

Billionaire CEO Won't Leave

Chapter 348

The next day, Bai nianxi came to Qianqiu group on time.

Within the group, there is a heated discussion on the topic of "4 billion won C land". The staff who captured Bai nianxi's figure consciously stopped the gossip. As soon as Bai nianxi's figure disappeared, the gossip conversation held up again.

"Mr. Bai, 4 billion won the suburban plot. Do you have a plan in advance?" The secretary seems to be worried. Although he knows Bai nianxi's style, he is always upset when he makes unexpected decisions.

"No Bai nianxi responds faintly.

"Ah? This... " The secretary was shocked.

"If it's OK, go out. I'm going to feed the baby." Bai nianxi, aware of the movement of Lele in her arms, lifts her hair to her ears and says faintly.

[4 billion won the desolate and uninhabited lumishan! I'm afraid Bai nianxi is crazy!]

reports with exaggerated gimmicks as bold headlines soon became noisy in a city.

Conmobei is in the bar, pouring wine into his stomach and checking the news about Bai nianxi with his mobile phone.

[Lumi mountain was a cemetery several decades ago. Bai nianxi's brain is still in the water.]

[lumishan is 580000 square meters, big or small. Qianqiu group showed it directly without even giving a notice. I really don't know what kind of tricks they are playing.]

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Looking at the gossip comments a little bit, conmobei pondered the messy thoughts while swallowing the liquor.

In a trance, kangmobei brushes the photo of Bai nianxi. In the photo, Bai nianxi's

posture is cold and overbearing, and his face is full of pride.

A god shaking, Kang Mobei thinks that he has hallucination. Bai nianxi in the photo clearly has his own shadow eight years ago

He shakes his head hard, trying to prevent the picture in front of him from being covered by hallucinations. But conmobei can't do that. Bai nianxi's figure in the picture switches back and forth between himself and her

Lolo after school in the afternoon, while mommy was feeding Lele, she was busy in the kitchen and slightly improved the unsavory takeout. The electric rice cooker was full of water and rice with a serious imbalance.

"I want to steam rice, how can it become porridge..."

Luo Luo takes out a bowl of white porridge and puts the meat slices from the takeout into the porridge one by one. A bowl of nonstandard porridge is brought to Bai nianxi.

"Well. Lolo cooked it?" In the eyes of Bai nianxi, who doesn't know the inside story, this bowl of porridge is standard except for more oil.

"Mummy, make do with it." Luo Luo was a little annoyed that he was not good at cooking, but he was afraid that Mommy would be hungry, so he urged.

Bai nianxi ate up a bowl of "congee", suppressed the bitter smile and strange smell in his mouth, and said, "it's not bad."

"Gee, Mommy's a liar. It's terrible, OK."

Luo Luo frowns and leaves Bai nianxi's bedroom with an empty bowl.

Kangmobei can't confirm that what he heard last night was a fact or a dream. After the end of the drunkenness in the bar, kangmobei came to the gap between the two villas again and waited for the arrival of 11 a.m.

At the other end, Bai nianxi is also waiting for the arrival of this time point. Unconsciously, she is looking forward to seeing conmobei in the early morning.

Finally, Bai nianxi stayed up until 11 o'clock. He sat on the ground by the gate, guessing if kangmobei was there.

Kangmobei sleepless, back against the wall, lest the sound of touching the door disturb Bai nianxi to rest.

"A daughter? Really?" Kangmo murmured to himself.

Taking care of the children makes Bai nianxi sleep hard every day. In addition, he has to get up in the early morning to have a look at kangmobei. Bai nianxi can sleep for four hours, so he has to laugh.

Tired in persuading Bai nianxi to go back to the room to have a rest, but Bai nianxi is resisting this urge.

Getting up, Bai nianxi quietly opens the door. Bai nianxi, who should have shown an unexpected performance, is calm in front of kangmobei.

Commo sat on the ground against the wall, covered with visible dust.

Looking up at Bai nianxi, Kang Mobei said coldly: "I had a dream last night. I dreamed that you told me it was my daughter, but In my dream, I didn't have time to ask her name. "

"Bai Jingyou, nicknamed Lele." Bai nianxi didn't think much and replied lightly.

Kangmobei stood up with joy, completely ignoring his embarrassment: "is it really a daughter? I didn't dream last night

"I don't know." Bai nianxi's two responses have been rare in the past 200 days.

Kangmobei's face is not serious, because after learning the news from his daughter, it completely turns into a relieved smile, and the uninhibited also suddenly disappears.

"I..."

"I'm tired."

Kangmo North has not finished, want to see a daughter's words, white read night then tone not cover tired interrupt way.

"I'm tired." Bai nianxi again, repeat.

Kangmobei quietly looks at Bai nianxi's face, and the dark yellow voice control light can't cover Bai nianxi's pale face. Kangmobei is distressed, but he thinks he is not qualified to show his love, so he slowly droops his head, slightly depressed."I said I was tired." Bai nianxi seems to be reminding Kang Mobei to respond to himself.

Kangmobei raises his eyes and looks at Bai nianxi hesitantly. Finally, he musters up the courage to stand up and step forward two steps. Bai nianxi puts his head on his

chest.

This long lost touch is like a bolt of lightning in the air, which makes the whole body of conumber flow with electric current.

Under the long-term accumulation of heavy camouflage, he actually covered up his heart. This contact formed an overwhelming sweep, and all the camouflage was emptied instantly.

At this moment, he felt as if he had returned to his sober self eight years ago.

"I know that you have photographed the lumishan plot. If you are tired, let me go to the battlefield." Kangmobei raised his hand and put it on Bai nianxi's hair.

When Bai nianxi heard the sound, it seemed that all her strength was hollowed out. She suddenly became weak and lost her strength to support herself. She could only and only wanted to rely on kangmobei.

Lolo lay in the dark bedroom with the lights off, his eyes reflecting the light of the cold moon.

For more than 200 days, the thin boundary at the door of his house seemed like a barrier to him, separating reality from disguise, sincerity from performance, and beggars and almsgiving.

What happened at home, Lolo just pretended not to know, because he knew that Mommy would not know how to answer her questions.

Lolo, a young man, has the patience of an adult, waiting quietly for the ending, waiting for the house, whether it is still just a house, or it will become a complete home.