

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 20: 20 Announce marriage with me_1

"Qin Mu! Regardless of whether you admit it or not, you have my blood, Qin Haiming's blood, flowing in your veins, and for your whole life, you are my daughter, Qin Haiming's daughter."

Qin Haiming, enraged, slammed the wine glass he had just picked up onto the table, stood up, and looked at her with bloodshot eyes, seeking affirmation.

"Then do you dare to acknowledge me as your daughter in front of the entire city?"

Her icy gaze met the man before her, who was no longer the loving father she once knew. She still remembered being held high in his arms as a child, but in the blink of an eye...

The coldness of the world had taught her to be callous and disloyal.

"You're speechless? Let me say it for you, you don't dare, because when the whole city has forgotten that you have a daughter, in your heart, you had already decided that I must have died along with my mother."

"You..."

Qin Haiming was so furious that his whole arm trembled, and he was nearly incapable of speech.

"But you have no right to move my mother's grave. If you really dare to do that, I'll make sure the Qin Family can't live in peace. By then, you'll know whether or not you can continue to be mayor."

"You... Are you with Mu Yichen just to spite me?"

"If that's what you think!"

She found it amusing in her heart, and yet felt incredibly fortunate that, finally, their first official encounter as father and daughter had ended with their relationship torn apart.

She was also immensely grateful that, while people assumed she was using Mu Yichen to take on the Qin Family, she actually had an indissoluble bond with Mu Yichen.

She stood like a heartless person in front of an older man.

"Qin Mu, no matter how aggrieved you are, your mother is already dead."

Qin Haiming, deflated and filled with a voice that couldn't suppress the despair and impatience.

"I admit it!"

"You admit it? If I were the one who had died back then, would you have also opposed your mother like this?"

"I wouldn't. My mother would never have sent her young daughter abroad to be with another man. She would not have betrayed!"

Qin Mu bowed her head as she thought of her mother, then looked up at her father with a mocking smile after speaking.

What had happened in the past made it impossible for her to let go even now. In her midnight dreams, her heart felt as though it was being torn apart repeatedly. Her mother had simply died, and yet this man appeared to be living so freely.

"I understand. Then stay here, and keep a close eye on your mother's grave. Don't give me the chance to succeed."

Qin Mu didn't speak. Qin Haiming left first, and once the private room was empty, she sat alone in the chair, enveloped in silence.

Before long, someone came to serve the dishes. She looked at the array of meals, her mouth twitching slightly, and then she suddenly laughed out loud – without realizing it, her face was streaming with tears.

Qin Mu didn't leave until she had finished eating, her favorite food from childhood now seldom consumed.

At some point, her feelings towards Qin Haiming became so indifferent, she even felt apathetic towards everything he provided.

Back then he continued to send her money, but she no longer had any reason to accept his charity and used the money she earned from modeling to pay back every cent she had ever taken from him.

At that moment, she had determined that only when she no longer used his money could she negotiate with him on equal footing.

In the evening, Mu Yichen refused to go out for social engagements and came home early with groceries. At that time, she was nestled on the sofa, drawing in her sketchbook, expressionless as she worked, while he thought she looked focused and intelligent.

Qin Mu, hearing the sound of running water in the kitchen, snapped back to reality. She put down her sketchbook and pencil and walked to the kitchen, only to see him already preparing dinner.

"Mu Yichen, cooking is one of your great hobbies, isn't it?"

She leaned against the door frame and asked him nonchalantly.

Mu Yichen glanced at her, then continued washing the vegetables attentively. Straightening up and looking back at her, he asked, "Should the two of us eat takeout when we're home?"

Qin Mu blinked unconsciously, thinking it was not a bad idea.

"Have you seen Mayor Qin?"

He went back to his tasks while casually asking her.

"Hmm!"

Qin Mu looked down, knowing that this topic was not her forte.

"Given your temperament, I thought you'd have a full-blown fight with him."

"Is my temperament really that bad? In Paris, my team members always said I have a good temperament."

He laughed but did not respond, yet Qin Mu saw him smile.

It seemed as if his smile brought the entire spring to her eyes, blooming with such beauty that her heart blossomed.

"Mu Yichen, what will I do without you in the future?"

She stepped forward, pressing her face against his back, and gently wrapped her arms around his waist, her voice turning as soft as water.

Mu Yichen's body stiffened, then he acted as if nothing was wrong.

His long eyelashes fluttered slightly as he chopped vegetables, looking down.

"Then just stay by my side."

His voice was clear and steady.

Her face involuntarily stayed pressed against his back, his back seemed like a great mountain sheltering her small self, or so she believed.

"Won't you get annoyed? I don't know how to do anything."

Finally, he got the soup going, let go of her hands, turned around, and looked at her seriously, his hands gently resting on her shoulders, "Mrs. Mu, even if it annoys me to death, I have no intention of letting you go."

Qin Mu looked up at him, saw the twinkling light in his dark eyes, and then she smiled slightly.

"What did Mayor Qin say?"

"He didn't say much, just reminded me of a few facts."

"Like what?"

His brows furrowed, worried about her.

"Just—that I might need to stay here for a long time."

Looking up at him, she suddenly felt a great emptiness inside when she said this, it was agonizing.

It was as if she feared his disagreement, as if she feared his rejection, even though they were already married.

"Qin Mu, why are you so lacking in confidence? Do you still think that I married you just for fun?"

He sighed helplessly, his hand gently stroking her long hair as he asked in a low voice.

She shook her head vigorously, looking at his bittersweet smile, she just held him tightly, standing on tiptoe.

She suddenly realized that here, he was her only pillar.

It turned out, she was so afraid, afraid that he would reject her.

After dinner, the two sat on the couch, and she brought her drawings up to him: "What do you think?"

Mu Yichen looked away from the TV screen at the drawings she brought to his lap: "Not bad, it has a strong Chinese element."

"That's the actress's request. If she wears it to the Oscars, then I won't have to worry about lacking work in Rongcheng at the very least."

"You trust her that much?"

Qin Mu looked at him quizzically, their shoulders touching lightly as she had to look up due to her shorter height.

"Did she ask you to craft it personally?"

"How did you know?"

"Just common sense. Want to hear my advice?"

Mu Yichen's serious gaze made her realize the importance of the situation, suddenly recalling the actress's acting skills, her heart thundered within.

"Definitely!"

After listening to his words, Qin Mu couldn't help but be moved: "That's your old flame, huh? You miss her that much?"

"I don't have an old flame, I only have a wife!"

His seriousness scared her into bursting with laughter.

But before she could laugh for two seconds, she was pinned down on the couch: "Announce our marriage to the public!"