

His Beloved 22

Chapter 22: Daughter's Call_1

"You, an abandoned girl, dare to slap me? Do you believe I can find someone to beat you up so bad you'll be searching for your teeth on the ground?"

"Smack!"

Another swift, precise, and ruthless slap echoed crisply.

Was she an abandoned girl? Just like that, she deserved to be looked down upon?

In over ten years of living on her own, she might not have been outstanding, but no one had ever dared to splatter her with dirty water. From the day she left the country, she knew life wasn't easy, but she never allowed herself to be so humble that people could bully her without consequence.

Her mother died so foolishly, yet she would never choose that way out.

Even if she were a lone grass under a heavy stone, she would still strive to sprout tender green shoots through the cracks.

She firmly believed in the saying: "Out of extreme adversity comes salvation!"

"Mind your own mouth, or don't blame me for slapping you every time I see you."

"You..."

"Mingzhu, don't make a scene."

Jing Feng restrained Mingzhu by her wrist when she was about to go at it with Qin Mu, sternly stopping her.

Qin Mu looked down at her clean clothes and cast a powerful glance at the two of them before turning on her heel and striding away.

It wasn't until after she left that Jing Feng slowly released Mingzhu's wrist, not paying attention to whatever she was complaining about. His only thought was that if Qin Mu complained to Mu Yichen, who knows how she would exaggerate the story.

"I don't care why you showed up today, but if you continue to act rashly and hurt yourself, don't blame me for not warning you."

As Jing Feng walked out, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

Qin Mu returned home and went straight upstairs to the bathroom to shower. By the time she changed into her pajamas and came out, Mu Yichen still hadn't returned. She waited in the bedroom for a while and then subconsciously picked up her phone.

Her composed eyes drifted over the familiar number she had dialed these past few days, her fingers gently brushing the screen, yet she hesitated to actually dial it.

It was as if after a lifetime of searching, she still couldn't find a sense of security.

Call him to ask what time he would be home?

The corners of her lips curved with a bitter sweetness as she thought, once becomes twice, and if worrying about him turned into a habit, how would she save herself one day?

Her face no longer held the cold indifference she had shown Jing Feng and Mingzhu earlier but now revealed a hint of timidity.

When she rose with her phone in hand and approached the window, a dark-colored sedan was slowly approaching from a distance.

Was it his car?

His car was actually quite understated, but truly too expensive, truly too many.

The view from the twelfth floor must be quite good, but as it faded from her sight, she turned and walked out the door.

When she reached the first floor, he was just entering the door. Upon seeing him, a sweet smile instinctively graced her lips: You're back!

"Hmm!"

He responded with a hum, walked up, and stopped in front of her, examining her.

Qin Mu didn't know what he was looking at, but she couldn't help feeling self-conscious, thinking that although Mingzhu had splashed her face with tea earlier, the tea leaves weren't too hot, so there was no damage and she had already showered, so there should be no flaws, right?

"What made you so guilty all of a sudden?" he murmured, his slender hand lifted to cradle her face gently.

"No, not at all. Why would you ask that?"

It was because of his question that she felt even guiltier.

He didn't speak but only smiled at her, then went upstairs to change clothes.

Qin Mu watched his retreating figure as he ascended the stairs, and suddenly her heart pounded sharply.

His silhouette felt lonely, as if in it she saw her own.

Her lips moved involuntarily, words she wanted to say on the tip of her tongue, but she didn't know where to begin.

As for the unpleasant encounter today, she figured there would be more in the future. If she brought up everything to him, he would probably get annoyed.

She subconsciously headed to the kitchen. Usually, he prepared dinner, but today she felt like giving it a try herself.

However, she had only been in the kitchen for a couple of minutes when he, having changed into casual home clothes, appeared behind her.

Both of them preferred light-colored clothes, which kind of looked like a couple's matching outfits.

"You're not going to tell me?"

He leaned against the doorway, looking at her with a questioning tone.

Qin Mu turned her eyes to him, and a thousand emotions surged in her heart in an instant.

"What do you want to eat? How about I cook dinner tonight?"

"Cooking dinner doesn't need your involvement, come here to me."

He slightly arched his upright back but still casually leaned on the doorframe with his arms crossed, a posture that was too casual yet deeply unsettling.

"What for? I can hear you just fine from here." She said with a smile and then bent her head down to wash the vegetables.

"Qin Mu, do you plan to live your whole life in silence?"

Qin Mu paused in her vegetable washing.

"Too bad that even if you wanted to, you couldn't manage it."

Indeed, sometimes you can't live a peaceful life simply because you wish to.

After washing the vegetables and setting them aside, Qin Mu wiped her hands on her apron, front and back, turned to face him, and walked towards him with a forced smile.

She looked up at him with a smile: What's wrong? Why so serious?

"What if I want to slap you?"

He suddenly asked in a low voice. His gaze was clearly cold, but deep down there was a devilish charm that sent shivers down the spine.

"Such a naughty girl, Mumu, I really want to slap you."

His hand went to caress her face, his thumb rubbing it over and over, his eyes deeply and precisely invading the depths of her pupils.

"What if I just gently pat you?" She asked softly, her almond eyes swirling.

If he truly slapped her skin, it would definitely hurt.

So she negotiated, hoping a gentle pat or two would suffice, but he suddenly laughed, a laugh filled with both resignation and scorn.

"You like patting?"

He asked softly, his gaze growing more suggestive.

At that thought, Qin Mu's face flushed red: Mu Yichen, you...

"Behave and let me slap you, or else let me do it while you confess the truth."

"If you already know, what truth is there to confess?"

"If you don't tell me, I might not control my strength when I slap you, and if I'm harsh, you might cry."

"Mu Yichen, you beast."

He laughed while his hand hooked around her waist and lifted her gently; Qin Mu's world spun, and by the time she came to her senses, she was already hoisted onto his shoulder.

No sooner had the two of them reached the living room that Qin Mu's phone rang, and it was a video call at that. The tall man carrying the woman turned around, then reached into the pocket of her pajamas to pull out the phone.

"Baby?"

Mu Yichen set Qin Mu down, glanced at the two characters on the phone, and then looked at the woman in front of him with furrowed brows.

"Who is 'Baby'?"

A wave of green washed over Qin Mu's face—it was Huanhuan, that young girl. She stuttered, flustered, as the anger in the man's eyes before her became ever clearer.

"It's..."

She slowly licked her dry lips, her eyes quickly shifting.

Truth be told, she had thought about bringing Huanhuan in front of him after returning, to let him know about Huanhuan's existence, but then this call came today, and she found she was utterly unprepared.

The phone continued to ring persistently, over and over.

Mu Yichen looked at her with irritation, then bent down intending to check the phone himself.

"Don't!"