

His Beloved 58

Chapter 58: Match Made in Heaven_1

She took a taxi to the bottom of his office building and, looking up at the tallest point, charged inside!

If it weren't for Helian Hao's reminder, she almost forgot that last night he and Qin Haiming had put on quite the show together.

"Mr. Mu is in a meeting and hasn't returned yet!" The secretary got a scare from her stern little demeanor.

Qin Mu nodded her head while her eyes were cast down, earnestly pondering something. Seeing the secretary startled, she realized she had been too rash and smiled slightly, "Then I'll head back first!"

Secretary...

"Qin Mu!"

Without Mu Yichen around, Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan no longer jokingly called her Xiaomu. However, Jiang Zhiyuan walked up and draped his arm across her shoulder, "Are you here looking for Yichen?"

"Yes!"

Qin Mu responded with a one hundred percent smile, but felt uncomfortable with a stranger's arm around her shoulder.

"Come on, let's wait for him inside together, he'll be back soon."

The two men could enter and exit the CEO's office without the secretary daring to stop them, especially since they were accompanied by the CEO's wife. The secretary immediately went to prepare tea.

But Qin Mu, having just sat down, stared at them. The looks Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan gave her were mixed with ambiguity, and also...

Suddenly, the word "cautious" popped into Qin Mu's mind—these two seemed to harbor some guarded thoughts against her.

She instinctively gave them another smile and asked softly, "Why are you two staring at a girl like this? Could it be that you fancy me?"

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Qiao Yi...

"If Mu Yichen heard this, he would definitely kick us to death. Don't talk nonsense like that again," they warned.

These two were afraid of Mu Yichen — things would be easy!

Qin Mu chuckled, "Then why are you staring at me like that? It doesn't seem very polite, does it?"

Both men frowned, this girl was too direct and it really made men feel uncomfortable.

However, Qin Mu didn't care whether they felt good about her or not. Besides Mu Yichen, she had never treated any man with kid gloves.

"I really don't know what Yichen sees in you?"

Qiao Yi laughed, then shook his head.

Thinking about the noble lady Jing Qing and then looking at her, there indeed seemed to be no comparison.

After all, that was a well-known socialite and movie star, what was she?

The disdainful look from Qiao Yi was, however, something Qin Mu was used to; ever since she was young, many people had looked down on her. When she first arrived abroad, the white kids in school looked at her as if she were a monkey in the zoo, but didn't she still stand out in the end?

Qin Mu felt that as long as her heart was strong enough, no one and no look could hurt her self-esteem.

"Mu Yichen likes me because I'm the unique Qin Mu, huh."

Qin Mu replied with a smile.

Hearing this, Jiang Zhiyuan couldn't help but laugh. He was beginning to like this girl more and more; she was cheerful, had personality, and was unrestrained.

The secretary came in to serve tea, and Qin Mu courteously said, "Thank you!"

"Madam, you're too kind!"

Madam...

Qin Mu's eyes lit up, and she smiled earnestly at her, truly wondering where the secretary had the confidence to call her "madam."

"They aren't married yet, you're brown-nosing too early. What if you're wrong?"

"What's it to you?"

The secretary, who detested Qiao Yi the most, nodded at Qin Mu and then left.

"Ah, Yichen's secretary sure has a personality."

"You go after her and see," Qiao Yi whispered.

The word "personality" was really sometimes a compliment.

"Why would I pursue her? My parents are pressuring me to find someone with a matching social status to marry, wouldn't chasing her just harm her?"

Upon hearing the phrase "matching social status," something pricked at Qin Mu's heart unnoticed; she then leaned back on the sofa, fiddling with her fingers.

"Speaking of which, Xiaomu, why don't you marry Yichen? He's been set on you since he was young."

Jiang Zhiyuan lifted his chin, asking Qin Mu pointedly.

Her sharp almond-shaped eyes lifted, and she replied with a sudden smile, "Really?"

Jiang Zhiyuan...

"Are you unaware? Or are you just tormenting him on purpose?"

Qiao Yi was skeptical.

"Haven't you heard the saying? The best things are those you can't have."

Qin Mu smiled and responded with ease.

The man standing outside the door unconsciously curled his lips into a slight smile, thinking that what one can't have is always the best?

His long eyelashes fluttered slightly, and with his eyes cast down, no one could see what was on his mind anymore.

In an instant, the door was pushed open from the outside, and the two men opposite looked up to see him enter.

Qin Mu also turned her head curiously, and when she saw him, she was momentarily stunned; then she stood up as if nothing had happened, "You're back!"

"Yeah! Why did you suddenly come to find me? Remember to call next time, so you don't miss me." He spoke gently, pulling her into a light embrace as they settled onto the couch.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu sat next to him and picked up her coffee, "I haven't tried this before!"

Qiao Yi...

Jiang Zhiyuan...

If this woman was not feeling guilty because of what she had just said...

They were also curious whether President Mu had heard it or not.

"You think I'd drink something you've already tried?"

Mu Yichen asked as he took it from her, whispering softly.

Qin Mu, feeling the heat from his suggestive gaze, had no choice but to stand up, "Well then, you guys chat, I'm going to leave first."

Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi looked up at her curiously, wasn't she here for something important with Mu Yichen?

"Oh, we'll talk about our matter tonight then."

Qin Mu said to the puzzled looks of everyone, and then left.

Mu Yichen hadn't quite reacted yet, his hand lingering on the back of the sofa where she'd been seated, but ultimately, he could only let out a wry smile.

In the office, now only the three men remained, Qiao Yi, and Jiang Zhiyuan, sent him questioning glances in unison.

"You heard what she said just now, didn't you?"

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen sipped his coffee, remaining calm.

"Huh? She's deliberately whetting your appetite and you're not at all upset?" Jiang Zhiyuan asked curiously.

"What do I have to be upset about?"

Mu Yichen asked back curiously.

"Yeah, what do you have to be upset about? As a child, you went abroad for her, as an adult, you strived for her, you literally live for her, how could you be upset?"

Qiao Yi couldn't help but chuckle at this fact, clearly defeated by it, and still not understanding what Jing Qing was so persistent about when she clearly knew everything.

Mu Yichen leaned back into the couch with his coffee cup in hand, looking at the two men opposite, neither of whom seemed too happy with him, and raised an eyebrow as if disappointed: "Qin Mu isn't as bad as you think, otherwise I wouldn't like her."

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, what more is there to say? No matter how unworthy she is in others' eyes, to you, she's the apple of your eye," Jiang Zhiyuan said with a shrug, indicating he was beyond help.

"Since you say so, I needn't explain further."

He gently caressed the rim of his coffee cup, as though he were touching her soft lips.

Why had she come to find him all of a sudden, and why leave just as abruptly?

That night, he was dragged out for drinks and didn't get back until past nine; Huanhuan was already asleep.

He was about to go to his own room, but then turned to look at Huanhuan's room, before walking over.

Gently, he pushed open the door to see the little girl lying on the small pink bed and then quietly closed the door, returning to the master bedroom.

Upon reaching the doorway, he looked up to see a woman standing there, leaning against the door with a pair of clear, bright almond eyes looking at him.

"What's wrong?"

Mu Yichen, feeling a bit unsettled under her gaze, asked with a half-smile.

"What exactly is wrong?"

Qin Mu didn't speak, just stared at him, making his scalp tingle.

"Are you still sober?"

Qin Mu asked, detecting the smell of alcohol on his breath.

"Just a few drinks, they won't get me drunk!"

"Good, then I'm asking you, what exactly happened at Qin Haiming's birthday banquet?"

Qin Mu leaned lazily against the doorframe, arms crossed, a serious expression on her face.

"Why are you suddenly asking about that?"

Still smiling, he inched closer to her.