

His Beloved 42

Chapter 42: I love you the most_1

Perhaps it was the gradually warming weather, but the city seemed to become lively and crowded.

The mother and daughter squatted at the doorstep of the studio, both craning their necks as they watched the black luxury sedan approach.

"Daddy!"

Huanhuan was even more eager, sticking out her little butt as soon as the car stopped, waiting for Mu Yichen to get out before immediately chasing after him.

"Sigh!"

Qin Mu sat on the wooden steps, sighing helplessly as her precious daughter had her heart so easily stolen away by him.

Mu Yichen bent down to pick up Huanhuan, his eyes instinctively softening: missed me?

"Miss Daddy, Daddy kissy!"

Huanhuan held his face with both hands, tilting her head up to plant a kiss on his cheek.

Mu Yichen, tickled by the kiss, didn't dodge. His gaze unintentionally lingered on the one still sitting across.

"Because of you, she doesn't even kiss me anymore!"

"Don't worry, the one I love most will always be you!"

Qin Mu, initially feeling jealous, felt awkward as if she was competing with her daughter for him and lowered her eyes.

Because it was late, the three of them went to the hotel to dine together.

As soon as the interview was broadcasted, the rumor that Huanhuan was the hotel's little miss became fact, and immediately, a group of staff members surrounded her, eager to please.

Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan happened to be there for a drink and pulled the couple up to the club on the upper floor.

Qin Mu stood in front of the glass screen looking down, thinking that a fall from here would certainly splatter her into a messy pulp.

The night sky was deep, and everyone settled into the sofas, with the starry sky sprawling beside them.

"What were you thinking just now?" Mu Yichen asked softly, turning to the woman who sat down beside him.

"Thinking that if I fell from here, the way I'd die would look very grisly!"

The two men across were just lifting their glasses when they heard this and almost choked, while Mu Yichen looked at her helplessly.

"Hehe, I was just thinking aloud." Qin Mu, knowing she made the atmosphere awkward, immediately explained with a silly laugh.

"Xiaomu, it doesn't matter if you joke like this in front of us, but if outsiders hear it, they might think something tragic really happened here."

Ever since Jiang Zhiyuan sparred with Qin Mu, he seemed to have grown quite close to her and no longer seemed to mind her presence, even starting to give her advice.

Mu Yichen glanced at Jiang Zhiyuan and then looked at Qin Mu: Have a drink?

"How about a shared cup of wine?"

Qin Mu was joking, but he took her seriously, his mischievous eyes fixed on her, chuckling as he intertwined his arm with hers.

Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi felt their hearts bleeding from the torment.

"That's enough from you two, there are single dogs here," Jiang Zhiyuan reminded sourly.

But Mu Yichen didn't care, captivated by her clear, watery eyes, he instinctively leaned in.

Her delicate chin was clasped in his hand, and without regard for others, he claimed her lips directly.

After the kiss, he pulled her up contentedly, and then turned to the people opposite: What were you saying just now?

Jiang Zhiyuan...

Qin Mu awkwardly turned her gaze to the window, the scent of alcohol sweet on her lips, yet her throat felt somewhat fresh and cool.

"I have a question!" Qiao Yi suddenly turned serious.

"Speak up!" Mu Yichen said calmly as he sipped his drink.

"Is Huanhuan truly your biological daughter?"

"Yes!"

"No!"

After they spoke, they exchanged looks of surprise, as if neither had anticipated such a result.

"So, is she or isn't she?"

Jiang Zhiyuan's mouth twitched, their answers were wildly inconsistent.

"No!"

Mu Yichen didn't even think before he replied again.

Qin Mu could only close his mouth again, leisurely looking out the window.

Qiao Yi laughed helplessly, "That little girl looks a lot like you, especially those eyes and mouth."

Mu Yichen instinctively looked up at Qiao Yi, who touched his own mouth when he mentioned it, while Mu Yichen watched him without speaking, almost as if he could see right through him.

Qiao Yi instinctively looked towards Qin Mu and, noticing her displeasure, just smiled and refrained from saying anything more.

"Speaking of which, it doesn't matter whether the child is yours or not, since she calls you 'mom and dad,' Yichen, don't you plan to go get a certificate with our Xiaomu? To give Huanhuan a home?" Jiang Zhiyuan raised his eyebrows suggestively at him.

Mu Yichen turned his gaze to Qin Mu, who was still looking outside as if she hadn't heard their conversation.

Her agile eyes immediately looked towards the distant screen, accidentally meeting those evasive eyes.

Suddenly, like an arrow shot with lightning speed, it pierced through that thin barrier and straight into the depths of her eyes.

"We're already discussing marriage, get your wallets ready!"

Mu Yichen forcibly pulled her into his arms, his dominance leaving no room for her resistance.

"We're getting married, and as your best brothers, shouldn't they give us big red envelopes?"

"Of course!"

"Hehe!"

Qin Mu laughingly joined the other two, their laughter sending chills down their spines.

After they left, Qiao Yi, holding a glass of wine, leaned back on the sofa and said to Jiang Zhiyuan, "Let's make a bet, shall we?"

"Hmm? On what?"

"Bet that the little girl is the biological daughter of Young Master Mu."

Qiao Yi declared confidently.

"What? How is that possible?"

Jiang Zhiyuan's face was exaggerated, his voice faltering as if Qiao Yi's words had frightened him.

"You in or not?"

"Fine, I'll take that bet. I say she is definitely not."

"Good, I bet she is!"

"You have quite the imagination, how could the child be Young Master Mu's? What woman would have his child and not let them acknowledge each other as father and daughter?"

"The lover is often blind!" Qiao Yi said, taking a sip of his drink, reveling in the drama to come.

On the way there, Huanhuan had fallen asleep. After getting out of the car, Mu Yichen took the initiative to hold her while Qin Mu followed with the bags.

After exiting the elevator and unlocking the door, Mu Yichen carried Huanhuan upstairs to change her clothes.

Qin Mu stood by watching, biting her lip in embarrassment.

When she first had Huanhuan, she hadn't even dared to touch her, let alone change her clothes, yet he managed these intricate tasks effortlessly.

"How come you're so good at changing kids' clothes? Don't tell me you were born with the skill?"

Qin Mu followed him into the bedroom and asked.

"It was learned," he turned and looked at her.

They stood by the doorway, Mu Yichen's dark eyes fixated on her, as if to say he had practiced on her.

As if understanding, Qin Mu lightly licked her lips and smiled politely, "Should I go take a shower first?"

"What's the rush?"

Mu Yichen grabbed her, standing against the wall, their gaze smoldering.

"Are you thinking about it again?"

Qin Mu winked suggestively at him, her hands stealthily sliding into his shirt.