

His Beloved 23

Chapter 23: Mom introduces someone to you_1

"Who exactly is it?"

"Just a friend."

The phone finally stopped ringing, but the entire space was filled with a cold and gloomy silence.

In the dim light, he watched the woman in front of him with a nervous expression and the way she blurted out 'Just a friend.' He stared at her intently for a moment, then let out a scornful laugh. Throwing the phone carelessly to the floor, he strode away with long steps.

Qin Mu looked in shock at the phone that, though still intact, was spinning on the ground, then heard the door close with a 'bang' from the outside.

By the time she looked toward the doorway, he had already left. She helplessly bent down to pick up the phone from the floor and, without a trace of anger, sat on the ground and turned it on.

The entire living room quieted down, and so did she, without a sound.

There wasn't a single problem, and while marveling at the high quality of the phone, she redialed the call. Soon, the video showed the face she had been missing.

"Mommy!"

"You didn't answer the phone just now, we didn't disturb you, did we?" Xiaomei's face appeared tensely behind Huanhuan.

"No, how are you guys?" She bent her knees and hugged them, smiling, though her eyes looked somewhat empty.

"We're fine; it's just that Huanhuan missed you, so we called you. But then I thought about the time difference, and if it's nighttime there, it'd be bad if you were together."

"You hung up at just the right time," Qin Mu said softly, with a wry smile.

"Mu Yi doesn't know about Huanhuan's existence yet, right? Sister Qinqin, are you really going to bring Huanhuan to meet him?"

Yes, was she really going to bring Huanhuan to meet him?

But she wanted to stay in China, and Huanhuan had to be with her.

Having grown up without the care of her own parents, could she let her own daughter grow up alone as well?

No, she must bring her daughter back, but as what identity should her daughter meet him?

Her daughter?

"She definitely has to meet him."

"But it seems like you have no intention of telling Mu Yi."

Qin Mu...

It wasn't that she had no intention; she just hadn't figured it out yet.

If Huanhuan came to China, what if she moved out to live elsewhere?

But Mu Yichen would definitely be able to find her, and then dealing with that would be... troublesome.

She hated complications, so after much thought, she decided to bring Huanhuan back and right to his doorstep.

"Mu Yichen's birthday is in a few days. By then, you can help me bring her back."

Could it be considered a birthday present for him?

Just wondering what his expression would be like at that time, would he faint from anger?

"Are you sure about this?"

"Mhm!"

"Mommy, I miss you!"

"Mommy misses you too. Let Auntie bring you to see Mommy in a few days, okay? Mommy wants to introduce someone to you."

"Okay! Mommy, Mommy..."

Her daughter's repeated calls of 'Mommy' nearly left her breathless, yet her smile grew even more tender.

After soothing her daughter for a while, she moved to the kitchen to stir-fry the vegetables she had just washed. Although she looked very serious, it was all just an appearance, because when she was alone with the dish, and the moment it reached her mouth, she spat it out immediately; it was truly inedible.

She wasn't sure what had gone wrong; she didn't even know what she had been thinking just now.

Where had he gone?

Mu Yichen had arranged to drink with Qiao Yi, but unexpectedly Qiao Yi was accompanying Jing Qing.

Each of the three harbored their own thoughts, Qiao Yi glanced at Jing Qing and then at Mu Yichen, hesitating awkwardly.

"Yichen, your birthday is coming up soon, how about we all charter a plane and go out to have some fun?" Jing Qing suggested softly.

"Yeah, your birthday is coming up. We've always partied hard. This year should be no exception."

Mu Yichen was merely holding his glass, staring down at the hustle and bustle below. It was almost his birthday again. With her around this year, where else did he need to go?

But who is the darling in her phone? She's always been alone, hasn't she?

The thought of that missed video call filled him with annoyance, and he began to pour the alcohol into himself, tilting his head back to slowly gulp down the contents of the bottle.

Jing Qing and Qiao Yi exchanged a glance, their hearts in disarray.

"I'm gonna head to the restroom for a sec."

As if understanding Jing Qing's gaze, Qiao Yi stood up and left.

But as soon as he left, Jing Qing took a bottle of alcohol and walked over: Why are you drinking alone? I'm not just a decoration.

Mu Yichen looked down to see the bottle in Jing Qing's hand, a flash of concern in his eyes. Watching her performance before him, he knew of Jing Qing's feelings for him; he was even less willing to waste her time: "Jing Qing, don't waste your time on me! — Don't love me!"

His bottle gently touched hers, but Jing Qing felt as though her heart had shattered.

He added those last three words, fearing that she wouldn't understand, as he proudly drank alone.

"Not to love you? It's easy to say those three words, but do you know how insignificant I feel in front of you? Yichen, do you know how much pain I'm feeling inside right now? — I can agree to you supporting her, as long as you marry me." She looked up at him, her voice low and pitiful, tightly hugging the bottle with both hands.

Although the bar was noisy, at that moment, it seemed so quiet that the sound of a wine glass falling to the ground could be heard between them.

Mu Yichen's dark eyes were fixed on her: I can't marry you.

"Can't? Are you so sure about her?"

"I have only loved her my whole life, from the moment she was born."

Tears immediately filled Jing Qing's eyes, but she stubbornly met his gaze for a moment, then stood up and left with pride.

Qiao Yi came back at just the right time and asked, seeing Jing Qing's retreating figure: What happened? Did the young miss get angry?

Mu Yichen looked back down at the floor again, uncertain of what to say to her.

That woman wanted a secret marriage with him; what could he do?

He wished he could immediately announce to the whole world that he, Mu Yichen, had married the little enchantress Qin Mu, but the thought of her world collapsing stopped him; he couldn't bear it.

But did she even know about the restraint he was exercising for her sake?

"Why did you make her angry? You could have said some nice words to coax her, even if you didn't mean it in your heart."

"I don't want to harm her."

He took another swig of alcohol, irritation apparent on his face.

"You're so stubborn, no wonder Xiaomu doesn't like you."

Qiao Yi had to admit that Mu Yichen was a very responsible man but sometimes being too responsible made one the most heartless.

He reached for a drink and had just taken a few sips when he noticed Mu Yichen staring at him fiercely, scaring him into choking on his drink and not daring to repeat the offense. He could only put on a smile and say: I misspoke, I'll punish myself with a whole bottle.

Mu Yichen glanced at him and then looked away.

She doesn't like him?

As if!

"But what exactly did you say to the young miss? Given her infatuation with you, she would never have left if you had just made some sentimental small talk."

But how would he know which of his words had hurt her?

He had said several!

Mu Yichen finished the remaining alcohol in the bottle, irritated by the blaring music that hurt his ears. He slammed the empty bottle on the table with precision and force, stood up, and suavely put on his coat.

"You're leaving too? Stay and have a drink with me for a bit longer."

"I need to go back and get some answers from that little enchantress."