

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 191 –

Chapter 191 No Need to Take Care of Me Byron was a very light sleeper, so when he heard a faint rustling sound in his half-conscious state, he frowned and opened his eyes. He was met with the sight of the person on the hospital bed, hand on their forehead. Clearly, they had already woken up. “How do you feel? Are you burning up?” Byron got up and walked toward the hospital bed.

Rosalie’s movements were slightly stiff as she slowly sat up on the bed and thanked him politely. “I feel much better, sorry for all the trouble tonight.”

At her estranged behavior, Byron’s eyes darkened. He reminded himself that the woman was still ill, so he suppressed his displeasure and said in a low voice, “Are you hungry? You didn’t eat anything all night.” She was fine when she did not have her mind on it, but at the mention of food, Rosalie could not help the feeling of emptiness in her stomach. Not only did she not eat anything all night, but she also did not have any appetite all day due to her fever, only having a few measly bites of food around noon. However, she did not want to owe this man any more favors. Just as Rosalie was about to declare that she was not hungry, her stomach let out a loud rumble.

After a moment, Rosalie’s face flushed with embarrassment, and she forced herself to calmly turn her head away. “It’s already pretty late, so I don’t feel like eating anything.”

Byron frowned, stood up, and walked out of the ward. Rosalie turned around at the sound of his movements, but he was already nowhere in sight. Ten minutes later, the man returned with a steaming bowl of chicken soup in his hands. “For takeouts bought at night, warm it up in the hospital’s microwave oven. We’ll just have to make do for now.”

Rosalie was stunned yet again. It was not until the man helped her adjust her hospital bed and put the chicken soup in front of her that she came back to her senses. “Thank you.” She sat up and slowly took a sip from the bowl. Now that he had gone out of his way for her to this extent, it would seem too sedulous of her to reject the soup.

Seeing that she no longer refused, Byron turned around and sat down in a chair, then solemnly said, “The doctor said that you should stay in the hospital tonight to avoid recurrence of your condition. You’ll have a check-up tomorrow morning, and if there’s no problem, you’ll be discharged.”

Rosalie nodded and glanced at him. “It’s getting late. I feel much better now, and I can take care of myself. Thank you for tonight. You probably have work tomorrow, so head home and rest early.”

Hearing those words that clearly meant she was trying to chase him away, Byron's expression darkened again, and his voice was cold as he said, "I'm not that irresponsible to leave a patient here by themselves."

Rosalie frowned slightly. "I don't need to be taken care of anymore, and you can't rest well here, so there's no reason for you to stay here."

Moreover, she did not want to owe Byron any more favors than she already had.

The ward was dead silent in the middle of the night, and Rosalie's voice seemed to cut through the silence like a knife.

The moment she stopped talking, the ward fell into complete silence once again. Byron, on the other end, had no intention of leaving. Rosalie clenched her fists and slowed down her tone as she said, "President Lawrence, we have nothing to do with each other, so you don't have to take care of me to this extent. If this continues, I'll feel pressured."

After saying that, Rosalie stared at him with a stern expression.

Byron did not expect that after taking care of this woman so much, she still ended up acting so distant toward him. His heart was filled to the brim with displeasure.

However, it was even more impossible for him to abandon this woman and leave her.

After a long silence, he finally managed to suppress the emotions in his heart and said with an unwavering tone, "Don't get me wrong, I just thought that if I leave just like this, Estie will get angry with me again when she finds out." In other words, he did not stay here just to take care of her.

Rosalie could not come up with any other argument against his words, so she could only acquiesce to his stay.

Nonetheless, there was nothing to be said between the two. The ward fell into a rather awkward atmosphere.

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Chapter 192 Unable to Fall Asleep for a Long Time After Rosalie finished drinking the chicken soup, Byron silently went over to help her adjust her bed. After clearing the bowl, he returned once again.

Silence fell between them. Rosalie had slept all day and therefore could not fall asleep anymore. Nonetheless, she still closed her eyes, not wanting to interact with Byron.

On the other hand, Byron was exhausted after a busy day. After sitting back down, he closed his eyes and fell into a light sleep.

The sound of even breathing could be heard in the silent ward.

Rosalie slowly opened her eyes and glanced in Byron's direction.

The man's suit jacket was draped over her blanket as he himself wore only a thin dress shirt; his arms folded over his chest. It did not seem like he was having the most peaceful of slumbers.

After deliberating for a moment, Rosalie cautiously stood up, took Byron's jacket, walked over to him, and lightly draped it over his front. As she was standing back up, Rosalie caught sight of the man's handsome face, and she felt a rush of mixed emotions.

It was still the same face as six years ago, but looking at it right now, she no longer felt the same infatuation as she did back then.

How the owner of this face saw her, she no longer wanted to know either. Currently, all she hoped for was to live a good life with her two boys. At this thought, Rosalie nibbled on her lower lip in relief, then walked over to turn off the lights in the ward and went back to bed. Her eyes were shut, but her thoughts were running through her head, and she was unable to fall asleep for a long time.

Byron was a very light sleeper, and he woke up the moment there was the sound of movement from the hospital bed. However, he never opened his eyes, not even when he heard Rosalie's footsteps seemingly heading in his direction.

After a while, the woman's footsteps stopped in front of him, and the light fragrance wafting from the woman's body lingered in his nose.

Byron's breathing became labored for a moment, but when he felt the woman's gaze was on his face, he kept up his act.

It was not until he heard another movement from the hospital bed that he slowly opened his eyes and looked at the person laying on the bed, a profound look in his eyes.

Neither of them slept well all night.

Early the next morning, Rosalie was awakened by the ruckus at the entrance of her ward.

“The children were worried about Miss Jacobs, and they kept badgering me to bring them here to visit her first thing in the morning,” Lisa explained helplessly.

Her words were followed by Lucian’s worried voice. “How’s Mommy? Is she still sleeping?”

In a low voice, Byron replied, “Yeah, so let’s visit her later.”

He did not get much sleep the previous night, and he woke up as soon as the kids had arrived in the morning. Seeing that the person on the hospital bed was still asleep, he got up to stop the kids from entering, closing the door along the way. Seeing the slightly haggard look on the man’s face, Lucian furrowed his little eyebrows and cooperated compliantly. Beside him, Nox anxiously clawed at the crack of the door, trying to see Mommy’s condition, but his face fell when he was unable to see anything. Estie’s hand was being held by Lisa as she stared at the door of the ward with large eyes. She was very worried about the pretty auntie. However, when he heard Daddy say that Auntie was still sleeping, she stood outside quietly without making a sound. For a while, the corridor was silent. Rosalie felt warmth blossoming in her heart at knowing that the kids were so worried about her and got up to open the door for them. The moment she sat up, however, her eyes met Byron’s through the small window on the door of the ward. As they stared at each other, Rosalie could not help but be taken aback. Just as she was dithering over how to react, the man had withdrawn his gaze, then lowered his eyes to the kids in front of him and solemnly said, “You can go in now.” As he said that, he turned around and opened the door of the ward. When the kids caught sight of Rosalie who was already half-sitting inside the ward, their eyes brightened, and they scrambled in one after another.

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Chapter 193 The Turbulence had calmed Down “Mommy, how are you? Has the fever subsided?” Lucian and Nox rushed to the bedside, concern evident on their faces.

Rosalie smiled as she nodded. “Mhm, I’m feeling much better now.”

The two boys, still worried, reached out to feel her forehead. Seeing this, Rosalie leaned down compliantly and let the two boys touch her forehead. Just as she was about to sit back up, she caught sight of Estie standing behind Lucian and Nox. The little girl was biting her lips, her eyes glossy, and worry etched across her little face. Compared to Lucian and Nox, the little girl was more on the timid side. Rosalie’s heart softened at that, and she smiled at the little girl as she said, “Estie, do you want to come and check my temperature too?”

Estie was stunned for a moment, then with an earnest nod, she let go of Lisa's hand and hurried over.

Rosalie was still leaning over, and when she saw the little girl stretch out her hand, she reached out to grab the girl's wrist and guided it to her forehead. After a moment, Estie slowly withdrew her hand, and the worry on her face had significantly subsided.

"Sorry, did I scare you guys?" Recalling the kids' anxious faces when she had been admitted to the hospital yesterday, Rosalie patted their heads apologetically. Nox nodded without a moment's hesitation. "Lucian and I will be good boys, so Mommy, don't be so tired in the future, okay?" Lucian wore a pout on his little face. Although he did not say anything, his attitude clearly showed that he agreed with his brother's words. With a noncommittal smile, Rosalie replied, "Okay, Mommy will take good care of herself."

Lisa carried a thermal lunch box and placed it on the bedside table. "Have you both eaten anything this morning? I've brought some food for you, so do come and eat." As she said that, she brought out two bowls, served them some chicken soup, then took out some side dishes and put them aside.

Rosalie nodded as she thanked Lisa. "Sorry for the trouble." Byron had no appetite, but Lisa had already filled his bowl with food, so he had no choice but to accept it.

The two simultaneously reached out for their bowls which had been placed right next to each other, their hands unsurprisingly brushed against each other.

Rosalie's movements froze imperceptibly, and she unconsciously lifted her gaze to look at the man in front of her, only to be faced with the man's deep gaze.

As they looked into each other's eyes, Rosalie suddenly came back to her senses. She lowered her eyes to suppress the strange feeling in her heart and picked up her bowl as if nothing had happened. Lisa spoke up again. "Apologies for troubling you with looking after Miss Jacobs all night last night, President Lawrence." Byron nodded nonchalantly. "Think nothing of it."

After saying that, he glanced at Rosalie, then continued, "After all, Estie likes her so much, so naturally, I should look out for her a little more. Besides, Miss Jacobs has also taken much care of Estie in the past." The underlying implication was that he took care of Rosalie only because of Estie. Rosalie had heard this once last night, and now that she heard it again, the turbulence in her heart had calmed down.

Lisa, however, was flabbergasted. Seeing the way the two of them had interacted with each other last night, she had thought that...

After hearing what Byron had said, Lisa could not help feeling slightly embarrassed. "Is that so..." When Lucian heard Lisa mention that Byron had taken care of Mommy the

whole night, he pursed his lips, then turned away from the bed to look at the man standing nearby and bowed at him in a polite yet distant manner.” Thank you for taking care of my Mommy, Mister Byron.”

He had the same thought as Rosalie. Since this man had let Mommy down once again, they should draw a clear line between him and themselves. However, the man did take care of Mommy this time, so he should still offer his gratitude.

Nox quickly followed suit and bowed as well. Seeing the alienated attitude of the two boys, Byron frowned, and could only nod silently as a response.

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Chapter 194 Merely an Unforeseen circumstance After finishing the chicken soup, Rosalie glanced at the time. She could probably still make it if she rushed to the research institute now. “My fever has subsided. Lisa, could you please help me get discharged from the hospital? I still have work to do.”

Letting a senior such as Leon perform an operation had already delayed progress on the research institute’s side of things. Rosalie did not want their research progress to fall behind because of her. Lisa was hesitant. “Miss, you should stay in the hospital for another day to let them observe your condition. I understand how busy you are during this time, but your sudden bout of fever yesterday was no doubt due to overwork. Right now, the fever has just subsided, but you’re already in a hurry to go back to work again. I’m just afraid that your body won’t be able to withstand all this.”

She had not spent a long time at Rosalie’s house, but during that time, she had witnessed the immense amount of workload that Rosalie had to handle.

If it was not for Rosalie falling ill yesterday, she would have even thought that this woman’s body was made of iron. Every day, she worked tirelessly like the turning gears of a clock, and when she arrived home, she had her children to care for. Even so, Lisa had never heard her complain about being tired. After being with them in this period, Lisa had come to truly regard them as family. She felt her heart ache for Rosalie, a woman who had to raise two children on her own. Seeing Rosalie sick like this felt like she was looking at her own daughter—it made her feel like she had to take good care of Rosalie.

Without much thought, Rosalie lifted the blanket in an attempt to get out of bed. “It’s no big deal, I’m already used to it. Yesterday was merely an unforeseen circumstance.”

Hearing this, the expression on Byron’s face darkened.

He still remembered this woman's outstanding resume. What kind of life had she led when she was abroad to be able to achieve all that in just six years?

Lisa was still worried. After all, she did not hear what the doctor had said yesterday, and she did not know how Rosalie's condition was currently.

After a moment of hesitation, seeing that Rosalie had already sat up from her bed, Lisa looked at Byron for help.

She did not know why, but for some reason, she just had a feeling that maybe Rosalie would listen to this man.

Byron frowned, then strode to the side of the hospital bed and looked down at Rosalie. "Yesterday, the doctor said that if you want to be discharged from the hospital, you'll need to go through another check-up."

After saying that, he turned his head to look at Lisa and instructed, "Call for the doctor to come and check up on her." Lisa breathed a sigh of relief, then quickly left to call for the doctor.

Rosalie frowned in disapproval. "No need for that, I know my own body's condition."

She was a doctor herself and understood the severity of her own condition.

She had merely caught a fever, and now that the fever had subsided, she was in good enough condition to be discharged from the hospital. Just then, Byron spoke, and the man's question rang in her ears, "If you knew, then why were you so ill that you were passed out at home and couldn't even get out of bed?"

Hearing this, Rosalie choked slightly.

When Lucian and Nox heard Byron's words, they nodded solemnly. "Mommy, let the doctor do another check-up, okay?"

Seeing the worried look on the kids' faces; Rosalie had no choice but to swallow her refusal and wait for the doctor to arrive for a check-up.

Soon, Lisa brought the doctor in. After a round of check-ups, the doctor looked around the room, and his eyes finally landed on the man who brought Rosalie here yesterday. "The patient's condition is fine, and she can be discharged from the hospital. However, after discharge, she should take note to get plenty of rest. After all, one's health is their greatest asset."

Byron nodded, then glanced at Rosalie.

When she met his gaze, Rosalie felt a sense of guilt for some reason. She lowered her gaze and responded, "Thank you, doctor, I'll keep that in mind." The doctor exhorted her with some precautionary platitudes, before turning around and leaving

After confirming that Rosalie was all right, Lisa could finally go through with the discharge procedures without worries.

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Chapter 195 We Are Both Clear Now It was not even 8 o'clock yet when they came out of the hospital.

Rosalie laid in bed for a day or two and felt that her bones were all stiff. She finally breathed in the fresh air outside and comfortably did a good stretch. Lucian and Nox followed behind her every step of the way, fearing that something might happen to her again.

"Miss Jacobs, it's best that you rest at home, even just for the morning!" Lisa did her best to advise her.

Rosalie looked back and smiled, "I'm good, don't worry. I performed surgery two days ago and got drenched in sweat, didn't clean up properly, and rushed to the kindergarten. I must have caught a cold from that which led to my fever. I'll be more cautious next time."

After she spoke, she squatted down and touched the heads of the little fellas. "Mommy still needs to go to work at the Research Institute. Get Nanny Lisa to send you to kindergarten, alright? You might run a little late, but I'll let Miss Leigh Ann know." The little fellas looked at her with a tinge of worry. If it was possible, they hoped that Mommy could go home and rest for a bit. However, they understood their mother the best and knew that she would never possibly delay her work

After hesitating for a while, the little fellas nodded unwillingly. Rosalie stood up and looked toward Lisa. "Thanks a lot for helping with the kids. I won't come along, but I will notify their teacher."

Lisa had no choice but to agree.

"Thanks a lot for yesterday, but just take it as a payback for me taking care of Estie last time. We're all clear after this." Rosalie spoke calmly and again walked toward the man standing at the main entrance. When he heard this, the man's expression remained unwavering, but the look in his eyes darkened imperceptibly. After a long while, he

opened his mouth inexplicably and answered, "sure." Rosalie was about to turn and walk away, but a small hand gripped her skirt.

"Auntie!" Estie did not understand what it meant by the both of them being "clear" with each other, but she sensed that Rosalie's words seemed a little strange and quickly grabbed onto her skirt.

Rosalie stopped in her tracks and turned back to look at her. "What's the matter, Estie!"

Estie's big, round eyes were filled with a sense of grievance. "I like Auntie." The sight of that made Rosalie's heart crumble into softness. She could not help but hug the

little kid. "Auntie likes Estie too. Thanks for visiting me this time." With a hug from the beautiful auntie, Estie's mood slowly improved. However, she still felt reluctance upon Rosalie leaving. Rosalie walked over to the two little guys and made her way to the roadside with Lisa to hail a taxi.

Lisa too came here by taxi in the morning while Rosalie was sent here by Byron yesterday. Both of them had no other way.

It was just that this time was during the morning rush hour. There was no sight of a vacant taxi after waiting for a long time.

Rosalie was contemplating whether to seek Yves for help and have him pick them up. She then heard Byron's stern voice speak from the side, "it's not the best time to hail a taxi now. Let me send you guys there."

Rosalie could not help but be stunned. She came to realize that all this while the man had not even left.

She turned to see him staring at the two little guys beside her; everything was clear to her.

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Chapter 196 Will Throw A Tantrum At Me

Byron was holding Estie's hand while he looked at the woman who had a cold expression. He spoke sarcastically, "Miss Jacobs, you don't have to avoid me at all costs like this even if I were a stranger. I was intending to send Estie to kindergarten. Besides, I'll be passing by your research institute from the kindergarten on the way to

Lawrence Corporation. That's why I offered to give you a ride. I don't understand why you're getting your guards up."

His words implied that Rosalie's move was somewhat too sensitive.

Estie, too, wanted to be with the beautiful aunt for a while longer. Upon hearing this, her pair of big, round eyes were locked on Rosalie. "Aunt..."

Rosalie could not help but soften her heart.

Besides, Byron's words left her with no refute. They had nothing to do with each other. If she continued rejecting such harmless offers, it would seem like she was petty. The thought of this convinced Rosalie to agree. She said to Lisa, "You should head back first. I'll send them there."

Lisa agreed and handed the two little guys to Rosalie. The two little guys were still prejudiced against Byron. They seemed somewhat hesitant when they knew they were getting into his car. Estie, however, had already let go of Daddy's hands and grabbed the beautiful aunt's skirt. She clearly wanted to sit with Rosalie.

Rosalie caressed Estie's head and said to the two little ones, "Go on."

The two of them started to climb into the car upon hearing their mother's words. Rosalie carried Estie and followed behind. They sat together in the backseat with the two little guys. Byron closed the door for them and got into the passenger seat. The car slowly started and headed toward the kindergarten.

The car was filled with silence. Rosalie had nothing to talk about with Byron in the first place, and the kids were also inexplicably quiet.

The ambiance was depressing. As the car gradually drove away, the lights of cameras coming from the shrubs at the hospital entrance kept flashing. When they reached the kindergarten, it was nearly nine o'clock. Rosalie got down and brought the three kids to the kindergarten entrance. As it was reasonably late when they arrived, the kindergarten's main gate was already closed.

Rosalie gave Miss Leigh Ann a call and explained the situation. In an instant, she came out to take the kids inside. Rosalie reluctantly turned around as the kids slowly disappeared from her sight.

Byron's car was still parked quietly in its place on the roadside, waiting for her.

According to the plan earlier, Byron would take her to the vicinity of the research institute as it was along the way.

The only thing was that without the little ones, Rosalie had no idea how she could be in the presence of that man within such a confined space.

The kindergarten was fairly near to the research institute. One of the reasons why she selected this kindergarten was because it was near to the research institute, hence it was convenient for her to pick the kids up.

It would only take about half an hour if she were to walk there.

Just when she was contemplating whether to walk there herself, the car window slowly lowered. The man's obvious impatience was shown from his side profile. Rosalie stood stunned.

"Aren't you in a hurry to go to the research institute? Are you not getting in?" Byron guessed the young woman's thoughts and became displeased. His tone was bad too. Hearing this, Rosalie could not help but purse her lower lip. A few moments later, she pulled a polite smile and walked up to say, "The research institute is a stone's throw away from here. I can just walk there myself." Byron suppressed his discontentment and answered coldly, "If Estie knows that I let you walk there, she'll throw a tantrum at me when I get back."

Rosalie was slightly startled.

How would Estie know if the two of them stayed silent about it?

However, looking at how this man would not leave without her here, Rosalie was hesitant for a moment but eventually got into the backseat.

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Chapter 197 What Did You Say? The same evening that day. Wendy was inspecting the office and felt that the employees' gazes on her were strange. "President Lawrence sure is good to you, President Fuller. We're all jealous to death!" A female employee she was close with came up and teased her.

Upon hearing this, Wendy was stunned. She then forced out a smile that showed a matter of course and casually asked, "Really? How did you notice it?"

The smile on the female employee's face became more flattering. "Everyone knows about how President Lawrence took care of you all night long at the hospital. You're still able to come to work on time this morning. You surely are our role model!"

Wendy's expression slightly stiffened. "What did you say?" President Lawrence took care of her all night long at the hospital? She was fine these two days. When did she end up in the hospital? The female employee thought she was just shy, so she immediately pulled out her phone, swiped up a piece of news media, and showed her. "You don't have to be embarrassed anymore. It's even on the news. Everyone already knows about it." After saying this, she only came to realize that she should show some concern for her boss' health and asked with embarrassment, "Anyway, what happened to you yesterday? Weren't you still fine in the afternoon? How did you end up in the hospital at night?" When Wendy scanned the contents of the news in a flash and saw (President Lawrence accompanied his fiancée in sickness and took care of her all night] written as the headline, she felt more suspicious about it. Upon hearing the employee's question, she simply made up an excuse. "Oh, I must've eaten something wrong last night. I'm all better now. You should get back to work." The female employee pretended to show her concern again with a few words before heading back to her seat. Wendy went back to the office with a sour look on her face. The first thing she did was open up Twitter and search for news regarding Byron. The moment she typed in (Law) in the search bar, the entry that automatically popped up was President Lawrence accompanied his fiancée in sickness and they were seen together in and out of the hospital – what a close relationship!

The following series of contents after this was about the same.

Wendy directly clicked into the first entry.

The number of posts on this had surpassed millions.

Among those, the most popular blog post was published by a well-known commercial account in the industry.

(President Lawrence personally sent his fiancée to the hospital last night. He carried her bridal style all the way. He's indeed a strong boyfriend. At eight o'clock this morning, they both got into President Lawrence's car while accompanied by the little lady. The fiancée and the little lady share a good relationship. From the looks of it, they seem very close.) Below were two photos. The first photo's background showed it was late night and Byron was seen carrying a woman in his arms while he took big steps toward the hospital entrance.

The second photo showed it was early morning at the hospital entrance. Byron was seen standing in front of a car while the woman carried a little kid into the car. From the clothing and body figures, the two photos showed that they were the same woman.

Merely looking at the two photos did make one feel that the people in them were very close. The second photo even gave the feeling that they were a family of three. The only thing was... As the fiancée herself, Wendy was utterly confused about this matter.

Due to the news some time ago, Byron had been avoiding her for a while. The woman in the photos was definitely not her! As she zoomed in on the two photos, a trace of a familiar figure slowly appeared in Wendy's mind.

It was that b*tch, Rosalie, again! Whether it was the side profile or figure, both completely coincided with Rosalie!

As she realized this, Wendy's expression immediately sank.

The so-called kindness that Byron had for his fiancée was all a screw-up from the beginning until the end!

The one Byron cared for all night was not her but that b*tch, Rosalie!

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Chapter 198 There Was A Variable

The other employees outside still treated the news as true and exchanged opinions about her.

“Previously there were rumors that President Lawrence refused to marry President Fuller and kept dragging the wedding ceremony. Who knew he was this caring behind closed doors?”

“President Lawrence is so handsome and caring. I want a boyfriend like him too!”

When she heard the chatter, Wendy's expression changed for the worse. Her palms almost bled from her clenched fists. She then forced herself to suppress her anger. “Don't discuss unimportant matters during working hours. All of you, get back to work!” After saying this, Wendy gave the chattering employees a cold look, turned around without looking back, and strode away. She could not take it anymore! The more those people talked, the more her temper shot up!

The moment she left the office, Wendy drove straight home.

At the Fuller family's villa, Magdalene and Henry were sitting in the living room when they suddenly saw their daughter storming in. They were both startled.

“What's the matter, Wendy? What happened in the office that made you unhappy,” Henry thought it was merely a workplace matter. As he was about to advise her, his daughter interrupted in a rage, “The office? All you know about is the office! Don't you

both wish that I'll get married into the Lawrence family? How could you not even know what Byron has been doing all this while?"

Hearing this, Magdalene and Henry's confidence sank slightly.

Magdalene frowned and asked, "This is about Byron? Didn't Aunt Melody already spread the news about you both getting married? What are you still worried about?"

As soon as she finished talking, Wendy was seen stomping big steps toward them in her heels. She then threw her phone onto the couch. "See for yourselves!"

With that, both of them looked at each other and picked up the phone in confusion. Seeing what was on the screen, both their expressions darkened.

They usually read news about the economy and rarely paid attention to these media pieces. It was their first time learning about this when they saw the news regarding Byron caring for his fiancée last night.

They both knew that their daughter was well at home last night. Besides, they could clearly tell that the silhouette in the pictures was not their daughter. "Who's this woman in the photos?" Magdalene frowned as she asked. Wendy was so angry that she was not breathing properly. She gave a cold stare at the phone screen. She refused to say a thing.

Magdalene waited a long while for her answer and asked again, "Who's this woman? The Jacobs girl?" She could not think of anyone else besides Rosalie! Upon hearing her mother mention that *btch*, Wendy replied with gritted teeth as she was fuming with rage, "Yes, it's that *btch*!"

That woman had even embarrassed her at the birthday party! Even though the news of her wedding with Byron had already been spread, this *b*tch* was still shamelessly leaning toward him!

It was a good thing the photos that the media took were unclear, so no one could tell that it was not her.

Otherwise, who knew how the world would mock her again?! The thought of this made Wendy's expression turn green. Both hands hanging by her sides were clenched into fists. Her fingernails were almost embedded in the flesh of her palms. Even though Magdalene got some hints earlier, listening to the confirmation from her daughter made her expression turn utterly sour. She thought that Byron and Wendy's wedding was sealed when the news of it got out there. She did not think that there would be a variable!

Byron's relationship with that woman was this close!

“Don’t get too worked up first. Since the internet thinks that this is you, then we’ll just act dumb!” A long while later, Magdalene looked up and calmly ordered her daughter. Wendy could not possibly expose herself, so she had no choice but to agree.

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Chapter 199 President Lawrence’s Woman, As Expected The three of them discussed it for quite some time and felt that this matter still needed Melody’s help.

After all, Melody was the most supportive person when it came to marrying Wendy into the Lawrence family. Byron would at least listen to what she would say. With that, Magdalene called Melody for a meet-up right away.

“Wendy is here too? Is there anything you want to eat? It’s on me today.” Melody did not see the unusual expression on their faces and sat across them with a smile on her face. Wendy forced out a smile. “Thanks, Aunt Melody, but I don’t have much of an appetite today.” After saying this, she gloomily lowered her head with both hands placed on her knees, fingertips intertwined. Seeing her like that, Melody asked with great concern, “Are you in a bad mood? What’s the matter?” Wendy pursed her lips and shook her head. Melody looked at Magdalene confused. Magdalene too forced out a smile. She took out her phone and opened Twitter. This time, without her even searching, the topic already appeared on the trending page. She tapped into it and placed it in front of Melody. “Take a look at this.” Seeing the looks on both their faces, Melody felt her heart slightly tighten. She reached out for the phone.

When she saw the contents of the article, a smile broke out on her face. “I’ve been telling you both of them are meant to be. Byron will surely treat Wendy even better after they’re married.” Seeing the looks on their faces again, Melody felt a little strange but could not think of a reason why. As expected, Melody did not realize at all that the woman in the photos was not Wendy.

Magdalene suppressed her discontent. She looked at her daughter beside her and said with a

troubled face, “But ... Wendy wasn’t even sick yesterday. She was fine at home all along.” As she heard this, Melody’s smile slowly faded.

Wendy staying at home yesterday meant that the woman in the photos was not her at all.

Who else could that be?

Melody fixed her eyes on the photos on the screen and made a vague guess in her heart. She was not sure if it was the speculation in her heart, but the more she looked at the photos, the more the woman in them looked like Rosalie.

Magdalene forced out a slight smile and asked with an understanding tone, "I'm worried there might be some misunderstanding. I'd like to ask, does Byron have a female cousin of sorts?"

Otherwise, this would be really difficult to explain." At this moment, Wendy finally lifted her head. She was aggrieved and expectantly waiting for Melody's answer. Seeing how her future daughter-in-law was suffering such a grievance and glancing back at the photos where her son was carrying another woman, Melody could not help but feel guilty in her heart. As for who the woman in the photos was, she could not bring herself to tell Wendy

A few moments later, Melody spoke slowly, "No matter what they say, the news of the wedding is already out there. It's our family's fault that a controversial headline like this occurred. Don't worry, Wendy. I'll talk this out with Byron to make sure nothing like this happens in the future!"

The look in Wendy's eyes darkened, and she stammered as she nodded.

Melody was too shameful to remain seated. She bade goodbye to both of them, got up, and walked out.

Wendy's face turned gloomy almost instantly. Back at the Fuller family's house, Wendy could not help but open the article again. (Oh my gosh, President Lawrence's bridal carry is so on point. His fiancée is so lucky!

Although the pixels are trash, we can still tell that his fiancée has a great temperament and figure. She sure is President Lawrence's woman, as expected!

Without exception, they were all praising how Byron treated the woman so well and that they were the perfect match for each other.

Seeing the comments coming in one by one, Wendy pressed hard on the lock button and the screen turned black in an instant.

After a while, a dull crashing sound was heard coming from the bedroom.

The phone that was previously in Wendy's hand landed on the floor. The screen was cracked.

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My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 200 –

Chapter 200 It Was Somewhat Hilarious

Rosalie had just gotten off work when she heard the employees of the research institute discuss Byron and Wendy's relationship.

"Mr. Lawrence is so sweet. He took care of his fiancée the entire night yesterday. Even my boyfriend might not be able to do what he did."

"The key is that he's handsome and rich, while his fiancée is really pretty! She looks a little like our Dr. Jacobs, so she must be a beauty!"

A bunch of research institute employees were discussing as they walked. When they saw Rosalie, they bade her goodbye. "Bye, Dr. Jacobs."

Rosalie said her goodbyes to each and every one of them with a smile. However, when she overheard what they were talking about, she felt like something was amiss. Byron took care of his fiancée the whole night yesterday? The thing was, Byron was with her the entire night. When did he meet up with Wendy, then? Just when she felt like something weird was going on, Yves rushed in from behind her and asked, "Are you free tonight? Wanna have dinner together?"

Rosalie snapped out of her thoughts and smiled apologetically at him. "I gotta rush off to get the kids, so I don't think I can make it. Rain check? When this project is over, I'll treat everyone to a good meal."

When Yves heard her reply, a tinge of regret flashed through his eyes. Alas, he did not say anything more about that and just talked about the project as he walked out of the research institute with her..

Since Rosalie did not drive that day, she stood by the roadside and tried to flag a cab down. Yves' car slowly stopped in front of her. "You didn't drive today?" Rosalie nodded. "Where are you heading? I'll drop you off. I don't have anything to do tonight anyway. It'll be hard for you to get a cab from here." Yves' smile was warm.

Rosalie hesitated for a while. However, when she looked at the time, it was indeed time to pick the little fellas up from kindergarten. She hesitated no more, opened the door, and went into the car.

The moment she sat down, another phone call from Quentin arrived again. He was asking about the project's progress. Rosalie gave him a summary. After she was done with the phone call, Rosalie was about to keep her phone away when a push notification popped up with the headline [CEO of Lawrence Corporation Sent Fiancée To The

Hospital and Stayed The Night With Her.

After reading the headline, Rosalie could not help but think about what had happened the night before. She then related it to what the institute employees were talking about. She did not know what came over her as she clicked on the notification.

Two blurry photos appeared before her once the page had loaded.

When she saw the photos, Rosalie was stunned. She did not even need to zoom in on the photos to know that the woman in the photos was her.

In the first photo, she was barely conscious due to the high fever she had. She thought the photo must have been taken when Byron carried her all the way from the car to the hospital.

When she woke up in the hospital, she was still held in the man's embrace. She never thought that the two of them would look so intimate in the photo. The man's embrace looked like he was being very careful with her as well. The second photo was taken when she was carrying Estie into the car with Byron standing by her side.

They had no idea where the photographer was since no one had any realization of anything at all.

The reporter who wrote the article clearly could not distinguish between Wendy and herself, hence the misunderstanding.

It was fortunate that the photos were blurry. Unless it was people who knew them well, no one would realize that the woman in the photos was actually her. Rosalie frowned as she scrolled downward. She saw the flurry of comments talking about how envious they were of her, saying how nice Byron was to her.

They had no idea that she did not want that kind of 'nice' treatment from him at all. After reading the comments for a while more to make sure no one knew that the woman in the photos was not Wendy, Rosalie kept her phone away perplexedly. She had no intention of clarifying anything since she wanted to avoid trouble whenever possible.

All she felt was that this misunderstanding was somewhat hilarious.

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