

His Beloved 87

Chapter 87: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (2)_1

"It's Mr. Mu's request, I hope Miss Qin won't make things difficult for me."

Zhao Huai was being so earnest that it was almost pitiable.

Zhao Huai didn't seem to change his suits much, always those two colors, and his smile, too, was always somewhat teasing, and slightly deserving of a punch.

Qin Mu stared at him for a few seconds, smiling sincerely, hands clasped behind her back, "All right!"

No matter how Mu Yichen found out about their return today, she couldn't care less! But she had indeed intended to talk to him.

"Please, let me help you with your luggage!"

Zhao Huai stepped forward, taking both of their luggage and walking out.

"Something seems off, if Mr. Mu knew in advance that you were coming back, why didn't he come to pick you up himself? Why do I get a creepy feeling?"

Xiaomei walked shoulder to shoulder with Qin Mu, whispering in her ear.

"Why not take a free ride? Let him help us send the luggage back to the apartment first."

Qin Mu whispered back to her.

Xiaomei nodded vigorously, making the most of the free labor.

However, when they arrived at their apartment and stopped, Zhao Huai got out to help with the luggage, but only took Xiaomei's.

Xiaomei watched Zhao Huai, blinking emphatically, seeking an explanation.

"Let's have dinner together when you're free." Zhao Huai patted her shoulder, giving her a suggestive look before turning to get back in the car.

Xiaomei stood there with her suitcase, motionless, but couldn't help watching the car drive away.

A sense of foreboding suddenly rose within her, probably Qin Mu wasn't coming back.

"You're not taking me to his office, are you?"

Qin Mu looked up from her email and asked when she saw the direction they were heading.

"Yes, Mr. Mu is waiting for you there!"

Zhao Huai responded, watching her in the rearview mirror.

Qin Mu nodded, her clear, spring-like eyes looking towards that familiar place, suddenly recalling Xiaomei's words about his departure from Austria.

Xiaomei said he had a dark expression when he left Austria. If he was so angry, why didn't he just kick her out? Shouldn't she be as far away from him as possible?

Watching Qin Mu's silently brooding expression from the rearview mirror, Zhao Huai couldn't help remarking, "In this world, there probably isn't a man who loves you more than Mr. Mu does."

Qin Mu subconsciously turned to look at him, though she could only see the back of his head.

"Does that mean no other man is worthy of loving me?"

Qin Mu laughed lightly, her eyebrows delicately raised as she asked him, uncooperative.

"Of course not."

The city streets were congested, giving her a bit of a headache. She looked down at the ring on her finger, suddenly feeling a warm sensation around the area it encircled.

Would it feel uncomfortable if she took it off?

But when she arrived at his office, he wasn't there.

The secretary met her with the news: "Mr. Mu had to visit the pharmaceutical plant. He left word for madam to go back to the Mu family home to rest and wait for him."

"Thank you!"

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Zhao Huai was still driving her, and Qin Mu couldn't help asking, "You said he loves me the most, so why didn't he call me even once after all this today?"

Zhao Huai...

"Of course you don't know the answer! Even I am not sure."

Qin Mu finished speaking and looked outside again, he was just intentionally tormenting her, wasn't he?

When she arrived at the Mu family house, no one else was at home. The butler told her that Mu Zihao and Feng Fanghua had taken Huanhuan out for fun and helped her with her luggage upstairs.

She greeted them and then picked out pajamas to take a bath—she had walked out with her child back then, but didn't have the courage to come back for her luggage.

Thinking about it, it was convenient now.

But how to describe this feeling?

The bed wasn't too familiar, yet when lying on it, she couldn't help feeling excited.

Thinking of him!

Her mind was filled to the brim with thoughts of this man.

The woman, freshly bathed and lying in bed, struggled to catch her breath, her dazzling eyes silently gazing at the ceiling, all seeming calm on the surface.

Later that evening, she went downstairs to find Feng Fanghua and Mu Zihao back home, happily drinking sweet soup with Huanhuan on the sofa.

Huanhuan was sitting on her favorite pink stool, and upon seeing Qin Mu come down, she immediately lit up with joy, put down her bowl, and ran towards her: "Mommy!"

"Baby!"

Qin Mu immediately scooped her up, unable to resist kissing her cheeks over and over.

Huanhuan was delighted: "Mommy, you finally came back, Huanhuan missed you so much."

Somehow, Huanhuan's ability to express herself had quietly grown stronger.

Gently stroking her hair, Qin Mu then led her to greet the elders.

"Uncle, Auntie, I appreciate how much you've taken care of Huanhuan these days."

"Have a seat!"

Feng Fanghua gave her a glance, seemingly displeased.

Qin Mu walked over to take a seat; the aunt immediately served her a bowl of soup, which she thanked them for but held without daring to drink right away, waiting until the elders had started theirs.