

MY HIDDEN WIFE IS SWEET

Chapter 8: Stupidity

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Jinxiu Compound.

Jinxiu Compound belonged to the Fu Family, and it had always been vacant. After Gu Weiwei moved out, she lived in Jinxiu Compound for the time being.

It was a new apartment, not as luxurious as Landscape Villa. But it was well-decorated and the necessities for daily life are available.

Gu Weiwei cleaned the room, unpacked her luggage and rushed into the shower.

She removed the make-up that made her look so old and changed into a T-shirt and a pair of jeans.

After taking a rest at the new apartment for a while, she changed her wavy styled hair into a straight style. Then she went out to buy some daily clothes and necessities.

After shopping and returning home, she received a call from Old Lady, who asked her for a favor from Ming Zongyuan whom she met the other day.

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At the headquarters building of Fu's Enterprise.

The Deputy President Fu Shiqin had just accompanied Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson to their hotel and he was very anxious as he came back to the company.

"This couple is so difficult to deal with. We have made the biggest compromise! What more do they want?"

Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson arrived in the country the day before and the meeting had been going on for two days, yet the collaboration was still not yet confirmed.

This was a deal worth tens of billions of yuan and it would have a great deal to do with the expansion of Fu's Enterprise in the S Land. The loss would be tremendous if the deal was off.

"Still didn't work out with Mr. Ming?" Fu Hanzheng looked extremely displeased.

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Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson asked about a painting by Priam, and apparently, that was the key to this entire matter.

Fu Shiqin sighed anxiously, "That old dude is as stubborn as a rock! I almost kneeled down to kowtow to him! But he still does not want to spare a painting."

Fu Hanzheng pinched his eyebrows. "Prepare some first-rate tea. I will visit him tomorrow."

Fu's Enterprise had been preparing for the collaboration with the Wilson Group for a long time and nothing must go wrong.

"I don't think he will spare us a painting, even if you call him Dad." Fu Shiqin's lips pursed.

The two were in the middle of sinking into anxiety when Meng Ruya suddenly came up to them. "President Fu, Mr. Ming has been persuaded."

"Really?" Fu Shiqin stood up excitedly.

Meng Ruya nodded with a smile. "Mr. Ming agrees to spare one painting by Priam and he even invited Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson to have a visit to his villa tomorrow for a look at his personal collection."

Fu Hanzheng's expression relaxed as he nodded. "You can go back to rest, the meeting will be tomorrow afternoon."

Meng Ruya must have spent a great deal of time with Mr. Ming so that she looked quite tired with black rings emerging under her eyes.

"I will keep you company tomorrow. Mrs. Wilson would need a girl to keep her company when you men are talking business."

Fu Hanzheng thought for a second. “Go home and rest today, we will need you again tomorrow.”

Meng Ruya smiled brightly and left the office of the President.

Fu Shiqin felt his chin and mumbled curiously, “How on earth did she manage to persuade that old dude? He was so stubborn with us!”

He had been to the Ming Family several times these past two days and he had said whatever he could just to persuade Ming Zongyuan to spare one painting. Yet he failed each time.

Ruya was indeed a professional PR manager who was able to deal with such a difficult man.