

Let me go, Mr. Hill By Shallow South

Chapter 2131

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Freya flushed her cheeks, quickly let go, and quietly glanced at Ryan. As Ryan didn't notice it, Freya took her hand to the elevator. That kind of natural intimacy caused her to draw her fingers unnaturally. "What's the matter?" Ryan turned around and exhorted, grasping a little tighter.

"No, we..." Freya raised her arm unnaturally, trying to remind him.

"Didn't you say that you are dizzy? I'm afraid you will fall." Ryan's expression was real and

open, and Freya thought that she might be thinking too much.

Isn't it just holding a hand? I just slept with a hug...

but.....

Neither Freya nor her brother Forrest had done this at all.

It's a pity that her head is dizzy, she wants to think more, and she gets heavier.

After arriving on the second floor, unable to tolerate her thinking any more, Rodney took

her in to see a doctor.

After the doctor read the test report, doctor asked to take her temperature again, "Freya

have a low fever, should She take medicine or an injection?"

Ryan asked, "Is the injection OK once?" The doctor shook his head, "At least two injection are required."

"I don't want an injection." Freya stayed in the hospital for a while, and refused to take an

injection anymore. "said I only take medicine, just take medicine."

"That's OK," the doctor did not force it.

The doctor prescribed some anti-fever medicine for the first.

If the fever keeps recurring, you have to come to the hospital for injections, and you won't

be sloppy."

Freya nodded honestly, "Doctor, I will inject this?"

"Of course. You are the flu. It's a violent one. Don't come into contact with your children for

now." The doctor said while prescribing medicine."

The weather is getting colder recently, and there are more and more people who suffer from the flu. Today, you just watch the flu. More than 10.”

Freya was very frustrated.

Why did she get the flu? In fact, she was in good health before, and it may be that her

physique deteriorated after giving birth to a child.

After prescribing the medicine, Ryan took her to the first floor and asked her to sit down to collect the medicine.

Five minutes later, Ryan came over with a cup of warm water and anti-fever medicine.

Freya drank the medicine with his hand weakly. After drinking, she asked, “Where is the hot water?”

“I asked the nurse.”

She heard it, and raised her eyes weirdly, “Daily patient So many, the nurse will give it to you?”

Ryan bent his lips: “Ryan begged to tell the nurse that his wife is sick and very uncomfortable. Ryan begged her for help.”

“Who is your wife?” Freya glared.

When Freya met Ryan’s soft-lighted star eyes, her heart beat fiercely.

An annoyance surged up and Freya kicked Ryan irritably and said “I blame you, if I hadn’t picked you up yesterday, I wouldn’t have caught the flu at all.”

“Yes, yes, it’s all my fault, Ryan said.”

Ryan didn’t feel the pain of being kicked. It was not so much anger that Freya was acting like a baby, and it almost melted his heart.

“Just now the doctor said, it’s better for you not to contact Dani for the time being.

Also the doctor suggested that he has an empty house outside, so just live with me tonight.”

“No, I’ll live in Brighton Garden tonight. I have my own house, so I don’t want to live in your house.” Freya said with an angrily.

“Well, you can live wherever you want.” Ryan coaxed, “In order to make up for my apology,

let the little one send you there.”

Freya glanced at the doctor, staring at his pleasing appearance and then curled her lips

amusingly , “I am sore and weak.” “Okay, let me carry you on my back, grandma.” Ryan

quickly squatted in front of her.

Freya was so weak that she subconsciously threw herself on Ryan’s back and hugged his

neck.

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Ryan walked out carrying her.

In a place like a hospital, it is not uncommon for a man to carry a woman on his back.

Freya lay on Ryan’s back and a cold wind blew over her, and she realized with hindsight how

she had caused Ryan to carry it on her back.

Isn’t Ryan too hypocritical? I used to have a fever and weakness, and I didn’t let anyone

recite it.

But lying on Ryan’s back, Freya seemed to be emptied and she seemed to have found

support and didn’t really want to come down.

Perhaps no matter how old people are, when they are sick, they long for someone to rely

on.

Freya mumbled and asked after carrying her on her back in the car: “I’m not tired, am I a

little heavy?”

“Is it heavy, didn’t you think.”

Ryan bent over to help her pull on the seat belt.

Freya looked at Ryan’s handsome face and beautiful long eyelashes close at hand. Freya’s

heart suddenly became very soft, and for a moment, there was an urge to reach out and

hug his neck in her mind. .

When Freya realized this idea, a flash of disbelief flashed in her mind, and then she patted

her head lightly.

Is she burnt out?

“Does the head hurt?” Ryan asked softly, staring at her intently.

“Huh?”

Ryan’s hand was pressed against her forehead again.

“I see you pat your head, thinking you have a headache.” Ryan explained,

“The temperature seems to be higher again.”

“It’s okay, I took anti-fever medicine, it should be better in a while.”

Freya shrank her neck

Avoid Ryan’s hands. Ryan nodded.

Ryan drove the car to the Brighton Garden, “It’s past six now, are you hungry? Let’s eat

something to fill your stomach first.”

“No, I have no appetite, so I want to find a place to lie down.” Freya shook her head.

Ryan didn’t say anything.

After the car parked in the underground parking lot of Brighton Garden,

Ryan held her bag

in one hand and helped her into the elevator with the other.

After entering the house, Freya went upstairs, took off his coat and pants, and got into the

quilt.

Only halfway through her sleep, her upper body was picked up, and she leaned in a familiar

embrace.

“Come on, take the medicine.” Ryan hugged her medicine.

Freya drank the medicine from the cup, and her entire face wrinkled.

“You don’t have any sugar in your house, so drink some water to make you suffer.” Ryan fed

her two more mouthfuls of water before helping her to lie down.

When Ryan got up, he noticed that she was only wearing a close-fitting beige sweater

underneath, and there was a looming white silk edge underneath...

The black pupils deepened.

Ryan quickly turned his eyes away and helped her tuck the quilt.

After the sound of his footsteps went down, Freya fell asleep without consciousness.

When I woke up, I sweated all over my body. Although my body was still weak, my body was

not so painful anymore.

She sat up, took a set of pajamas from the coat rack, and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

Although she doesn't live here anymore, this is always her home in the capital, with everything she should have in it.

When Freya finished the shower, she suddenly found out that her pajamas were missing, so she came out of the bathroom wearing only a pajama.

When I first walked to the middle of the bedroom, the door outside suddenly opened.

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Ryan walked in and saw the woman in the room with wet hair . She wore a pure white pajamas. The pajamas only reached the waist, and underneath she wore a pair of light yellow trousers, two white dangling trousers. The straight calf is exposed to the air.

Forget it, a few of the buttons on her pajamas were not buttoned, and half of the scenery was exposed.

The porridge in his hand almost couldn't be held steady, a flame rushed upward from below, and his breathing couldn't help but squeeze.

"Ah..." With eyes facing each other, Freya screamed when she came to realize her

consciousness, got into the quite embarrassedly, her pretty face blushing, and then whole body was blown up. "Ryan, why are you still here?"

"I am not here, where I have been, I have been downstairs."

Ryan took a deep breath, enduring the uncomfortable, and he held the bowl on the side of

the bed, and then glanced at it. The woman hiding in the quilt.

The scenery just now flashed by again.

Ryan closed his eyes slightly embarrassed, and opened them again, his eyes have been clear

again, "I made porridge for you."

"...oh...oh."

Freya flushed. She turned her face, and the wet hair also flowed down her cheeks. The white

face and jet black hair formed a kind of extreme allure.

Ryan guessed that she didn't realize how charming she looked now, "I'll go out first, you put on your pants."

Freya stood up straight, turned and closed the door when Ryan walked out.

Freya got out of the quilt grievously, and then looked at her s*xxy appearance, wishing to kill

herself.

never mind.

Freya closed her eyes and told herself. Ryan likes Women, likes Women.

But is it really disgusting?

Freya suddenly felt a little uncomfortable.

Glancing at the hot porridge on the side, it seemed that there was minced meat and greens

in it.

Freya took a spoon of meat and took into the mouth. Even if she didn't have any appetite,

she felt that the porridge had a strong flavor.

5 minutes later, Ryan knocked on the door again, "Are you ready?"

"Come in."

Freya took a deep breath.

Ryan opened the door and came in.

Freya was already wearing thick winter pajamas and holding a bowl of porridge in her hand,

sitting on the sofa.

Looking at Ryan clear black eyes, Freya was a little unnatural for a short while, and she didn't

know whether her pretty face had just finished taking a shower, or was embarrassed, red

and alluring under the light.

"I...I thought you went back." Freya lowered her head and drank the porridge, her face

almost buried in the bowl.

"You have a fever, how could I go back? The doctor said it is likely to have a fever again"

Ryan said with touched her forehead again.

Freya's body flick, maybe it is an illusion, Ryan feels very hot, "it should be a good point,

before sweat a lot"

"feeling is a good point, but just showered, and body temperature Not allowed." Ryan

asked, "Where is your hair dryer?"

"In the bathroom, I blow my hair after eating." After Freya finished speaking, she went to the

bathroom, took the hair dryer out, and found one. The plug was plugged in, and then she

stood behind her and blew up.

The "whoop" hair dryer rang behind her ears, a warm wind blew on her scalp, and Ryan

fingers shuttled between her hair.

Freya was shocked.

This state between two people is very strange.

"Don't blow, I'll come by myself later, I have long hair, and it will take a long time to blow."

Freya turned back and said.

"Turn your face to drink porridge, don't move."

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Ryan pulled Freya over, "Do you know that if you don't dry your hair in time after washing,

you will often have headaches in the future, such an adult, I don't know to pay attention."

Freya, who was catching a cold, was reprimanded. Ryan looked upset.

"You care about me." "I don't care who cares about you." Ryan took the hair dryer and blew

her face.

"Ryan, you are so annoying." Freya stretched out her hand to beat his arm, but didn't use

any force at all.

Ryan's whole body was strained by her delicate voice.

Ryan thought to himself that sooner or later he would be tortured to death by Freya.

Her long hair is really not easy to blow, and it took nearly ten minutes to blow dry

completely.

Freya had already drunk half a bowl of porridge and didn't want to eat it anymore.

"Just eat this?" Ryan frowned, "eat a little bit more."

"No more, no appetite." Freya kept her face away, and retracted into the sofa like a child.

"I made it by myself, so I can save some face." Ryan sat aside and coaxed.

Freya was taken aback, "You boiled it?" "Otherwise?" Ryan raised her eyebrows, "The outside is not clean."

Freya opened her mouth, and her throat was blocked for a while, "I remember there is no meat or rice at home.

"I asked the nearby supermarket to deliver it. You have a fever. I didn't dare to go out." Ryan sighed and said.

"Tomorrow's breakfast is also ready, so you don't need to go out to eat."

"You... today going to sleep late... to sleep here?" Freya stammered all over.

"Otherwise?"

Ryan smiled, "Someone is taking care of me. I can at least take you to the hospital in time for anything."

"No need."

Freya whispered, "It's not the first time I have a fever. Just spend the night alone."

"Before you didn't know me. You have to know me earlier, and you don't need to be alone."

Ryan took a spoonful of porridge and said, "Freya open your mouth..."

Freya looked at Ryan's gentle eyebrows, and finally ate again obediently.

"You take a rest, I'll take a shower downstairs." Ryan stood up.

"Do you...do you want to change your clothes?" Freya blurted out looking at him from behind.

Ryan turned around.

Freya didn't open her face, "When I was pregnant, Rodney stayed here for a while and then divorced, he never came.

But there were still some clothes here..." Ryan was startled .

There was a feeling of blockage in her heart, but she quickly let go. When Rodney was in her world before, this room also had the shadow of Rodney, but he can gradually replace it in the future.

“Okay, where, I’m about the same shape as Rodney, I should be able to wear it.”

“In the cabinet next to the second bedroom, you should also sleep there at night.”

After Ryan went over, opened the cabinet and got a headache. The clothes inside were all

Very shameless, after taking a shower, Ryan took a green pajama and put it on.

Freya played with her mobile phone in the bedroom for a while, she went back to bed and fell asleep.

When Freya was sleeping in a daze and her head was heavy again, she felt something cold on her forehead.

She opened her eyes, under the dim lamp, Ryan sat beside her and touched her head softly

and said, “You are starting to have a fever again. I put a fever-reducing sticker for you.”

“Well, I feel stuffy in my chest... I want to vomit...”

“Take it up, you may feel better after vomiting.” Ryan brought the trash can over.

Freya lay on the edge of the bed, brewing for a while before she vomited all over.

When she was vomiting in pain, she felt a hand gently patting her back.

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When vomiting in pain, Freya felt a hand gently patted her back.

After vomiting, the whole body began to sweat again, and the whole body was as collapsed.

Freya closed her eyes, heard footsteps busy in the room for a while, then came down, and

soon came up again, giving her the anti-fever medicine with her arms around her.

Later Freya fell asleep somehow.

Only when I woke up, it was dawn outside and the heating was on in the house.

Freya sat up slowly, her body was a little weak, but she was much more relaxed and comfortable.

On the chaise longue next to him, Ryan leaned on it and fell asleep, with a thin blanket on

her waist and wearing a green pajamas. Freya looked familiar. She thought about it for a

long time before remembering that it was worn by Rodney before. .

The sun's rays penetrated in from behind the thin screen windows and fell on his tired face.

He slept very deeply, and his loose hair fell on the tough brows, making his whole face

cleaner and handsomer.

Freya was stunned for a long time.

She remembered being guarded by someone after she vomited last night.

The man took her temperature from time to time.

Freya knew it was him.

If Freya had a fever in the past, she would never dare to fall asleep so unscrupulously

without the fever, because if the fever did not go away, once the fever was higher, the brain

might burn out.

But Freya subconsciously thought that Ryan was there, she was so at ease.

Thinking back carefully, Freya was really embarrassed last night.

After vomiting so much, Freya herself felt quite disgusting, and even the smell in the room

must be unpleasant.

But Ryan didn't mind at all, and he stayed all the night.

Even the vomit in the trash can has been cleaned up.

My brother would not be so gentle and considerate.

In order to avoid waking her, Freya tiptoed open the quilt to get up.

Ryan awakened only when Freya walked to the bathroom and closed the door softly.

Ryan sat up, rubbed his eyebrows, glanced at the light in the bathroom, and quickly understood.

Freya didn't know that Ryan was awake. After washing, she saw that there was no one on the chaise longue. She put on a thick pajamas and went downstairs to find someone.

In the kitchen, a slender figure is busy.

Freya walked over and saw Ryan cutting green onions.

A warm feeling surged to her heart.

"Why don't you sleep more?"

"I'm hungry." Ryan glanced sideways at Freya, then looked his hands, holding a kitchen knife

in one hand and green onions in the other.

Ryan paused for two seconds, then bent over and bowed his head abruptly at her.

Freya's mind flashed through some scenes in certain TV dramas. When Ryan was flustered

and at a loss, Ryan's forehead suddenly touched her forehead.

"..."

"It doesn't seem to have a fever." The sultry male breathed away, Ryan said.

Freya: "..."

It turns out that Ryan was just checking his body temperature, but Freya thought that ryan

was going to kiss or something....

Okay, Freya has no brains to burn out, thinking about something horrible.

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