

His Beloved Treasure

Chapter 6 - 06 Cohabitation_1

"Matchmaking by family status?"

Mu Yichen scrutinized her, his gaze steady and forceful.

"Unequal people won't last long."

She had never considered marriage, but now she found herself using these phrases typically uttered by marriage-minded women in a bid to stop him.

"So you think you and I are unequal?"

"Yes!"

"In that case, I have even less reason to continue this pointless conversation with you."

Mu Yichen snorted coldly, his eyes like daggers, and in the next moment, he directly scooped her up and entered the marriage registration office.

In the crowd, other couples instinctively made way for them, then buzzed with discussion.

When the staff member asked if they were marrying of their own free will, the two people responded in unison.

"Yes!"

"No!"

Mu Yichen immediately turned to look at her unhappily and then flashed the staff member a smile, remarking that she had been playing hard to get these days.

Qin Mu...

The staff member nodded with an understanding look and then stamped their documents, as if they thought the pair were perfectly matched and had been in love for many years.

And the name Mu Yichen on the marriage certificate...

The most preposterous thing Qin Mu had done in over two decades wasn't the night she spent with him two years ago but getting married to him today.

After they came out, Mu Yichen toyed with the marriage certificate in his hand and then put it into his jacket pocket, as if to safeguard it.

Qin Mu stared at him dumbfounded, "Mu Yichen, you're going to regret this."

"Then save yourself the trouble of worrying about it!" He couldn't care less.

Through this incident, Mu Yichen realized that Qin Mu truly despised him. She even had the audacity to say the word "fuck buddies," clearly indicating she had no intention of having a lasting relationship with him.

He felt like he had been feeding a thankless wolf all these years.

"We'll have a banquet at the hotel tonight, invite your team to dine with us."

"Why have a meal?"

"Who doesn't celebrate their wedding?"

After getting into the car, he started the engine and glanced at her.

Seriously, like he was discussing business.

"Celebrate? You want the whole world to know I was coerced into signing those papers at the Civil Affairs Bureau?"

Qin Mu felt like she was being driven mad by him, her previously docile demeanor in front of him gone, now looking every bit like a little leopard provoked to anger.

Mu Yichen, with a poker face, kept his eyes on the road, playing the role of the driver perfectly.

How could a grown cheetah be afraid of a little leopard? Especially one he had trained himself.

When they reached the hotel and she refused to get out of the car, Mu Yichen said, "Get out, move your luggage to my place."

"I won't get out! Mu Yichen, you're tricking me into marriage, do you understand?"

Mu Yichen laughed helplessly, then started the car and drove off. He called the hotel, "Have Miss Qin's belongings packed up and sent to my apartment at Central Scenic."

How could Qin Mu forget this was his turf, where managing her luggage was but a simple request for him?

What she least expected was still to come.

"Jian Yan, Qin Mu can't go back to France with you."

She didn't even know how he got Jian Yan's number, and then, half an hour later, she stood in his apartment.

"This is my own apartment; the door code is your birthday. I have a meeting this afternoon, so I'll be back later, and we can talk then."

As he spoke, he stepped forward. Qin Mu immediately retreated, but Mu Yichen wasn't annoyed; he just helplessly sighed, "Well, feel free to look around then. The study is upstairs on the right, there are many novels there that you like."

After he left, Qin Mu immediately called Jian Yan, but the call didn't go through. She then called Xiaomei, who was panting heavily, "Qinqin, we're on our way to the airport now. I heard you're staying for a while. Don't worry, I'll take good care of Huanhuan for you."

From the moment she woke up this morning until now, Qin Mu felt like she was in a dream.

From going to the civil affairs bureau to get the marriage certificate to now, after hanging up Xiaomei's call, until she remembered her daughter who had just started walking, her heart suddenly ached.

How could she stay here?

She must return to Paris.

Huanhuan was still there, waiting for her, ——

Looking up at the spacious house and thinking of her small apartment, she suddenly found it absurd.

Why did she end up getting married here just because she came back to help her master with a show?

They needed to have a good talk; she had always thought Mu Yichen wasn't the kind of man who wanted to marry early.

She remembered the years after she had gone abroad; they initially kept in touch through video calls, then later he went there to study, only returning to the country after

university. Throughout those years, their relationship was harmonious. She always felt he was like an older brother from next door, holding an important place in her heart, but definitely not in this way.

She never intended to ensnare him.

That night two years ago, her normally subdued self was provoked by him, and in response to his repeated humiliations, she ended up pushing him down.

Afterward, their contact actually lessened, with occasional calls, occasional meetups, and they were no longer at her small apartment.

But how did they suddenly end up getting married?

The man she had always tried to avoid had become her husband.

She lowered her eyes to look at her ten slender jade-like fingers, then became increasingly silent and sullen.

The New Year was approaching, and then she would be twenty-three.

She hadn't expected to get married at the age when she had just become eligible to wed, and that her husband would be him.

Suddenly unsure whether to feel ironic, lost, or fortunate, she let out a laugh, weak and pitiful.

She went to the study room he mentioned; indeed, there were many novels she liked, along with collections of her favorite authors.

Had he been planning to marry her all along?

Her luggage arrived, and she nodded with a smile to thank the staff. After the hotel staff left, she gently pushed her luggage behind the door, not taking it upstairs to unpack.

Still curious, she visited his bedroom and there, she discovered their photographs together.

Qin Mu sat on the edge of the bed, quietly looking at the frame on the nightstand, and then helplessly laughed, "This guy—"

She couldn't help biting down on her own lip.

When Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu arrived at the entrance of his apartment building, they saw the hotel's guest services manager just leaving, prompting an involuntary suspicion. Jing Qing asked in a low voice, "Did you see clearly just now?"

"Yes, it was the guest services manager, Wang Yin."

"What's she doing here?" Jing Qing murmured in doubt, suddenly having a bad feeling, and then she started walking inside.

Qin Mingzhu hadn't figured out why Jing Qing was unhappy; seeing her walk away, she quickly followed.

"Sister, why aren't you saying anything? Do you suspect Wang Yin has something going on with brother-in-law?"

"Of course not, Wang Yin is not Yichen's type."

It was the first time Jing Qing hated hearing this girl call Mu Yichen brother-in-law, but still, she didn't show it, maintaining her always composed and dignified demeanor.

Qin Mingzhu pondered with puffed cheeks but still couldn't figure out the reason for Jing Qing's displeasure, and stepped out of the elevator following her.

Qin Mu, tired from sitting, simply lay down in the middle of the big bed, a habit when she needed to think things through.

The doorbell downstairs rang, and Qin Mu instinctively turned her head to look.