

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 13 - 13 Paris Coexistence_1

For an entire month, she hadn't even left the doorstep of her house; exhausted after finishing work, she would cradle her coffee while leaning against the windowsill, gazing at the tranquil streets outside.

In the stillness of the night, the streets were so cold and clear they left an aching emptiness in one's heart.

Glancing down, she indeed spotted the ring he had sent her still on her finger; wearing it for the first time, she hadn't felt any discomfort whatsoever.

Thinking about the words his mother had said to her, thinking about her own mother's experiences—love was less about longing than about apprehension.

Just like the song by Zhou says, love that moves too fast is like a tornado.

Later, planning to take a bath before joining Huanhuan in bed, she had just come out of the bathroom when the doorbell rang. She looked at the clock on the wall—it was already past eleven. Who could be visiting her at this hour?

It must be Xiaomei, that girl sometimes came over to stay when she was tired from playing around here.

"Don't you know the passcode?" she asked herself as she went to open the door.

"When did you ever tell me the passcode?"

Qin Mu raised her eyes to look at him, then in an instant, with a snap, she closed the door.

It suddenly fell silent outside the door, but inside, everything was in a dizzying flurry.

The shoe cabinet was filled with children's pretty shoes; the sofa held her daughter's toys, photographs, and all kinds of clutter, instantly giving her a splitting headache.

He patiently knocked on the door: "Qin Mu..."

"Wait a second!" she called out from inside, picking up her daughter's treasures and putting them in the dirty laundry basket while calling Xiaomei: "I don't care what you're up to, come over here quickly."

It was an emergency, she couldn't afford to say more.

Coincidentally, the weather was freezing, and Xiaomei, having just had drinks with friends, had intended to spend the night at her place.

Xiaomei arrived and was taken aback, but to Qin Mu, it was as if she had been granted a major reprieve.

"This is Mr. Mu, you know him, right?" Qin Mu introduced him to Xiaomei, feigning nonchalance.

"Uh... yes, I know him!" Xiaomei did recognize him, but at that moment, she was completely clueless.

"You've been drinking again? Go wash up and sleep early, I'm going out with Mr. Mu for a bit."

"Uh, will you be back tonight?" Xiaomei blinked subconsciously.

"Not coming back!"

Qin Mu had changed her clothes and was holding onto Mu Yichen's wrist; Mu Yichen stood by the door with furrowed eyebrows and drooping eyes, looking at her. He had been standing there for almost half an hour and she hadn't even let him sit down in the apartment, and now they were leaving?

Xiaomei didn't dare to push too far, after all, there was a bomb in the house.

"Then have fun."

Qin Mu's face was red as blood, and in an instant, she hugged his shoulder and walked out.

"Have you been living with her all this time?"

"Yeah, to share the rent," she said lightly.

Mu Yichen didn't ask anymore; he was just pushed by her onto the quiet path, his heart quieting down quite a bit as well.

"How—how did you find this place?"

"I have my ways," he replied.

Mu Yichen let her cling to his arm, his hands tucked in his coat pockets as he strolled leisurely forward.

In truth, he had been to the small apartment where she used to live, but someone new had moved in there.

He called Jian Yan, and after Jian Yan made several conditions, he gave him this address.

And yet, they ended up in a hotel without even having the chance to enter her place.

She spoke to the hotel owner in French; he stood by, merely extending a polite greeting without another word.

She spoke quietly to the owner, but he heard one sentence very clearly: she said he was her husband.

He had tossed and turned in bed unable to sleep just the night before, yet today they ended up being together so suddenly.

A short while ago, the two of them walked down the street, she was holding onto him as if they had been doing so for many years.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but gaze at her intently.

"All set, you can go up now!"

She turned around, and upon lifting her gaze, she found herself caught up in his dark eyes, frightening her to the core.

His gaze was so deep, as if by simply turning around, she had accidentally fallen into an abyss.

For sure, the room wasn't as spacious as his suite, but it was very clean, and after she entered and looked around, she raised her eyes to him: "I've already taken a shower at home, you go ahead."

Mu Yichen remained silent, simply gazing down at her.

Qin Mu felt his gaze was peculiar that night, nervously trying to brush it off with a laugh: "Why do you keep looking at me like that?"

A month had gone by, and it felt like almost a century had passed.

He took off his coat and handed it to her; only after she took it did he turn and head to the bathroom, while she, out of boredom, held his coat and sat on the edge of the bed.

He had actually come here, he surely didn't come especially for her, did he?

Suddenly, she remembered the day, a month ago, when she'd received the ring, he had said that if she didn't come back to him in a month, he would come find her.

He really did come, but she wasn't ready to go back with him.

The sound of running water from inside finally disturbed her train of thought; putting aside those vexing matters about emotions, the thought of his body made Qin Mu's heart race, and then she hung up his clothes and began to undress herself.

There was no denying it, she had missed him, his body, quite a bit.

Mu Yichen, finished with his shower, saw her already lying on the bed, the blanket covering the essentials, her long, beautiful legs exposed.

"Mr. Mu!" she called, her hand caressing her leg lifted in a gentle hook.

Mu Yichen...

"Come here!"

Her eyebrows were clear and her appearance unmatched; she was incredibly beautiful to begin with.

That moment, with her seven parts charm, he was utterly enticed, his heart in a mess.

Just now at her apartment, she couldn't avoid him fast enough, locking him out; now, she was being so proactive. He smiled helplessly for a moment, then swiftly his towel dropped from his waist.

Qin Mu wasn't unashamed, but at that moment, if she allowed herself to be bothered by bashfulness, it truly would have been pointless.

"I really can't figure you out!" he pressed on top of her, gazing intently at her as he spoke.

"Then feel free to explore more," she responded.

She lifted her hand to hook around his neck and kissed him on her own initiative.

"You little enchantress, do you believe that tonight I might just disassemble your bones?" he teased.

"I believe it, but you must not do it, okay?"

"I listen that well?"

"Mmhmm, mmhmm..."