

《Sweet Marriage: Smart Cute Wife》

Chapter 73

People were scared away and the director was embarrassed to see Er Chun. He has been wandering in this circle for many years. I don't know the selfishness of Er Chun.

Originally, he didn't like such a personal existence, but after all, it's hard for investors to explain. Er Chun walked over and patted him on the shoulder. "I'm not afraid. I still write about her very pleasing. There will be a group of fans. Investors have nowhere to find fault."

The director immediately clapped her hand, laughing and scolding whether it was big or small. Er Chun became even more cheerful and gave the other party a bear hug, which made everyone who was usually serious blush.

Tut tut Tut, this is the charm of beauty. Jin Sheng stood aside and sighed. At the same time, he didn't forget to cover the little guy's eyes and told "children can't see."

"Moreover, without one investor, we can find another investor." Seeing that he was about to be taught a lesson by the director, Er Chun quickly pulled Xia Jinsheng to stop the gun, "we have a walking gold mine here. What are you afraid of?"

She screamed in her heart. Seeing the director's consideration, her eyes fell on herself, full of doubts.

Obviously I can't believe it.

The little guy who was winked by Er Chun immediately stood up and said, "my second uncle is the president of Gu's group, and my grandfather is the chairman. I'll get them to invest... HMM "

She wanted to block the little guy's mouth, but she couldn't achieve the ultimate goal. Xia Jinsheng saw the green light in the director's eyes, which was her classic expression when she saw the money.

Gu's group, one of the largest consortia in the city, can't keep up with many people. Now his crew has two people so close to Gu's family.

Not a cornucopia. What is it? The director became more and more satisfied and smiled

a little.

"Children's words without taboo, children's words without taboo." Her dry explanation didn't get much effect. The director patted her on the shoulder like a leader to his subordinates and left contentedly.

Xia Jinsheng wanted to cry without tears. The little guy was his own. Naturally, he couldn't be angry with her. He had to rub his hands and look at the culprit, "OK, all my ideas have hit me."

"Hee hee, good resources are not in vain." Er Chun's face was rarely shy. In a moment, he made a gesture to Xia Jinsheng to kiss him, "come on, xiaoshengsheng, I'll kiss you."

Without hesitation, he pressed his hand on her face to stop her from approaching. Xia Jinsheng squeezed out a word from his teeth, "get out!"

Although she said so, Er Chun could hear that Xia Jinsheng was not angry with her, so she relaxed a lot.

"If I can, I'll discuss it with my second uncle." In Er Chun's shocked eyes, she slowly said this sentence.

"You..." the huge surprise attacked every cell in her body. Er Chun couldn't say a complete word. Up to now, she couldn't believe her ears.

Xia Jinsheng hummed twice, pretending to be cold, "if you want to say thank you, you can avoid it."

Not long after she was on the crew, Wei Qing suddenly called and said that a clothing exhibition needed her help.

Please, Er Chun took care of the little guy. Xia Jinsheng took a taxi to Wei Qing. There were scattered fabrics and ready-made clothes on the floor in such a large room, and several models fell down.

The standing ones are all gorgeous clothes with different styles.

"What's wrong with you?" Xia Jinsheng couldn't help laughing at what he threw all over the floor. In fact, compared with his madness abroad, it has converged a lot.

"Here you are." Just listening to the sound, he knew that Xia Jinsheng was coming. Without moving his eyes from his design drawings, he stuffed a dress for her to process.

Xia Jinsheng, who was stuffed with tears and laughter, knew that she had made coolies for him in vain, but she was not reluctant.

During that period abroad, she took design as an elective course. Because she was pregnant and later had to take care of the little guy, her study was always intermittent.

By the way, design!

Xia Jinsheng patted her forehead angrily. Why didn't she expect to develop in design after the company resigned?

Wei Qing, who had always seen her inaction, raised her head curiously. Her actions just now fell into her eyes. She was more curious, "what's the matter?"

"Let me learn design with you." Xia Jinsheng smiles and finds out how she wants to develop. Now her heart is full of Cheng Liang.

He was slightly stunned and smiled, "that feeling is good."

If she renovates the design, it will mean a further relationship with him. How does that make him unhappy?

"Why did you suddenly think of this?" If he remembers correctly, Jin Sheng should be working in Gu's group now. She wants to learn design. Does her family allow it?

Especially the one who lives with her now.

"I want to give up because my previous work was not satisfactory." Xia Jinsheng shrugged and picked up the clothes he had just given himself.

A simple wedding dress without losing atmosphere. The style is very novel, the sense of fashion is very strong, and it will not be too avant-garde. However, this wedding dress is only suitable for small groups, and more accurately, it is only suitable for stars or rich families.

As expected, he still maintained his consistent style. Most people can only flinch from the fashion of a few people. Xia Jinsheng shook his head helplessly and began to carefully deal with the clothes he gave himself.

After a while, she began to feel difficult. After all, she didn't rely on professional food. She could only give more detailed treatment to professional tailors and occasionally provide Wei Qing with some unique opinions.

As soon as he was busy, he forgot the time. Under the reminder of the people around him, Xia Jinsheng noticed that it was time to go home and take care of the little guy.

Wei Qing was also aware of this. He quickly released the man and promised, "when you're finished, I'll invite you to a big meal to thank you. Don't forget to bring the little guy."

"OK, no problem. Then I'll go back. Bye. " Picked up her bag, she turned and left.

Looking at her gradually leaving back, Wei Qing's mind became hot and gave birth to an impulse to stop her.

In fact, he did.

Xia Jinsheng looked back at him and frowned, "what's up?"

He opened his mouth, as if the tape had failed at this moment. He was stunned and couldn't spit out a word.

His reaction made Xia Jinsheng cry and laugh. Xia Jinsheng walked slowly in front of him and punched him in the chest, "what's more polite with me? Let's get this straight. "

She thought he had something to turn to her for help.

With a flash of inspiration in her mind, Wei Qing suddenly held Xia Jinsheng's hand with excitement, "come and model for me and show me the final performance."

Huh? Xia Jinsheng turned into a goose in a second. Although she was about 1.7 meters tall, she was inconspicuous in the modeling industry, and she was completely a layman in this regard. Isn't Wei Qing afraid to come back to his fashion show?

It must be that this guy has been busy designing recently. He's confused, or he's been working overtime these days. There's something wrong with his ears.

In fact, even Wei Qing was very surprised at his request. He could not withdraw his words even if they had been spoken. Moreover, the finale fashion I designed again matches Xia Jinsheng's temperament very well. Thinking of this layer, he started the idea of persuading Xia Jinsheng.

Xia Jinsheng agreed, but asked that he must wear a mask on his face on the day of exhibition. Wei Qing agreed.

When he got home, er Chun, wearing underwear and underwear, collapsed on the sofa

in the standard posture of Beijing paralysis, and didn't treat himself as an outsider at all. The little guy drew gourds on one side.

The nanny cooked in the kitchen. Occasionally, she glanced at the scene on the sofa. The smile on her mouth couldn't help rising. When she saw Xia Jinsheng, it faded, "Miss Xia, you're back. The meal will be ready in a minute."

She nodded, put down her bag, sat down on the sofa, slapped on ER Chun's delicate thigh, and said helplessly, "you'll teach rolling bad."

Er Chun didn't know whether she was talking about her clothes or her sitting posture. She didn't care about either. She grabbed a handful of potato chips and stuffed them into her mouth:

"It's all right, so that others can see that we are a family at a glance."

She couldn't find a better reason to refute Er Chun, so she had to keep the status quo by the big and small in front of her.

"What's the matter with Wei Qing who is looking for you today?" Er Chun has a heart to talk and hands Xia Jinsheng a handful of potato chips, but she doesn't want them.

"Design matters." She had nothing to hide about this. She told the truth and didn't forget to mention her plan. "I'm going to learn design again and develop into a designer in the future."

Er Chun immediately couldn't believe your powerful expression, which led Xia Jinsheng to fight with her for a while, but she wanted to learn the idea of design, and the other party supported it 120%.

They were having a good chat. The little guy gave her the fixed landline microphone at home, "Mommy, the second uncle came to check the post."

The little guy clearly saw that his mother's body shook. After a while, he reluctantly picked up the microphone, "Hello, second uncle."

This is the first call Gu Nanchen made to himself in the three days since he left.

"Are there others over there?"

He trained in the barracks earlier. His hearing is much sharper than that of ordinary people. Just now he clearly heard Xia Jinsheng chatting with others on the phone.

Knowing what he was worried about, Xia Jinsheng deliberately worried him, "do you

care about this kind of thing?"

The tone is relaxed and witty. It's not worth your life to be angry.

It's like a girl in love who is singing the opposite tune to her boyfriend. Er Chun's eyes shine. She seems to smell gossip and passion?

"Huh?" His voice quenched the ice. The anger implied in his calm tone was like the turbulent sea level, and she was like a dying boat in the rainstorm, which was about to be submerged by the fierce waves

Often as long as he spits out such a simple syllable, Xia Jinsheng is like an angry ball. This time is no exception, "well, er Chun is in our house."

It was her. Xia Jinsheng took it home and introduced it to a screenwriter he knew, and the other party was a woman. Gu Nanchen's face immediately improved a lot when he thought of this layer, and his tone became soft, "well, I see."

Then he hung up. Hung up? Xia Jinsheng took the phone and looked unbelievable. Did he call for this? Shouldn't he have something important? What a mystery! When she put down the phone, she saw Er Chun staring at herself with interest. The eyes full of curiosity made her hair in her heart "what's the matter? Put it quickly. It doesn't wait until it expires." Er Chun smiled coyly and made a gesture of shaking her handkerchief. He smiled coyly, "you're a nuisance." " Goose bumps fell all over her.