

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 17: 17 Mu Yichen, Let's Have a Secret Marriage_1

"It's good to see Miss Qin enjoying herself. Just before our boss, Mu Yi, left, he instructed that from now on, all your expenses here will be on his account,"

Later, the restaurant manager told her that Mu Yichen had been sitting at a nearby corner table.

That night, Qin Mu stood at the kitchen door, munching on an apple and watching Mu Yichen cook inside, suddenly feeling like she was in a dream.

"Why would you be interested in cooking?"

She asked out of curiosity.

"Are you interested in cooking?"

He asked while washing vegetables, not even turning back to look at her.

"No!"

Qin Mu answered immediately and then looked at the hand holding the apple, thinking to herself that this hand was meant for writing and cutting, not for cooking.

"Were you also there when I dined with Xiaohao today?"

"Mhm!"

Qin Mu's dark eyes stared at him unblinkingly, yet she held her breath and didn't ask another question.

Mu Yichen finished washing the vegetables, drained the water, and prepared to start cooking. He turned to glance at her, "Wait outside."

"It's okay, I'll keep you company here,"

She said with a smile, feeling confident about her social graces.

"I'm not used to it,"

Qin Mu quickly retreated to the sofa, munching on her apple while watching a drama, but her appetite soon faded as the drama's romantic leads appeared too happily in love.

When Mu Yichen came out, he saw her face was red.

"Umm...have you eaten already?"

"There's one more soup that isn't ready. What were you watching just now?"

She sat on the sofa, looking up, her eyes glued to the television, dead serious.

Mu Yichen stood behind her, his hands resting on the back of the sofa.

"It was just a man and a woman communicating their feelings," Qin Mu said nonchalantly, then looked up at him.

His dark eyes made her submit.

The living room was so quiet it seemed as though even the sound from the TV had disappeared, and the two of them just continued to gaze at each other.

She had thought he didn't care about what she said until they finished eating.

After becoming sensible, this man was the only one close to her. People say it's a pity to only have one partner in life, but at twenty-three, she was content to have only him.

As the night grew quieter, the bed, once cold, began to warm up quietly.

The next morning, someone knocked on his apartment door, and as Mu Yichen opened it, he saw his mother. Instinctively, her gaze drifted upstairs.

"Why are you here?"

"Of course I came to see if my foolish son is living well on his own,"

Just as Qin Mu was about to come downstairs, she heard the familiar voice and without thinking, slipped back into her room as quickly as a shadow, her heart pounding.

"I haven't been living alone just since yesterday,"

Mu Yichen said as he went to fetch himself a glass of water in the kitchen, his expression somewhat aloof.

"Did you have someone clean the place recently? It's so dirty,"

His mother commented while she began straightening the pillows on the sofa and then looked upstairs, "Your room must be filthy as well, right? Boys don't know how to be clean. I'll go clean up for you."

The woman upstairs immediately felt a chill down her spine, yet there was still no response from the man in the living room.

"I've been telling you to move back home. At home, you just need to eat well; you wouldn't have to worry about anything else. Living alone, isn't this house too eerily quiet?"

Mu Yichen's mother wasn't a fool. When her son remained silent, she could sense that her son hated people rummaging through his space, especially when she had a particular motive.

So, the person at the top of the stairs retreated, "Fine, if you want to hide someone, I won't interfere. But we have been discussing your marriage to Jing Qing between our families, and you must consider the bigger picture in that matter."

At the sofa, Mu Yichen held a cup in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees, his sharp contours looking somewhat stern.

After his mother had left, Qin Mu cautiously came downstairs. He still sat in the same position, his expression unchanged.

"Did Auntie just come?" she asked softly.

"I also want to ask you, how long do you plan to hide?"

He suddenly looked up at her with a gaze that was both cold and fierce.

"Hide? Where am I hiding?"

"Then I'll announce our marriage right now."

"Don't!"

She promptly protested, sitting beside him, her hands clutching his arm tightly.

"Give me a reason?" He looked at her, patience straining in his eyes.

"A reason? A reason..."

She lowered her head, let go of his arm, and slowly got up.

Why does everything need a reason?

She hated this question, but now she couldn't ignore it.

It seemed he didn't like Jing Qing; otherwise, he wouldn't have gone to get a marriage license with her.

Could he be pulling her along to get a marriage license just to avoid marrying Jing Qing?

Qin Mu felt unsettled, looking at the overcast sky outside the window and then at Huanhuan. She turned to look at the man who was standing up, watching her and waiting for her answer.

Suddenly she remembered the first time they met in Paris when she was little. That day, she cried uncontrollably in his arms, thinking she was abandoned, thinking no one would care for her, thinking she would have to grow up alone in that unfamiliar environment for many years to come.

She was terrified until he told her he would be studying there for many years.

He dried her tears, soothing her gently time and again, calling her a little fool, telling her not to be afraid, that he would always protect her.

They should have had nothing in common, being five years apart, and he, being so noble. But if it weren't for him, she might not have survived to this day.

It seemed destined for them to be together, then and in the future.

She just quietly looked at him, quietly reminiscing about their past until everything clicked.

"Mu Yichen, let's have a secret marriage!"