

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 211 –

Chapter 211 That Isn't Unreasonable

Rosalie frowned slightly and was about to refuse when Mary squeezed her way out of the dance floor. She sat down boldly next to Rosalie and scrutinized the man.

He looked well-mannered enough. His features were well-defined even under the dim lighting of the bar. He was not exactly muscular, but he was not skinny either. His entire outfit probably cost about fifteen thousand dollars.

She rated him an eight, just about.

Mary did not give Rosalie a chance to turn him down after that. She said brightly, "Sure! Do you have any other friends? They can come along too!"

The man's seat was right next to theirs. He noticed the ladies when they stood up to dance, and he knew that they had come here together. Since Mary had given him the green light, he turned around and called his friends over. All of them looked handsome enough, and they were dressed in branded goods too. When they came over, they brought the expensive wine bottles on their table with them.

The men were respectful of the women's boundaries, too. They sat at a decent distance away from Rosalie and Mary.

Mary evaluated every one of them and then said with a raised brow, "You're all so handsome. Are you all single?"

The men quickly replied, "Would we be sitting here if we weren't?"

Mary gave the first man who hit them up a long look, then she asked the others, "What about him? Is he single too?"

The man gave her a bold grin and gestured at his friends to go ahead and tell her.

"Hans has been single for a few years now. We don't even know his type. But today..."
The men's gazes turned teasing.

Hans Reed interrupted their taunts with a laugh. "Shouldn't you drink more and talk less?"

His friends unanimously stopped there and changed the topic.

In no time at all, Mary was getting along with the men swimmingly. They chatted up a storm.

Rosalie was only here at the bar to drown her sorrows in a bottle. She may seem at ease in front of the men, but she was actually feeling a little uncomfortable.

Maybe Mary got carried away by the conversation, because at one point she stood up and sat in between the men, playing Rock, Paper, Scissors with them. She left Rosalie alone in her seat by the side.

Hans sat by the side too. Once Mary was gone, there was no longer anyone sitting between Hans and Rosalie.

“Sorry, did I disturb you?” Hans looked at Rosalie apologetically, staying out of his friends’ conversation.

Rosalie paused and gave him a faint smile. “No, we’re all here to drink. You aren’t disturbing anyone.”

The man frowned slightly and asked in concern, “But you don’t look too happy. Are you having a bad day?”

Rosalie pursed her lips and smiled in silent agreement. At the same time, she wordlessly refused to continue the conversation.

The more Rosalie rejected him, the more Hans was intrigued by her.

She did not seem eager to talk to him, so he began drinking on his own. He took his time with his wine, his gaze never once leaving Rosalie’s face.

On the other hand, Mary had been keeping an eye on the two of them too. When she saw that they were keeping to themselves, she had an idea and loudly suggested that everyone play the King’s Game. Anyone who got the King of Hearts could order the others to do anything they wanted.

Before Rosalie could refuse to join, Mary stuffed a card into her hand and kept the King of Hearts for herself.

“We got the Seven of Spades and the Five of Diamonds—”

The others started revealing their cards.

Rosalie looked at her card, the Five of Diamonds. She had a bad feeling.

Mary looked at her casually. "We all know each other now, and I won't make you do anything too impossible. How about drinking from each other's cups? That isn't unreasonable, right?"

As King's Game requests went, that was relatively tame. Rosalie was part of the game now, and she did not want to be a party pooper, so she agreed with a smile.

Hans revealed his Seven of Spades helplessly. He glanced at Mary, who was trying to play matchmaker, then he told Rosalie, "Let's not exchange cups. How about a toast?"

When Rosalie saw that he had the Seven of Spades, her heart sank slightly. She saw through her best friend's intentions and was starting to regret agreeing so freely.

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Chapter 212 I'll Take You Up On Your Offer

At the same time, in the VIP room upstairs, Byron was expressionless as he watched a bunch of pot-belled middle-aged men toasting to one another.

When he picked Estie up that afternoon, she had been feeling very down. When they reached home, she even threw a tantrum at him.

Byron could guess why she was in a bad mood. It was probably because she had not been able to meet that woman, or rather, the fact that the woman had become so distant to her.

The root of the problem lay with him, though.

That woman was keeping her distance from Estie because of him.

As a result, Byron had been in a bad mood all night too.

The middle-aged men had been discussing for hours now, yet they could not come up with a proposition he could accept. Byron's impatience grew.

"Go on, you lot. I'm going out for some fresh air," Byron said coldly, standing up.

The other men did not dare to stop him, watching him leave awkwardly.

The room was overlooking the dance floor. When Byron stepped out, his gaze inevitably went to the dance floor.

All of a sudden, he saw a familiar figure flitting across the dance floor.

Byron stopped dead in his tracks.

The lights of the dance floor flashed again, making that figure feel like nothing more than a mirage. When he tried to find her again, she was gone.

Byron stared down at the dance floor, looking for her to no avail. After a long time, he gave up with a self-deprecating laugh.

How could she hold so much power over him? She haunted even his most casual glance.

As he was about to turn around and return to the room, he suddenly heard a loud commotion from the seats downstairs.

It felt like the everyone in the entire bar turned to look over at the seats.

Byron was no exception.

When he saw that woman at the seats, Byron's pupils dilated.

He thought he had been imagining things, but he was wrong. She had been dancing there after all, and she had simply returned to her seat after she grew tired!

Now, she was surrounded by a group of men. She even clinked her glass with that of another man next to her, smiling brightly.

The commotion had arisen from the crowd around the two of them as a reaction to their actions.

The two of them seemed very close.

Downstairs, Rosalie drained her glass after clinking it with Hans'.

The crowd around them cheered again.

As she put the glass down, Rosalie had a strange feeling. She had felt a gaze on her while she was drinking the wine earlier.

When she raised her eyes to look toward the direction of the gaze, all she saw was darkness.

For some reason, that gaze reminded her of Byron.

Suddenly, Rosalie was in no mood to keep drinking.

“I’m a little tired, so I’ll head back now.” Rosalie smiled at the others apologetically and then stood up to walk to her best friend. “It’s getting late. Let’s head back.”

Unlike Rosalie, Mary had been drinking for a long time, and she was on her last legs by now. She drunkenly nodded at Rosalie. “Alright, y’all keep going. See ya...”

She reached her hand out toward Rosalie.

Rosalie pulled her up and propped Mary over her shoulder with some difficulty before bidding the others goodbye.

“I’ll see you off.” Hans stood up as well. “You look like you could use some help. I can carry her to your car for you.”

Rosalie hesitated and glanced at her best friend, who could not even stand straight. After a while, she agreed. “Thanks. I’ll take you up on your offer.”

After spending the night with him, she had a decent impression of this man. Besides, she had been drinking too, and it was not easy for her to carry Mary.

Hans walked up to her and was about to lend her a hand when a low voice spoke up behind him, sounding less than pleased.

“Thankyou for the offer, but I’ll send them home. There’s no need to trouble you, Master Reed.”

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Chapter 213 I Owe You One

Everyone was taken aback by that voice.

Rosalie stiffened slightly.

She knew that man too well. She could imagine how cold his expression was now from the sound of his voice alone.

Besides, she did not know how to face the man behind her after everything that had happened lately.

By then, however, Byron had walked up to them.

Hans noticed him and then followed his gaze to Rosalie. His expression shifted slightly. "President Lawrence, what are you...?"

He was not aware of any other woman in Byron's life other than Wendy Fuller.

However, the way Byron looked at the woman next to him aroused his suspicions.

Byron recalled the way Rosalie had clinked her glass with his earlier, and his gaze on Hans was completely cold. "Master Reed, you should be careful when you pick up women in bars. You should at least avoid women with children."

He looked at Rosalie as he said that.

Hans was stunned to hear that.

Rosalie had children? He could not tell at all.

Rosalie did not expect Byron to suddenly bring up her children in front of a stranger, and he even taunted her with them. Her gaze turned dark. "Yes, I have two children. But that doesn't mean I'm not single right now, and it has nothing to do with the people I meet and make friends with. Thank you for your concern, President Lawrence, but it's quite unnecessary."

The temperature around Byron plummeted abruptly. He looked around at Hans and his friends, pursing his lips. "Are you sure you want to bring this up here?"

They were very close to the dance floor, and all of them were quite good-looking. By now, they were already attracting some curious looks.

Rosalie sensed the gazes around her and clenched her fists silently. Forcing down her fury, she turned and headed for the door with Mary propped over her shoulder.

Hans instinctively moved to follow her, but since Byron had already gone after her, he eventually stopped in his tracks.

Rosalie walked out of the door and felt the cold breeze on her face. It blew the last traces of her tipsiness away. 1

She was about to call a cab by the curb when she clearly heard the footsteps approaching her. Byron practically commanded her, saying, "I'll send you two home."

Rosalie rejected him without turning around. "No, thanks, President Lawrence. We'll take a cab."

Byron frowned deeply and dove straight to the point. "How long do you think it'll take for you to find a cab in this place? How long do you plan to keep Lucian and Nox waiting?"

Rosalie had nothing to say to that.

She had not had the time to inform Lisa about her plans, and she did not know what Mary had told them. Could the boys really be waiting up for her?

They stood off against each other for a while, and not a single empty cab passed them by. To make things worse, Mary had drifted off to sleep.

The man's car slowly came to a stop in front of her. He rolled down his window and said, his expression hard, "Get in."

Rosalie frowned.

However, Mary shivered next to her in the cold and groggily came to. When she saw the car in front of her, she thought it was the cab they had called. She got inside without a second thought.

Rosalie's expression stiffened. She was about to tell Mary to get back out when she saw that her best friend had fallen back asleep.

After a moment's reluctance, she eventually got into the car as well. Glancing at the man in the passenger's seat, she said coolly, "Thank you, President Lawrence. I owe you one."

Byron frowned but did not reply. He simply told his driver to take them to Rosalie's house.

The car began to move, but the passengers inside were completely silent.

Mary's drunken murmurs were the only sound in the car. The atmosphere was suffocating.

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Chapter 214 Wouldn't Know How to Compensate

They made it back to her manor. As Rosalie was about to help Mary out of the car, the man in front of them suddenly spoke up.

"If you're worried about the kids, why did you go to a place like that?"

His expression in the rearview mirror was slightly cold.

Rosalie paused and said, "You make it sound like going to a bar is highly immoral, President Lawrence. Weren't you there too?"

Byron said, "I was there for work, Miss Jacobs. Unlike you, I wasn't surrounded by such pleasurable company."

He was not hiding his hostility at all. Rosalie could not help but frown, recalling his words earlier at the bar.

"You're a mother of two now, so I advise you to stay away from such vices. Even if you don't care about your reputation, what about your children? If they knew their mother had gone to a place like that, having a good time with men she barely knew, I wonder what they would think," Byron said softly.

This was not their first time discussing this topic.

Maybe it was the wine, but Rosalie could not keep her temper in check this time. She retorted, "Considering our relationship, President Lawrence, don't you think you're crossing the line? Even if I have two kids, the fact remains that I'm single right now. I was having a nice drink with some other men, and we're all consenting adults here. What's so wrong with that?"

Byron could hear the provocation in her words. His frown deepened and he was about to argue back, but he could not figure out what to say.

She was right. Even if she had two children, she was still single right now.

Considering their relationship, it was also true that he had no right to interfere in her private life.

Even so, seeing her with another man ticked him off.

Byron was silent for a few seconds before he said in a low voice, "Are you planning to find the boys a father in such a place? Are you sure that's wise?"

Rosalie laughed. "I won't know until I try. If you're going to jump in and interfere every time, there's no way I can tell for sure, is there? But if you're so worried about me, why don't you introduce me to someone?"

"Rosalie Jacobs!" Anger flared in his eyes.

She looked away listlessly. "If you won't help me, President Lawrence, then at the very least, I hope you won't get in my way from now on."

With that, she opened the door and slowly helped Mary out of the car.

Through the rearview mirror, Byron saw her struggling up the steps. He frowned and opened the door, getting out to help her.

Rosalie sensed his intentions but evaded him, her expression distant as she looked right at him. "You were right about one thing, President Lawrence. We should be careful who we flirt with.

I won't go for married men, so you should keep your distance with me now that you're engaged, President Lawrence."

Her words had a visible effect on him.

Her tone only grew colder. "If Miss Fuller and Estie misunderstood us, it would affect your future family's happiness, President Lawrence. If that happened, I wouldn't know how to compensate for my sins."

Wendy implied that she had gotten between them once already, six years ago.

This time, Rosalie was steering clear of this mess.

Byron saw how firmly she rejected him. His expression was cold as ice, and he emanated a terrifying aura.

Rosalie did not seem to notice anything, though. She simply took Mary and turned back into the house.

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Chapter 215 Refusing To Talk To Him

Her rocky relationship with Byron left Rosalie increasingly troubled when it came to facing Estie.

Every time Lucian and Nox mentioned the girl, she would try to change the topic.

Eventually, the perceptive boys sensed that their mother's attitude toward the girl had changed. They did not avoid her at school, but they became much more distant to her.

Estie had just learned how to speak, and she could only say a handful of words. In fact, she only occasionally said a word or two when she was interested in the topic. Now that the boys stopped initiating conversations with her, and as it had been a few days since she last saw Rosalie, Estie slowly regressed and stopped talking altogether.

Only Byron noticed the changes in his daughter's demeanor.

When he first brought her home, she would sometimes say a word or two. Recently, though, she refused to speak again, no matter what.

Byron was worried about her condition, but the only person who could help her had clearly stated that she wanted nothing to do with him.

Byron's feelings toward that woman were complicated.

After he brought Estie home from school that day, Byron tried to get Estie to talk, using the methods Lucas had taught him. "What's the matter, Estie? Why have you been so down lately?"

He had been asking her that very question for days now, but she just would not say anything in response.

He thought she would stay silent today as well, but suddenly he heard a soft little voice reply,

"Din see..." Estie pouted, looking utterly dejected.

Byron was confused. "What didn't you see?"

Estie sulked. "Auntie."

She solemnly counted with her hands and eventually held out four fingers. "Four days."

It had been four days since she last saw the pretty auntie. Nanny Lisa had been the one to pick up the boys for the past few days.

Nanny Lisa was nice to her too, but she still missed the pretty auntie...

Byron was shaken. He knew that Estie could not meet Rosalie because the latter was avoiding him.

However, he did not know how to explain the situation to Estie.

He had not met Rosalie since their argument at the bar either.

They had been behaving like the strangers that the woman claimed they were.

For some reason, Byron felt strangely annoyed at that.

After a while, he finally calmed down.

When he glanced at the little girl sulking next to him, he belatedly felt surprised.

Didn't she just talk to him?

Byron frowned abruptly in shock.

"What did you just say, Estie? I didn't hear you. Tell Daddy again," Byron said casually in an attempt to get her to speak again.

Estie hung her head, showing him nothing but the back of her head and her puffed-up cheeks. She pretended not to hear him at all.

Byron rubbed her head patiently and tried again. "If Aunty hasn't been picking up the boys from school, who took them home?"

Estie finally looked at him when he mentioned her Aunty.

Byron's heart tightened in his chest. He thought she would reply.

However, she just glanced at him and then shook her head wordlessly. She looked down again, clearly refusing to talk to him.

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Chapter 216 Lit Up

Byron frowned, his thoughts inevitably wandering to that woman.

How had she managed to get Estie to slowly open up?

For once, he was at a complete loss. He had no idea how to do what she did.

"Do you want to see her that badly, Estie?" Byron noticed that Estie only reacted to questions about Rosalie, so he tried asking again.

Estie nodded instantly and fervently, then she looked at him with anticipation written all over her face. She seemed to think he could help her meet Rosalie.

Byron's gaze dimmed at the hopeful look on Estie's face. He silently looked away. "She really likes you, but she's probably really busy with work lately. She doesn't have the time to pick up the boys, that's all. Don't worry."

That was not the answer Estie wanted. She looked down in disappointment and nodded weakly.

After that, she would only nod or shake her head no matter what Byron said to her. Alternatively, she would rummage in her bag for her notebook to write a reply.

She only reacted more actively whenever Rosalie was mentioned.

The more Byron tried to talk to her, the more helpless he felt.

After a while, he could not help but ask her, "Could you tell Daddy why you're willing to talk at Auntie's place? What did Auntie do to help you?"

It was not a question she could answer by nodding or shaking her head. Estie frowned, feeling troubled.

The more she thought about her days spent at Auntie's place, the more upset she looked.

She wanted to stay with the pretty auntie for a while longer...

Byron offered her some stationary. "If you don't want to talk, write it down for Daddy."

He could not allow her to keep staying silent, and with how frosty his relationship with Rosalie was right now, he could not drop Estie off at her doorstep either. All he could do now was try to emulate Rosalie's methods.

Estie accepted the pencil and slowly wrote, "If I don't talk, the boys will ignore me."

Byron was stunned.

So the boys were the ones who got Estie to talk in the first place?

He had thought that Estie liked Rosalie, so she would relax and slowly begin to talk while she was with Rosalie.

He had no idea that Rosalie's boys had such a profound effect on her too.

"Do you like Lucian and Nox?" Byron asked with a frown.

Estie nodded forcefully.

They had been kind to her since the moment they met. They even protected her at kindergarten.

Because of them, the other kids did not dare to bully her anymore. She was practically the princess of the kindergarten now!

Her eyes lit up at the mention of those boys.

Byron did not know how to feel about her reaction, either.

Then again, it would be much easier for him to put her in contact with the boys than it would be to send her to Rosalie's place.

With that in mind, Byron said with some relief, "If you like them so much, we can ask Mrs. Zora to prepare more snacks for you. You can bring them to school and share them with the boys."

Estie tilted her head. She did not understand what her father was getting at.

He rubbed her head again. "Since they're so kind to you, you should be nicer to them too. Play with them more, okay?"

Estie remembered how distant they had been lately, and she quickly nodded.

She was going to be nicer to them so they would play with her again!

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Chapter 217 I Miss You

Early the next morning.

It was almost half-past seven when Rosalie opened her eyes.

She glanced at the time and abruptly sat up in bed. After washing up quickly, she rushed to send the boys to school before she could even get a bite to eat.

Lisa was only in charge of picking them up from school. Rosalie would drop them off on her way to work every morning.

She had made sure to be extra early lately to avoid Byron.

However, work had gone on for too long last night, and she could not wake up in time...

The entire journey there, Rosalie silently prayed that she would not bump into Byron.

As soon as she stepped out of her car, though, she saw a Bentley with a familiar number plate come to a stop behind her.

A moment later, the man carried Estie out of the car.

Rosalie hastened her footsteps in an attempt to drop the boys off and slip away before Byron and Estie saw her.

“Good morning, Miss Jacobs!” Miss Leigh Ann greeted her enthusiastically.

Rosalie paused, her heart sinking.

On the other end, Byron had recognized her Benz as soon as he got out of the car. He looked around and saw her leading the boys away.

All three of them seemed to be in quite a hurry.

Anyone could tell that they were avoiding him.

Estie held her father’s hand. She thought she would not see Auntie today either, so her eyes were downcast and she stared at the ground.

When she suddenly heard her teacher’s voice, she abruptly raised her head and looked at the gate to the kindergarten with bright shining eyes.

“Auntie!” Byron had tried everything to get her to talk last night to no avail, but now the mere sight of Rosalie had her crying out in delight.

Byron frowned, letting the girl’s hand go and letting her run to Rosalie’s side.

Rosalie had heard Estie’s voice too. She stiffened for a second before she turned around.

By then, Estie was already hugging her leg and looking up at her, her eyes filled with excitement.

“Hello, Estie.” Rosalie could not help but melt at the sight. She crouched down and rubbed the girl’s head.

Estie beamed at her and asked slowly, “Auntie, why din fetch Lu and No?”

She then held out four fingers and said sweetly, “Four days. I miss you.”

Rosalie’s gaze softened at that. She did not really know how to reply.

She knew that Estie would grow anxious without her, yet she had no choice but to avoid Estie too if she wanted to keep her distance from Byron.

Looking at Estie now, Rosalie felt nothing but guilt.

After a brief silence, Rosalie came up with an excuse. "I've been really busy with work lately, so I couldn't stop by. I really missed you too, Estie. You'll see me every day once I finish up my work, okay?"

She then averted her gaze guiltily.

Estie had full faith in her, so she nodded obediently. "I wait for Auntie!"

Rosalie forced a smile. "Good girl. Now go inside with the boys, or you'll be late."

She could not help but tell her sons, "Take care of her, okay?"

The boys could not understand their mother's attitude toward Estie anymore. They hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Once all the children had gone into the kindergarten, Rosalie stood up and calmly nodded at the man behind her in lieu of a greeting. She was planning to turn and leave directly.

However, she had barely taken two steps before a large hand grabbed hold of her wrist.

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Chapter 218 No Choice

"Is something the matter, President Lawrence?"

Rosalie stopped and looked at the man behind her detachedly, as though he was nothing more than a stranger.

Byron frowned deeply as he met her gaze.

Her attitude toward him was the reason why he reached out to her as she was moving away, surprising even himself.

It felt to him like she would truly vanish from his sight if he did not reach out to her.

He did not respond, so Rosalie tried to pull her wrist away with a frown. "If there isn't anything, please let go. I need to get to work."

Both of them were very good-looking, and the parents who sent their children here were all prolific members of society as well. Almost all of them knew who Byron was.

As such, Byron and Rosalie were already starting to attract some stares.

Rosalie was terrified that rumors would start circulating about them if they kept getting tangled up like this.

That would cause her another boatload of trouble.

Byron noticed that she was struggling against his grip, so he let her go and looked at her with an unreadable expression. "I talked to Estie yesterday, and she told me you put in a lot of effort to help her. That's why she made such rapid progress. I thought I should thank you for that."

What he said was an excuse to get her to stay, but it was also the truth.

At first he assumed that Estie would simply be happier when she was with Rosalie, but now he knew that Rosalie did a lot more than he had thought.

She must have gone to a lot of trouble to get Estie to speak.

Rosalie said calmly, "No need to thank me. You've helped me quite a bit recently too. As I said, this makes us even. Don't bother thanking me."

She nodded at him coolly and then tried to walk around him to get back to her car.

"If you won't accept my gratitude, maybe you can think of it as an olive branch," Byron said suddenly.

Rosalie stopped in her tracks. She had no idea what he meant.

Byron turned to look at the woman who had walked to his side.

Pursing his lips just as coolly, he said, "If I remember correctly, Miss Jacobs, you said that no matter what happens between us, the children are innocent. Does that only apply to Lucian and Nox?"

Rosalie turned around and met his gaze. "What do you mean by that?"

Byron raised an eyebrow. "You know that Estie likes you, and she'll feel depressed if she can't see you. In the worst case scenario, it could even exacerbate her condition."

Even then, you keep avoiding her. Isn't she innocent too? You can avoid me all you like, but you shouldn't avoid Estie."

Rosalie was a little taken aback.

She had wondered if Estie would feel upset if she stayed away, but then again she did not think she would matter that much to the little girl. Besides, Byron would be there to take care of her.

Furthermore, Byron picked Estie up from school every day. If she did not avoid both of them, she would end up bumping into Byron...

"Estie has been feeling very down because she hasn't seen you lately. As her father, I don't know you that well, so I have no choice but to invite you out for a meal. Think of it as my way of thanking you for taking care of Estie. At the same time, I hope you'll spend more time with her."

Byron's tone was distant and polite, but there was also an authority in them that brook no argument.

Rosalie had been starting to feel guilty toward Estie, but she frowned at his words. "You're too used to doing business, President Lawrence. Not everything can be settled over a meal. If there isn't anything else, I'll be going to work now."

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Chapter 219 Conference

Byron's gaze darkened, and he was about to continue when a phone ringtone interrupted the strange atmosphere between them.

Rosalie coolly looked away from him and took her phone out of her bag, glancing at the caller ID.

Leon's name was displayed clearly on the screen.

She secretly heaved a sigh of relief. The call came right on time for her.

After giving him a curt nod, Rosalie answered the call and headed toward her car.

This time, Byron did not try to stop her again.

As she walked past him, Rosalie finally felt her heart settle back in her chest.

Byron watched her leave, thinking back to the name he saw on her phone.

If he remembered correctly, Leon had invited her out for a meal together not too long ago. They seemed to have had fun.

Judging by his name in her contact list, they were even on a first- name basis.

They had to be even closer than he imagined.

Byron's expression gradually darkened at the thought.

"Is something the matter, Leon?"

The two of them exchanged some greetings after the call went through. Rosalie only asked him for the reason behind his call when she reached her car.

On the other end, Leon said with a laugh, "I'm a little hurt. Are you implying that I can't call you unless something is up?"

Rosalie was a lot more relaxed now that Byron was not there, so she replied with a chuckle, "Of course you can, but most people won't call someone this early in the morning just to chat."

Besides, Leon knew what her daily schedule was like. He should know that she was either dropping off the kids or on the way to work right now.

There was no reason for him to suddenly call her now.

Leon stopped beating around the bush, saying seriously, "I called because I wanted to ask if I could meet you today. I have something to give you. Is noon today alright?"

Rosalie thought it over. "How about lunchtime? If it's alright with you, could we meet near the research institute?"

Leon readily agreed.

After she hung up, Rosalie thought about the thing Leon said he wanted to give her. She was a little perplexed.

What could it be? He made it sound so mysterious.

Upon finishing her work in the morning, Rosalie headed out of the experimental area and immediately received Leon's directions to go to a cafe near the institute.

She quickly packed her things and headed over to his location.

By the time she reached the cafe, Leon had already found a seat and was waiting for her.

Rosalie took a seat opposite him. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

Leon gave her a reassuring smile. "I'm used to it by now. You've been busy all morning, so you're probably hungry by now. That's why I already ordered some items, I hope they're to your liking."

He gestured at the waiter to serve up the food.

Once the food was served, they chatted as they ate.

"So what's the thing you said you wanted to give me?" Rosalie was definitely starving, so she focused on eating for a bit while Leon talked her ear off. After a while, she looked up and got to the main point.

Leon offered her an invitation with a smile. "There's going to be a conference in North City, and a lot of medical heavyweights will be there. I thought you might be interested, so I got you an extra invitation."

Rosalie's eyes lit up slightly. If Leon called them heavyweights, they had to be at least as good as her teacher, Quentin.

She would love a chance to meet and interact with them!

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Chapter 220 Yours To Begin With

She was excited to meet these heavyweights and learn from them, so Rosalie quickly put down her cutlery and accepted the invitation. She thanked Leon profusely. "Thank you for thinking of me, Leon! I'm really looking forward to this!"

She reacted like a child who had just been given some candy.

Leon was all smiles to see her get so excited for once. "Don't need to thank me. You left in a hurry after you performed that surgery for my family, and I didn't have the time to thank you properly. Everyone back home is nagging me to treat you to a meal because they feel bad. Think of this as a token of our gratitude."

Rosalie was thrilled at the chance to attend the conference, and she simply smiled in response to his words. "I was in a hurry to pick up my kids that day. Besides, I only did what I was supposed to."

She added concernedly, "Oh, right. How is that patient doing now? I didn't have enough time to give him a checkup after the surgery."

Leon said, "He was transferred to the normal ward the day after the surgery. Thanks to you, all he needs now is some rest to recuperate."

Rosalie did not want to accept the credit. She changed the topic with a smile. "They invited you to the conference, right? Are you sure it's alright for me to tag along?"

Leon had made a name for himself in the medical field, and his family background gave him a good boost too. The heavyweights of the field had high hopes for him, and many of them had publicly praised him.

On the other hand, Rosalie was nobody. They probably had never even heard of her.

Rosalie was worried she would bring down the quality of the conference just by being there.

Leon could not help but be amused at the implication. "You've been studying under Professor Luke for years. Do you really think you're still the nobody you were when you first went overseas? The others may not have heard of Rosalie, but I'm sure they know Dr. R. Jacobs."

A look of pleasant surprise flashed across Rosalie's face.

She scratched her nose with a sheepish grin.

She was so used to being humble that she had almost forgotten about the reputation she built for herself overseas.

"In that case, don't mind if I join you." She smiled as she put the invitation into her bag.

Leon nodded. "It was yours to begin with."

"The invitation said that the conference will take place tomorrow afternoon. When are we leaving?" Rosalie pressed.

Leon's smile widened at her enthusiasm. "Tomorrow morning. We can rest for a bit after we get there and make it in time for the conference. If we have time, we can also pay each of the heavyweights a personal visit."

Rosalie was even more excited at the prospect, so she agreed without a moment's hesitation. "Alright, then I'll buy our plane tickets for us."

Leon did not decline her little offer, so he accepted with a smile.

It was almost time to go back to work, but she was still over the moon. Feeling a tad exasperated, Leon tapped the table and told Rosalie, "Eat up. You barely had anything to eat just now."

Rosalie finally returned to the present. She glanced at the time and ate a few more mouthfuls before she stood up and bade him goodbye. "I have more work to do in the afternoon, so I'll head back to the research institute now. I'll tell you once I bought the tickets."

Leon nodded in acknowledgment.

Rosalie's mood had been affected by her unpleasant encounter with Byron in the morning.

However, that all went away after lunch, tempered by her excitement for the conference.

As a result, Rosalie was smiling all afternoon while she worked.

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