

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 18 –

Chapter 18

Chapter 18 They Were Already Divorced!

There was no one in the booth.

After Byron entered, he closed the door by the way.

For a time, they could only hear each other's breathing in the booth.

Rosalie looked around, feeling a sense of danger for no reason, and started struggling violently.

"What are you trying to do? Let go of me!"

In the next second, the man had effortlessly pressed her into the corner.

Their bodies were almost touching each other.

The man's hot breath fanned her ear.

Rosalie immediately ceased her struggling and leaned against the wall. She straightened her body rigidly, even unconsciously slowing down her breathing.

At this distance, her chest could bump into the person in front of her if she breathed a little heavier.

There was dead silence in the booth.

Rosalie clenched her teeth; her mind was in a state of chaos.

No matter how long had passed, the man still made her feel an intense sense of oppression.

It was just that...their relationship had already changed.

Rosalie pinched her palm hard and forced herself to calm down.

They were already divorced!

She had nothing to do with Byron now!

They were beings from two worlds!

Thinking of this, Rosalie took a deep breath and calmly said, "Byron, let me go. If there is anything to say, we can discuss it properly."

Hearing her indifferent tone, Byron was slightly stunned. After a while, he stepped back, but still did not release the shackles he had on her.

Rosalie felt a sense of relief and she looked calmer.

"So you have nothing to say to me?"

Byron noticed the change in her expression and his eyes narrowed slightly.

Perhaps she had already reached an acceptance because when Rosalie heard this, she did not feel any inner turmoil. She said distantly, "President Lawrence, we have been divorced for six years. I don't...have anything to say to you."

After she said that, Byron immediately pinched Rosalie's chin.

She was forced to look up and meet the man's eyes.

"What did you call me?"

The anger was practically almost gushing out of Byron's eyes.

Rosalie endured the pain. She broke eye contact and said nothing.

Noting her silence, Byron was furious.

President Lawrence?

That was a rather unfamiliar way for her to refer to him!

Also, six years!

Had this woman always been so cruel?

She was so cruel that she even abandoned and being estranged from her own daughter!

There was no one crueller than her!

"Rosalie, why are you pretending to be a stranger in front of me?"

Byron tightened his grip.

Rosalie was in pain, but she returned his gaze with a frown, her eyes full of resistance.

The corner of Byron's lips arched mockingly, "Was the person who had repeatedly shouted that they liked me and loved me back then not you? Now you pretend to be a stranger to me? Have you forgotten what you did to me back then? If you have, I haven't!"

She did not expect him to bring up what happened six years ago himself. Rosalie was stunned for a few seconds.

How could she forget that night?

She had approached him almost like she was a sacrifice that night, just for that bit of tenderness.

Thinking of her emotions from that time, Rosalie's heart chilled slightly. She clenched her hand that hung at her side into a fist and answered without any sign of weakness, "I remember, what of it? Does President Lawrence now feel like he has suffered a loss and wants to reclaim it? Tell me, how do you want me to compensate you?"

Anger filled Byron's entire body and the pressure in the booth dipped to a frightening low.

The pain in her chin was becoming more and more obvious. Rosalie continued to endure and uttered the rest without changing her expression, "To tell you the truth, you weren't at all conscious that night but now that I think about it, that was just it. But I did do something to you, so I have no complaints if you want compensation."

How great. Even after all these years, this woman still knew what to say to annoy him.

Byron narrowed his eyes dangerously.

He had indeed not been conscious at all that night and was unsure of what had transpired specifically.

However, this tone of Rosalie's would have pissed any other man.

After a few seconds of silence, Byron tilted her chin upward and said in a cold tone, "Since you've caused such a misunderstanding, I don't mind being of service to you one more time."

There was a flash of confusion in Rosalie's eyes. Seeing the man leaning forward, she wanted to dodge but there was no way out.

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