

His Beloved 37

Chapter 37: Mu Yichen, don't love me_1

Both of them skipped dinner and returned to the apartment.

After the dinner, Huanhuan slept, and she stood alone in front of the glass screen, pondering. Mu Yichen stood behind her, "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Qin Mu turned her head to look at him, saw his serious expression, and smiled.

"Haven't we already agreed on a secret marriage?"

"That's not what I'm talking about."

He looked at her calmly, his voice was bland, but his attitude made it difficult for anyone to brush off.

"Do you want to know what your mother said to me?"

Mu Yichen did not speak, just looked at her.

"It's nothing but telling me to leave you, which you must have guessed."

"What about the last time you left?"

The tip of Qin Mu's heart trembled as she saw his eyes grow colder. She suddenly realized she really couldn't speak carelessly.

Because if she didn't choose her words carefully, he might strangle her or throw her out of the window.

"Mu Yichen..."

She wanted to explain, but she exhausted her strength just to call out his name.

"Qin Mu, let me make it crystal clear to you; your first departure was because you were young, forced and without the power to resist—I forgave you that time! The second time you had the ability to resist, but considering it was a first offense, I also forgave you. The third time—I guarantee, if you leave again without my consent, I will never forgive you again, and for the rest of your life, I will persecute you."

Whatever she wanted, he would take it away!

That kind of oath-like warning, a curse.

Qin Mu watched as he enunciated each word with clenched teeth, his fierce proclamation, while the pressure in her heart grew lower and calmer.

"Mu Yichen, don't love me!"

Her words were as light as a feather, gently falling onto one's heart...

He did not speak, his eyes filled with a loathing as if he would never want to associate with her in this lifetime.

She choked up, her eyes lowered but unable to see the ring on her hand clearly.

The silence in the bedroom suddenly induced an illusion of suffocation.

She couldn't stop him from doing anything; all she could do was to control herself.

She suddenly regretted going with him to the old house, really detested getting involved in his family's affairs, really hated facing the criticism and negation from elders, really hated that she couldn't control herself and couldn't subdue him.

Mu Yichen, unable to vent his frustration, stepped forward, held her face, and fiercely kissed her, his lips meeting hers.

The taste of blood made the person possessing it even more overbearing and domineering. Qin Mu instinctively tried to push him away, but as soon as her hand reached his chest, he caught it and pinned her against the glass screen.

He gasped with effort, his forehead pressing against hers, his voice trembling with anger, "Want to push me away? And then run away?"

"Mu Yichen—"

"I am your man!"

"Yes, I admit you indeed are, and I have never denied it, have I?"

She looked up, the two of them confronting each other.

He bit her as if intending to devour her alive with his dominance.

"Never denied it?" He loathed the thought of strangling her.

Qin Mu looked at him, his hateful, itching-to-bite appearance, suddenly felt she was being unfair, raised her hand to hold his face as if it was the flesh of her heart.

In the depths of her heart, she said to him: Dear, if you feel that going public with our marriage will make you feel a bit more comfortable, then please tell them, okay?

After she changed into slippers, she was much shorter than him, and the upward look in her eyes seemed even more multifaceted.

In this world, he indeed became the most important person to her, apart from Huanhuan.

She suddenly thought, now that things had come to this, what difference would it make to go public?

Worried that it would look bad if they broke up in the future?

She could make the whole world unhappy, but why did she want to make this man, the most important to her, unhappy?

Even though she had repeatedly warned herself not to love him, if anyone tried to hurt him, she would fight for him with her life.

Mu Yichen suddenly tore her clothes, unable to bear her struggling gaze, he flipped her over and took her from behind.

This night started out hard for Qin Mu, but later became quite gratifying.

When she got up to shower in the morning, she found several bite marks on her body. She sighed helplessly, her soft white fingers gently pressing on the bitten areas, the pain making her press harder until it felt numb.

Huanhuan was playing intently with a toy dog that could run on the floor below, while Mu Yichen was preparing breakfast in the kitchen. When he turned his head and saw her standing at the doorway, he gave her a glance and then continued to focus on cooking.

Qin Mu's hand gently rested on the doorframe, and seeing that he was still angry, she slowly walked up and embraced him from behind, wrapping her arms around his sturdy waist.

"Are you still angry?" she asked him softly, somewhat coaxing.

"Go keep Huanhuan company. I'll call you when breakfast is ready."

"I won't!"

She clung to him more tightly, stubborn like a child.

Mu Yichen looked down at her hand, saw the ring on her finger and eventually sighed lightly, resigned.

"Qin Mu, don't act like a child."

"You've known for a while that this is just how I am."

"I won't announce our marriage publicly, but you're not allowed to leave Rong City because of anyone else. That's the condition."

"Fine!"

She looked up at him, leaning against his shoulder and gazing at him infatuatedly. Without thinking, she tiptoed and planted a quick and precise kiss on his face before walking away.

Huanhuan stood at the kitchen door, eyes wide as she watched her daddy and mommy play with back hugs and kisses. She covered her face with her small hands, then suddenly turned away with a silly smile.

Qin Mu stood there bewildered until she felt another hot, burning gaze at the back of her ear and then hastily fled.

Mu Yichen raised his hand to his forehead, rubbing it in frustration, pondering when he had become so unprincipled?

In the morning, Qin Mu went to discuss an advertisement deal. It was for a quite famous foreign perfume, and fortunately, the current owner of the perfume brand had once commissioned a gown design from her mentor. Unfortunately, the perfume brand had originally wanted to hire an actress with the status of a movie queen for the ad.

Of course, the movie queen had been playing hard to get and hadn't accepted the offer, so now it fell into her lap.

Qin Mu thought that if she accepted the advertisement, she would certainly offend Jing Qing, but after some reflection, she realized she had already offended Jing Qing because of Mu Yichen, whether she took the advertising gig or not.

So why not just accept it outright, buy the studio first, and then see what happens?

In the afternoon, as her assistant, Xiaomei accompanied her to the photo studio for the advertisement shoot, but they didn't expect Mu Yi to visit the set with the child in tow.

"Overall, you need to perform the courage that this advertisement brings to you, the rebirth after a heartbreak, the courage you find in a desperate situation. Later, you'll run up the bridge with the skirt in hand, stop in the middle, and make sure your eyes are full of emotion."

"Mm!"

Qin Mu looked over the advertisement script—there wasn't a single line of dialogue, all depending on the actor's own performance.

"I heard you took on other luxury brand advertisements abroad and that the response was quite good. You shouldn't have a problem with this one, right?"

"Mm!"

Qin Mu glanced at the script, suddenly forgetting to speak.

The director, seeing her getting into character, nodded: Okay, take a moment to immerse yourself in emotion.

Xiaomei stayed by her side, not daring to disturb her easily, but when she turned around and saw a father and daughter walking in, her mouth hung open in shock.

"Qinqin!" Xiaomei's voice trembled with nervousness.

"Hmm?" Qin Mu looked up briefly at her before returning to the script explanation.

"Mu Yi..."

"What about Mu Yi?"

"Mommy!"

Many staff members were busy with their tasks, and when they heard that sweet, milky call for "Mommy," they all turned to look in the direction of the voice. A pink and tender little girl appeared in their sight, followed by a figure they recognized all too well, leaving the assistant director so astonished that his script dropped to the floor.

Wearing a white gown, she stood before him, holding Huanhuan's hand and looking at him: Why are you here?