

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 946

Ye Wangchuan stared at his cell phone for a long time. His deep eyes narrowed slightly as if he was amused. Especially when Old Master Ye said at the end of the message, "You have to work hard." For some reason, he could feel that he had expected better from him.

"Master Wang, what's wrong? Why are you staring at your cell phone in a daze?" Gu San came back from outside and happened to see the man standing by the counter with a cup of coffee. He seemed to be looking at his cell phone. Seeing that he was silent, he asked from behind.

"Who was it?"

He had been by Ye Wangchuan's side for more than 10 years. Their friendship was extraordinary, so he didn't have too many reservations. He leaned over and took a look at his cell phone.

Seeing Old Master Ye's message, Gu San was also stunned. Puzzled, he looked at the man in confusion. "Master Wang, what did Miss Qiao do again? Why would Old Master Ye text you to work hard?"

Why did he feel that Old Master Ye's next sentence was like "If you don't work hard, you can only depend on her"?

As soon as this thought popped up in Gu San's mind, he took a deep breath and quickly stopped himself from thinking too much.

Ye Wangchuan did not notice his actions. He casually put away his phone and said calmly, "Nothing much. Just a typical day of him losing his senses."

Gu San was speechless.

Master Wang, does Old Master Ye know that you're saying this about him behind his back?

Ye Wangchuan looked up at the second floor again. Seeing that it was extremely quiet and no one was coming down, he raised his eyebrows and said to Gu San with a deep gaze, "Help me see if the sour plum soup in the kitchen is ready."

It was obvious who the sour plum soup was made for.

Gu San ran to the kitchen.

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In the room upstairs, the sun was shining brightly outside, but there was no light in Qiao Nian's room. She used the muslin window to block some of the sunlight, and only fine rays landed on the ground.

There were many paper balls on the ground.

The girl held a 2B pencil and drew on the paper. The embryonic forms of jewelry became clear under her pencil.

However, she did not seem to be satisfied. Seeing that she was about to finish drawing a bracelet, she bit the end of the pencil and leaned back. She tore the paper off the book and crumpled it into a ball before throwing it on the ground.

Seeing that she had already ruined a whole sketchbook, Qiao Nian's eyes were extremely dark and cold. She opened the drawer and was about to take out another book.

Just as she was picking up her things, there was a knock at the door.

"What's the matter?"

Although she tried her best to suppress her frustration, her voice was also filled with impatience.

Everyone who was involved in designing knew that if someone came to disturb them during an unhappy situation, the frustration would be three times greater than usual.

It wasn't that she wanted to vent her anger on anyone, but it was quite annoying.

"Do you want some sour plum soup? I sent you a serving." The man's voice was clear and pleasant to the ear, like a trickling stream that slightly relieved the frustration in her heart.

Qiao Nian's tensed back relaxed a little and she said, "I didn't lock the door. Come in."

The laptop and drafts were scattered all over her desk. She casually threw the pencil onto the table and relaxed. She didn't hide the things in the room. Instead, she casually stood up from the chair and walked over.

"Is it cold?"

Qiao Nian looked at the black and white mug he brought in. It was the cup she usually used. She took it from him and looked up. Although her extremely dark eyes were still filled with impatience from the unsuccessful drawing of the design draft, she had good control and did not vent her anger on people who weren't to blame.

However, she was quite annoyed and wanted to drink something cold to cool down.