

《Sweet Marriage: Smart Cute Wife》

Chapter 39

"Second uncle, haven't you arrived yet?" The long hospital corridor can't see the end. The little guy is eager to insert a pair of wings to speed up his speed.

Gu Nanchen gently points his chin and points to a closed yellow door in front of the little guy. Next to the inner window, the original painter stands quietly.

When the painter heard the movement behind him, he immediately turned around, and the happy figure of the little guy broke into his sight for the first time.

"Gu..." the artist's lips wriggled, as if to call the little guy's name, but he only remembered a last name.

Villain Jing suddenly understood the meaning of the painter, and Dafang Fang reported his name, "my name is Xia Gungun."

Big eyes to small eyes, are knowing a smile.

"Want to see me draw?" The painter squatted down and rubbed the little guy's soft hair, and a big smile bloomed on his face.

It was also because of this smile that Xia Jinsheng's guard against artists decreased a lot. Gu Nanchen moved the only chair to let Xia Jinsheng sit down.

The painter has skillfully set up the drawing board and picked up the brush to show the little guy his painting. Xia Jinsheng and Gu Nanchen have been completely ignored by the other two.

At that time, a doctor dressed man came in and was slightly surprised to see the scene in the room. Xia Jinsheng saw the ID photo of his chest. The man was a psychologist.

It was estimated that it should be for the painter to consult or enlighten. Xia Jinsheng smiled at the visitor, "this..."

The man smiled back, "it seems that I don't need me here." With that, the man turned

and left gracefully.

One hand wrapped around his waist. Xia Jinsheng's body stiffened. She looked at the man who took advantage of him with a smile. If the little guy wasn't here, she would beat him all over the ground looking for teeth.

"Huh?" Dare to smile so happily in front of other men. Gu Nanchen feels it necessary for the little woman to realize who she is.

The painter is still painting, and the little guy is interested in it, while the actions on the man's hands are becoming more and more excessive, constantly sliding down, and even maliciously kneading her hips.

It was as if an electric current hit the body, and the whole body was crisp and numb. Xia Jinsheng dared not let Gu Nanchen go on like this again. With a cold face, he grabbed the man's hand.

She got rid of Gu Nanchen. Gu Nanchen didn't make trouble. He was going to step forward and continue to tease Xia Jinsheng. The idea hasn't been put into practice. The little guy over there stood on the opposite side of him for the first time--

"Second uncle, uncle is painting. Be quiet."

He was taught a lesson by the little guy. Gu Nanchen couldn't hang on his face. Yu Guang from the corner of his eye accidentally caught a glimpse of Xia Jinsheng's gloating smile.

When the painter finally finished his painting, Xia Jinsheng remembered what Gu Wensheng had told him before and immediately said to the painter, "I'm really sorry about the signature before. We have punished those staff members. Your paintings have been marked with your name, and we will show them in the exhibition."

Smelling the speech, the painter's eyes finally moved from the little guy to Xia Jinsheng, glanced at her lightly, and then quickly turned back to the little guy and turned his head to see the little guy draw gourds as he had just done, drawing on blank paper. The painter bent his mouth and leaned down to teach Xia rolling some simple painting skills.

The little guy learned very fast. When she finished a painting, the corner of her mouth was in the back of her head. Xia Jinsheng was confused.

She thought the painter would be very excited when she heard the news, but now he is so calm that he has no response at all. Why does Xia Jinsheng think so strange.

Gu Nanchen's face was suddenly very dignified and mysterious.

The little guy happily folded the painting and solemnly handed it to the painter. The painter was a little stunned. He looked at the little guy pointing to the painting and asked, "what are you going to do?"

Rolling has raised his lovely little face and his tone is very firm, "here you are."

The painter looked at his words and couldn't help laughing, "thank you, little guy."

The other two people in the room noticed that now rolling and painter are the protagonists, and they have played a dispensable role.

However, Xia Jinsheng was satisfied to see the innocent smile on the little guy's face.

The car drove slowly on the way home. The little guy began to feel sleepy when he got on the bus after playing all day. Only Xia Jinsheng and Gu Nanchen were silent.

He sent people back home, but Gu Nanchen didn't show any intention to leave. Instead, he sat on the sofa and enjoyed Xia Jinsheng's busy posture. Xia Jinsheng was hair straight in his heart.

"Second uncle, you can say something directly." Xia Jinsheng sat down opposite him, feeling frightened.

Gu Nanchen gracefully shook the coffee cup in his hand, and circles of water lines immediately appeared in the cup. The man's half drooping eyes cast a shadow on the lower part of his eyes. This alone is enough to make many women sigh.

His voice contains the unique magnetism of men and is particularly comfortable to listen to. It is the kind of voice that the quadratic party often says "it's good to hear your ears pregnant".

He said, "Xia Jinsheng, let's be together."

The woman whose name he called was stunned. Her heart beat like thunder. It was like a rabbit running amok in her heart. Xia Jinsheng was very upset.

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The night light is a little cold at night. Xia Jinsheng is still staying up late fighting against his laptop. Gu Nanchen doesn't know when he has left. There is still a cold coffee on the table.

The little guy slept soundly in the bed not far away.

Quiet room, light breathing sound, finger tapping

The sound of the keyboard and the faint sound of insects outside the window constitute a quiet summer night.

Suddenly, a melodious mobile phone ring rang, and Gu Wensheng called in the middle of the night. She couldn't figure out what was urgent for her uncle to find her at this time.

"Hey, uncle, what's up so late?" Xia Jinsheng connected the phone and stretched himself. After sitting for a long time, he felt uncomfortable all over.

"Jin Sheng, didn't you and your second uncle do anything to that painter this afternoon?" Gu Wensheng's voice revealed uncertainty and implied deep uneasiness.

Xia Jinsheng almost laughed after hearing this. What can she do with her second uncle? Although she really hated the artist who kidnapped rolling, it was also because of the little guy's love for him that she had no way to resent a person who kidnapped her children.

But uncle would ask, is something wrong? The next second, Gu Wensheng answered her doubts.

"The painter committed suicide." Gu Wensheng on the other end of the phone was silent for a long time, and suddenly came out with such a sentence.

The mobile phone in her hand almost slipped down. Her ear was buzzing. She didn't listen to what Gu Wensheng said behind her.

Subconsciously, Xia Jinsheng took a look at the direction of the sleeping little guy. Xia Jinsheng leaned his mobile phone closer and lowered his voice, "uncle, what's going on?"

"I don't know. Anyway, the painter jumped out of a building and committed suicide for no reason." Gu Wensheng was also in a mess. An Ruoying's condition had just improved. In the middle of the night, he ran here to prepare for the painting exhibition. As a result, the police suddenly called him and told him the bad news.

Hearing this news, Gu Wensheng thought of Xia Jinsheng and Gu Nanchen for the first time. He still remembered that the little guy had been talking about going to see the painter's uncle. It was easy to think about it alone. Gu Wensheng simply called Xia Jinsheng for confirmation.

She said she didn't do anything. Gu Wensheng naturally believed her, but not necessarily the police. Gu Wensheng's just stretched eyebrows wrinkled again.

Xia Jinsheng knew his worry. At this time, he calmed down more and more like a nobody. "Uncle, it's all right. The police comrades will find out the truth."

Early the next morning, Gu Nanchen rushed over. Xia Jinsheng wouldn't let him in unless he had breakfast in his hand.

He also knew about the painter's suicide, and Gu Wensheng first knew how the composition and subsequent progress were. When he said he knew the truth, Xia Jinsheng's curiosity was immediately brought up.

"Second uncle, what's going on?" Xia Jinsheng was as anxious as ants on a hot pot.

At this time, Gu Nanchen joked with her. He saw the man leaning back lazily and pretending, "Oh, my shoulders are a little sour."

Where doesn't she know what he means? Xia Jinsheng's angry molars wanted to directly pick up the pillow around him and hit the man.

Xia Jinsheng endured for a long time, and finally reason prevailed over thought. She stretched out her hand and pinched her shoulder for the ill intentioned man.

"The painter committed suicide. There are suicide notes and a picture in his room. The picture is now with your uncle." When a woman satisfies a man, he will naturally meet her and take what she needs.

"What do you mean?" Why is she listening in the clouds?

Gu Nanchen looked at Xia Jinsheng with an expression called "Why are you so stupid", and told her again in detail.

This time she finally understood.

It turned out that the painter was ashamed of what he had done. Although xiaogungung forgave him, his conscience was condemned. He jumped out of a building and committed suicide.

Before jumping out of a building to commit suicide, the painter changed his previous works in the painting exhibition into the painting painted in front of the little guy, and told Dao to send the painting to Xia gunroll after the painting exhibition.

Xia Jinsheng was immersed in amazement and sadness. He couldn't imagine what it would be like if the little guy knew about it.

Three days later, Gu Wensheng brought the painting the painter said to the little guy.

At that time, the little guy was still feeling sleepy when the chicken pecked the rice. At the moment when he saw the picture, he immediately woke up, held the framed picture and looked at the uncle indefinitely, "Uncle Qin, are you really going to give it to me?"

Xia Jinsheng was stunned and didn't realize that Xiaogungung was talking about the painter. Xia Jinsheng didn't know until he saw Gu Wensheng nodding.

It turned out that the painter's surname was Qin.

Not long after the uncle left, the second uncle came again, and this time he didn't come alone. The three people on the sofa consciously rolled around. Xia Jinsheng felt that her small place was very lively for the first time.