

His Beloved 92

Chapter 92: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (2)_6

When I got home, I was dragged straight inside. Huanhuan was already asleep, and only the old couple was keeping each other company on the sofa watching the news when I heard a set of unsteady footsteps. Instinctively, I looked back.

Mu Yichen, supporting Qin Mu, didn't even greet anyone and headed straight upstairs, dragging him along.

Qin Mu was dying of embarrassment. Barely managing a smile as a greeting to them, he still couldn't free himself from his grasp.

The living room fell into an awkward silence.

Feng Fanghua couldn't help but ask, "What's going on here?"

"Can't you see? Your son is kidnapping that girl."

Feng Fanghua's mouth hung open in disbelief, unable to fathom her darling son coming to this.

"It's only because this kid and her dad don't get along. If they did, wouldn't her old man come over to settle scores with your son?"

Mu Zihao said, barely holding back his laughter.

"What kind of talk is that?" Feng Fanghua was immediately annoyed upon hearing this, but then she sighed and said, "But this kid of mine, there are so many women out there who want to be with him, why does he insist on clinging to that girl?"

"That's what they call mutual attraction, I suppose," Mu Zihao said with self-mocking laughter, thinking he was no different when it came to the person before him, right?

The reason couldn't be anything else but debt.

"What mutual attraction? I think it's because there are too many good women around him spoiling him. Just wait a few years, and he will be..."

"Hey, you can't just say anything!"

Mu Zihao immediately interrupted Feng Fanghua, fearful she'd say something inappropriate.

Feng Fanghua quickly shut her mouth, thinking about how Qin Mu lost his mother at a young age and was sent away due to a broken home. She also had to swallow the momentary pleasure of speaking her mind.

But that girl promised them, no matter what their son did, she'd never deal with him again. And now...

Meanwhile, upstairs in the bedroom, Qin Mu was flung onto the bed by Mu Yichen, who was holding his wrist.

Without even the strength to struggle, her wrist hurting too much, she weakly grasped it and gently stroked it, glaring fiercely at the man stripping in front of her: "Get the hell away from me!"

Having no strength left in her upper body, she managed to kick his thigh with her foot.

Mu Yichen couldn't dodge in time and bent over, holding his leg after being kicked: "Are you crazy?"

"I think you're the crazy one," she replied.

"Fine, I'll show you crazy," he challenged.

"No, Mu Yichen, please no!"

She was close to crying, hurriedly begging him in a pitiful tone.

"No? Then say something nice, do something to make me happy, and I'll consider trying it!"

"I love you! Mu Yichen!"

She sobbed, pitifully uttering those words, involuntarily, subconsciously.

And the man suddenly stopped moving, frozen above her, his dark eyes intently staring at the woman beneath him.

"Say it again!"

His voice was low and deep, his gaze intense and dark.

Qin Mu, intuitively lifting her eyes to look at him earnestly, suddenly forgot what she had just said.

"Say you love me!"

He commanded in a low voice.

"I love you!"

Feeling a tightening on her wrist, she closed her eyes in fright and screamed aloud.

Whether it was real or fake!

In the end, it didn't really matter.

That night, her biggest fear was not making it to tomorrow.

Yet after that, he merely held her, not going any further.

Qin Mu simply thought he was hallucinating. How could he possibly let her go so easily?

Was it because of excessive indulgence last night?

But later she realized that he just wanted to use that little bit of restraint to gain even more.

"No medicine allowed! If you secretly take medicine again this time, I will lock you up at home until you get pregnant."

Later, she was actually able to sleep and slept so soundly at that.

She had thought that after his threat, she wouldn't be able to sleep at all.

And she was dreamless throughout the night!

In the early morning, raindrops intermittently tapped against the window.

When she woke up and turned her head, she couldn't see anything out of the window because of the curtains, but she could hear very clearly.

Turning her head again, she couldn't see his face, yet she heard his even breaths, and...

His warmth.

He was so close that his body heat seemed to pass through the sheets to her side.

The side next to him remained warm for a long time.

She didn't move, just quietly faced back toward him, even though she couldn't see.

Quietly listening to the rain, listening to her own heartbeat.

Thinking of him biting her neck and saying he wanted to swallow her, thinking of him saying he wanted to have a child with her.

He moved, his strong arm draped over her waist, pulling her into his embrace.

The warmth grew even cozier, in this summer...

Perhaps it was because of the rain that she didn't feel too hot? Instead, she felt a sense of security from the temperature.

It's just that his heartbeat was so forceful, startling her into a brief trance.

In the morning, the rain stopped, and everything around the house was so fresh and clean, giving a very comfortable feeling.

Huanhuan got up early and then clung to playing with her grandparents in their bed. Feng Fanghua gently tugged at her high-quality pajamas and then looked at the man beside her, feeling warm inside.

The arrival of this little girl brought warmth back to their cold home of many years.

Thinking back, the last time the house was this lively was when those two siblings were little.

Feng Fanghua remembered that Mu Yichen became quite reserved after he turned seven, especially serious and even looked down on her. Mu Qingxin was better, clinging to her until her teens, but eventually, she also left her side.

Now, it was Huanhuan who kept her company. She just hoped Huanhuan could stay with her for more years and bring more warmth to the family.

"What do you think if they truly got married and gave us another grandson? Wouldn't that be nice?"

Mu Zihao looked at Huanhuan standing in the middle, performing, and when he saw Feng Fanghua's somewhat distracted moment, he came over and suggested.

Feng Fanghua subconsciously looked at Mu Zihao. Although she did not speak, her eyes showed a hint of surprised delight.

"How could that be possible?"

Feng Fanghua shook her head.

"What's more important, the business or our son's happiness?" Mu Zihao pushed the question to Feng Fanghua.

Feng Fanghua didn't speak again, but her face looked somewhat distressed.

"I've been thinking, we shouldn't have said such harsh words to that girl that day. She has never lost her temper with us," said Mu Zihao, hugging her as they watched their precious granddaughter dance.

"But her arrival indeed brought trouble to the Mu Family!" Feng Fanghua said immediately, feeling irritated at the thought that some things had changed from before.

Mu Zihao did not speak again, his eyes much calmer.

"Grandpa, Grandma, dance with me."

Huanhuan, wearing a pink dress, clapped her hands and twirled around, then suddenly tired, she lay in front of them, raising both hands and continuing to sway.

"We, ah, can't dance anymore!" Feng Fanghua said with an indulgent look, smiling at Huanhuan.

In the morning, Mu Yichen left for work first, and soon after, Qin Mu was about to leave when Feng Fanghua suddenly called out to her: "Qin Mu, come here; I have something to tell you."