

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 7 - 07 Mu Yichen, I have something called_1

Qin Mu went to open the door and saw the man standing outside; he couldn't help but ask in confusion: "Why didn't you just open the door yourself?"

Mu Yichen didn't speak and walked in, then immediately turned to look at the suitcase next to him.

Qin Mu also saw where his gaze was fixed and, noticing his expression, quickly explained with a turn of her eyes: "It's from the hotel."

"Why didn't you let them carry it up for you?"

He turned to look at her as he asked, his tone both cold and grave.

"Wouldn't it be more troublesome to carry it down again?"

"The luggage you had during your days in Paris will also be sent over, so you might as well retrieve the heart you left in Paris now."

Just as Qin Mu was about to argue, her phone rang from the couch; she picked it up and frowned involuntarily at the unfamiliar number, still from Rongcheng.

"Hello!"

She answered the call, kneeling on one leg on the couch with her head bowed, while Mu Yichen approached, taking off his coat.

"Miss Jing?"

"Why are you calling me Miss Jing again? Didn't we agree that you would call me Sister, just like Mingzhu does?"

Jing Qing looked up subconsciously toward the twelfth floor from the bottom of the apartment building when she heard Qin Mu answer the phone.

"Are you at the hotel now? I'll come to find you."

"Oh, no, I've already left."

Qin Mu felt somewhat guilty, then involuntarily glanced at the man beside her.

"Really? Have you returned to Paris?" Jing Qing asked excitedly.

"No, I went somewhere else."

In fact, the moment she answered the call, Qin Mu had a feeling it would be Jing Qing—aside from Mu Yichen, only Jing Qing had her number in Rongcheng, but she regretted answering it too late.

"You're still in Rongcheng? Right, my grandfather's eightieth birthday is tomorrow, and since you're still here, you must come."

Before Qin Mu could refuse, Jing Qing had already hung up the phone. Qin Mu put down the phone with composure, then let out a helpless sigh: "Jing Qing wants me to attend her grandfather's birthday feast."

"I don't mind."

He laughed suddenly and turned to roll up his sleeves and head to the kitchen.

"Mu Yichen, I do mind."

She suddenly stopped him and told him quite seriously.

Mu Yichen turned around, his dark eyes piercing as he looked at her: "And then?"

"Let me go back to Paris. I have no intention of getting between you two; let's pretend this never happened."

Even though she was five years younger than him, and even though she was still inexperienced with emotions, she knew that staying here would definitely pull her into a vortex she never wanted to enter—a path that could leave her utterly exhausted or even in unbearable pain.

So, she bargained, she pleaded, ready to talk in any way he wanted just for him to let her go.

"I won't hold a press conference to announce our marriage, but gradually, everyone in Rongcheng—and eventually the whole world—will know you are my wife. Do you think it's just going to go away if you pretend it never happened?"

He said, seriously, his restraint reminding her.

"I don't know why you went to get a certificate, but Mu Yichen, you certainly didn't do it for love, did you? You just wanted to experience walking into the marriage registration office, or maybe you just wanted to experience being a husband? Or are you just playing a simple joke on me? I—"

"In your mind, am I that boring?"

He erupted suddenly, his voice not loud, but his eyes were lethally piercing. The question asked, he turned and reached for his coat to leave.

Qin Mu turned his head to look at the retreating figure with questioning eyes, suddenly feeling that this afternoon was really...

At seven o'clock in the evening, heavy snow had arrived.

He hadn't returned, and she had nowhere to go.

A cup of boiling water was steaming on the coffee table, and she sat on the sofa, idly playing with her cellphone, then flipped to a photo of her daughter.

Huanhuan was an exceptionally fair little girl who smiled just a few hours after being born, big eyes so dark and bright, very much like him.

Her fingers gently swiped across the phone screen, landing on a photo of Huanhuan at a hundred days old, wearing a Donald Duck hair clip, donned in a pink dress, and also wearing a diaper.

Her lips slightly moved, and as she looked at her daughter's picture, she felt a wave of calm wash over her.

Mu Yichen, Qiao Yi, and Jing Feng were out drinking, but the snowfall outside made it hard for Yichen to focus.

Because of what he had heard from Mu Yichen the other day, Qiao Yi had been feeling very anxious lately and didn't dare to ask around, only occasionally casting glances at Mu Yichen, and also at Jing Feng who was sitting beside him.

Noticing something off about Qiao Yi, Jing Feng focused on him for a moment, "Out with it, what is it?"

Startled, Qiao Yi looked up, his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

"What what? I'm fine!"

Qiao Yi laughed nervously and quickly picked up his drink to chug it down.

Mu Yichen took out a cigarette, lit it, and sat back down.

In front of the big screen, three men sat separately, each preoccupied with their own thoughts.

Mu Yichen glanced at Qiao Yi and then towards Jing Feng, noting that Jing Feng's observation skills seemed even sharper since becoming a prosecutor, narrowing his eyes, "Have you done something to wrong my sister?"

"Even if I did something, what's it got to do with your sister?"

His arrogance was such that after hearing his response, Jing Feng felt the urge to punch him and discuss the relationship.

"I heard Qin Mu came back for a show, and you met with her," Jing Feng said in a protective elder brother manner, remembering the few words Jing Qing had mentioned to him.

"Do we have to report to you when we meet? Or do we also need your permission to sleep?"

Jing Feng didn't respond, watching Mu Yichen take a drag from his cigarette with a certain cockiness, he narrowed his eyes again.

Seeing the brothers about to fight, Qiao Yi immediately raised his hand, "Hey hey hey, aren't we closer than real brothers? If there's an issue let's discuss it calmly and peacefully."

"I don't care how you treat Qin Mu, but if you dare to make my sister sad, I definitely won't let you off," Jing Feng said calmly but firmly.

"Am I really in debt to you and your sister?" Mu Yichen scoffed and then stood up to leave.

Jing Feng remained leaning on the couch, shifting his gaze to Qiao Yi as soon as Mu Yichen had left.

Jing Feng knew about Qin Mu; on the day she was born, he had gone to the hospital with Mu Yichen and Jing Qing to see her. After that day, Mu Yichen always liked to take care of the little girl, even changing her diapers.

However, Qin Mu's parents later divorced, and after her mother's death, she was sent to Paris.

Jing Feng thought about what happened afterwards and frowned, "Tell me what you all know."

When Mu Yichen got home, she was already asleep on the sofa. The big snowflakes outside continued to fall, seemingly unconnected to her.

Standing there watching her, he even doubted that she was living in this house.

Then, he took off his coat, walked over, and sat next to her. Seeing her curled up on the sofa, looking frozen, a sour feeling surged in his heart, and he gently picked her up.

"Yichen..."