

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 286

What's With Your Attitude?

After Rosalie left, Byron took Estie back to the Lawrence family's manor.

When the two got home, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were already waiting in the living room. Wendy sat pitifully beside them. Seeing the two of them enter the living room, Wendy quickly got up and approached Byron. "Byron, is Estie alright?"

She squatted down to check on the little girl.

Little Estie retreated behind Byron almost immediately, her little hands tightly grasping the hem of Byron's clothes. She was unwilling to look at Wendy.

"Estie, I'm sorry that I made you upset, but I just..." Wendy squatted, feigning her patience while trying to hold Estie's hand. Estie, like a terrified kitten, swatted the woman's hand away with a smack. Her tiny face was full of resistance.

'I hate this bad aunt the most! It's all this bad aunt's fault that the pretty aunt left me!' Wendy refused to give up. Thinking about the Lawrence couple behind her, she continued to approach the little girl.

'I can't let this little brat appear so estranged from me in front of them!

The thought made Wendy reach out to the little girl again. "Don't be afraid, Estie. I just want to have a look at where you're hurt."

She swiftly reached out and grabbed Estie's wrist before the little one could dodge her, wanting to pull her close to her side.

Estie was caught unexpectedly, and her big eyes were filled with panic. Then, she wailed out loud and burst into tears.

All eyes were upon them.

Byron did not expect this level of resistance from the little one. What was even more unexpected was that Wendy knew that Estie hated her, yet so shamelessly approached Estie to put on a show

Watching his baby girl crying and trembling all over, Byron's face hardened as a storm brewed over his head. "Back the hell off now!"

Wendy was startled and quickly let go of Estie's hand. As the little girl cried fearfully, there was displeasure in Wendy's heart, but her face was full of self-blame. "It's all my fault. I know that Estie hasn't forgiven me yet, but I still... Although I just want to care for her, I should also consider her feelings."

After speaking, she stood up and vigilantly looked at Byron. She then said, "I'm sorry, I didn't expect Little Estie to hate me so much. It's all my fault. I'll go now so that I won't upset her."

Wendy turned to look at Mrs. Lawrence on the sofa and whispered, "Aunt Melody, I'll excuse myself. I'll come and visit Estie another day."

"Byron, what are you doing?!" Melody witnessed her son throwing his temper at Wendy and saw Wendy repeatedly apologize to the little girl just now. She felt that the young woman was wronged. She quickly got up and grabbed Wendy's wrist. "Just stay here. I know you have no ill intentions."

Wendy's eyes trembled. She turned around and stood beside Melody, the expression on her face was sullen.

"Wendy has been blaming herself for losing Estie. She stayed with us last night and didn't sleep at all. Today, she rushed over to apologize to Estie. What's with your attitude?" Melody looked at her son reproachfully. Byron narrowed his eyes that were filled with coldness. "She should blame herself." If Wendy had not provoked Estie and taken good care of her, how could Estie have gotten lost? Now, she felt this tremendous guilt?

He thought of the wounds on Rosalie and Estie last night, and Byron's eyes turn colder as he stared at Wendy.