

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

Seeing the little girl get up, Rosalie quickly retracted her hand from the man's palm. It felt as if she could still feel the heat from the man's palm on the back of his hand.

After calming down for a few seconds, Rosalie came back to her senses and hesitantly glanced at Byron's hand.

Although Estie was small and even a little thin, the blow just now really had not been light.

Even she could not stop it.

Not to mention how sharp the corners of the coffee table were.

Byron's hands...

She wanted to see if Byron was injured, but the man seemed to have the same thought. He was hiding his hand as if nothing had happened, so she was not able to see clearly.

Byron put down his phone after a while and glanced at the children who were blaming themselves. He said solemnly, "Let's go out and play."

Hearing this, the children's eyes lit up.

Byron got up and walked to the door. He grabbed a guide from the shelf and handed it to the children. "Discuss it among yourselves and see where you guys want to go have fun."

The children quickly accepted it and agreed obediently.

Rosalie could not help but ask, "President Lawrence, your hand..."

Hearing her voice, he turned back to her indifferently, "It's fine."

Rosalie did not quite believe it and insisted, "Let me look over it for you."

The two were deadlocked for a few seconds before Byron gave her his hand with brows furrowed.

Rosalie saw a fine scratch on the back of his hand with thin beads of blood oozing out. There was also some redness and swelling around it.

This kind of injury often hurt the most during the moment it happened.

The man did not show any signs just now.

Seeing that Byron was injured, the children put down the guide in their hands and ran over.

"Daddy..." Estie looked at her daddy with self-blame and worry.

The two other boys apologized apologetically, "We're sorry, Uncle Byron. We will definitely not fool around with Estie in the future, so that you don't get hurt."

Byron raised his brows slightly and touched the boys' head with his uninjured hand, "It's nothing, it's just a small injury."

He looked at Estie with a heavy gaze after saying that and his tone was reassuring. "Estelle, children are supposed to be like this, you are so happy with Lucian and Nox. Daddy is also happy for you. I don't blame you for this injury."

Hearing what her daddy said, Estie pursed her lips, a little sad.

She knew that her being silent in the past had worried daddy all the time.

"Daddy, I'm sorry." The little girl hugged Byron's leg silently.

Byron placatingly said, "It's alright. Go study the guide and see what we will be playing with in a while."

Rosalie also agreed. "Go on, auntie will treat daddy's wounds."

Although the children were still worried, they still walked away obediently.

"Sorry to trouble you, Miss Jacobs." Byron looked back at the woman in front of him, his injured hand still hanging in front of her.

Rosalie smiled reluctantly and nodded, she found the medical kit in the room and asked the man to sit down on the sofa, while she sat down next to him and helped him bandage his wound.

Neither of them said anything during the process.

Rosalie was feeling a little complicated deep down.

For a long time, she always assumed that Byron was a careless father whenever she saw Byron getting along with Estie.

However, what Byron said to Estie just now made her feel inexplicably, a little sad.

Indeed, in some respects, Byron might be careless.

Yet, she could not deny Byron's love for the little girl.

If Byron truly did not care this much about the little girl, the outside world would not have called her the apple of his eye, the little princess of the Lawrence family.

Realizing this, Rosalie could not help but wonder about the little girl's biological mother.

She wondered what kind of person gave birth to the little girl that Byron would love her so much.

