

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 417

After Mason and his crew left, Byron and Rosalie were the only ones left in the corridor.

Rosalie's wrist was still in Byron's grip.

He did not look like he was going to let go any time soon, but Rosalie did not fly off the handle, she just said calmly, "They're gone, so you can let go now. Don't worry, I won't run away."

Byron watched her carefully for a few seconds before he slowly let go.

Rosalie rubbed her sore wrist and took two steps back before looking up to meet his gaze. "Is there anything else, President Lawrence?"

Byron frowned abruptly.

He saved her, but she did not even thank him. And now she was asking him if there was anything else?

"Miss Jacobs, I just helped you again. Is this how you repay me?" His tone was cold.

Rosalie smirked at him mirthlessly. "Helped me? If you really wanted to help me, you wouldn't have told Jones to continue where he left off. Face it, you just wanted to see me dance to your tune. Don't make yourself sound holier than you are."

The air between them rapidly froze over.

Byron's eyes were filled with rage, but he knew he could not defend what he had said in the heat of the moment.

A few seconds passed, and Rosalie took his silence for an admission of guilt. The smirk on her face widened, and she gave him a distant nod. "Looks like you've had your fun. I can go now, right?"

She turned to leave.

As soon as she turned away, Byron's low voice spoke up behind her. "What about Martin?"

Rosalie paused and turned around in confusion. "What?"

"You compromised with me so that you could meet him, right? why didn't he save you?" Byron's narrowed eyes appraised her intently.

Rosalie took a moment to realize that he was talking about Leon.

What did this have to do with Leon, though?

Byron saw the look of confusion on her face and continued, "You came to this party with me, then left with Martin, only to join the crowd again with President Zimmer. That's three men in such a short period of time. It seems like you're quite popular with the men, Miss Jacobs."

He then looked her up and down again, adding coolly, "Oh, and then there was Jones. You're even more popular than I expected."

When he mentioned Jones, Rosalie's expression gradually darkened. "Were you watching me?"

She was only with Leon at the party for a few minutes. Byron should have been dealing with his clients at the time, so there was no way he would have seen them.

Unless he was lying about meeting his clients from the very beginning!

Rosalie looked at him suspiciously.

Byron scoffed. "You stand out wherever you go, and you showed up with me. It's only natural that people are watching your every move. I didn't need to keep an eye on you. Or do you think you mean so much to me that I would go out of my way to watch you?"

In other words, he was accusing her of thinking too highly of herself.

Rosalie's heart trembled, and she laughed at herself self-deprecatingly.

True, considering her relationship with Byron, there was no need for him to pay her any attention.

Maybe he just happened to see her interaction with Leon.

Besides, there was a commotion when she showed up at the banquet together with Byron. What he said also made sense.

Rosalie finally calmed down at the thought. Lowering her gaze, she said calmly, "I see, so I misunderstood you. Still, after what you did to me just now, President Lawrence, I suppose we're even now."