

His Beloved 26

Chapter 26: Birthday Coming_1

"That year, after we had sex, I found out that I was pregnant with her. I wanted to tell you, but..."

Or should I say, "Hey, Mu Yichen, this is the daughter I gave birth to for you years ago!"

Or should I say, "Happy, aren't you? She has grown up so much without your care!"

Or should I say, "Mu Yichen, this is my friend's daughter. She's been incredibly busy so she sent her over for me to take care of for a few days..."

Qin Mu lay awake the whole night, silently watching him from behind until her head started aching.

When he got up in the morning, she was already gone.

Mu Yichen instinctively frowned, hastily got out of bed, grabbed the bathrobe that had fallen on the floor, put it on, and went downstairs to look for her.

According to northern traditions, the birthday person should have longevity noodles for breakfast on their birthday. As his secret wife now, she felt it was her duty to make them for him.

When Mu Yichen came downstairs, he heard noises from the kitchen and was about to check it out subconsciously when the doorbell rang at just the right moment, leaving him reluctantly going to answer it.

He almost thought these past few days had been a dream until he heard her in the kitchen.

"I'm here to bring longevity noodles for the birthday boy," his mother stood at the doorway, holding an expensive food box, with Jing Qing following behind her.

Seeing Mu Yichen in pajamas, Jing Qing's face instinctively flushed with a hint of embarrassment, yet she still smiled and wished him, "Happy Birthday!"

Mu Yichen didn't even say thank you. He didn't want them to disturb him, but they still came in.

"The birthday boy should just wait outside for the meal."

Qin Mu rolled out the noodles without looking up.

Her hands were covered in flour, and some even got into her hair; she did not look like the image of a good wife at all, more like a child who couldn't cook, playing in the kitchen. This immediately made Mu Yichen's mother frown.

Jing Qing coughed softly, standing to the side with her eyes cast down.

It was then that Qin Mu realized something was wrong. As she turned her head, she saw the two women present.

She unconsciously gripped the rolling pin in her hands tightly, but her expression quickly became composed, "Auntie, ... you're here."

"What are you doing? If you can't cook, then don't mess around. Look at the mess you've made in the kitchen."

Mu Yichen's mother scolded with furrowed brows and then stepped forward.

"Mumu, come here," Mu Yichen called her softly.

Qin Mu had been watching his mother, and only when he called her did she look at him, seeing his outstretched hand and then walking towards him.

Standing beside them, Mu Yichen wrapped his arm around Qin Mu's shoulder and asked softly, "What time did you get up?"

"Just a little while ago."

When he woke up, her side was already cold, and yet she claimed it was just a little while ago.

Qin Mu lowered her head in embarrassment, not daring to speak since her cooking skills indeed lacked finesse, and she truly turned the kitchen into a mess.

"Mumu certainly doesn't cook, does she?" Jing Qing asked with a smile, her voice also gentle.

"Not that I can't. I'm pretty good at Western cuisine," Qin Mu considered and said responsibly.

Because no matter how she thought about it, she was confident that the fruit salad she made was good, the vegetable salad too, and she could also cook a decent steak.

"No wonder, you grew up abroad, so it's understandable that you're not familiar with our Chinese cooking," Jing Qing said with understanding.

Qin Mu gave her a glance, not really liking her, so she didn't respond but looked back at the kitchen.

"Auntie, I'll help you."

Jing Qing walked towards the kitchen.

Qin Mu watched, astonished, as the two women, looking like a mother and daughter, made longevity noodles for him in the kitchen. She could never have imagined that the matron of the Mu Family would cook, but she could understand many people from that era knew how. However, seeing Jing Qing working with such proficiency in the kitchen genuinely baffled her.

Mu Yichen pulled her upstairs, and Qin Mu looked at him as he looked for clothes for her, asking with confusion, "We don't have to dress so formally at home, do we?"

"We're going out today."

He said as he already took out her clothes, a pair of trousers and a sweater, seeming not to worry at all whether she looked feminine enough.

Qin Mu took the clothes and looked at him, knowing it was a bit troublesome to ask him to go out, so she decided to change in the restroom, but he stopped her: "Just change here."

Ha ha!

Mu Yichen quietly led her out of the house.

Jing Qing heard the sound first, but by the time she went out, the spacious living room was empty.

"What's wrong?" Mu Yichen's mother, Feng Fanghua, asked curiously.

"It seems like they've gone out," Jing Qing whispered.

"What?" Feng Fanghua immediately put down the tools in her hands and walked out of the kitchen.

"Go check upstairs!" Feng Fanghua ordered Jing Qing, one hand on her stomach in anger.

Jing Qing looked up at the stairs: Is that appropriate?

"Go!" Feng Fanghua insisted.

But once upstairs, Jing Qing regretted it even more.

She gently pushed open the ajar door, and the bed inside slowly came into her view. She was no stranger to the pain that felt like a knife stabbing her heart; she had felt it many times over the years, but now...

It was as if her heart was bleeding rivers.

The man she deeply loved had made love to that woman on this bed.

She had known there would be no one in the bedroom, yet it was getting harder and harder to breathe. She couldn't help but raise her hand to cover her chest: Mu Yichen, is she really that good?

That morning, in his private room at the top floor of the hotel, Qin Mu prepared longevity noodles for him. They were unevenly made, but he enjoyed them thoroughly.

Qin Mu felt it was inappropriate for the two of them to leave those two women at home and run out by themselves, but she didn't want to stay with them either, so she didn't ask him anything, just watched him finish the noodles she cooked and couldn't help but tease him: "Are you dumb?"

Mu Yichen put down his bowl and looked up at her: "If I weren't dumb, how could I have fallen for you?"

Qin Mu...

At noon, he received a call from Jiang Zhiyuan, suggesting they drink together that evening. Mu Yichen glanced at the woman lying on his legs: "Forget it this year."

His hand caressed the soft hair behind her ear. Where else would he want to go?

As Qin Mu calculated the time Huanhuan and Xiaomei's flight would land, the tension in her heart grew unbearable; she couldn't focus on listening to him or watching him until he hung up the phone and took her face into his hands, his features magnifying before her eyes, and she snapped back to reality.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Uh! I have to go to the airport to pick up two people this afternoon."

"Hmm?"

"Do you have any other plans today? I mean, don't your brothers want to celebrate your birthday?"

Mu Yichen frowned and glared at her!

The air around them began to solidify, silencing!

Qin Mu instantly shut up, feeling the chill in his eyes, making this spring especially cold.

"So, the explanation you mentioned that day is to leave me behind?"

"No! Of course not!"

Today was his birthday. How could she leave him behind?

She hadn't yet properly celebrated a birthday with him; she had always been too perfunctory before.

"What is it, then?"

"If you're not entertaining tonight, wait for me at home, okay?"

Qin Mu gently coaxed him, negotiating in a good-natured manner.

Mu Yichen frowned and looked at her, pacing behind the sofa after she left, thinking for a long time. After much contemplation, he called Jing Feng: "Have everyone come over tonight, I have something to announce."