

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 415

As the man approached them, Mason glanced at his friends nearby and gathered the courage to stand in his way. "Do you know this woman?"

Byron slowed down and glanced at the man expressionlessly for a moment before settling his gaze on Rosalie.

Her eyes were lowered and her lips pursed. She had no intention of asking him for help.

Byron felt nothing but a deep sense of irony.

Even now, she still wanted to avoid him.

In that case, he would do as she wanted.

He pulled his gaze back and said coldly, "No, I don't know her."

Mason secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

The man on the ground struggled to his feet and huffed as he pointed an accusatory finger at Byron's back. "Why the f*ck did you kick me?!"

Byron glanced back at him coldly.

The man felt his blood run cold, and he wisely chose to shut up.

A second later, he heard Byron say icily, "Because you were in my way."

The man opened his mouth angrily, but Byron intimidated him so he did not actually dare to say anything. He hid behind his friends in the crowd.

Byron turned away expressionlessly and looked at Mason, his tone almost commanding, "Go on, continue."

Mason and Rosalie were both taken aback to hear that.

Rosalie did not expect him to say something like that. Her eyes widened in shock, and she dug her nails into her palms, barely keeping the impulse to look at him in check.

She refused to believe he meant what he said!

On the other hand, Mason looked at the man hesitantly, his brow furrowing in some exasperation.

If that man had not shown up, he would definitely have continued.

Now that the terrifying man was watching him, though, there was no way he could continue.

The problem was that the man was staring at him as though he would not leave until Mason actually continued where he left off.

Mason was starting to think that man was pulling his leg when he said he did not know the woman earlier!

Nevertheless, the pressure that man was mounting on him left Mason with no choice. He turned back to Rosalie and began approaching her again.

Rosalie had a plan before, but Byron's gaze made her panic inexplicably.

As Mason continued to approach her, her pupils dilated, she instinctively took a step back and then slapped him across the face.

The sound of that slap reverberated throughout the corridor.

The young heirs nearby were all stunned.

Mason's eyes widened to the size of saucers.

He only did it because the man was pressuring him into it, so he did not realize what had happened at first.

He could not believe that woman actually hit him!

When he recovered, he glanced at Byron. Since Byron was unmoved, as though he did not plan to interfere, Mason felt free to explode on Rosalie. "How dare you hit me!"

He took one step closer to Rosalie and raised his hand to hit her in retaliation.

Rosalie instinctively closed her eyes.

However, the hit never landed.

There was not even a sound.

After a moment, Rosalie opened her eyes slowly and saw that Byron had stuck his arm in front of her before she knew it. He had Mason's wrist tightly in his grasp.

Mason's expression was a mix of rage and humiliation, but he was also too afraid to say a word.

Rosalie had smacked Mason, but she had also smacked some sense into Byron, opening his eyes to what he had just done.

The next thing he saw was Mason threatening to attack Rosalie.

Byron's anger and guilt surged forth. Now, he was even more intimidating than before.

The second he caught Mason's wrist, Mason wanted to swear out loud, when their gazes met, however, Mason instinctively clamped his mouth shut. His wrist felt like it was about to snap, but he only stood there, drenched in a cold sweat as he was too terrified to make a sound.

