

His Beloved 82

Chapter 82: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (1)_3

Even though Qin Mu had a father who was the mayor, her father now had another family, and she would not be accepted by that family, so he thought it was not a cause for concern.

That night, Mu Yichen returned to the apartment.

Alone, doing nothing, he went to the kitchen, took a bottle of wine and a glass, and then went upstairs.

Before ten o'clock, he was ready to go to bed. He probably hadn't drunk enough because he couldn't sleep, tossing and turning restlessly in bed.

Qin Mu was either brain-damaged or had water in her brain, she was such a fool to abandon such an outstanding man as himself to go on dates with other men.

It had always been him seeking her out, her letting him stay as if she were bestowing alms. What on earth had he been doing these years? Had he been stupid? He had lost himself for a woman who didn't even like him.

The next morning.

When he woke up it was already past nine o'clock. As he got out of bed, he smelt the strong odor of alcohol throughout the house; his foot stepped on a bottle. Frowning, he looked down and kicked it

aside, only then remembering the headache from last night and the few more bottles of wine he had drunk.

While he drowned his sorrows in drink, where was she?

A sigh quietly filled the lonely and empty room.

Suddenly, he hated her, hated her with fury.

Even during brushing his teeth, when he saw her toothpaste and toothbrush still in front of him, the same ones she had not taken when she moved to the Mu Family, he felt his chest tighten. As he brushed, he picked up her toothbrush and cup and tossed them both into the trash can.

As the saying goes, "Out of sight, out of mind!"

Qin Mu was the best at this, and now he was following suit!

He skipped breakfast, drank a glass of water, and went straight to the company for a meeting.

The sunlight was strong; seated at the very front of the meeting room, he felt almost blinded, his discomfort evident as his frown never relaxed.

He had wanted to invite Qiao Yi and Jiang Zhiyuan for a drink after the meeting, but as soon as he finished the meeting and returned to his office, he saw Feng Fanghua standing there. He immediately turned to look at his secretary, who showed a clear sign of negligence and bowed her head, not daring to speak.

"What brings you here?"

He went behind his desk to sit down, too annoyed to show much in the way of expression.

"Does Qin Mu have any other phone numbers?"

Feng Fanghua went straight to the point, her voice laced with anxiety.

"What are you looking for her for?"

Mu Yichen unconsciously looked up at her; Feng Fanghua had always disliked Qin Mu, wasn't it best if she was out of sight?

"What am I looking for her for? I'm looking for my granddaughter!"

Mu Yichen stared at the angry mother of the bodyguard, almost thinking he had mistaken her for someone else.

"Call her right now, her number is not going through." Feng Fanghua looked away helplessly, her impatience evident.

"Mom, I showed you Huanhuan's adoption papers that day, didn't I?"

Mu Yichen chuckled softly, subconsciously raising his hand to touch his own seductive lips.

He was almost driven mad by Ms. Feng; he had never seen his mother show so much compassion, especially for a child with no blood relation to her, desperate for her in her concern.

"Just call," Feng Fanghua ordered again, no time for nonsense.

Mu Yichen, seeing her determination, felt he had no other choice, and deep down, he actually wanted to call her.

He picked up his cellphone and dialed on speakerphone, laying it aside.

But when he wanted to pride himself on not directly talking to her, expecting to simply toss her a cold, "My mom's looking for you," and hand it over to Feng Fanghua, the only thing that came through was a mechanical female voice.

Had she turned off her phone?

Mu Yichen frowned unconsciously, and Feng Fanghua was also taken aback, then she glanced at his desk: "What's going on? Why is her phone off when you call? Doesn't she have another number, try that."

What other number could she have?

Dark thoughts flashed through Mu Yichen's mind, and he suddenly remembered when he had left Huanhuan with her and told her to get lost.

She couldn't have...

"Have you been to her studio?"

He asked urgently, instinctively sincere.

"I called her studio, and they said she was on a business trip. I came to you right after. She shouldn't have turned off her phone even if she is away, do you—know absolutely nothing?"

Feng Fanghua's eyes were bulging, disdain for her son mixing with her frantic longing for her granddaughter.

Mu Yichen quickly stood up from his chair: "I'm going out for a while!"

He remembered warning her to never leave Rongcheng, no matter what happened. If she dared to run away, he was determined to bring her back and torment her until she could barely move.

But the more viciously he thought, the more anxious he became.

He had already waited for so many years, his heart nearly dead from the waiting.

If possible, he didn't want to wait another minute.