

His Beloved 39

Chapter 39: Illegitimate Daughter (2) Edit_1

"The person who wants me to design a dress with this theme is reminiscing about the old times!"

"What about you?" he asked, gazing at her beautiful face with tender affection.

Qin Mu, seeing the look in his eyes, reflexively rose from his embrace and straddled his knees.

Her hands rested on his shoulders, pressing herself against his sturdy chest, and she held his face, looking at him seductively, "Compared to the old times, I yearn for a beautiful future even more."

His hands gently caressed her slender waist as he looked up at her with eyes brimming with burgeoning desire, "Is that so?"

"I should go see if Huanhuan has woken up," she suddenly realized this wasn't appropriate and, with a quick turn of her eyes, tried to escape from his lap.

"You should coax me first."

Her slender body was held tight, unable to move, as if the sound of his voice, as melodious as a cello, made her heart flutter.

"Why?"

"Because I need you more than she does right now."

The sofa was clearly uncomfortable, yet he seemed to really enjoy it.

It was as if every time they were together on that sofa...

Hmm, Qin Mu thought it must be psychological.

After lunch, she stood by the window frowning at the troubling view: "I still need to visit the studio today, what should I do?"

"I'll have someone handle it."

He stood behind her, and dialing his phone as he spoke.

Qin Mu turned to look at him; with just a few words, he ended the call, then turned to her, "We leave in an hour."

"Really?" Qin Mu couldn't believe it.

"Mhm!"

In these past few days, Mu Yichen had taken up the role of a nanny, and Qin Mu, along with Xiaomei, increasingly met at the house on the other side that boasted clear hills and fresh waters, where opening a door revealed a lush, green vista.

From negotiation to contract signing and payment, it didn't take long at all, and it was not until she held the purchase contract in her hands that her heart felt settled. After seeing off the previous owner of the house, she turned to look at the two-story villa and suddenly burst out laughing.

From now on, this was where she would start her career.

"Qinqin, this place is as beautiful as a fairyland."

Faced with the beautiful scenery before her, Qin Mu couldn't help but sigh, a sign of relaxation and joy from finally achieving her heart's desire.

Before long, Jian Yan sent people over to her, and thus she settled down in Rong City.

There weren't many changes made to the house, just the addition of some desks, sofas, and the tools they needed.

One morning after a meeting, visitors came knocking; as the staff warmly received the guests, Qin Mu peered down from the second floor and unintentionally caught sight of Qin Haiming's wife.

The woman looked up and also saw her.

Eyes locked, neither of them recognized nor ceded ground to the other.

A staff member brought tea to the parlor, and Qin Mu, sitting at the head, watched the woman who kept staring intently at her, amused. Surely eyes couldn't kill, so why stare for so long—didn't her eyes get dry?

"How much money do you want?"

The woman was very direct.

"Do I look like someone who lacks money?" Qin Mu picked up a coffee cup, flashing a sharp glance before a sip, and lightly laughed.

"Then what's your purpose?"

"Are you referring to the incident with my mother?"

"Why else would I come looking for you?"

"My mother was the first woman Qin Haiming married, the Qin Family's eldest daughter-in-law. As for my purpose, should I not be the one asking what purpose a mistress like you has?"

"You..."

"How did you seduce Qin Haiming back then, what despicable means did you use to get pregnant with his child, and how did you force him to marry you?"

Qin Haiming's current wife was left speechless, her face turning pale.

She hadn't expected to be the one pressing Qin Mu, only to end up being aggressively silenced by her.

Qin Mu set down her coffee cup and looked up at the woman, her sharp eyes overlooking the pale-faced woman, arrogantly scrutinizing every expression on her face.

"If you move my mother's grave out of the Qiao Family's cemetery, are you not afraid her ghost will come looking for you? Imagine if before the breast cancer takes you, you're already locked away by my mother's spirit. Are you sure you want to compete with a dead person?"

Qin Mu's words were imposing, yet she spoke with feigned composure, smiling faintly at the end, "You won't win, unless Qin Haiming loves you."

"You, you, you have no right to say he doesn't love me!"

"The one he loves was my mother."

The woman angrily stood up from the sofa, trembling as she tried to contain herself, barely managing a forced laugh, which appeared incredibly ugly, almost as if she didn't believe her own words: "He loves me, otherwise how could your mother be dead?"

"My mother is dead because she was too troubled, not because Qin Haiming stopped loving her. From the beginning to the end, his love was for her, a fact that couldn't be clearer to you and me."