

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 19: She is a monster, and he is the Great Demon King_1

"But I've always heard it was your sister who was with Mu Yichen, wasn't he pursuing Qin Mu unsuccessfully?"

Jiang Zhiyuan looked at Jing Feng with curiosity and asked, Jing Feng's complexion wasn't looking great.

The door was suddenly kicked open from outside, and a tall, dark figure walked in, as if a gust of cold wind poured into the mouths of the three people in the private room.

"You're finally here, we were just talking about your illegal cohabitation with Xiaomu, can you explain how you managed to get her to live with you?"

"You'd be better off minding your own business."

As soon as Young Master Jiang returned to the country, he was forced to go on blind dates, which really annoyed Mu Yichen now that he's finally got some free time.

"Haha, my little issue isn't worth worrying about. Your situation, however, seems more pressing. Surely you haven't foolishly abandoned our gentle and kind actress to provide for that little monster?"

Monster?

Mu Yichen's cold gaze swept over the three men sitting there: You call her a monster?

"Isn't she, though? I've heard Uncle Qin beg her many times to come back, and she never does. If she's not a monster, then what is she? A fool?" said Jiang Zhiyuan.

Not long after, he met Qin Mu herself and regretted what he said today.

Mu Yichen's chilly eyes did not waver, with only a slight curve at the corner of his lips and a wicked laugh, he clapped Jiang Zhiyuan on the shoulder: If she's a monster, then I'm the Great Demon King.

Jiang Zhiyuan was so frightened by his not-so-light touch that he nearly jumped out of his skin.

Jing Feng and Qiao Yi exchanged glances, they both knew Mu Yichen was hooked on the little monster, Qin Mu.

"What about Jing Qing?"

"Jing Qing? Don't you know why I helped her? From now on, her issues are none of my business, and you, as her brother, should step up and protect her."

Mu Yichen looked at Jing Feng, and in the presence of Jing Feng's sharp gaze, his own was even more composed, unfazed by intimidation.

Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan didn't dare to speak rashly, just quietly speculated in their hearts, watching the two men, barely able to stand each other.

"Yichen, do you really like that little monster? No, Xiaomu," Jiang Zhiyuan still broke the steely atmosphere.

"Yes!" He admitted.

Jiang Zhiyuan then looked towards Jing Feng: I think you need to have a serious talk with Jing Qing.

Jing Feng was well aware of the seriousness of the issue. He had discussed it more than once, but his beloved sister was so deeply ensnared that she couldn't extricate herself, not until today, when she heard Qin Mu was living with Mu Yichen and came home crying for him to help.

"The person who needs to make things clear to Jing Qing likely isn't me." Jing Feng raised his eyes to look at Mu Yichen.

"Fine!" Mu Yichen agreed.

In fact, hadn't Mu Yichen already made his feelings clear to Jing Qing? Everyone around him knew he had someone in his heart, so how could she not know?

But there had to be an honest heart-to-heart, so that things that happened afterward wouldn't spiral out of control.

When Mu Yichen got home, Qin Mu was already asleep. He lay beside her and gently kissed her cheek, his breath, heavy with the scent of alcohol, spraying onto her rosy face.

"Go wash up!" She was a light sleeper and quickly stirred from the cool touch of his lips.

Her voice was somewhat muffled, yet he was pleased.

"Yes, my Mrs. Mu!" He whispered in her ear and then quietly went to the bathroom.

Qin Mu shifted slightly and continued to sleep. By the time he returned to bed beside her, she was already fast asleep.

And Mu Yichen didn't need her to stay awake waiting for him to return, just this much, he was already very content.

Only with her there, would he not suffer from insomnia.

He never wanted to experience insomnia again.

Lying behind her, he gently took her into his arms, his nose slowly burying in her cascading hair, breathing in the fresh scent that made his heart warm, and gradually drifted to sleep.

The night grew thicker, and the room was as silent as water.

The two bodies entangled involuntarily, taking in each other's deep warmth without realizing it.

When Qin Mu woke up in the morning, she felt a warm weight on her chest and couldn't help but lift her beautiful eyelids, to find Mu Yichen's noble face before her.

He slept serenely, but she was wide awake.

Just watching him sleep in silence, not knowing how long it was, she suddenly let out a tender smile.

Gently stroking his brows and lashes with her fingers, she murmured softly: "Mu Yichen, good morning!"

She vaguely remembered last night he called her Mrs. Mu; it really was like a dream!

That morning, she prepared a simple breakfast, and he walked over to stand by her side and watch: "Is this what you usually eat?"

"In the morning! The simpler, the better!"

Mu Yichen gave her another look but didn't say anything, sitting down to join her for the meal.

"How is it? Does it taste good?" she asked expectantly, leaning forward with her hands resting on the edge of the table, looking at the man opposite her.

"If my thinking isn't wrong, none of this is actually made by you, right?"

So what does it have to do with you whether it's good or not?

"But I did heat up the milk."

"Mm, it's the right temperature."

Qin Mu...

That man could be terrifyingly stingy with praise, just compliment her a bit; say something about her being virtuous or whatever.

"From now on when I'm here, you won't have to make do with just this for breakfast."

"Oh!"

"I need to go to the company later, what will you do at home?"

"Designing a gown for the award-winning actress—oh, and meeting with Qin Haiming later."

Mu Yichen then looked up at her with a hint of concern: "Do you want me to accompany you?"

"No need, I have more than enough to handle him by myself."

"If there's any trouble, call me. Also, whenever you go out during this time, call Zhao Huai; he'll be your driver for now."

"Thank you!"

He gave her Zhao Huai's business card and then left.

Qin Mu stood at the door watching as he left but then leaned against it, her hands resting on the frame as she gently leaned in, her chest rising and falling in rhythm, the depth of feeling in her eyes growing increasingly serene and fitting.

Could it be that they too might have a few years of leisurely life just like a normal couple?

But the thought of her mother's death would come to mind in an instant, and she'd immediately jump out from the hole she had just fallen into, enter the house, and shut the door.

Outside was momentarily quiet, but inside, sighs were heard without end.

At noon, she met with Qin Haiming in a private restaurant.

Qin Haiming sat alone inside, and on hearing the door open, he looked up to see the girl coming in, almost seeing before him the gentle figure of her mother walking in.

Those years...

"It seems you've been here for a while," Qin Mu said as she sat down, referring to his half-empty glass.

He chuckled lightly and raised his eyebrows, but couldn't hide his fatigue.

Qin Mu gave him a cold glance, seeing how different he was from before, and then turned her eyes away.

There was nothing left to say between father and daughter if it weren't for the recent affair involving the relocation of a grave.

"Are you with Yichen now?" he asked softly, a thin smile on his face.

"Do you think I would have the nerve to find another man after you betrayed my mother? To have him betray me too?"

"Mumu, it's not what you think between your mother and me."

"What then? You didn't betray her? Mingzhu is not your daughter? Or maybe this is all a dream, and we're still in the year I turned eight?"

"Mumu!"

Qin Haiming certainly didn't expect his once gentle and sweet daughter to be so aggressive now, making his heart immensely heavy.

"For that woman, you want to remove my mother's grave from the Qin family cemetery, and you still want to play the role of a loving father here?" Qin Mu asked, holding back her rage with a choked voice.

"No matter what I do, you've never been willing to forgive me, never willing to see me again. You have long stopped seeing me as your father, haven't you?" Qin Haiming asked, taking a sip of his drink, his voice tinged with annoyance, his eyes growing sharp.

"Yes!"