

His Beloved 79

Chapter 79: Avengers for Wife_8

His car was still there, and several bodyguards too, but he was nowhere to be seen.

All sorts of emotions flooded her heart for a moment, and even her faint breathing seemed to ache with the pulling of her muscles and bones.

"Mu Yichen!" She called out his name through clenched teeth, fiercely slapping the glass with her hand.

Behind her, a faint laugh suddenly emerged, followed by the sound of a cheerful whistle. Qin Mu turned around excitedly, her face flushed as she looked at the empty doorway.

Mu Yichen had sent back the adoption materials regarding Huanhuan to the Mu Family, but to no avail.

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For several days, Qin Mu couldn't forget the scene of him waving goodbye next to his car before leaving that night.

And that cheerful whistle, he seemed very happy?

So, in the following days, Qin Mu's foot injury didn't heal, and her stomach was upset from anger for several days.

Jian Yan didn't go to the studio dinner either, only sending a card.

Xiaomei, thinking they could get a discount at Mu Yichen's hotel, immediately gathered everyone to rush to AM. When she went to ask the manager for a discount, the manager smiled and said, "No problem, but why didn't Miss Qin come with you?"

"She injured her foot and has a stomachache! Thanks a lot, we'll head over now."

"All right!"

Xiaomei, eager to dine, sat down at the prearranged spot with her colleagues and started ordering food. The manager stood at a distance for a while, gave a few instructions, then walked away with his phone.

The man dining with clients not far away heard the news and continued chatting with his clients indifferently, soon leaving.

Huanhuan was well taken care of at the Mu Family home, so Qin Mu simply took care of her dreary dinner alone, ordering a cup of rice porridge for takeaway!

She, working overtime in the studio day and night, had become a workaholic in her colleagues' eyes, yet she reveled in it.

Because truthfully, besides drawing, she didn't know what else she could do.

However, when she thought her rice porridge had arrived and went to open the door, she was surprised to see Liu Jingyuan standing outside with a food container.

She couldn't bear to turn him away at the door, so she invited him into the visiting area on the first floor.

The takeaway that was delivered was set aside, and she sipped the fish soup he brought, savoring the delicacies prepared by the hotel's top chefs.

All the lights on the first floor were on, and the two sat opposite each other by the window, eating. Liu Jingyuan couldn't help but laugh with delight when he saw how much she enjoyed the food, "Why didn't you go to dinner with them? Do you want to do everything by yourself?"

"I suppose I inherited this from my master, he's like that." Qin Mu responded with a light laugh, continuing to eat heartily.

"Jian Yan is indeed a genius, but you really shouldn't follow his example in this respect. I heard you've been having stomach issues lately; you need to take care of yourself."

Only then did Qin Mu look up at him, suddenly remembering the unexpected dinner.

"Oh right, I haven't asked you yet, how did you know I was working overtime here? And about my stomachache."

"I just happened to be at AM dining with a client when I ran into your studio's ladies."

So that was it. Qin Mu laughed awkwardly, nodding her head: It must have been Xiaomei; she talks the most.

"Let's eat first; don't let it get cold."

As Mu Yichen's car approached the studio, he could see, apart from her car, another vehicle in the parking lot, a dark Bentley. Gazing through the window towards the floor-to-ceiling glass, he saw a man and a woman sitting there, dining and laughing together.

All of a sudden, he couldn't help but laugh to himself, thinking he had been concerned she couldn't take care of herself, but there she was, seemingly enjoying herself immensely.

Was this the reason she wanted to break up with him? But was she blind? Liu Jingyuan was nothing more than a real estate mogul, while he was an inexhaustible gold mine.

Mu Yichen felt his breathing become heavier, yet he couldn't take his eyes off them.

"Have the bodyguards at the door already been withdrawn?" Liu Jingyuan asked, then looked outside.

"Yes! The issue has been resolved, so they have left these past two days."

Liu Jingyuan nodded, then finally noticed the car parked across the way, smiling subconsciously.

"What's up?"

Qin Mu, curious, looked at him, following his gaze to the window...

Mu Yichen!

Why was he here?

"Are you two—having an argument?"

Liu Jingyuan didn't care if Mu Yichen was there or not, he elegantly looked at Qin Mu and asked.

An argument?

No, it was not merely a simple argument.

Qin Mu thought about the events that had occurred over the past few days, gave a withered smile, but merely lowered her head to drink soup without responding.

Liu Jingyuan noticed the ring on her hand again, unconsciously shook his head: "Mu Yi really struck it lucky, for you to be so unable to let go."

It was the first time anyone had said that Mu Yi had struck it lucky.

"Actually, I was the lucky one to have met him; if not for him... I might have died many years ago."

People need a source of strength to live, and if it hadn't been for his timely appearance in Paris, she would likely have died or led a life of degeneration long ago.

He was the sunshine on the road of her life!

Liu Jingyuan looked at the sadness in Qin Mu's eyes when she smiled, and he unconsciously stared: "Is that so?"

"It's a long story!"

Qin Mu shook her head, refusing to continue.

After finishing the meal, she put the boxes aside. After a while, Liu Jingyuan left, and she stood at the doorway, hands in the pockets of her jeans, looking at the car opposite.

He neither left nor came closer, interesting.

After eating, she had no desire to draw anymore, and instead, she drank the untouched rice paste in the second-floor office and watched the car downstairs.

He seemed to really enjoy driving sports cars lately!

She took a sip of the rice paste when suddenly her stomach cramped, causing her enough pain that she furrowed her brow.

The evening was still quite cool, especially after ten o'clock.

She actually...

Didn't dare to open the door.

It seemed as if the studio was a cage, her umbrella of protection; she didn't dare to step out because she didn't know what would happen if she did.

Or maybe...

She wasn't afraid he would devour her, she was just afraid of his weighty words.

They could no longer converse properly; she heard that there had always been women around him lately, one of them even a subordinate from his company.

She turned away, leaning gently against the window, and lost the desire to drink the rice paste.

Later, the rice paste was mercilessly thrown into the trash, and she lay casually on the sofa, resting with her eyes closed.

If he wouldn't leave, then she would sleep there.

It was summer now, after all, not cold.

Lights in the studio eventually went out, but Mu Yichen's car remained parked outside.

Until dawn broke, the two of them slept through the night separated by just one wall, one on the sofa, the other in the car.

Later, Mu Yichen drove back to the Mu Family home. Feng Fanghua was reading a storybook to Huanhuan when she saw the haggard look on his face, she immediately asked: "Why do you look so worn out?"

"Daddy!"

Huanhuan got up to find him. Mu Yichen didn't even glance at her as he headed upstairs.

Huanhuan followed the backside of her father with a sense of loss, then continued to call: "Daddy, daddy..."

"Stop calling me daddy, I'm not your daddy!"

Mu Yichen suddenly stopped on the stairs, turned his head, and pointed at Huanhuan as he shouted, angry like an overgrown boy.

"Wuuu..."

Huanhuan immediately started crying pitifully, covering her eyes with her hands. Feng Fanghua put down the book, moved forward, and crouched in front of her granddaughter, hugging her and yelling at the man upstairs: "Mu Yi, have you gone mad? Get out of here!"

Mu Yichen didn't leave; instead, he suddenly came downstairs, snatched Huanhuan from Feng Fanghua's arms, and strode out while carrying her.