

His Beloved 54

Chapter 54: all embraced_1

Mu Yichen took a seat beside Qin Mu, his presence in a black suit undeniable, exuding an aura of authority that couldn't be suppressed.

His dark, hawk-like eyes shot toward the mother and daughter in front, full of deterrence!

"Mrs. Qin and Miss Qin say I'm not suitable to attend the Mayor of Qin City's birthday banquet. What do you think?"

Qin Mu didn't care about his powerful presence. She lifted her arm, rested it on his shoulder, looked up at him with a teasing smile, and asked, even carrying a hint of improper suggestiveness.

Mu Yichen glanced at her, knowing she did it for the onlookers, took her hand away, and pulled her into his embrace: Then how about we stay at home and have a world for two of us?

He lowered his voice, yet it was captivating!

Qin Mu's face flushed as she looked at him, her eyes unavoidably shining.

Seeing Mu Yichen like this made her want to drool, no matter how she looked at him.

"Your Uncle Qin also said that while others might not attend, you're the one who must be invited. Forget what I said just now; you both should go when the time comes."

Mrs. Qin immediately changed her tune and acted very 'affectionately'.

"Is that so? Well, I'll think about it when the time comes!"

Mu Yichen lifted his gaze, his look was one of an amused smile as he briefly turned his eyes towards Mrs. Qin before his burning gaze fixed back onto the small woman in his arms.

Qin Mu suddenly chuckled: If you keep looking at me like this, I might just eat you up!

Mrs. Qin...

Qin Mingzhu was shocked, her eyes wide with surprise, and couldn't help but think, how could this woman be so promiscuous? She even flirts with a man in front of everyone.

"Daddy!"

Little Huanhuan ran inside, holding a bottle of bubble solution in her hand.

Qin Mingzhu was just as astonished as her mother, turning to watch the little girl jump onto Mu Yichen's lap, showing much affection.

"Huanhuan, your hands are so dirty, go wash them!"

Qin Mu got up from his embrace, becoming much more serious in front of her daughter.

Mu Yichen turned to glance at her, then back at Huanhuan, who popped the lid off the bottle and began to blow into it.

Immediately, colorful bubbles filled the entire sofa area, prompting Mrs. Qin to stand up from the couch as if the bubbles could stain her expensive dress.

"We won't disturb your family of three then. Yichen, remember to come!"

Mrs. Qin reminded them again, then left with Qin Mingzhu.

Huanhuan continued to blow bubbles at their retreating figures, frightening them into quickening their pace and almost tripping down the steps.

Once outside, Qin Mingzhu was still pale: Mom, did you see how disgusting that slut was? She was shamelessly flirting with my brother-in-law right in front of us.

"If you could flirt with him, I'd fully support you!"

"Eh! But hasn't brother-in-law been engaged to Jing Qing for a long time?"

"Would they still behave like that if they were engaged? You're the only one foolish enough to think about 'brother-in-law' all day long! Besides, no matter whether Mu Yichen marries Jing Qing or that wild girl, do you think it will do you any good? You better start being smart!"

Mrs. Qin thought to herself, as long as Mu Yichen was still single, whoever gets him, gets him.

Shyness suddenly overcame Qin Mingzhu, and she took her mother's arm they both got into the family car.

In Qin Mingzhu's heart, that man, who seemed higher than the heavens, surely belonged to Jing Qing. She had never dared to even think about it.

It wasn't until this moment, her mother's words awoke her, and she recalled she too was a woman in need of love—and her familial background wasn't far off from the Jing Family's either.

In the evening after dinner, Qin Mu sat on the sofa drawing sketches while Mu Yichen brought over a glass of milk, standing behind her and bending over to look.

It was a design for a men's suit; he glanced at her: Someone has commissioned you to design menswear?

"Mm-hmm!"

Qin Mu's hand, holding the pen, paused for a moment before naturally flowing across the paper again.

Should she tell him that the old master of the Jing Family had visited her?

Forget it, he already had enough to worry about!

She thought to herself that in the future, there would likely be many more important issues requiring his attention. This little matter, since it was already past, would be just fine if he never knew.

He handed her the milk, "Drink this first!"

Qin Mu's hand, which was holding a pen, reached out to receive the milk, and Mu Yichen directly jumped from behind to the front and sat down beside her.

That action was so abrupt; Qin Mu had not seen him act so lightly for many years, and she subconsciously turned to look at him.

"What's wrong?" asked Mu Yichen.

"It's nothing!" she wanted to laugh but ended up just bowing her head to drink the milk, hiding her emotions.

Her heart was thumping wildly, all because of his small movement.

Qin Mu knew she was beyond saving, finished the milk, and continued drawing.

Mu Yichen sat next to her, dealing with emails on his phone.

Qin Mu's phone rang, and she had no idea how these people got her number; she had changed to a local number, and only a few people knew it.

Mu Yichen saw her silent with the phone and lowered his eyes, then made a judgment: Qin Haiming.

"Mm!"

She knew it was him. Although the two of them had hardly spoken on the phone since her return to the city, perhaps it was because he was indeed a special person.

Qin Mu could even guess the purpose of his call. She intended to hang up immediately, but her finger lingered on the screen for a long time before she finally answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Xiaomu, let's meet tomorrow."

"There's no need, just say it over the phone!"

Qin Mu lowered her gaze, expressionless.

The surroundings were so quiet it seemed as though their breathing could be heard. Qin Mu kept her eyes downcast on the drawing paper on her knees, her entire demeanor as cold as ice.

"I heard from your aunt that you're going to come with Yichen that day?"

"If you don't want to see..."

"No, you're welcome to come!"

Qin Mu was suddenly at a loss for words. The retorts that nearly spilled from her lips became stuck in her throat, leaving her almost breathless.

"Xiaomu, Dad hopes you will come!"

There was a voice at the other end, very sincere yet somewhat abject.

Qin Mu was speechless, quietly listening until the other side hung up, then she numbly put down the phone.

"Fool!"

Suddenly, her eyes felt unbearably hot, and she gently leaned on the shoulder of the person beside her, burying her face deeply in his shoulder as tears fell.

Mu Yichen raised his arm to embrace her, gently caressing her delicate inner arm.

Listening to her soft sobs in his arms, he felt her body quietly shaking.

"Yichen, why?"

In the dead of night, she asked him in a distressed, hoarse voice.

Mu Yichen didn't answer her but just held her tighter.

He believed Qin Mu understood everything in her heart.

If there really were a magical box that could control time...

She had struggled internally, but in the end, she still went there with Mu Yichen.

It wasn't a home, but a hotel. They were picked up by the hotel's car and reached that floor through a dedicated elevator; the entire floor was devoid of outsiders.

Qin Mu hadn't expected it to be so solemn, and Qin Hai had already been mingling with the guests.

Wearing a dark long dress and arm in arm with Mu Yichen, she walked in, and numerous eyes were focused on them.

The Mu Family, Jing Family, Helian Family, and Jia Family, along with many other prominent families she was not familiar with, Qin Mu truly didn't want to wish him well; indeed, she came to attract attention and indeed to cause trouble.