

His Beloved 36

Chapter 36: Huanhuan is my child_1

No matter what, that night, she still ended up standing in the cold living room of the old house with Mu Yichen, holding Huanhuan in her arms.

She thought of countless excuses to refuse, but in the end, she came to face the two elders.

It was a house with ancient charm, three stories high, spacious yet without feeling any area was superfluous.

Qin Mu's memories of this place were still from her childhood, blurry enough that she could no longer recall which part was which.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao looked at the little girl sitting between them, their gazes almost fixed, just staring blankly.

The girl was rumored to have been picked up by Qin Mu, and they believed it, but...

"What's her name?" Feng Fanghua, shocked, finally managed to ask after a long while, her voice becoming somewhat frail.

"Huanhuan!"

Qin Mu hastily replied.

"Huanhuan? Did you pick it?"

Feng Fanghua frowned at Qin Mu, who, after thinking for a moment, still nodded: Mm.

"No wonder it's so unrefined!"

Qin Mu, who was very nervous initially, actually felt a bit better after being disparaged like that.

Mu Yichen, holding Qin Mu's hand, sat down opposite them, smiled at Huanhuan, and then started speaking: It's just a name, and I think it's quite nice.

"Hmph, I suppose you think everything that comes out of her mouth is nice, don't you?" Feng Fanghua scorned her own son.

"Yes!"

Mu Yichen's sharp gaze turned to his mother, not denying it.

Qin Mu subconsciously looked at him, then heard Mu Dad across from her say: Could Xiao Qin take this little girl away for a moment? I would like to speak with Mu Yichen alone.

When a father calls his son so formally, it's clear he has something serious to discuss.

"Okay!"

Qin Mu agreed to get up, but was held down by the person beside her.

"If you have something to say, say it in front of her. There's nothing I need to hide from her, and she's not so fragile as to not withstand a few words."

Qin Mu felt, by bringing her into his home, he must have prepared for the worst.

He seemed...

He seemed to want to acknowledge her to his parents.

He seemed...

He seemed...

But how could it be possible?

She couldn't help but look up at him continuously, stubborn as if she was holding a grudge against him or herself.

Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao were even more displeased as they glanced at their son, with Mu Zihao's voice low and indifferent: Do you really want to drag her into our family affairs?

"If she is my person, she has to share my burdens!" he said definitively.

"Fine, since you want her to listen, I have nothing more to worry about. We have settled the wedding between you and Jing Qing. The ceremony will be held at our hotel on May First."

Qin Mu instinctively looked up at the older male, her heart clanging.

Sometimes you think certain things, certain people, are not so important to you, but when the moment comes, you suddenly realize the importance has far exceeded your capacity to endure.

"Marry Jing Qing? Do you want your son to commit bigamy?"

Mu Yichen's hawk-like eyes fiercely shot towards his father, with a mocking smile, his voice seemingly calm but incredibly venomous.

Qin Mu immediately turned her head to glare at him, her heart truly unable to withstand these successive blows.

Both elders were shocked, looking at him: What did you say?

"Mu Yichen!" Qin Mu called out to him instinctively.

"In this lifetime, I will only marry one woman, and that's the woman I brought back today!"

Mu Yichen's murderous intent rose in his eyes. He could understand the expression in Qin Mu's eyes, so although he held back from revealing the truth, his face grew even darker.

"What?"

Feng Fanghua's complexion changed instantly, turning deathly pale with anger.

Mu Zihao wasn't faring much better but had long anticipated his son's refusal.

"You two can be together if you want, but the daughter-in-law of the Mu Family can only be Jing Qing. I told you this twenty years ago and I am telling you the same today. As for other women, no one should even dream of entering the Mu Family's door."

"What's so great about entering the Mu Family's door? They're not even good in-laws, and the house is so cold!" Mu Yichen mocked.

"Come with me!"

After realizing that talking to her son was futile, Feng Fanghua suddenly stood up from the sofa and commanded Qin Mu with a stern and indifferent expression.

Qin Mu raised her eyes slightly. The never-ending troubles were irritating her, but she still followed Feng Fanghua to the room.

—

"How did you promise me at that time? You said you didn't like my son, you said you definitely wouldn't cling to my son, have you forgotten all that?"

As soon as the door closed behind her, Feng Fanghua turned and unleashed a barrage of scolding at Qin Mu.

"I am very sorry!" Knowing she had broken her original promise, Qin Mu could only apologize resignedly.

"Sorry? Is it your apology I want? The Mu Family and the Jing Family have been friends for generations, planning to intermarry and continue the relationship for generations to come. Do you think a simple apology is enough to destroy the relationship between these two families?" Feng Fanghua continued to press her aggressively.

"I don't have the Jing Family's background, but Mu Yichen truly doesn't like Jing Qing."

"Doesn't like her? Before you came, the two of them were always together, perfectly fine."

Feng Fanghua scoffed, talking as if it were the absolute truth.

Qin Mu looked up at the furious Feng Fanghua, feeling as if her heart was being pricked with needles.

If she hadn't returned, would Mu Yichen have married Jing Qing?

Marriage isn't necessarily sustained by love; many are based on interests, other entanglements, or even hatred.

Just like her relationship with Mu Yichen...

It was all muddled, but also due to interests that she had to be content with the status quo.

"Besides, whether they get along or not, what does it have to do with you? I can give you money, anything you want, except for Yichen. Really, Qin Mu, if you truly regard me as an elder, then go back to Paris and never set foot in Rongcheng again."

Feng Fanghua was unrelenting, trying to persuade her with a mix of harshness and coaxing.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot leave Rong City for a while."

"Is it about your father wanting to move your mother's grave out of the Qin Family cemetery? I will solve that issue for you, as long as you agree not to come back, I can meet all your demands."

Qin Mu stared at the commanding Feng Fanghua, feeling waves of discomfort in her throat.

It seemed that quite a few people knew about her father wanting to move her mother's grave from the Qin Family cemetery.

She curved the corners of her mouth and licked her dry lips before giving Feng Fanghua a slight smile, "Auntie, there are many things I must handle myself."

"So you refuse to leave?"

"I can't leave!"

Faced with the questioning, Qin Mu replied calmly.

She had to let the world remember certain things in her own way, and she had to publicly punish those who wanted to erase her and her mother's memory.

"Then you—can you stay away from my son at the least? You're young and should be striving for a better future, not shamelessly clinging to him— And you even brought back a child from the orphanage that looks like him, using such despicable means to tie him down, do you find that fun?"

Feng Fanghua was so infuriated she had a headache, looking at the impervious girl and feeling extremely vexed.

She had thought that once Qin Mu went back to Paris, she would never return. But who expected that she would come back this time with even wilder tactics, bringing a child with her.

"I'm guessing, do you plan to deceive him into thinking the girl from the orphanage is his daughter when he notices she resembles him? And then play the vulnerable to trick him into marrying you?"

"Huanhuan is not a child from the orphanage; Huanhuan is my child."