

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 499– 500

Chapter 499

Shelly's reminder made Xiao Miao completely quiet. After silently putting the phone back into her pocket, she got up and walked to the window sill, looking for something in her schoolbag.

Seeing this, Miller raised his wrist and glanced at the time, and then got up, "It's almost time today, I'll go back first."

After turning to the last page of a book, Shelly raised his head and glanced at him lightly, "Where to go back?"

"Go home." The man's original gesture of raising his foot to leave stopped, and then pointed to the watch on his wrist to Shelly, "It's already time."

Shelly saw through this little urgency. She closed the page calmly, raising her eyebrows and saying, "Go and pick up your little milk cat from get off work?"

Miller didn't excuse anything, he had to swallow back silently after catching a glimpse of the little cat in the corner.

With Shelly's wisdom, it is not difficult to speculate. After tossing over the past few days, the Miss Bao in Miller's family is afraid that she is already sitting on pins and needles, and she wants to find something to make up or to confirm something.

Thinking of this, he licked his lips playfully, feeling a bit of care in his heart, and stopped the other party's footsteps unreasonably, "Who said you can go?"

Miller heard the words "Oh", as if a little incomprehensible, but with the expression of a relaxed confrontation with Shang Gongqi, he quickly lost the battle, and sighed helplessly, "Then I will go out and come back later. ."

"No." The rejection voice was very simple, and the woman leaned on the edge of the bed with a comfortable gesture.

"In the next two days, Xiao Miao will go to the orphanage to see her little friend. She intends to fold a thousand paper cranes as a gift and bring it over. I could have done this, but I can't do it now, so I can only ask you. At that time, you will bring Xiao Miao over. Before that, you have to help her fold these paper cranes."

Hearing this, the man standing on one side with his hands down seemed to be a little unbelievable, his eyes trembled unconsciously, and three words echoed in his mind-making handwork.

He couldn't understand why the woman in front of him could always hold his fate easily. Regarding handwork, this young master Gu had a nightmare of a young and ignorant period.

After he grows up, he comforts himself, God is fair, given him such a birth, talent and looks, he always has to take something to avoid losing his life.

"I'm very busy and don't have time." After a long while, he refused in a deep voice, deliberately pretending to be a little angry, so as to cover up that little guilty conscience.

Shelly was not surprised that he would react like this. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently and waved his hand to invite people to leave, "Okay, then you go back. By the way, help me inform your Miss Bao and let her wait for me. Letter from the lawyer."

For the aggressive Shelly, Miller often has no answer.

Seeing that she had picked up the phone from the table next to him, the man walked over in two steps, took the phone out of her hand, and then cut off the number he had just dialed.

Shelly admired it very much. At this moment, Miller's face was full of reluctance but helplessness. She looked up at him without speaking, just waiting for the other person to express her attitude.

After a long while, the two men faced each other with their eyes down. It was not surprising that the man was the first to lose. He returned the phone and quietly glanced at the little guy next to him, "Okay, I will give Xiao Miao a face."

Xiao Miao stood by the window sill, holding a thick stack of handmade paper in her hand, and when she heard that her eyes were bent into a beautiful crescent shape, she showed admiration towards Shelly on the hospital bed.

"But I have to go out first, and be back within half an hour." Between the pauses, Miller touched his nose and stepped back.

"No need." At this time, Shelly was facing the phone, tapping something. Hearing the cold voice, he raised the phone high, "I have just notified Miss Bao for you, and she will ride back by herself. ."

Dekong glanced at the little meow who had already pulled out the tools from his schoolbag next to him, as if to comfort him: "Don't be so nervous, little meow has been folded for a few days, you just need to help the finishing touches."

Then he turned his head and asked the little guy, "How much have you folded?"

Xiao Miao giggled, revealing her front teeth, bending over and holding out a huge glass bottle from her bag, with some colorful paper cranes scattered on the bottom of the bottle in twos and threes.

She lowered her head and counted. After a while, she smiled brighter, and raised the glass bottle higher, "Uncle Miller, I have almost 20 folded."

The man was full of black lines, his fists were squeezed, but he could not attack.

Shelly Yang smiled triumphantly, slowly put the phone aside, and then reached out to the table and chair next to him in a gesture of asking, "Any other questions, Mr. Gu?"

After Miller and Xiao Miao sat down around the table, Shelly also turned on the computer to prepare to process the work emails left over from today. The huge ward was rarely quiet for a few minutes.

But it only took a few minutes. Afterwards, Shelly condensed his eyebrows, and heard Xiao Miao whisper from the side: "Uncle Miller, you made a mistake again! Uncle Miller, do you think it looks like a thousand paper cranes?"

As for Miller...

Shelly didn't look up, he could only hear his whispering "hush", and it didn't take long for Xiao Miao's voice to become more muffled, as if someone had covered her mouth.

She lowered her eyes to reply to the e-mail seriously, but she kept one ear out, and the corner of her mouth was curved upward without knowing it.

After about two hours, Miller finally folded out a paper crane that barely passed the test under the careful guidance of Teacher Xiao Miao.

With the approval of Teacher Xiao Miao, the man with fine sweat on his forehead let out a long sigh of relief, and then stared at the little thing in his palm, and laughed cheerfully.

"It's not that difficult, is it?" He freed up his other hand and followed Xiao Miao's head, as if he had forgotten the dozens of "crippled" paper cranes that were thrown in the trash can.

At this time, Shelly is already busy with things in her hands, and is looking at the mobile webpage with one hand. She seems to be attracted by some content, and she always curls her lips slightly. In fact, all her smile comes from the joy of the man just now. Smirk.

For so many years, Miller has been a habitual temperament, and he has hardly insisted on accomplishing a meaningful thing. Therefore, at this time, he learned a new skill in two hours of training. Unexpected satisfaction.

And Shelly's original intention, in addition to teaching that Miss Bao who doesn't know good or bad, the greater intention is also here.

She wanted to hone the man's patience, and she wanted to rub his inexplicable spirit from nowhere.

After that, time passed very quickly without knowing it. When Shelly got tired of reading the webpage, he slept and woke up. When he opened his eyes, he saw that the two people at the table were also asleep.

The picture before me is a bit funny.

Xiao Miao raised her head and leaned on Miller, drooling, while the man leaned on the chair, his body swaying as if he was about to fall.

She watched quietly for a while, and when she was about to lift the quilt, her hand movement was interrupted by the ringing of the mobile phone suddenly ringing in Miller's arms.

The recurring music stirred in this huge space, causing the one big and the small one to wake up quickly. Xiao Miao rubbed her sleepy eyes, glanced ignorantly at Miller, and got up again and climbed to Shelly. On the bed, continue to fall asleep.

Chapter 500

The call was no accident, it was from Miss Bao.

After Miller picked it up, his face was a little wrong, and he didn't say hello to Shelly again, and he walked out of the ward directly. Seeing that his car key was still on the table, Shelly glanced at Xiao Miao who was sleeping soundly at the end of the bed. He knew that he would definitely come back again, so he didn't stop.

After only covering Xiao Miao, she closed her eyes and continued to rest.

After Miller hung up the phone, he went directly to the nurse's station on the second floor of the hospital, where Miss Bao had just finished the wound treatment and was waiting for the vaccine.

"What's the matter?" Miller hurried over, and when he saw the pale little bun, the first thing was to hold her hand to check.

Probably not paying attention to the strength of her hand, Miss Bao shrank subconsciously, and took a breath of air in her mouth, "Hiss, it hurts."

She pulled her hand back behind her back, and smiled gently, "It's okay, it's just a small scratch."

Bright and soft, I can't point out the slightest mistake. Such an empathetic expression in the eyes of men usually only makes them feel more distressed.

Sure enough, Miller frowned deeper, this time he grabbed her arm more carefully, and then firmly and domineeringly said: "Stretch out, let me see."

After struggling a few times, he finally stretched out his hand, showing a few horrifying bloodstains on the back of his hand.

“It’s okay, a little hurt.” In the man’s short shocked eyes, Miss Bao always smiled rationally, and at the same time she looked down somewhat depressed, “It seems that Gulu still doesn’t like me very much, but it doesn’t matter, who let it be your cat.”

When the voice fell, the nurse next to him had already prepared the potion, and shouted, “Ms. Bao, here is the injection.”

She opened her sleeves, revealing her slender arms, Miss Bao shuddered all over, her lips curled pale, her smile was reluctant, “I am more afraid of this.”

Speaking of that blood-stained hand, he subconsciously squeezed the sleeve of the man next to him. With a little force, the blue veins on the back of his hand burst, making the back of Miller’s hand sore.

“It’s okay, I’m here.” He couldn’t bear it. For a moment, a lot of complicated emotions came to his mind, he stretched out his hand and stroked the top of her head, let her lean in his arms, and covered her eyes with his chest.”Just don’t watch.”

In the past, Miller had never done such a gentle and boyfriend thing to a woman.

And Miss Bao leaned on his chest, her body shivering and trembling quickly eased, only the hand that encircled his waist was still firmly clenched.

The nurse who was preparing for the injection saw this scene and could not help but glanced at Miller secretly. Many subjective and willful audiences judged whether they were seeing a youth idol drama or a dog-blood drama, based on only their appearance. .

So even if my heart was sore, a little flame of envy faintly burst from the tip of my heart because of the handsomeness and silence of this man.

Even the posture of the needle is more charming than before.

“Okay.” After finishing the injection quickly and skillfully, the nurse pressed it with a cotton swab, and pointed at Miller Nunu’s mouth, motioning him to take it. Then, while packing things up, he ordered the precautions, “Sit here for a while, observe for half an hour before leaving.”

Seeing the person being helped to sit on the seat next to him, the nurse finally couldn’t help but muttered, “Miss is lucky, I found such a good husband.”

The word “husband” made the originally weak woman blush.

She coughed twice and explained awkwardly, “We are not married yet.”

Then he quietly glanced at Miller, not expecting any response from him, but subconsciously changed the topic, "Sorry, I just think you have to go back very late. I'm afraid that I am hungry and want to go. Feed it something to eat, and clean the house for you by the way. I didn't expect it to scratch."

"I should be embarrassed." Miller took Miss Bao's shoulder, as if caught in a certain emotion, unable to extricate himself.

After a pause, I heard Nuonuo's voice from the woman next to her, "Actually, I'm really afraid of that cat."

The man didn't talk any more, and couldn't tell the specific emotions on his face at the moment, and Miss Bao knew how to advance and retreat.

When the observation time passed, Miller took Miss Bao's hand and got up again, "You go back first, I'll call you a car."

He took her downstairs, but the woman stopped at the top of the stairs in a daze, with distressed and puzzled emotions on her face, "Ms. Shelly will not let you go?"

"No." Miller lowered his eyes and explained faintly: "My car key is still upstairs, Shelly is hospitalized, Xiao Miao has no one to take care of, and I will live with me these days. You have to go to work tomorrow, early Go back and rest."

In the past, Miss Bao must have come down very obediently and took a taxi by herself.

But today, she gritted her teeth, but still insisted, "I'll wait for you, go up with you to pick Xiao Miao back."

Seeing her firm attitude, Miller hesitated, but did not refuse. He nodded in response, and led the people upstairs again.

Shelly didn't fall asleep, but she closed her eyes and rested, and when the door of the ward was opened again, she didn't need to open her eyes, and she could guess that more than Miller had entered the door.

"Shelly, are you better?" As expected, Miss Bao's concerned voice came to mind.

Shelly chuckled his lips and slowly opened his eyes. At the same time, the woman who was holding Miller's arm smiled slightly, "It's not too good, it still hurts so much that I can't sleep."

The words are not very polite.

Miss Bao heard it, her face was slightly embarrassed, but she adjusted it quickly and stared at her bruised cheek after swelling, "I asked the doctor, your injury will be in a week. After you leave the hospital, take a good rest during this period. Brother Zheng will try to take care of you, and I will come to see you whenever I have time."

She always comforted herself that Miller would bow to Shelly and compromise, always for her own sake. This did not just prove his feelings for her, and it was not a bad thing.

Shelly now avoided Miss Bao's hypocritical greetings, and instead stared at the back of her bandaged hand, in a cold tone, "What, hurt?"

This routine is not beyond her expectation.

"It's okay, minor scratches." She put her hands behind her back again, smiling awkwardly and decently.

Hearing this, Shelly gave the steps along, and quickly turned his attention to Miller, "Are you here to pick up Xiao Miao? Hurry up, Miss Bao should also go back to rest."

Miller let out an "um", and he didn't intend to greet Shelly much, but since Xiao Baozi had started this conversation, he couldn't interrupt at will.

After hearing the words, Miss Bao glanced at the sleeping little guy at the end of the bed, her eyes filled with joy and distress, "I think Xiao Miao is already asleep, will waking her affect her sleep?"

The implication is very clear.

Ms. Bao didn't say it clearly, Shelly pretended not to understand, "It's okay, she sleeps deeply and can't move."

As he said, he gestured to Miller with a look, "There is a blanket in the closet next to her. Just wrap her up. You can send it back at noon tomorrow, don't forget."

All the instructions are natural and smooth, which sounds nothing to a man, but to Miss Bao who cares about it, they don't have a provocative meaning.

But she is a full-bodied poetry, gentle and reasonable Miss Bao. In order to maintain the existing image, she must keep smiling at this time.

While smiling, Shelly cast a cold gaze over, calmly but the waves were surging.