

## **My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 402**

When Byron returned to Lawrence Manor, it was already late at night.

Estie had also gone to bed early.

Recalling that the woman had not mentioned Estie at all just now, he could not help feeling his heart ache. He went upstairs into the little girl's room.

Estie looked well-behaved when she slept. Her head was turned to one side and half of her face was buried in the blanket, she seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Byron's eyes softened when he saw the child. He raised his hand and caressed the little girl's head. He tucked the blanket around her and then got up and left.

He suddenly heard the little girl whimper softly just as he got to the door.

Byron stopped in his steps abruptly. He turned around and walked to the side of little girl's bed. He carefully removed the blanket covering her face, only to see her face practically scrunched up. Her eyes were shut tightly and her long curved eyelashes were already covered with tears.

He wondered what nightmare she was having.

Seeing how the little girl looked, he lifted his hand heartachingly and wanted to wipe away her tears.

Estie started talking in her sleep, "Auntie...Auntie don't leave..."

Hearing this, Byron's brows abruptly furrowed.

In the past few days, he had coaxed the little girl to sleep before leaving. Even if he came over in the middle of the night, he would just look at her and leave after seeing that she was not kicking her blanket.

How many times had the little girl had dreams like this when he was not aware?

The little girl cared about her so much ye Rosalie was so cruel, she had not a single reaction at all when he heard of the little one's condition!

Thinking of this, the air pressure around Byron's body dropped.

Seemingly having been frightened by him while she was in her sleep, the little girl suddenly burst into tears.

Byron suddenly came back to his senses. He carefully bundled the little girl up in her blanket as he took her into his arms. He patted her on the back awkwardly.

"Be good, Estelle. Daddy is here."

Estie kept crying. "No, don't go, huhu..."

Listening to the little girl cry, the creases between Byron's brows deepened.

How did he not hear her crying so loud before?

Just when he was blaming himself for his negligence, the little girl woke up crying, she hugged his neck bleakly and all the tears on her face dripped into him.

Byron did not mind it. He said gently with care, "Don't cry, Estelle. Daddy is here, tell daddy what dream you were having?"

Estie had not woken up from her dream yet. she cried for auntie and called out for the boys from time to time.

He knew without even asking that the little girl was dreaming about the scene of Rosalie leaving with her children.

Byron could not bear to ask her any more questions. His arms that were wrapped around the little girl tightened again as he wrapped her in his arms.

The little girl finally came to her senses after a long time. With her hands on his shoulders, she left his arms.

Byron loosened his arm and wiped the little girl's tears. "Did you dream of auntie?"

She dreamt that the beautiful auntie and the brothers had got on the plane and no matter how she called out to them, they ignored her. She could only chase them from the plane below, but she could not catch up still and fell...

Thinking of the scene in her dream, the little girl's eyes turned red again.

"Good girl, auntie hasn't left yet. Daddy saw her just now." Byron suppressed the dissatisfaction he felt toward the woman and comforted the little girl with a gentle voice.

Estie approached him suspiciously. She wrinkled her nose and sniffed. As if she caught Rosalie's scent, her face gradually relaxed.

Byron asked with concern, "Do you have this kind of dream every night?"

Estie pursed her lips and shook her head.