

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 4

Chapter 4

A guess flashed through Rosalie's mind. This little girl, she could not be hard of speaking, could she?

Thinking of this possibility, she felt pity for the little girl and whispered, "Give me your hand, will you?"

Then, she offered her hand forward.

The little girl looked at her timidly, but her expression softened when she heard her voice.

Rosalie was not in a hurry. She waited patiently for her as she slowly accepted her.

The little girl hesitated for a long time before trying to reach out to Rosalie.

Seeing this, Rosalie immediately grasped her hand gently. She smiled and helped the little girl up before checking her again.

The distance between them narrowed because of this action.

The little girl's body was soft and smelled of milk.

Rosalie's heart was soft, but she could not help thinking of her child who had died young.

If she had grown up well, she would be about this big now!

Thinking of this, Rosalie could not help the traces of heartache and regret in her eyes.

The little girl seemed to have sensed her emotions and obediently kept still. However, her big eyes had been staring at her face all this while.

Although she knew she should not approach strangers, this lady was really beautiful...

Not to mention, there was something about her that made her want to be close to her.

When Mary saw this, she could not help but exclaim, "This little girl is so delicate. She doesn't look half as bad as our two big babies!"

After checking her and hearing that, Rosalie nodded. "I think she got separated from her family. Let's take her to the police station to see if we can contact her family."

When she said this, the little girl beside her suddenly tugged her.

Rosalie looked down with bewilderment.

Only to see the little girl shaking her head. Her watery eyes were slightly red as if she was anxious and was about to cry the next second.

The little girl was obviously really against the proposal.

Looking at the little girl's pitiful appearance, Rosalie felt her heart about to break.

There was no other way, however. The little girl was so young. If she did not send her to the police station in time, she was afraid she would be forced to bear the crime of abduction.

Rosalie felt herself having a headache.

"It's alright even if we don't go to the police station."

She squatted down to negotiate with the little girl. "Do you know your parents' mobile phone number? I can have them pick you up."

Hearing this, the little girl stopped shaking her head, but her pretty eyes dimmed.

Rosalie did not get a response from her after a while. Thinking that she did not know it, she was about to send her to the police station when the little girl moved again.

Rosalie watched her as she took out a pen and a small post-it note from her pocket. She wrote down a string of numbers, followed by "daddy" behind it, and handed her the note.

Rosalie accepted it and keyed in the little girl's father's number according to the figures on it.

"So, she really can't talk."

Lucian and Nox murmured.

Rosalie paused. She glanced at her two sons and warned, "Don't say that about the little girl."

The two little boys immediately stood upright and smiled at the little girl guiltily.

The little girl looked at them and subconsciously leaned into Rosalie's side, her little hand was even gripping the corner of Rosalie's skirt.

Rosalie did not pay attention to this. She confirmed the number and then clicked the dial button...

Lawrence Manor.

Byron walked through the gates of the villa with a serious expression, "Is Estie back?"

The housekeeper greeted him with worry on his face, and said, "No, I haven't seen the little lady."

The moment he said that, he felt a low pressure emanating from his master's body.

Byron's lips pursed into a cold frown and his brows were tightly furrowed.

They had looked everywhere that made sense.

Where else could that little girl have gone?

Could something have really happened?

The moment he thought of this possibility, a vicious aura gathered between his brows, he looked as if he were about to destroy everything in the world.

At that moment, a woman wearing gorgeous makeup rushed in from the outside. In a very anxious tone, she asked, "Byron, I heard Estie has gone missing? Is it true? Have you found her?"

The arrived was Wendy Fuller!

The person who Byron had wanted to marry!

Seeing her at that moment, however, Byron's non-anger radiated power. "I haven't found her! You came at the right time. I wanted to ask about what you said to Estie this afternoon? Why did she run away from home when everything had been fine?"

Wendy was stunned by his question. She then looked at him in astonishment, "Byron, what do you mean by this? Do you suspect that I did something to Estie?"

She looked a little hurt. "I didn't do anything! Others might not be aware but are you still unaware? I've treated Estie as if she were my own these past few years. Even if Estie is indifferent to me, I will treat her well as always. I'm not willing to even say harsh words to her, how could I have made her run away from home?"

She looked a little wronged when she said this. Her eyes were red, and she looked very innocent.

No one could tell however that deep down, she hated that little nonverbal, she wished that she would never return!

She had indeed imparted some unkind words to her that afternoon. She even told her that once she and Byron married, she would give birth to even cuter little brothers and sisters.

When the time comes, Byron would not like her anymore.

And since that little wilding could not speak, she was not worried that she would complain to Byron.

She just did not expect her to actually run away from home!

Which was great!

It would be best if she died outside, out of sight, out of mind.

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