

## A MISTAKEN MARRIAGE WITH MR. CEO

### Chapter 10

Shen Qi dragged the chest of drawers into the master bedroom, preparing to hang some of her clothes on a hanger. When she opened the door to the wardrobe, she found that it was already filled to the brim with clothes, shoes and matching bags.

Shen Qi laughed bitterly. She did not want to touch any of these things, so as to not be unable to explain it when she leaves in the future.

Push these luxury brands and hang up a few clothes that are a little old from the washing.

Just as Shen Qi was about to go to another room to look around, the phone rang. Shen Qi's number was her work number, so without hesitation, she picked up the phone: "Hello, I am stylist Shen Qi."

An unfamiliar male voice came from the other side of the phone, "Hello, Miss Shen. I am He's Consortium, CEO. CEO has ordered me to bring you here immediately to start working."

Shen Qi was in a trance for a moment, did He Yi Ning really want him to return the money by working for him?

She was actually this man's elder sister-in-law in name ... Of course, the people of He Family basically did not think of him as one of their own, and He Yi Ning did not even know that he was his brother's wife anymore, right?

The wedding was probably the lowest ceremony in history, and the couple did not know each other at all.

This is good too!

No one had anything to do with it.

Earn enough money early and get away from this scary man! He had to stay away from those terrifying families!

Shen Qi immediately agreed and asked for the address.

He quickly changed out of his clothes, took off his makeup, took a battle bath, and casually took out a white shirt and blue jeans from the wardrobe.

In less than half an hour, Shen Qi had already appeared in front of He Yi Ning with her makeup bag.

Shen Qi opened her makeup bag skillfully, and asked routinely: "Director He, do you have any special requirements for the brand? Can you use mine? "

Because the people in front of him were all upper-class customers, Shen Qi's bag normally contained cosmetics from the Chanel, Dior and other top international brands. If the guests were not prepared at the moment and there were no special requirements for the brand, Shen Qi would choose the brand that suited the guests from the cosmetics that he brought along.

"Nope." He Yi Ning lazily sat in front of the mirror, looking at the busy Shen Qi with great interest.

Three months later, she seemed to have walked out from the shock.

But he liked to see her at a loss.

Shen Qi earnestly looked at He Yi Ning's skin.

He was clearly a man, but the feel of his hands was so good that even women would be jealous.

Shen Qi had styled quite a few men, but none of them were as exquisite as He Yi Ning.

As a stylist, she could tell at a glance whether the other had been naturally born or had used a knife.

Obviously, He Yi Ning was wearing the original 100%.

Shen Qi quickly entered her working state, lowered her body and leaned towards He Yi Ning. Her lowered chest was right in front of He Yi Ning's line of sight, and that exquisite collarbone and birthmark just hit He Yi Ning's eyes.

He Yi Ning could feel Shen Qi's slightly icy cold fingers swipe across his face. At the places where he had been touched, traces of electric currents had inexplicably streaked across.

Her long and narrow eyes instantly turned darker.

Shen Qi took a careful look at He Yi Ning's skin, she then turned and picked out a new type of Nutmeg nourishment from her bag, and casually asked: "In a while, what kind of event are you participating in?"

"There's a date." He Yi Ning's narrow and long phoenix eyes swept across the corner of Shen Qi's eyebrows, confirming that the reason why she asked that question was because it was necessary for his work, not because she was interested in him.