

# His Beloved Treasure

## *Chapter 14: 14 Why give me a ring\_1*

In the early morning, Mu Yichen cradled her beautiful back, his hand gently caressing her ring.

Qin Mu nestled in his embrace, quietly feeling the spot he touched, when a certain inexplicable emotion suddenly rose in her heart.

"Why give me a ring? You make it seem like we're really getting married."

Qin Mu turned around, her fingers subconsciously tapping on his chest as a game.

"Getting married should look the part. Do you think I'm joking around with you?"

"Then why me?"

He had just lifted his hand to show her the ring on his, when she, hugging his hand, covered the ring and asked him.

"Why can't it be you? Am I not good enough?"

"Not bad, I guess? It's just too sudden."

She released his hand, thought for a moment, and then turned back to lie down.

"Just okay? Only just okay?"

He hugged her tightly in his arms, coercing and tempting her.

"It is okay, very good. Is that not good enough for you?"

"Too late!"

"Ah!"

Being late meant that she had to join him in morning exercises.

Later, after receiving a phone call, she hurried to take a shower and leave. Mu Yichen leaned against the bathroom door, watching her apply lipstick: Am I still staying here tonight?

Qin Mu, half-way through applying, turned to look at him: You're still here today?

"Mhm!"

As if he had a thousand words to say, but it all ended with a mhm.

As emotions swirled in Qin Mu's eyes, she finished applying her lipstick: Otherwise, you can find a nicer hotel to stay at.

"What about you?"

"I'll join you, after I finish what I'm busy with."

"You don't plan to invite me to your apartment for a visit?"

Qin Mu...

Once she finished packing, she turned around to face him, his eyes filled with grievance. She lifted a hand to pat his face: No, there are too many girls' personal items inside, it's not convenient for you to see.

"What haven't I seen of yours?"

"What about Xiaomei?"

She shook Mu Yichen off and quietly returned home. Xiaomei asked if she should put Little Huanhuan's things back to where they belonged.

"No, no, let's wait until he leaves in a few days."

"But what if he makes a surprise visit and sees Huanhuan? How should I explain it?"

Xiaomei really feared she wouldn't be able to explain well enough, which could mean game over.

"Just say it's the neighbor's kid." Qin Mu's hand, holding the document, paused for a moment before she hastily replied.

"The neighbor... But isn't it a single, handsome young man who lives next door?"

Xiaomei loved to roam around due to the foreign handsome young man next door.

"You know who lives next door, Mu Yichen doesn't." Qin Mu looked at her helplessly, then turned around to pick up her daughter with her documents.

"Go play with Aunt Xiaomei, and mommy will come to join you after finishing work, okay?"

"Okay!" Little Huanhuan slowly nodded, seeming a bit unhappy but also very sensible and understanding.

"Good girl!"

Seeing how sensible her daughter was, the mother pressed a firm kiss on her face and left.

In the morning, Jian Yan discussed some details with the project lead on Qin Mu's behalf, and at noon, the two of them went out for lunch together: Did President Mu come?

"Master!"

"Mhm?"

"Why did you tell him where I live?"

"He flew all the way from Rongcheng to see you, could you bear not meeting him?"

Qin Mu couldn't help but lower her gaze at her master's questioning gaze, contemplating inwardly.

What was there for her to hold on to?

The reluctance now will be her own pain in the future.

Jian Yan lowered his gaze, his lips hooked slightly, and then he looked earnestly at his disciple: "He's here to take you back to Rongcheng, go back with him."

"Why?" Qin Mu was shocked. Did her master no longer like her?

"Haven't you wanted to strike out on your own for a long time?"

"But I didn't plan to do it in Rongcheng."

"You were born there, and your misfortune happened there too. Doesn't China have an old saying that goes 'wherever you fall, you must rise up'?"

Qin Mu didn't speak, just picked up the red wine on the table and drank it all in one gulp.

That place had caused her a lifetime of unforgettable pain, and once she went back, how many people would make things difficult for her?

Last time, she went to do a show and so many people were wary of her, looked down on her, what if she went back to grow a business...

"If your mother knew you were running away from the past like this, that you were so afraid of people from the past, how disappointed she would be with her once most beloved daughter."

"Master!"

Qin Mu called out helplessly, poured herself another glass from the bottle, and drank it all again.

"If your mother was still alive, she would surely want you to grow up and go back, to take back everything those people stole from you, and even if you couldn't do that, at least live better there than anyone else."

She had never thought her master would see things this way.

Her master hardly ever brought up her affairs, but now he was giving her such a vivid lesson.

"As a child, you were sent here against your will. Now that you have the ability, Mumu, your master hopes you can bravely face your life."

"My life is to go to Rongcheng and get involved in intrigues?"

"No, you are just going back to live out your own future, for Huanhuan and for your mother as well."

That afternoon, Qin Mu was still thinking about how she was supposed to live her life.

She had only wanted to do fashion design in Paris and achieve something someday, live a good life with her daughter. She didn't know where she went wrong with her plan.

When Mu Yichen pulled up beside her in his car, she turned her head, her dejected eyes not quick enough to hide, and saw him leaning over to open the door for her: "Get in."

"How did you find me? Did you borrow the car from the hotel?"

"What were you just thinking about?"

Qin Mu turned her head in confusion to look at him, but instead of answering her, he threw the question back at her.

"Master said I should go back to Rongcheng with you."

"Hmm! Your master does have some insight."

Qin Mu laughed helplessly and then looked out at the familiar streets: Paris is quite nice!

"But I'm not here."

She lowered her head, looking at the ring on her hand.

It was he who wasn't here, not that the home wasn't here.

Qin Mu felt much more at ease, then turned to look at him: "If I go back with you, I might have to bring someone along."

"Whatever!"

Qin Mu watched him and said nothing more, then smiled again and looked out the car window.

That night, Qin Mu went home to pick up her clothes and then returned to the hotel with him, but as soon as the two entered, they saw two people of the same skin color.

"Brother-in-law!"

"Yichen!"

"What are you two doing here?"

"We came for Hai Semei's concert, we're her loyal fans."

Qin Mingzhu boasted, though her gaze was fixed on Qin Mu.

"I didn't expect you to be in Paris too; are you on a business trip?"

"No! I came to find Qin Mu."

He said it and immediately pulled the woman who was just a step away from him into his embrace.

Qin Mu looked up at him in shock, at his domineering and indifferent demeanor.

"Brother-in-law, really, in front of your sister!" Qin Mingzhu couldn't help but complain on behalf of Jing Qing.

"Mu Mu and I are as close as siblings, so don't talk nonsense," Jing Qing explained sensibly to Qin Mingzhu.

"In the past, her mother fought with my mother for my father, and now she's competing with you for brother-in-law, and you still treat her like a sister?" Qin Mingzhu rolled her eyes.

"What did you say? Speak up."