

Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 129– 130

Chapter 129

Miriam pursed her lips and remained silent.

Bryan looked at her, his eyes gradually deepened, his fingers passing through her hair, the other hand gently wiped the tears on her cheek, and said in a low voice, “I will send you to the restaurant first, and then leave. ,Ok?”

Miriam lowered her eyes, slightly avoided his fingers at the beginning, and said calmly, “No, you can leave now.”

Bryan frowned, “Miriam...”

How could he leave him alone?

Miriam raised her eyes expressionlessly, looked at him, smiled quietly, her clean face was bright and beautiful, “I want to walk alone, if you still want to continue making your dog skin plaster, I won’t stop it. But don’t show up in my sight.”

After all, she staggered his body and left without looking back.

The man’s brows frowned immediately, but he did not follow him immediately.

On the sidewalk, Miriam walked forward slowly, regardless of whether the man followed or not, as if he was walking, looking at the scenery on both sides at random, but if you look closely, you can see that the wandering eyes are empty and empty. , No focus at all, like a loss of thought.

I don’t know how long she staggered, but she didn’t pay attention. She was about to move on. A tender voice suddenly sounded, “Auntie, you hit me... Why don’t you apologize?”

Miriam was startled, as if suddenly awake, turned her head and looked down, only to find a cute little girl looking at her dissatisfied.

She reacted at once, squatting down hurriedly, with apologetic concern, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry... Auntie didn’t pay attention just now, did she hurt you?”

The little girl twisted her two beautiful eyebrows, her pink face bulged into two buns, pouted her lips, looked at her for a while, and used a soft voice to teach her seriously, “Auntie...you can’t In this way, mother said that you must concentrate on walking, otherwise you will fall and you will step on kittens and dogs...”

Uh.....

Looking at the small face that was not as big as her palm, she was tender enough to pinch water out, Shui Lingling's eyes were full of seriousness, Miriam looked embarrassed, bit her lip and nodded eagerly, and solemnly promised: "Yes. Yes, Auntie knows she was wrong and will definitely pay attention next time."

The little girl squinted her eyes and warmed people's hearts. She raised her little hand and patted her on the forehead, as if stroking a pet, and said softly: "Well, that's right. Mom tells her mistakes and corrects her. It's a good boy...bye auntie, I'm leaving..."

Miriam just wanted to nod her head, but she was taken aback, stopped her, looked around, and asked incomprehensibly: "Baby, are you alone? Where's mother?"

She only found out that this child was alone, and there was not a child walking around like an adult.

"Mom isn't here, it's grandma, over there." The little girl pointed to the old man sitting on the bench not far away.

Miriam took a look, relaxed, and gently touched her hair, "Okay, then you go, don't run around alone, you know?"

"Oh, goodbye auntie."

The little girl waved her hand, stepped on her short legs and ran away.

Miriam watched, with a big smile on her face, she slowly stood up, patted the dust on her clothes and was about to leave, when a raindrop suddenly hit her face, cold and heavy.

She was taken aback and looked up at the sky.

In the gloomy sky, the raindrops hit her face, more and more, more and more urgent.

Her face suddenly changed, she touched her shoulder bag, turned and hurried after her, shouting, "Baby!"

The little girl and grandma seemed to realize that it was raining too. They got up and were about to leave. Miriam ran after him, panted, and shouted, "Baby."

The little girl turned her head to see her, and she was taken aback, "Huh? Auntie."

Seeing that the rain was getting worse and worse, Miriam couldn't wait to greet them, took out an umbrella from her bag, opened it, and handed it to the old man, "Auntie, take this umbrella."

The weather was bad today, and it rained lightly when she went out early, so she put an umbrella on her body.

The old man took the child and glanced at her gratefully, "Then...what about you girl?"

Dou Da's raindrops hit Miriam's face, she raised her hand to block it, and said with a smile: "It's okay, my car is not far from here, just walk over, Auntie, you can take your child back. It's raining heavily, and this umbrella won't hold it either."

"Oh good, thank you little girl." The old man kept thanking her.

"Auntie, how can I return this umbrella to you?" The little girl blinked at her.

When the rain hit her eyes, Miriam subconsciously squinted her eyes and smiled, "No need to pay it back, you go back soon."

After speaking, she waved her hand and said no more. She raised her eyes and walked back toward the hospital quickly.

The car was still parked in the parking lot over there. She was in a bad mood just now because of Bryan and planned to walk here for a while and then go back. Unexpectedly, it would rain. Moreover, the rain was getting heavier and she just stood. After a while, the clothes were getting wet.

A strong smell of dust rushed from all directions, and the raindrops on the top of her head became more and more urgent, dripping into the open neckline and touching the skin, and she had a cold war.

With her hands in front of her forehead, she lowered her head and watched her feet move forward intently, and the ground had become wet.

"Miriam."

Ok?

Miriam was startled, someone seemed to be calling her amidst the patter of rain.

After raising his eyes, he didn't pay attention to his feet. The sole of his shoes suddenly slipped, and his body squatted forward very quickly.

"what!"

Miriam's brain went blank, and the blood in her body instantly iced into her bone marrow, forgetting all the reactions.

"Miriam!"

A roar that almost shattered his chest cavity resounded like a thunder on the ground, and it also shocked Miriam. Just before landing, he protected his stomach with both hands with all his strength, but his forehead still hit the stone, instantly breaking his skin. bleed.

Even if Bryan ran to her at a very fast speed, it was still a step too late. His handsome face was tight and even reflected white light, and his pupils shrank suddenly. He hugged her up, breathing quickly and asked, "Miriam, Miriam? You? How are you?"

Miriam slowly opened her eyes, saw his impatient face in the blur, opened her mouth, as if feeling it, then whispered, "I, I don't know..."

Her face was also scared to death, pale as paper.

The rain was still falling, and quickly washed away a little blood that had appeared on her forehead, and the whole person was embarrassed.

Bryan really wanted to scream at her directly, but seeing her like this, he felt distressed and forced to calm down when he was on the verge of violent walking, so that the trembling veins on his forehead almost broke.

"Tell me if you are uncomfortable, don't be afraid, I will send you back to the hospital now." Gasping for breath, the man hugged her tightly in his arms, hoping to block the rain as much as possible for her without any pause. Hurried forward.

Chapter 130

Walking fast, naturally there is no way to stabilize, the bumpy feeling gradually made Miriam notice that her lower abdomen is uncomfortable, her mood is getting darker and deeper, and panic arises spontaneously.

The clothes of both of them were soaked, Miriam clasped his neck tightly, and trembling in a low voice, "Bryan, kid..."

"Don't be afraid, nothing will happen." The man interrupted her in a deep voice, his dark eyes like ink oozing out, thick and terrifying.

Miriam's consciousness was still sober, her lips tightened, and she looked up at his profile through the rain in her eyes, without looking away for a long time.

Not far away, Bryan couldn't wait to walk over and rushed into the hospital with her in his arms and started calling for a doctor. The next moment was the scene of turmoil.

After half an hour.

The doctor came out of the ward, and the half-soaked but still calm man immediately stepped forward, "Doctor, how is she?"

The doctor's complexion became mild, "The injury on the forehead is just broken and bandaged, no major problem. As for the child, because it didn't hit the abdomen directly, it just moved the baby's breath and developed abdominal pain. Just rest. Second, you must pay attention."

After hearing that it was all right, the anxiety on Shao Bryanjun's face slowly subsided, and he nodded, "Doctor, thank you very much."

"It's okay, you can go in now."

In the room, Miriam was lying on the hospital bed with quick gauze on his forehead, and the paleness on his face faded a lot. Looking at the man who walked in, the handsome face almost dripped with gloomy face.

But he stood for a long time without saying a word.

The atmosphere is strangely quiet.

Miriam also pursed her lips for a long time. She didn't know where to put her eyes, so she couldn't help but uttered aloud, "Your clothes are all wet. Go change it, or you will get sick."

She herself was scared to death, but when she faced him, she didn't know where the guilty conscience came from, and when she saw his gloomy face, she was even more trembling.

Moreover, if it wasn't for him to shout at the time, she wouldn't be distracted and slipped. In fact, she wouldn't blame her, right? But this is obviously not the time to discuss who is right and who is wrong.

Bryan approached slowly.

Miriam's heart moved, she was about to sit up while propped on the bed.

"Don't move, the doctor said you need to rest and lie down." The man stood upright beside the bed, looking down at her, his voice was deep and flat, and his previous disorder and impatience were gone.

After Miriam paused for a while, she lay back slowly, and suddenly the light and shadow flickered before her eyes, and the man's hand was on her forehead.

"Does it still hurt?"

Miriam's eyes were deep, her eyelids drooped, and she smiled softly, "It just breaks a little, it doesn't hurt. Thank you just now."

"I'm asking if your stomach still hurts?" The man looked at her quietly, his tone not light or heavy.

Miriam's expression froze, she raised her eyes to look at his face. Except for the cold, she could not capture any emotions. After a long while, she closed her eyes and smiled faintly, "It doesn't hurt, the doctor said, the child is fine, you can rest assured."

The chill on Bryan's face became stronger for an instant, and the air pressure in the ward dropped a lot. His voice was faint and cold, "Do you think I can rest assured that you go out alone?"

Miriam's eyes flashed, subconsciously defending, "That was just an accident, I was not careful..."

The man interrupted her and sneered indifferently, "How many pregnant women run around like you? How many accidents and accidents do you have to remember this day?"

"Bryan, you!" The woman's face changed slightly.

The man suddenly squatted down and held her hand, his dark eyes staring at her tightly, imploring her tone hard, "Miriam, quit your job and raise your baby at home with peace of mind. You want to be willful and wait for the baby to be born. After that, anything will do."

He doesn't have such a strong heart to accept her for the second time.

Anyway?

Miriam looked at him without speaking, and the dead silence spread between the two, cold and depressed.

After a long time, she suddenly smiled quietly, lying on her side, reaching out from the quilt to touch his handsome face, and whispered softly: "Anything...because of these two children? Bryan, does that count? Are mothers more expensive than children?"

She held this question in her heart for a long time, and it took a lot of courage to ask it out. If she hadn't divorced yet, she could ask it on the spot, but asking it now would only embarrass both of them.

However, she couldn't help it anymore.

Bryan's eyes dimmed, holding her little hand against her face, and faintly said: "You are to divorce the marriage, and you are to give birth to the child. No one has been discussed with me. You need a mother to be expensive. ?"

"Then I was going to get rid of them, why did you try to stop them? Obviously, you just want to get the two kids for nothing."

The man pulls his lips, a faint smile on his face, "Who do I want to have a child with? But you may not be in the mood to have another child without a child. Am I afraid you will regret it later?"

"You!" Miriam choked, her pretty face turned black.

What does it mean to be out of the mood with someone else?

Where is this man confident that she will be a widow for his life?