

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 408

The style Rosalie chose was very simple. Her makeup was done very quickly, and she picked out a dress to try on.

The stylist was waiting outside.

The stylist's eyes were filled with astonishment when Rosalie came out. "Miss, this dress was made just for you!"

He has been styling for so many years and it was rare to see someone come to Arachne for a simple style.

Although he had noticed Rosalie's outstanding appearance before starting the makeup, the look she chose was simple. The stylist anticipated that the outcome would be adequately pretty, but not necessarily stunning.

Seeing Rosalie like this right now, he was astonished.

A lock of Rosalie's hair was pulled behind her head into a simple bun and fixed with a simple pearl hairpin. The rest of her hair was casually draped behind her head, her facial features not covered at all. She was only wearing light makeup, but the make-up artist had sneakily snuck some glitter on the peaks of her lips. She was wearing a warm, white off-shoulder corset dress. Her exposed skin was flawless, and her collarbone was even more exquisite and dazzling.

She looked like a fairy that had descended into the mortal realm.

If it were not for the fact that people who would come to Arachne for stylings were either rich or wealthy, the stylist had even wanted to introduce her to the entertainment industry to shine.

Hearing the designer's praise, Rosalie smiled. "Thank you."

Looking at her outfit in front of the mirror, Rosalie nodded in satisfaction.

It was good in that it was not too grand but also enough to show that she took this dinner party seriously.

Rosalie turned around and thanked the stylist before heading downstairs to pay.

It was almost time for the dinner party when Rosalie of the road to hail a taxi when she heard a voice behind her.

"Safe travels, President Lawrence."

The person in charge of Arachne was personally sending Byron off and was watching him take his leave respectfully.

Byron nodded slightly. He turned around and was about to leave when he saw a woman standing on the side of the road.

He recognized her just from looking at her back.

Rosalie's back stiffened likely when she heard the person in charge's voice.

After a moment, Rosalie picked up her feet, wanting to walk away.

Byron's eyes darkened and he strode up to her. "Miss Jacobs, what a coincidence."

Hearing this, Rosalie's footsteps stopped suddenly and for a moment, she did not know how to react.

How could such a coincidence happen? why was Byron here?

Besides, she had already made that point before, why did this man still stop her?

Byron did not expect the woman to be downstairs when he was undergoing his own styling upstairs just now.

He had originally thought that they would meet at a dinner party.

There was nothing wrong with them meeting earlier, however.

He was not annoyed having not received a response from Rosalie. He walked over to her side without batting an eye and asked in a deep voice, "Considering the way you are dressed, is Miss Jacobs attending a dinner party? You plan to take a taxi there after getting all dressed up like this?"

Rosalie frowned slightly. She took two steps away from him and opened the distance between them. "I don't need you worrying, President Lawrence. You should also be busy with socializing, so I won't waste your time."

After saying that, she turned around to leave.

There was a flash of surprise in Byron's eyes when he saw her turn around, but in the next second, he saw that the woman was trying to escape.

Byron's eyes suddenly darkened, and he reached out to grab Rosalie's wrist.

Rosalie abruptly stopped, she turned around and looked at the person opposite her, alert.

"I will take you there," said Byron, not leaving any room for discussion.