

# Billionaire CEO Won't Leave

## Chapter 470

Mu Sili's face is gradually frozen by the cold tombstone. Mu Rushun's photo is this smiling face. Every time he looks directly at it, it's like being stabbed by a sword.

"Senior Is Sili depressed?" Qin ruoqing looks at Mu Sili's back. His sobbing range is very large. She looks at both heartache and worry.

Qin ruoqing asked for help from Qi Tiancai. When she was a senior in her previous studies and blamed herself for being useless, Qin ruoqing would choose to divert her attention or seek some answers.

Qi Tiancai, on the other end of the phone, is busy in the research room of the sanatorium invested by musili. Hearing the sound, Qi Tiancai smiles bitterly:

"his father lost his memory of emotion after electrotherapy. After everything happens, in addition to leaving the memory of the event, he will also keep the memory of the emotion caused by the event. If you are worried that his emotion can not be controlled, electrotherapy is recommended Why don't you give it a second? "

"I'm not joking with you," said Qin ruoqing, slightly dissatisfied. "He looks very sad. I've been in touch with a lot of SAD patients' families for a long time, and I know how to get along with sad people. Just now I thought I could handle it. Now I just feel that I'm incompetent. I can only watch. "

"Don't blame yourself. Life is experience. It was a joke just now. Don't mind. I believe he can support it. He is not an ordinary person." Qi Tiancai smiles and comforts.

Hearing this, Qin ruoqing felt a little bit of strength in her heart. Comfort seems to be effective. Although it has a certain period of validity, she should continue to comfort him. After all, she hopes to be the person around him.

"Thank you, senior." Hang up the phone, Qin ruoqing take a deep breath, and then walk to musi.

Mu Sili noticed that someone was coming near him. He didn't have the ability to stop him from collapsing and crying. He couldn't help crying. When he realized that Qin ruoqing was close, he threw himself directly into Qin ruoqing's arms. After a while, he

wept and wet Qin ruoqing's shoulder.

Qin ruoqing's heart broke when she listened to his cry.

"Good..." Qin ruoqing thinks about it, but in the end, she can only say one word.

Sister Musi left his blurred vision for a long time. He closed his eyes for a long time. As soon as tears poured into his eyes, he burst into tears and occasionally opened his eyes. Even though Musi was in great grief, he was still shocked by his tears.

Originally, I also have so many tears In his wailing, Muse gave a bitter smile at the bottom of his heart.

"Ah, it seems that it's almost 12 o'clock," Qin ruoqing looked up at the sun hanging over her head. "My uncle said that I would like to eat steak with red wine at noon today, but I don't want to eat the same meal in the sanatorium."

Hearing this, Musi Li was distracted half of his attention in an instant. He subconsciously wiped his cheek with the back of his hand and moved his head away from Qin ruoqing's shoulder: "Oh, let's go."

"Well..." Qin ruoqing continued to observe his expression, expressionless, she could not see through what he was thinking.

Qi Tiancai sits on the sports equipment in the sanatorium, thinking about the effect of neurotransmitters on emotion, while slowly delivering food to his mouth.

Before long, when he was halfway through the meal, there was a car in his sight. It was only Qin ruoqing who got on and off the driver's seat.

With a slight frown, Qi Tiancai feels that he should be allowed to leave the car, so that he can occupy his spare time and not have free time to think.

But if you can't control your mind He can't help but think about it. The appeal of sadness is a little strong. He is infected through the phone signal.

"Here you are, Mr. mu." Qi Tiancai puts down the plate and smiles.

Mousse turned back and nodded.

Qi Tiancai's tone is still warm: "the sanatorium has been open for a year, and you can count the number of times you come here with one hand. Ha ha, although it has been

open for a year, every time I see you, I still want to say thank you. Look at these old people."

Mousse walked out to the old people under the eaves of the courtyard, eating and basking in the sun. They looked like ordinary old people.

"In ordinary nursing homes, most of the work is done by nursing workers to care for the elderly and their daily life. Our sanatoriums are different. We not only provide nursing workers to care for the elderly, but also research laboratories to study nerves and neurotransmitters. In the way of nursing and treatment, the intelligence of these elderly people has recovered very well."

"Mm-hmm..." Mu Sili is not interested in the sanatorium business, but also inadvertently think of his father Mu Liancheng.

"Where's uncle?" Qin ruoqing sees that Musi Li's attitude is lukewarm and lukewarm, so she smiles and accepts Qi Tiancai's words, so that he doesn't feel that his enthusiasm is cold.

Qi Tiancai pointed to the main door of the sanatorium building: "reading in the library."

"Come on, Sili, take uncle home for dinner." Qin ruoqing said with a smile.

Mu Si Li nodded and was indifferent to everyone. Hearing this, he took the lead.

Qi Tiancai and Qin ruoqing look at each other. Qin ruoqing asks in her eyes: in his opinion, is there anything wrong with Musi Li.

But Qi Tiancai only kept a faint smile and raised her chin slightly, indicating that she would follow quickly.

"Dad, I'm home for dinner. I'll cook for you." Musi pushed away the library and saw his father reading attentively. Hearing the sound, Mu Liancheng looked up at his son and said, "Oh, I've eaten it. Go and have dinner by yourself."

Mu Sili realized that Qin ruoqing had just said that her father wanted to eat steak. It was just a small excuse to let him leave the cemetery.

When he lost his sister, he was so sad, but his father was so calm. Mousse couldn't understand for a moment.

"Uncle, it's hard to think about cooking. Let's go home and eat some." Qin ruoqing smiles warmly and helps to express the words of Musi Li.

Mu Liancheng frowned slightly and seemed to be disturbed, but he didn't say much. He nodded and put down his book: "let's go."

Qin ruoqing bought a lot of ingredients and put them in the refrigerator and kitchen. Mu Liancheng took a look at the ingredients and decided what to cook.

Tomatoes can be boiled soup, ribs can be steamed with garlic, beef can be boiled soup, beef

In the kitchen, like a cooking machine, washing dishes, boiling water, cooking, one dish after another out of the pot.

When I was a child, mu Rushuang was also very greedy. He was a fat cow in golden soup, and once his younger sister liked it very much.

Thinking of his younger sister, Mousse splashed a drop of vegetable juice into his eyes. The pain in his eyes pulled him back. His tears automatically fell into the golden soup fat cow in front of him, splashing vegetable juice into his eyes.

"Wuwu Sister... " Mushi from the pain of squatting on the ground, crying.

Qin ruoqing, who has been concerned about Mushi Li, rushes into the kitchen.

Seeing Mushi crying, her heart broke again, but she didn't know what to say. Maybe it would be better to cry?

Take Mushi's head into his arms. Mushi buries his head into his warm arms and cries louder.