

# 《Sweet Marriage: Smart Cute Wife》

## Chapter 34

"Be careful."

The body fell into a lingering embrace of Lengxiang. Gu Nanchen's slightly cold words sounded different from those inhumane in the past, but reassuring.

Xia Jinsheng now focuses all her attention on the five storey old building. The empty roof is broken and rusty, but there is her little guy standing in such a place, Xia rolling.

The little guy was held by a middle-aged man who couldn't see his face clearly. He was very excited. He shouted down through the horn, "where's Gu Wensheng? Let him out. "

Gu Wensheng and Qiao qiuruo stood not far from Xia Jinsheng. Hearing what the murderer said, Xia Jinsheng immediately asked Gu Wensheng, "uncle, what's going on?"

He also looked confused. Only Qiao qiuruo clenched her thin lip and explained, "he was an unknown painter who participated in the painting exhibition last time. Due to the negligence of the staff, he forgot to sign his works. He had come to us before..."

"So? What's going on now? " Gu Wensheng's green tendons in the corner of his forehead jumped. He clearly entrusted Qiao qiuruo with full responsibility for this matter. Now he can make such a thing.

When he yelled, Qiao qiuruo also flushed his eyes, "I don't know what's going on. He thought our work team didn't pay attention to his achievements and his attitude was too tough, so he was driven out by several security guards."

Gu Wen was angry, and Xia Jinsheng immediately surged out about the painting exhibition that day after she reminded her. She remembered that she and rolling did meet a strange painter that day, and his clothes

She suddenly raised her head. Her eyes narrowed because of the stimulation of the sun's light, stained shirts and messy long hair covering her sight. Although she couldn't

really see it, Xia Jinsheng was sure that it was the painter she met that day.

The painter over there began to shout again, "haven't Gu Wensheng appeared yet? Well, if I don't show up on the count of three, don't blame me for being rude to this little guy. "

Her brain was dizzy, her eyes were black, and she was trembling. She was about to run out, but someone moved faster than her.

Gu Wensheng grabbed the horn in Qiao qiuruo's hand and tried to stop the crazy behavior of the people above, "I'm Gu Wensheng. Would you please calm down now? The child is innocent. "

"Sir, there's nothing that can't be solved. We can talk about it. I am the mother of the child in your hands. Would you please consider it from my point of view? Please don't hurt my child. " Xia Jinsheng immediately communicated with the painter after seeing Gu Wensheng finish. As soon as she saw that the little guy was still held by the railing, her heart beat completely out of order.

"From your point of view?" The painter looked at the little girl in his hand. She was quiet and didn't cry. He knew that he smiled when he looked at her. His clear eyes were full of innocence.

The painter hesitated a little, but he deliberately forced himself not to look at the clean eyes. The smile on his face was distorted, "why do you think from your point of view? Which of you has considered me? I also regard my painting as my child, but how do you treat it? Look down on it, cheat it, abuse it.

"Now I want to take it away from me. What hypocritical project, in the final analysis, is to plagiarize my work. "

Her hand holding the horn trembled. The painter's words were confused. Xia Jinsheng suspected that he might be insane. If so, the little guy will be in danger.

Gu Nanchen also found this and glared at Qiao qiuruo next to him, "have you really called the police? Why not? "

As soon as the voice fell, a rapid alarm bell came from far and near. Slowly, a police car approached. A group of people and horses were trained to get off the car, evacuate the crowded people around, and take preventive measures as soon as possible.

The painter was stunned by the sudden change. He had never seen such a big battle.

His brain full of brushes and gouache paint did not turn around for the time being.

Xia gungungung smiled. He just thought that there were many people and it was fun.

Looking at the thick cushion air cushion, Xia Jinsheng's eyebrows didn't stretch, "do they work? What if the man couldn't think of jumping down with the little guy in his arms? "

Her voice has been stained with crying. She can't imagine the scene of the little guy being hurt, otherwise she will collapse.

Gu Nanchen suddenly hugged Xia Jinsheng, comfortingly kissed her forehead and told, "you pay attention to his movements below. I'll go up quietly to see if I can save the little guy."

However, his action died at the beginning, and the painter had noticed his every move, "you are not allowed to get close to this building, or I will throw this little guy down now."

Upon hearing this, Xia Jinsheng immediately grabbed Gu Nanchen. Tears fell one by one uncontrollably, and his words were broken and could not even form a whole sentence, "I beg you... Don't be impulsive, we won't act rashly, sobbing..."

The latter words were covered by sobs. In the noisy noise, Xia Jinsheng's despair infected others and became silent one by one.

Gu Nanchen was distressed by Xia Jinsheng leaning on himself and crying. Tears soaked his clothes and his heart.

For the first time, Gu Nanchen felt powerless and doubted his ability. Can he really make Xia Jinsheng happy? Such a small thing can't be done.

Gu Wensheng looked at the picture of the two holding together and was equally anxious, "you don't let me mess around, you don't mess around. But the gentleman above, I want to ask you, "what are you going to do?"

The asked painter was suddenly stunned and looked blankly at the little girl in his hand. What was he going to do before? Because his work did not sign his name, he wanted to revenge Gu Wensheng.

Yes, he wants to revenge Gu Wensheng.

"You ignored the fruits of my work as a creator and took away my beloved things. Now I want you to experience the feeling of losing your beloved." The arc of the

painter's mouth is widening, and the whole person looks very abnormal. The sad smile makes his hair occupy more than half, and the appearance of the whole face becomes more and more frightening and shivering.

The little guy cried at once. The painter's already flustered heart was even more anxious at this moment. He shouted at the little guy fiercely, "shut up and cry again. I'll throw you down immediately."

The people at the bottom broke into pieces when they heard the little guy crying. Gu Wensheng almost roared, "asshole, what are you bullying a child? Children are innocent. Why are you angry with me? "

Compared with Gu Wensheng's outburst, Xia Jinsheng is more complacent, "roll, don't cry. Mommy's here. It's okay. What, sir, please don't hurt my child. "

The two of them, one black face and the other white face, have a tacit understanding of cooperation.

Gu Nanchen narrowed his eyes. After his eyes stayed on them for a moment, he whispered to a nearby police officer, "can you act from behind the building? There's a building behind that. "

The police officer nodded. He was flattered that the president of Gu's group could communicate with him. He immediately lowered his eyebrows and listened, "we've taken action. We're a special special force. We're safe. Now we just need to stabilize the painter's mood. "

"Do you have any information about that man? I want one then. " Gu Nanchen nodded. Although he was dissatisfied with the police officer's intentional concealment, it is still an important thing for the little guy at present.

The police officer was embarrassed. Gu Nanchen knew it and didn't bother much.

On the other side, xiaogungun heard his mother's voice and immediately stopped crying. He looked at the painter and whispered, "uncle, I miss my mother. Can I go back? "

The painter was stunned for a moment, and some lamented that children's emotions changed too quickly and caught people off guard.

"Uncle, can't you? My mommy seems very worried. " Xia rolling is coquettish. Bean's big small eyes are full of expectations. Although she really wants to struggle directly, Xiao rolling glances at the fearsome ground and immediately grabs the painter's collar with fear.

The artist's hesitation, which was originally hesitation, was more tortured at this moment. He didn't know how to choose.

Suddenly, the little guy shouted excitedly, pointed to a place and said, "did you draw that? It's beautiful. "

In order to facilitate creation, the painter often painted on this rooftop. Later, he simply rented the whole room on the top floor. Now his paintings are all on this rooftop.

The picture Xia gungungung refers to is a sea view: the blue sea water and the tile blue sky complement each other, and the white seagulls fly and hover at the sea level. On the golden beach, children in fortresses, lovers walking, crawling crabs are vivid

"Did you draw this?" The little guy asked persistently.

"Yes." The painter nodded and mentioned his words. His eyes showed a gentle color. He couldn't help holding the little guy slowly towards the painting.

The people below didn't know what had happened. They were confused. Xia Jinsheng only felt that his heart seemed to be pinched by an invisible hand and couldn't breathe.

"What's going on?" Xia Jinsheng could not help but hold Gu Nanchen's big hand, as if only in this way could she have the courage to stand.

Gu Nanchen patted Xia Jinsheng on the back and stopped Gu Wensheng's next action. "Don't shout first. There should be nothing wrong."

Gu Wensheng nodded. With the little guy's intelligence and agility, if something really happened, the little guy would not be so calm.

In Gu Nanchen's reminder, Xia Jinsheng obviously noticed this neglected point, and Xia Jinsheng's tight nerves relaxed a little.

"Did you draw it yourself? That's great. " Rolling praise without stinginess.

It is said that children's emotions are the most simple. They often express their ideas most intuitively. The painter can't help looking a little moved. He pointed to the picture just now and asked rolling, "do you know what this is?"

Summer rolled a little brain and vowed, "of course, the sea." When she was abroad, Xia Jinsheng once took her to see the sea.

The painter stagnated for a second, looked at his paintings with dignified eyes, and

soon laughed, "yes, it's the sea." At the moment of laughing, the painter found that the previous ridicule was no longer important, and his heart was unprecedented clear. The painter put down Xia Gungun, "little guy, I'm sorry, you go..." before the painter finished his next words, he was knocked on the back of the head, fainted and fell to the ground lightly " Ah. " The little guy exclaimed, frightened by the sudden change.