

# His Beloved Treasure

## *Chapter 5 - 05 Civil Affairs Bureau Registration\_1*

The half-month sped by, and the prominent designer Jian Yan only arrived on the morning of the show, clearly very confident in his apprentice.

With half an hour to the evening show, many fashion-forward individuals from both inside and outside Rongcheng arrived one after another, Jian Yan leading Qin Mu and several key members to the front to greet some acquaintances.

When Mu Yichen and Qiao Yi arrived, they saw a handsome foreigner with his arm around Qin Mu's waist, standing shoulder to shoulder with her, talking animatedly to people in front of them, which immediately caused Mu Yichen's eyebrows to furrow.

The fashion show lasted for nearly an hour, and at the subsequent celebration, everyone unavoidably drank a few too many. Qin Mu, staggering, was helped back by Xiaomei, only to see the lights on in the room.

Xiaomei shivered; the man sitting on the sofa had a murderous glare fixed on the woman she was supporting, making her feel as if her arm had been chopped off by his gaze.

"Qinqin, Qinqin..." she called softly.

Drowsy, Qin Mu opened her eyes and lifted her head to see the person in the sofa.

"Oh, seems like, it's Mu Yi!" Qin Mu squinted her eyes, slightly tipsy, then let go of Xiaomei's neck and headed towards the sofa.

Xiaomei immediately realized she should not stick around and left without a word.

Qin Mu plopped herself down beside him and, resting her head on his shoulder, gazed at him with a foolish smile: Is it really you? Why are you here again?

"Did I disturb you?" he asked in a cold voice, his gaze lowered.

If she hadn't been drunk, she would have definitely sensed the stern anger in his voice—unfortunately, she was.

"Not at all, why do you, busy with so many important things, still come to dote on me every day? I'm overwhelmed by the special attention."

She continued to laugh insouciantly, subconsciously raising her hand to cup his chiseled features and squeezing hard.

The next morning when she woke up, she had no recollection of the previous night. Her first thought was a throbbing headache; her second was aching all over.

Just as she got up, she saw the man returning from outside, dressed neatly as if he had made a particular effort to freshen up.

"Awake?"

In his hand, he held documents as he approached her.

"When did you get here?" she couldn't remember.

Mu Yichen rubbed his brow, remembering her tendency to forget things after drinking.

"Last night. Get up quickly and wash up; we need to go somewhere."

"Ah? Where are we going?"

Mu Yichen didn't answer; his authoritative look filled her with unease.

Forty minutes later, as the two of them were on their way to the Civil Affairs Bureau, Qin Mu didn't recognize the road and had no idea where they were going, but she couldn't help licking her lips as she looked at the two IDs placed beside her.

"Um, don't you plan to tell me what we're going to do?"

"We're here!"

Qin Mu...

She looked outside to see not far from the steps a sign erected next to them: Civil Affairs Bureau, Marriage Registration Office!

Qin Mu did not get out of the car; her legs felt as if they were nailed inside. Mu Yichen came to her side, opened the car door, and began to pull her out, but she firmly resisted.

"Tell me what we're doing here first before I decide whether to go with you or not."

"Get out, immediately!"

Mu Yichen wouldn't tolerate her being capricious and kept pulling on her.

Qin Mu's heart raced with panic; she always had a bad premonition that he was going to take her inside to do something she wouldn't like.

"I won't; what exactly are you planning to do by bringing me to this place?"

She hadn't been without fantasies of one day coming to such a place, but definitely not with him.

Sometimes, the closer someone seems to be, the more you fear taking a step further.

Just as others say, being friends is always longer-lasting than being lovers.

She actually thought she would never marry in her life, but she thought there might be an accident, might come a day when she'd need to find a man to take on the role of Huanhuan's father, a man gentle and refined, refreshing as a spring breeze, but definitely not the arrogant and domineering CEO before her.

"Marriage!"

Mu Yichen, fearing he might hurt her, could only let go of her to explain.

"Marriage?" Qin Mu screamed in shock, then instantly licked her dry lips, mocking, "Have you lost your mind?"

"I'm giving you one minute to walk out here on your own and go in with me, or let me handle this my way."

"Your way? Mu Yichen, we're just—friends with benefits!"

Qin Mu thought of countless relationships, but what came out of her mouth in the end were these two words.

Mu Yichen's face turned dark instantly, no longer caring whether she was willing, he stepped forward, bent down into the car, and directly carried her out.

"Hey, Mu Yichen, what are you doing? You can't force me to marry you like this."

"Fine, then tell me what reason you need to go register."

"I—, it's you who wants to register with me, it's certainly for you to persuade me."

Qin Mu was put down at the door, where the two of them stood their ground, stubbornly arguing.

"Then let me tell you, first, by marrying me you'll no longer be alone."

He started talking seriously, his earnest gaze fixed straight on her angry eyes.

"Second, after we marry, I'll protect you, take care of you, and no one will dare to bully you anymore."

Qin Mu felt her heart pound, as if something quietly sank.

"Third, I will help you become the world's most famous designer."

He crossed his strong arms in front of him, his expression very solemn.

Qin Mu shook her head subconsciously: Although the conditions were tempting, you still haven't convinced me.

"Then there's only one way left."

"What?"

"I'll carry you in, or I can use my connections to get a marriage certificate without the parties concerned."

Qin Mu...

"Aren't you and Jing Qing getting along well? Rumors say you two are about to get married," Qin Mu had to change the direction.

She couldn't understand. Jing Qing was such an outstanding woman that if she married him, she would definitely make a good mistress for the Mu Family, assuredly reliable both at home and outside, and she might even support him in various ways, whereas she, a person who has nothing, what use would he have for her?

He mentioned a few conditions, but they were all favorable to her, and he didn't stand to gain anything. How could such a savvy businessman make a deal without profit?

"There's nothing between Jing Qing and me," he said.

"How is that possible? You two have been flaunting your relationship at so many events over the years, entertainment gossip and even formal media have reported on you guys."

"Only what I say out of my mouth counts, you don't need to pay attention to the rest."

"How can I not pay attention? Women are very sensitive, very fragile creatures, hearing such news will make them believe it's true."

"That can't be your reason for rejecting me." He stepped forward, already somewhat losing patience.

"I really can't go in with you, if you really want to get married I suggest you still look for a girl who matches your social status."

She knew his temper, but still rationally refused.

How could there possibly be anything between them?