

His Beloved 45

Chapter 45: found contraception_1

She took a taxi to the Mu Family residence and had just arrived at the entrance when she received a call from Mu Yichen asking where she was.

"I'm going to discuss a contract, I'll tell you about it when I get back!"

Qin Mu hung up the phone and entered the mansion, where the butler was waiting for her at the door:
Miss Qin, long time no see!

It was true that she hadn't seen the old butler the last time she came. Years had passed since their last meeting, and his hair had turned white, but he was still as kind as before.

The night was refreshing, perhaps the most comfortable time of the year.

Everything around was quiet, like elders and youngsters greeting each other.

Qin Mu nodded her head: Are you doing well?

"Yes, please come in, the master and mistress have been waiting for you."

Qin Mu politely nodded her head before entering and noticed that inside the living room the couple sat apart, one high and one low, with no sign of Huanhuan.

"You're here! Take a seat!"

Feng Fanghua lifted her eyes slightly and gestured with her chin to the sofa opposite her.

Qin Mu lowered her head as she walked over, sitting down opposite the elderly couple.

It was a long conversation, so drawn out that she felt the air was being drained from the room—the large living room with its high ceilings made the thin oxygen suffocating.

During the conversation, Mu Yichen called home. Feng Fanghua fobbed him off with a few words and didn't let Qin Mu and Huanhuan leave until much later.

But as soon as Qin Mu stepped out of the door, she saw Mu Yichen's car parked nearby.

Her heart trembled violently, and a flash of panic crossed her sharp, almond-shaped eyes before she approached with Huanhuan in her arms. He got out of the car to open the door for them, giving her a cold glance without saying anything more.

But just a steadfast look from him was like a stab in the chest, a fierce one at that.

The butler, who accompanied her out, was still in shock. It's rare for someone to reach the family's doorstep and not enter, and their young master was one of those few.

Qin Mu put Huanhuan into the safety seat at the back and then seated herself in front. Throughout the journey, Mu Yi didn't ask anything, and Qin Mu, looking down at the ring on her hand, also remained silent for a long while.

She was contemplating how to explain to him, and also whether there was any need to explain at all.

After they got back, he carried Huanhuan up into the building, with Qin Mu following behind. She stopped suddenly as they entered the elevator.

Huanhuan rested her head on his dependable shoulder as if falling asleep, and he held her gently, his dark hawk-like eyes instinctively looking towards the elevator doors.

As the elevator doors were about to close, the man holding the child swiftly extended an arm to stop them, his piercing gaze shooting towards the woman standing dazed in the distance.

Qin Mu snapped back to reality, and with a pounding heart, she immediately moved towards the elevator.

Then, in the confined space going up to the twelfth floor, something seemed to quietly sink to the dust.

As the elevator opened with a 'ding', Qin Mu instinctively looked up, her eyes hollow and sad.

Mu Yi, however, walked out holding the child without looking back.

Qin Mu didn't know what to feel. He didn't even ask her to open the door; he simply opened it himself, went through, and left her on the outside.

Qin Mu hesitated for two seconds, her feet feeling as if they were weighed down with a heavy burden, before she followed him inside in the next moment.

"You go boil some water, I'll put her to bed."

"Okay!"

Qin Mu didn't dare say anything else, just feeling very uneasy.

He didn't know anything, but it felt scarier than if he had.

She went to boil water, but she was still so distracted that the kettle was already full.

The faucet kept running, water relentlessly pouring into the already full kettle.

When she came back to her senses, she realized it was full, immediately turned it off, wiped it down, and then placed the kettle on the stove.

When she turned around, she saw him; his hands in his pockets, he was leaning sidelong against the doorway.

Those dark eyes, powerfully intimidating, bore into her.

Qin Mu unconsciously swallowed, a nervous motion stirring her lips.

Mu Yichen turned around, leaning against the door frame as he took a box of cigarettes from his pocket and opened it. He pulled one out, found his lighter, and lit it, drawing in a breath and tilting his head back to exhale a plume of white smoke.

He wasn't in a rush for her explanation, but her heart was pounding uncontrollably.

"Auntie asked me to pick up Huanhuan!"

"And what else?"

He lowered his gaze, took a drag on his cigarette, and then turned his cunning eyes back to her.

"Auntie said she really likes Huanhuan, but she told me to behave myself and not to use Huanhuan to pressure you into being with me."

Mu Yichen lowered his eyelids and chuckled softly before continuing to smoke in silence.

He had a devil-may-care attitude when he smoked. Qin Mu stood beside the stove, not daring to get close to him: How did you know I went to your house?

Without waiting for an answer, he slowly turned and walked towards the outside.

He was looking down, his shoulders slightly hunched.

As if he was deep in thought, as if it were a matter of great importance!

Qin Mu slowly moved to the kitchen door, powerlessly watching the man who walked over to sit down on the sofa, the cigarette now smoked down to more than half.

He leaned in the sofa, appearing somewhat weary as the hand holding the cigarette pinched the bridge of his nose.

The thin veil of smoke swirled around him.

Shortly after, his phone rang, and after he answered, he got up to walk upstairs: Wait here for a moment.

Qin Mu's eyes stayed on him, unsure of what to say to him.

Mu Yichen opened the drawer of his bedside table, closed it, and then opened it again...

He didn't find the documents inside but discovered two boxes of medicine he hadn't seen before, and the writing on the boxes caught his attention.

After Qin Mu returned to her room with the documents, she saw the two boxes of medicine lying on the bedside table, and her heart instantly clenched.

He had already driven away.

He didn't come back all night, and the next day's entertainment news reported that he accompanied Jing Qing to attend a social event out of town.

As she sat in her office looking at the news, she suddenly remembered their conversation that night. She had asked him if he would do something that would make her jealous, and he had said...

Yes!

Indeed, he would!

And he had done it so quickly!

She was jealous, overturning the vinegar jar.

Yet she remained unusually calm, too proud to lose her temper over just a few photos and some lines of the report.

There she sat, quietly watching, as Jing Qing clasped his arm and shook hands with some high official of an unknown place.

He acted very gentlemanly.

The chiseled contour of his face, carefully sculpted, held no warmth but exuded a calm and restrained presence, making people believe he wasn't the least bit disrespectful.

Qin Mu accidentally dropped her pen, her eyebrows fell slightly, but she quickly regained her composure.

She looked at his eyes in the photo, knowing full well what he looked like even though she couldn't see his face.

She even thought she knew what his mood was like at that moment—he must have been annoyed.

But since he was already there, he played along.

Who says only actors can act? Everyone has the talent to perform, and everyone is playing a role.

Later, she slowly leaned back in her chair, breathing softly and slowly.

She thought again about the day he said he wanted a child. When she agreed to him, it was only to appease him, so she had been secretly taking birth control pills...

She tried to reach for the armrest of the chair but failed to stretch out her hand several times.

If she told him they already had Huanhuan, would he still want to have another child with her?