

R Woman 120

Chapter 120: Peng Ge has only one request

She had wanted to ask Daddy this question for a long time, but for fear of upsetting him, she had held it in until today.

Had it not been for that nightmare, she wouldn't have spoken these words.

She had already decided that once she grew as tall as Daddy, she would find Mommy herself and ask her personally why, when Pengpeng was so cute, she would abandon Pengpeng.

Listening to the little Lolita's tearful questioning,

Mo Qianjue's heart suddenly ached, for this was the first time the little Lolita had asked about her birth mother.

It was also the first time Mo Qianjue heard the word 'Mommy' uttered by the little Lolita, a term so foreign to them.

He had thought that since she was young, as long as he provided enough paternal love and material needs, the absence of a mother wouldn't affect her much.

Unexpectedly, despite her usual silence, she craved maternal love more than anyone else.

The nightmare was just a way to vent.

It hurt to think that someone so young had kept everything bottled up inside.

Mo Qianjue didn't know how to answer the little Lolita's question. He sighed softly, pinched her chubby cheeks, and said in a lighthearted manner, "Because we don't have a little treasure at home."

No little treasure?

The little Lolita looked up incredulously, her eyes widening. Wasn't she Daddy's little treasure? Did this mean Daddy didn't want her anymore?

"Wah," the little Lolita cried even harder, weeping as she said, "Pengpeng is your little treasure, Daddy. Don't you want Pengpeng either?"

Mommy didn't want her, and now Daddy didn't want her; she would become the little treasure that nobody wanted.

Mo Qianjue chuckled, his eyes brimming with infinite indulgence as he mimicked the little girl, "Didn't you ask Daddy to call you Brother Peng? You're acting as Brother Peng and still crying? Aren't you ashamed?"

Eh?

The little Lolita seemed to latch onto something important.

Her eyes, filled with tears, fluttered gently a few times, and the shining tears hung on her long eyelashes, trembling.

Was Daddy agreeing to let her be Brother Peng?

A child's emotions come quickly and go quickly.

The little Lolita immediately cupped Mo Qianjue's jaw and planted a 'smack' on his face.

"Long live Daddy!"

Mo Qianjue reached out to tickle the little Lolita's nose, smiling as he said,

"Be good, no more crying from now on. Daddy will take you inside to wash your face. Look at you, crying like a little flower cat. Still, Brother Peng?"

Mo Qianjue carried the little Lolita into the house.

The little Lolita reflected, wait, that's not right; how had she let Daddy sidestep the topic so easily?

What was Daddy avoiding?

The little Lolita's smile gradually faded from her lips, "Daddy, you haven't answered Brother Peng's question yet. Why do all the other little treasures have Mommys, but Brother Peng doesn't?"

Mo Qianjue pulled out a tissue and carefully wiped the little Lolita's face, "Does Brother Peng want a mommy? Hasn't Daddy been good to you?"

The little Lolita nodded seriously, "I want Mommy! Even though Daddy is very good to me! But, everyone else has a Daddy and a Mommy, and I have only Daddy and bread."

Thinking of bread, the little Lolita's eyes dimmed again, and she spoke in a low voice, "Even bread has a Mommy, only I don't..."

Even a little dog had its own mother; why was she the only one without one?

Ever since she became sensible, she had vaguely known that she was different from other little treasures.

Other little treasures grew up breastfed.

She grew up on formula.

Other little treasures were picked up from school by their Mommys.

She was picked up by the family driver and bread.

At other children's parent-teacher conferences, both Daddy and Mommy attended.

At her parent-teacher conferences, only Sister Ai Na came.

Even though Daddy was very kind to her, she still wanted a Mommy. Last time she saw a boy her age, just as silly as her, snuggling in Mommy's arms.

She also wanted to snuggle in Mommy's embrace, she also wanted to call out 'Mommy.'

Although it was a strange word to say, one she had never uttered, in her heart, she had whispered it countless times.

Didn't the TV say that a daughter is Mommy's little cotton-padded jacket?

Then why didn't Mommy want her little cotton-padded jacket?

Was it because she wasn't well-behaved that Mommy didn't want her?

She didn't even know what Mommy looked like.

At this thought, the little Lolita's bright eyes became somber, like stars that had lost their shine.

The barely perceptible expression on her face was as if all hope had been dashed, and never before had the little Lolita felt as deeply heartbroken as at this moment.

The feeling was suffocating.

Seeing the little Lolita like this, Mo Qianjue's eyes also became moist, his heart as if tightly gripped by someone, painfully tender.

He had neglected his daughter.

Failed to give her the attention she deserved.

Mo Qianjue steadied his emotions, rubbed the little Lolita's head, and said with a smile, "What kind of mommy would Brother Peng like? Daddy will certainly find Brother Peng a mommy according to your request."

Daddy was going to find her a Mommy!

Hearing this, the little Lolita's eyes lit up again, her mouth curving into a smile, "As for finding a Mommy, Brother Peng has only one requirement."