

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 12 - 12 sending ring_1

She was certainly not a deserter.

In the upcoming month, she'd be busy designing performance gowns for a renowned musician in Paris.

That day, Jian Yan was discussing some details about several gowns with her when the ringtone of the cell phone interrupted their conversation.

"Girl, it's your Aunt Mu. Have you booked your flight for the day after tomorrow, which is your mother's death anniversary? Tell Auntie the time, and I'll come to pick you up personally."

"Thank you, Auntie, for remembering, but I've been quite busy recently and can't make it back."

She responded with a smile, and only after hanging up did she notice that Jian Yan had been watching her the whole time.

"Was that a call from Rongcheng?"

"Mm."

"Are there any decent elders left in Rongcheng for you?"

Qin Mu lifted her eyes to look at her mentor, then sighed helplessly, "It's Mu Yichen's mother."

"She called you? Did you come back because of her?"

Jian Yan's complexion turned slightly unpleasant, displeased that an elder had intervened to hurt his apprentice.

"I came back because I didn't want to live in that city filled with only painful memories."

If she had wanted to stay, Mu Yichen's mother couldn't have driven her out no matter what she said; it was her own choice.

"What about Huanhuan then? Do you plan to keep Huanhuan from her father for a lifetime?"

Qin Mu just gazed at him.

"You don't still intend to deny that the child has nothing to do with Mu Yichen, do you?"

Indeed, there was nothing to deny. She lowered her gaze to earnestly observe the gown she was designing, troubled by some minor details.

Jian Yan sighed helplessly, knowing he shouldn't interfere too much in many matters, and at most, he could only play a small part in encouraging her, but her solitary temperament was worrying him.

Back in the domestic scene.

Jing Qing was meeting with Mu Yichen's mother in a café. Hearing that Qin Mu wouldn't be returning relieved her, and then she softly added, "Actually, I think Mumu isn't an unreasonable girl, perhaps just too young."

"You, always so kind-hearted, but she probably has an ulterior motive for coming back. Though I managed to send her away for now, there's no guarantee that she won't come back in the future. I advise you to seize Yichen as soon as possible."

"Seize him?"

"Turn raw rice into cooked rice. If you bear a son or a daughter, would you still worry about him running away?" Mu Yichen's mother instructed earnestly.

"Auntie, this... isn't appropriate."

"Don't tell me you don't want to. I won't believe it," Mu Yichen's mother said, barely holding back a laugh, and Jing Qing blushed, lowering her head without speaking.

"I'm going to talk with Yichen later. He's turning twenty-eight soon; it's time for the two of you to settle down."

"Thank you, Auntie!" Jing Qing could only respond softly with thanks.

When Mu Yichen's mother arrived at her son's office and found him absent, she took the opportunity to question his secretary.

After Mu Yichen returned from a meeting, seeing his mother seated on a sofa in the office sipping tea, he uttered tersely, "What brings you here?"

"Can't I come and see my son?"

Mu Yichen had no suitable reply; of course, as a mother, she had the right to visit. So he sat down behind the desk, picked up a document, and began to flip through it casually.

His mother looked at him, sighing helplessly, "You, always engrossed in work. You're nearly twenty-eight; aren't you going to consider your own matters?"

"If you have something to say, please speak plainly," Mu Yichen darkened his gaze.

"You should give Jing Qing an answer after all these years she's waited for you, and besides, our families have been close for generations. In all of Rongcheng, I see no other match for you but Jing Qing, don't you agree?"

The matriarch of the Mu Family sat upright on the sofa, lightly tasting her tea after speaking.

"I won't deny the relationship between our two families, but to use that to coerce me into marriage—then I can only disappoint you."

His gaze, however, never left the document on the desk, his voice neutral but devoid of warmth or peculiarity.

"Give your mother a reason. What about Jing Qing don't you find suitable?" his mother pressed with a headache.

"There's no suitability in emotions. Your son doesn't love her!"

"Then who do you love? That Qin girl? If she had a good relationship with Uncle Qin, it'd be another matter, but now look, it's that mother and daughter calling the shots in the Qin Family, where does that girl have any standing?"

"She doesn't need any standing in the Qin Family!"

"Then what does the Mu Family want with her?"

"When you and my father married, what did my father want from you?"

"Our families were well-matched."

"So my father didn't love you when you married? Can you swear to that?"

"Certainly not, we married for love."

After saying this, Mu Yichen's mother suddenly found herself at a loss for words, and Mu Yichen stopped looking at her, returning his gaze to scrutinize the documents.

"In any case, you and Qin Mu are impossible."

"I hope you have not said anything to Qin Mu that would demean your status!"

Mu Yichen suddenly looked up again, his cold and precise gaze aimed at his own mother.

His mother visibly trembled, turning pale.

"You have always been the mother I respect most. I hope that will be the case in the future too!" These were the last words he said to his mother in the office.

The girl he liked, of course, had to be respected by everyone, including his parents.

Some tried their utmost to win him over, while others avoided him at all costs.

He heard she was now busy designing a stage outfit for a singer. He couldn't imagine her heartless demeanor, only feeling an incessant itch in his heart, and he couldn't help but raise his hand to press forcefully on that spot.

He arrived home nearly at ten o'clock after drinking at a club. Leaning on the bed for a while, he couldn't resist reaching to open the bedside table drawer.

His slender fingers with prominent knuckles stilled upon pinching a marriage certificate in the drawer, because three unused condoms lay inside.

"Damned woman!" He clenched the marriage certificate and leaned back against the headboard, then took labored breaths.

She had bought a box of condoms and left after using just two.

One day, Qin Mu received a package from back home, containing a ring.

"Hurry back after this month is over!" The note with the gift held only this sentence.