

His Beloved 32

Chapter 32: Mu Yichen's Merit_1

At dawn, Mu Yichen placed Huanhuan on his shoulders and twirled her around.

Qin Mu, wearing a loose bathrobe, stepped out, resting her elbow on the railing and bending over to watch the father and daughter playing in the living room downstairs, inadvertently breaking into a silly grin.

"Mommy, good morning!"

Little Huanhuan looked up and cheerfully greeted the person upstairs.

"Baby, good morning! — Yichen, good morning!"

Yichen felt somewhat unconvinced, but that call of "Yichen" made him feel oddly tender.

As a child, he didn't know better and had forced her to call him Yichen, never expecting that in the many years to come, she would render that title so irresistibly tender and deep.

"This morning, I'll make breakfast for you guys."

Qin Mu hurried downstairs happily, cluelessly planning to prepare breakfast.

"Your so-called breakfast isn't just bread and milk, is it?"

Mu Yichen blocked her path.

"Er, how about adding ham?" Qin Mu thought he was suggesting that the meal was nutritionally inadequate.

"You'd better stay outside with Huanhuan. I'll go."

He didn't expect her to be particularly skilled at making breakfast.

He handed Huanhuan to her and headed to the kitchen. Mother and daughter embraced, watching his retreating figure, and Qin Mu sighed, "Your dad is really capable, isn't he?"

"Mhm!" Little Huanhuan nodded in sincere agreement.

Qin Mu looked up, "What about Mommy? Mommy is capable too, right?"

Huanhuan lowered her gaze toward her mommy, and after a long pause, she pursed her lips.

Qin Mu...

Was this really the child she had raised with so much hardship and effort?

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After going to work, Mu Yichen still made a phone call first, instructing someone to discreetly investigate who had been monitoring Qin Mu recently, and to do it as quickly as possible.

Jing Qing and Qin Mingzhu appeared in Mu Yichen's apartment at ten in the morning. Qin Mu, Xiaomei, and Huanhuan were all sitting on the couch while Jing Qing couldn't help but stare at that little girl.

Qin Mingzhu was also staring blankly at Huanhuan. She had only heard that Qin Mu had brought a child back with her, but what she heard was about an adopted girl—yet...

"You go play with Huanhuan in the toy room for a while," Qin Mu softly told the person beside her.

"Okay!" Xiaomei stood up and took Huanhuan by the hand, "Auntie will take you to the toy room to play."

"Mhm! Bye Mommy!" Little Huanhuan turned her head back to wave goodbye to Qin Mu knowingly.

"See you later." Qin Mu waved back sweetly at her daughter, but her demeanor immediately turned serious when facing Jing Qing, even the smile on her face becoming more indifferent.

Jing Qing withdrew her gaze from Huanhuan and returned it to Qin Mu, also smiling slightly, "I didn't expect you to have the design ready so quickly."

"Take a look first and see if it meets your expectations!"

Qin Mu, all business, handed over the blueprints and then opened her laptop.

"I don't believe this woman could produce any serious work," Qin Mingzhu muttered beside Jing Qing, then turned her head to look at the blueprints with her.

Qin Mu glanced briefly at Qin Mingzhu, then lowered her head to open a file. Inside were the colored three-dimensional drawings she had made, which lacked nothing but Jing Qing's face overlaid on them.

"This is the effect after completion!"

Qin Mu flipped the notebook towards Jing Qing. Jing Qing put down the drawing she was working on and looked at the notebook. Her eyes lit up, but at the same time, a sense of inexplicable pressure rose in her heart.

She had to admit Qin Mu had some talent. Jing Qing maintained a stiff smile and said softly, "Indeed, it's impressive. No wonder so many big stars are willing to use you."

Qin Mu smiled slightly, "Thanks for the compliment!"

After willingly accepting Jing Qing's grudging praise, she immediately received a glare from Qin Mingzhu. Qin Mu looked at her, "Miss Qin disagrees?"

"Ha, what's there for me to agree or disagree with? I'm not studying design," she said defiantly while continuing to roll her eyes.

"Don't take her words to heart. After you left, she became the Qin Family's beloved treasure. Uncle and auntie hold her in the palm of their hands."

"I can imagine."

Qin Mu wasn't troubled by those words, because she could indeed foresee that outcome.

Isn't that what the woman moved into that house for? To become the lady of the house, to have her word be law, to turn her daughter into a true princess.

The woman succeeded, but whether having her daughter become a princess was a blessing or a curse was debatable.

Looking at Qin Mingzhu's pretentious demeanor, Qin Mu felt the future was still very long; it was uncertain whether this girl even had a future.

Unless that certain person could protect her for a lifetime.

"What can you imagine? Don't think you understand me or my family," warned Qin Mingzhu, not willing to concede.

Qin Mu cast her a fleeting glance and then stood up upon hearing noise from the kitchen, "Coffee is ready, ladies. Give me a moment."

Later on, Jing Qing followed her into the kitchen and asked, "Are you planning to turn Yichen's place into your studio?"

As Qin Mu poured the coffee, her long lashes hung down, hiding the scene in her eyes. However, her mind was bustling with thought at that moment.

In the end, she still smiled and handed the cup of coffee to Jing Qing. Only after Jing Qing took it did she look up and say, "Lately someone has been stopping me from buying a house, so I have to work here. Fortunately, Mu Yichen listens to everything I say."

Others call him Director Mu, Yichen, or just Chen, but she insists on calling him Mu Yichen in front of these people.

She may be younger than them, but no one has decreed that a younger person cannot use someone's full name, and she takes pride in that.

Jing Qing didn't understand why Qin Mu could exert such a strong presence. She also laughed softly, bringing the coffee to her nose and taking a gentle sniff, "It smells wonderful."

"Is Miss Jing complimenting me? I will gladly accept it."

"There you go again. Didn't you say you'd call me 'sister,' like Mingzhu does?"

"To be my sister comes with a lot of responsibilities. You're better off staying as Miss Jing."

Qin Mu offered the reminder kindly and then turned to pour herself some coffee. The pure white coffee cup was very smooth, giving a sense of completeness and comfort.

She slowly filled the coffee cup, and the rich aroma made her feel comfortable.

"Oh? Do tell," urged Jing Qing, leaning in curiously, her gaze fixed on her with interest.

"A master should teach craftsmanship, a man should teach love, my mother is no longer here, and the eldest sister should be like a mother. Naturally, she should do my laundry and cook for me, add clothing when I'm cold, fan me when I'm hot. Now that I have Little Huanhuan, of course, she should take care of Huanhuan properly and coincidentally do all the housework."

Qin Mu smiled beautifully as she watched the usually unflappable Miss Jing lose her composure, yet she managed to articulate her words with such ease and grace.

It took Jing Qing a long while before she could laugh in amazement, "Oh my, I didn't expect you'd be so delightful now."

"Humph, Mu Yichen trained me well!"

"What does it have to do with Yichen?"

"He taught me, of course. He says he loves it when I'm cute."

All Jing Qing could do was let out a laugh and walk out slowly with her cup of coffee.