

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 521– 522

Chapter 521

It wasn't until Miss Bao could no longer bear to hold her back, and finally knocked the knife and fork in her hand heavily on the plate, and stood up amid a clear sound.

She was holding back the tears in her eyes, and she looked pitiful. Without focusing her eyes, she couldn't judge who really made her sad to such an extent.

Is it Xiao Miao who speaks less well, or the old man Gu who has not said anything to stop him, or the one next to him, who has not taken her face down from beginning to end.

Miss Bao's movement caused the group of people at the table to stop their movements one after another, and everyone's expressions were somewhat surprised or understood.

Only Shelly put down the knife and fork and wiped his hands with the hot towel prepared next to him, his eyes were not light nor heavy on the woman's left wrist.

Just when she knocked the table, Miss Bao was already aware of this problem, so she couldn't help but put her hand in, quite distressed.

After wiping his hand, Shelly smiled and said: "The gem bracelet in Miss Bao's hand seems to be very valuable. If you read it correctly, it is a limited edition for the anniversary of Zhiheng. Hundreds of thousands, it's a pity if it breaks."

A simple sentence suppressed Miss Bao's shock and anger, and what she saw in her eyes was only a fleeting panic.

She put her hands behind her back, and explained helplessly: "Ms. Shelly is wrong, I am just a fake."

In front of Miller for a long time, she has maintained the image of a good woman with careful planning and living at home. If such a lady hadn't taken the initiative to give it to Mr. Gu, she would naturally not be able to buy such expensive jewelry.

Miller on the side listened, but raised his eyebrows slightly, without intending to investigate the truth.

Shelly grinned, and said, "That technique is pretty good, it's enough to be fake."

She raised her eyes, her eyes were filled with a smile, and she stared at the incoming person, her aura was far down, and she was not afraid of such a confrontation.

After a while, Miss Bao finally pushed aside the chair under her and nodded slightly apologetically, "Excuse me, I'll go to the bathroom."

After Miss Bao lifted her foot to leave, Miller also put down the knife and fork in her hand, got up and followed, but still did not raise her head to look at Shelly.

When the two of them left, Shelly withdrew his upward gaze, and turned to the old man in the seat with a sorry smile, "Gu old, please forgive me."

Mr. Gu didn't eat anything, so he arranged the meal carefully, not just for a meal.

At the moment he was leaning back in the chair, regaining the seriousness on his face, and slightly raised his hand, "This kid is stubborn and it's useless to fight him."

Shelly agreed with this point.

"But he is a piece of jade." Shelly, who slowly retracted his gaze, gave a chuckle, curled his lips slightly, and uttered firmly, "It's okay for ordinary people, but Miss Bao is not worthy of him."

Regarding Shelly's evaluation of "Pure Yu", Mr. Gu was really pleasantly surprised and pleased. His eyes were bright and he showed a little interest, but he insisted on singing the opposite, "I think he is just a stone."

The two people who were rarely opposed to each other looked at each other and smiled. Shelly pursed his lips and didn't intend to argue, but Xiao Miao raised his hand and spoke quietly, "I think Uncle Miller is a cotton candy, soft and sweet, Xiao Miao like very much."

There was a roar at the dinner table. Miller, who was chasing out there, was caught off guard, and was hugged by the woman who suddenly turned around.

He opened his arms subconsciously, and after a while he patted her on the blanket again. Hearing her whispering sob, his voice solemnly said, "I'll send you back."

Miss Bao buried her head between his chest and shook her head vigorously. Her low voice revealed a slow grievance and worry. She did not ask why her boyfriend kissed other women, nor criticized anyone.

Some just asked quietly: "Uncle doesn't seem to like me, what should I do?"

Opening his lips, Miller, who was about to say something, could only be dumb, swallowing the hot words in his throat, and finally comforted: "It's okay, I won't be blocked by anyone."

Just a little bit, if Miss Bao thought of asking anything at this time, he might be frank, and he would be frightened in his heart that he had never had in the past 30 years.

But her words finally brought him back to reality.

Miller knew from beginning to end that apart from his family background, there was no place in him that matched Shelly. She is like a star shining in the sky, no matter how bright she is, she does not belong to her.

So, Young Master Gu, who used to be bold and reckless, met this woman surnamed Palace in this life, even if he was completely planted.

He lost his confidence and light, and didn't want to be a joke in front of her.

Therefore, holding the woman in her arms at this moment, solemnly reminded herself that she was already a rotten person inside, so she should not harm her.

As I thought about it, the strength in my hand increased a bit unconsciously. The woman in her arms felt it, frowned slightly, and suddenly broke free from his arms, and explained to herself: "And that bracelet, it really is I asked a friend to buy fake goods."

As she said, she raised the wrist and poked it in front of the man.

It is expected that he will not even look at it. He just gently brushed down the arm, softly comforting: "It is my negligence. I will buy you a real one tomorrow."

The woman listened, her eyes widened a little, and then waved her hand to refuse, "You don't want to buy, I don't want it."

After a few rounds, about ten minutes later, only Miller was left in the restaurant again. He greeted the old man in the seat, "Xiao Bao is not feeling well, let me say hello to you on her behalf. , She will go back first."

After he said, he lifted his foot and left, went upstairs and took the coat, clothes and car keys before coming down. When he was about to go outside, Shelly, who was overtaken, blocked the door with one hand.

Now Miller faces Shelly, always panicking for no reason.

He paused, his eyebrows narrowed helplessly, "I'll take the little bun home, you get away."

Shelly looked at the man in front of him, before he could react, he had already grabbed the key from him, "Listen to me and let you go."

The man stared at the knuckles where he was playing with the keys, shaking his mind for another moment, and then said, "You speak."

"I know that Qi Feng's incident has dealt a great blow to you, but your life has not yet reached the point of a complete defeat. Now that you open your eyes and lift your head from the sand, there are many possibilities in your life."

After a pause, she moved her gaze away from the key in the palm of her hand, and then raised her head to look at the man in front of her, "But Miss Bao is not an option for you. I don't think you are stupid. You can see what she has The chain is true or false."

Her words caused Miller to curl his lips slightly, his face was still calm, but the fortress in his heart had already collapsed.

This woman is his fate, and everything she says and does is just right into his heart.

Rarely once, he didn't laugh and avoid the topic, didn't care about him, didn't put on the ruffian look, but nodded with a gentle smile and said, "I'll consider it."

Chapter 522

On the third day of Rania's return from Shanghai, the second young master of the single family came directly to Kyoto in the name of market expansion.

Mr. Song's call followed immediately, telling her to turn away from the current job and concentrate on receiving her. Rania on the phone answered casually, and after hanging up the call, she continued to be busy with the things at hand.

The assistant standing on the side received all the call information that was just released. At this time, he looked embarrassed. After opening the itinerary in his hand, he asked: "There are two meetings in the afternoon. Do I need to be notified to change to another time slot?" "

"No need." The woman who was immersed in the work of reviewing documents did not raise her head when she heard the words, and answered very simply and swiftly, without the slightest entanglement.

Seeing this, the assistant closed her record sheet again, and carefully asked: "Then Mr. Song's side?"

The fluent pen movement finally paused. After Rania finished the last line of writing, he closed the pen along the way, then looked up and faintly asked, "You go for me."

After that, I didn't explain too much. After closing the documents in front of me, I turned the topic back to work, "Call the chief financial officer in, I have something to ask him."

As Rania's assistant, she always has to bear some extra pressure. For example, at this moment, although there are many doubts in her heart, some questions will only cause impatience. She can only bear it all. After Nene responded to her request, Retreat silently outside the office.

About an hour later, the assistant came to the airport for an external machine according to Song Lao's instructions on the phone.

Not seeing Rania, Rao Shan looked a little disappointed, but after a chuckle, he nodded in understanding, "Like her temper."

She is Miss Song, so naturally she will not be easily controlled by anyone.

While the little attendant behind him was still chattering, he stepped on his long legs, stepped directly into the car, and put one hand on the door of the car, staring coldly at the front, this one is still akimbo and complaining, saying that Miss Song is too shameless. Guy.

"Give you two seconds, we will leave first without getting on the bus, you can buy your own tickets and go back."

When the words fell, Yan Hao shut his mouth and obediently went around to the other side of the car door and got in.

The assistant kicked the accelerator and drove the car toward the main road while watching the two men in the rearview mirror. After having basic judgments, he spoke to mock the little attendant who had just been bad attitude.

"We, Miss Song, are not the eldest lady who has nothing to do at home to beautify and go shopping. Her work is even rotating. If anyone comes to meet in person, doesn't it need to sleep and rest?"

Sure enough, the little squad hesitated twice and was about to rebut the words. When the man next to him swept his eyes, he faintly yelled: "You sit down for me."

The division of positions has been very clear. Yan Hao, who knew that he would be kicked out of the car, shut his mouth silently, turned his face out of the window, and whispered criticism: "This person hasn't seen him yet, so the soul will be caught first. Hook away."

Naturally, the volume was controlled so well that he couldn't hear what he was saying in the sound of the engine.

Successfully sanctioned the small attendant, the assistant smiled secretly, and according to the plan before coming, took the people all the way to a certain hotel restaurant. The private rooms are pre-determined. What about the dishes? Except for the two signature features, the rest are waiting for the master to order by himself.

Rao Shan sat on the dining chair of the hotel, his clean and slender knuckles casually flipped through the menu in his hand, and asked, "Ms. Song will be here soon, right?"

"No." The assistant stood by, his voice clear.

This time the man finally couldn't help frowning, "She has to eat, right?"

“I’m not here. Our Miss Song will be busy preparing for the afternoon meeting. The lunch will be resolved at the company.” After a pause, he explained, “She often does this.”

Shanrao couldn’t help but think of some of the past. He chuckled and closed the menu in his hand, threw it on the table in front of him, and greeted the waiter who was waiting next to him, “Do you have fried rice? Give us three servings.” .”

“Fried rice?” The waiter was stunned and looked around. Seeing that the two standing next to him looked surprised, he asked embarrassedly: “What about the main course?”

“No, don’t take the one you ordered earlier, just give us three egg fried rice.” He raised his hand, his tone didn’t seem to be negotiable.

Although the waiter was still suspicious, she knew that this box was reserved by Ms. Song Jia, and the restaurant manager had also instructed her to provide a good hospitality before she came, so she had to answer and then quit.

After the door was closed, the suspicious assistant said, “Mr. Shan, you can order anything you want.”

Rao Shan did not take up this topic, but raised his head and asked in a funny way: “What do you Miss Song usually eat for work meals, do you eat egg fried rice?”

The corner of his mouth was smiling, as if he was expecting an answer.

The assistant condensed his eyebrows for a moment, and then nodded his head both gently, “Occasionally, too.”

Rania is not picky. He never asks his assistant to prepare alone when he eats work meals, just like his colleagues in the company, so there are indeed egg fried rice sometimes.

But she didn’t understand, the man asked the meaning of this.

By coincidence, at this moment Rania came back from the data room, holding a boxed lunch given by the colleague who was in charge of ordering meals when he passed the general department.

When I returned to the office to sit down and opened the lunch box, I saw a bowl full of egg fried rice.

She seemed to be accustomed to it, and started eating without saying a word.

After lunch, there is still a short break. At this time, the assistant sent an information report, saying that he had taken the young master of the single family to familiarize himself with the landforms of Kyoto. At the end, he also emphasized: “He seems to want to see you, so he has been asking questions all the way. How many times did you have time.”

Rania condensed his eyebrows and faintly returned to the past two words, "Push it away."

Putting down the phone, she leaned back on the office chair, and as soon as she closed her eyes, a feeling of sleepiness swept through. She was exhausted physically and mentally, how could she have the energy to deal with the second young master of the single family who suddenly appeared from nowhere.

Her assistant did not return to the company until about 7 in the evening. At that time, Rania had just finished the meeting. After the crowd had dispersed, she pinched her brow bones a little tiredly, and then when she was about to get up again, she saw the scenes of people. He broke in and took away the stack of papers in front of her.

When the two went all the way to the office, the assistant was still reporting the focus of the afternoon's itinerary. Rania unintentionally listened to it. When he was about to walk to the elevator entrance, he took the stack of documents and said, "Nothing else. Anyway, you can go back first. Tomorrow morning, you will pick up the single son and continue to stroll around the garden, not for company reporting."

After she finished speaking, she raised the hand holding the water glass and pointed in the direction of the elevator door, "Let's go."

After that, the assistant hesitated to continue to the office, but did not leave. Instead, he followed up and asked: "Then you, are you ready to leave work?"

Hearing this, Rania looked up and glanced at the time displayed on the wall clock on the wall, "I'll be busy for a while, what's wrong?"

After speaking, he narrowed his eyebrows and noticed the abnormality of the person in front of him, so he adjusted his posture and turned his body to face her, "Just say anything."

The assistant hesitated, his face looked a little ugly, and he reached out and pointed down, embarrassed: "The young master of the single family asked his assistant to rent a car, and he is waiting for you downstairs, saying he will wait until you get off work. It's useless to say anything."

As he said, he dared not look directly into Rania's eyes.

But she was also helpless. After all, the identity of the other party was there, and it was obviously impractical to find a security guard to drive her away.

When Rania heard this, he only frowned slightly, and then turned his body to the direction of the office again. Before stepping away, he responded indifferently: "I see, you don't need to care about this matter. Go back first."

If you want to wait, just wait, it's not her time that's lost.

