

## Sweet Love 2301

### Chapter 2301: Give Up for Good (4)

She smirked at the thought. After recomposing herself, she strode into the bedroom.

It was quite a scene inside the room where the pair in bed was fully indulging in each other's body. It was carnal yet absurd.

The two were so engrossed in their coitus that they remained oblivious to the third person in the room.

Song Enya stood at the doorway and watched them quietly. Soon, she felt disgusted at what she was seeing.

Turning around, the missy was about to step away when she heard a buzzing from behind.

The woman on the bed looked up and started to search for the source of disturbance when she noticed the missy standing at the door.

She was so startled that a yelp almost escaped her ruddy lips, but the missy quickly put a finger to her mouth, signaling her to keep mum. She understood the gesture and looked down.

Song Enya scanned the floor with her eyes and realized that the ringing was coming from a phone inside a suit pocket.

She walked over without further ado and took the phone from the pocket. The name 'Qingxue' was being shown on the phone's screen.

*Is his woman calling him?*

Gripping the phone in her hand, she glanced over at the bed before turning to leave the room.

...

Inside the apartment, Meng Qingxue was sitting on the sofa inside the living room with the phone in her hand. Her fingers wrought tightly over the phone as it rang for a long time without anyone picking up. The call was finally cut.

*What happened? Why didn't he answer my call?*

*It's late now. Has he gone to bed already?*

Dazed and disappointed, she put the phone on the sofa and glanced at the luggage next to her feet.

She had packed to leave this place for good. Other than a few essential items, like clothes and identification documents, she did not take anything else with her.

She cleaned the place, packing everything nicely to be returned to him, be those the expensive clothes, pricey jewelry, precious gems, or branded car. All she took with her were some everyday clothes and a bit of money from his bank account.

She did not take a lot of cash with her, but it should be sufficient to rent a one-room apartment in a town for a while. It could last her one to two years if she would be thrifty enough. Now that she was

pregnant, she did not know if she could find a job to support herself. Hence, as a precaution, she had to put aside her pride and withdraw some money from his account.

She had made up her mind to leave this city, but why was there a sense of regret and loving sentiments after looking at this apartment one last time?

He was her first!

This call was the last hope she held for the man.

All she looked for was just a statement from him... Heck, even a word would suffice—stay—and she would willingly remain in this apartment for his eventual return, no matter how long it took!

However, what she got was the unanswered ringing of the phone's dial tone instead of his voice.

The woman did not want to call it quits yet. Picking up the phone in her hand once more, she hesitated. She did not know whether the man would scold or humiliate her, but she would accept it either way; all she wanted was to hear his voice one last time.

*Am I greedy to ask for this small favor?*

Meng Qingxue fidgeted with the phone nervously. Using her trembling fingers, she located his number in her phonebook and tried to muster up the courage to press call.

After a long mental battle, she had finally plucked up her courage and was about to make another call when the screen flashed with his name. He had returned her call!

Her face lit up. She quickly answered the call and took the phone to her ear, but before she could say anything, an unfamiliar female voice, cold and distant, drifted into her ear.

### **Chapter 2302: Give Up for Good (5)**

An unfamiliar female voice, cold and distant, was heard from the other end of the line.

“Who are you?”

The woman's voice was haughty and interrogative, with a tinge of condescension.

Meng Qingxue was completely taken aback!

Hearing no reply from the caller, Song Enya got more impatient and frigid. “Why aren't you talking? Who are you looking for?”

The phone slipped from Meng Qingxue's hand and dropped onto the ground with a loud *thud*. Fat drops of tears started rolling down her cheeks as she despondently muffled the sobs attempting to escape from her trembling lips.

*It's late at night... Why is his phone with another woman?*

*Did he stop coming to my place because he'd had a change of heart?*

*What is this?!*

*I'm not his wife or even his official girlfriend in the first place; I'm just a canary reared by him. How can I call it a change of heart when I'm not even given status by him?*

*Is there a real relationship between us at all? Now, this stranger has returned my call as his 'official' woman and is questioning my identity. How ironic!*

*Is my name not registered in his phonebook?!*

This possibility was a great blow to her. She came to see that her deep affection for the man had not been reciprocated all along!

Her single-minded love for him felt so pathetic and ludicrous all of a sudden!

Song Enya listened to the faint, sorrowful whimpers as she held the phone in her hand.

Of course, she knew the name of the woman whom she was returning the call right now.

She could see the woman's name in Mu Yancheng's phone.

Just moments ago, she had flipped through the messages in his phone and gotten an inkling of who the woman was to the man.

It looked like this woman was one of his many kept lovers.

No wonder the man was muttering his lover's name when he was holding her inside the car earlier.

Actually, she was not interested in any of his kept women at first, but then, the thought that this man would become her future husband prompted her to take action. Their eventual marriage might not be one of true love, but there were some matters she had to take into her hands!

The fact that he had been calling out his lover's name constantly after he was drugged meant that this woman weighed a lot in his heart. Hence, she had to put the woman in her place!

"Are you still there? Say something!" she barked coldly on the phone.

Trembling, Meng Qingxue picked up the phone and asked cautiously, "I'm looking for Yancheng!"

"Oh, so you're looking for Brother Yancheng..." She sniggered. "Why are you looking for him?"

"I..."

Meng Qingxue did not know what to say and bit her lower lip. It really cut through her heart to hear another woman addressing him on such an intimate level.

"He's with me now, but he's tired and has fallen asleep!"

She was rooted to the spot as her eyes opened wide in disbelief.

"Don't call him again in the future!" ordered Song Enya frigidly, then hung up the call.

*...He's asleep?*

*He's with her? Who is she to him? Is she his woman... or one of his many?*

Still, it disturbed her greatly to hear the other woman addressing him in such an intimate manner.

*D\*mn it!*

*I must be mad to make this call!*

Covering her face with her hands, Meng Qingxue could not control her misery any longer and started weeping out loud.

Every word that came from Song Enya's mouth had cut her heart deeply like a sharp knife, causing it to be in excruciating pain!

*Woo woo woo...*

*My heart is in terrible pain!*

Gradually, her soft sobbing turned into a loud, heart-wrenching wail!

Oh, how indignant she felt!

She was remorsefully indignant, alright!

### **Chapter 2303: No Longer Needed**

*Has it become my wild wish to hear his voice before I leave him for good?!*

Meng Qingxue wiped the tears from her eyes angrily and stood up abruptly. Picking up her luggage, she walked toward the door. With one hand on the doorknob, she turned around to cast one last look at the apartment. Every nook and cranny reminded her of the man and their times together. Fat teardrops started rolling down her cheeks again, and pretty soon, she was sobbing helplessly anew.

She could not bear to let go. There was something in every corner of the house.

The large bed held memories of their frolicking good times...

The couch in the living room was where she would lay her head on his lap like a petulant child...

At where the kitchen was, she could almost see herself busying to prepare food for him...

Even up to this point, his coat was still hanging on the balcony.

The greatest pain to her was his continual presence in her heart even though he was not with her now.

Everything she saw reminded her of him.

The woman slumped onto the ground helplessly. Fighting back her tears, she bit her lower lip hard and dialed his number again with one last ray of hope...

She had to hear his voice, regardless of who might pick up the call. This desire was probably her last bit of courage left.

She had been a passive party throughout their relationship. Weak and humble, she kept watch in this tiny apartment until he surfaced every now and then when he thought of her.

There was not one moment when she did not wish for him to appear. Like a lowly beggar, she would only take what he was willing to give of himself and never demanded for more.

Sometimes, she would miss him so much that she would hide under the blankets and cry herself to sleep, yet she had never called the man for fear of disturbing him.

When he came over, she would jump in delight like a small child. All the negative emotions she had felt when he was not around, the lowliness and helplessness, would instantly be swept away by his arrival!

All she hoped was for him to give her a place in his heart, to love and protect her, so she could always have a home and his company.

She loved him, even though she was such a minion in his world, but her meekness was greeted with his thoughtlessness, instead.

She decided that she would stand up for herself for the first and the last time.

Clenching the phone tightly, she waited for the call to go through and hoped against all hope that she could hear his voice again, just like in the past.

She wanted to hear his voice so much, even if it was one of ire directed at her.

With her eyes stretched wide, she was nervous almost to the point of suffocation when the line finally connected again. Just when she was about to speak, she heard the heavy heaving and soft grunting of carnal pleasures from the other end of the phone.

Their relentless happy squeals and panting, which drifted into her ear, totally caught her off guard.

There was probably nothing that could be worse than this to deal a brutal blow to a person's dignity.

The woman's voice was muffled, but the man's sound was especially clear.

It was a familiar sound to her. It was him...

*He is with another woman tonight. Is he with that woman who called me back earlier?*

*Did she answer the call so I could hear how she's being pleased by him as she lay underneath him?*

*Is he telling me that I've been replaced?*

*He doesn't need me anymore.*

*I'm not needed anymore.*

"He... he he..." A string of throaty laughter escaped her mouth as she stared vacuously into space, but tears rolling down from her eyes quickly slipped between her lips and choked her with their saltiness.

*Why must they be so cruel?*

*He hasn't gone to sleep, has he?*

*Plus, he has agreed to use this method to knock me out of my persistence, hasn't he?*

*Is that so...*

**Chapter 2304: It is not counted if I do not see it.**

She threw the phone far away from her. It was as if by doing so, it would help distance herself from the overwhelming humiliation she was feeling now!

With her back leaning against the door, she slowly slid down it until her bottom hit the ground. Her sharp nails dug deep into her palms while she bit her lower lip hard. She glanced at the air ticket on the table and, seemingly having made up her mind finally, stood up gradually...

...

At around midnight, Song Enya, seated on the couch, was taking forty winks with her arms folded across the chest.

Mu Yancheng's phone on the couch had gone silent at last. That woman who went by the name of Meng Qingxue seemed to have caught the message finally, for she had stopped calling.

After a long and turbulent lovemaking session, the bedroom gradually quieted.

The woman put on her clothes and walked out of the room. She paused for a long time when she saw the missy before licking her cracked lips and approaching the latter on the couch.

"Miss Song..." Her voice was frail and timid, carrying the weight of inferiority with it.

The missy's peepers opened just a crack and, upon seeing the girl, asked, "Is it finally over?"

"Y-Yes, it's o-over..."

"What about him?"

"He's sleeping now."

Once the drug lost its effect, the person would naturally be too exhausted to do anything else.

Song Enya straightened her back as she looked at the woman standing in front of her. This girl had a face which resembled hers, but with the fading of makeup, the resemblance was substantially diminished.

It seemed that the couple had been at it for some time with the girl looking shagged out presently. Her hair was in a mess; one of her fake eyelashes had dropped out even. Song Enya saw a bruise at a corner of her lips and demanded quizzically, "What's wrong with the corner of your lips?"

*A corner of my lips...*

Somewhat surprised to hear the question, the girl touched her lips and squirmed in pain when she located the sore spot. "He might've bitten me... I didn't notice it earlier."

Cocking a brow, the missy picked up her purse on the sofa and took out a wad of cash.

This girl, a fresh university graduate, had continued to stay in the capital.

According to her, her boyfriend wanted to take the Postgraduate Admission Test and needed money badly. She wanted to raise funds for him by taking on this assignment.

Fifty thousand yuan was nothing to the rich missy, but this was a considerable sum to the girl.

After glancing at the girl, she dumped the cash on the table and asked nonchalantly, "Here's the fifty thousand. Do you want to check?"

"It's not necessary!" The girl gave a harried smile, feeling awkward. "Since you've said that this stack of notes amounts to fifty thousand yuan, it should be the truth!"

After saying that, she reached for the money on the table.

"Hang on!" ordered Song Enya suddenly.

The girl looked at her with mild surprise. Knitting her brows quizzically, she asked, "Is there anything else you want me to do?"

"This is your first time, right?" asked the missy.

The girl was startled for a while before she nodded her head awkwardly.

"Is this your infertile window?"

"Infertile window? I'm not sure... I've not studied anything on that topic yet."

With a smile, the missy signaled the girl to a pill and a glass of water on the table with her eyes.

"Take this," she ordered calmly.

"What is this?" The young girl was mildly surprised.

"Don't worry; it isn't poison!" the other reassured. "It's a morning-after pill."

"But I've already taken a contraceptive pill before this. It's effective within seventy-two hours of consumption."

It would not be a good idea for her to take too many of such medications, would it?

Narrowing her eyes, the rich woman merely retorted coldly, "It's not counted when I don't see it consumed in front of me."

### **Chapter 2305: She will do anything to get what she wants!**

"It's not counted when I don't see it consumed in front of me."

The girl clenched her hands into fists. This missy was more heartless than she thought.

She drew a sharp, cold breath. After taking another look at the wad of cash on the table, she gritted her teeth and swallowed the medication with the water.

After the pill was washed down her throat with the water, she put down the glass, twitched her lips, and asked, "Miss Song, I've done what you ordered; are you... satisfied now?"

"Good. This is necessary for the both of us. I'm sure you don't want to be pregnant, am I right? I heard that your boyfriend doesn't know about this, so there's a need to take extra precaution, isn't there?"

"Yes, you're right, so... can I leave now?"

The missy nodded her head quietly. Glancing at the money on the table, she told her, "Take the money and leave!"

"T-Thank you..."

The girl did not feel slighted as she took the cash from the table; she was about to go when the other called again.

"Hold on!"

*What is it this time?!*

She was starting to get irritated but had to suppress it before turning around. Song Enya's icy visage was looking sublimely at her as she warned, "You'd better keep this matter between the two of us. If someone else finds out about this... I guess you already know what I'm capable of, right?"

The lady's last statement was dragged dangerously, sending shivers down her back. Alarmed by the other's ominous expression, she quickly reassured, "Miss Song, don't worry; I'll keep mum... It's a secret between us, and nobody else will find out about it!"

"That's good to know."

The girl nodded nervously. After wrapping her coat tighter around her, she fled from the place.

The door closed with a loud *thud*, then it went all quiet inside the spacious hotel suite.

After throwing an icy look at the cell phone lying on the couch, she slowly got up and walked toward the mirror. Song Enya stared at the face reflected on the mirror and bit her lip hard. Soon, a thin, red trail could be observed seeping through the corner of her mouth under her forceful pressure.

Narrowing her eyes, she suddenly reached out to mess her hair then pulled and tugged at her clothes. Her shoulder straps and clothes' hemline were eventually torn. To make it more believable, she decided to look as tattered and sorry as she could. After looking in the mirror once more, she was finally satisfied with her efforts; the missy then walked into the bedroom with her head held high.

The bed inside the room was in a mess.

Mu Yancheng was lying sprawled across the bed, taking up more than half of the three-meter bed's space with his broad and lanky frame.

Time slipped past unknowingly, and soon, it was three at dawn; the sky would turn bright soon. After glancing outside the window, she slowly went to lie down next to the man. Her eyes continued to be wide open; she was not sleepy at all.

She had come this far already. Since this was the case, she would do anything to achieve what she wanted!

She could not afford to lose at this point.

...



Mu Yancheng slowly came around. Before he could open his eyes, he felt a splitting headache coming on. As he slowly opened his eyes, his optic nerves went into sudden, painful spasms without warning!

*What's wrong?*

*Ugh... My head feels so heavy...*

**Chapter 2306: Acting is part and parcel of life.**

*Ugh... My head feels so heavy...*

*What's with the throbbing pain in my head?*

The man lay motionlessly in bed with his eyes closed, for his mind was still woozy despite him already being awake. As though completely paralyzed and his nerves controlled, he found the act of lifting even a finger strenuous and a chore.

*What happened to me?*

*I can vaguely recall drowning myself in alcohol last night.*

*Am I having a bad hangover?*

*Surely not?*

*My head has never hurt so badly before because of a hangover.*

*What on earth happened?*

His mind always drew a blank no matter how hard he tried to summon the memories of the night before. The most he could remember was that he had seemingly met Song Enya and had drunk a glass or two with her before he gradually lost his consciousness.

In his groggy state, he seemed to have seen Meng Qingxue, in a glamorous red dress, struggling nonstop beneath him with tearful eyes.

*'Brother Yancheng, no... d-don't do this...'*

Her aggrieved protests rang incessantly in his head.

He could not tell whether those memories were real or not, but he could really hear the intermittent sobbing of someone right now.

*No... That's not a figment of my imagination!*

His eyelids flew open. With his senses finely attuned to his surroundings at that moment, the crying from the side instantly became clear!

As soon as his eyes were fully opened, he found himself in an unfamiliar, large king-size bed within a lavishly-furnished room, which was made dim by the drawn curtains.

*"Woo woo woo..."*

The crying was getting clearer.

He supported his upper body somewhat and faced the direction of the sound at once. His abrupt action had, however, frightened the person next to him.

A young lady, in a red dress, was seen curling up at the corner of the bed. Upon noticing that the man was wide awake, she let out a yelp and hugged her trembling body tightly. "P-Please stay where you are! Brother Yancheng, d-don't come near me..."

Her trembling, crying voice rendered him dazed for half a second before he belatedly realized who was in front of him.

*Song Enya?!*

He was flabbergasted to see her.

He could promptly identify the woman beside him just from her voice despite her disheveled appearance, with messy hair and smudged makeup. Song Enya's voice was highly distinguishable, especially when she was crying. One would be unable to forget the young missy's voice even after hearing it just once.

*What is she doing here?!*

He froze in place for several seconds, but upon noticing that she was trembling in fear as though something had happened to her, he could not help but approach her.

"Enya—"

"Ahhh!"

She was so scared of him that she retreated right into the corner. Out of fear, her tears came pouring down harder and faster and her wails got louder.

"D-Don't come near me... I'm afraid of you... woo woo woo... Please... j-just let me off..."

Her stammering left the man all the more confused.

*What the hell is she going on about?!*

*Why is she crying?!*

*And why is she here on my bed, looking all disheveled?*

*What happened here?*

*I can vaguely recall myself going wildly at it with a woman last night after getting drunk. The woman in my memories, however, is Meng Qingxue.*

*What exactly is going on here, then?*

*Why did I wake up to see Song Enya crying here?*

He furrowed his brows as he felt his headache getting worse. "Enya, stop crying, alright? I'm not going to hurt you..."

**Chapter 2307: How could you do such a thing to me?**

“Liar... Brother Yancheng is a big, fat liar!” His reassurance did nothing to calm her down and, instead, had the opposite effect. The woman wailed even louder as she started hurling accusations at him.

He was entirely baffled by this perplexing situation; the harder she cried, the more confused he became.

Nevertheless, right at that moment, he spotted a red stain, which was partially hidden under the blankets, at the center of the messy bed when he bowed his head.

The sight of it stunned him for several seconds before he lifted the covers and, much to his horror, discovered splotches of blood on the bed sheet. His eyes widened in shock at the thought of a chilling possibility as he stared at the missy while pointing at the blood-stained sheet. “I-Is this... your....”

The young missy did not give him a straight answer and merely responded with more crying.

Her distressed yet aggrieved countenance, however, confirmed his suspicion!

*What the hell?!*

He was no naïve teenager and had had his fair share of virgins, so he of course would not mistakenly assume this bloodstain to be from her period! It would be truly laughable should he not realize what exactly had happened between them here by now!

He looked down at himself.

All he had on was a shirt and a pair of socks. With the lower part of his body being stark naked, there was no need for him to wonder about the events that had transpired anymore.

Every time he tried to recall his memory of last night, his headache would worsen. As such, he could not get a clear idea on what had happened the night before.

At this moment, though, he was getting a rough idea of what might have gone down between them. He lifted his head all of a sudden and looked at the young missy with a tongue-tied expression. “You...”

Her tears fell more furiously than ever. When she noticed that the man had realized what had happened between them, a mortified expression surfaced on her face, and she let out a few trembling whimpers behind her hands.

“Don’t cry anymore, alright?!” Even though he felt like his head was going to split anytime now, he did not stop pacifying her. “Calm down and cease your tears. Tell me: What happened last night?”

“Brother Yancheng... how could you do such a thing to me?!” The aggrieved lady spoke with much difficulty while crying away.

The man was shocked to hear that.

“I—”

“W-What should I do now?!” She wept into her hands in misery. “I... That’s my first time!”

*BOOM!*

His mind instantly drew a blank as he furrowed his brows and looked at the woman helplessly. Inwardly, though, he was consumed with worries and was practically sitting on pins and needles.

“You... Don’t cry already, alright? I was a jerk. I had too much to drink last night and... unconsciously committed a monstrous act against you... Believe me, though... It wasn’t intentional!”

Song Enya’s ashen face suddenly lifted, her watery eyes staring blankly at him. Her lips were quivering as she repeated, “U-Unintentional?”

“Yeah... I was probably so drunk that I couldn’t distinguish who was beside me... I’m a b\*st\*rd for doing that to you... but I didn’t mean to...” he explained with great difficulty.

“What have I done so wrong for you to do that to me? How could you commit such a vile act against me? What should I do now? I...”

At the mention of her sore spot, her body trembled even more and her tears came gushing down.

He hastily asked, “You’re a good girl, Enya! Please stop crying for now and tell me what happened last night! I should at least have a rough knowledge of the overall situation!”

### **Chapter 2308: Solid Acting Skills**

She choked out bitterly, “Brother Yancheng, h-how could you... do that to me?! I’ve always treated you as my older brother! I-I shouldn’t have believed your words! I really shouldn’t have believed you no matter what you said last night! I should’ve just left you to your devices! Alas, I’m just too tender-hearted for my own good! I couldn’t bear to leave you behind at the bar when you were all wasted. You kept calling out a woman’s name, too. I was afraid that you might encounter danger, so I offered to send you home, b-but...”

More tears streamed down her face at the very mention of what transpired last night.

Even though Mu Yancheng was feeling frantically restless on the inside, he forced himself to keep his emotions in check and patiently listened to what the lady was saying.

While wiping her tears away, she intermittently recounted last night’s events to him, which allowed him to get a rough idea of what had occurred.

The man was in a grumpy mood after his meeting with Lin Xueya had ended on a bad note. He initially wanted to head down to Meng Qingxue’s apartment but decided against it at the thought of facing her sullen face, which would further dampen his already foul mood. Thus, he went to the bar instead and ordered himself several bottles of hard liquor to drown his sorrows.

He coincidentally met Song Enya, who was also hanging out at the bar, while he was there. Upon seeing that he was drinking all alone, she offered to keep him company for a drink or two.

At that time, he still held strands of his consciousness despite feeling slightly buzzed. Somehow, though, after a couple of drinks with the missy, he got completely drunk.

Being worried about his safety, she offered to take him home. However, he was so drunk by then that he kept calling out Meng Qingxue’s name and insisting on going to the latter’s place instead of heading home.

The bawling woman complained, "How could I possibly know her address when I had no idea who it was you're clamoring for? Plus, you didn't answer when I asked you for her address and just kept calling her name. I had no choice but to take you to a hotel and wait for you to sober up!"

She, thus, hailed a cab and brought him to a hotel.

On the way there, though, the man began groping her body and hugging her while calling another woman's name. She bore with all his lecherous actions, thinking that she would leave straight after taking him to the room.

She had never expected that, the moment she opened the door to the hotel room, she would be carried by him and brought to the bedroom where she got thrown onto the bed. No matter how hard she struggled against him, he just refused to let her go and wildly took her virginity.

He was shell-shocked by her recount.

What she said seemed to be about right, though...

No matter how unclear his memories were, he could vaguely remember a woman struggling nonstop beneath him while crying and pleading for mercy...

Things had become clear to him right then.

Having mistakenly thought that the lady under him was Meng Qingxue, he boldly and recklessly claimed her several times until he was totally spent. Only then did he collapse on the bed and pass out from exhaustion.

At the thought of this, he glanced obliquely at the stained sheet, his eyelids twitching ominously.

*Did I really do such an atrocious thing to her in a dumb move?*

It was not the first time such a thing had happened to him to be honest.

### **Chapter 2309: Mu Yancheng, you b\*st\*rd!**

He was a regular at pubs and nightclubs; in fact, besides those times that he was in a foul mood, the man would also scout such places for prey with his friends.

He had his fair share of one-night stands, but those women were usually easy to send away; he just needed to give them some money or bring them to go shopping for some branded jewelry or bags, and that would be the end of it.

It was different this time, however.

The lady he got entangled with was the eldest daughter of the Song family, her brother Song Yunxi and her father the capital's mayor, Song Zhengguo. On top of all that, her mother had some ties to the Mu family.

He could not just simply send her away and, all the more, could not afford to offend her.

Worse still, she had lost her virginity to him!

*It was her first time?!*

*So she was a virgin?!*

That piece of news came as a bombshell to him and made his hair stand on end.

To think that he was under the impression that this rich missy was promiscuous! Things would be easier if it was not her first time having sex; at least, it would not be as tricky as this sticky situation they found themselves into!

Now...

Mu Yancheng suddenly had a massive headache.

All he could do was sit there and watch the young lady, who remained curled up in the corner, helplessly wail. It did not seem right for him to give her a word of consolation or ignore her entirely.

Amid his bewilderment, an urgent rapping sound at the door was heard.

“Enya?! Enya?!”

The man, who had quite a sharp hearing, turned his head sharply in the direction of the door upon hearing a woman’s urgent yet agitated call. “Enya, are you in there? Enya?”

*Who’s that?*

He frowned at the noise, only to hear the lady behind him crying more grievously while hugging her knees and burying her head lower in shame. “M-Mom... mom...”

*Mom?*

*Jiang Qimeng?!*

*How did she find her way here?!*

*No way... Did Song Enya call her mother?!*

*This won’t go down well...*

Mu Yancheng broke out in a cold sweat at the thought of what might happen next.

Meanwhile, outside the apartment, Jiang Qimeng got increasingly worried when she did not hear any response from her daughter. She kicked hard at the door, yelling, “Enya, open the door if you’re in there!”

“Your mom’s here!” he hissed through gritted teeth.

The lady made no response and merely continued crying.

He let out a sigh at that. Being the one at fault for committing such a foolish mistake, he decided to face the music and bravely admit his wrong. He could not possibly evade the issue and shirk responsibility, could he?

The man suddenly got to his feet and covered Song Enya with a blanket before putting on some clothes and answering the door.

The moment the door was opened, Jiang Qimeng hurriedly barged into the room with an entourage of servants and bodyguards in tow. She was greeted by a pale-faced Mu Yancheng, who stood at the doorway with his clothes looking all crumpled.

“You... Yancheng?”

“Hello... auntie. Ha ha...” He flashed her an awkward smile in greeting.

“What are you doing here?”

“I—”

The smile on her face faded immediately when she noticed his disheveled appearance. “You—”

Right at that moment, her daughter’s sobbing was heard coming from the bedroom.

Her lips gave a furious twitch before she hastily ventured deeper into the room in search of the bedroom.

He slumped against the door tiredly, rubbing his temples in a bid to ease his headache. Sure enough, an agitated shriek was heard moments later.

“Mu Yancheng, you b\*st\*rd!”

The older woman’s eyes turned bloodshot with rage at the sight of her daughter’s sorry state.

### **Chapter 2310: Take responsibility for what one did wrong.**

The older woman’s eyes turned bloodshot with rage at the sight of her daughter’s sorry state. She charged straight out of the bedroom and started beating the man. “B\*st\*rd! Mu Yancheng, you scoundrel! What have you done to my precious daughter?! What have you done to her?! Why is she in that state?!”

He did not retaliate or offered any explanation to defend his actions and, instead, just allowed her to hit him.

She was ultimately a female, after all; how much strength could she possibly have?

The punches she landed on him did little to hurt him.

Like a madwoman, Jiang Qimeng pummeled the young chap, then grabbed him by the collar, and started shaking him. “Say something, you piece of trash! Why aren’t you talking?! Tell me what on earth did you do to my daughter?! She was a chaste maiden! How could you do such a vile thing to her?! How could you trample on her like this?! B\*st\*rd! What a b\*st\*rd you are!”

“A-Aunt... Auntie!” No longer able to bear with her scolding, he grabbed her hands to stop her. “Please calm down for a bit...”

“Calm down?!” Her expression changed to one of malevolence as she burst out laughing in anger. “Are you still human, Mu Yancheng?! How could you ask me to calm down when you’ve reduced my daughter into that state?! Not killing you is me being calm! You’d better give me a good explanation for this, or else... even if it were to cost me my life, I’d make sure to end yours!”

“Auntie—”

“Do you know what the repercussion of this matter is?! Should news of this matter leak out, my daughter’s reputation will be destroyed, all because of you! What ill-intentions do you have about her for you to treat her like that?!” shouted the middle-aged woman hysterically at him. She simply did not have the patience to hear him out at all.

“Mom!” Without anyone’s notice, Song Enya had come out of the bedroom and was now standing at the doorway, clutching the collar of her dress tightly. Tears streaked down her face as she looked at her mother pleadingly while biting her lower lip. “Let’s head home, alright? I want to go home... woo woo woo...”

“Enya...” Her mother immediately went to her daughter’s side and hugged her shoulders while tearfully comforting her. “Don’t be afraid; mom’s here. Don’t cry anymore. I’ll make sure to get justice for you!”

Mu Yancheng furrowed his brows and surveyed his surroundings.

The Song family’s servants and bodyguards, who had formed a terrifying circle around the chap, glared at him with hostility as though he were a heinous villain.

He clenched his fists and asked, “Auntie, may I ask what sort of explanation do you want from me?”

His response greatly antagonized Jiang Qimeng. “The nerve you’ve got to use such a righteous tone to speak with me after doing this to my daughter! You’re too much, Mu Yancheng!”

At this point, her daughter tugged at her sleeve, mumbling, “Mom... Brother Yancheng didn’t mean to do it... He got too drunk last night, so it wasn’t his intention...”

She shot her daughter a disappointed look upon hearing that. “Enya, I know that you’ve always been sensible, but what happened to you isn’t something that can be brushed away by just a simple explanation of ‘he didn’t mean to do it’! If he’s a man, he should take responsibility for the wrong he did to you!”

Caught in a predicament, Song Enya wailed. “What else could be done?! Are you insisting that he marries me?!”

A dead silence descended upon them immediately after.