

His Beloved 27

Chapter 27: Princess Royal makes an entrance_1

Since Qin Mu was not familiar with the city streets, she called Zhao Huai to accompany her to the airport.

"Mommy! Mommy!"

After coming out of the VIP passage, Little Huanhuan saw Qin Mu and ran to her while Xiaomei followed behind, afraid she might fall.

Qin Mu, missing her child so much she was about to cry, hurried to catch Little Huanhuan and hugged her tightly, lifting her up securely: Mommy's good baby!

"Sister Qinqin!"

"Um, thank you for your hard work, let's go!"

It was already late, but suddenly Qin Mu felt very warm.

After she led everyone out of the airport, Zhao Huai was shocked and shakily dialed Mu Yichen's number: Boss, there's big trouble.

After ending the call, Zhao Huai hurriedly got out of the car to help them with their luggage. Xiaomei stood by, expressing her thanks; he just smiled, but his gaze involuntarily kept drifting toward the little one in Qin Mu's arms.

Qin Mu said with a smile: My daughter, isn't she beautiful?

Zhao Huai chuckled, but he looked like he had been struck by lightning, tender on the inside but charred on the outside, close to fainting.

On the road, Qin Mu held Huanhuan in the back, while Xiaomei sat in the front and greeted Zhao Huai: Hi, my name is Chen Xiaomei, everyone calls me Xiaomei.

"Zhao Huai!" Zhao Huai drove seriously and greeted her with forced calmness.

Xiaomei nodded her head, and then there was no more conversation between them.

"Huanhuan has missed you so much, she has been dreaming of 'Mommy' these past few days," Xiaomei turned her head and said to Qin Mu.

"Really? You missed Mommy that much?" Qin Mu held her daughter in her arms, gently rubbing her hair and kissing her.

"Mmm, Mommy, I really, really missed you!"

Although her words were not fluent, the child's voice was so sweet and heartwarming.

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In the apartment, Mu Yichen was brooding with a cold expression.

In his hand, he held the marriage certificates of two people, thinking about the day they got married and how she adamantly refused.

He also remembered her face full of mistrust, suspicious that he married her just because he was used to her.

He remembered she said she would explain, remembered she said she was going to pick up two people, not one.

He remembered she said she would not leave him behind.

He remembered her eyes, full of tenderness and comfort.

He remembered she told him to wait for her at home.

The call from Zhao Huai didn't provide details, but from the sound of it, it seemed to be really serious.

Standing tall in front of the screen watching the outside darken little by little, his slender fingers slid into his trouser pocket.

If time could torture a person...

He didn't know what she was going to bring him; he thought he knew her well, but what she did always caught him off-guard.

So, he had to be one step ahead of her.

Qin Mu, Xiaomei, and Little Huanhuan got out of the car and Zhao Huai brought them to the elevator:
"Sister-in-law, do you want me to take you upstairs?"

"No need, thank you for today!" Qin Mu expressed her gratitude, still holding a smiling one in her arms.

Zhao Huai forced a bit of a smile, his eyes unconsciously scanning the little one in Qin Mu's arms.

"Then I'll be going first, call me if you need anything."

In reality, Zhao Huai truly couldn't stay any longer; he needed to find a place to properly vent his currently tense emotions—it felt like he had stumbled upon an enormous secret.

And once out of the elevator on the twelfth floor, she and Xiaomei, holding hands with Huanhuan and toting their luggage, stepped out.

She suddenly didn't dare to walk any further.

It wasn't that she wasn't afraid.

She was afraid he didn't like children, afraid he would drive her and her daughter out.

She was afraid he dreaded being constrained, afraid he would from then on never see her again.

Qin Mu looked down at her daughter, holding her hand, and couldn't help but smile at those pure, large eyes.

"Qinqin, perhaps we should still leave!" Xiaomei said nervously, wanting to back out.

"But we're already here!" Qin Mu was also hesitant, her voice so low she could barely hear herself.

"But what if President Mu doesn't like it, then... what do we do?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I promised to let him see Huanhuan today!"

She hadn't spelled out who it was, but she had assured that today he would know the answer.

"Why am I the one sweating bullets over something that's your problem?" Xiaomei couldn't resist rubbing her hands vigorously on her coat.

Qin Mu was hardly any less anxious herself.

He had never seen him interact with children, and he himself was a temperamental young master. With the child's arrival, who knew how he might change?

Anxious, or perhaps despondent?

She just couldn't picture him with Huanhuan.

And what would Huanhuan feel towards him?

Would she be scared?

Apart from Jian Yan, Huanhuan rarely interacted with other men.

Watching the little girl licking her lollipop, Qin Mu's feelings grew more and more oppressive, and she was petrified of the door just a few meters away.

When the doorbell rang, someone's heart was lashed viciously.

Qin Mu pressed the bell again in a panic, with unconcealed anxiety in her eyes.

Was he not home?

Had he been called out to celebrate just as it was getting dark?

If that were the case, it would be better; she would have more time to think about how to explain Huanhuan's issue to him.

The person outside pondered, then glanced at the woman and child beside her before licking her dry lips and entering the passcode.

Xiaomei spoke in a low voice, "Maybe I should go first."

Every time she was nervous, she liked to lick her lips. Seeing her under such pressure, Xiaomei worried that she hadn't managed to take this step in over two years, so these few minutes surely wouldn't be enough for her to prepare.

"No need. You stay here, and we'll talk about moving out once you find an apartment," she said, her head bowed as she opened the door.

Xiaomei still felt uneasy. Meeting the illustrious Mu Yichen, it would be strange if this lackey of hers wasn't nervous.

Qin Mu bent down to pick up her daughter, "We're going in!"

Xiaomei dragged two suitcases and followed the mother and daughter inside.

"Oh, you're here!"

Despite feeling utterly guilty, she managed a seemingly carefree greeting.

She turned on the lights with a casual flick of the switch, holding Huanhuan, with Xiaomei by her side, and looked at the tall man in front of the opposite glass screen.

"I just went to pick them up; this is my treasure," she said, forcing a joyful smile, then looked at her daughter.

"Mommy kisses!"

Little Huanhuan, having licked her lollipop, moved her tongue to lick her mother's face, prompting Qin Mu to give her a big kiss, appearing happier than ever.

She held Huanhuan closer, "Xiaomei needs to stay here to help me with work, but she hasn't found a place yet, so she'll stay with us for a few days if that's okay with you?"

"Mr. Mu, sorry to bother you!" Xiaomei ducked her head, deeply apologetic and incredibly anxious.

That was because his face was as dark as if she had indebted him by billions.

Indeed, it wasn't indifference or arrogance, but rather that stance of 'if a stranger approaches, they will be met with death'.

"What's wrong with you?" Qin Mu put down Huanhuan on the couch and squatted in front of her, looking up at him.

The doorbell rang again, and Qin Mu instinctively looked towards the door, "Is there another guest?"

"Get out!" he said.

Qin Mu stared at him blankly. His voice wasn't loud, but his commanding presence seemed to threaten, 'those against me will perish.'

Xiaomei too was stunned, but the last shred of her sanity urged her to regain her composure, "Oh, okay, I'm going out now."

Qin Mu stood up, "What are you doing?"

After Xiaomei stepped outside, she saw several men and women looking strangely at her, prompting her to press herself against the door, not daring to move, "Hi! Hello there!"

"Is it inconvenient to come in now?" Jiang Zhiyuan's mouth twitched as he asked.

Xiaomei nodded fiercely in response.

