

The Yun Family's Ninth Child is an Imp! Chapter 1942

Hearing Yun Chujiu's words, Mo Fangqin was still a little uncertain. The plain brocade was obviously a defective product. Anyone with eyes could tell. How did it become so popular with her? Was that even possible?

After lunch, Mo Xiaoting sent someone to deliver a few plain brocade to Yun Chujiu.

Mo Fangqin's heart turned cold when she saw it!

Not only were the colors of the plain brocade mottled, but the patterns on each of them were also different. Even if she wanted to piece them together, she wouldn't be able to. It would be strange if someone bought these rags!

Yun Chujiu's eyes lit up as she looked at the rags, it was as if she was looking at gold and silver treasures, "Baby! Baby! Third sister, these will soon turn into shiny spirit stones! When the time comes, I will let you drink soup even if you eat meat."

Mo Fangqin's eyes twitched. Drink Soup? If you don't let me be implicated by you, I will be Amitabha!

Yun chujiu took out a large kitchen knife and cut off a piece of cloth. Then, she said to Mo fangqin with a smile, "Third sister, I have an important task for you."

Mo Fangqin was dumbfounded. "What task?"

"It's very simple. Just stand still and don't move."

After Yun Chujiu finished speaking, she took the piece of cloth and started to gesture at Mo Fangqin's body. At times, she was happy, but at other times, she frowned as if she was mentally ill.

"Big Sister, don't tell me you still want to sell these cloth as clothes? You told your grandfather that you would sell these cloth within half a month. This amount of time is not enough to make clothes. Moreover, even if you can finish it, you won't have enough time to sell it! Moreover, can the clothes made from these clothes be worn?" Mo fangqin felt that Yun Chujiu was bragging too much this time, it was impossible to sell these clothes.

Yun chujiu gestured for a long time before she said to Mo fangqin, "Third sister, go play by yourself! I have to be busy!"

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Although Mo Fangqin was puzzled, she still tactfully left.

Yun chujiu took out a pile of rice paper, then took out a brush, ink, paper, and Inkstone, and began to draw.

This guy drew one, but was not satisfied, so he rolled it into a ball and threw it on the ground.

He drew another one, but was not satisfied, so he rolled it into a ball and threw it on the ground.

Soon, the ground was full of paper balls.

During dinner, Mo fangqin came to find Yun Chujiu, and was shocked when she pushed the door open. She saw that the ground was full of waste paper balls, and Yun Chujiu was still drawing.

Mo fangqin saw a stack of drawings on the table and could not help but pick up one. It was a drawing of clothes. Although it was just a simple sketch with pen and ink, it was still eye-catching.

The style of these clothes was something she had never seen before. Was the country bumpkin preparing to use these plain brocade satin to cut into ready-made clothes? However, would this defective product ruin this exquisite design?

Just as Mo Fangqin was thinking about it, she heard Yun chujiu say, "You came at the right time. My handwriting is too elegant and elegant. I'm afraid that others won't recognize it. You write it."

Mo Fangqin pursed her lips. Elegant and elegant? ! I'm afraid that your handwriting is too ugly? !

Mo Fangqin took the brush and Yun Chujiu took out a drawing and handed it to her. "This ready-made clothing is made of red cloth and white plain cloth. The material must be light and thin."

The image of the ready-made garment flashed in Mo Fangqin's mind. The mottled pattern on the garment, coupled with the white cloth, should have a good effect.

Yun Chujiu let Mo Fangqin write down the remaining items that needed to be marked in the drawing. Then, she stretched. "Okay, it's time for dinner."