

His Beloved 101

Chapter 101: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (4)_2

Huanhuan looked up to Qin Mu with a smile, and even reached out to touch Qin Mu's cheek, her innocent and brilliant eyes seemed to say, "Mommy, you're so silly!"

"Huanhuan, why does Mommy feel like you're looking down on Mommy?"

She was really hurt by her daughter's harmless smile.

It seemed that ever since they had Daddy, her daughter wasn't as clingy to her, and often looked at her with the eyes reserved for an idiot.

"Baby, do you love Mommy more, or do you love Daddy more?"

Qin Mu leaned in and lay next to her daughter, looking up with serious eyes as she coaxed her daughter.

"Huanhuan loves Daddy!"

Huanhuan thought seriously, then after speaking, she hugged her tablet and ignored Mommy.

As if struck by a sword in the heart, Qin Mu clutched her chest and pretended to be hurt as she fell to the side, but then she immediately sat up and mussed her daughter's little cheeks: "Do you still love Mommy or not?"

Yet Huanhuan, amused by her actions, raised her hand to cover her mouth and laughed heartily.

"Ever since you came here, you've been spending all your time with your Daddy, completely abandoning Mommy. He doesn't even see you as his own daughter."

The more Qin Mu thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt, but seeing that Huanhuan already managed to hold back her laughter made her realize she might have spoken too profoundly and she immediately shut her mouth to let Huanhuan continue watching her "Frog Prince."

Later, after the guests had left, Feng Fanghua came upstairs and knocked on the door. Qin Mu sprang up from the bed and stood obediently by the side: "Auntie!"

"Why are you so nervous? I came to see my granddaughter, not to find you."

Feng Fanghua looked at her with such disdain, and Qin Mu could see it clearly; Feng Fanghua didn't even need to say anything for Qin Mu to understand her meaning.

"Huanhuan, do you want to go play with Grandma and Grandpa? A grandpa just brought some delicious treats for you."

As soon as Huanhuan heard about delicious treats, she immediately hugged her tablet and got up from the bed.

Feng Fanghua stepped forward to carry her away, and Qin Mu watched helplessly as her daughter was taken from her.

Just as she was about to go back to her room, she saw Mu Yichen coming out of the study, his profound gaze making her feel uneasy. She couldn't help but ask him, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Mu Yichen didn't respond but walked over, hooked his arm around her neck, and dragged her inside.

Rough!

Although he wouldn't hurt her, it still made her involuntarily cough twice.

Qin Mu felt he was too rough, not gentle at all.

By the bed, he raised his hand to remove her coat: "When it's just the two of us, you can wear less."

Qin Mu...

Then the two of them were piled on the bed, and President Mu looked at the woman beneath him with a wicked gleam in his eyes: "Do you know why the person who just left came?"

"To ask Uncle and Auntie for a favor?"

"They came to inquire about our marriage!"

Qin Mu...

"On the surface, they were here to bring gifts and visit, but in reality, they're afraid they won't get an invitation to our wedding."

Qin Mu...

"Lately, you and Huanhuan seem to be getting along very well, huh!"

Qin Mu quickly changed the subject, feeling that if she let him continue, the conversation would again turn towards marriage.

"Mrs. Mu, how exactly can you trust me?"

Qin Mu subconsciously looked at him, knowing that changing the subject was useless against him.

"How about we tell Mom and Dad first? I always feel awkward hearing you call them Uncle and Auntie."

Qin Mu...

"How about this, let me announce that we've already registered our marriage, or tell Mom and Dad first, you choose."

Qin Mu was truly startled, either/or?

She would definitely choose to tell Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao.

But something was off, wasn't it?

Why did she feel like she had fallen into a trap again?

He was so seemingly generous in offering her two options!

So righteous and magnanimous!

But why did she always feel something wasn't quite right?

Was it because she had to start calling them Mom and Dad?

Mom and Dad?

Lost in thought, Qin Mu was suddenly brought back to reality when someone bit her collarbone hard, making her look up at the man on top of her: "Mu Yichen, what are you doing?"

"I've been on pins and needles for you today, don't you think it's only fair to let me have my fun first?"

"But my back hurts."

"I don't need your beautiful back."

He bit her skin and murmured in her ear, finding his pleasure before she could even come to her senses.

Thus, very soon Qin Mu forgot the matter he had brought up until the next morning.

The entire Mu Family seemed bathed in sunshine, the mansion no longer as bleak and noiseless as it once was, truly gaining a sense of liveliness and warmth.

In the clean European-style living room, the family was called together by the butler, from the servants to the elders.

Mu Yichen specially found a dignified long dress for Qin Mu to wear before he embraced her and went downstairs.

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Qin Mu almost got himself killed last night, and his brain had long forgotten the matter of his either-or choice.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were holding Huanhuan and sitting in the dignified sofa, watching the two of them come down from upstairs.

Mu Yichen wrapped his arm around Qin Mu and approached, while the auntie came out of the kitchen holding two cups of tea, arriving in front of Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao just as they did.

"The Mu Family has a tradition, the new bride must serve tea to the in-laws the morning after entering the door."

Qin Mu turned his head to look at him as if seeing a monster, startled silly.

"Yichen, what are you doing?"

Mu Zihao looked at his son's posture and had a guess in his heart.

"Take the little miss away first!"

Mu Yichen ordered another servant nearby.

The auntie immediately went forward to take Huanhuan away, and everyone else stood by watching, waiting.

The butler stepped forward, bringing two red marriage certificates to Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao, and also delivered two red envelopes that Yichen had previously instructed him to wrap.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao looked at each other, both were so startled that they were somewhat dazed, mechanically reaching out to take the red marriage certificates from the butler, and upon opening them, they were even more disbelieving.

"This, you two... when did this happen?"

Feng Fanghua was so surprised her vision swirled, she instinctively looked up at them, her speech somewhat incoherent.

Mu Zihao, however, after inspecting the photograph and then checking the dates below, realized that they had in fact been married for some time, letting out an unconscious hum before slowly closing the marriage certificate.

"Since that's the case,—the tea should indeed be served! Go rewrap two red envelopes."

Mu Zihao slightly turned and instructed Feng Fanghua.

Feng Fanghua looked at Qin Mu incredulously, but found herself unable to act on anything.

It was only then that Qin Mu suddenly recalled what Feng Fanghua had said to her before, and now, like a tangled mess of rope in her mind, she hung her head low to sort out her thoughts anew.

As for her brother, his head was tilted back, presumably also for Mrs. Mu's sake.

Gradually, she began to recall the two options Yichen had given her last night. She had thought that it was just a passing remark and, since she hadn't nodded in agreement, it was over, but now...

"Young Master, from now on we all have to change our address to Madam."

"Yes, we can't call Miss Qin that anymore!"

"Actually, I wanted to call Miss Qin Madam the very first day she arrived!"

"Madam!"

"Madam!"

Then a group of people suddenly burst into a babble, disrupting the originally somber living room. Qin Mu first was shocked, then subconsciously twitched her lips at their smiling faces.

Seeing Feng Fanghua immobile, Mu Zihao himself went to the room to prepare two big red envelopes, and of course, Qin Mu did kneel to serve the tea, and so did Mr. Mu.

"Please keep this matter a secret until we announce the wedding."

Mu Yichen later stood with his hands in his pockets beside Qin Mu, instructing everyone with a tone that left some confusion. Mu Yichen merely glanced at Qin Mu with a hint of disappointment.

Qin Mu also glanced back at him, now was not the time for a quarrel, nor for a confrontation, but...

Feng Fanghua immediately got up and left, this time she held back her sarcastic and lecturing words.

Qin Mu knew that Feng Fanghua was really angry this time, but she was still not accustomed to arguing with her elders.

Mu Yichen was the happiest of them all, cheerfully escorting Qin Mu to the studio.

Qin Mu got out of the car when they arrived, not speaking a word to him, as if the two of them didn't know each other.

Mu Yichen's lips quirked into a mischievous grin, turned the car around, and rolled down the window, hand hanging outside: "Mrs. Mu, I'll come pick you up tonight!"

Qin Mu, irritated, immediately turned to glare at him, those round, big eyes were indeed his greatest delight.

His defiant gaze zapped her adorably, then he drove off nonchalantly.

Jian Yan stood at the first-floor window watching her, thinking that in this life, she was probably destined to be entangled with that man. Maybe she would get hurt, but it seemed she couldn't escape now.

Jian Yan couldn't help but bow his head, wondering about himself.

Would he get hurt? Could he escape?

"Master, you're here so early today!"

Upon seeing him inside, Qin Mu approached to greet him.

Jian Yan slowly sat on the sofa, gesturing to the opposite seat for her to sit.

Qin Mu set down her bag and took a seat.

"Are you okay?" asked Jian Yan, seeing her spirit was not too bad, but he couldn't help but be concerned.

"I'm fine, that guy may be tall and big, but he doesn't have the slightest ability to take action."

Thinking back on the almost forceful incident at the mall yesterday, Qin Mu spoke of it with an air of nonchalance.

"You actually wish he had the ability?" Jian Yan looked at her disapprovingly.

Qin Mu thought about it, then grabbed her hair and laughed awkwardly.

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"In a few days, you're coming to Paris with me."

Jian Yan said to her seriously.

"Hmm?"

"A client specifically requested you."

"Okay!"

Upon hearing it was about work, Qin Mu did not dare to slack off and immediately put away her child-like teasing.

Xiaomei, cradling some documents, stepped forward to find them and immediately volunteered eagerly, "I want to go back as well."

Jian Yan glanced up at her, "Do we need you everywhere we go?"

Xiaomei immediately looked downtrodden, hanging her head without speaking, but she was seething inside.

"Can't we take Xiaomei?" Qin Mu asked out of curiosity; she was quite used to having Xiaomei around.

"This time, you are assisting me, you don't need assistance."

Upon hearing this, Qin Mu could only nod: "Alright, then!"

"So you just don't want to take me, right? Then—then Qinqin, could you bring my cactus over from my place?"

Though unhappy, Xiaomei didn't dare to lose her temper with Jian Yan and had to ask Qin Mu instead.

"Cactus?"

The master and disciple both looked at her with disbelief, while Xiaomei just turned and walked away.

"Why not leave it in my master's office for him to take care of?"

Remembering her affection, Qin Mu immediately called out to the departing Xiaomei, who then couldn't help but giggle quietly.

"All this fuss over a pot of cactus." Jian Yan shook his head helplessly.

"Then you should take care of it. After all, cacti can shield against radiation. It can just sit next to your computer."

Jian Yan raised his eyebrows slightly, and resignedly agreed.

Qin Mu knew by looking at Jian Yan's expression that he was unaware of Xiaomei's feelings for him, but if Xiaomei did not like him, why would she willingly stay here to be his assistant?

At noon, Helian Hao came looking for her in her office. Seeing her drawing at her desk, he immediately ran over and hugged her from behind: "Mumu, I'm sorry!"

Qin Mu startled, then set down her pen and turned to look at her: "What are you doing?"

"It was all because I insisted on taking you shopping yesterday that you ended up in such trouble."

Qin Mu had to stand up, looking at the woman with dark circles under her eyes, she gently caressed half of her face with her hand: "Are you silly? It was just a coincidence."

"Coincidence? But if it wasn't for me taking you, you wouldn't have encountered this, right?"

"You should think positively. If it wasn't yesterday, it could have been the day after tomorrow, or two days after that; could I have faced something even worse?"

Helian Hao...

Qin Mu smiled faintly, gently stroked Helian Hao's hair, and said, "I have something even more important to tell you."

"Huh? There's something even more important?"

"This morning, Mu Yichen announced to the Mu Family that we've registered our marriage!"

"What?"

Helian Hao bent over in shock, her eyes nearly popping out.

"And as of today, the entire Mu Family already knows about it."

Successfully diverting Helian Hao's attention, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Helian Hao...

"You guys..."

"When you noticed Mu Yi and I were wearing matching rings, we were actually already married."

Helian Hao...

"To be precise, I registered with him the first time I returned to the country."

After speaking, Qin Mu finally looked up at her, finding the whole thing as unbelievable as Helian Hao.

Helian Hao opened and closed her mouth several times, wanting to ask something, but after much thought, she simply let go of Qin Mu's hand, walked to the side, and after pondering for a while, turned back to ask her, "So now, exactly how many people know you two are married?"

"Apart from the Mu Family, only you!"

Helian Hao felt her breath growing faint, incredulous that this woman had been married for over half a year while keeping it a secret.

"Now you must tell me the whole story," Helian insisted, filled with disbelief, pressing Qin Mu to recount the entire process. So the two ordered takeout and chatted while eating in the studio until nearly one o'clock.

Later, Helian Hao still found it surreal but had come to accept it. Then she remembered Huanhuan, "Then does Huanhuan know?"

"He probably doesn't know yet."

Talking about this, Qin Mu couldn't help but sigh helplessly as she sat on the sofa, remembering the last time he came to pick up falsified documents for Huanhuan and finding it funny—how could he be so foolish about this?

"Qin Mu, oh Qin Mu, you really are a woman who quietly achieves big things," Helian Hao said with a resigned laugh, shaking her head, still in disbelief.

How could she have imagined that a girl who dared not date, who feared marriage, had quietly completed it all already?

"All of this was completely unexpected," Qin Mu said, leaning back against the sofa, looking up at the ceiling, a bittersweet smile on her face.

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Many things truly are beyond expectation!

"However, that the Mu Family accepted you so quickly is truly surprising to me, and they even agreed to keep your marriage a secret. These two elders have truly earned my deeper respect,"

"They probably didn't do so willingly."

Qin Mu felt a weight lifted off her after saying this!

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After work, Qin Mu was taken to AM for dinner. Mu Yichen had called her, saying it was his father's wish to celebrate together as a family.

Qin Mu had other thoughts in mind and planned to take this opportunity to speak her mind,

but she didn't expect to see the person she least liked as soon as she walked upstairs.

Mu Yichen was in a meeting, but did he know that Qin Haiming was also invited tonight?

Mu Zihao saw her standing at the door and called out to her, "Mumu, what are you doing standing outside?"

Qin Haiming was tinkering with the tea set. Hearing the voice, he looked up towards the door and saw his daughter dressed in breezy and stylish clothes. He straightened his back but was at a loss for words for a moment.

Huanhuan was eating desserts they had ordered earlier between her grandmother and grandfather. When she saw her mother, she couldn't help but lick her spoon and called out, "Mommy!"

"Aren't you coming in? You're going to block the waiters when they bring in the dishes,"

Feng Fanghua irritably reminded her.

Given her temperament, she should have immediately turned around and left.

But the next moment, she sat down beside Feng Fanghua.

"Originally, I planned to invite Yichen's grandfather too, but since the two of them didn't want to go public so soon, I thought of inviting the old master over for their wedding. You can't blame me for this!"

Mu Zihao said to Qin Haiming.

Qin Haiming nodded slightly, "What are you talking about? What right do I have to blame you, a man who can't even be a good father? I should be thanking you for accepting my daughter. Please take good care of her in the future."

"From now on, we're family, so let's skip the formalities, Mumu, call Yichen and ask how much longer he'll be,"

Mu Zihao turned his head and said to Qin Mu since the dishes were about to be served.

Qin Mu nodded and then got up with her phone in hand, leaving with a relieved expression on her face.

Her hatred was impossible to hide.

She couldn't sit there, eating and drinking with Qin Haiming; she didn't want his compensation. She would rather have him live in guilt and die uneasily for the rest of his life.

When she left with the phone, she didn't call Mu Yichen. Instead, she just called a cab and left.

In the taxi with the windows down, the evening breeze was quite cool, blowing layer by layer across her face.

She suddenly came to realize that she had really fallen into the trap set by Mu Yichen.

So, it really was time to end this!

Then, wave after wave of troubles kept flooding in, leaving her overwhelmed.

She returned to the Mu Family's home. The butler was stunned to see her back: "Madam, weren't you at the hotel for the family banquet?"

Qin Mu didn't respond, just hurried upstairs with increasingly large and fast strides, finally almost breaking into a run.

The butler thought deeply for a moment and then called Mu Yichen: "Young Master, Madam seems a bit off."

Mu Yichen had just arrived at the hotel, was waiting for the elevator, and immediately turned around and left after picking up the butler's call. The elevator dinged open, and he started to run as well.

Strangely, sometimes, it seems like there is really a psychic connection.

"Keep an eye on her, don't let her run out,"

He drove the car at top speed, rushing back all the way.

Even though it was summer, by eight in the evening, it was already dark. He sped the car back as fast as possible, and at that time, she was packing her luggage.

Their marriage brought no benefits, neither to her nor to Mu Yichen.

Qin Mu, having recognized this, packed her clothes even more quickly, and in the end, she didn't even fold them properly, just stuffed everything into the suitcase and zipped it closed.

Mu Yichen ran upstairs and immediately saw her buckling the suitcase.

"What are you doing?"

"You can do whatever you like, but I'm leaving here!"

Qin Mu lifted the suitcase off the bed and said to him while moving towards the door without looking back.

"Who said I'm letting you leave? Have you lost your mind?"

He grabbed her by one arm, unable to understand, and looked at her, anger ready to erupt.

"Mu Yichen, have you really not noticed? Ever since we've been together, nothing but bad things have happened. You've made enemies with the Jing Family, and I've gotten entangled with the Qin Family in a mess of issues—leave me alone, okay?"

Mu Yichen frowned and stared at her, then suddenly laughed: "I leave you alone?"

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"Just because I let Qin Haiming go out for dinner tonight?"

"Yes!"

She lifted her eyes to look at him, and the two stared stubbornly at each other, filled with hatred, pain, and a persistent void in their hearts.

"Fine, you sign an agreement with me, and then I will let you go," he said.

He suddenly let go of her and stepped back, his voice softening but still deep.

Qin Mu just looked at him stubbornly, as if dust were silently settling throughout the room.

He conceded too quickly, but still, no one knew how long the standoff lasted, one sitting on the couch, the other standing by the door, until the maid came up to knock: Young Master, the lady asks for you to come down.

Qin Mu's eyelashes trembled slightly, yet she remained seated on the couch, motionless.

Mu Yichen lifted his tired eyes and then followed downstairs.

"What on earth is her problem? Isn't it okay for her to have a meal with her biological father? Does she even understand what this meal signifies? Does she know that if she wants to survive in Rongcheng, she can't cut ties with Qin Haiming? Aside from our Mu Family, Qin Haiming is her most important support," Feng Fanghua exclaimed, venting at her son, partly intending it to be overheard by someone upstairs.

Qin Mu's door was ajar, and she heard every clear word, but she didn't believe that without the Qin Family, without the Mu Family, she would be helpless.

Then, she looked subconsciously over at the suitcase by the wall again.

She had thought she would definitely need Mu Yichen's help in Rong City, so sleeping with him didn't make her feel at a loss; in fact, she even thought she had the upper hand.

But now, she was unable to control the situation.

It all boiled down to her inability to conquer him. Instead, he was the one conquering her, setting traps step by step for her to fall into.

Foolish, too foolish to be pitied!

She seemed to be chewing on something difficult with her mouth, and when she looked down, she saw the ring on her finger and subconsciously touched it with two fingers.

Perhaps, between them, it should have been limited to sleeping together!

Perhaps, between them, there should have been nothing.

Perhaps, she had been wrong from the start!

That night, they slept back to back in the same bed.

Not until the next morning did Mu Yichen wake up and, not seeing her beside him, got out of bed, only to find the ring she had left on the coffee table, realizing she had made up her mind to cut ties with him.

She took Huanhuan with her, along with her luggage.

She went to her studio; after it was destroyed and then repaired, she had a room set up with a bed and other furnishings.

Huanhuan, still oblivious to everything, was blending in with everyone happily on the first floor, occasionally wandering around with her doll.

She was like a happy little princess living in a fresh, new castle.

Xiaomei stood on the side and said to a colleague who was drawing: "I saw Qinqin bring her suitcase over."

The working colleague looked up and asked her, "Why?"

"Strange, you actually understand Chinese?"

Xiaomei incredulously digressed.

Around nine o'clock, Qin Mu received a WeChat message from Mu Yichen, asking her to come to the office to sign the agreement.

Qin Mu subconsciously clenched her phone tightly for a while before firmly sending those two words: I understand!

Sign the agreement?

A divorce agreement?

Qin Mu suddenly realized that besides this agreement, they had nothing else.

But before leaving, she couldn't help checking herself in the makeup mirror, only leaving after making sure she looked impeccable.

The weather was scorching today, and the cold air from the air conditioning caused a slight ache in her slender arms.

When she arrived at the base of his office building, Qiao Yi happened to be returning from outside. Seeing her, he quickly approached to greet her: "Xiaomu, what brings you here?"

Qin Mu looked up at him subconsciously, smiling politely: "Your boss Mu called me."

"Oh? He's becoming more and more beastly!" Qiao Yi blurted out without thinking, but he hadn't actually been looking at Qin Mu.

Qin Mu heard it and looked at him.

"No, I mean, he's becoming more and more inseparable from you," he corrected himself.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked down and said with a smile: "I think the sentence before was pretty good."

Qiao Yi froze, staring at her in surprise.

The elevator rapidly ascended, and neither spoke again.

The secretary saw her coming and immediately took the initiative to greet her: "Miss Qin."

"Mu called me here."

"Mu has already instructed that whenever you come, at any time, you can go straight into his office," the secretary explained with a smile, thinking Qin Mu might have misunderstood she wasn't allowed

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Qin Mu subconsciously glanced at her once more, simply waiting for her to open the door, but as Qin Mu looked inside, he immediately restrained himself.

"President, Miss Qin has arrived!"

"You go out first!"

Mu Yichen had just finished signing a document, put down his pen, closed the file and tossed it aside, then leaned back in his chair, hands clasped together, looking down at her with a supercilious gaze.

Qin Mu took one look at him and stepped forward, "What agreement am I signing?"

Going straight to the point.

Mu Yichen let out a faint smile, "Have a look first!"

He lowered his gaze toward the desk, where there was an envelope.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked in that direction and then walked over to the opposite side of the desk to pick up the envelope; upon opening it, she was startled and froze upon seeing the first few words.

He just looked up at her, his presence domineering, his gaze merciless.

It took almost a minute for Qin Mu to process the news, then she looked up at him, "You knew it all along."

"Take a look at this one too!"

After he spoke, he leaned forward to pick up another document from the desk and tossed it in front of her.

Qin Mu already had a bad feeling, but she still picked up the document.

The strap of her bag slipped from her shoulder, her shiny eyes struggling to finish reading the contents of the agreement.

Of course, she was protesting from the very first word.

He was party A, she was party B, he wanted her daughter, and he didn't allow her any visitation.

This was something he had said before, her almond eyes moved slightly, suddenly remembering the day he mentioned this, and she couldn't help but glance at him again, "So you knew all along that Huanhuan was your daughter?"

He sneered, yet his gaze was filled with such ruthless severity.

"Yes, I, the big fool, all realized she was my spitting image, yet I was kept in the dark. Do you know when I discovered it? It was the night I went to Austria to find you. I suddenly realized this little girl resembled my sister a lot, and my sister looks just like me, doesn't she?"

He smiled, yet it was laced with mockery.

Going round in circles, it turned out, Huanhuan was indeed his biological daughter.

At that time, he felt like strangling her, yet he held back.

Qin Mu felt her mouth was a bit dry, even though she had just applied lipstick.

Her lips moved slightly, and she looked down at the agreement, choking up several times without being able to ask him anything.

"Before signing the agreement to set you free, don't you want to explain the origin of this daughter to me first?"

"Aren't you smart enough to figure it out?"

She no longer looked at him, merely placed her bag gently in the chair next to her. She stood there, looking at the critical line on the agreement.

She wasn't afraid that he wouldn't recognize her from then on, but the thought of him taking everything from her was utterly heartbreaking.

"Almost three years ago, in Paris that night,—so that's why you didn't let me go to your apartment later, right?"

Of course he had thought about it, how could he not? He just couldn't accept it, this outcome.

He sat in his chair like a monarch high above, looking disdainfully at her, glaring at her with hatred.

Every word had been through a thousand reincarnations.

"Yes!"

She gave him that one word in response.

She didn't know why her mouth tasted bitter, nor why her eyes were blurring.

Her clean fingers still rested on the line of black text on white paper, which she could not see clearly but had already etched into her mind.

Those memories, both beautiful and unbearable, between them over the years, from fuzzy to deeply etched.

"Good, really good, turns out you're not as fragile as I thought, you're quite capable!"

He spread his hands and then rose from his chair.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked up at him, and Mu Yichen walked around behind her, his gaze filled with deep loathing.

"So, why have Huanhuan if you dislike emotional entanglements so much?"

He glared at her profile, her long, tear-dampened lashes, really filled with hatred to the point of clenching his teeth.

"Because she's the only family I have left in this world!"

Qin Mu's voice softened and wavered; she carefully chewed over her words as well as the flavor in her mouth, and then slowly, a tear fell inexplicably, making a plop as it landed on the agreement.

Mu Yichen subconsciously glanced at the paper in her hand but immediately looked away.

"So it was all for yourself!"

As if answering his own question, not needing her response, he turned and walked behind the couch, then turned again to look at her, his hands sliding involuntarily into his trouser pockets.

How could one person hurt another so deftly without exerting any effort, making them completely flayed?

He was truly living that experience.

Yet there were some questions he still didn't understand.

"I can understand you later coming back to find me for your development in Rongcheng, but what about Huanhuan? If you didn't plan to acknowledge our relationship from the start, why bring her to see me?"

She felt almost suffocated by these questions, yet they had repeatedly surfaced in her mind before.

It seemed she had thought through her words from the beginning.

But now, when it came time to speak, she found them too hard to articulate.

It seemed she deeply understood how her words would hurt him, as if she were cutting flesh from her own body.

But perhaps it was better to lay bare the truth, her innermost thoughts, so that from then on, he would cut his losses and she wouldn't have to feel guilty about him anymore.

"Because I couldn't leave her alone in Paris, because, sooner or later, she had to acknowledge her father."

"So, I've never been part of your life plan."

She turned to look at him, and he angrily raised his finger toward the couch, accusing her bitterly, word by word.

"I admit it!"

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"I admit it's just like you said,—you were never part of my life plan!"

She looked up proudly, as if that last bit of pride was maintaining her current demeanor.

"Qin Mu, you bastard!"

Her heart burned when he cursed at her, as if boiling water had been poured directly onto her heart, and her lips dried even more.

"Then why didn't you just tell me she was my daughter, instead of putting on this whole charade of adoption from the orphanage? Why go through all that trouble?"

If she told him the reason, Qin Mu was afraid he would tear her apart.

Right now, he seemed to hate her enough to want to strangle her, and if she continued, he would probably throw her out of the window in front of him.

Qin Mu guessed if she fell from here, she would definitely turn into a pile of flesh, and the thought of that bloody blur made her nauseous.

She looked at him slowly, watching him struggle to contain his rage, then calmly reminded him: I never intended to hide it from you, it's just that you wouldn't dare to believe that Huanhuan is your daughter.

"So you kept it a secret from me? Why didn't you just say she was my daughter so you'd have another chip to hold against me from here on out?"

"I didn't want to use my daughter as a bargaining chip; she is the only relative I have in this world, and I wish to always be sincere with her."

"And what about me? You just throw me away when you're done using me? When I have no more value, you just pick up your bag and leave, is that it?"

"In fact, as I see it, even if you like my body now, it won't last more than three years."

A man will inevitably get tired of sleeping with the same woman for a long time.

Three years, of which probably two and a half are being maintained because of past feelings.

She forgot which movie she'd seen this line in, but it struck a deep chord with her.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh, suddenly realizing that this woman really wouldn't leave any illusions open for her.

"Just sign the damn papers; after that, you're free to go wherever, sleep with whoever, I don't care."

He didn't even want to speak loudly anymore, turning his back on her after finishing.

This relationship, let it end here!

For such a woman who completely repels emotions, he truly had lost all hope.

He had thought that he would occupy some place within her plans, that she had never even fantasized about growing old with him.

He had naively planned, foolishly thinking that in the end, she would choose to live according to his design, under his protection.

But now, suddenly he felt weary.

It was so difficult to strive alone.

Qin Mu opened her mouth, trying several times to say something more to him, but in the end, she just swallowed stiffly.

But to just sign the papers and hand over her daughter to him...

He knew full well that her daughter was the most important person to her, her only support.

Yet she couldn't help but laugh, her eyes reddening from the heat, she turned her head again to look at him: Can't we talk this out?

"Discuss? I will never compromise when it comes to my daughter."

He also laughed, not bothering to turn around to look at her, his voice was light but pulsing with power.

"Anything but Huanhuan, really, anything else you want is fine."

"If I can't keep you—, can't I even keep my own daughter?"

The voices of both grew quieter, each carrying their own stubbornness.

"I'm right here in Rongcheng, I won't leave, why can't we both love her together?"

"Are you an idiot? How can two people who don't love each other, love someone else together?"

Qin Mu didn't know what to say in response, just watched his stubborn expression baffled about how to continue the conversation. Could it be that their dispute could only be settled in court?

No, it shouldn't be that way!

She could fight to the death with anyone else, but why should they hurt each other this much?

"I can't sign this agreement, I have things to take care of at the studio, I'm leaving."

"Qin Mu!"

As she approached the door with her bag, he called out to her.

Qin Mu stopped in her tracks instinctively, yet he didn't turn around, just stared at his feet: As long as you don't sign, you're still mine, and since you're mine, you've got obligations to fulfill!

"If you're referring to sex, I can do that."

She walked away, leaving the secretary and Qiao Yi shocked as they saw her red eyes upon exiting. They exchanged glances watching her leave, heads down, then both turned to look at the office door.

The door was open, as if a tornado was blasting from inside. The secretary was too scared to move, but Qiao Yi quietly stepped forward.

"Mr. Mu, are you okay?"

Chapter 108: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (5)_2

Qiao Yi knocked on the door and said.

Mu Yichen didn't speak, just smiled.

What could be the matter?

She had intended to use her body to repay him for his assistance.

It really was a mutual exploitation!

The agreement on the desk was slowly blown to the floor by a breeze from who knows where.

The office suddenly became as cold as winter.

After leaving his place, Qin Mu returned to the studio, where Helian Hao and Jing Feng were waiting for her.

The two had been sitting in the reception area for a while, chatting with Jian Yan, who stood up when she arrived: "I'll go check an email upstairs."

But as he turned to leave, he saw Qin Mu returning with her eyes reddened from crying, and his heart pricked as if by a needle.

As Qin Mu sat down, she smiled: "What time did you two get here?"

She placed her bag to one side, smiling as she greeted her most sincere friends.

Helian Hao, having not been told where she'd been, couldn't help but feel a pang of heartache seeing her red-rimmed eyes: "Just got here a bit ago, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Just tell me your ideas, and I'll start designing for you later."

Helian Hao and her had originally planned to discuss wedding dresses, but moved by Qin Mu's appearance, Helian felt a pang of sympathy.

Jing Feng had been quiet, sitting to the side, but when he saw the slight swelling around her eyes, he thought of Mu Yichen. He heard they argued every few days and wondered what enduring grudge they had that wouldn't let them stop torturing each other over so many years.

"If you're not feeling up to it today, we can postpone."

"No, I'm in a great mood! Just got some wind in my eyes outside."

Qin Mu replied, leaning over to grab a teacup and pour herself some water.

Talking with Mu Yichen had really left her thirsty.

"I heard that the Mu Family had dinner with the Mayor of Qin City at the hotel last night."

Jing Feng suddenly mentioned.

Qin Mu's tea drinking paused, but then she just smiled faintly: "Oh? Is that so?"

Helian Hao also looked at Jing Feng in surprise, completely unaware.

Jing Feng didn't say any more, and the reception area fell into a dead silence.

"Well, let's talk about the wedding dress. I want one with a long and voluminous veil, elegant, magical, and grand. It has to be stunningly beautiful."

Helian Hao thought for a moment and cleverly changed the subject. As she spoke about the wedding dress, she clasped her hands together in front of her chest, her eyes looking up to the ceiling, filled with the beautiful image she had dreamed up.

Jing Feng couldn't help but laugh at her demeanor.

Seeing the affectionate look in Jing Feng's eyes as he watched Helian Hao, Qin Mu was suddenly reminded of that man.

If life lacked disappointment...

But in the end, who can hold onto whom?

That evening after everyone had left the office, she and Huanhuan, along with Jian Yan, ate takeout in the studio. Jian Yan couldn't help but chuckle as she watched Huanhuan gobble down her rice:
"Huanhuan sure has a good appetite."

Qin Mu turned her head to look at the girl beside her and couldn't help but smile, as if Huanhuan's good appetite had made her feel much better as well.

"Did you argue with Mu Yi again?"

"Do we argue a lot?"

Qin Mu asked subconsciously, her smile slightly bitter.

"Yeah! But he usually comes looking for you pretty quickly," Jian Yan said as he involuntarily glanced out the window.

This evening was a little out of the ordinary, so it was safe to assume their argument had been serious.

Glancing at her hand, the glaring ring was gone, with only faint marks where it had been, Jian Yan looked up at her again: "You could call him, you know."

"No need, when are we going back to Paris?"

Qin Mu shifted the subject after taking a bite.

"Next week. Have you mentioned it to Mu Yichen?"

If Qin Mu just left like that, it would undoubtedly add frost to the already frosty relationship between her and Mu Yichen.

"Why should I tell him?"

Qin Mu raised her eyes, so stubborn and willful.

Jian Yan didn't respond.

After dinner, as Huanhuan lay on the sofa, patting her little belly and suddenly missing her dad and grandparents, Qin Mu saw her off and locked the door before seeing her cute state.

"Baby, let's go upstairs!"

"OK!"

Qin Mu took her hand and headed upstairs, Huanhuan holding her mother's hand.

"Mommy, where's Daddy?"

"Do you miss Daddy?"

"Yes, and Grandma and Grandpa too, Huanhuan misses them."

The two stood on the stairs, Qin Mu looking down at the earnest little girl looking up at her, so sincere and innocent.

She knew nothing yet, unaware that her mom and dad were actually...

Chapter 109: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (5)_3

She suddenly felt some regret, perhaps she should never have brought Huanhuan back in the first place.

She bent down to pick up Huanhuan and continued upstairs, praying in her heart that Huanhuan wouldn't see her parents completely alienated from each other, praying for Huanhuan to have a happy childhood.

And just after the mother and daughter went upstairs, a red car stopped at the entrance of their studio.

Jing Qing looked at the room on the second floor with the light on and remembered the phone call mentioning that Qin Mu had moved in with her luggage and daughter this morning.

It was only when she saw Qin Mu lock the door from inside that she truly believed it.

When she was about to leave, she received a distress message from Qin Mingzhu on WeChat. Jing Qing glanced at her phone, then threw it back onto the passenger seat and drove away.

Meanwhile, Qin Mingzhu was trembling and sitting on the couch, her eyes swollen from crying.

"So it was you who arranged for someone to rape your own sister?"

As soon as Qin Haiming got home, he heard the conversation between mother and daughter, then he slapped her hard, asking her in disbelief.

"She is not my real sister. She is that whore's child."

"Smack!"

Another fierce slap. Qin Haiming was almost shaking, feeling numbness in his hand and shivering in himself.

"Why do you hit her? If you're angry, hit me! Ever since that girl came back, you have been favoring her in every way. Do you also expect us, mother and daughter, to do the same as you? You not only neglect us but also come to blame us. You—didn't you see how that girl treated us?"

"So it's right for your daughter to arrange for such a filthy act? Even if you don't consider Mumu as her real sister, as the daughters of Qin Haiming, do they have to fight and let the whole world know of the unhappiness in Qin Haiming's family?"

Qin Haiming looked at the woman shielding her younger daughter and realized just how naive he had been.

How hard it was to maintain the appearance of peace.

He just wanted to make it up to Qin Mu a bit, but he found out that the mother and daughter didn't agree at all.

Later, Zhang Rujia came to understand but couldn't swallow her pride. Before sleep, she spoke to Qin Haiming, "Haiming, I'm sorry."

"Rujia, even if you don't like Qin Mu, she was cast out since she was young. I already owe her so much. Even for my sake, you need to restrain yourself towards her."

"Yes, haven't I always kept out of her way obediently? Mingzhu is still young. Suddenly, a girl appears to compete for fatherly love, she can't take it, can you understand that? Please forgive her this time, and I will supervise her properly in the future, okay?"

Qin Haiming turned around to look at the woman changing his pajamas and then nodded: "It's been hard on you!"

Zhang Rujia smiled: "Just accept my good intentions."

But that night, how many people really managed to sleep?

When Feng Fanghua insisted on taking her granddaughter back, Mu Yichen couldn't sleep the whole night, and Qin Mu only fell asleep after midnight.

The summer was too stuffy, from evening to early morning, it remained uncomfortably hot.

Hence, a heavy rain poured down in the morning,

And with no delivery available, mother and daughter searched the first floor for pastries and milk brought by everyone else, then squatted on a wooden board, drinking milk and eating pastries, finishing their breakfast that way.

Seeing Huanhuan eating so happily, Qin Mu felt guilty; everyone had been given the day off, and mother and daughter planned to spend the day reading books and watching cartoons when a black sedan stopped at the front door.

Someone holding a black umbrella walked to the back of the car to welcome the person inside out.

Mother and daughter stood in front of the glass screen watching. In fact, as soon as the person stepped out, Qin Mu could guess it was Feng Fanghua without looking at the face.

From her feet to the hem of her skirt, there was no concealing her noble bearing.

Feng Fanghua, like her name, carried a sense of elegance.

"Grandma!"

Upon seeing her grandmother, Huanhuan immediately ran forward. Feng Fanghua walked in and immediately took her hand: "My good granddaughter, how I've missed you."

Now, Feng Fanghua felt something lacking in her heart just by not seeing her for a day.

Qin Mu invited her to sit inside, then seeing a few bags of desserts on the coffee table, immediately went to tidy up.

"You're feeding my granddaughter this?"

Feng Fanghua immediately asked in displeasure upon seeing them.

"Ah! It started raining suddenly, so the delivery couldn't come this morning, and we made do."

"I don't care what you did before and it was not possible for me to interfere, but from now on, if you feed my granddaughter these un-nutritious junk foods again, don't bother bringing her."

Chapter 110: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (5)_4

Feng Fanghua immediately issued a warning with her words.

Qin Mu knew she was distressed for her granddaughter, and thus she didn't say much, even though she harbored different thoughts in her heart.

"What you wish to do with Yichen is none of my business, and if you want to move out—, I might even say I've actually been looking forward to your divorce, but as for my granddaughter, don't even think about taking her away and keeping her from seeing me."

"Then you take her home!"

Qin Mu said in a low voice.

Feng Fanghua was hardly seated long enough to warm up her seat, lecturing her until her mouth was dry, and was even more unbelievably upset upon hearing that sentence, frowning as she looked at her: What do you mean by that?

"I have to go to Paris with my master on Monday, so it would be much better for Huanhuan to stay with you rather than with me lately."

Feng Fanghua...

Qin Mu still stood beside her, watching Feng Fanghua looking at her with eyes full of disdain, yet she could do nothing but bow her head and accompany her.

"What are you going back to Paris for?"

"There's an event there, and a movie's costume design has invited my master, so I'm going to be his assistant."

Once Feng Fanghua understood the truth, most of her anger dissipated: So, you and Yichen, are you separating or divorcing?

"As long as I don't lose the right to see my daughter."

Feng Fanghua thought this girl really had some gall.

Later, standing at the door, Qin Mu breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Feng Fanghua holding Huanhuan and getting into the car, and unconsciously touched the spot where her ring used to be, then felt a pang in her heart.

The ring was long gone.

That evening, Mu Yichen was called back for dinner, and the moment he entered the living room, he saw Huanhuan running toward him: Daddy, Daddy!

He instinctively bent down and picked her up, then walked inside while asking, "Did you go looking for Qin Mu?"

"Why would I look for her? I was just looking for my granddaughter."

Mu Yichen didn't speak to her anymore and just sat there holding Huanhuan, unable to stop himself from feeling a headache as he looked at Huanhuan's foolish appearance and was suddenly reminded of the heartless words that woman had said to him.

Feng Fanghua glanced at him, then at her own granddaughter, holding back some words that were on the tip of her tongue.

The affairs of those two were something Feng Fanghua truly didn't want to meddle in anymore.

After dinner, Mu Yichen coaxed Huanhuan to sleep and then took his coat and went downstairs. Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were talking about him, and they stopped when they saw him descending the stairs.

"I'm stepping out a moment!"

He said casually, grabbing his coat and heading out.

After Feng Fanghua processed what happened, she turned her head to look at his retreating figure:
Where are you going, huh?

"Where else? The two of them are truly a match made in adversary heaven," Mu Zihao couldn't help but shake his head.

"This girl is unreliable. I've also felt that there's something off with Jing Qing lately. Have you noticed that among our acquaintances of a similar age to him, there are quite a few girls left?"

Upon careful thought, Feng Fanghua worried her son might have too strong a need in that aspect, and thought maybe it would be better to find him a woman to date. Perhaps after being with someone else, he wouldn't keep fixated on his past relationship.

"What are you planning to do? Didn't we agree not to meddle in their affairs?"

"But look at him, he had just said harsh words, and in less than a few minutes, he's off to find her again. It's not good for this to keep going on like this."

"He has his own family now, why are you in such a hurry? Just let him deal with it."

"But..."

"Who knows, maybe he'll bring you another grandson someday?"

Mu Zihao hinted, and Feng Fanghua looked into his eyes, then immediately blushed, not knowing what to say.

Mu Zihao suddenly laughed, "Do you still remember over twenty years ago when we had Qingxin?"

"You still have the nerve to mention it?"

Feng Fanghua grumbled, still holding a grudge over Qin Mu's actions, yet there were things she truly didn't know how to proceed with since she couldn't grasp them.

Those times long past, those stubborn moments of youth.

Outside, the rain continued to drizzle down, as Qin Mu had a bowl of wontons alone in a nearby snack shop, then walked back with a blue umbrella over her head.

The wind was strong, threatening to take the umbrella away at any moment. She held it tightly, completely blinded to the road ahead.

She didn't have time to notice whether there was a car following her or not.

Just as she was about to reach the studio, she walked by a puddle and unfortunately stepped right into it.

She managed to save her foot but not the umbrella in her hand, and as the wind quickly blew it away, she could only watch helplessly. Then, she fixed her crooked shoe and limped forward.

Upon reaching the studio's door, she promptly entered the password, and then she heard a car stop behind her — to be precise, she heard the sound of its door opening.

He had followed her all the way, watching her struggle and thinking she deserved it, but still, he had followed her.