

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 311**

The car slowed to a stop at a parking lot in the nearby shopping district.

Wendy hugged Melody's arm sweetly as they walked out of the parking lot.

They window-shopped for a while. Wendy did not say another word about Byron, as though she had actually given up on the marriage.

Nearing noon, the two of them re-emerged from the shopping district with a ton of bags in each hand.

"I reserved us a table at a restaurant with great reviews online. I think you'll like it," Wendy said with a smile.

Melody went along with her suggestion.

The restaurant Wendy had chosen was not in the same shopping district. They had to drive there, so they took their bags to the parking lot.

When they reached the entrance to the parking lot, however, a car suddenly rushed toward them from inside.

The two of them froze for a second before they hastily stepped aside.

They thought the car would drive past them as usual, but before they even steadied their footing, it turned around and rushed toward them again.

The women were backed into a corner now. As the car came right at them, they had nowhere left to run.

Melody dropped her bags in shock.

Wendy's eyes widened in terror as well.

The car was rapidly approaching them...

Melody instinctively closed her eyes.

Suddenly, she heard Wendy shriek, "Watch out, Auntie!"

A hand grabbed her arm and shoved her away.

Melody was caught off-guard, and she stumbled before she managed to catch her footing.

The car was coming at her so quickly that she could not think straight. She could not even comprehend what had happened.

It was only when she heard a cry of pain that she abruptly returned to her senses. Eyes wide, she looked in the direction of the voice.

The driver of the car had clearly slammed the brakes. It had skidded to the side until it was almost horizontal to her.

Wendy lay next to the car, her face deathly pale and her arm pressed against her shoulder. It looked serious.

“Wendy!” Melody dashed to her and crouched down to check on her injury. “Are you alright? I’ll call 911!”

Wendy forced a smile despite her pain. “I’m just glad you’re fine. There’s no need to call 911. I think... I’m not that badly hurt. Don’t worry.”

She tried to prop herself up and get onto her feet.

However, her wounded arm could not budge at all. She had barely straightened up before she collapsed again, her face turning even paler.

Melody carefully helped her up. When she glanced at Wendy’s injured arm, Melody looked absolutely devastated. “You must have broken or fractured it.

It’s all my fault! You wouldn’t have gotten hit by that car if you hadn’t saved me...”

Wendy held her injured arm, wincing through the pain. Suddenly, she looked at the car, which had stopped where it stood. Her gaze turned cold and she forced herself to speak. “Shouldn’t you apologize after ramming into me?”

The parking lot was quiet. Her voice was soft and weak, but it still echoed around the building.

Only then did Melody realize the car was still there. She looked back at the driver’s seat and was about to say something when the car slowly began to move again.

Recalling the close call earlier, Melody felt a flash of terror.

The next second, however, the car turned around and sped toward the exit.

By the time Melody realized what had happened, the car was already gone from sight.

She was about to call the police when Wendy grabbed her arm.

“Auntie, is my arm broken?” Wendy said, her eyes red and her voice pitifully tiny.

Melody forgot clean about the hit-and-run driver. She hastily helped Wendy into the car and personally sent her to the hospital.