

His Beloved 52

Chapter 52: Poisonous Perfume_1

"Did Qin Mu tell you?"

Jing Qing's face immediately became unnatural, but her inquiring voice remained gentle.

"Are you afraid of me finding out?"

The sharp eagle eyes lifted, shooting straight into the depths of her eyes.

Jing Qing's face instantly dimmed as if his gaze had seen through all her little thoughts.

"What perfume?" someone curiously asked.

Mu Yichen glanced at Jing Qing but simply smiled without showing further interest in speaking.

"Oh, it's just a brand custom-made from abroad, I just didn't expect it to use wild roses as the main ingredient."

She explained softly, but the smile at the corner of her mouth was already somewhat distorted.

"Wild roses, huh! Our Mumu indeed has a wild persona, a wild heart, and a broad path. Miss Jing really went to a lot of trouble."

As soon as Helian Hao heard the three words 'wild roses', he knew Jing Qing intended to use them to shame Qin Mu and immediately retorted fiercely.

Jing Feng sat there looking at her, and she returned his gaze with an equally fierce one.

Given Jing Qing's status and position, she certainly didn't need to please Qin Mu; Jing Feng glanced at his sister with helpless furrowed brows: "I'm going to the restroom."

"I'll go too!"

Helian Hao immediately stood up and went out with him.

After the two of them left, the rest of the company noticed the tense atmosphere in the room and promptly changed the subject: "When did Xiaohao start pursuing Jing Feng?"

"My brother would never date her."

Jing Qing immediately added.

The crowd...

When Mu Yichen came home, Huanhuan was already back, sleeping soundly on the master bedroom's large bed. Qin Mu held a book in one hand and gently patted her with the other.

Such a peaceful scene.

Qin Mu looked up at the sound and lifted her eyes: "You're back so early?"

"I'm not the kind of man who's accustomed to spending the night out."

"Hmph!"

After Mu Yichen spoke, Qin Mu glanced at the words in her book and chuckled twice.

Mu Yichen immediately remembered that he had just spent a couple of nights out and lost his temper, walking over to sit down and leaning in to look at the little girl: "Why did you bring her to the master bedroom?"

"I thought you were going to sleep outside tonight!" Qin Mu's bright apricot eyes looked at him, seemingly smiling.

"If I didn't come back, wouldn't you be upset again?"

Mu Yichen said before getting up to take a shower, Qin Mu pursed her lips in disagreement but didn't say anything more.

Looking down at her daughter sleeping so soundly, she put down the book, gently embraced her, and felt ever warmer in her heart the more she looked.

Despite the striking resemblance between father and daughter, how could he be so foolishly unaware?

Did he firmly believe she wouldn't have children?

Did he think she had lost faith in marriage, thus she would terminate a life?

By the time he finished showering and came out, just a few minutes had passed, and Qin Mu had also fallen asleep.

He sighed helplessly, got into bed, and couldn't help but glance at Huanhuan again.

For some reason, every time he looked at Huanhuan, his heart would melt, softened by her tender innocence.

It seemed he hadn't seen such pure little creature in over twenty years; she really resembled Qin Mu...

In the dim light, his dark eyes moved from his daughter's face to the woman beside her, they were identical.

He lay down gently next to her, and although he didn't embrace Qin Mu, he surprisingly had a good night's sleep.

That night, Qin Mu had a dream in which she was back in her childhood when Qin Haiming celebrated his birthday. At that time, Qin Haiming wasn't the mayor yet, he was always busy and rarely seen, but he was always there for family birthdays. Of course, no matter how busy he was, he'd always rush back home for his own birthday. Her mother would bake a cake herself, cook a few of her signature dishes, and then she'd sing a birthday song for him with her mom.

Back then, Qin Mu admired her father immensely, believing he was the handsomest and most responsible man in the world.

But just a couple of years later, he had an affair, and her kind and virtuous mother passed away.

She suddenly dreamed of that car accident, the scene of her mother lying in a pool of blood, and her whole body jolted awake from the bed.

It was four-thirty in the morning.

In the darkness, her sparkling eyes lost their spirit but were wide open, her head drenched in cold sweat.

She just sat there on the bed, stunned, until she realized it was just a dream, and gradually relaxed as she slowly looked down at her daughter, and at him.

Tears fell involuntarily the moment she saw him, as big as pearls.

Mu Yichen...

She couldn't help calling for him in her heart.

Then she slowly lay back down, not even daring to turn her gaze back to his side.

The surroundings were so quiet that she could hear the sound of her own heartbeat.

Her chest felt as if it were going to split open, such a raw ache.

Ever since her mother's death, this nightmare had been haunting her.

But this time, it hurt especially bad.

She turned her head towards the window.

She was scared!

She was scared to death!

Brushing their teeth together in the early morning, Mu Yichen looked at the woman in the mirror with red rims around her eyes: "Did you sleep poorly last night?"

"Caught a bit of a cold!"

Qin Mu dodged his gaze and said in a hoarse voice.

Mu Yichen didn't ask further, but his mood turned somber because of the redness around her eyes.

He went to prepare breakfast while Qin Mu peeked quietly from the doorway.

It seemed as if this life wouldn't last long.

It seemed as if she was about to lose him!

Qin Mu couldn't help watching him steadily, as if she needed to imprint his image into her very being.

"Mommy!"

Not until her daughter appeared, gently tugging at her clothes, calling her.

Qin Mu lowered her eyes to see her daughter looking up at her with a smile, as if she had a request.

After breakfast, Mu Yichen drove her to work, and at the studio's entrance she smiled and said to him, "Don't come pick me up tonight, I'll have dinner with Huanhuan and Xiaomei and then take a taxi back."

"Mmm!"

He didn't say much, simply agreed with a word and left.

Qin Mu held Huanhuan and watched him go, Huanhuan habitually waved her little hand to say goodbye.

Xiaomei ran out of the studio: "You should go in and take a look, an elderly person has arrived!"

Qin Mu looked at Xiaomei, hearing her say in a low voice, "Very serious!"

Her eyes flashing with a sharp light, Qin Mu peered through the nearby glass towards the inside.

An elderly person? Very serious?

Could it be the Jing Family's patriarch?

But what was he doing here to see her?

Indeed, he had a formidable presence, the old master sitting alone on the sofa, hands resting on his customized cane, squinting through his reading glasses, yet exerting an overwhelming pressure.

"Hello," Qin Mu greeted softly, without sitting down.

Everyone else didn't dare get close, but Qin Mu stood to one side, unfazed under his scrutiny.

"Tell me! Why did you come back?"

The patriarch ignored her greeting, looking at her with eyes filled with mockery and disdain, and his tone was as if he was questioning a servant.

Qin Mu thought, today she had come with the respect due to an elder, but what if he wouldn't extend the same courtesy?