

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 299

Luther noticed Rosalie's face was a little strange, but he did not know why. He glanced at the phone call and realized his Master had suddenly hung up and walked quickly to Rosalie.

"You didn't bring an umbrella? where's your car? Master won't come down yet for a while. Let me give you a lift to your car first."

With that, Luther opened the umbrella in his hand.

Rosalie hurriedly stopped him. "No, I'm still waiting for someone."

Hearing this, Luther didn't think much, nodded, and stood beside her.

Rosalie really did not want to see Byron. Thinking that he would not come down for a while, she then looked at the non-stop heavy rain outside, hesitated for a few seconds, and quietly slithered away from Luther.

She has to get out of here before the man comes out.

Just as she was about to step into the rain with one foot, Luther's voice sounded behind her.

"Master, you..."

Luther's voice stopped abruptly, not knowing what happened.

Immediately afterward, Rosalie only felt a coldness pushing behind her.

In a panic, she stepped one foot into the rain.

The next second, a black umbrella appeared over her head, and a large hand firmly grasped her wrist, pulling her back to the entrance.

"Are you crazy?" Byron's voice was full of displeasure.

Hearing Luther's greeting over the phone just now, he knew that this woman would try to avoid him, so he left his business partner and hurried down.

Not surprisingly, he caught this woman doing the exact thing he knew she would.

This woman would rather rush into the heavy rain to avoid him, which made him feel insulted.

Rosalie lowered her eyes to gather herself, and when she raised her eyes to meet the man's gaze, she was already indifferent. "President Lawrence, what a coincidence."

The rain and humidity masked Rosalie's body from the alcohol odor, but when she opened her mouth, there is the faint smell of wine.

Byron frowned slightly, "Have you been drinking?"

Rosalie nodded noncommittally. "Just a little, I had a dinner gathering with my colleagues."

The man's deep voice sounded again, "I'll send you back."

The man spoke with his big hand was still holding her wrist.

Rosalie struggled for a while but did not break free, and her face was a little unhappy. "No, the person I'm waiting for has arrived, I can go back by myself, please let me go."

Byron called her out mercilessly. "Who are you waiting for? Your driver? There are so many people still waiting here, how come your driver arrived so quickly?"

Rosalie choked slightly, and replied, "I booked it early. There are so many people here, please let me go, I don't want unnecessary trouble."

Byron's eyes darkened, and he let go of her hand as she wished.

Rosalie nodded at him indifferently and walked quickly into the rain.

Byron strode behind her, and the black umbrella in his hand leaned towards her.

"Your injury is not yet healed; I will send you there." The man's voice echoed in the rain.

Rosalie did not turn her head; her footsteps were getting faster and faster.

"It's slippery in the rain, walk slowly." Byron frowned reminded.

Although the man behind her had held an umbrella for her, the rain was a bit heavy. Rosalie was wearing thin clothes and she was about to shiver from the cold, but the man was close behind her. In response, she said, "If President Lawrence could stay away from me, I would also like to walk slowly."

Byron finally stopped slowly.

Without the umbrella, the heavy rain fell on Rosalie, and the chill was piercing.

Rosalie walked into the parking lot, opened the door, and sat in the back seat, waiting for the driver in the car, her mind was full of confusion.

She does not know if it is God's will. The more she wants to avoid the man, the more God arranged for her to meet him in various places.

Moreover, the man's attitude towards her made her feel more and more terrified...