

His Beloved 34

Chapter 34: You really think I'm a beast_1

The voice was plain and unremarkable, yet it made the listeners' hearts jump involuntarily.

"This..." Jiang Zhiyuan looked at Qiao Yi and Zhao Huai, both of whom dared not ask any questions.

"What? Don't you have even this much courage?"

Mu Yichen raised his eyes to look at the man who was over one meter eighty at the doorway.

"Tch, who has this young master ever been afraid of? Besides, I am but a messenger, and as the old saying goes, 'don't strike the messenger in a war between two parties'."

After Jiang Zhiyuan and Qiao Yi left, Mu Yichen calmly got up with Huanhuan in his arms, "Shall we go see your mommy, or go home to sleep?"

"See mommy, mommy..."

"Hmm! That's what I was thinking too."

Father and daughter cheerfully left the hotel, but they didn't head to the clothing factory to find Jing Qing; instead, they went home.

Huanhuan fell asleep on the way, and seeing her sleep so soundly in the child's seat, and remembering what Jing Qing had said to him, he decided to go home and rest with Huanhuan.

That night Jing Qing and Xiaomei worked overtime at the clothing factory, resting by lying down for a while, sleeping a bit, then waking up to continue working.

After 3 am, when Xiaomei squinted for a little while and then opened her eyes to see Jing Qing still operating the sewing machine, she felt too embarrassed to go back to sleep and squinted through her yawns, "Aren't you going to sleep for a while?"

"I also just woke up not long ago. If you're sleepy, continue to sleep," Jing Qing responded.

"I won't sleep either. Your master sent me to help you. If I keep slacking off, he will surely look down on me," Xiaomei replied.

Hearing this, Jing Qing couldn't help but laugh, her weary face brightening considerably as she turned to Xiaomei, "Are you that afraid of him?"

"It's respect!" Xiaomei answered with a playful laugh.

Perhaps, just as she felt towards Mu Yichen—wasn't she horribly scared of him?

But was that really fear? She had long been clear about it in her own heart.

Finishing her work five hours early, Jing Qing and Xiaomei changed clothes and then took the dress directly to Jing Qing's company, only to hear that she was in an interview, so they waited there.

Jing Qing received a call from Paris; the other party communicated with her in French, mentioning they had found an opportunity for her in China, right in Rong City.

After hanging up the phone, Jing Qing sat there without speaking again. Xiaomei, a bit tired from waiting and suddenly not hearing her talk, turned her head in surprise and asked, "Qinqin, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing!"

"You two, come with me!"

Half an hour later, they were led into the reception room where Jing Qing was located.

Jing Qing's hair was swept up neatly, standing beside the chair in a crisp white dress, greeting them with a smile as soon as they met, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, please have a seat."

"There's no need to sit. It would be best to find a place to try on the dress first. If it doesn't fit, we will make immediate alterations," Jing Qing replied, all business.

Jing Qing glanced at the box in her hand and then at the toolbox Xiaomei was carrying behind her, shrugged her shoulders, and agreed, "Alright, let's switch to a different room."

She lifted her hand and pointed to the camera above their heads.

With Jing Qing's assistant included, four people helped Jing Qing change clothes in her room.

Jing Qing seemed accustomed to being surrounded by so many people, especially when Jing Qing crouched at her feet to adjust her hemline; her eyes shone even more brightly, and she spoke with a courteous smile, "Mumu, why did you choose this line of work?"

"Poor! I thought back then, 'if you can't buy it, make it yourself, isn't that delightful?'" Jing Qing replied.

"You, Qin Uncle doesn't fail to give you money, why put yourself through this?" Jing Qing purposefully mentioned Qin Haiming, but Jing Qing wasn't annoyed. The future would likely bring more people who'd mention her in the same breath as that man, and to that, she looked forward.

Not for any other reason, but because she intended to make certain people unhappy.

"Hmph, but now it is to make everyone in the world like the clothes I design and to wear the clothes I design," she said.

She looked down seriously at the stitches, her voice low, her aura immense.

Jing Qing didn't speak, continuing to regard her.

"Is there any part that feels uncomfortable?" Jing Qing asked, all business.

"Hmm, not for now!"

Jing Qing looked up at the mirror, the dress that made her figure appear several centimeters taller seemed to have won her approval.

"Hmm! Then I wish you all the best on your trip!"

"Okay!"

Qin Mu was about to leave with Xiaomei, but Jing Qing, with her head lowered, looking at her own belly, suddenly said, "Mumu."

"Hmm?"

"Can you come with me? I'm worried about unexpected issues."

Qin Mu's gaze dropped slightly before she glanced at Xiaomei, who obviously disapproved of her agreeing. Jing Qing's call of "Mumu" was a clear attempt to cozy up to her and persuade her to accompany her.

"I'll go ask Mr. Mu for permission."

Qin Mu didn't refuse but didn't agree either, simply leading Xiaomei away.

Xiaomei, following behind her, couldn't help but let out a laugh as soon as they exited the door: "Qinqin, you said you're going to ask Mr. Mu on purpose, right?"

"You think you know so much. You go back first; I've got something else to do and will be back later."

Having been together for so long, they understood each other's temperament quite well, so Qin Mu didn't hide it from her.

"Alright, but you really shouldn't go abroad with her. You're not her errand assistant. We've already completed our task."

"Hmm!"

Later, Qin Mu visited the CEO's office. The boss greeted her very politely, standing up to shake her hand:
"Hello! I've reviewed your resume, and it's quite impressive!"

"You flatter me, Mr. Zhang!"

The two shook hands, and Mr. Zhang invited her to sit on the sofa before taking out some materials he had prepared for her to see.

By the time she returned, it was already past seven in the evening. She was so exhausted that she lay down on the couch and didn't move anymore.

When she woke up again, she was in the big bed in the master bedroom, staring at the familiar ceiling. It took her several seconds to gather her thoughts and remember where she was. She tried to get up but winced in pain and couldn't move.

The quiet room made it difficult for her to tell if it was dusk, midnight, or even later.

He wasn't there, and Huanhuan wasn't either.

She listened to her own heartbeat, thump, thump, thump, as if besides that sound there was nothing else, all her strength spent on supporting that small heart.

She thought about her efforts over the years and remembered those who had tried even harder. She earnestly soothed herself, but no matter how she comforted, her body seemed to reject the superficial concern of her will and remained weak and powerless.

"This is the consequence of overexerting yourself; it's not your first time experiencing it, is it?"

Qin Mu turned her head and, although he appeared aloof at the moment, as he slowly approached from the doorway, he seemed like her springtime.

She smiled proudly and turned on her side, clasping her hands under her cheek, her eyes looking up at him as clear and pure as a spring.

"Yes, you've let me experience it quite a few times."

Suddenly, she remembered it was him who had carried her upstairs, and she felt much better.

Mu Yichen looked at her with a stern gaze, staying by the bed but not moving any closer.

Qin Mu, not understanding, blinked at him and reached out a hand. "Won't you come over?"

Without a response, he just looked down at her, as if gazing at a treasure he couldn't conquer.

"Why aren't you happy?"

Qin Mu asked, puzzled. In her mind, he shouldn't be standing so far away from her at such a time.

"Is that so?"

With those two words, he looked at her coldly and detachedly, as if he was an unfeeling person.

"Yeah, shouldn't you have pounced on me by now?"

"Do you really think I'm a