

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 591– 592

Chapter 591

Miss stared at the woman in front of her, her eyes full of vigilance.

Mrs. Smith's gaze passed the small woman next to her, her arms crossed her chest with a faint smile, and she stared at the family's daughter who still looked a bit jerky.

"Don't worry, I don't mean anything else." In the end, she stepped back slightly and smiled: "It's just that, I think you should have misunderstood, so I kindly remind you."

After speaking, she deliberately sold the door and walked out.

Sure enough, the other party quickly caught up with her impatiently, and even grabbed her sleeves because of too much urgency, and asked: "What do you mean, what is the misunderstanding?"

Mrs. Smith paused slightly, curled her lips and looked at the delicate hand on her white coat, and then frowned slightly, "Little sister, Miss Song has children. She and the young master of the single family are definitely not like you. Like you want."

Realizing that she was out of state, Miss had already made a move to withdraw that hand, but she was surprised to hear the words "child" and raised her hand high to prevent the people from leaving.

"You speak clearly, what kid?" She raised her eyebrows, not knowing whether it was because of excitement or nervousness, her eyes slowly gathered fire.

Seeing her pretending to be at ease, Mrs. Smith laughed a little, looked down and took out a mobile phone from her bag, opened the photo and handed it out.

During the period, he didn't say anything, but after letting the other party take it, he flipped the photo back and forth, and then was impatient, urging the small woman next to him to take it quickly.

After only two shots, the face that had barely maintained his composure no longer concealed any emotions, his eyebrows were raised high, and his muscles twitched a little.

Mrs. Smith remained the same, standing aside and watching like an outsider, until the woman looked over with unsuspecting eyes and smiled and asked her: "What is your relationship with her? Why are there these photos? Do you know the news? What big news should it be when it bursts out?"

She shrugged pretending to be indifferent, "It's not a very familiar relationship, but if you think it's inappropriate, then forget it."

While talking, he reached out his hand to pick up the phone and put it back in his bag. Before leaving the house, he glanced at it with a light look, "I just want to explain to Miss Song, she can't be with Master Shan. I hope you can see clearly what is in between."

After speaking, she turned around. Yu Guang noticed that the woman next to her followed and chased two steps forward. She seemed to have something to say, but she didn't stop and quickly stepped out of the bathroom.

Miss Jia stopped after two steps, her hand stretched out in the air and stalemated for a while, the expression on her face gradually became tangled.

The small woman behind her was full of excitement. She rearranged the photos she had just taken, and her eyebrows raised high at the moment, wishing to fly out of the sky.

"Miss, you have to take advantage of such a good opportunity..." She also followed two steps forward, stretching her neck to observe the other's expression.

Miss's hand gradually fell, and she shook her head after thinking for a moment: "Forget it, I know it. This matter can be big or small when it is public. The Song family is not always offensive. I shouldn't be such a stupid early bird."

She pursed her lips, her eyes filled with pain, as if she had made a decision after a lot of entanglement.

The woman next to her was surprised at first, then disappointed. Then she rolled her eyes and raised the phone high.

"Okay, you don't even want such a good opportunity to be in front of you. I think you want to be a single lady, this day is still long. I delete all the photos and leave first. Here you can play whatever you like. Let's play..."

After speaking, one of them has been deleted.

Seeing this, Miss Jia suddenly became nervous again, stopped with one hand, and yelled angrily: "It was hard to get the picture, what are you doing?"

Hearing this, the other party only glanced at her lightly, "Miss Song Jia has always been a superior image for so many years, but what kind of person she is secretly? Everyone knows this picture. She is married. The child also hooks up with other single men. I'm afraid she has done this in business for many years, right?"

The woman spoke eloquently, and while speaking, she pointed to the direction of the bathroom entrance to see if anyone came in.

Miss nodded thoughtfully.

Seeing this, she added, "The Song family has already suffered a lot from the Fengrui tax evasion incident some time ago. Today, if her Miss Song's personality collapses again, it will be difficult to get up again. Maybe this young master of the Shan family is still kept in the dark. Such a good opportunity is before you. If you don't talk about going forward, you have to retreat?"

After the woman analyzed it, Miss Jia followed her head a few times and her expression became tangled again.

She gritted her teeth and turned her head to confirm, "She can't get up from the Song family, what good is it for me?"

"Don't think about it, you know the news that the Song family has kept for so long. When the news is released, I will add some more words. Then how famous is the Song family? How famous is your family girl soon Up?"

After finishing speaking, she seemed to be afraid of not being persuasive enough, so she pulled out a newspaper from her bag, "As long as you go to make the news a little bit bigger, I promise to tell our editor-in-chief afterwards and make an interview with you..."

The old man Shan said that the youngest daughter of the family taught well because he looked at the other party's usual lively and clever appearance, and when he followed her father, he was also quite clever and sensible, and listened to what he said.

When fashionable and not paying attention, is there something interesting behind her sensibility?

In short, when she came out of the bathroom, she was already holding the mobile phone that the little reporter had just stuffed her in her hand. As for what she was going to do next, she didn't seem to have made up her mind.

It's just that she glanced around the entire banquet hall for a few times, but she couldn't find the dark blue figure that made her teeth tickling.

After Rania was pounced on the cake by Miss Jia, she was pulled by Shi Ran and entered the lounge room next to the banquet hall. The woman looked at her back and forth and confirmed that the rest of her body was clean. Come with a sigh of relief.

"I'm really sorry," she bowed her head to apologize, and then thanked again, "I was afraid that you would have a seizure just now, thank you for giving the old man this face."

Shi Ran's few words made Rania feel that she was emotionally quotient and would come.

Her expression also softened a little, and her lips faintly curled, "I'm just a ignorant little girl, she's spoiled at home."

While talking, he drew a wet wipe on the coffee table next to him and wiped the cream on his fingertips. Without seeing the trash can, he held the tissue in his hand.

Shi Ran was silent, only looked at her slightly, and then gently pursed her lips and smiled.

The woman in front of her was better than the family's little daughter who had just been reckless.

“Sit down and rest for a while. I've already asked someone to make tea and bring it over. When the banquet starts, I'll call you out.”

She reached out and pointed at the sofa chair next to her, and Rania sat down in response.

After a while, the tea came. Shi Ran held the tea cup in both hands, stared at it for a moment, and suddenly laughed, “If Rao Shan knew about this, he might not easily spare the girl.”

The topic actively mentioned Rao Shan, and Rania didn't speak up, but was silent, trying to see what the other party was thinking.

Chapter 592

“Rao Shan is not like ordinary rich young masters. He has been accustomed to raising him since he was a child. Before his brother's accident, he had not had a deep relationship with his family. In the UK, he was completely dependent on himself and worked hard bit by bit. .”

Mentioning the past, Shi Ran's lips pressed a faint smile, and after only a few words, the expression faded away, as if he was caught in his own memories.

Rania still didn't bother, put one hand on her chest and the other hand holding the teacup, taking a sip.

In fact, she did have some sporadic curiosity about Rao Shan.

Sure enough, after a pause, she continued with a smile: “Before he graduated, he worked with a few classmates and started trading and investment in the UK. In the early stage, he lost a lot of money due to experience and market problems. In the future, the companions who worked with him chose to stop one by one, so in the end, he was the only one left in the five-person team and persisted.”

“For this reason, he suffered a lot. After graduation, he was short of funds. He rented a disused balcony in other people's homes and ate overnight rancid meals, because in the early days of his business, he was a yellow-skinned and dark-eyed Asian. , It seems

even more difficult. From time to time someone comes to make troubles, and he also confuses with that evil temperament.”

Having said that, she suddenly turned her head and asked Rania, “Do you also think that he is different from the young masters who come out of ordinary rich people?”

“Yeah.” Rania narrowed her eyes, recalling that she had seen the scars on the man’s back in the hospital. She couldn’t deny this.

“Later, his trading company slowly improved. From a small company to a large company, he also unknowingly became a small and well-known local trading tycoon. Of course, all of this is what he has beaten down. , No one is qualified to question his harvest...”

After a pause, the slight smile in the woman’s eyes dimmed, and the conversation turned around, and she said with some regret: “It’s a pity...”

“Unfortunately, this kind of life has not passed for two years. Because of the changes in the family, he had to give up everything there and return to Shanghai. When he came back, I saw him lying in the study all day and night. Do two things, research copywriting data and smoking.”

After speaking with a laugh, he raised his eyes and looked at Rania, “Am I talking too much?”

For the first time, someone whispered something indifferent to her ears, and there was no repulsive emotion in her heart. Even after listening, she would unknowingly form a picture in her mind.

Young Master Shan, with his head fluffy broken hair, nestled in the dark study, frowning while dangling a cigarette to look up the data, which fits his image in Rania’s mind.

So calmly, she put the tea cup aside, and asked faintly: “You seem to know him well?”

Shi Ran was taken aback when he heard this question, and then he buried his head and chuckled: “I have been following him since the third year of his business. I know what he has suffered. You can imagine one in Shanghai. The savvy young master, who fought against local ruffians on the streets of Britain because of the collection of protection fees, was later knocked out of his head, and refused to go to the hospital because of medical expenses?”

After thinking about it, she shook her head slightly, “There are too many such things. At that time, I thought that he, like me, was a college student raised by family members.”

After that, Shi Ran didn’t seem to have any more intentions, because after that, he would inevitably think of Shan, the man who only appeared in her life for less than a year, but brought a life of pain.

Rania always listened quietly, without disturbing the emotions, and not expressing his attitude too much, but only for a while in silence, it was obvious that a moist and moist breath came out of the other party's eye sockets, and the voice suddenly became thick. nasal.

She narrowed her eyes and turned her gaze away.

Shi Ran took the opportunity to wipe the corners of his eyes, calmed down and sighed, and then stood up, "I have to accompany my uncle and aunt to entertain other guests. If you think Ms. Song is noisy outside, please rest here. I Tell the waiter outside that no one will bother you."

"Yeah." She gave a faint hum, her eyes softened, and after watching people step out, she suddenly retracted her eyes, looking at her sideways, with an expression of hesitant to speak.

"Is there anything else? Miss Shi."

She raised her eyes, and asked indifferently.

Shi Ran curled her lips briefly, thinking about it, or explaining, "All of Shanrao's experience abroad, even the two elderly people in the family still don't know about it. Actually, I have nothing to say to Miss Song. I hope you don't think I'm talking too much."

After a pause, she laughed again, "I can see what he thinks of you, Miss Song. This is the first time in so many years. In fact, I am very happy, happy for him, don't look at him sometimes scornful. Yes, in fact, the true inner words are buried in my heart. So no matter what attitude you have, Miss Song, I always hope that there is a chance to let you know more about him."

After speaking, she didn't wait for Rania to express her position, nodded slightly, and stepped out toward the entrance with her foot up.

Rania stayed, staring down at the tea in his hands that had cooled down, his eyes gradually darkened.

At best, she would only admit that she admired Shanrao.

Because she appreciates all promising young people like him who rely on their own personal efforts to fight. In contrast, a soul like Rao Shan seems more upright and pure for those who use life's injustice as an excuse after birth and try to find a shortcut by making friends with the upper class.

Thinking about it this way, there seems to be a fundamental difference between him and Shang Rui.

For some reason, Rania, who realized this, was not in a good mood. She looked sad, put the tea cup in her hand aside, looked around in the private room of this lounge, and then got up and raised her foot. Go outside.

Rania had just left the lounge, and the man hurried over from the other side. He looked down at the waiter who was standing at the door and asked, "Who is there?"

The waiter nodded cautiously, "Miss Shi just told me that Ms. Song's family was resting inside, but they just went out again."

"out?"

Rao Shan's eyes were stagnant, and he turned his head and looked at the crowd who was passing by.

At this time, Rania, after washing his hands in the bathroom, raised his foot in the direction of the banquet, and when he passed a lively bar, he heard a slightly sharp voice shouting.

"I haven't finished drinking this wine, you took it away for me, did you deliberately find it unhappy for me?"

The voice was somewhat familiar. Rania paused, and looked over, and she saw that the youngest daughter of the family was poking a waitress on the head with her index finger, venting very dissatisfiedly.

The waitress lowered her head and apologized only consensually, "Sorry, lady, I'll go and prepare a new glass for you right away."

In fact, what made Miss dissatisfied was not that someone accepted her wine, but that the person accepted her wine, but could not recognize her as the Miss family.

Sure enough, when Rania saw this, he raised his foot and walked over, stretched out his hand, and blocked the finger that she was going to reach again. The waiter next to her was saved, she immediately burst into tears and shouted gratefully. "Miss Song."

Rania is Miss Song, and's daughter is only worthy of being a young lady.

Miss Jia's face turned dark and her expression became even more ugly.

And Rania lowered her eyes and looked at the woman under her without saying a word. After only a moment, she could see that she was all hairy, and she instinctively avoided her sight.

Seeing this, she didn't say anything more, just turned her head and asked the waiter faintly: "You can go."

“Eh...” Miss went over behind her, and she wanted to talk again, but Rania’s eyes were bluffed again.

“This is not your home, Mr. Shan has a birthday, even if your father is here, you still have to give a bit of noodles.”

She reminded me faintly, then she didn’t mean to deal with too much, raising her foot to move forward again.