, her voice very low.

"But what exactly happened that night? Why did you..."

Wang Mingyu couldn't resist asking her out of curiosity.

"Why did I? I was just going to find my man, how was I to know I'd be knocked out with a club the moment I got there, how was I to know that when I opened my eyes again I'd be lying in bed with an unfamiliar man, Young Master Wang, do you understand what I'm saying now?"

Qin Mu looked at him again, since it had come to this, she wasn't afraid to speak out.

Wang Mingyu frowned, "I saw Yang Qianxi with Mu Yichen, and later Mu Yichen probably went after you, Yang Qianxi told me that she saw me enter your room, and then..."

As Qin Mu heard Yang Qianxi's name, she questioned him with a look, "Who did you say told you?"

"Yang Qianxi!"

Qin Mu's gaze unintentionally drifted elsewhere; suddenly, she felt like the incident also had something to do with Yang Qianxi.

Was Yang Qianxi really just a simple victim, or was the incident masterminded by Jing Qing, or was there another conspiracy?

"You should know her, she seems to be another case of drunken promiscuity!—"

"There seem to be far too many instances of drunken promiscuity amongst you!"

Qin Mu could not stand those messy excuses, but after she cut Wang Mingyu off, she raised her eyes again to look at him, "Why were you at that guesthouse that night?"

"My brother asked me to have drinks!"

"Wang Huanyu?"

In Qin Mu's mind, a time bomb seemed to finally explode with a loud bang.

Yang Qianxi and Jing Qing, Wang Huanyu and...

Qin Mingzhu!

No wonder Qin Mingzhu trembled with excitement when she saw her yesterday. It turns out it wasn't simply because Qin Mingzhu was worried about losing her position—it was also because...

More than a month had passed!

Qin Mu felt like an idiot for only now piecing together the series of events; it was clearly a coordinated act by those people.