

His Beloved 88

Chapter 88: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (2)_2

"I heard you went on a business trip to Austria?" Mu Zihao asked.

"Yes!" Qin Mu answered.

"Even if you try your hardest, how many lifetimes would it take for you to be better than them?" Feng Fanghua nagged at her while looking over.

"Yes!"

Qin Mu agreed, and surprisingly, she wasn't angry at all after listening to Feng Fanghua's words; on the contrary, she was very calm.

Even though Feng Fanghua didn't speak nicely, she at least didn't intend to harm her. Qin Mu was grateful for just this much.

Feng Fanghua sighed unconsciously after seeing the expression in her eyes and quickly reached for a tissue to wipe off the soup dripping down Huanhuan's chin.

Qin Mu felt that in this respect, she truly wasn't as careful as Feng Fanghua.

"But it's not like you can live without ambition, right? You've always hated those girls who seek rich men and have no ambition, haven't you?"

Mu Zihao whispered to Feng Fanghua.

"Whose side are you on?"

"You just never let anyone off the hook."

Mu Zihao had no solution when it came to Feng Fanghua.

Even though she could explain the reasons why she had to go herself, she didn't want to say any more than necessary.

"So, do you still plan to continue living in the apartment with Huanhuan?"

After hearing this, Qin Mu unconsciously looked up at Feng Fanghua, who seemed to have more to say but stopped short.

"Hmm!"

She replied, then lowered her head and gently stirred the sweet soup in her bowl.

"That matter, no matter what, still shouldn't be told to Yichen—If he comes looking for you again..."

Feng Fanghua was administering a precaution.

"I was actually waiting to clear things up with him when he gets back tonight."

Qin Mu was very nonchalant.

The living room suddenly fell silent, and in the end, everyone chose to drink their soup in silence.

But when it was after ten and Mu Yichen still had not returned, Qin Mu saw Huanhuan getting sleepy and didn't want to wait any longer, deciding to talk to him another day instead.

Xiaomei and her friend were engrossed in a heart-wrenching family melodrama on TV when they saw Qin Mu descending the stairs leisurely and instinctively called out to her, "Come watch, the annual mother-in-law and daughter-in-law drama battle has officially begun."

She laughed unintentionally, surprised that people their age enjoyed such senseless plots.

She walked over and sat down on the single sofa beside the two of them, grabbed a bag of chips from someone nearby, tore it open, and started snacking as she began watching the TV without thinking.

"You should pay close attention. You might find it useful before long," Xiaomei said, raising her eyebrows and kindly reminding her.

"The mother-in-law and daughter-in-law relationships in China are really terrifying," the French girl mentioned in French during their conversation.

"Not all are like that!"

Qin Mu laughed as she replied, not wanting the girl to be scared of finding a family to marry into in China because of the drama.

"What do you mean not all? Most of them are like that—chaotic disputes, getting into violent brawls with bloodshed, even ending up in court," Xiaomei contested, dissatisfied with Qin Mu's mild response, and quickly started sharing the tragic mother-in-law and daughter-in-law stories from China's five-thousand-year history with her friend.

Late, the doorbell rang, and the sudden sound scared the three of them into shivering. They looked at each other: Who could it be at this time?

"Could it be a bad guy? Like in those TV shows, a strong man targeting apartments of single women, pretending to be a delivery guy, and then when the woman lets down her guard, he attacks and commits his crime first before killing!"

Xiaomei continued talking and even gestured across her own neck with her hand.

Frightened, her friend paled, shrinking her neck, pursing her lips tightly.

The whole living room felt eerie as the three women, each with their own thoughts, finally decided to have Qin Mu, the bravest among them, go check the door.

It was almost eleven o'clock.

Xiaomei and her friend followed her quietly, each holding a tub of chips ready to be used as a weapon.

Qin Mu looked through the peephole, then immediately turned back, pressing her hands lightly against her chest, her eyes slightly glazed.

Xiaomei, seeing her face change color, asked with curiosity.

"What's going on?"

"Is it really a bad person?"

Without answering, Qin Mu approached the door. The two of them peered through the peephole and involuntarily mimicked her gesture.

"It's for you!"

"Go to your room!"

The two women said one after another, then proceeded seriously toward their respective doors.

Qin Mu still stood there, unsure whether to open the door for him.

"I know you're there, open the door!"

With his long arm resting on the doorframe overhead, he leaned close to the door and spoke from the other side.

Qin Mu slowly turned her head to look but was unwilling to open the door.

"What are you doing here so late?"

She turned around, her hands gripping the doorknob as she asked him in a low voice.

She had intended to clear everything up with him at the Mu Family and return his ring, but he hadn't come back, and her courage for the night had run out.