

His Beloved 40

Chapter 40: Illegitimate Daughter (2) Edit_2

"You're talking nonsense!"

Qin Mu also stood up, but poised and graceful, "You know in your heart whether I'm talking nonsense or not. Anyway, if anyone dares to touch my mother's grave, I'll dig up their ancestors' graves for eight generations. Just wait and see."

Qin Mu's eyes were sharp, keen enough to make anyone believe her.

"Fine, let's wait and see. I do want to see how you, a child who was abandoned by him long ago, compare to us mother and daughter in Qin Haiming's heart."

Mrs. Qin left in a huff, and Qin Mu, standing before the sofa, did not move; she was immersed in thought.

In her heart, Qin Mu actually knew that her father loved her mother; it was just that he hadn't resisted temptation.

She had to admit that her mother's death was in vain, and she also had to admit that Qin Haiming had once loved her mother, and not the woman who had just come in.

Afterward, she sat down again, slowly picking up her coffee to take a gentle sip.

She thought there would be many more people coming to see her soon.

Fortunately, she was well prepared.

Later, Xiaomei came in from outside, knocked on the door and opened it herself. Peeking in at Qin Mu drinking coffee, she let out a sigh of relief, "Was that your dad's young wife?"

Upon hearing this, Qin Mu couldn't help but chuckle, looking up at Xiaomei, "She was married in an official ceremony, after all."

"Pfft, she's still a homewrecker."

Qin Mu raised an eyebrow; she agreed with that statement.

"How did she know about our studio?" Xiaomei asked curiously.

Qin Mu's gaze flickered, but she preferred that as few people as possible knew about this place.

Other than the clients coming to her for designs, she didn't want to see any uninvited guests.

"I don't know!" She guessed it might have been Qin Mingzhu who told her, but she wasn't sure. She just thought that Qin Mingzhu, who was always glued to Jing Qing, must have heard something from her.

If she wasn't mistaken, Jing Qing was probably still having someone secretly monitor her.

Later she heard that Jing Qing went to see Mr. Zhang, accusing her, Qin Mu, of stealing Jing Qing's advertisement. However, just a few days ago, Jing Qing had promptly become a spokesperson for another perfume brand, one that was an international product rivaling the one Qin Mu was working with.

"Qinqin, Mr. Mu and the little princess are here."

A colleague came to report, and Xiaomei couldn't help but giggle, "Mr. Mu really comes every day, punctually."

Qin Mu glanced at her, holding back a smile as she got up to meet Mr. Mu and his precious daughter.

She had to admit, Mr. Mu was indeed very punctual every day. Qin Mu stepped out to see him standing in front of a painting, looking up at it with his hands behind his back, his tall figure accentuated by a black suit, looking so handsome that she was captivated.

"Mommy!"

Huanhuan, holding a lollipop, ran towards Qin Mu as soon as she saw her.

Qin Mu squatted down to catch her, "Eating candy again? Be careful, or worms will grow in your tummy."

"For you!"

Huanhuan immediately placed the lollipop to Qin Mu's lips, obscuring her face.

Looking at the tall man, Huanhuan turned and smiled sweetly at him, as if to say she bought it for her mommy with his money.

Qin Mu stood up slowly, holding Huanhuan's hand, Mr. Mu approached, and as they faced each other, Qin Mu glanced at the pink lollipop and then at him, her voice tinged with shyness and embarrassment, "You didn't really buy this for me, did you? I'm not a child."

"You're harder to please than a child."

His voice was gentle, but Qin Mu was deeply embarrassed, and those around couldn't help but chuckle.

"Back to work, everyone," she said sternly, feigning seriousness.

The deep, dark eyes watched her blush, refusing to look away.

Feeling uncomfortable under his gaze, Qin Mu had no choice but to lower her head to Huanhuan, "Mommy will take you upstairs to play, okay?"

"Qinqin, Qinqin, we haven't played with Huanhuan for a long time. Without Mr. Mu, let's take Huanhuan to play for a while, huh?"

Xiaomei hurried over with a female colleague, whisking Huanhuan away.

Qin Mu...

"So, may I join you upstairs for a visit?"

—

Mr. Mu indeed visited her office, for the fifth time.

After closing the door, Qin Mu turned to look at him, "Don't you think you and your daughter come here a bit too often? People who don't know might think this is your home."

"What's the difference?" he asked her, glancing at the photos of her and Huanhuan on her desk and unconsciously frowning.

"Of course, there's a difference," Qin Mu said, looking up at him.

"Isn't the difference just the absence of a kitchen that can cook?"

Qin Mu...

"I've got an interview with the media this afternoon. Do you want to join me?"