

## Let Me Go, Mr. Hill! by Shallow South Chapters 2076

### Chapter 2076

Shocked for a long time, she admired her thumbs up, "As expected, we are Master Qingrui and we can eat all hot pots. If a high-end, high-grade little girl is really a blessing."

"so what?"

Song Qingrui set off a forgiveness, and his interest was black eyes. "Last time I helped you, you said you wanted to invite me to dinner, but now I asked you to eat first. You said you owe me how much meals you owe me."

"Remember, remember, I don't have any mobility problems, wait for me to recover slowly."

Lin Fanyue used to feel that people under pressure did not know if Song Qingrui owed too much debt to Song Qingrui.

After she finished speaking, she couldn't wait to pick up the chopsticks and walk over to the hot pot to fish for food.

Song Qingrui blocked her chopsticks.

"What are you doing?" Lin Fanyue glared at him darkly with big eyes, with a touch of moving and pity.

"Miss Lin, please stop. The doctor told you to move as little as possible. I will pick you up what you want to eat." Song Qingrui was proficient in picking up a piece of beef from the hot pot and putting it in her bowl. "Eat slowly, don't burn it."

Next, Lin Fanyue basically only needs to take chopsticks to eat. She found that Song

Qingrui really has a skill in blanching meat. But there is nothing to say. The time to master is that the meat is just right and the quality is not soft or hard.

This hot pot let Lin Fanyue understand that the ingredients are time is really important.

After eating and drinking, she couldn't help but glance at Song Qingrui who was eating next to her.

Everyone who eats hot pot, his mouth is clean and there is no trace of oil stains, only the curvature is beautiful, the lips are spicy, and the reddishness, but the redder the lining, the whiter the skin is, and the whole person seems to be faint under the lamp. Just as good-looking as the light.

Lin Fanyue drank a sip of milk and said with emotion, "Qingrui, you are so good and you

are a person, so many girls outside should like it."

"Yeah." Song Qingrui was earnestly scooping up the ingredients, and the voice overflowing from the nose seemed to be full of reason.

"Then what kind of girl do you like is really curious about how your wife will look like when you marry in the future." Lin Fanyue asked with gossip and curiosity.

After eating a bowl of dinner, Song Qingrui put down his chopsticks and smiled, "Not only I, many women like it, but many boys like it."

"puff".

Lin Fanyue's mouth was sprayed with milk and she quickly wanted to pull the paper on the table.

But Song Qingrui took a tissue and wiped her clothes faster than her.

She was wearing thick pajamas with fleece, but the milk that came out of her mouth was right on her chest.

Because Song Qingrui's speed was too fast, Lin Fanyue didn't react until Song Qingrui was wiped with milk on her chest. Lin Fanyue suddenly realized that when the paper had wiped the back of her hand.

She had milk on her chest just now, maybe she was rubbed by a man.

Ahhhhh.

What is Song Qingrui doing?

Lin Fanyue pushed him away with a moment of excitement.

Song Qingrui raised his eyes inexplicably,  
"What are you doing?"

"Me." Lin Fanyue suddenly got stuck when  
facing his dark and clear eyes.

Okay, maybe Song Qingrui, who she thinks is  
too evil, may only take the initiative to help  
if she looks at the tissues too far away from  
her and hurts her chest.

"I'll just wipe it myself." She stammered for  
a long time, saying, "Men and women, you  
know the others."

After all, Song Qingrui has no blood  
relationship with himself.

Song Qingrui was startled, he lowered his  
head and glanced at her chest, and suddenly  
realized that he was smiling, "Oh, okay, it  
turns out that I had you on my chest just  
now."

"Song Qingrui's you shut up."

Which pot does not open and which pot.

Lin Fanyue flushed and stared at her with a flushed face.

Song Qingrui not only didn't shut up and threw the tissue into the ashtray, but also retorted, "If you don't remind me, I didn't find it. I thought I had an aeroplane."

"You are the apron and your family is the apron." Lin Fanyue scolded angrily.

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"Ah, it's me, the apron is." Song Qingrui raised her eyebrows and said, "Now, my family belongs to the apron, so don't scold yourself too."

Lin Fanyue's unbearable swearing was "You ignorant is an old lady, c cup."

"Is the c cup big? I don't understand it anyway." Song Qingrui answered as he cleaned up the trash on the table.

"Don't pretend to be pure with me." Lin Fanyue subconsciously said, "Now men are precocious, so you won't pay it back now."

When Song Qingrui raised her head, Wu Liang's eyes looked straight at her, "Is it weird."

Lin Fanyue ""

It was her who held the grass, no, she found some shocking news.

But when I think about it carefully, it seems normal that Song Rongshi was still 30 years old, an old virgin.



She used to think that she was a little touched because of the rarity, but it turned out to be shit.

The deterioration of a man has nothing to do with how old you are to end your identity as a virgin.

"Uh, it's not surprising." Lin Fanyue felt embarrassed that his mind hadn't kept up with his mouth, so he said first, "Anyway, the c cup is quite big."

Song Qingrui couldn't help laughing anymore, but his stomach hurt a little while holding his forehead while laughing.

"What are you laughing at." Lin Fanyue felt humiliated by his laughter, blushing and irritating, "Sister, let you have a long experience."

"I've only heard of big breasts and no brains."

"Go to hell."

Lin Fanyue angrily picked up an uncooked cabbage leaf on the table and threw it over him.

"Well, I was joking."

Song Qingrui escaped with a handsome face and smiled, "I, the first time I saw a woman bragging about her breasts is funny."

"Song Qingrui I don't want face." Lin Fanyue asked, to stand up is definitely to kick people.

"Don't be angry because I won't tease you."

Song Qingrui saw her emotional ups and downs because he was afraid that she would affect the wound and he took the initiative to walk over.

Lin Fanyue kicked him twice on the spot.

Song Qingrui was not angry either. The gentle smile under his eyes became stronger. "When you said just now, I realized that it was your place when you wiped milk. It's really different."

" "

The restaurant was weird for a while.

Lin Fanyue's small face blushed terribly, "Song Qingrui is yours to die."

"Yeah, I'm going to die."

Song Qingrui smiled and lowered her head to clean up the table, and she also took away her dishes and chopsticks.

Lin Fanyue snorted and pushed the wheelchair to Yueyue's side.

Her pajamas are still, a little damp.

She glanced at her face, it was hot.

It's so shameless.

And how did she feel that Song Qingrui had been molested just now.

After Song Qingrui cleaned up the tabletop, some things were left to the kitchen servant.

He walked towards Yueyue, standing next to her, "Still angry?"

"No." Lin Fanyue denied that for a while, she lowered her head and said weakly, "But it's not very good that the relationship between brothers and sisters is such a joke for me and you now."

**Let Me Go, Mr. Hill! by Shallow South Chapters 2078**

Chapter 2078

"Well, I was wrong, I shouldn't be joking about your big breasts."

Song Qingrui squatted next to her, looking at Yueyue's mouth, but she said to her, "Although you are stupid in life, yes, you are still very smart at work. I couldn't handle multiple bottles and cans. When I was a child, I admired researchers like you the most."

Lin Fanyue was praised to the fact that her red lips were curled up, and then she was pressed down very quickly. "What kind of a researcher I am, I just research some cosmetics."

"What's wrong with cosmetics is that it can make everyone beautiful? It's awkward or not like you. Researchers don't know how much to add to the world. The old face is because you make the world more beautiful."

Song Qingrui suddenly turned her head in black, and blinked at her naughty.

Lin Fanyue met him, subconsciously behind his eyes, raised his hand and gently hit him on the shoulder, "You said, it's too exaggerated."

"What I don't exaggerate is that I respect all walks of life and position."

After Song Qingrui finished speaking, he glanced at his hand. The watch said, "I have to go to the front yard to help my dad.

When I see a customer, Yueyue is going to bed later, and I will come over. It's Saturday to take Yueyue to take photos of the Hundred Days."

Lin Fanyue was startled, "You have to be busy, then."

"It's okay." Song Qingrui smiled and disappeared from the back in the street lamp.

It's been almost a hundred days since Lin Fanyue looked back and saw that her daughter was a little one.

Not only did Lin Fanyue think that it was the Song family, but people also thought of it.

The next day Zhong Lingwei came to see her. It was when she mentioned the incident, "Your grandfather said that on Yueyue's birthday, do you want to have a good party and hold a banquet."

Lin Fanyue shook her head and rejected it, "No, it's because I and Song Rongshi are divorced. At this time, I still swagger. The guests will think it's ironic in their hearts to offer Yueyue a 100-day wine, but it's unnecessary."

Zhong Lingwei sighed and said, "You said, there is no reason why you should have a meal with some relatives in Songzhai. It is because your grandfather hasn't seen Yueyue for a long time. Avoid unnecessary. The trouble is that we haven't notified Rong when it's anyway."

"Actually, it's okay for him to see Yueyue." Lin Fanyue interrupted her, "Legally speaking, he always has Yueyue. I can't stop him from seeing his daughter, but he wants to take the daughter alone. I don't want to go out. I don't want him and Yueyue to recognize each other. I'm only afraid that he will take someone out to see Ning Lexia is his mouth. I promise that it's good but he, Will I believe it?"

Zhong Lingwei nodded and said, "Fanyue is that you can think of it this way. It is obvious that you have a very reasonable



point. It is a pity for a girl. Forget it, I will not cherish it when I am a banyan.

Since knowing that Song Rongshi made Ning Lexia pregnant, Zhong Lingwei didn't really believe in this son.

Moreover, the intrigue of the three children recently made her very tired, because she and Song Ji finally discussed that if the children are all grown up, she doesn't want to worry about the messy things anymore.

Regardless, the more the final harm, the more people will be.

Song Rongshi would marry anyone he wanted to marry.

But they would never allow Song Rongshi to bring Ning Lexia into the Song family' s old house.

"By the way, if you want to take some artistic photos of Yueyue, it's up to me, my child."

"Yueyue was already filmed yesterday."

Lin Fanyue lied to have Zhong Lingwei knowing that the day after tomorrow to take art photos of Yueyue, she will definitely follow, but Zhong Lingwei's waist has not been very good, and taking art photos is also tiring, the thing is that she doesn't want to bother Zhong Lingwei NS.

"Why don't you tell me." Zhong Lingwei complained.

"I thought you had a bad waist, so I didn't call you."

**Let Me Go, Mr. Hill! by Shallow South Chapters 2079**

Chapter 2079

"You child." Zhong Lingwei regretted that she was not so good to have a daughter-in-law, "but my waist is okay recently, but I have a headache, get angry, and worry a lot."

Lin Fanyue thought to herself that if she had a son like Song Rongshi, she would not only have headaches, but also high blood pressure and cerebral hemorrhage.

On Saturday, Song Qingrui rested.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the driver drove a commercial vehicle all the way to a children's photography studio in Beijing.

Lin Fanyue has never inquired about the photography studio, but she believes Song Qingrui is capable of doing things.

After that, she knew that the photography studio was in a group of villas near the

seaside boulevard. The decoration inside was very exquisite, and there were all kinds of children's photography styles, children's clothes and various styles, and It's all new.

"It should be very expensive, how much money, I will pass it to you at that time."

While the staff was going to pour tea, Lin Fanyue said to Song Qingrui.

Song Qingrui smiled and said, "No, didn't you tell your aunt that Yueyue took an artistic photo? She asked me privately how much money I spent, and I reported a number, and she transferred me a sum of money."

""

Lin Fanyue was speechless for a while, helping her forehead, "There is no need to take it, can you tell me directly."

"Don't be silly, you have money because the wind blows, you divorced, Song Rong did not give a dime, what happened to their family to take an artistic photo of Yueyue."

Song Qingrui suddenly said very seriously, "Even after a 100-day drink, in order to make the Song family happy, you agree to run it in the Song family. Some people in the Song family are my relatives. They are usually very good to me. I'm not good at evaluating anything, but you have to understand that if I weren't very Junyue to help you this time, Song Rongshi would definitely become a successor to the Song Group."

Lin Fanyue said, "I don't want them to be rich just because I know."

"Okay, I won't accept it next time." Song Qingrui nodded.

Lin Fanyue was stunned, "You don't persuade me, didn't you just say I was stupid."

"Maybe because you are so stupid, I will always protect you." Song Qingrui smiled at her.

Lin Fanyue's nose suddenly astringent.

I can't tell, the way is unknown, but she understands that Song Qingrui is really good to her, "Qingrui, you are so good to me, and I will be good to you in the future, and I will be good to your wife and your children."

Song Qingrui ""

Please, shut up if you can't speak.

Next, there were art photos, but the shooting was not smooth.

Originally, Aunt Chen wanted to help, but Yueyue was obedient at first. After less than half an hour of shooting, she became impatient and completely ignored the guide. Don't have a servant, Yueyue, who recognizes her birth again. Later Song Qingrui took the initiative to step forward and interact with Yueyue, making Yueyue giggled from time to time.

Lin Fanyue sat in a wheelchair and looked at it and felt that it was tiring to accompany her children to take art photos, but Song Qingrui didn't find it bothersome at all. Every time Yueyue was about to cry again, he walked around the house holding Yueyue. Walked around and nursed her again.

The facilitator poured a cup of hot tea for Lin Fanyue, and said with a smile, "Your husband has done a great job. I have no chance to use it at all."

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