

His Beloved 33

Chapter 33: Boss goes home to take care of the child_1

Qin Mu leaned against the counter, staring at that figure for several seconds, her eyes sharp and indifferent.

She couldn't think of Jing Qing as a good person, even if Jing Qing wasn't the one sabotaging things from behind, but it was certain that Jing Qing saw her as a rival in love.

"I just received a WeChat message, I need to arrive at their place in two days, can you get it done within these two days?"

Jing Qing sat on the sofa, placed down her coffee cup, and asked softly, a playful look also apparent in her eyes.

"I can!"

As their gazes met, Qin Mu smiled.

Qin Mu didn't expect her sudden change of heart, but her master had encountered such situations many times, and she had long been accustomed to these sudden cases from following Jian Yan around all the time.

"Hmm! I believe in your ability, but there is one thing I want to remind you of, there could be accidents on the red carpet like someone's high heels stepping on the hem of my dress, or I could fall down myself, and the dress type is off-shoulder, so I hope there won't be any accidents."

Qin Mu still smiled, but then she started her speech very seriously, she was just a designer, and even though she could make clothes, the clothes she made were an inanimate object.

"Firstly, for situations like someone stepping on the hem of your dress with their high heels, if your assistant can't follow and remind you in time, you better be careful of the people around you to avoid embarrassing situations; next, if you accidentally fall and reveal your breasts, you'd better stick two nipple covers under your dress just in case; lastly, we've signed a contract, you can't back out of this deal, you know."

Who couldn't act tough when needed?

But she had gone through so much effort to get the money, if this woman suddenly wanted to break the contract, Qin Mu would definitely not agree to it.

"Of course, I remember that we signed a contract, you make it sound like I'm about to breach it. I have something to do this afternoon, so I won't disturb your work anymore," Jing Qing said sensibly as she stood up.

After leaving, Qin Mingzhu couldn't help but ask curiously, "Sis, why did you say that just now?"

"Do you not know what happens when I wear her designs out? But why are you so docile today? Didn't you dislike her?"

"But her slap really hurt," Qin Mingzhu said, her head bowed and her hand subconsciously touching the side of her face that Qin Mu had slapped.

Jing Qing frowned and then shook her head and left.

"Sis, wait for me!" Qin Mingzhu hurried after her.

Meanwhile, Xiaomei in the apartment was firmly opposed to Qin Mu continuing to work on this project.

"Just let it go and stop worrying about it. When the time comes and she has no gown to wear, let's see what she does."

"If I've promised to do it, I will definitely do it, and I will do it to the best of my ability. Besides, why should I give her a chance to change her mind? I've set my sights on her money, her reputation, and I'm not letting go."

Xiaomei had not thought that far; she only wanted to see Jing Qing embarrassed. But how could Jing Qing be humiliated? At most, the gown for the day would just lack novelty. It was precisely because Qin Mu had seen through this that she insisted on making Jing Qing wear her own creation, so when the time came, Qin Mu's name would naturally be remembered by celebrities both domestic and international again. This concerned her future, and she would not let go.

Besides, Jing Qing had brought this opportunity to her.

In the afternoon, Qin Mu called Zhao Huai to ask him to take her to the garment factory. On the way, she called her former agent: "Sister Xiao, it's Qin Mu...That's right, I'm a bit short on cash lately, do you have any advertisements I could take on?...Great, I'll wait for your call!"

Zhao Huai looked at the woman in the backseat, and after she hung up the phone, he asked, "Miss Qin, you still have the potential to be an advertisement star?"

Qin Mu smiled and said nothing.

"Actually, in my opinion, why go model for advertisements when you could just ask President Mu for money, wouldn't that be faster?"

Qin Mu looked up at the road ahead, the smile still on her face: "But if I use his money, wouldn't that make me someone kept by him?"

Zhao Huai suddenly found himself speechless, but in his mind, he thought, Do you think there's any difference now between you and someone who's kept?

Qin Mu stubbornly adhered to her principles. After thanking Zhao Huai upon arrival at the garment factory, she went inside where people who had been notified earlier were waiting to take her further inside.

At the same time, in the office, the man received a call from Jiang Zhiyuan confirming who recently had been monitoring Qin Mu.

"I know, let's leave it at that for now."

"Hey, wait, what are you—going to do?" Jiang Zhiyuan cut in with concern, interrupting his attempt to hang up the phone.

"You don't need to worry about it!"

After hanging up on Jiang Zhiyuan, Mu Yichen thought for a few seconds. His sharp eyes lifted, and he immediately dialed another number.

Qin Mu had just entered the workshop with someone and, seeing that it was him calling, he had to ask the person to wait and then picked up the phone: Hello?

"It was indeed Jing Qing who was sabotaging things. Do you need my help?"

"Thanks for investigating for me. I don't need help for the time being. Oh, by the way, I might come back late tonight. Xiaomei is currently helping with Little Huanhuan. If you're not out for the evening, could you come home early to take over from Xiaomei?"

"Where are you now?"

"At the clothing factory. Jing Qing's dress must be done within two days. I can't go back on my word."

"Got it!"

After Mu Yichen hung up the phone, he packed up and went out. His secretary, who was about to head to his office with some documents, asked out of curiosity, "President, you are—"

"Going home to take care of the child."

Secretary Xi...

When Mu Yichen arrived home, Xiaomei was performing a show for Little Huanhuan, making the little girl burst into silly laughter. That laughter, however, gradually revived his long-dormant memories.

It was many years ago that she had laughed in the same silly way, but now, even when she's smiling, he could see the sadness deep in her eyes.

He gently closed the door behind him, and his dark eyes remained downcast for a long while before lifting again.

"Daddy!"

The little girl turned her head, saw him return, and immediately jumped down from the sofa to rush toward him.

Xiaomei promptly removed her Grey Wolf headgear and, not minding her disheveled hair, bowed her head: "President Mu, you're off work so early."

"You go help Qin Mu. I'll take care of her," Mu Yichen instructed, holding the little girl in his arms.

"Okay, I'll go right away!"

Xiaomei didn't dare to delay, grabbed her bag, waved to Little Huanhuan, and left.

That evening, Mu Yichen took Huanhuan out for dinner. Jiang Zhiyuan frowned upon seeing him with a child, "Why do you indulge them so much?"

"Are men supposed to spoil men rather than women?" Zhao Huai asked with a laugh, then moved back after Jiang Zhiyuan kicked his chair leg. Continuing, he said, "I'm just curious, you could easily give her what she wants, so why let her go through all that trouble?"

As Mu Yichen fed the little girl soup, he spoke softly, "If I do everything for her, then what would be the meaning of her life? Besides, with her personality, living with me is already giving me a lot of face."

Other men had never seen a man love a woman so humbly, and they didn't look favorably upon this relationship.

"Today, I drove her to the clothing factory. On the way, I heard her talking to some agency or something on the phone about doing an advertisement. It sounded like she's really short of money."

Mu Yichen fed another spoonful of soup to Huanhuan. He was naturally aware that she might encounter various situations and the road ahead was fraught with difficulties, but as long as she hoped for him to be there in the background...

Before the dinner dispersed, Mu Yichen calmly wiped Huanhuan's mouth, his eyes tenderly watching over her, and said to the departing guest, "Zhiyuan, please relay a message to Jing Feng for me. If his sister continues with her antics, don't blame me, Mu Yichen, for not considering our past acquaintance."