

His Beloved 29

Chapter 29: Condition_1

"Is this your child with Qin Mu?"

When Jing Qing arrived, she heard him announcing that he recognized Huanhuan as his daughter, which sent an immense buzzing noise through her head.

"Yes!"

"Impossible!" Jing Qing glared at him, her eyes instantly brimming with tears.

"Let's go call Mommy to have cake together!" He didn't spare Jing Qing another glance but softly spoke to the little girl in his arms who was already becoming bored.

"Yay!" Little Huanhuan clapped her hands in agreement.

His attitude made it clear that he would not allow anybody to gossip about his people. After making his point, he went upstairs with the child in his arms!

At that moment, no one explained to Jing Qing. Jing Feng had wanted to take his sister aside to explain, but Helian Hao stopped him: "You're not going anywhere right now, you're staying right by my side."

Jing Feng sighed helplessly, "Are you sure?"

Helian Hao didn't speak but nodded forcefully. The relationship between the two was never exposed, she had never relaxed her stance, and now, having her say this made Jing Feng feel elated.

Helian Hao's gaze never left the woman who was dispirited and extremely angry. Yet now, she indeed wanted Jing Qing to taste that despair of not being able to get what she wanted.

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Upstairs, in the master bedroom.

"You think I don't want him to know? Didn't I bring my daughter before him precisely to acknowledge each other? But he didn't recognize her!"

"So——, you're doing this on purpose, not exposing their relationship?"

"All banquets must come to an end, and with his status today, even if he got me, how long would he continue to like me?"

She suddenly thought of Jing Qing, and leading the pack, there must be many other women constantly trying to climb into his bed. She was not without sorrow, for the thought of monopolizing him was nothing but wishful thinking.

That's why she never dreamed those dreams—of having him, of monopolizing him for a lifetime!

"Then, what about your feelings for him?"

For him?

For him...

"I... I think of him as family!"

Qin Mu unconsciously licked his burning lips.

"Just family?"

Xiaomei's eyes told her that she didn't believe her.

"What else? I don't believe in love. I will never fall in love with any man,—I can swear to that!"

She was irritated, she walked away, and when she turned her head to look back at Xiaomei, she lifted her right hand.

She was afraid Xiaomei wouldn't believe her, or perhaps more afraid that she wouldn't believe herself.

The door was pounded on loudly, not like an adult due to the softness of the knocks.

Qin Mu's eyes swiftly moved toward the door, and the room suddenly fell quiet.

Listening to her heart pound, she opened the door and sure enough, she had to look down to see who had knocked.

"Mommy, cake, let's have cake!"

The innocent Little Huanhuan happily called her to eat cake, but...

How did she climb up here by herself? And how did she find the bedroom so accurately?

Qin Mu instinctively looked into the distance, her heart churning fiercely.

Xiaomei whispered behind her, "Could President Mu have been here just a moment ago?"

Qin Mu's eyes flickered, but he picked up Huanhuan without any evasion, "Let's go eat the cake first."

Today was after all Mu Yi's big day. When Qin Mu went downstairs, his mood had already adjusted, smiling brightly as a flower.

If he had heard something just now and was upset, she would coax him a bit. All these years, it had always been him soothing her. In the future, she would rely on him; cooing him was only logical.

All the lights downstairs were off; the childhood friends all stood behind Mu Yichen. Qin Mu, holding her daughter and standing with Xiaomei, watched as Jing Feng and Jiang Zhiyuan lit the candles. The tall and majestic Mu Yi accepted everyone's birthday song with blessings.

Little Huanhuan was so excited she hummed along, her little hands clasped together under her chin, her round eyes fixed on her daddy.

As the birthday song ended, Little Huanhuan leaned forward and gave her daddy a big kiss on the face, "Daddy, happy birthday!"

Huanhuan laughed, looking at him as if sunshine had poured into his heart full of wounds.

Mu Yichen reached out to hug Huanhuan, and everyone blew out the candles and ate the cake together.

During this time, Mu Yichen didn't spare Qin Mu another glance; the looks of goodwill she cast his way several times were all ignored by him.

Later, as everyone sat down to eat the cake, Jiang Zhiyuan, looking at the little girl in Mu Yichen's arms, then at Qin Mu, eventually settled his gaze on the faces of Mu Yichen and Qin Mu, "You two already have a child. Don't you plan to get married?"

"No rush!"

Just as Qin Mu was thinking of an excuse to respond, Boss Mu coldly spoke first.

No rush?

Everyone looked around and fell suddenly silent; the air thick with tension, they finished their cake and hurriedly scattered.

Xiaomei automatically took on the task of cleaning up. After tidying up and seeing the two people sitting on the sofa, not communicating, then looking at Little Huanhuan in Mu Yichen's arms, Xiaomei approached, fighting back her fatigue, "I'll take Huanhuan to sleep first, oh, I already know where the guest room is."

When Qin Mu moved to help, Xiaomei immediately spoke up and then took the child from Mu Yichen's arms and went upstairs.

After holding back for half the night, at last, only the two of them remained.

Qin Mu turned her gaze toward him, "Aren't you happy with so many people helping you celebrate your birthday?"

Mu Yichen didn't speak, just finally leaned back against the sofa.

Qin Mu sighed helplessly, then suddenly lifted her hips, leaned over and straddled his long legs, sitting on his knees, her hands on his shoulders as she looked intently into his eyes.

At that moment, those dark eyes slowly lifted as well, deep and cold, invading her warm eyes.

"Cheer up a little, Birthday Boy, or else I'll feel guilty."

He didn't speak, but his hands resting on the sofa slowly lifted to rest on her waist, like a king high above, waiting for the ministrations of his bedchamber maid.

Qin Mu felt his lazy yet authoritative gaze essentially saying: you have indeed committed a sin.

"How about I sing you a birthday song just by myself? There were too many people just now, you probably didn't notice I was actually the best singer, right?"

He watched her for a long time, then finally let out a resigned chuckle.

"You're laughing? Ha ha, you're finally smiling. Do you know how good you look when you smile?"

She excitedly cupped his face, gazing steadily at him for a few seconds, unable to outstare him, so instead she fervently kissed his face.

"Qin Mu, I accept Huanhuan. As a condition, you need to give me another child soon," he suddenly said, pulling on her arm to push her down onto the sofa, one hand moving to her chest, the other pressing down on her hands, his gaze sharp and ruthless as he captured her heart from her eyes.

In that moment, Qin Mu's gaze flickered, but she suddenly didn't know how to respond.

Because he was angry, and by talking terms with her now, if she didn't agree, she could almost imagine him storming out the door, perhaps never to return, branding a big × on her.

Yet her heart was also so heavy, how could she have another child for him.

Now the two faced each other, everything transparent.

Her hand lifted gently, stroking the tufts of hair at his forehead, her eyes tender and pained.

"Alright!"