

His Beloved 89

Chapter 89: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (2)_3

"You're becoming more and more pathetic!"

He let out a low, mocking laugh.

"What do you mean?"

Her forehead was pressed against the cold, hard door, her voice muffled and suppressed.

Feeling her forehead burning up, she had no choice but to use the door's indifference to resist the heat.

"At least you used to dare sleep with me, now you're too scared to even see me."

Indeed—, the evidence was irrefutable!

At this moment, she didn't dare open the door, didn't dare let him in, didn't dare get close to him.

Breathing had become somewhat difficult, her chest rose and fell slightly.

She bit down on a little bit of flesh inside her lip, then raised her head, her heart tortured, but she could only tell him, "Go back, we can talk about whatever it is tomorrow."

"Are you sure you won't open the door for me?"

"Yichen Mu, it's not that I won't open it, it's just that there are many girls living here, it's inappropriate."

Even she thought this excuse was absurdly convenient, yet the person outside was smirking with an eerie calm, his long eyelashes seemingly saying: this excuse is really terrible.

For a long time there was no sound from outside, Qin Mu stood still in that pose, then little by little, his lashes quivered.

As if he had left...

Had left?

Qin Mu subconsciously cracked the door open slightly, really not sensing his presence.

But just when she stepped through the door and turned around at the entrance, she saw him leaning against the wall.

Today he wore no coat, his white shirt sleeves rolled up slightly, exposing beautifully lined, muscular arms. His hands were casually stuffed in his trouser pockets, his back against the wall, legs slightly crossed outward—a seemingly lazy posture, yet he made it look entirely different.

He seemed like the most magnificent landscape next to her door, radiating a strong aura, noble and graceful.

"I thought you weren't opening the door?"

His lazy voice sounded, making the indifferent hallway seem lit by a beam of light.

Now that the door was already open, Qin Mu sighed without options, "Why are you here this late?"

He didn't speak, just gazed at her awkwardly.

Time passed by second by second, and Qin Mu, looking up, met his pitch-black gaze and immediately felt as if she would be sucked in. She quickly turned her head to leave.

But just as she stepped in to close the door, the man behind her resisted the door with his body.

Qin Mu's ears buzzed, and before she could refuse, he had already come in, the door slammed shut as he was already holding her, not caring whether there were others in the living room, he just went for it.

The girl who had come down to get a glass of water dropped her cup upon witnessing this scene.

Only then did the two regain their senses. Yichen Mu's movements paused, and the next moment he suddenly lifted her: "Which room?"

His husky voice was dizzying. She bowed her head, not daring to move, not even having the time to feel ashamed because of the onlooker.

"The—, the second one, upstairs!"

Her voice sounded very strange, but he still held her and strode toward the upstairs.

The colleagues just watched, dumbstruck, as Qin Mu rode on Yichen Mu's back to the second floor, even forgetting to breathe for several seconds.

Qin Mu didn't even understand how she let him upstairs so easily, nor did she understand why her daughter, who had been asleep in bed just a moment ago, was no longer there.

On the bed were only the two of them, as he threw her on it.

At this moment, what's the harm in losing oneself in drunken reverie?

Later, the look in their eyes as they faced each other held a determination to stay together through thick and thin, except...

Later she wanted to leave quietly, thinking he was asleep.

Without certainty, keep a distance!

Yichen Mu immediately stepped forward, enveloping her tightly from behind.

The room was very quiet at the moment, making her pained murmurs all the clearer.

"Trying to run away again?"

He had asked her this more than once. There used to be a time when she could banter with him, but now...

Just thinking about the words the old master of the Jing Family had said to Feng Fanghua and Zihao Mu made her anxious. She knew how prestigious the Mu Family was in the city, but she was equally aware

of the not-to-be-underestimated political influence of the Jing Family; she couldn't selfishly put that family in a difficult position, especially after what Fanghua had told her. She had no choice.

If it were just one person, she could be fearless.

If it were just one person!

She couldn't be as heartless as before, yet she was colder than ever.

"Shall we announce our marriage, hmm?"

"I want to give you back the ring!"

As he held her, after hearing his gentle plea, she finally spoke those calm words.

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The next morning he didn't leave, but since breakfast was only made for a family of three, the girls left with heavy hearts to eat out.