

His Beloved Treasure

#Chapter 11 Deserters_1 - Read His Beloved Treasure Chapter 11 Deserters_1

Chapter 11 - 11 Deserters_1

Some things can still be bought back when lost, but some things, once lost, can never be found again.

"Will you come back for your mother's death anniversary? Auntie will send someone to pick you up, ok?"

Qin Mu nodded smilingly as she got out of the car to say goodbye and then turned to walk inside.

"Go and walk her in," Mu Yichen's mother instructed the driver, who had been driving, after she left. He nodded and got out of the car to follow her.

Mu Yichen failed to get through to her phone all day and didn't attend the evening's engagements, feeling annoyed and agitated as he returned home to look for her.

All the lights in the room were off and his heart crazily pounded with the premonition that she had already left.

"Qin Mu!"

He pushed open the bedroom door, one hand supporting the doorframe and the other reaching for the wall, accidentally touching the switch. The light flicked on, revealing a clean bed and a quiet room as if no one had ever been there.

The punch, whether fueled by anger or urgency, struck the switch harshly, plunging the room back into darkness.

After a while, he came out and dialed Jing Qing's number, "You saw Qin Mu today."

"No, I've been on set all day."

Mu Yichen hung up the call and then drove aimlessly around, knowing he wasn't going to find her that night.

The car finally stopped at the airport. Watching people go in and come out, he knew she had left.

He suddenly mocked himself internally, but in the end, just clenched his jaw and turned his head to look in another direction.

The car swiftly turned around and headed back to the city, the night deepening.

As soon as Qin Mu got off the plane, she returned to the apartment. As she opened the door, she heard the sounds of toys and children running. As she closed the door and turned around, she saw the little girl with four pigtails.

Little Huanhuan suddenly stopped in her tracks, looking at her excitedly but unable to open her mouth to call out to her.

Xiaomei was holding a color-changing dinosaur toy, playing chase with her. Coming out, she was also startled to see Qin Mu, "Sister Qin, is that really you?"

"Who else would it be?"

Qin Mu smiled helplessly and then put down her bag to kneel and slowly embrace her daughter tightly.

"Baby, did you miss Mommy?"

Huanhuan was still in a daze, just staring at her foolishly, as if unsure how to express her feelings, and also a bit nervous.

Qin Mu held her for a long while before things felt familiar again. Xiaomei came out from inside with a bowl of noodles, "You should eat something first, how come you suddenly came back without even a call?"

"The timing was just right, so I came back," Qin Mu answered calmly, then set her daughter aside to comfort her for a while before starting to eat the noodles.

"So, you and Mr. Mu... I mean, have you two settled things?"

"Settled what?" She took a bite of her noodles and looked up sharply at the girl sitting opposite her.

Xiaomei suddenly closed her mouth and shook her head vigorously.

"I haven't even settled the score with you yet. You and Mu Yichen agreed on this, didn't you? You did it on purpose, not bringing me back."

"Not at all, it was Master..."

Xiaomei spoke too quickly and immediately covered her mouth with her hand, forcibly.

Qin Mu looked up at her, her eyes flashing with a touch of helplessness before she lowered her head to eat her noodles again.

Actually, she had anticipated it. The master chose his hotel for the show presumably not because of the hotel's fame. They must have known each other for a long time.

"Huanhuan, is she Mr. Mu's daughter?"

Xiaomei tried again, having not noticed before, but after meeting Mu Yichen, she came back and discovered this immense secret – father and daughter had particularly similar eyes, those long eyelashes, and a certain charm in their expressions.

Qin Mu choked on her noodles and, while Xiaomei waited for an answer, she set down her bowl and coughed her way to the restroom.

Little Huanhuan clutched her Barbie tightly, her eyes seemingly saying: Mommy is acting strange.

But the child was not yet skilled in speech, only watching with that unusual look as her mother left.

"Your mommy is definitely avoiding the topic on purpose."

Little Huanhuan suddenly burst into laughter.

That evening, after Xiaomei finally gained the freedom to go out and unwind, Qin Mu and Huanhuan had dinner and lay in bed gazing up at the night sky.

It was the year she became pregnant that she suddenly changed her mind and started taking on skincare and perfume advertisements. Discovered by a talent scout at eighteen while walking down the street, she was quite nervous about the big changes unfolding in her life. Thankfully, she did not disappoint the scout over those two years.

She did it for Huanhuan; she didn't want Huanhuan to live in that cramped house of hers.

It was Huanhuan who gave her the motivation, renewing her expectations for life.

After taking on a few advertisements and earning some money, she immediately moved to a new house, so Huanhuan had been living there since she was born.

Gentle apricot eyes flickered, suddenly remembering the phone in her bag had been off the entire time.

It wasn't until Huanhuan was nearly asleep that she turned it on. Huanhuan sat up from the bed, her spirited eyes fixed on the direction her mother had returned from.

Seeing several calls from Mu Yichen and Jing Qing on her phone, Qin Mu looked up to find her daughter anxiously watching her, as if afraid she would leave again.

"Huanhuan seemed to have just fallen asleep, didn't she? It seems Mommy was fooled."

She climbed back onto the bed and lay down with her daughter, who quietly wrapped her little hands around her chest and nestled her small head in her embrace.

"Huanhuan, would you like to have a daddy?"

Her hand gently stroked her daughter's hair as she softly asked.

Huanhuan didn't speak, as if she didn't understand, yet also as if waiting for her to continue, tilting her head up with her big eyes gazing at her.

"Your daddy, well... he and mommy got married!"

After saying it, Qin Mu felt as though she was carefully revealing the news, her heart beating nervously.

She couldn't understand why she felt so anxious about a marriage she hadn't anticipated, so thrilling and emotional; she instinctively looked at her daughter and found her wearing a face full of expectation.

In the quiet of the night, it was so tranquil.

Mother and daughter looked at each other, yet no one spoke for a long time.

Huanhuan suddenly moved her lips as if she feared losing her mother.

"Huanhuan, Mommy won't fall in love with anyone else besides you, don't worry."

She raised her hand to gently touch her daughter's face and hair, softly kissing her forehead with the same tenderness he had when he kissed her.

Her heart had been resistant to affection ever since the moment her mother passed away.

"He is very good, but unfortunately, your mommy doesn't have the confidence to handle him!"

Huanhuan didn't understand, only snuggling closer into her embrace as sleepiness made it hard to keep her eyes open, and her little hands instinctively went to rub them, which Qin Mu gently moved away, patting her to sleep.

Later, as Huanhuan slept, she lay in bed staring at the ceiling, lost in thought.

Coming back gave her an unreal feeling, especially the thought of them getting married over the past few days—it was just like a dream.

Late into the night, she at last managed to drift to sleep, but in her dreams it was Mu Yichen searching for her everywhere.

At eight in the morning, she was in the kitchen preparing breakfast and answered the phone without seeing who it was: Hello?

"Is this how you become a deserter?"