

《Sweet Marriage: Smart Cute Wife》

Chapter 93

Approaching the Mid Autumn Festival, the little guy's play has been finished. The kindergarten is on holiday. The first day, the little guy slept in bed all day.

Xia Jinsheng understood that she was too tired these days and let her go, but the next day the little guy still depended on the trend of staying in bed all day, which was not enough!

"Get up, you're young. Youth can't be buried in bed." She stretched out her hand to pull it, but the little guy skillfully avoided it. Xia Jinsheng only touched a mass of cold air.

"I don't know." Xia Yuxiu deliberately pinched his throat, pretended to be an old man, and pretended to cough twice. "Cough, don't look at me. I'm young on the surface, but I'm 120 years old."

High sounding. If you don't look at the little guy's face, you will really take what she just said seriously. The child's ability to learn to speak lines is all used in this.

"Little bastard." Xia Jinsheng tried to tickle her when she caught the little guy. The little guy was bullied with tears in his eyes, but the corners of his mouth kept grinning. Only Xia Jinsheng said, "if you are one hundred and twenty years old, don't your mommy and I all live to be old goblins."

"Mommy is always young."

"Just your poor mouth."

Gu Nanchen Wu raised his head, "this Mid Autumn Festival is going back to the old house."

His cool voice broke the warmth of the moment in an instant. Xia Jinsheng was a little unnatural. When it came to returning to the old house, the first thought in Xia Jinsheng's mind was: what should she call the old man?

It's not appropriate to call grandpa's generation. If you call Dad... Xia Jinsheng's back cools and he's worried that he will be stabbed to death by the old man's crutch.

"Well, go back." Real warriors dare to face the bleak life and face the dripping blood.

In previous years, as long as people were in city a, the reunion festivals of the size of the Mid Autumn Festival were to live with the elders in the old house. The old man valued tradition. This time I still want to give the old man face and go back for the festival.

In fact, the real reason is that Xia Jinsheng realized that she can hide from the first day of junior high school, but she can't hide from the fifteenth day! After the Mid Autumn Festival, there are a lot of festivals waiting for her, such as Double Ninth Festival, winter solstice and Spring Festival.

In line with the principle of early death and early rebirth, Xia Jinsheng dressed the little guy early in the morning on August 15 of the lunar calendar and made her a little princess who came out of the picture.

Gu Nanchen wanted to press her to revisit the idea of gentle Township, and she was stillborn. She recognized the planting and drove them back to her house.

But they wanted to give the old man face, but Gu Jun didn't give them face at all. When the car stopped outside the iron gate, the housekeeper rubbed the sweat that didn't exist on his face, trembled, and said as fine as a mosquito's foot:

"Little, young master, the master said you don't have to come back today."

Closing the door and saying such words made it clear that he was driving away. Gu Nanchen was cold all over, and the murderous spirit burst out from the bottom of his eyes. The housekeeper trembled like chaff, buried his head like a quail, and beat a drum in his heart.

"Go away!" His voice was heavy, a trace of darkness passed from the bottom of his eyes, and there was fierce anger in it. Gu Nanchen's pupils narrowed slightly, stared at a point, and the accelerator at his feet made a sound.

It seems that he is going to knock the broken door open directly. The housekeeper ducked to one side and wanted to tell him that he couldn't do so. His words were stunned by his fierce eyes.

No, no!

Xia Jinsheng next to him also found his intention. Even if his heart was sour due to humiliation, he forced himself to be calm. His slender hand covered his palm, "no, let's go back."

Gu Nanchen turned back and engraved her pretending to be strong into the bottom of his heart. He felt distressed for a while. He vowed that such humiliation would never let Xia Jinsheng suffer a second time.

"OK." After a long time, he opened his mouth. He didn't know when he had climbed up the ferocious blood in his eyes. Xia Jinsheng just breathed a sigh of relief, and the car suddenly shot out like an arrow off the string.

Ho ho!

With a loud noise, the black Maybach directly opened the iron door. After the two doors drew a parabola in the air, they crashed to the ground with two sounds

Xia Jinsheng couldn't recover from the huge shock for a long time. He shook his body with the car and opened his eyes to face such a scene.

"You're sick! Psycho! " The impact just now completely stunned her, and her grievance had long been replaced by anger.

Why is this man so impulsive? What if he can't control it well and the people on the bus are injured? Remembering that there was a little guy in the back seat, Xia Jinsheng hurriedly turned back to check her situation.

"Mommy, it hurts." The little guy covered his head with tears in his eyes. Xia Jinsheng took her hand away and found that fortunately, he just hit the seat and his forehead was a little red.

Gu Nanchen also found it and denounced his carelessness. Xia Jinsheng also knew that he didn't mean it. He sighed and asked him, "what should I do now? Are you going in?"

When he opened the door, it was obvious that most of the elements were forced to break in, but he went in like this and couldn't figure out how to be scolded by the old man for a while.

"Who said I was going in? I won't come next time they invite me. " With that, Gu Nanchen started the accelerator, and the of the car soon disappeared in the housekeeper's view.

Xia Jinsheng really lost his temper and looked at him with his chin. "So why did you knock the door open?"

"I'd love to." The old man embarrassed him. How could he be indifferent? It was light

to break a door. He saw the little guy's puzzled face through the rearview mirror. The hostility in Gu Nanchen's eyes was replaced by tenderness, "little guy, try not to talk to your grandpa in the future, you know?" The little guy who always listened to him nodded at once. Xia Jinsheng glared and frowned, "roll, don't listen to him." His eyes turned to Gu Nanchen, but, "you're teaching bad children." "I'm just teaching bad children." Gu Nanchen nods. No matter what Xia Jinsheng thinks, he won't let the little guy go back to his house recently. Think about the self-centered old man at home. It's time for him to suffer a little. She was unable to persuade, so she was lazy to take care of it, and Gu Nanchen did so. In fact, she was a little cool in her heart. Soon after they left, Gu ya'er ran out, surprised at the scene in front of her, and forced the stunned housekeeper, "where's my brother?" "Go back." Just after a great God was sent away, another Buddha came. The housekeeper complained endlessly in his heart and respectfully said, "it's the master who let them....." the words behind were self-evident, but a sullen thunder exploded in Gu ya'er's head. The master would not let them go back long ago, but they all came to the door and let them leave. What's not a shame? No wonder he asked him a few days ago to let his brother and sister-in-law come back for the Mid Autumn Festival. He didn't speak. Ya'er thought he was opening one eye and closing the other. Unexpectedly, he dug a hole here. That's a good calculation! Gu ya'er felt guilty when he remembered that his accomplice, who was attentive a few days ago, persuaded Gu Nanchen. Angrily, he ran away from the villa and went to the study to confront someone face to face. When Chu Yu saw her, she frowned and muttered, "girls have no self-cultivation." The only person who answered her was the figure of Gu ya'er passing by. The door was pushed open by her, regardless of what the people inside were doing, "Dad, how can you stop your brother and sister-in-law outside the door." The old man was practicing calligraphy. Because of her movement, he shook his brush hand and immediately fainted on the white paper. A mouse shit ruined a pot of porridge, and the front was all white. "What does it look like to make a fuss?" Even if he was angry, Gu Jun was not willing to say a heavy word to Gu ya'er. It would be more like discussing, "Xia Jinsheng's little girl film is not your sister-in-law." Like hearing the Arabian Nights, Gu ya'er's voice trembled, "Dad, you haven't accepted Jinsheng yet, have you? They got the certificate, and they have all the children. Dad, why do you..." "Shut up!" The brush in the old man's hand hit the table heavily, and he didn't care if the ink splashed on his hand. His eyes seemed to be burning. Gu ya'er's mood was also picked up. Relying on the old man's love for himself, he spit out whatever he wants to say, "I shut up, which is also a fact. They just got the license and lost their protection in law. Legally, Jin Sheng is part of our family." "I told you to shut up and fuck the law. If I don't admit it, I won't admit it." Gu Jun was so angry with her arrogant attitude that when she saw that she wholeheartedly maintained Xia Jinsheng's reason, the thread snapped. No matter what he caught in his hand, he tried his best to hit Gu ya'er. It was a black grinding table, and the sharp corners hit Gu ya'er's head. The ink spilled out and blackened most of her face, and the white skirt was full of spots. The head was warm and sticky, and there was a sharp pain in the hit place. Something was flowing out and mixed in the ink. She touched her forehead blankly. When she put it down, her hands were scarlet, and the air was filled

with a faint smell of blood. Gu Jun gave her such a heavy hand for the first time. Seeing the dazzling blood color, Gu Jun's anger disappeared. He looked at her anxiously, opening his mouth to speak, but he couldn't pronounce a syllable. His hands drooped powerlessly, but he couldn't save face to apologize to a younger generation. Gu ya'er didn't see Gu Jun's little move because he was stunned by the blood on his hand. Tears rushed out of his eyes, "Dad, you wait for regret. If you don't recognize Jin Sheng, we'll see if rolling will recognize you." "She dares!" The old man's fragile nerves were provoked by her? His eyes stared like brass bells and wanted to jump out. He would never allow anyone to dare to resist him. What's more, this situation mentioned by Gu ya'er is not allowed to exist. Tears made the world illusory. Gu ya'er stared at Gu Jun as if she had never known this man, "Dad, you're absolutely wrong." With that, she couldn't help running out, Mid Autumn Festival reunion or something. Go to hell! When I went downstairs, I met Chu Yu. Chu Yu was going to teach her a lesson about her impetuosity, but she was slightly surprised when she saw her embarrassed appearance. There was a touch of joy in the depths of her eyes. Take a panoramic view of everything. Gu ya'er opened a sarcastic arc around her mouth. In her eyes, the family had no desire to continue to stay. Leave.