

His Beloved 85

Chapter 85: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (1)_6

In the future, if you're going to lose your temper, just make that Qin Mu the only one you lose it against.

Such a cute girl, nobody should bear to shout at her loudly.

He lifted his hand gently to cradle Huanhuan's face, moving forward slightly to plant a kiss on her forehead, "Daddy loves you too!"

"Daddy!"

Huanhuan suddenly imitated him and called out softly; the word felt a bit unfamiliar, but she liked it as soon as she heard it.

It seemed like that was what she should call him.

"Good girl!"

The father and son instinctively looked towards the bathroom, where that woman was still stretching her neck to watch them, with tears welling up in her eyes.

Qin Mu realized that the two of them were watching her and awkwardly coughed twice to cover her embarrassment: "Ahem, I mean, you can take a bath now!"

"Daddy carry you to the bath?"

"Yeah!"

Mu Yichen carried Huanhuan off happily to bathe while Qin Mu stood by for a moment. Then, Mu Yichen suddenly stood up: "Your turn."

Qin Mu looked at him instinctively, just to hear him say dryly, "Men and women are different!"

Qin Mu...

Huanhuan couldn't help but smile joyfully as she watched the two of them standing together, and Mu Yichen turned and left the scene with feigned composure.

Qin Mu felt she must be hallucinating. How could President Mu be shy? Or maybe it was shame!

After all, he had frightened Huanhuan so much she cried that day!

Fortunately, Huanhuan quickly forgot after the event. If he dared to yell like that again when she was bigger...

Mrs. Mu thought the problem was serious, possibly leading to something like the unaware young girl running away from home.

Suddenly there were three people on the bed, reuniting after being apart for a while, and he had come from so far to do so; Qin Mu indeed felt strange inside.

Huanhuan, wearing a white cotton nightgown, twisted and turned between the two of them, glancing at one and then the other, too excited to fall asleep.

Mu Yichen helplessly lifted his eyelids; he really hoped Huanhuan would fall asleep soon, because he had important things to do with Huanhuan's mother, but having just admitted his wrongs to Huanhuan, he was too embarrassed to urge her.

Qin Mu caught a glimpse of his aggrieved expression but felt a small thrill inside.

It was about time he had a taste of his own medicine. For all she knew, he might just rough her up and tell her to get lost again.

Not until nearly eleven o'clock did Huanhuan finally fall asleep, and Qin Mu quietly slipped out of bed. Mu Yichen looked up at her: "Where are you going?"

"Drawing. You stay with her."

Mu Yichen...

Xiaomei was binge-watching dramas in the living room, and she saw her come out with her cheeks flushed.

"Done with what?"

"Done with what?"

Qin Mu sat down next to her, took a sip of water from the table, and then asked Xiaomei to hand her the drawing board beside her.

As Xiaomei handed her the drawing board, she giggled softly, in a hushed voice, "What else could it be? Of course, it's that. You haven't been together with President Mu for so long, he couldn't be finished that fast, could he?"

Qin Mu...

This girl seemed to be crossing lines more and more.

"I need to draw. Are you sticking around, or heading back to your room?"

"Uh, I guess I'll... go back to my room!"

Xiaomei thought for a moment, then turned off the TV with the remote and exited the scene.

But after she left, Qin Mu suddenly felt the living room was too big, too quiet, and she began to feel desolate.

Even though he was just in the next room, there seemed to be an emptiness inside her.

Then she took off her shoes, crossed her legs on the sofa, and earnestly started drawing on her board.

Suddenly the bedroom door sounded, and Qin Mu instinctively looked over; he emerged from within wearing pajamas.

"Why aren't you asleep yet?"

Seeing him sit beside her like he owned the place, Qin Mu blurted out the question.

Mu Yichen casually, yet deliberately, draped his hand behind her and cast a lazy glance at her: "Why should I be in a hurry if you're not asleep?"

"But I've been sleeping well lately, and you look a bit..."

"What?"

He leaned in, asking her, with a face that read, "You dare say something reckless."

"Nothing, suit yourself," she said, shifting her gaze from his face and focusing on her drawing.

Mu Yichen listened to the sound of the pencil in her hand scratching against the paper, growing more and more frustrated; she could immerse herself in work so quickly, but seemingly not into him.

Huanhuan slept between them, and Mu Yichen looked at her with a tender yet murderous gaze, causing Qin Mu to turn away and present only her back to him.

Mu Yichen shifted his gaze to Huanhuan, and seeing her facial features, he suddenly remembered his sister from when she was young.

Why did Huanhuan bear such a resemblance to Mu Qingxin?

He recalled his mother's unreasonable adoration for Huanhuan and Mu Zihao mentioning that Huanhuan was indeed the Mu family's offspring.

"Do you prefer her to call you 'daddy' or 'dad'?"