

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 505– 506

Chapter 505

Miriam sang, how can I say it, it can no longer be described as unpleasant.

It had already crossed the unpleasant boundary and reached a magical realm that made people want to beat their chests and yell, but they couldn't stop.

Therefore, a woman who has learned to use her strengths and avoid weaknesses since she was a child never shows her singing voice easily. Bryan discovered that it is still based on the lullaby that she deliberately keeps quiet but difficult to tune every time.

Later, I came out into the baby's room after taking a shower. I didn't want to startle the child with a gentle intention. I heard her singing loudly. I didn't expect to hear her singing loudly. My always steady face was not stretched. I leaned on the door frame and smiled and turned red.

Later, no matter how he asked, she stopped singing, and the sleeping song hummed her throat, without even the words.

This time, Miriam was willing to give up.

In front of Bryan, she put on a lofty gesture of a singer, and in the baby room she ravaged the man's ears for five minutes, and finally her chest was drooping with dry mouth, a look of helplessness and expectation. Husband, can I stop being angry? I can't sing anymore..."

It was the first time that Bryan saw her, singing "Blooming Waves" in a magical singing voice that also screamed with true sound, and his eyes trembled with fear and doubt.

After waiting for another two seconds, the man's face was still as ugly as usual, except for the slightly twitching corners of his mouth that seemed to declare anger. As soon as Miriam discerned it, how could it seem to be even more angry.

She really lost everything. She simply opened her arms and hugged Bryan's body, buried her head on his chest and murmured like a splash, "If you don't speak, I won't let go."

The arms wrapped around him tightened again, as if he was about to cut the person in the middle.

At this time, Bryan understood that Xiao Anyan had inherited such great hand strength.

He coughed dully, and finally he couldn't stretch himself before he compromised, but his voice was still dull, and he looked down unclearly and asked, "Are you thirsty?"

Miriam leaned on his chest, didn't speak, and nodded desperately, very aggrieved.

"There is milk in the refrigerator, go and drink it and come back." He asked again, his tone more like an order.

Mr. Shao finally gave the order. Although Miriam was puzzled, she still nodded uneasily, then let go of her hand and turned and walked out of the room. Listening to the sound of slippery slippery slippers disappearing outside the door, Bryan finally couldn't stretch himself. He turned to sit on the sofa and chair beside him, his face turned into pig liver color.

He smiled and shook his head, still recalling the "moving" singing voice that Miriam had just screamed forgotten, and was so magical that he didn't step on the right beat.

He thought, his wife is really a treasure.

Just thinking about it, the sound of pushing the door suddenly sounded behind him. Miriam quietly poked her head out and raised the little cake in her hand to please, "Husband, there is the Maiji mousse cake you just bought at noon in the refrigerator, can you eat it?"

The man did not look back at her, nor did he speak. He only stretched out a hand to put his back behind him, and hooked at her.

She pushed the door in, and Bryan pointed to the sofa chair next to her and motioned her to sit down. After watching her sit down, she said slowly, "You eat, I'm full."

After a pause, he emphasized, "I watched you eat."

Miriam didn't know, so, holding the spoon down, he found that he couldn't move.

"Eh..." She said suspiciously, holding the spoon up high and pressing hard, the cake on the plate flew out directly and fell on the ground and rolled twice, revealing the white flannel box hidden in the cake.

His eyes fell on the ground, and his eyes lit up after seeing the delicate box, "What is this?"

He hesitated again. After thinking about what was wrong, he raised his eyes and looked at Bryan. Seeing that his face was still stretched and ugly, he bent over and picked it up.

Open it, and the eyes are a pair of shining white rings.

She was very dumb, covering her mouth subconsciously, not knowing how to react appropriately, so she could only turn her gaze back and forth between the ring and Bryan.

This time Bryan finally smiled, curled her lips evilly, adjusted her sitting posture along the way, lowered the overlapping legs, and leaned forward to take the ring from Miriam's hand.

The beautiful box was weighed in his palm, and the man looked at her with an eyebrow, "If it weren't for your singing today that touched me, I might consider giving her to someone else."

"Others?" Miriam frowned slightly. "Who?"

"Miller?" Bryan didn't seem to think about this issue carefully, as if he blurted out, "He should be engaged soon too. Haven't you already given away our wedding ring once?"

This man, his little books of grudges were hidden quite deep.

Miriam didn't wait for him to finish, he already snatched the ring over again, put it on in a hurry, and slammed it in front of him, and the little woman asked triumphantly: "Does it look good?"

The man's reproach was interrupted, and he stared at the plain knuckles and smiled, "It looks good."

He took that hand along the way, and put a soft kiss on the back of her hand.

Miriam looked at it again, and then took it off and handed it to the man's palm, "You can wear it to me, new couples get married, and they wear each other's wedding rings."

These words stirred in the man's heart, causing a wave of waves in an instant.

The exchange of rings should be at a grand and beautiful wedding scene, under the witness of many relatives and friends, not in such a quiet and deserted baby room.

He nodded slightly, and from this angle, you could see Miriam stretch out his left hand, smiling softly.

After a long time, she held her palms up solemnly and carefully, and wrapped the plain white knuckles with the ring that she had carefully selected for a long time.

The blood in the body suddenly swelled up.

"Miriam, we should have a wedding too."

When Miriam smiled and put the ring on him, the man's eyes were faint and he couldn't help but speak.

"It's okay." Miriam gently stroked the texture of the meridians on the back of his hand, and answered casually, "I have the best husband in the world, and that's fine."

Speaking of this, in fact it is against your will.

Bryan didn't respond again. He understood very well that verbal promises never meant anything, and things that he was determined to do did not necessarily have to be made public early.

And Miriam, who paused for a few seconds, slowly came to his senses, and said softly, "Eh...", staring at the scattered cakes, "Husband, you only bought the cakes at noon."

She suddenly woke up, raised her head and a pair of big eyes flickered twice, and was convinced, "You are not angry, are you deliberately frightening me?"

Bryan laughed, holding the armrest of the sofa chair with one hand, looking at her with a neat look.

No denial is considered another way of recognition.

Thinking that she just broke her throat and cheered an otherwise lifeless person with joy, Miriam's face instantly flushed to the base of her neck.

And the man glanced at her indifferently, a triumphant posture after victory, "You think your husband is a vegetarian, can't you see the little tricks between you and Lao Huo?"

Two years later, Miriam regained the mentality that Bryan had ridiculed and ridiculed at this moment, but this time she was not angry or uneasy, but only silently recognized this reality.

Mr. Shao is still Mr. Shao, and her Miriam is always invincible.

When I figured it out, I breathed a sigh of relief, got up and planned to go outside the door to take a broom to clean up the mess in this place, and then whispered: "It's good if you are not angry. Anyway, this matter is not discussed with you in advance, and it is my fault. ."

She held her palms on her knees, and as soon as she stood still, her wrists were dragged by a steady force, and she fell down."The ring is engraved with our two names. If you give it away at will, I Just buy a gold shop and customize one for you every month, enough for you to get it once a month."

The words were full of threats, and Miriam didn't have time to respond. The next second, Bryan's body was firmly imprisoned. The man leaned over to look at her, and then retrieved the main topic: "Knowing that I am wrong, do I have to find a way to compensate?"

Miriam shrank her neck back, not difficult to guess what the compensation was in his mouth, but she had to cooperate with pretending to be reserved, "You damned man!"

Bryan was shocked and lost half of her interest by her artificial and hard-working performance, and she barely supported her to pick her up, "For nothing else, I think it's time to have twins, this time it's best to have two daughters."

On the way to the bedroom while holding the person and lifting his foot, I still solemnly emphasized, "I like my daughter."

Chapter 506

In about half a month, You Mao successfully gnawed down the difficult bone of Chairman Mao and won a five-year contract renewal. There were not many orders for the first year, but there were also about 10 million.

For the newly established You Mao, it is actually a gratifying thing.

In addition to Chairman Mao, Bryan actually valued the customer chain he might bring behind him. As long as he serves the Buddha, he won't have to worry about his business in the next few years.

On the other side, Shang Rui, who received the news, obviously lost such a good mood.

The man who just finished talking on the phone slammed his phone to the side, staring coldly at the assistant who was standing by the door cautiously, and asked, "Where is Miss Song?"

Before Rania went to the hospital today, he deliberately disclosed his schedule to Shang Rui's assistant.

So at this time, sitting in front of the bed carelessly peeling apples, seemingly leisurely and leisurely, but in fact, I have already predicted what might happen next.

She cut the apples into small pieces, put them in a clean and beautiful dark green porcelain bowl, and pushed the porcelain bowl out, with a bright and soft smile on her face and said, "Take a rest and eat some fruit."

Rania was cutting fruit for others. This situation could not be found in her mortal memory. So when she pushed the bowl out, she laughed too.

The little girl with a big belly didn't understand, so she raised her head from the pile of thick postgraduate entrance examination materials, blinked her bright eyes, and asked her curiously: "Sister Ran, what are you laughing at?"

The name "Sister Ran" was also taken by the little girl on her own terms.

In her cognition, the concept of so-called status and money is not so profound, and she confidently believes that hard work and determination are enough to accomplish a person's life.

So in her eyes, Rania is just a woman who is richer and more temperamental than the average person, and she has never been awed or timid.

But Rania inexplicably liked this kind of getting along, and also admired the upright bookishness of this little girl.

For the past month, she ran to the hospital more diligently than before, but usually she didn't wait much. She only sent piles of things over and left after two orders.

Seeing the little girl continue to bury her head inattentively eating the apple after asking, Rania smiled again, wiped the fruit knife clean with a wet tissue, put it back in the scabbard, and replied, "Nothing."

The little girl wrapped her mouth with an apple, her face changed shape, she turned her attention back to the book while chewing, Rania couldn't help but also turned her gaze over, "You are also going to postpone graduation. If you want to take a postgraduate entrance examination, you have to do it next year, so why be so serious?"

Because her mouth was full, Rania saw her chewing on her own for a long time, frowning and swallowing with a "gudong" before responding: "It has been postponed, and I want to use this time to prepare well and test a better school."

She suddenly turned her head and smiled at Lu Ran, revealing two intoxicating pear vortices, and then stuffed an apple in her mouth again, and said while stuffing it, "I want to be like Sister Ran in the future. , Don't do things you don't want to do because of money."

What she said she didn't want to do was also included, or the most important thing was this surrogacy.

Rania stared at her, knowing that a person who was dragged down by his native family, compared with the famous family who was born with a golden spoon, the difference during the period was not just as simple as money.

There are also patterns, and some people can be touched by life, and some people see them when they are in their 20s and 30s, and they are shocked and confused, and they have to pretend to be familiar and funny and bitter.

For a moment, she wanted to expose her dream, but after another thought, although it was difficult, it was not impossible.

So he stopped talking in time and asked her: "Then what school do you plan to take?"

The mouth is still smashing, but the eyes are blinking very seriously. After thinking about it, although a little embarrassed, they are still frank: "Cambridge."

He squeezed out two words vaguely, and then shrugged and smiled embarrassedly, "It's difficult."

Rania wanted to say anything more, he heard the hurried footsteps near the door. As soon as he squinted his eyes and glanced over, he saw that the door had been pushed open, Shang Rui's posture of a dusty servant, and his whole body was soaked with fatigue.

He stood by the door, looking at the peaceful atmosphere over the bed, his brows tightened unconsciously.

"Rania." From a distance, he solemnly called her name, and when she heard it, he would follow him out.

But this Miss Song heard it, but didn't even turn her head back, just pretending to ask him unconsciously: "What's the matter?"

The little girl gathered the quilt on her body, subconsciously supported her high bulging belly with one hand, and poked Rania's arm with the other hand, and cautiously shouted: "Sister Ran."

She was still scared of Shang Rui. When she met twice, she saw an icy face that was shocking enough to shock people's hearts. The gas field could crush people out of breath with a few meters away.

Rania glanced at the little girl, and finally turned around indifferently, with slightly raised eyebrows, "If it is for Mr. Mao, then you have found the wrong person. I am not familiar with him."

Shang Rui stood by the door. Seeing that Rania had taken the initiative to open the topic, he no longer tolerated anything. He strode in, and looked down at her: "Bryan can't be so easy without the information in my hands. Take this case."

The words are not clear, but the meaning is clear.

Rania still sat, reminding him with an arrogant and cold expression, "Don't forget, my father and Mr. Mao are close friends, if it weren't for his relationship, you wouldn't be able to fix him in the first place."

This reminder seemed to have ignited Shang Rui's suppressed anger a bit more. As soon as he approached, he almost stuck to Rania's feet, "Someone saw you come into my office alone."

After the words fell, Rania finally got up, turned slightly, and faced the man in front of him. She raised her hand to tidy up his slightly wrinkled collar and brushed away the non-existent dust.

"Fengrui has half of our investment in the Song family. I am the wife of your President Shang. Which identity is not enough to support me in entering your Shang Rui's office?" She paused, put her arms down after finishing everything, "You I made a special trip to ask for certification?"

“No need to verify.” His eyes became sharp instantly, as if he had already verified the answer he wanted, and then said again: “I just wanted to tell you that I will go back to my parents for dinner today.”

“Okay.” Rania raised his eyebrows and agreed.

Before people squeezed their fists and lifted their feet to leave, she seemed to inadvertently folded her hands on her chest, and reminded them faintly: “As far as I know, the wedding of Vice President Yu Maohuo is scheduled for the 8th of next month. Then they, including Bryan and Miriam, will fly to the Maldives to attend the wedding. This is your best opportunity.”

The man stopped for a while and waited for her to finish, then he left without looking back.

When people walked far away, and the door in front of him was “banged” again, Rania’s cold eyes gradually eased.

The little girl leaning on the bed unknowingly let go of her hands covering her belly, and patted her chest as if she was relieved. When Rania sat down again, she watched carefully and asked, “Sister Ran, is he your husband?”

Rania didn’t answer, his expression gloomy, and his aura became fierce.

The little girl hesitated, she slapped her mouth, stroked her high belly, and whispered: “He seems to be very busy and doesn’t care about you. Why should I give birth to him? Even when he is born, it doesn’t look like Have time to care about the way it looks.

These words immediately pierced Rania’s heart.

She responded and said in a calm and arrogant manner: “You have a good baby, I will go back first.”

After that, he stepped away, curled his lips in a calm step, smiled evilly, and kept hitting the little girl’s words in his mind: “Why do you want to give birth to him?”

She wondered, is he worthy?

Is it worthy to waste an egg of her Rania?