

His Beloved 93

Chapter 93: Huanhuan said: Dad found out! (3)_1

Qin Mu couldn't focus on her work after she arrived at the studio, as her mind was filled with the words Feng Fanghua had spoken to her that morning.

Her mood was as gloomy as the foggy weather outside.

Feng Fanghua had sent everyone away, leaving just the two of them in the spacious living room.

Today, Feng Fanghua was dressed in a purple qipao, sitting next to her and gazing at her seriously. She looked at her for a long time.

"Back in the day, I actually had a pretty good relationship with your mother! We even joked that if you two grew up and he still liked you that much, we'd let you get married!"

With a sigh, Feng Fanghua's eyes lingered on her face, reluctant to look away, as if she saw the past in her visage.

Because of the sudden mention of the person, Qin Mu couldn't help but shiver, her vision blurred, and a buzzing in her ears, rendering her mind blank and unable to think.

"Your mother was a straightforward person, but she was too stubborn..."

Feng Fanghua stopped mid-sentence then, her brows furrowed the whole time.

"I know Yichen likes you, and I know you had a child for our Mu Family, but Qin Mu, as I said to you that day, maybe our Mu Family really can't handle you! How many noble houses have fallen because the young masters married the wrong women? Do you understand?"

She was out of sorts all morning and later sat with Jian Yan in the visiting area on the first floor to drink tea, which ended up being Jian Yan drinking tea while she propped her cheeks in her hands, staring blankly outside.

Jian Yan had to clear his throat to remind her of his presence.

When Qin Mu looked up and saw him, she immediately dropped her hand: Master!

"So you remember I'm here, huh?"

Qin Mu laughed nervously, licked her dry lips, and then stared keenly at Jian Yan.

"Master, why have you never married?"

Jian Yan...

"Why the sudden question?"

"People of your age generally have been fathers for many years, but these past years, you haven't even had a girlfriend."

Jian Yan guessed something but didn't point it out. He laughed, seeing the look in her eyes that she wanted to find an answer from him, he said:

"We've been together for so long and this is the first time you're concerned about your master's lifelong matter. I haven't had a girlfriend these past years, are you planning to introduce one to your master?"

Qin Mu...

"It's only been these few years that I haven't dated, got older, got tired of it!"

He leaned back in the sofa leisurely flipping through the newspaper, not waiting for her to answer before speaking again, as if indeed tired as he had said.

Qin Mu didn't understand, but couldn't stop observing him, until the newspaper covered his face.

Later, Jian Yan gently put down the newspaper and went upstairs. As soon as he left, Xiaomei immediately ran over and sat next to Qin Mu: Qinqin, what did you say to the master?

"I didn't say anything!" Qin Mu hadn't come to her senses yet.

"Then why did the master look so strange?"

Qin Mu subconsciously turned to look up the stairs, but his figure was long gone.

Could it be that she had accidentally touched a nerve?

That afternoon a 'distinguished guest' visited her office!

Dressed in a dark suit, Qin Haiming stood straight by the window of her office, his experienced gaze half-closed as he looked outside.

He was getting old, with several tufts of white hair on his head.

Qin Mu sat behind her desk, inadvertently watching the back of his head and then was startled by her own discovery.

Then he turned his head slowly to look at his daughter.

"Your mother used to like making clothes; I remember she even made a few sets by hand."

"You have no right to mention my mother!"

Qin Mu instinctively refused to discuss the past with him.

Her mother did indeed love to make clothes, only for her father and daughter.

There was a nice sewing machine at home back then, and she always liked to buy some nice fabric to make clothes for them. Back then, this man in front of her would tenderly tell her not to bother because they could afford to buy nice things.

Hmph!

As time passed, why hadn't those hateful memories faded away?

Qin Mu glared at him uncontrollably, but Qin Hai didn't get angry. Instead, he walked up to her desk, his eyes lowered patiently looking at her.

"Qin Mu, I apologize for the impact that your mother and I had on you, but you can't go on like this."

"Mr. Qin, I don't understand what you are saying!"

She chuckled lightly, even refusing to look at him again, irritatedly gazing outside.

"Mu Yichen told me he wants to marry you!"

Her eyelashes flickered slightly, then she continued just looking outside, without commenting.

"If you want to marry him, tell dad what dowry you want, I will try my best to prepare everything for you."