

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

Seeing the expression on Rosalie's face, there was another dull pain in Byron's heart.

Rather than see this expression of the woman's, he would rather have the woman wake up and look at him distantly with those beautiful eyes.

After all, this appearance of the woman only made him recall their relationship six years ago.

At that time, the woman only had eyes for him.

However, he had turned a blind eye to the woman's desire and in the end, the woman left him, disheartened.

Rosalie's current appearance seemed to have reminded him that it was all his fault that they were where they were today.

Byron frowned in a self-deprecating manner. He looked away from Rosalie and said again, "You drank too much, drink some water and clear your head a little."

Rosalie did not respond for a long time after he said that.

Just as Byron wanted to look down, he felt a sinking in his chest again.

"Byron, the stage play, was it really an accident..." Rosalie's voice became softer and softer before it finally silenced.

The woman had obviously fallen asleep again.

Realizing this, Byron loosened his arms. After hesitating for a moment, he put the water glass in his hand back on the table.

If he were to wake her up again now, he was afraid that the woman would not be able to sleep well the entire night.

After settling Rosalie with the little girl, Byron left the room without a sound.

At the bar downstairs, the half-bottle of red wine that Rosalie opened was left.

Byron sat down at the bar for a while and could not help but wonder what mood the woman was in to have poured herself so much alcohol just now.

Thinking of her last question before she fell asleep, there was a feeling of self-mockery in Byron's heart.

No one knew better than him whether what happened on stage had been an accident.

It was just because he had been unable to control himself for a bit when he saw the little woman sleeping soundly.

However, faced with her question, he dared not admit it.

He actually had something he did not dare admit to.

The next morning, Rosalie felt her head pounding terribly when she woke up.

Turning her head, she caught the water glass and hangover medicine on the bedside table from the corner of her eyes.

Memories of last night slowly came back to her.

Rosalie could not help her eyes widening when she thought of what had happened the night before.

She still remembered how she had gone downstairs to drink some wine because of insomnia, and then...she got drunk.

After that...

It was Byron who brought her upstairs.

She also said so much to Byron.

As for Byron's reaction, she was already a little afraid to recall it.

Thinking about it, Byron might be troubled by her actions.

Just like six years ago.

Thinking of this, Rosalie laughed at herself mockingly.

"Auntie." Estie woke up in a daze. Seeing Rosalie sitting beside her, she burrowed into her arms affectionately.

Rosalie came back to her senses and looked down at the little girl in her arms and said gently, "You're awake?"

The little girl nodded in a muddle fashion; she was still a little bleary. "I dreamt yesterday, that daddy came."

Hearing this, Rosalie could not help but be stunned.

The little girl likely had not been dreaming but actually did see Byron.

If she had heard all the things, she said to Byron last night, Rosalie would not know how to face the little girl in the future.

Thinking of this, Rosalie tentatively asked, "After that? What else did Estie dream?"

The little girl furrowed her brows and thought hard for a long time before shaking her head, “uh, nothing else, I think. It was weird, that dream was very short.” Hearing this, Rosalie heaved a sigh of relief.