

## Multi skilled 160

### Chapter 160: It's up to You to Believe It or Not

Dou Zerui was baffled. His younger sister was not one of those foolish girls who acted on impulse. However, when it came to this cousin of his with a bad reputation, she seemed to have stopped using her brain.

Dou Xiangling looked at Dou Zerui and her eyes were firm. "Brother, I believe in Yiyi."

People who painted usually trusted their instincts. She was very fond of Zi Yi the moment they met. At the same time, she felt that she differed from what they had imagined and that there must have been some sort of misunderstanding.

She could sense that Zi Yi had no affection for them at all. Coupled with how those from the high-society commented about her, Dou Xiangling was angry at them. She had subconsciously wanted to protect that younger cousin of hers.

Since Zi Yi has offered to help, Dou Xiangling would not reject. She smiled and said, "Yiyi, you can go ahead with your thoughts. After all, we are unable to resolve this issue for the time being."

Zi Yi looked at Dou Xiangling's expression for a few seconds, nodded her head, and turned to the gallery owner. "Can you help me obtain these few pieces of equipment?"

She then listed out the few pieces of equipment she needed.

The gallery owner pondered for a moment. "Simulators are available in the market, but the other equipment is a little difficult."

Dou Zerui saw how his sister had made up her mind and decided to interrupt. "In fact, we can borrow these from M.U's School of Information Systems... But the precondition is that you can really create the scene Dou Xiangling wants."

Zi Yi glanced at him with an indifferent expression. "It's up to you to believe it or not."

"You..." Dou Zerui's hand twitched. This younger cousin of his was not very cute.

However, he still agreed with a taut face. "Pass me the list when the time comes and I'll borrow it."

Dou Xiangling looked at both their unhappy expressions and suddenly laughed. "Then I'll have to trouble you two for this."

Zi Yi faintly responded with a hum.

Whereas Dou Zerui cast a glance at Zi Yi.

As a result, this was how the matter was resolved.

When the trio walked out of the gallery, Dou Xiangling asked Dou Zerui, "Brother, Yiyi and I are going to visit Senior Bai. Would you like to join us?"

In fact, Dou Zerui had something on later, but the moment he heard they were going together, he was worried about Zi Yi causing trouble.

After all, it was hard for a person to change his nature. What if his younger cousin was faking it?

“Sure, I have nothing on today.”

Thus, the trio headed to the house of Senior Bai, who was famous in the capital’s painting circle.

His house was a compound, Chinese-style yard, where numerous famed flowers were planted. There was also a birdcage hanging under the shade of the corridor.

When one walked it, it would give them a relaxed and happy feeling.

The one who went out to welcome them was Senior Bai’s son, Bai Zihang.

Bai Zihang chatted with Dou Xiangling as they walked, while Zi Yi and Dou Zerui walked behind them.

Dou Zerui lowered his voice and warned Zi Yi. “Painters generally have many odd habits and so you’d better remain silent later and not touch anything.”

Zi Yi gave him a glance and said nothing.

Just as Dou Zerui was about to continue talking, Bai Zihang said to them, “My father is currently in the living room. Please enter.”

When the three of them were brought in, they saw a white-haired old man standing in front of the easel located on the left

The four of them stopped in their tracks.

Bai Zihang lowered his voice and said, “Please kindly wait. My father should be more or less done with the painting.”

After which, he went out to prepare tea for them.

The trio had stood there as they waited.

However, Zi Yi’s phone suddenly rang at that moment.

When the ear-piercing ringtone sounded, Dou Zerui and Dou Xiangling’s heartbeat sped up at the same time.

How could they have forgotten to have Zi Yi mute her phone?

Both of them carefully looked at Senior Bai who had a dark expression on his face.

He had not managed to control his brush because of the sound of the sudden ringtone and had painted an additional stroke, which destroyed the entire painting.