

His Beloved 59

Chapter 59: Self-esteem attacked_1

Qin Mu let him close in, and conveniently turned to stand against the wall, her head tilted back, staring at him.

Feeling the alcohol on his breath, her gaze became sharp as needles, no longer merely posturing and showing off her influence.

"Isn't this what you've always wanted? For everyone to remember you?"

Her gaze forced him to bring up the subject.

In fact, he didn't want to mention it, knowing she disliked this method, but it was the simplest and fastest way for people to remember her. It was also something she had to go through upon her return.

Compared to letting people slowly realize it and then spreading messy rumors, this method was obviously far more appropriate.

"And then? You tell them we've been together for a long time, that we already have a child, that we're going to marry soon," she asked him, puffing her chest out in a show of bold defiance.

"Are you angry about that?"

Clearly, he was more composed, and he didn't believe she was just angry about this!

"The most important thing is that you joined forces with Qin Haiming, knowing how much I hate him, you still let him play the doting father in front of those people," she said forcefully.

These words were heavy as she pointed towards the outdoors and hurled them out, even hatred flickering in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Isn't it good for him to play the doting father? Didn't you want his wife and daughter to be unhappy?" he retorted.

"Mu Yichen, don't assume you understand me so well, okay?" Her pride was fiercely attacked, and she almost stomped her foot in anger, shoving him away before opening the door and leaving.

Hearing the door slam shut with a 'bang,' he stood there, bowing his head, confirming something without following her.

No media dared to leak this major news. The mayor of Qin City's eldest daughter being remembered by everyone could only be an open secret.

Yet even so, Qin Mu's heart was still tormented.

She was furious that he dared to embrace her and call her the daughter he had abandoned, that he dared to express his guilt in front of so many people.

What right did he have?

What right did he have to repent in front of so many people?

He would never be able to earn her forgiveness, even if one day she called him 'Dad' insincerely, it would definitely not be out of love for him.

Qin Mu hid in her daughter's room and slept through the night. The next morning, before she awoke, the little one beside her was already stirring.

Mu Yichen gently pushed the door open and, seeing Little Huanhuan sit up, made a shushing gesture with his hand before walking in to quietly pick up Little Huanhuan and leave the room.

Qin Mu continued to sleep, her eyes dry and uncomfortable after a night of insomnia before finally drifting off.

Mu Yichen quietly got clothes for Little Huanhuan and went to their bedroom to dress her. After they washed up in the bedroom, father and daughter went downstairs together.

Little Huanhuan was most delighted when Mu Yichen lifted her up high, sitting on his shoulders.

"You play here, daddy's going to prepare breakfast, okay?"

"OK!"

Little Huanhuan hugged her toy, nodding at him, her smile bright as the early morning sun.

Mu Yichen couldn't help but smile as well, seeing her always grinning so brilliantly, really like the sunshine bit by bit illuminating the dark depths of his heart.

By the time she woke up, the father and daughter had already prepared breakfast. Coming downstairs and seeing them eating, she couldn't help feeling a twinge of emotion in her nose.

"Good morning!"

She said casually, unsure who it was meant for.

"Mommy, good morning!" Huanhuan greeted her cheerfully.

Qin Mu glanced at her daughter and couldn't resist smiling as she sat down.

Indeed, Huanhuan was their little sun.

Mu Yichen only looked up at her when she started to serve herself some porridge to eat, still angry with him but not forgetting to eat, good!

Qin Mu had a great appetite that morning, drinking two bowls of porridge and eating two egg pancakes.

Later, she took Huanhuan in her car and left without paying any attention to Mu Yichen.

Mu Yichen, feeling helpless, could only follow them quietly.

"Mommy, Daddy's behind us!"

Huanhuan lay in the back looking out, emphasizing the last two words heavily.

"Sit properly, don't move around," Qin Mu reminded her daughter gently, obviously aware that he was following them, so she deliberately drove carelessly.

Huanhuan obediently sat down, looking reassured and content knowing her daddy was behind them.

When her car reached the studio parking lot, he left without lingering any longer.

After getting out of the car, Qin Mu opened the door for Huanhuan then turned to look back at the tail of his car, her stubborn gaze mixed with a touch of grievance.

Grievances stem from his worry.

She went in to carry her daughter out, then walked straight into the work studio with her back erect.

A few friends had already arrived, and Xiaomei, brimming with excitement, ran to her side, touched Little Huanhuan's face, and then, bursting with excitement, said to Qin Mu, "Master is coming over today!"

Qin Mu's eyes couldn't help but sparkle, "Really?"

The work studio had been open for a while, and the master had always said he was too busy to visit.

Xiaomei nodded vigorously, striving to suppress her own excitement.

In fact, everyone was happy; after working with Jian Yan for a long time, a few days without seeing him felt very empty.

Qin Mu just hadn't expected him to come over, and remembering the adoption paperwork he was supposed to handle for Huanhuan, she wondered if he was coming just to deliver that.

That couldn't be it; he must be worried about their work studio.

She also wasn't used to working alone; she was accustomed to having his support.

"Decorate the place nicely, order some bouquets of flowers the master likes."

"Okay!"

Qin Mu carried Huanhuan upstairs, while Xiaomei took out her phone to call the flower shop and order flowers.

She had been diligently drawing designs that morning when she received a call from Liu Jingyuan and felt surprised, "President Liu, your suit will still take two more days."

"I just wanted to invite Miss Qin out for tea," said Liu Jingyuan with a chuckle.

Qin Mu's eyes fluttered, "Another day, please; I really have other matters today."

"Oh? It seems I really don't pick the right times."

After hanging up the phone with Liu Jingyuan, she noticed Xiaomei standing at the door, looking at her with a mischievous smile, "Qinqin, does that President Liu fancy you or something?"

"I'm not RMB; not everyone likes me,"

Qin Mu replied, then put her phone aside and continued drawing.

"But I always feel that this man is trying to get close to you." Xiaomei approached and presented her with the fruit she had cut.

Qin Mu took a piece and put it in her mouth, frowning at Xiaomei, then lowered her gaze contemplatively.

When Jian Yan arrived, it was already two in the afternoon, and all their friends crowded around him. Jian Yan smiled, "Don't you have work to do?"

Having agreed to a dinner gathering in the evening, everyone dispersed shyly.

Huanhuan clung to him and wouldn't leave his arms. Qin Mu sat beside them looking on, "Everyone just misses you a lot."

"Yeah, I can see that!"

While saying that, he lifted his gaze toward Qin Mu who was sitting at the side. Qin Mu let out a helpless sigh, "Don't say everyone but me; I missed you quite a bit, too."

After she spoke, she picked up the folder he had brought, opened it, and began surveying the documents within.

"Really?"

Jian Yan's gaze also fell on the documents in her hands.

"Huanhuan misses you, too!"

Huanhuan raised her head to look at Jian Yan, eagerly expressing her feelings.

"Right, the only one here who sincerely misses me is Little Huanhuan." Jian Yan immediately turned his attention to Little Huanhuan, gently rubbing her head.

"I really hadn't noticed she possessed a knack for flattery. She's not at all like me and Mu Yichen."

Qin Mu shook her head in disappointment and put the documents back into the bag.

How should she put it? The documents arrived very timely, and Mu Yichen hadn't even urged her, but her heart...

Instead of feeling relieved after seeing the documents, she felt somewhat restless and uneasy.

"Not like you? Have you forgotten how you shamelessly clung to the doorstep of my house back then?"

Qin Mu...

"I think Huanhuan's temperament is very much like yours."

Jian Yan looked at Huanhuan, liking her more and more with every look.

Qin Mu felt quite helpless about this; after all, Jian Yan pampered Huanhuan, and it likely wasn't any less than Mu Yichen.

That evening, she encountered Mu Yichen and his group at the hotel while welcoming Jian Yan with a dinner, and Jiang Zhiyuan, with a burst of inspiration, quickly became enthusiastic, "Since we all know each other, why don't we dine together?"

Jian Yan glanced at Mu Yichen, then at his own disciple, the two of them appearing to be in a cold war, "Then let's eat together."

Qin Mu instinctively turned her head to look at Jian Yan, her eyes showing strong disapproval.

Jian Yan had already walked ahead, and Mu Yichen glanced at the woman beside him who was following Jian Yan into the restaurant without looking up.

Although Mu Yichen was following behind her, when they entered, he found the seats on both sides of her already taken.

Jian Yan, as the master, sat at the innermost spot, with Qin Mu on one side and a foreign girl on Qin Mu's other side.